

93, Huskisson Street, Liverpool,  
December 23rd, 1897.

Dear Mrs. Stanley,—Words cannot express my deep gratitude to you and to all the kind friends who have so generously and lovingly sent me such a beautiful present. I wish I felt more worthy. Please believe that I am deeply grateful for it and all your kindness. It has been a bitter grief to me leaving the Infirmary, and I should have been well contented to have spent the remainder of my working days with the patients there, but it was not to be. I cannot say more than that I thank you all for my beautiful watch and chain, and far more for the kindness that prompted you to give it to me.—Believe me, always yours most sincerely,  
CHARLOTTE OKELL.

The watch and chain were procured by Mr. Jones, of Bridgewater, from Messrs. Benson, of London.

Yours sincerely,  
MARY D. STANLEY.

Quantock Lodge, December 28th, 1897.

Mrs. Okell has begun her work as Superintendent of Nursing at the West Ham Infirmary, and we can only hope that she will have health and strength to initiate and carry out the great work in the more efficient nursing of the sick poor at West Ham Infirmary, which sooner or later must be effected in every Poor Law Infirmary in the land.

### Legal Matters.

“NURSE” Brandish, who is charged with the wilful murder of her illegitimate son, has been committed for trial at the Warwickshire assizes. We consider that it is quite time that the accused woman, whether innocent or guilty, should be prevented from appearing in the dock in the uniform of a trained nurse, a uniform, which, so far as we have been able to gather, she has no right to assume, having simply received a few weeks’ “training” in a maternity hospital.

WRITING upon this subject the *Birmingham Argus* says:—

“I have heard that she (Nurse Brandish) is very solicitous about securing a good supply of clean collars, cuffs, and bonnet strings in anticipation of her trial, which, it is somewhat difficult for her to realise, is yet some three months off.”

We hope that before the trial takes place, the strong public feeling which exists, as to the impropriety of dragging the outward sign of an honourable calling into the dock, will influence the prison authorities to insist that the uniform of trained nurses shall not be so disgraced, and that the prisoner shall appear in ordinary clothes.

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A Guarantee of Purity.

### 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 have pleasure in acknowledging £2 2s. od. from Mrs. Ernest Bennet, and £1 1s. od. from Mrs. C. H. Raphael, as annual subscriptions, and £1 from Mrs. Ponsonby Wilmer as a donation, for Sir Julian Goldsmid’s Home of Rest for Nurses at Brighton. Mrs. Lionel Lucas has lately shown her warm personal interest in the welfare of the Home by paying it a visit.

THE Christmas Festivities have been in full swing at the hospitals, of which accounts have been published at length in the daily press. We regret we are unable to give many details, as our space does not permit it, but we quite endorse the general opinion expressed, that never have greater efforts been made to ensure that all patients should pass as enjoyable a Christmas as circumstances permitted.

SISTER MARIAN, of the London Homœopathic Hospital, is well known as one who touches everything she undertakes with the fairy wand of success, perhaps because she is possessed of the “infinite capacity for taking pains,” which it is stated constitutes genius. The Christmas tree in Barton Ward on Thursday, December 30th, was the latest evidence of this. The tree, the gift of the father of a former patient, was a splendid one. It was lighted with electric lights, with excellent result, and at a saving of much anxiety to those who were responsible for its safety. The fruit of the tree was keenly appreciated, and many of the friends who accepted the hospitable invitation to be present on the occasion greatly enjoyed the evident pleasure of the happy recipients.

THE little mortuary at the Homœopathic Hospital has now been decorated, and so far as its size admits, it is all that can be desired. The cost of decoration has been borne for the most part by the Senior Sister of the Hospital in memory of an only brother, who has recently died. The walls have a dado of black and white glazed bricks, and above these are colour washed. Round the top runs a hand-painted fresco of white poppies, emblematical of sleep, with chrysalides and butterflies, speaking of an ultimate resurrection. On the wall, over the place where the children’s coffins stand, is a beautiful statue of an angel, carrying a child, and pointing upwards.

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