

distinct signs that the Nursing profession is recovering a healthy tone and taking a healthy, intelligent interest in its own concerns, whilst the nurses who even pose as angels are few and far between.

Our soldiers seem to be passing through the same phase. The nation generally, it is true, does not seem to me to share the hysterics of the newspapers. We expected our sons, our brothers, our cousins to be brave men, quiet in victory and defeat, not garrulous and clamouring for recognition. So they are, but the newspapers won't let them alone, they weary us and defeat their own end with constant reiteration. Finally one begins to have a dim feeling that a whole campaign is being waged for the benefit of war correspondents. Sometimes one longs for the days of Esmond, when there was only the *Gazette*, "the little dingy paper that soldiers love so"—to recognise their heroism—the days when men, I will not say did more—but were less talked about for what they did.

Talking about papers, I always meant to write an answer to the severe strictures in the *Nursing Record* on the light literature read by nurses in railway carriages. I remember our honoured editress being very stern on the subject. I am afraid I was secretly on the side of the frivolous nurses. Personally I do not read *Tit-Bits*, they do not amuse me, but I have heard, on good authority, that they really pay you money down if you come to an untimely end in a railway accident whilst perusing their thrilling pages—when travelling on certain lines that is distinctly a consideration. Further, by personal investigation I have discovered that *Tit-Bits* is absolutely full of short stories, any one of which can easily be forgotten five minutes after it has been read. Think what a gain in an age when you have so many, many things to remember, and in this heat, too!

Fancy travelling with the temperature at 90 degrees in the shade, burdened with a *Nineteenth Century* or a *Contemporary Review*, or some light trifle of that kind. Most men, I notice, take the *Pink 'Un*, or *Ally Sloper*, or the *Sporting Times*, or, if very literary, *Badminton*. I take one of the sixpennies and carefully avoid the articles illustrated with loaves of bread—large one for England, little one for Italy, medium sized one for other nations, and swarming with uncomfortable statistics—and stick to those enthralling stories with an ancestral ghost, a skeleton down a well, the family plate-chest in the pond, and a murder in the library, or some equally cheerful combination. That refreshes me. None the less I can assure my revered editress I do read my daily paper, and know before I leave the breakfast-table whether Abel has made another

century, how many wickets Rhodes has taken, whether Kitchener has caught De Wet or De Wet taken a few more of His Own, and whether one of the Liberal Leaders has eaten another dinner and made another statement.

Seriously and honestly, what is two-thirds of the reading we nurses indulge in? There is not the faintest intention of improving our minds or anything of that kind, it is only a land of rest, an excuse for sitting still and banishing from our thoughts the worries, the bothers, the rush of our daily life—for whatever its alleviations, a nurse's life is always a taxing one mentally and bodily. There is something in being honest, reading the things that amuse you, that interest you, and that rest you, without pretence.

To keep your brain always stretched to its fullest extent is worse than drilling in the sun.

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### Another Plea for State Registration of Nurses.

Jane Thomson, a respectably-dressed young woman, described as a nurse, was charged before Sheriff Robertson, at Aberdeen, last week, with having in the Young Women's Christian Institute, at 28, Union Terrace, Aberdeen, stolen a lady's bangle, and a large number of other articles, broken open two collection boxes and stolen 1s. 11d., and broken open a workbox and stolen 12s. 6d. Accused pleaded guilty. Mr. J. S. Yule, solicitor, made a statement on the young woman's behalf, pointing out that she had hitherto borne a good character. She had been a nurse for the last three years in the Poorhouse at Dumbarton, and had previously been employed in Aberdeen Lunatic Asylum and Lindsay Asylum. The thefts were committed when she was under the influence of drink. The Sheriff said that fact went a long way to counteract the statement that she had hitherto been well-behaved. The accused was bound over under caution of 30s. to turn up within six months if called upon. The alternative was seven days in prison.

It appears to us that a woman has but to plead in the dock that she is "a trained nurse" to get off scot free, whatever may have been her crime. This is not justice, a drunken thief should be punished when caught, whatever her position in the body politic. It is, moreover, grossly unjust to respectable trained nurses that the black sheep in their ranks should commit criminal offences and be immune from punishment. What is to prevent Jane Thompson of that ilk continuing to drink and steal and pose as a trained nurse? Nothing but State registration of trained and reputable nurses can put an end to this disgraceful

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