

amination will not be compulsory until after the three years term of grace, so that nurses would during that time be registered without further examination. Also it is not proposed to make it penal for untrained persons to act as nurses, provided that they do not call themselves "Registered Nurses."

Dr. Goodall's account of the history of the movement was instructive, dating back to 1860 and the foundation of the School of Nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital, when Miss Nightingale had realised that accurate knowledge was needed to supplement devotion. The wonders of modern scientific medicine and surgery now demand that ordered and efficient nursing shall take the place of the present chaotic methods of training and certification.

Since 1904 Bills for the State Registration of Nurses have been introduced every session into the House of Commons.

In closing, the speaker met one of the chief objections to the Bill, that "character" cannot be registered by reading an extract from a letter of Sir James Paget, written in 1893 and quoted in "Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget," edited by Stephen Paget. This qualification no Bill can claim to enrol, nor is it necessary with nurses who will have received careful supervision during a three years' term of training. "The test of character," Sir James Paget wrote, "is not really applied in the registration of any class of educated persons, unless it be the clergy. It might have been fairly talked of thirty or forty years ago, but it is becoming absurd to say now that it is necessary for nurses and not for medical men. . . .

"A brother becomes a doctor and is registered, one sister takes a medical qualification and is registered, another becomes a nurse and she cannot be registered. The contrast is becoming ridiculous as well as unjust, and must soon come to an end."

Dr. Goodall then invited questions. To one asking him to name the chief disadvantages of the Bill no answer was forthcoming, for the simple reason, Dr. Goodall explained, he knew of none.

Another interesting query, "would the Bill introduce and protect a regulation uniform?" met with a negative reply. A "Registered Nurses'" badge would be practical, but the combined wit of man and woman would never settle an approved pattern of cloak and bonnet.

A vote of thanks, carried by acclamation, to Dr. Goodall for so kindly coming to speak at his old Hospital, terminated the proceedings.

THE BOGUS NURSE CRIMINAL.

At the Rochester Quarter Sessions, on Monday, April 6th, Leslie Plant, *alias* Mary Esgate, *alias* Mary Leslie, who appeared in the dock in nurses' uniform, pleaded guilty to a charge of theft, and was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. We shall refer further to the case of this woman who has a long criminal record in our next issue.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY MARTYR.

In the Park. Boy walking, Boy in a perambulator.

1st Boy: Why do you ride in a pram? I don't ride in a pram; I walk.

2nd Boy: I can walk, too; but I have to ride in a pram 'cause I might fall and hurt myself.

1st Boy: I often fall. I don't mind.

2nd Boy: If you fall in the road and get the dirt in you, you get lockjaw.

1st Boy: Lockjaw! What's that?

2nd Boy: I don't know; but it's something nasty. Is that your dog?

1st Boy: Yes. Isn't he a beauty? He can catch rats, only we haven't got any. When we go into the country he'll catch some. His name is Tim.

2nd Boy: Wish I had a dog.

1st Boy: Why don't you ask your Mummy for one. She'd give you one.

2nd Boy: No, she wouldn't. I did ask her. Asked my Father, too. Mummy says they lick your hands and face—and they've got germs on them.

1st Boy: Germs! What's germs? My dog licks my face, and I don't mind.

2nd Boy: Germs is things you can't see. I had a cat once. He had germs on his fur, so he's gone away now.

1st Boy: If you can't see them how do you know they're there.

2nd Boy: I don't know. Have you got anything else besides a dog?

1st Boy: Oh yes. I got a cat, and a parrot that talks, and when we go to the country I am going to have a pony, and some rabbits.

2nd Boy: Have you got a Noah's Ark? I had one given me yesterday, and they scrubbed all the paint off, so you can't know which is a cow and which is other things, and you can't know which is Mr. Noah and which is Mrs. Noah.

1st Boy: Why did they do that for?

2nd Boy: 'Cause they said paint was bad, and if I ate the paint I would be ill.

1st Boy: But what you want to eat them for?

2nd Boy: I didn't want to. But they thought I would, and I don't like the things any more now.

1st Boy: I went to a party yesterday, and there was a man there who made toys come out of his sleeves: teddy bears, motor cars, trains, and horses, and dolls, and things. And he gave me a teddy bear, and you wind it up and it tumbles over and over all over the floor, and Tim barks at it like mad; he thinks it's alive.

2nd Boy: I wish I could go to a party, and see a man who had toys in his sleeve. I would like a bear, a real big one.

1st Boy: P'r'aps you will go to a party. P'r'aps you'll go to-morrow.

2nd Boy: No, I shan't. I never go to parties 'cause I might catch measles and things. Did you catch measles at the party?

1st Boy: I don't know. I don't remember seeing any. What are they like?

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)