

"who is she that moveth forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun?" Who, but the trained handmaiden of medical science! And then a beautiful white palace uprises, facing the broad tidal river; from out of little electric launches step bright girl graduates, their gay gowns flowing—joyously they trip up the marble stairway and pass beneath the shadowed portals. The sun smiles broadly on so good a sight, and brightens the letters of gold inscribed above the open doors, so that all who run may read—"National College of Nurses of England, 19—."

Annotations.

His Majesty King Humbert of Italy has died by the hand of an assassin, and by his lamentable death England has lost a very good friend. The nations are staggered by this appalling crime, and from all parts of the world messages have poured into Rome expressing intense sympathy with his bereaved family and the Italian people, who are plunged into the most profound grief at the loss of so good, brave and magnanimous a King, the pride of his people and the worthy perpetuator of the traditions of the House of Savoy.

The poor, beautiful Queen Margherita, so tenderly beloved by her dead King, is in an agony of grief, and she has spent long hours in prayer by the flower-strewn bier of her murdered husband; and even as our kind Queen was writing with her own hand a message of loving sympathy to her Royal cousin, death has claimed suddenly another of her children, so that England and Italy are bereaved together in sorrow and tears.

WHO WILL MEDIATE?

From the correspondence in the press, we fear it is war to the knife between the Board of Management and the Medical Staff of the National Hospital, Queen Square.

The committee of distribution of the Hospital Sunday Fund recently invited both parties to a conference. This, however, led to no result save the passing of a resolution by the committee to the effect that, "After a long discussion, it was decided that no award could be recommended until the existing differences had been satisfactorily arranged."

Arbitration must now be tried, and the sooner the better, if this fine charity is not to suffer

from distrust upon the part of the philanthropic public.

TELEPHONESE.

Mr. J. S. Forbes, Chairman of the National Telephone Company, paid a high compliment to the patience and industry of the long-suffering telephone girl at the meeting of the company last week.

It appears that so trying and exhausting is the work, that nervous prostration results in numerous instances, and often in the telephone office it is indeed a case of the survival of the fittest, and a woman needs the constitution of an elephant, and hide of a hippopotamus to withstand the wear and tear of the ignorance and temper of the subscribers. In fact the language—or telephonese, as we prefer to call it—indulged in by the irascible, over-fed old gentleman in the City, the cheeky city clerk, and last, but by no means least, the lady subscribers, beggars description, and is nerve-shattering to a degree.

Now, what of the other side of the picture, viewed by the busy subscriber. He rings his call bell—perhaps three times before he gets an answer. He gives the number he requires. He hops from leg to leg waiting for an answer, listening the while to the sounds of chattering gossip in the far distance. "Number engaged," of course, is the stereotyped answer. He tries a second number. Same reply. "Nonsense," he ventures, "put me on the Clerk of the Exchange." Another interval. Clerk arrives. Subscriber, nettled, confides his grievances. Clerk pours polite twaddle into his ear, promises to make enquiries. Another interval. Clerk returns—supports officials "numbers engaged."irate subscriber "doesn't believe it." Then a battle royal begins, tempers get heated, language unparliamentary, which usually ends in a big, big D and a furious and distracting ringing of bells. The truth is that as a means of acquiring self control, nothing, not even the German military system, can equal the exquisite *finesse* of aggravation imported into our daily existence by the National Telephone Company. If a few nervous systems are shattered by "telephonese" at the other end of the line, surely that is a small price to pay for the accumulation of reserved force acquired by the average subscriber, who accepts the inevitable with thanks, and whilst paying through the nose—for the hire of his wire—finds he can do his business more expeditiously through St. Martin's-le-Grand, even in its present condition of muddle.

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