

afterwards became Day Sister, and had a very happy time, but gave up the post to go home to nurse her father, who was ill. She subsequently was asked to open and take charge of a small private Hospital for Inebriates, and when this was closed, through lack of funds, she was appointed Sister at the London Fever Hospital. There she enjoyed her time very much, much more so than on the occasion of her former visit, when sent as a probationer from the London Hospital, with scarlet fever, very much put out at the interruption to her training.

She resigned her position at the London Fever Hospital to take up work as an Assistant Matron at the Stirling District Asylum, Larbert, and on the marriage of the Matron on the male side about seven months later was given the post. Shortly afterwards the Matron on the female side resigned from ill health, and Miss Satchwell was appointed Matron of the whole asylum, a unique appointment, for she thus had the distinction of being the first Matron to have charge of both male and female divisions of an asylum, the former department being usually in charge of a Head Attendant. As there was a short time since a considerable correspondence as to the employment of women on the male sides of asylums it is interesting to learn that Miss Satchwell greatly prefers the work of the male to that of the female departments.

She was appointed a few months since to the Matronship of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, where many things are, she says, quite familiar and home-like, such as the barrack furniture and fittings and other evidences of the military character of the institution. She seems but to have stepped back a decade or so, only instead of the familiar V.R. she finds E.R. instead. A beloved queen has gone to her rest; and an equally honoured sovereign reigns in her stead. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Le Roi est mort—vive le Roi.

Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

The following ladies have received appointments as Staff Nurses:—Miss M. E. Brewer, Miss M. Darvill.
POSTINGS AND TRANSFERS ABROAD.—*Sister*: Miss C. K. E. Steel, to Wynberg, Cape Colony, from Harrismith.

Staff Nurse: Miss A. B. Cameron, to England, from Wynberg, Cape Colony, on expiration of tour abroad.

POSTINGS AT HOME.—*Sisters*: Miss J. Hoadley, R.R.C., to Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot; Miss F. M. Hodgins, to Connaught Hospital, Aldershot; Miss S. I. Snowdon, to Military Hospital, Dover. On return from South Africa.

Staff Nurse: Miss M. G. Fisher, to Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley. On appointment.

The undermentioned Staff Nurses have been confirmed in their appointments, their periods of provisional service having expired:—Miss A. Ayre, Miss M. Brown, Miss M. Davis, Miss H. B. Derby, Miss C. D. E. F. Dunn, Miss M. C. Johnston, Miss E. K. Kaberry, Miss M. L. Kaberry, Miss C. G. Lees, Miss M. L. Macartney, Miss A. C. Mowat and Miss A. A. Steer.

Our Reminiscence Prize.

A large number of little articles were sent in in competition for our "Reminiscence During Training" Prize, which we have pleasure in awarding to Miss Henrietta J. Hawkins, Friern Barnet, for "A Mixed Medley." The following nine papers are commended, and will appear in due course:—

"My First Operation," by S. F. P.

"Self Help," by Ree Clark.

"Frank," by A. Lucy.

"A Host of Ghosts," by Alexia.

"A Useful Lesson," by Keltic.

"More Blessed to Give than to Receive," by Paddy.

"Craniotomy in a Garret," by Nursie.

"What's In a Name?" by Marion Wilson.

"The Dead House," by "The Little Sparrow."

A Mixed Medley.

Ah, me! I sit a gray-haired woman by the fire, seeing therein faces and scenes long since gone. They pass before me—a dearly-loved pageant; so often have I called them from the dim past, that they themselves, bless them! have never become unfamiliar. Night duty—the dear old ward decorated for Christmas, brave with holly and scarlet, so fascinating and so septic; the firelight dancing on the walls, showing fitfully the mottoes thereon, scoffingly alluded to by the genial visiting surgeon as "miles of Alleluia!"

A bright young nurse (is she, indeed myself?) flitting hither and thither, attending to this and that want, hailed by old daddy in the corner, made imaginative with morphia, with "Well, my gal, are you off to school, you've got your satchel?" Airing night, too! No modern scoffing please. Bill, with double pneumonia and bad at that, the greater portion of whose feeds make white streams down nurse's spotless apron, and the doctor not round yet, and, oh! if only Daddy 22 would keep in bed—if the pro. only would come into the ward, what can she be doing all this time in the kitchen?

Here she is *at last!*

And then a quick light step down the corridor, and the very incarnation of youth, health, and well-being enters. His merry eyes dance, as Bill gives the lie to Nurse by lying as quiet as a lamb, and the bad heart case, "very restless and wakeful," is found fast asleep.

And if he lingers a little longer than absolutely required by duty, well, it is Christmas

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