

"All the above are entitled to wear the full dress uniform of a Red Cross Commandant, with variations in the form of stars to denote exact rank. All entitled to be saluted when out of doors by all ranks of the Army. Convalescents, should they be seated, to rise on their approach." But Angela thought not, thank you! She, herself, was content with the humble title of "Storekeeper."

Both Dr. Charnwood and Mrs. Thorburn had ample experience of that class of nurse who had one eye on the bandage and the other on the newspaper camera. Of course, it was funny to see how seriously the *poseuse* took herself, seeming to fancy that the future of the hospital depended upon her posing to the man with the camera.

We think Mr. Frankfort Moore's suggestion of using running water for scrubbing floors a most excellent one, but it is not explained to us how it should be carried out, and though we quite agree with the microbe objection to the char-women, we do not see the nurse of the present day cleansing floors, even if it were possible to do so, deck fashion. These ideas occurred to Angela as she watched one of the nurses washing a floor. "She had a pail of hot water, a scrubbing brush, and a floor cloth." This savours of back in the eighties. Mrs. Thorburn's ne'er-do-weel husband justified himself by dying as a result of his wounds in her hospital, and Angela's lover was really alive all the while and, in spite of his dilated heart, had enlisted. He was restored to her wounded but covered with glory.

We congratulate Mr. Frankfort Moore on his having held up so high a standard of nursing and for making Dr. Charnwood boldly refuse cases to the Haughton Home "unless it were placed on a proper basis of efficiency, with a professional matron of at least five years' experience of Red Cross Hospital work, with professional nurses of experience under her control." We hope that this work may be widely read.

H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

October 1st.—Nurses' Missionary League. Valectory Meetings, University Hall, Gordon Square, W.C. Sessions 9.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

October 5th to 7th.—National Union of Women Workers of Great Britain and Ireland. The Annual Conference and Council Meetings, Central Hall, Westminster, 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Mrs. Creighton, President.

October 5th to 8th.—Gresham Lectures. Four Lectures will be delivered on Typhus Fever, and Cerebro-spinal Meningitis by Professor F. M. Sandwith, M.D., at the Gresham College, Basinghall Street, E.C. Free to the public. 6 p.m.

October 5th.—National Association for Prevention of Infant Mortality. A special course of Lectures on Infant Care.

October 7th.—Central Midwives Board. Monthly meeting. 3.30 p.m.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in any way hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

WHY SISTER?

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I was calling on a friend and she was full of the work of her daughter in a Red Cross Hospital, who is not a trained nurse. She kept alluding to her as "Sister." Why? Surely this honourable title belongs to women who have earned it by long and arduous training, experience, and professional status. When I expressed this opinion my friend was annoyed and replied, "But my daughter is a lady." How snobbish! It is this sort of thing trained nurses resent, and I don't wonder.

Yours truly,

A MERE WOMAN.

[This assumption by the untrained of the honourable title of "Sister" is by no means uncommon. It should be sternly discouraged in hospitals.—ED.]

TERRITORIAL NURSING.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been quietly doing my bit in Territorial hospitals for a year, and like many others would love to have been sent abroad. I have always been too poor to travel out of England. But I am still on home duty, when hundreds of V.A.D. girls have been fully equipped at the Country's expense and sent to France and Malta. It is most unjust, and we trained nurses cannot but realise that social influence and wealth carries far too much weight at the War Office, and that our trained skill counts for very little with the lay people who govern our work.

Yours sincerely,

A TERRITORIAL STAFF NURSE.

CHERCHEZ LA MÈRE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I feel sure amongst the young women working in military hospitals many are influenced by the best intentions, and if they are under firm discipline are doing useful work. It is a pity, however, that those deficient in common sense are sent to work in wards where kindly, keen-eyed Tommy is looking on. One of these "orderlies" was directed to scrub down a ward table "with soda." She promptly fetched a syphon and squirted the soda-water over the table, and then used the kit brush. More than one Tommy (who is always a gentleman where his nurses are concerned) disappeared under the

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)