

NURSING ECHOES.

The stream of refugees passing through the ward of 50 beds devoted to their use, at the Chelsea Infirmary, entails a large amount of work upon the Matron, Miss Barton—already a hard-worked Principal Matron—but all her sympathies are with these brave sufferers in a ruthless War. On Tuesday the Mother Superior and some half-dozen nuns of the Order of the Annunciation at Antwerp, with other refugees in their charge, who had arrived at Tilbury that morning, were hospitably welcomed. What struck one most perhaps was the smiling fortitude with which they looked forward instead of back, and were already eager to learn English phrases so that they might adapt themselves to their new environment. A mother and daughter—the mother constantly weeping and refusing to be comforted—were a pathetic little group, but the children had already forgotten their sorrows, and played merrily.

Sometimes one wonders if the nurses' work in every branch but those connected with the Navy and Army has really stopped. One hears nothing of it in these exciting times, and yet our poor sick people are all the time being cared for in hospital and in their homes. Queen's Nurses are quietly going about their duties, and are doing the nation's work with their usual reticence and devotion. The annual meeting of the Huddersfield and District Victoria Sick Poor Nurses' Association was recently held in the Mayor's Reception Room, and a report of most useful work was presented.

A sum amounting in the aggregate to £75 2s. 9d. had been received in small amounts from patients as a token of gratitude for the services rendered to them, and these contributions, often involving considerable self-denial, were a striking testimony to the excellent work which was being done by the association. The inspector of the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute visited the home during June, and inspected the work of the staff in the various districts. The following is the official report:—"The year's work has again been marked by an increase in the number of patients nursed in both branches, general and midwifery, and it is a question if an extra nurse has not become a necessity. It has been a distinct advantage to have on the staff two nurses beside the midwife, who are also qualified for this work, and this arrangement has been appreciated by the superintendent. The four days spent with the superintendent and the nurses in the home and on the districts proved satisfactory in every

way. The nurses were keen and interested when at work and happy and relaxed when off duty. The books and equipment were in excellent order."

Since the passing of the National Health Insurance Act, however, the work of the nurses had been greatly increased, as what was previously done by the doctors and others had in a great measure to be performed by the nurses.

We hope that the committee will make every effort to see that the nurses' remuneration is also "greatly increased."

Leaving £56,329, the Hon. Anthony Lionel George Ashley, son of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, bequeathed to his nurse, Miss Louise Maillard, £400 and also, if still in his service, a life annuity of £400 as a mark of his appreciation.

He said in his will:—"She has been to me a very kind friend, a cheerful companion, and a devoted and skilful nurse; she has given up years of her life to the care of me, and I wish all who benefit under my will to have this read to them."

On Rose Day, at Carlisle, Sir Henry Burdett made one of his proverbial swoops about 6 p.m. on the Cumberland Infirmary, and after an hour's superficial peep straightway criticised its arrangements in his weekly hospital paper. We have on previous occasions called attention to the inaccuracy of Sir Henry's journalistic feats when dealing with professional matters he does not understand, so that it is hardly worth while to comment upon them.

This report, however, was a veiled attack upon the Matron, Miss Sylvia Parker, and as he came straight from Liverpool, it does not need a sibil to read between the lines. Sir Henry complains of a "lack of smart contented briskness in the general atmosphere and work going on in the wards . . . and the need of someone in authority with technical knowledge and experience, who is constantly devoting attention and time to the supervision and enforcement of smartness throughout the wards."

At 6 p.m. these somewhat meretricious qualities are superfluous in a hospital ward. Good nurses are quietly going about their duties, bed-making, and preparing the patients for the night—a somewhat prosaic routine. Methinks Sir Henry would be more in his element, like other knights we know—as a Squire of Red Cross peeresses bound for the front. We have no doubt he would then enjoy an atmosphere of "briskness and smartness throughout" entirely to his taste.

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