

told a gentleman wants to see you particularly. You go down to your office wondering what on earth is awaiting you, and a man arises with the invariable formula, "Madam, I hope I haven't disturbed you, but I am anxious to bring to your notice our new disinfectant, the best ever made." To no purpose do you solemnly assure him that the hospital is "in contract" for all kinds of drugs, for, like Mellish who was thwarted by the Simla ring, the vendor of a new patent disinfectant is gifted with unholy pertinacity. Will someone also tell me why clinical thermometers are such a favourite article of barter? Are they sold at immense profits, or are they a thin edge of the wedge for other things? Travellers positively implore you to have a dozen—only one dozen, to try; their thermometers are the cheapest and best in the market; when you have once used them all others will be to you as dust and ashes. You vainly point out that you are perfectly satisfied with your present thermometers, and that it would be a trifle mean of you to leave your present firm simply to please him. It is of no use; there is something about a clinical thermometer that seems to destroy a man's commercial morality. There must be money, much money, in them. Oh! and mackintoshes, bed mackintoshes. Only the other day someone offered me some waterproof sheeting that could be scrubbed with every mortal thing that you didn't want to scrub a mackintosh with. In the process of making it impervious to these many compounds it had become as hard as a board, but that seemed to the vendor a trifle in comparison with the fact that it could be scrubbed with an overwhelming list of substances, and he was quite hurt when I told him that I was entirely satisfied with my present bed mackintoshes. Of course, at the end of our interview he produced the inevitable clinical thermometers!

I hardly know whether to class as a minor worry the arrival of an uncongenial house surgeon, raising a ripple of discontent and antagonism in your before-time peaceful wards, which takes time and careful watching before it dies down. But I suppose as a matter of fact it is.

And now we come to the threshold of the major worries, the ones that keep you awake at night. To lie and worry about the heavy ward, with the nursing staff strained to breaking point, and not a spare nurse to throw into it; to feel that Nurse So-and-so is dead tired and ought to go for her holiday, but you cannot possibly spare her just now; to lie and review your unsatisfactory pros—unable to make up your mind whether it is to be strict justice, or justice tempered with mercy; to wake your conscience up and let it come and talk to you—that is the beginning of the big worries, which we will leave alone.—M. MOLLETT.

A Colonial Nurse's Views on Army Nursing.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS JANET SPEED.

Anything which tends to bring about a good understanding and mutual appreciation between Great Britain and her Colonies, and so to strengthen the bonds which unite them, is of the utmost importance. This feeling has undoubtedly been developed between men who, during the recent war, have fought side by side in a common cause, and it is greatly to be desired that the same sentiments may be cherished by the nurses who, from Great Britain, Cape Colony, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, foregathered in South Africa, inspired by the same motive, the desire to render skilled service to the Empire's sick and wounded.

It was, therefore, a special pleasure to meet a Colonial Nursing Sister who has worked as a member of the Army Nursing Service Reserve in South Africa, and who, inspired by an appreciation of the need of Imperial unity in military nursing, has come to England, considering it only courteous to get as full an idea as possible of the methods of organisation considered advisable in the mother country, before she returns to her own Colony in the hope of helping to organise a volunteer corps of nurses in readiness for future Imperial needs.

This Sister is Miss Janet Speed, a New Zealand nurse, who came commended by Mrs. Grace Neill, Assistant Inspector of Hospitals in New Zealand, and a Councillor of the International Council of Nurses. Miss Speed is a bright and charming woman, full of *esprit* and professional zeal, and, both by her personality and practical experience of military nursing as an Army Reserve Sister on active service, is apparently exceptionally well qualified for the task to which she has set her hand. The pleasure of an interview with her was intensified as she is the first woman I have met who is registered as a trained nurse by the State, and who possesses and exercises the Parliamentary franchise, and it was an additional gratification that she belonged to one of our own Colonies. One realised, as one talked to her and noted her keen appreciation and grip of both public and professional affairs, the educational value of according to women a self-respecting position in the State, and wished more than ever that nurses in this country had the same privileges.

When war was declared between Great Britain and the Transvaal the general feeling amongst the nurses in New Zealand was one of patriotism, which found its expression in sympathy for the mother country in the stress and strain of events, and in a strong desire to render service to those who were fighting the Empire's battles, and especially to the volunteers of the Colony who were offering themselves for service at the front. Many well-trained New

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