

basis it would be impossible to carry it on in the future as in the past. What made it more critically important was its close relation to the Insurance Bill, now being discussed. In the course of his address Mr. Pennant said he regarded the National Insurance Bill as a great victory for those who had been educating public opinion in the country for some years, as they had actually got into a Government Bill, of first-rate importance, recognition that there was such a thing as district nursing, and that the Societies which were to administer the funds might, out of the compulsory payments, spend a portion of the money on the support of district nurses. Among the resolutions passed at the close of the meeting was one urging that it was desirable to include additional assistance from the State for nurses in the Insurance Bill, corresponding to the increased liability to illness to which they were exposed.

Miss Sylvia Parker, who took up office as Matron of the Cumberland Infirmary, Carlisle, last week, was trained and certificated at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and has held the positions of Ward Sister and Night Sister at the Royal Chest Hospital, City Road. She has also been Assistant Matron at the General Hospital, Nottingham, for two

years, and is a certified midwife, so that she has excellent experience to qualify her for the important position to which she has been appointed, and to which she goes with many good wishes from those who appreciate the soundness of her professional work and respect her for her personal qualities.



MISS SYLVIA PARKER,
Matron, Cumberland Infirmary, Carlisle.

The *Woman at Home* for August contains a very original story of a tragedy in connection with a hospital case by Mr. Stephen Townsend F.R.C.S., whose literary talent is of a very high order. Some of us will have no difficulty in recognising the hospital in which the life's work of Sister Mary, skilful of hand and tender of heart, was carried on. Here is a picture in miniature:—
“The City clocks were clanging out the hour of ten as Sister Mary re-entered the hospital gates. Through the dying echo of their iron notes the swell of a more tuneful measure stole upon her ear. Intuitively she looked up at the Great Hall. She had guessed rightly; its lights were still burning, and through the open window floated the faint melody of stringed

instruments. It was the students' last rehearsal for the summer concert. She stood by the fountain for a moment, watching the reflection of the lights on the still surface of its sleeping waters, and listened to the distant

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