

at golf croquet were engaged in, the winners of the final heat being presented with boxes of chocolate by their kind hostesses. Every one left with regret. It was the last of the members' summer amusements. Next month winter work and lectures begin, and a very busy time is anticipated.

Her Excellency the Countess of Minto was the recipient of a pleasing tribute from the Indian Nursing Staff at Simla on August 26th, when Mrs. Davies, Chief Lady Superintendent, handed to her a beautiful silver inkstand accompanied by an appreciative address, artistically printed on vellum. The Central Committee of the Association was represented by Major-General Scallon, Surgeon-General Lukis, Sir W. Crooke-Lawless, and Mr. A. N. Ker. In the address the nurses expressed their deep regret at the departure of Lady Minto, the Founder of their Association from India, and how much they appreciated her constant and affectionate concern in all that was for their welfare and that of the Association at large.

In her reply Her Excellency said it was difficult for her to express adequately her thanks to the Lady Superintendent and the Sisters of the Nursing Staff for their very kind thought, and that she should treasure their farewell gift, which would always be on her writing table, and would daily remind her of the great work they were doing to relieve the sick and suffering in a country which, more than any other in the world, needed prompt and skilled attendance. Lady Minto said that, although she was obliged to sever her immediate connection with the Nursing Sisters of India, they might rest assured that her interest in their welfare would be as keen as ever. In bidding them farewell she promised her photograph to each of the Sisters which, she hoped, they would keep as a remembrance of an Association which would always be connected in her mind with many happy hours.

Like most nursing Journals, *The Nursing Journal of India* becomes more and more substantial as time goes on, and, of course, the Editor cannot find space for many interesting items of use to her readers. This month appears therein an admirable paper, "Three Years' Training," by Miss S. Grace Tindall, Lady Superintendent of the Cama and Allbless Hospitals, Bombay, which was read at the Agra Nursing Conference. "My views," she writes, "with regard to this most important subject (the necessity for a three years' term of training) are decided and unalterable," and she

claims that "it is the universal opinion that nothing less than this term is sufficient to turn out a 'trained nurse.'" Nurses all over the world will be grateful for this claim. As Miss Tindall tersely remarks, "Nursing nowadays does not consist in pouring in wine and oil by the wayside," and states that in her opinion the Nursing Superintendents in India have the making of the profession in India in their own hands, "in so far as they are true to the highest standard of nursing principles, and the best professional methods."

A memorial is to be raised by nurses in India to the late Miss Thorpe, whose sudden and tragic death saddened many friends.

A Committee has been formed to establish, maintain, and extend, a high and uniform standard of district nursing throughout Northern Tasmania—as a memorial to the late King Edward VII. The members of this Nursing Order are to be known as "King's Nurses," and will work generally for the betterment of the physical, sanitary, and hygienic conditions of the people in Tasmania. It is intended to confer certificates and diplomas in District Nursing, and distinctive badges.

Writing on *The Social Side of a Nurses' Work*, Miss M. Loane, so well known for her understanding sympathy with the poor, says: "The question 'Is it worth while?' probably occurs from time to time to every woman in every profession; even mothers are not exempt from obstinate self-questioning; but from the nurse it does not often receive a despairing answer, especially if she has in any degree the power to be a teacher as well as a nurse, to prevent suffering, and not merely to supply a limited and doubtful alleviation. If the question is ever insistent, it is in the mind of the woman whose lot or choice takes her to the home of wealthy patients. I remember a stirring, capable person of twenty-seven, who found herself one of three trained nurses entirely occupied with a *malade imaginaire* of about her own age. She endured it as best she might until one day when the patient declared that her nose was cold, and ordered her to make a poultice for it. She said to herself, "Have I seen and suffered and learnt for five years in a general hospital for no better end than *this*?" She left the institution at the earliest possible moment, and became a district nurse in a very poor neighbourhood, living a life of considerable hardship, but free from the burden of despising herself or her patients.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)