

while attending to one of the nurses who had contracted typhus fever she caught the disease, to which she succumbed.

A meeting of the Camberwell Board of Guardians was held last week.

Dr. Capes brought up a report from the Infirmary Visiting Committee, stating that at a recent examination of nurses held by Dr. H. French, physician to Guy's Hospital, 26 out of 29 qualified for certificates, the marks obtained by the successful candidates, both in oral and written examination, being over 50 per cent. The following nurses gained certificates:— Misses F. Whiteley, E. M. Onions, A. M. Shilling, A. E. Stacey, A. Gould, F. Sayell, D. V. Tassell, D. E. Howell, B. Hayward, B. A. Walker, C. M. Dingle, N. Armstrong, M. M. Forse, A. E. Jarvis, G. E. Taylor, R. E. Bentley, F. M. Oldfield, M. A. James, H. M. Bushell, C. A. Harvey, B. A. Tanner, M. H. Kelly, J. Verkyk, H. Osborne, E. Webster, and E. Wright.

The medal awarded by the medical superintendent for nursing ability and general efficiency was obtained by Nurse Shilling.

The Chairman, Councillor Sims, remarked to the assembled nurses that this was a field day, for the nurses' training school at the infirmary commenced in the year 1899; in the years that had elapsed since then, 276 nurses had obtained the certificates given by the school. It was very pleasant to know that amongst the 276 many had attained positions of great responsibility, and they had been, and were, doing splendid work. The good work the school had done was made possible because of the ability shown by the medical superintendent (Dr. Keats) and the Matron (Miss Marquardt).

Nurse Wood, of the District Workingmen's Nursing Association at Bishop Auckland, has "come of age" in her devoted service to the poor of the town. How few there must be to whom the sight of Nurse Wood, cycling through the streets at all times, is not familiar. And how many there must be who have welcomed her approach to the bed of suffering, and felt devoutly grateful for her service and fidelity.

In her recent annual report of the work, it was shown that from the total number of 700 district nursing cases in the town and district, 511 had been cared for, no less than 8,765 visits having been paid. The report ends:—

"I would wish most gratefully to thank one and all, and this being the coming-of-age of my

work in Bishop Auckland rejoices me greatly, and I trust that our services for the town and district may continue to merit public trust and support and patronage."

We hope so too.

Lady Wimborne, the wife of the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is already showing great interest in hospital work, and recently paid a visit to "Mercer's." This interesting hospital is one of the oldest in Dublin, and stands on the site of the old Lazar House of St. Stephen. It was founded by Mary Mercer in the time of Dean Swift, who was one of the trustees of the original charter. Her father was Vice-President of the College of Surgeons and a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. The hospital is now fully equipped with all the latest appliances, including a new installation of Röntgen rays. The operating theatres are perfect in their construction. There is an admirable laundry worked by electric plant, in which all the hospital linen is washed. A Linen Guild has lately been established, consisting of ladies. The Guild keeps the hospital supplied with linen and blankets and all requirements of the kind. Handel's "Messiah" was first performed for the benefit of this institution in 1743, and a hundred years later, on the occasion of the centenary, Jenny Lind sang at a concert in aid of Mercer's Hospital.

We hope Lady Wimborne will come into personal touch with the trained nurses' organizations in Dublin, and learn from their leaders how necessary it is to define educational standards, and give the women who have worked conscientiously for it the protected title of "Registered Nurse" by Act of Parliament.

In past times when we have felt in drooping wing we have flown out and "given myself a present," usually a little bit of exquisite porcelain made by yellow men. In these times, of course, this form of indulgence is not permissible, but if any reader wishes to give another a gift, why not a copy of Poems by Rupert Brooke? In the noble sonnet sequence "1914," published a few weeks before his death, these lovely sonnets exult in the thought of death for England. Of those who have thus gloriously died, and every day are dying, he wrote:—

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene
That men call age; and those who would have
been
Their sons they gave—their immortality.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)