

gaining [her certificate, continued to work there for some time, until she was appointed Matron of the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, a position which she has held until the present.

I HAVE been reading with the greatest amusement the last balance-sheet of the Hospitals' Association. This is contained in the Fifth Annual Report, and shows that, despite the patent fact that its Council has been obliged to give extra help, it closed its fourth year of life with less than £8 in the world, and finished its last year in debt to the extent of more than £31. However, the public was appealed to in 1889 for assistance to this "most deserving charity," and one or two performances were given for it by some kind amateurs; so it may be a little more flourishing now. The Association has never quite recovered from its "fiasco," as the *Lancet* called it, over the Registration of Nurses; and if it were not that its President is so widely and so highly respected, it would probably have faded away before now. When a body spends £40 above its income in a year, and can only show in return about half-a-dozen meetings of a very select few people, its utility must be problematical—to put it very mildly—and £377 seems a good deal to pay for such results.

I AM asked by the Editor to thank—which I do with much pleasure—all those who have written expressing their good wishes towards the *Nursing Record*. At this season of the year the number of congratulatory letters is far too great to enable the Editor to himself acknowledge each one individually, and he therefore does so generally through the "Echoes" column.

AMONG several other "items" which I am compelled to leave over this week, on account of "pressure upon our space," are the descriptions of various Christmas and New Year festivities which have been forwarded to me from nearly all parts of the kingdom; these will, I am afraid, have to stand over altogether this year on account of their number, unless, perhaps, I can manage to squeeze a few in the next issue on the better-late-than-never principle.

I LEARN that Miss Lydia Rodgers has just been appointed Matron to the Great Western Railway Accident Hospital, at Swindon. Miss Rodgers, who received her training at St. Bartholomew's, after holding appointments at Birmingham and elsewhere, became seven months ago attached to the Chichester Infirmary, which post she resigns in order to take up her new work. Miss Rodgers will find plenty to do at Swindon, though I have

no doubt but that she will prove herself quite capable of dealing with her new duties and responsibilities.

I HAVE received a copy of an appeal on behalf of that very noble Institution, the Immanuel Hospital and Deaconess' Institute, situate at Omaha, Nebraska, U.S.A. It is a Roman Catholic body, I grant, and that is the *chief* reason why I mention it in these columns, for it appears by Article VI. of its charter that its work shall be done *without regard to creed, colour or nationality*, thus proving itself thoroughly Samaritan in its constitution, and broad and evangelical in its views. In "Our Album" of this week we present a sketch of a Deaconess in her working dress, and next week we shall give one of a Deaconess in her street dress. An illustration of a magnificent building it is proposed to erect appears in the appeal, together with a report of the work done so far.

IF ever I visit the United States, and such an extreme probability might eventually become a possibility, this Institute is one above all others I shall visit and report upon to my readers.

A CHELSEA Infirmary Nurse writes me as follows:—"Your correspondent of the *Nursing Record* of December 26th, giving an account of the testimonial presented to our much-loved Matron, only mentioned a part of the testimonial given, as she was also presented with a writing board, beautifully fitted with everything that was thought necessary for her use during her journey." S. G.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

THE TELEGRAPHIST.

THIS is one of the employments for women which the wonders of nineteenth century science have created. The work must be fascinating, yet the post is terribly responsible, and the feeling must be overwhelming when knowing that by a single touch of your hand a word is transmitted across sea and land—a word telling, may be, of a mighty battle won, or of the death of some great statesman-like king, or which sets at rest some aching heart by the news of the safe arrival of the dear one, that private message of as great importance to her who receives it as are those other telegrams which tell to thousands the brief story of a nation's overthrow or a nation's grief. A word spoken, however used, can never be recalled. How much more the word telegraphed; or, it may be, the little "yes" telegraphed by the young lady who cannot wait to pen the answer to the

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