

## The Provisional Committee of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland.

A meeting of the above Committee was held on Saturday at 431, Oxford Street, Miss Rogers, the Chairman, presiding.

The Minutes having been read and confirmed, Miss Barton, Hon. Sec., reported that applications for affiliation had been received from the Royal South Hants Nurses' League and from the Kingston Infirmary Nurses' League, and nominating the following members as delegates on the Provisional Committee:—

*South Hants League.*—Miss Mollett, President, Miss Haldane, Miss Rider, Miss Lee-Smith, Miss E. Youlden, and Miss Rae.

*Kingston League.*—Miss J. A. Smith, President, Miss A. Smith, Miss Prichard, Miss E. M. Brewer, Miss Morley, and Miss Gibbs.

The application of each League was put to the meeting, and they were unanimously accepted.

Miss Rogers submitted the basis of a suggested Constitution, which was generally approved, and a small sub-committee was appointed to put it into shape for the consideration of the Annual Meeting in May.

After the consideration of several matters in connection with objects of the Committee, the meeting terminated, and those present enjoyed one of Sister Cartwright's now famous teas.

The Provisional Committee is now composed of six delegates from the following Leagues and self-governing Nurses' Societies:—

The Matrons' Council.

The Irish Nurses' Association.

The Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses.

The Registered Nurses' Society.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses' League.

St. John's House Nurses' League.

Chelsea Infirmary Nurses' League.

Leicester Infirmary Nurses' League.

Parish of Nottingham Nurses' League.

Royal South Hants Nurses' League.

Kingston Infirmary Nurses' League,

so that the sixty-six delegates who form the Provisional Committee represent some 3,000 trained nurses—a number we hope to see greatly increased as more Leagues are organised.

### THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF NURSES.

The International Council of Nurses, composed of the Federation of American Nurses, the German Nurses' Association, and our own Provisional Committee, brings about 12,000 organised nurses into international touch—a very satisfactory result to the initiative taken by the Matrons' Council in London in 1899, when the International

Council was founded for the furtherance of professional unity. Imagine the glorious gathering when the nurses of every civilised country in the world are affiliated to make the International Council a World Power in the Service of Suffering

## Aunt Judith on the Modern Nurse.

No, I don't think much of the modern nurse. You, perhaps, have never come in close contact with one. I have.

I was ill six months ago. I had our dear old Dr. Brown called in; he does not practise now, but I knew he would come to see me, and he said "Miss Judith, you must have a nurse," so I had one from London. I wrote for her myself, and said I was a maiden lady; I thought that would be sufficient, and that they would send me a respectable middle-aged person. When she arrived, well, if I had not been so ill, I would have sent her back; you would hardly believe it, but I assure you she came into my room looking as cheerful as though she were going to a wedding. So I said to her—

"You probably are ignorant of the serious state of my health; in fact, there is little hope of my recovery."

You would have thought that would have made her look grave, but, dear me, no! She smiled and said:—

"You must not look on the dark side; I feel sure you will get well."

Her presumption took my breath away; I said no more. She took my temperature and pulse just like the new doctor, not feelingly like dear old Dr. Brown; there is such a difference between them. The new doctor and the nurse take your pulse just as if it were a matter of business, but with Dr. Brown it was quite another thing; you felt he was putting his heart and soul into it. Then she made me a poultice and put it on with just the same manner as Edith would hand you potatoes at dinner; medicine and food the same; not that I could take much food, but what little I did take she gave me as though she were sure I wanted it and would take it. Ah! how different from Mrs. Blissit, who nursed me when I had the chicken-pox. I remember to this day how she would bring me a little chicken broth or camomile tea and say,

"Now, dear Miss Judith, you must try to drink it, because I made it for you myself, and I know you would not like to hurt my feelings by leaving any."

I used to take it all, for I knew she would really be hurt if I did not. But Nurse Molyneux—yes, that was her name; just imagine if you can a nurse with such a name—I do not think she would have shed a tear if I had taken none at all!

She stayed up all night the first night she was

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