

view of the notorious fact of the wide prevalence of the custom to which we do, and will always, strongly object, of "sweating" private Nurses in order to cover the expenses of a local Charity. We trust that in future the Association will keep and publish the accounts of the two Departments separately. By so doing it would not only prevent others—who like ourselves are sufficiently interested in its valuable and excellently performed work to comment upon its Report—from falling into the same mistake, but it would also set a very useful example to many similar Associations.

The Registered Nurses' Society.

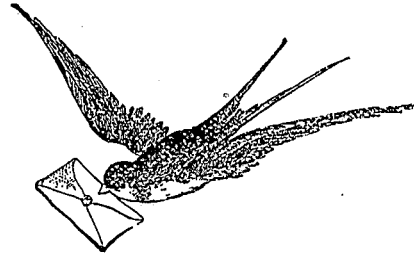
DEAR NURSES,—A Meeting of the Committee of the Society took place on Tuesday, at 20, Upper Wimpole Street, when it was decided that all those Nurses who make application to join the Society after July 1st (not including those Nurses who have already received application forms), will be required to pay one guinea as entrance fee. This, we are given to understand, will be readily agreed to, for the members all desire that the sums advanced by the Committee for furnishing the office and for the preliminary expenses, shall be paid off as soon as possible. There is nothing so sweet as independence—it is health-giving, invigorating, ennobling. "Owe no man anything," is a fit motto for our Empire.

Then the subject of Nursing infectious diseases was discussed. Rules and regulations for disinfecting and isolation were drawn up, and the fact brought before the Committee—which I had already discussed with some of you—that Nurses sent to short infectious cases; even at a fee of £3 3s., were out of pocket, to say nothing of the anxiety of quarantine, &c. So it was decided to charge an isolation fee of £2 2s., at the end of each case, to cover the Nurses' expenses.

A charming device has been selected for the armlet, embroidered in crimson cotton on white linen, as it was thought this would show up well on the blue gown. But as there are some formalities concerning registering the device, &c., it will be a few weeks before they can be procured by members.

If this paragraph catches the eye of any thoroughly trained Nurses who are intending to apply for membership, I wish they would acquire a little experience in the nursing of small-pox patients, as such a limited number of Nurses have had the advantage of this experience. We have had to refuse to several patients suffering with this distressing malady, the advantages of a Registered Nurse—in fact, in private work, a thorough knowledge of fever nursing is invaluable.

"MATRONA."



Our Foreign Letter.

GERMAN NURSES.

III. — OLD AND INVALID DEACONESSSES.

(Continued from page 396.)

A FEW days ago I had the pleasure of being introduced to a Sister of 61, a Night Superintendent in one of the largest local hospitals. This lady had been a Nurse for 30 years. She is the picture of clear-eyed, rosy-hued health—in fact, one of the handsomest women I have ever seen. (Her appearance and cheery manner bear witness to the wholesome disposition of Evangelical Nurses generally.)

She was on "full duty," I was told, and not at all inclined to "give up" for many years to come. Being a clever woman, she had followed the changes of her profession with critical interest, adapting herself to circumstances with tolerance and tact. Yet a touch of scepticism occasionally seasoned her comments on innovations. Things were marvellously improved, she admitted, now that cleanliness and fresh air did half the nursing, and none of the young Nurses could realize what Hospital Nursing meant 30 years ago. And yet she fancied there was more *fussiness* about strain of work, than she and her contemporaries had ever known. "And, in fact, it is not the *work* that troubles our younger Nurses so much as the *nervousness* of the age they are born in, a nervousness that in their profession often takes the form of constant *fret*. This maims and kills our younger Sisters, not their duties, which are better organized, less exacting than at any other time. To a great extent," continued this wise old Sister, "people have lost the gift of giving themselves up to one thing at a time. While they are actually engaged upon one duty, they are inwardly worrying and hurrying onward to another."

Presently Sister gave us an illustration of her meaning, which was all the more graphic, because it was evidently given unconsciously. We were in a garden at the time, chatting over coffee (the German equivalent for afternoon tea). The conversation ran on flowers, and some of the guests began to discuss "favourite flowers." "What is your favourite flower, Sister?"

"I have none," answered Sister 'C.' Sometimes I enjoy one flower and sometimes another. It

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)