

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\* \* All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.



Considerable surprise and anxiety has been aroused in the minds of the public by the fact that the friends of small-pox patients are allowed to visit them on the hospital ships. The danger is no doubt a real one, even if, as we do not for a moment doubt, every possible precaution against infection is taken. At the same time, human feelings must be considered, and few near relations would be willing for the removal of husband or wife or children, if they knew that even *in extremis* they would not be permitted to see them. Neither do we think the Metropolitan Asylums Board could undertake the responsibility involved by such a regulation. The subject, however, is an interesting and important one, and we hope to refer to it again.

The need for the greatest circumspection amongst nurses, is evidenced by the sensational paragraphs which have recently been going the round of the press concerning an impromptu dance at a London infirmary, and headed "Nurses in kilts," and other startling titles. From the account of the affair given by the Matron, the proceedings seem to have been quite devoid of impropriety of any kind. She asserts:—

"This was nothing more than a mere girlish romp—never a man within sight. What did it matter if, failing other requisites for a 'fancy dress' at a few minutes' notice, a nurse utilised tartan shawls as a 'Scotch lassie'? No kilts were worn—there were none here.

"As a matter of fact, I went down and enjoyed the genuine, harmless fun amazingly. At first I had refused, because I thought the presence of someone in authority might spoil their pleasure. But I was persuaded to go down, and, as I say, I laughed and enjoyed myself with the rest.

"It was simply a marvel to me how the nurses had managed to find things which resulted in such an excellent tout ensemble. One was an 'orange girl,' dressed in yellow art muslin, which we had here for various purposes. Another had the so-much-talked-of tartan shawls arranged over her; and they simply—had a good time."

We should be the last to desire to limit unduly

the recreation of nurses in their off-duty hours, at the same time, having regard to the fact that hospitals exist for the care of the sick and dying, and to the impression conveyed to the public when such paragraphs as we have referred to are given wide publicity, we have always thought that dancing is out of place in hospitals and infirmaries, however harmlessly it may be indulged in.

An interesting ceremony took place recently at the General Infirmary, Chester, when a presentation of plate was made to Mr. F. J. Warmsley, the Secretary, and Miss Cresswell, the Lady Superintendent, who are shortly to be married. The gift, which was made by the board of management and a few of the officials, included a silver tea-pot, coffee pot, cream jug, sugar basin, kettle and hot water jug to match, of Queen Anne pattern, as well as a silver two-horn inkstand, with gadroon edge. Accompanying the plate was an album containing an illuminated copy of a resolution passed at a meeting of the Board of Management, with a photograph of the Infirmary and a list of the subscribers. Mr. Warmsley has held the position of secretary to the Infirmary for the last ten years, and previously acted as assistant secretary, while Miss Cresswell's connection with the institution dates back nearly twelve years. She worked first of all as a nurse, was then promoted to the position of Sister, and two years ago was appointed Lady Superintendent. The presentation was made by Colonel Evans-Lloyd, who referred in eulogistic terms to the way in which Mr. Warmsley had fulfilled the duties of his office and to the long service of Miss Cresswell, and the work done by her. Both Miss Cresswell and Mr. Warmsley suitably acknowledged the gift.

We are informed that the Medical Officer of Health at Southampton, who, it is said, has no experience in the management of hospitals or nurses, appoints the Charge Nurses to the Isolation Hospital, without even consulting the Matron. This breach of etiquette is the more flagrant as the Matron is a thoroughly trained nurse—trained in the first-class schools of King's College Hospital, and the Shadwell Children's Hospital, London.

It is now nearly half a century since Miss Nightingale laid down the Laws for Nursing Discipline; and we would like to see a copy of her wonderful works in every medical library. Miss Nightingale emphasises the principle that the Matron and Superintendent of Nurses must be given justifiable personal authority over the nursing staff in a hospital if discipline is to be maintained. It seems almost incredible that many medical officers are

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