

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\* \* \* *All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.*



*the fait accompli.*

We beg to thank numerous correspondents for their congratulations, by letter and telegram, upon the Bill for the State Registration of Trained Nurses having been read a first time in the House of Commons on Monday, 15th inst. We were in the House, although, like the Peri, outside Paradise—that is, humbly waiting in the outer Lobby to hear of

There may be some years of hard work before Registrationists before they accomplish nursing organisation. But there is nothing like knowing what we want. This our Bill plainly sets forth, and it is a tremendous step forward to have our needs brought before the Legislature, put up in black and white, considered, discussed, and thus brought within the range of practical politics.

Whether our Bill ever becomes law entirely depends upon our own strength of conviction, energy, and pertinacity. Don't sit down and do nothing and then blame other people. What we women need is solidarity of purpose. Let us realise once and for all that unity is strength; let every trained nurse who desires to see nursing an organised, legalised, reputable profession for women join the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, and do her part—even if it is a small one—with all the power she has in her to get our Bill made law. Then we shan't be long.

Exception has evidently been taken to Sir Alfred Fripp's remarks before the Commission on the War in South Africa, to which, it will be remembered, he spoke very slightly of Countess Howe's printed report on the Yeomanry Hospitals. Sir Alfred now makes a qualified apology in the Press, which Lady Howe thinks well "to accept in the spirit in which it is offered." So closes an episode.

The truth is that the peeresses who organised the Yeomanry Hospital placed Mr. Fripp (as he was in those days) in a very false position. He, a young medical man, with absolutely no knowledge of the highly technical details of nursing organisation, was appointed by them as a species of

"cock Matron." The result was that "Deelfontein" speedily became recognised as "the jolliest club in South Africa."

When will society women learn that "nursing" is not "medicine"? or that, instead of a young medical officer being appointed as adviser-in-chief to a committee in the selection of nurses, such work can only be satisfactorily performed by an experienced trained nurse? No doubt Sir Alfred Fripp did quite as well in an anomalous position as any other young medical man or as a Nursing Sister would have done had she been given charge of the medical department.

At the annual meeting of the Queen's Commemoration Fund held at 120, Victoria Street, S.W., the report and accounts, which were approved, showed that during the past year £3,733 in subscriptions and donations had been collected on behalf of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. It was decided, in order to maintain the representative character of the Committee, that the following should be invited to join the Executive Committee—the Archbishop of Westminster, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. Clifford, and Lady Dimsdale.

We are glad that the District Nursing Association recently formed in Sheffield in affiliation with the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses is demonstrating its usefulness. By the middle of March it is hoped that eight nurses will be at work in connection with the home at 98, Gell Street, of which Miss F. Walmsley is Superintendent. The only limit to the usefulness of the work is the lack of funds. Substantial help is given by local Boards of Guardians, and those who desire to help the poor, who in health keep off the rates, cannot do so more effectively than by providing them with skilled assistance in illness. The Sheffield Tramways Committee greatly aid the work of the nurses by the free grant of car tickets to them when on duty.

The nurses' quarters at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, are, we learn, most delightful. They are lofty, airy, spacious apartments, and furnished with the furniture originally designed for the place. The Matron has the room once occupied by Princess Beatrice.

The Local Government Board has refused to allow the six male nurses recently appointed by the Managers of the Poplar and Stepney Sick Asylum to be an additional charge on the metropolitan common poor fund. The Managers have unanimously resolved to approach the Local Government Board on the subject again, as they consider that the need for their employment is unquestionable.

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