

tion in the Nursing profession. Miss Catherine Wood, Hon. Sec.—the champion of our hopes—was also early in the field, looking younger and brighter as time goes on, and she begins to near the goal of her worthy ambition—the Registration of Trained Nurses.

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“WHAT a lot of pretty Nurses there are! or is it the beautiful simplicity and cleanliness of their costume that sets them off to such advantage? A little flock of Nurses came in together, looking as dainty as wild roses in their pale pink gingham, spotless caps and aprons, each wearing a nosegay of white chrysanthemums. I envied them the advantage of their laundress and the taste which designed their uniform. Miss Isla Stewart, of St. Bartholomew's, with a halo of beautiful fair hair and a very handsome black gown, came with one of the Gold Medallists of Bart.'s, who was tall and dark and a becoming contrast; Miss East, Miss Braddon, pretty Miss de Pledge (of Chelsea Infirmary), Miss Hughes (of Kensington), Miss Cooper, Miss Gordon, Miss Beachcroft, and courageous Miss Mackey (of the Golden Square), and many more ladies of note in Nursing circles whose names I could not catch; and then came Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, of whom we have all heard, accompanied by Miss Hendie Close, wearing a most artistic dress of apple-green satin draped with black net, exquisitely embroidered with white lilies and green jewelled leaves and a long black velvet train; she wore only one jewel, a beautiful diamond and emerald heart, and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem; her hair was dressed in an unfashionable yet most becoming style, parted down the middle, and closely waved. These ladies received a very warm welcome from numerous friends, who were profuse in their congratulations to Miss Close upon her appointment to the vacant post of Lady Superintendent to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street. Then medical big-wigs began to arrive—Sir William Savory, Sir Spencer Wells, Sir James Crichton Browne amongst the number; ladies in beautiful dresses, and Sisters and Nurses in every imaginable uniform—black, grey, green, blue, red, and pink, checks and stripes, *ad lib.*, with a variety in caps that was astounding.

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“A TANTALISING band played in the second gallery, and another equally melodious in the Princes' Hall. The refreshments were excellent and artistically displayed; the Oriental bowls, flowers and china, together with the prettily-dressed girls who served us with dainties, were quite sufficient to give one an appetite, especially as tea at 4.30 had been the last digestive effort.

I ought to add for the benefit of anyone requiring such help that the refreshments were supplied by the well-known Oriental Association, of New Cavendish Street. Here one overheard most amusing scraps of conversation, such as, ‘Now, really, is it you? Why, we have not met for seven years! Dear me! how well you look! Nursing evidently suits you!’ or *vice versa*; or ‘Oh, Matron, how do you do? Oh, I beg your pardon; I forgot you were married; yet it does seem so natural to call you by the old title.’

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“A STUDENT from King's, full of Koch and Watson Cheyne, was revealing startling and not-to-be-repeated revelations concerning thirty cases of inoculation he had witnessed at the above-named Institution, his proud mother and family upraising their eyes in wonder, and expressing greater respect for his opinion of the treatment, than for the discovery of the great scientist.

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“DR. LOVELL DRAGE was also there, very much in earnest—how I respect a person who can be really in earnest—over the iniquities of the Midwives' Registration Bill. He must have done a great deal of execution in the space of a few hours to judge by the manner in which he button-holed everyone of importance, and in a few words evidently impressed them with his own practical views on the subject. For one I was greatly impressed with two of his objections to the Bill—one was that the Medical Profession at large had not been consulted upon the subject before the measure had been rushed into Parliament by a small faction of unprofessional people; and the second was that, whereas benighted Russia demanded *three years'* study from its Pupil Midwives before they are Registered to practise Midwifery, we, in the broad daylight of our much boasted enlightenment, desired to Register them after *three months'* study only. How about the ‘safety of poor lying-in women’?

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“OF course the appearance of Miss Homersham and her ‘violent’ brother (most courteous of men) set tongues wagging about the London Hospital Nursing scandals. The peculiarly refined appearance of this talented lady—reported to be one of the most lucid lady lecturers of our day—in her becoming black and white gown, was greeted with showers of friendly chaff by Nursing friends concerning the now proverbial ‘essentially common and lacking in refinement’ report made by the Matron of the London Hospital, who it was opined would have done well to have remembered a certain true old proverb concerning glass houses and stones; and then the scandalous uproar at the last Quarterly Court at

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