

that Institution, when the Governors were forbidden to express an opinion, and howled down by an obedient *claque*, the Chairman exercising no more authority than he usually does when conducting the affairs of that remarkable Institution; the *distilled* Whitechapel wit of Sir Edmund Hay Currie, and the refreshing courage and graceful oratory of that remarkable lady, Mrs. Robert Hunter, who sprang to her feet and silenced the slanderer, against all odds, were all freely discussed; and it seemed but a step from these interesting matters to the appointment of Miss Hicks' successor, an election which has been watched with breathless interest for the past three weeks. It seems that superhuman efforts have been made by the officials and members of the Medical Staff of the London Hospital to run their Assistant Matron into that important position. But the role of whitewashing the London Hospital did not entirely commend itself to the committee of Great Ormond Street, and luckily for the little inmates the temptation was resisted. Morning ablutions at two a.m., the enforced neglect of twenty children during the night, owing to the fact that a serious operation for hare lip must be nursed and kept quiet by the one available Nurse, does not compare favourably with the old *régime* of nursing under the devoted care of Miss Catherine Wood, by which every seven little ones were "mothered" by their own Nurse. Then it must be remembered that the poor little sick children—wee babies and others—many of them suffering severe pain, do not "sleep nearly all night" in the majority of Hospitals, as they are reported to do at that most marvellous of Institutions, the London Hospital.

"AND then suddenly all gossip ceased, for Dr. Bedford Fenwick appeared on the platform, and read a most kindly telegram just received from our gracious President, Princess Christian:—'Wish all the Nurses and Members a very happy evening. Regret so much I cannot be amongst you to-night.—Helena.' After that came Mr. Corney Grain, full of humour and delightful fun, who kept us in roars of laughter (especially a very tall man, with yellow hair, whose laugh corresponded with his majestic person) over the 'Common Objects of the Sea Shore,' whom we all know and love so well, especially those succulent delicacies, shrimps. Very soon after this the clock struck twelve, our glorious National Anthem was played, and we all regretfully left the scene of our third birthday party.

"P.S.—Oh! I forgot to mention that I believe there were some pictures in the Galleries, but

although nine of us were at the *Conversazione* we can't exactly describe one."

I AM glad to hear that Miss Clarissa Hunter has been appointed Matron of the Infirmary of the Foundling Hospital. Miss Hunter was trained and gained her certificate at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

OWING to length of service, several changes have lately taken place at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Old "Pros." will be interested to hear that Sisters Faith, Henry, and Elizabeth have resigned upon well-earned pensions. Several Gold Medallists have thus gained promotion, and it is to be hoped will display the same intense devotion to duty and their *alma mater* as their much respected predecessors always showed.

I AM very pleased to be able to announce that the publishers, with a commendable enterprise, have decided to reduce the price of the *Nursing Record* to one penny per week, thus bringing it quite within the reach of *everyone* associated with Nursing work. At the same time several new and interesting features will be introduced.

I WOULD like to again remind my readers of the three "prizes" offered in this issue to Nurses, with the hope that still many other competitors may be induced to take part in the competitions.
S. G.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

THE LADY MILLINER.

"A THING of beauty is a joy for ever." May be sometimes, but not when this "thing of beauty" is symbolised by a hat. Yet what is more charming, especially to feminine eyes, than a dainty *chapeau* when new? though what more quickly spoils, fading, verily, "as a leaf"? But there are hats *and* hats, just as there are faces *and* faces; and, like faces, there are hats that charm us and hats that are positively ugly, and many, very many, that are neither—just betwixt and between, so to speak. But it is not with hats, but with their makers, we have to deal in this short article; so now for a few words on milliners and millinery. Millinery is no easy art, for it needs not only the brain to create, but the hands to carry out, the "novel idea"; in fact, the art of millinery is a perfect gift, and like the poet, the milliner is not made, but born. I know a young lady friend, against whom the joke is that she makes a bonnet quicker than she puts-

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