

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* * * All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.



Evidently there are to be no two Queens of Nurses now. Queen Alexandra is making it quite evident that she intends to encourage and officially inspect national associations of Nurses. Recently she received the Queen Victoria Nurses, at Marlborough House, and this week the Pension Fund Nurses are to be her guests.

This is kind, but what Nurses need more than Badges and Honours is right down practical professional advantages. The Army, Navy and Poor Law Nurses want Government Departments, and professional supervision and control, and the great body of those workers require efficient educational facilities and Legal Status. We hope the Queen will look into these matters, and not rest satisfied until British Nurses are the most efficient and justly treated Nurses in the world.

It is proposed to send the hospital ship *Maine* to the Mediterranean at an early date—we hope it is intended to “man” her with an ample supply of Navy Sisters as well as sick berth stewards—as at present we have no efficiently trained male nurses such as those trained in the Mill’s School in New York, who were on duty on the *Maine* on her South African voyages.

The Naval Nursing Service is far from perfect in spite of improvements, but it seems almost impossible that fifty years ago “no respectable person would undertake so disagreeable an office” as to nurse our brave Jack Tars. Perhaps the best evidence of the distaste of respectable women for the work is to be found in the fact that when Sir Edward Fry in 1847 invited women to be trained as nurses in Haslar Hospital there was not a single response. But all that is altered now, and trained nurses are only too anxious to care for Jack when sick, in the best possible manner.

The *Tattler*, the new pictorial paper, is responsible for the following story:—

“Last Wednesday, when the presentation of badges by the Queen to the nurses took place at Marlborough House, the nurses were marshalled into the prescribed

order by a certain functionary—let us say Mr. H—. They were to file by fours past Her Majesty to receive their badges individually, their names being read out by Mr. H—. Either that gentleman read too fast, or else the order of his list did not correspond with that of the *queue*, for towards the end some confusion arose, in which one lady, a nurse from Ireland, received the badge marked with the name of another. The badge was claimed the next moment by its rightful owner; but the poor lady’s opportunity for immediate redress was gone by. However, her comrades and a nurse-superintendent, to whom she applied, gave her the somewhat unsatisfying assurance that the matter would be put right.

“After the distribution, while the nurses were scattered about the grounds, the undecorated one, sitting in sadness, was approached by a lady with a kind inquiry as to whether she had had any refreshment. ‘Oh yes, thank you,’ she replied, ‘but I haven’t had my badge!’ On learning how such a calamity had come about the lady requested a gentleman who was attending her to go to Mr. H— and ask him for the badge. He soon returned saying that Mr. H— ‘would see that it was made right.’ ‘But that won’t be the same at all,’ said the nurse, ‘I haven’t come all the way from Ireland to get a badge from Mr. H—!’ ‘Don’t you see,’ said her benefactress, ‘of course this lady wishes to have it from the Queen,’ and leading the way to the pavilion where Her Majesty was, the Princess Victoria, for she it was, stated the case to the Queen.

“Inquiry was at once made for Mr. H—, who, with ready and tactful consideration, remarking that ‘an Irishwoman was sure to have a grievance,’ appealed to the nurses round about for the loan of a badge for the presentation. Scores were instantly offered; but Her Majesty’s intention was different. ‘I thank you all ladies; but my badge is to be given, not lent. Mr. H— will be kind enough to find me a spare one to present to Miss —.’ A spare badge was then soon forthcoming, and the Irishwoman’s grievance was more than removed by a characteristic act of true and royal courtesy.”

It is astonishing what an amount of ignorance exists in regard to some of our commonest ailments, and as fainting and other fits are of such frequent occurrence, and as everyone should know how to act in an emergency of this kind, it will, we think, be of interest to our readers to know what a celebrated physician recently said: “I wish you would do something to teach people the difference between a fainting fit and an epileptic fit. You see, a fainting fit is produced by the blood leaving the head. It is important to remember this, because it determines the method of treating these afflicted people when no doctor is near, and because everyone occasionally finds it his duty to go to the help of some person in a fit, without a moment for reflection, let alone inquiry. If a person faints, he ought to be laid down flat on his back, for this will facilitate the return of blood to his head. Indeed, nature has

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