

recent years. Lady Victoria has consistently advocated efficient as against cheap nursing.

The transition condition of nursing at the present time, and the lack of any definition by the State as to what constitutes a "trained nurse," causes embarrassing situations at times, and the sooner this condition is rectified by the enforcement of a minimum standard of nursing efficiency and the registration of those who attain it, the better for all concerned.

In Ireland the Local Government Board has laid down that, so far as that Board is concerned, a nurse must have received two years' hospital training, and recently the Killala Guardians claimed a refund of £2 2s. out of £4 4s. paid to a nursing institution for the services of a nurse because she was not a "trained nurse" as defined by the rules of the Board, and therefore the Board, which makes a contribution to the salary of the trained nurse whom she was replacing, refused to contribute to the payment of the substitute.

There are many excellent nurses now working who in their training days did not receive the amount of training in the wards of a hospital now rightly considered requisite. The Local Government Board for Ireland is to be congratulated on its efforts to maintain an adequate standard of nursing. At the same time, in justice to all concerned, it is time for the State to step in and say, "We will recognise, and place on a Register, those nurses possessing good credentials, who passed through the course of instruction usual at the time when they trained. But, for the future, all women who wish to be recognised as trained nurses must have passed through a course of training in a hospital or hospitals maintaining the educational curriculum prescribed by a central professional board possessing State authority."

The war between Roumania and Turkey forms the subject of an article contributed by Carmen Sylva to the *North American Review*. The Princess, as she then was, took an active part in the nursing of the wounded, and she tells a thrilling story of a coward's death as follows:—

"I could see from a distance how the bed was trembling beneath him. He tried to jump out of bed as soon as he saw me, but fell on his knees as the attendants prevented him. Putting his hands together, as though in prayer, he began to make a formal confession to me, at the same time gnashing his teeth so loudly and trembling so violently that the bed shook with emotion. He was as yellow as wax; pyæmia had already set in; and he glared about him with such a horror in his eyes that the sight of him filled me with fear and pity. 'I! I! I did it!' he groaned, with trembling lips; 'I

thought of my mother; yes, I thought of my mother, and then the devil whispered to me: 'One shot, and you are wounded, and then they will send you home! I did it, and now I must die; now I am a suicide and lost to all eternity, in hell for all eternity! The devil whispered to me! Only the earth and my rifle know what I did, and now I am a coward and a suicide. Hell is grasping at me already! I feel it. I am consuming in its flames! Oh! forgive me, forgive me! Give me peace before hell gets hold of me!' I tried to speak gently to him of God's goodness and long-suffering, but he interrupted me: 'You, your path will be strewn with flowers; for me there is only a merciless hell!' How long he was speaking I do not know. All the wounded were sitting up in their beds, listening, pale with terror; the surgeons, deeply moved, stood round this awful death-bed, where a luckless handsome youth, who, perhaps, had never done an evil deed till that particular moment, believed himself to be handed over to all the terrors of hell. The fire of the ague, which devoured his bones, he felt as the flames of hell, and his terror was such that one seemed to see the Pit opening its jaws before him.

"The day after, a dense, heavy autumn mist enshrouded us, as with a curtain of icy lead. From the hospital windows one could hardly distinguish the nearest tents, when a poor woman, wading bare-foot through the deep mud, emerged from the grey monotone of the mist. She was accompanied by a man, apparently a neighbour from her village. I saw her talking to the soldiers of the ambulance, but before I could reach her she had given the name of her son, and was asking after him. Thoughtlessly the soldier replied: 'He died last night in this very bed!' The poor woman fell upon her knees as though she had been struck by lightning; the clean linen she had brought with her fell into the mud. Beating her breast, tearing at her veil and hair, she kept calling his name, 'Radule! Radule! Radule! Radule!' out into the mist. She would not let herself be comforted, she declined both food and drink, and we barely succeeded in forcing on her companion some money for her use. She would not stay with us, but began her homeward journey without delay. I watched her figure in the mist loom larger and larger, and listened to her voice growing hoarser in the distance. So long as I live I shall hear the cry of that disconsolate mother's heart sounding in my ears: 'Radule! Radule! Radule!'"

Mrs. Latter, who has been on the Committee from its inception, has severed her connection with the Chartered Nurses' Society—rumour reports because she is dissatisfied with its management. Considering the dishonourable manner in which this Society was founded, it appears somewhat superfluous to take exception to its methods thus late in the day.

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