

be, or do not bother very much until we are in some way personally inconvenienced by the state of affairs.

The nervous child suffers in ways no one realises but those who so suffered in childhood, and are lucky enough to have won through and retained some memory of their experiences. Perhaps the little one has fears—of animals, of the dark, of strangers. Do the parents who try to tease the fear away know how much they increase the terror and the tendency to hide the fear at all costs, knowing that any manifestation will bring about this purgatory of being laughed at? Or perhaps parents or others who have to do with the child are thoughtless and ignorant enough to threaten him with bogies or that the rag-and-bone man will take him away for being naughty; sleepless tossing after bed-time, hours of lying awake, and night terrors are the consequence. But the grown-ups do not know that they are the originators of all this unnecessary suffering. I know of one small child who was the victim of a pious mother bent upon bringing her up as well as possible. She was an ardent supporter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and in the habit of inveighing against those convicted of ill-treating their children, asserting that she would like to inflict a proportionate punishment upon them to make them suffer as those children had done. The little girl sat there silently listening and agreed most heartily, but wished, however, that her good angel would hear the sentiment and apply it to the mother, who caused her such exquisite agony by ridicule of shyness and over-severity about small faults, together with an absence of all demonstration of affection or tenderness.

Children have a difficult task before them to grow up, in any case, to sacrifice their freedom as infants to the requirements of others, to be good in ways that suit their parents and are so little in accord with their own likes and wishes. Few people realise this, few are in sympathy with children from the child's point of view. It seems incomprehensible that they have forgotten their own childish feelings, their joys and sorrows, their limited understanding of the aims of their elders; yet it is so—they have forgotten. The heavy swing-door that shuts off the past from the present has banged to, separating the grown-up from the real happenings of early days, or rather what the child thought about them then; things appear so different in retrospect.

There is an almost insurmountable tendency to expect too much of little children, to expect that they will behave as we do ourselves; in

fact, somewhat better, because so little allowance is made for children and so much for ourselves. The grown-up has always an excuse to offer for any short-coming, and it is always listened to and generally accepted; but does that happen in the child's case? No, indeed; then we hear, short and sharp, "No excuses, mind. Why are you so naughty?"

The child wants to get its own way; but so does the adult! What is the difference? Shall we remember this next time the children are tiresome; try to be a little more patient with them, to train them more wisely instead of punishing, to consider carefully if it is not incipient neurosis we have before us, and consult a medical man who makes a speciality of this childish trouble in cases of uncontrollable temper or insatiable desire for petting or any other manifestation we do not understand.

MARY CHADWICK.

NURSING ECHOES.

The Royal Visit to Edinburgh is sure to be a splendid success. Amongst the functions of interest to our profession was the Reception by the Queen, on Wednesday of this week, of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Nurses and presentation of Badges.

An interesting ceremony took place at the Viceregal Lodge in Simla, where the Viceroy bestowed the gold Kaiser-i-Hind medal with bar upon Mrs. Starr and the medal upon Khan Bahddur Khulikhhan and Risaldar Mosul Baz Khan, who assisted her in the rescue of Miss Ellis after she had been abducted by the Afridis in April.

The Viceroy said that the medal was particularly given for public service in India, and was a distinction of special value. Mrs. Starr had won it with a bar as a unique distinction both for hospital work and special bravery.

The Senate of St. Andrews University has conferred the degree of Master of Arts on Miss Audrey Forse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forse, of Englefield Green, Surrey, who in 1918 was awarded the Military Medal for bravery during an air raid while she was nursing in France.

The annual Prize Day and Reunion of Nurses will be held at St. Marylebone Hospital, on Thursday, July 19th, to which interesting function the Matron, Miss S. J. Cockrell, issues a general invitation to all Marylebone Trained Nurses.

The Right Hon. Sir Douglas Hogg, K.C.,

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