

strength and bring things into their true perspective." That description is consistent with her death as with her life. When she knew that the end could be only a matter of months, perhaps weeks, in coming she could still "go up unto the mountain" and see for herself, as for others, all things in their true perspective, bringing to mind in us the question of a glorious thinker of Old Greece, when he pondered on whether it be life to die and whether what mortals speak of as death be life. When we walked with Miss Allbutt in her garden for the last time she seemed to take such pleasure in picturing the time when the fruit would be ripe, and the vegetables she had tended would be ready for use. All were her friends there in the garden—the birds, the trees, the flowers, for she had a gift for friendships—a gift, too, of appreciating them. One of the most beautiful letters ever read at the Council table of the Royal British Nurses' Association was that she sent to its last meeting in acknowledgment of a message of sympathy. In most touching words that went straight to the hearts of the listeners she referred to what the friendship of the Association had meant to her, ending with a wistful expression of regret that her letter did not say all she would have it do "for I now begin to feel myself in the mists of the valley." But surely a light from afar guided her pen, even as it did her steps, when she went, after the manner of her choosing, up to the Gate of Death which is the way to Life.

And so when they laid back to the earth the garment she used for an earthly pilgrimage it was as though her spirit were near, happy in the friendship of the thoughts that encircled her. Perhaps to some about the graveside there may have come the memory of the words (or thoughts equivalent to those words) of one of the greatest intellects of all the ages when he was about to take the cup of poison, the penalty meted out to him for having used his gift from the gods for the progress of mankind: "Be not troubled at my supposed sufferings when you see my body burned or interred, nor say at the funeral that you are laying out Socrates, nor carrying Socrates to the grave, nor burying him. . . . Be brave and say that you are burying his body."

I. M.

THE PASSING BELL.

DAME SIDNEY BROWNE.

The death at the age of 91 of Dame Sidney Jane Browne G.B.E., R.R.C. and Bar, on August 13th, 1941, at Cheltenham, is announced.

Dame Sidney had a most distinguished nursing career. She trained at the General Hospital, Dudley, joined the Army Nursing Service in 1883 and served in the Egyptian War, the Sudan Campaign, the South African War and the Great War. She was twice mentioned in despatches, awarded the Egyptian Medal and Bar and the Khedive Star, the Royal Red Cross and Bar, the Queen's Medal and the King's Medal. The Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire was conferred upon her in 1919 and in 1927 the Florence Nightingale International Gold Medal of the International Red Cross Society. The freedom of the Borough of West Bromwich was bestowed upon her in 1920, and she held an Honorary Diploma of Nursing at Leeds University, and was the first President of the Royal College of Nursing.

In 1902 she was recalled from South Africa to become the first Matron-in-Chief of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

In 1909 she became Matron-in-Chief of the Territorial Forces Nursing Service, a post she occupied until her retirement in 1920. Recently she has lived quietly at Cheltenham.

Almost to the last she retained an eager interest in the nursing profession and particularly in the welfare and

progress of the Military Services to which 40 years of her life had been devoted.

The funeral service was held at St. Stephen's, Cheltenham, on August 16th, and those present included representatives of several organisations of Nurses.

SIR ALFRED RICE-OXLEY, C.B.E., M.D.

We sincerely regret to record the death of Sir Alfred Rice-Oxley, late Physician-in-Ordinary to Princess Beatrice and a former Mayor of Kensington, who all his professional life was a very sincere friend of nurses, especially interested as he was in the Royal British Nurses' Association, at whose headquarters in Queen's Gate he was often an honoured guest.

We remember Sir Alfred this sixty years, first as a young and charming house-physician in the wards of the London Hospital, of which we acted as Sister; and his courtesy and unflinching kindness to patients and nurses foreshadowed his future career as a beloved physician.

Sir Alfred found time for municipal work in Kensington where he practised medicine, and held many important public appointments. He was also keenly interested in archaeology, and in art and music, and in 1923 Lord Phillimore, on behalf of the Royal Borough of Kensington, presented him with his portrait in recognition of his many public services.

Add to this a happy domestic life and a family of four sons, and it can be realised that, as he deserved, Sir Alfred Rice-Oxley was of those favoured of fortune.

HEROINES OF THE RAIDS.

The King has given orders for the following appointment to the Order of the British Empire for brave conduct in Civil Defence.

O.B.E.

MISS GERTRUDE RIDING, Matron, Mill Road Infirmary, Liverpool.

Miss Riding has been most active in the reception and treatment of air-raid casualties, and her loyalty and enthusiasm have greatly encouraged the nursing staff and contributed to the smooth running of the hospital. When the nurses' home was partly demolished by a bomb she did not hesitate, despite the danger, to make an immediate search of the premises. Later, when the hospital was badly damaged by enemy action, Miss Riding was seriously injured. Nevertheless, although unable to see owing to an eye injury, she was instrumental in releasing a nurse who was trapped, and she endeavoured before she collapsed to help another injured member of the staff. Miss Riding's conduct has been an example of devotion to duty and self-sacrifice in the service of the hospital.

BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL.

The British Empire Medal has been awarded to Miss Alice Rooke, Trained Nurse, First Aid Post, Kesteven, Lincolnshire.

Bombs were dropped, and one damaged a house in which Nurse Rooke was staying. She was injured and temporarily blinded by dust and debris. In spite of this, she rescued an invalid lady and then hurried to begin her duties at the first aid post, which she found unusable. She organised a temporary dressing-station and started work there less than half an hour after the bombs had fallen. It was due to Nurse Rooke's very quick and efficient treatment both of injuries and shock, that there was only one fatal casualty.

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