

REFLECTIONS.

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.

The Queen paid a surprise visit, much to the delight of the little patients, to the Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Aberdeen, last week. All the surgeons and physicians connected with the Institution, and the Lady Superintendent, Miss Tattam, were presented to Her Majesty, and before leaving the Queen distributed through the wards a large number of choice flowers specially brought from the royal gardens at Balmoral. A building scheme to cost £35,000 is in hand. Devoted and good work has been done in the old building, but the new hospital is urgently needed.

The Third Annual Conference of the British Hospitals Association is being held this week in Birmingham. Mr. J. B. Clarke, Chairman of the General Hospital, is President, and the Hon. Local Secretary is Mr. Howard J. Collins, the House Governor of that Institution. The meetings are being held at the Council House, where a civic welcome was extended to the visitors by the Lord Mayor on Thursday. During the meetings, papers on hospital administration and topics bearing on hospital work will be read, and the opportunity will be taken of visiting the local hospitals, and some of the leading manufactories. We hope the Birmingham Matrons will take the opportunity of inviting the support of the Association for State Registration of Nurses.

On Thursday, this week, the Duchess of Westminster is to lay the foundation stone of the two new wings of the General Infirmary, Chester. Munificent financial support has been given to the building fund, and the administrative work, including that in connection with the nursing department, will be greatly facilitated when the additions are in working order. Miss L. K. Blayney, the Lady Superintendent, with other officers, is looking forward to these modern improvements.

Four generous brothers, three of whom are bachelors, have donated funds to the Essex County Hospital, Colchester, with which to build a new Isolation Block. It will contain two wards, each to hold two beds, a nurses' room, kitchen, bathrooms and lavatories. The site was selected on Monday last week, and the work put in hand the following day—very commendable expedition. The Committee has of late made several improvements in connection with the staff. The Matron has been allotted a new bedroom with bathroom attached—the very greatest comfort in hospital life—and the storing chamber, begun many years ago for mattresses, has been finished and nicely arranged for the original purpose.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

ON THE PAVEMENT.

"Once a nurse, always a nurse"—so runs the saying, and true it is. Nevertheless, there comes a time when—one's first passion for hospital service over, and the early enthusiasm for "interesting cases" and "hand-to-hand grapples with death" transformed into a passion for health and an enthusiasm for avoiding all needless and avoidable misery—one realizes in a vivid glare of bright light that the whole extent of nursing progress and development is simply one part of the whole all-embracing woman movement, and that in the victorious advance of the latter movement rests all hope of a final victory over disease, dirt, poverty, misery, preventible suffering, brutal industry, brutal war, brutal degradation of the sources and springs of human life, brutal disregard of the rights of generations yet unborn. When one gets this impression, one goes out on the pavement to sell *Votes for Women*.

Piccadilly Circus—thongs passing by. I take up my "pitch," armed with an advertising board and with a green bag lettered in white and purple. Indifferent thongs—heedless—rushing by, they overlook my bag and me, though holding a copy under their eyes. They must be jogged—reminded. "*Votes for Women! Buy Votes for Women!*" I shout in loud and piercing tones. Now I get attention. Nearly everyone looks my way (perhaps the American accent surprises them) and now the men, who ignore me as long as I keep still, show their inmost feelings through their thin outward veneer of good manners. One turns an angry, contemptuous face: "*No. The devil take them!*" Another one snaps out: "*I should think not! Never!*" A superior male person comes along: "*Ah, no. I'm on the other side, you see.*" A kindly gentleman half stops, looks at me sorrowfully: "*Oh, no, your methods are so wrong; so wrong, you know.*" His tone is sad. "*Five years! five years!*" shouts a burly person, looking back at me with vindictive, triumphant grin. "*Five thousand years!*" I yell, and chase him with the paper. Many attempt to crush and wither me by a slow look of scorn and disapproval, passing slowly and inspecting me as if I am some monstrosity. I learn to abash these lordly beings completely by pretending that I think they want to buy. "*Only a penny.*" I tell them in reassuring tones, as if their pence were few, and step toward them with a paper. They are completely routed—their countenances change and they look everywhere else, hurrying disconcerted away. Occasionally comes one in whose eye is the real, cold gleam of hatred and aversion. I recognize the type that, a few hundred years ago, burned those who did their own thinking, whether man or woman. This is the kind that readily treads woman under his heel. And yet some woman gave this despot life, and tended him in infancy. Had it not been for woman's care, he would have died before his second year. Extraordinary state

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