

NURSING ECHOES.

*** Communications (duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith) are especially invited for these columns.*

ANOTHER appointment has just been made, which I have much pleasure in announcing. Miss Miriam



Ridley was on the 22nd inst. appointed to the post of Matron to the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. Miss Ridley received her training at the Borough Hospital, Birkenhead, afterwards working as a Staff Nurse at St. Bartholomew's,

and also as Private Nurse in the Institution at 13, West Smithfield. Following this Miss Ridley took up Private Nursing on her own account up to February last, when she was appointed Matron-Nurse of the Llandudno Cottage Hospital, and continued there until her appointment to the larger and more important post alluded to. I feel confident that Miss Ridley, whom I hear was an early member of the B.N.A., and has been an active supporter of that movement from its commencement, will prove herself quite equal to the work she has undertaken.

APROPOS of the Association, I have received numberless letters from Hospital Matrons and Nurses, commenting on visits and letters which they are constantly receiving from a certain elderly gentleman, who, writes one of my correspondents, "from all accounts seems to spend his life at present bumble-beeing round everywhere, buzzing against Registration." "Bumble-bee" is good, very good, but my readers must not be angry with the gentleman in question; he is, indeed, far more to be pitied, for everyone behind the scenes now is watching with the greatest amusement his marionette-like movements, because they can see the feminine fingers which are pulling the strings.

THE Metropolitan and National Nursing Association has proved for years past that educated gentlewomen make by far the best District Nurses. The band of ladies who work under Miss Mansel's able superintendence have on the one hand carried the benefits of their help into many parts of the metropolis and the kingdom, and on the other have induced many of their friends to adopt the work. Lately I was able to congratulate the East London Nursing Society upon its good fortune in obtaining the services of Miss

Brancker, late Matron of the Newark Hospital, as the Matron of one of its districts. I hear that a friend of Miss Brancker's has now also commenced work as a Nurse under the same Society, and that the poor of St. Peter's, Bethnal Green, have already expressed their keen appreciation of their new helpers. Miss Brancker, who, by the way, strikingly resembles the late Sister Dora in appearance, will probably in no long time vastly enhance the already well-deserved popularity of the Society in the East End.

PROBABLY some of my readers must have thought of an ancient proverb when they read in our weakly institutional contemporary last week an annotation upon a recent Editorial which appeared in these columns. I am not referring to the misquotations and misstatements made in this paragraph, because of course these were only to be expected. Nor am I surprised that the cudgels should have been taken up in defence of the utterly unjustifiable conduct of a great friend and ally of the writer, and against the well-deserved reproof which she received. Nor was I the least astonished at first to find our Editor referred to as "she," because one does not receive great things in grammar from this particular quarter.

NOR did I do more than laugh consumedly when the writer—of all people on this terrestrial sphere—announced his belief, doubtless from personal knowledge of how some unprofessional people for example assume the right to interfere in nursing matters, that "the present is an age of self-elected experts on most subjects, who not infrequently make a noise in exact proportion to their ignorance of the questions they most affect." True, true, most true. The writer also objects to "big words with capital letters." I wonder how he would spell the small word "founder"—with his capital or without it?

BUT what has amazed most people who know Mr. Editor is this paragraph: "Now, as a matter of fact, with the exception of the Hospital to which 'Mr. Editor' is supposed to have belonged, where she formerly ruled with a rod of iron." . . . Here I catch my breath, and pause, and read it over again.

ON several occasions, at first, Mr. Editor made plaintive complaint that we do not believe in "amateur editors" on this Journal, and that he himself was of the male persuasion. Since then, except that Mr. Barnardo amused us by addressing him as Madam, his simple statement of fact has been accepted. And as many of my readers are personally aware, Mr. Editor is a gentleman

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