

nurses, and issues a Register of Trained Nurses. So we may take it that Miss Nightingale is not so strongly opposed to a Central Nursing Authority and Registration as she was ten years ago. Anyway, there seems no reason why privileges should be conceded to our Colonial cousins which are denied to us at home.

Mrs. S. J. Bocoek, the Lady Editor of the *Brisbane Courier*, writes from Brisbane for all information available on the subject of State Registration of Nurses. She says:—"We are taking up the question in the *Courier*, our morning paper." The systematisation of nursing education accomplished by the Nurses' Associations in the Commonwealth of Australia means that only a step has to be taken to have their good work recognised by the State, and to make State Registration an accomplished fact. With their colleagues in New Zealand enjoying legal status, it is quite natural that progressive Australasian nurses should desire the same professional privilege. As they have got the Federal vote they have only to ask to have, whilst we in the mother country—well, as Kipling says, "that is another story."

THE NURSING PROFESSION IN GERMANY.

It is a curious coincidence that, in the same month that a Bill has been presented in the House of Commons advocating the State Registration of Trained Nurses, a petition has been presented to the Government in Germany which has almost the same proposals to make with regard to the raising and regularising of the position of professional nurses. The petition has been signed by 170 different important unions, representing women banded together for different objects, and it will be observed that the German Women's Society advocates the wearing of a badge to show that they belong to the Government trained nurses, and in this particular the petition shares the view held by those who have drafted the Bill which the Royal British Nurses' Association is furthering.

The petition in Germany runs as follows:—

1. That the possibility be given to every nurse to pass an examination after the three years' training prescribed by Government; to receive a certificate and the right to wear a badge which is protected by Government, which the Supervisory Board will have the power to deprive them of should occasion arise.

2. That only such hospitals be sanctioned which guarantee proper care for the nursing staff by means of a working day consisting of not more than eleven hours, and giving sufficient guarantee for old age and in case of the nurses becoming incapacitated.

3. That in the State hospitals perfectly organised nursing regulations be created which will guarantee adequate working together as regards administration, medical and nursing service, as well as male and female nurses, and that the nursing staff be guaranteed certainty of position.

MADLEINE GREENWOOD.

"Electionitis."

Vote! vote! vote! The air is full of it. That being so, what more natural than to catch it? County, borough, district, and parish councillors, all clamouring for election or re-election, and there are signs of a General Parliamentary Election in the near future. It is astonishing the amount of interest there is taken in you when you have a vote. Nice-looking, soft-voiced young men call to interview you. Charming-dressed ladies come also for the same purpose. What great interest they display, too, in all that concerns you.

How much the baby is admired—if there is one.

If the chimney smokes, or you complain of the weather and fogs, it is gently hinted that "If only So-and-so were elected, even those evils might receive attention." "A great undertaking?" you suggest. "Yes; but my candidate is so very clever about all that sorts of things, you know."

This sets one thinking usually about one's own little affairs; not that an election is necessary to bring them to the front, but because being nearest they generally come first.

"It's a long time since we had those last coals in," you muse. Then scrambling over that thought comes headlong another. Yes! to be sure, they have lasted much longer since the day a queer-looking trap stopped at the door and the occupant had all the coals weighed in. "A County Council inspector, of course, he was!" Milk, too, is much better; you really can get a little cream on it now if you let it stand. Now you think of it, the streets do seem a little cleaner. And then the trams! and one's thoughts flit back to the few bright days which pretended to be the summer, and one thinks of the pleasant hour passed in the park listening to the band.

Then and there you settle for whom to vote, in spite of half-promises given to the charming lady or the persuasive young man.

As the day approaches the fever rises to its height, and the crisis comes when, filled with the great responsibility, you go off to the polling station to record that wonderfully powerful thing—a *Vote*.

The fever lessens, but does not entirely subside until the returns are issued. Then natural pride fills your heart as you realise that *you* have returned someone who has done, or will do, so much for *you* and the town.

Curious, isn't it, that your own affairs *will* assert themselves? But, nevertheless, it is just as true of the individual vote as of the "Little drops of water which make the mighty ocean" which we sang about in the days of our childhood.

Or like a tiny snowball set rolling by the hand of a schoolboy, gathering more and more as it rolls along until it becomes enormous; so these votes

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)