

a setting sun. Later on, if we are not too busy, each nurse in turn is to go out on the District for a month. I only hope my X-ray work won't prevent my going.

"I can't bear to think of leaving this place, I don't believe I shall be able to stay away one day longer than I have to. The 'lure of the Labrador' is a very real thing, I find.

"Just now I am on night duty. It is a gorgeous night, with a full moon, and the icebergs in the silver light are like fairy palaces. I wander round like an owl, listening for the steamers, which are due any time now—one from the north, one from the south, and one from the west coast. The whistles sound differently, now I can distinguish them, and it depends on the boat whom I have to waken. Patients for the north; doctors and students for the south, and everyone for the west coast boat, which brings freight. As soon as the steamer blows the huskies (dogs which are seven-eighths wolf) begin to howl—they can't bark. First one begins and every beast on the island takes up the howl till the noise is deafening. These huskies are dangerous beasts and quite capable of eating their masters, so we don't pet them, but they are splendid beasts and driving with them is about the most fascinating thing in the world."

THE EMPIRE HOSPITAL.

Many people, on Tuesday and Wednesday, visited the new Empire Hospital in Vincent Square, S.W., which provides nursing accommodation for paying patients at from £3 3s. to £10 10s. a week.

The Matron is Miss Ida Mackintosh, formerly Matron of the Gordon Hospital, Vauxhall Bridge Road, and all the nurses are fully trained.

The building is fireproof, and provided with an external iron staircase. The furniture and decorations are charming. The floors are finished in terrazzo laid on concrete; on the theatre floor the walls are painted with white paripan, otherwise they are coloured a delicate French grey, with curtains to tone—most restful and satisfying. Colour is supplied by pretty rugs, chair coverings, and vases of flowers, and brightness by the glowing electric fires. In the corridors strips of thick carpet, the entire length, deaden footsteps, and outside each patient's door is a rack for the chart, and below a compartment for letters. Many of the rooms open by French windows on to the verandahs overlooking the Square.

There are two operating theatres furnished in the most up-to-date manner. The large window is double, with hot pipes between, which effectually prevents any draught reaching a patient on the operating table. A pail for soiled dressings has a lid raised by pressing a pedal with the foot.

Over the sink where bed pans are washed is a shelf formed of hot water pipes, so that bed pans are always warm.

There is a novel arrangement for turning the lights in the corridors low at night. Lastly, the cooking is done by electricity.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

The many activities of women outside the home are in abeyance until after the New Year; holidays, family gatherings, festivities, presents, especially for the young and the poor, occupy every minute during Christmas week—so that throughout the land everyone if possible may have a festive time. This is as it should be.

No doubt it appeared a psychological moment to those women who deeply resent the forcible feeding of political prisoners, to demonstrate before the King and Queen, when *Joan of Arc* was being performed at Covent Garden last Saturday evening; "King George do you know that women are being tortured in your Majesty's gaol?" was flung out from an opposite box, and hundreds of leaflets were thrown by handful into the body of the theatre. We regret to note that the *Times* reports that "The King looked across towards the white scroll (on which the words were inscribed) and the shadow of a smile passed over his face." We think this bitterly antagonistic publication to women's enfranchisement "doth protest too much." Our Royal Family have never been accused of either lack of tact or feeling; we simply don't believe that cruelty to the women of England would be found by King George a cause *pour vivre!*

The Countess of Dudley has become President of the British Women's Emigration Association, in succession to the late Lady Knightley of Fawsley.

A pleasant and informal gathering took place on Saturday at Newnham College, when a portrait of Mrs. Peile, who has always taken the greatest interest in the higher education of women, was presented to the College. It now hangs side by side with that of the late Master of Christ's College in Peile Hall.

The Drapers' Company have promised a donation of £1,000 to the Girton College Appeal Fund conditionally on the rest of the £12,000 asked for being contributed by the end of this month.

Our legal luminaries have again decided that a woman is not a "person"—this time within the meaning of the Solicitors Acts, and therefore, she is not entitled to be admitted to the preliminary examination—or to practise as such. Education, intelligence, capacity, have nothing to do with the question—so says the Master of the Rolls. Man-made law purposely discriminates against the female sex where lucrative professions are in question—even so far as to pervert the meaning of the English language. Thus according to man, woman is not an individual human being consisting of body and soul, and conceived of as having a distinct personality, she is not a human being as distinct from a *thing*, a human being in bodily reference or bodily form! Perhaps the erudite

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