

number of these is insufficient for the constantly increasing openings to be filled. But it is flooded with all sorts and conditions of persons, and it is our duty to organise our unorganised ranks.

To do this, we must have powers, like all other professions, to control our own affairs. The Registration of Nurses on just lines, such as those proposed by the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, will do more than anything else to raise the status of private nurses. But should such a Bill as that proposed by the Executive Committee of the Royal British Nurses' Association become law, the private nurse would find it very difficult to better her position. Her conditions of work and her scale of remuneration will be dictated, not by herself and her fellow-workers, but by a Board on which her employers preponderate in the proportion of twenty-four to six.

At a meeting of the Bridgwater Board of Guardians the Committee appointed to consider the question of revising the hospital staff recommended that the staff should consist of a head nurse, a duly certificated assistant nurse, and two assistant nurses. The report was adopted.

The Cardiff Infirmary has lost the services of one of its nursing staff under most exceptional circumstances.

Sister Kate Lynch-Blosse, a daughter of the late Dean Blosse, of Llandaff, and vicar of Newcastle, Bridgend, had been connected with the infirmary for a long period, first as probationer, then as nurse, and latterly as a Sister. She was possessed of private means, and the salary she received from the governors of the infirmary she always returned in the form of a subscription to the institution.

Her devotion to the infirmary was great, and she was able to collect handsome subscriptions from her friends. Of medium stature, middle age, and with a face paled by many an anxious vigil, Sister Lynch-Blosse's work evoked the admiration of all at the hospital.

To the general regret, she left the infirmary just before the end of the year, and it is now known that some months previously she married the porter at the institution, Mr. Lewis Price. He had not been at the infirmary long. He is reported to be a handsome fellow and went through the South African war.

"When or by whom the marriage was performed we know not," said one of the governors of the infirmary to a pressman, "and we knew little about Mr. Price, except that he always did his work satisfactorily. What we do know is that our institution has suffered an irreparable loss by the departure of Mrs. Price." Her secret was well kept during the weeks that intervened between the marriage and the

revelation of it. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Price are understood to have settled in Somersetshire, just across the Bristol Channel, where Mrs. Price has taken a farm.

Nurses, as a class, are great theatre-goers, and many have been fascinated by the terrible details of the recent holocaust in Chicago. The one bright side is the rapidity with which medical practitioners and nurses were on the spot, and relief thus extended to the injured and suffering. A sinister feature, and one which reveals an ugly side of human nature, is that, while many hundreds of women and children perished, scarcely the death of a man has yet been reported. While the scrimmage of nearly a thousand persons was continuing in the foyer, those on the stairs who could not get down jumped over the balustrades at distances varying from 5 ft. to 30 ft., and fell on to the heads of the fighting crowd below, bringing scores to the floor. Those once fallen could not rise. The others, like wild animals, trampled on them, and pushed their way over the bodies to the doors. Little children and young girls went down for the most part in this death drive, while strong men made of their bodies a path to safety.

It would seem that the law of self-preservation is the strongest instinct possessed by human beings, and that in times of panic and terror this triumphs over every other impulse. We cannot estimate the force of that life the beginning of which is so incomprehensible and its future development so dimly understood. But we do know that it is sometimes nobler to lose than to cling on to life, that chivalry demands the care of the weak by the strong, and that decent men will recoil from their fellows who have clung to and saved their own lives at the expense of trampling little children to death.

Writing to the Editor of the *Royal South Hunts Nurses' League Journal*, from H.B.M. Legation, Peking, Mrs. Douglas Gray (Sister Harrison) says:—

"We are having a very hot day, and it pours down like rain, mostly in little streams from under my hat. We are living at a cottage in the country six miles from Peking, where the air is fresher than in the city. This place belongs to some Manchu farmers, and we have turned them out into their farm cottages, and hired their compound and cottages for three years. The compound is about 100 ft. by 150 ft. in size; there are two long, low cottages—one with five rooms and the other with three—and over most of the compound is a large 'pung' or matting shade about 20 ft. high that rolls back at the top and sides when the sun is away by a most ingenious system of pulleys. There isn't a nail in the whole thing; every joint has a tourniquet with the hardwood stick twisted in the loop and strapped down to the pole. The Chinese are the cleverest people in the world at this sort of thing, though their methods are simply prehistoric. . . . They never

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