

Nursing Echoes.

* * All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.



WE hope that our readers will find time to read our Editorial in this week's issue, as the subject of Unprofessional Control is one of vital importance to us in these early days of professional organisation. A false step at this critical period of our history is of deeper significance than we can easily estimate; and in answer to the numerous letters we have received from colleagues concerning the issue of an unprofessional Nursing Directory, we can only advise *most earnestly* that no thoroughly trained Nurse should permit her name to appear in such a list. And we hope that this attempt to repudiate the right of professional women to define their own standard of training—supported as it has been by the highest authority—will be met with a determined opposition upon their part to this mischievous interference of unprofessional persons with the duty which they owe to themselves and to the public. We Nurses must set our faces "like a flint" against this new phase of commercial enterprise.

WE have received this week a long letter from Messrs. Baker and Nairne, attempting, on behalf of Mr. Burdett, to dispute the statements made in our issue of February 16. We hope to find room for this and our reply next week.

WE are pleased to observe that in his farewell speech at the dinner given in his honour, Lord Sandhurst, the new Governor of Bombay, expressed his intention of taking special interest in hospital and Nursing matters, and from reliable information received, we believe that he will find plenty of scope for his philanthropic labours. A correspondent from Bombay remarks: "I have been much struck by the difference between the treatment of trained Nurses here and in England. The Nurse who came to me when I had typhoid fever came from a house where she had not had her clothes off for a fortnight, except to scramble into an occasional bath; she never went to bed, but got snatches of sleep as she could in a chair. The same charming disregard of the calls of nature marked her feeding arrangements. No

attempt was made to take her place at the bedside any hour of the day or night. We are trying to alter this state of things out here, and to make the work of a Nurse fit for a decent woman to perform."

WE have received a satisfactory report of the work of the Bombay Mofussil Nursing Association, which was formed about four years ago for the purpose of supplying trained Nurses to attend on sick Europeans residing in up-country stations, and to assist when necessary in the payment of nursing fees according to a graduated scale. Nurses can now be obtained from the Sister-in-Charge, Sassoon Hospital, Poona; the Sister-in-Charge, European General Hospital, Bombay, and the Civil Surgeon, Karachi. The service rendered by the Nurses is highly spoken of by those who have employed them, and the committee are confident that they are doing good and useful work.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"The enclosed quotation from the letter of a brother in South Africa may prove interesting as showing the interest with which the NURSING RECORD is read in remote places 'far from the busy haunts of men.'

"My brother is describing a walking tour taken at the New Year in out of the way places. He says:—

"For the present, Cape Hang Klip is our destination. We breakfasted at 7.30 at a spring, we dined at one o'clock in a marsh. We fell in with a Hottentot driving his cattle who volunteered to show us the ostrich farm whither we were bound for the night. Soon we got to the farm. There are pleasanter places to be in at nightfall. Ostriches are vicious creatures, and can make short and sharp work of you.

"The farm was little better than a hut with a barn close by. The farmer welcomed us. It is the fashion here to put up travellers for the night gratis. His daughter was staying with him, so accommodation was very scanty.

"A mattress was put on the floor of the barn, with blankets, and we slept three in a bed. Two farm hands slept in another bed. Palatial!

"Next morning the ostriches poked their heads in the door, anxious to know how we had slept. They often kill people. The farmer told us that his life had often been in danger.

"The farmer's daughter appeared. She is a hospital nurse, takes in the NURSING RECORD every week, and is delighted with the paper. It is much looked forward to in the neighbour-

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