

pointing to the public, and discreditable to themselves. They shirked the charges which have been levelled against that Institution. It was not correct for the chairman, Mr. J. H. Buxton, to say that the present attack was directed against the Matron, and it was not meeting the charges to run off in this style:—

“ He regretted—aye, deeply regretted—that it had been in the power of three or four persons to do harm, from which they would not recover for another quarter of a century, and to injure not them (the governors), for they might turn them out to-morrow if they liked, but to injure the poor of the East-end of London, for whom many of them had a very strong feeling.”

“ The greatest enemies to the Hospital seem to be the Governors themselves. Briefly the charges they had to meet—founded on the report of the Committee on Sweating—were these:—

“ (1) Nurses were sweated—being kept on duty sometimes for more than fourteen hours at a stretch.

“ (2) They were given bad and insufficient food.

“ (3) They were not allowed adequate holidays.

“ (4) Too many untrained Nurses were introduced.

“ All these things lowered the status of the Hospital, and was against the interests of the patients, who were left to the care of over-worked and untrained Nurses. The responsibility rests entirely on the governors, and we regret that they have not answered the charges or promised to remove the grievances.”—*Star*, December 4, 1890.

NURSING ECHOES.

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ALL Nurses will be glad to hear the news just announced, that the younger daughter of “ our Princess ” has been betrothed to Prince Aribert, son of the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau. Princess Louise is eighteen, and her fiancé is twenty-six. All my readers will most heartily wish the Princess all happiness in her new life.



A GREAT deal of suppressed excitement has been felt for some weeks past, in the Nursing world, concerning the election to the post of Matron to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. To some, indeed, who are behind the

scenes the decision of the Committee appeared to be fraught with very grave, and very unusual, consequences, because the most determined efforts were made by the authorities of the London Hospital to obtain the election to the post of the Assistant Matron of that Institution. It soon became known that of the sixty candidates, five, including this lady, had been selected for the final choice, and then the interest deepened. It was, we believe, recognised that however excellent personally the London Hospital *protégée* might be, her election would simply be regarded as an expression of confidence in that Institution by the Committees of other Metropolitan Hospitals. The Committee of the Great Ormond Street Hospital has very naturally declined to walk into such a palpable trap, and has elected as its Matron Miss K. Hendie Close. The fact, and its moral, may be commended to the quiet consideration of the Committee and Staff of the London Hospital. Miss Close is the Matron of the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution at Kingston, where she has won golden opinions from those with whom she has worked for the past four years. She was trained at the Derby Infirmary, and thereafter acted as Sister at more than one important Hospital. I believe that Miss K. H. Close is a sister of Miss Close, the well-known Matron of the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

“ A FRIVOLOUS PRO.” writes with that charming courage of her own opinions, which denotes the healthy tone of the Nursing School at which she is working:—

“ DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You may not be aware of the fact, but last year your account of our *Conversazione* was masculine *par excellence*—in other words, dull and devoid of details—so it struck me that I would keep my ears and eyes well open this year, and forward to you my impressions of that important function, the birthday party of the B.N.A., held on the 5th of December, in the Princes’ Hall. Being an insignificant ‘Pro.’ I, of course, knew no celebrities; so after a most gracious reception from Miss Thorold—the well-known Lady Superintendent of Nursing at Middlesex Hospital—and Mr. Pickering Pick, I posted myself near the door, and observed, and gained a store of useful information. The new Secretary of the B.N.A. (Miss Nancy Paul) came early, and wore a lovely brown dress. She is a tall, elegant girl, who, unlike most English women, walks gracefully, and carries her neat little head high, and has an intelligent, charming face; and I felt as she passed me that she would work earnestly and well for the great cause of organiza-

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