

Miss Martha Hamilton mentions sixteen possible causes of transverse presentations, amongst them mal-development of the uterus, hydrocephalic head, and monsters.

Miss E. Douglas points out that complete transverse presentations are not very often met with, as the long axis of the foetus does not lie altogether transversely in the uterus; it is more often lying obliquely with the shoulder presenting.

Miss M. Atkinson emphasises that the essential treatment is to turn before the membranes rupture and the shoulder gets jammed, therefore medical assistance should be sent for as early as possible.

QUESTION FOR NEXT WEEK.

Describe the Rôle of Insects in the production of Disease.

THE ISLA STEWART ORATION PAMPHLET.

The Isla Stewart Oration, delivered at the Guildhall by Miss Cox-Davies, published in pamphlet form, will be on sale next week.

The subject of the Oration "Isla Stewart, her Life, and her Influence on the Nursing Profession," will no doubt be of interest to all the members of the National Council of Nurses at home and abroad. The pamphlet contains a favourite picture, in uniform, of the late Miss Isla Stewart, and can be obtained from the Manager, BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING Office, 431, Oxford Street, London, W., price 1s. The Pamphlet will be sold in support of the Isla Stewart Memorial, of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland.

THE ISABEL HAMPTON ROBB MEMORIAL.

The Isabel Hampton Robb Memorial Committee are deeply gratified with the generous support given from nurses all over the United States to the Robb Education Fund. Seven thousand five hundred dollars (£1,500) have already been subscribed in one year of the ten thousand called for. The Committee propose to use the interest for a scholarship, and have issued a beautiful calendar, a suitable Christmas gift, with selected quotations from Mrs. Robb's works, "Nursing Ethics" and "Educational Standards for Nurses," the proceeds of which will go to swell the fund.

Dr. W. Macready delivered an interesting lecture on "Diseases of the Eye" to the members of the Ulster Branch of the Irish Nurses' Association at Belfast last week. The lecture was illustrated by diagrams and models.

HAPPINESS.

* Das Glück ist eine leichte Dirne
Und weilt nicht gern an einem Ort,
Sie streicht das Haar dir von der Stirne
Und küsst dich leicht und flattert fort.

Frau Unglück hat im gegentheile
Dich liebefest ans Herz gedrückt,
Sie sagt, sie habe keine Eile,
Setzt sich zu dir ans Bett und strickt.

HEINE.

I leave the above lines untranslated, for they are quite untranslatable if the spirit is to be preserved, and as we are all going to Cologne next year, we all presumably are learning German, and can hammer out the sense of the most biting of poetic philosophers for ourselves. Happiness came to him throughout his life like fitful gleams of sunshine on an autumn day, so perhaps he underrated the amount apportioned to others.

Now that I look back upon my career and its ups and downs, its many bright days and its few gloomy ones, I am not sure if I had my time over again that I should not be more insistent with my nurses to cultivate the habit of looking at the beauty, the joyousness, the brightness of life. I should be the apostle of cheerfulness, the serene cheerfulness of joy.

Sometimes I think nurses must be tired of being told the exact angle at which they must wear their consciences to satisfy their many lecturers. Clergymen, doctors, and, I grieve to say, matrons combine to foster a condition of moral self-consciousness in nurses, and ethical truisms are showered upon them in season and out of season.

A nurse's faults are pointed out to her with wondrous minuteness, and ponderous aphorisms are invented for her benefit. I have done it myself, and I expect I shall do it again; good advice is the one really cheap thing in this world. And the whole root of the matter—there is no denying it—lies in a very fine tribute to our profession and its claims on its members; for it is given to nurses to interpret in their lives one of the highest ideals, the ideal

* Happiness is a gay young maiden
Who never long in one place will stay;
She gently strokes the hair from your forehead,
Kisses you lightly, and flutters away.

Otherwise Madam Unhappiness greets you;
She presses you lovingly to her breast,
Says she has plenty of time to spare you,
Sits her down by your bed, and knits.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)