

THE JOURNAL OF THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF TRAINED MASSEUSES.

The Incorporated Society of Trained Masseuses (157, Great Portland Street, London, W.), has now embarked on the desirable if difficult task of publishing a monthly journal of its own; and in its first number, takes the professional course of printing the names of the members of the Journal Sub-Committee, with Miss Ethel Peile, as Chairman; Miss Agnes Emilie Keen, co-instructor in Massage to the National Institute for the Blind, and to St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, Editor; and Miss Goldsmith, Sub-editor.

The Journal, we are glad to note, is beautifully printed on excellent paper and with absolutely straight columns, in a cover of a soft tone of grey, bearing the badge of the Society and its motto, "*Digna Sequens*" ("Following that which is worthy").

The Editor, in a leading article addressed "To Each Successful Candidate," urges her to become a member of the Society forthwith, and "pay one year's subscription to the Journal, and from henceforth do all that in you lies to uphold, uplift and laud our Society." And, again, "develop, not only the sense of logic, but the business sense as well, and pay your subscriptions promptly and regularly."

Another matter which the members are urged to ponder deeply and consider well is the legalization of the certificate. That, too, is good logic.

The chief item in the journal is a "Lecture on Nerve Injuries, especially with regard to the Wounded," and "Some Notes on the Work of the Almeric Paget Massage Corps," by L. M. R. Lastly, the result of the Society's May-June examination is published, with the list of 167 successful candidates who receive certificates. Of these, three passed with distinction—Miss Ethel Elisabeth Haskins, Miss Muriel Jessie Landseer Mackenzie, and Miss Louise Hannah Gugenheim.

We wish this latest addition to professional journals every success.

TRUE TALES WITH A MORAL.

Young Medical Officer, to new V.A.D. probationer in General Hospital, Expeditionary Force, France: "Is the Matron here?"

Probationer: "No, she is not on *my* floor!"

"LUBAFAX" SURGICAL LUBRICANT.

Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome & Co. have introduced a preparation, with the title of "Lubafax" Surgical Lubricant, which should be known to nurses and midwives, as it is soluble, non-greasy, non-irritating, and antiseptic. The preparations of this firm are well known for their purity, efficiency, and daintiness, and for lubricating catheters, colon and rectal tubes, specula, sounds, and rectal and vaginal nozzles, and in obstetric work Lubafax will be found a most serviceable and useful antiseptic lubricant.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

Anyone passing along Piccadilly on the afternoon of Friday, July 16th, about three o'clock, might have seen a company of men in the picturesque blue uniform of the convalescent soldier alight at the door of the Lyceum Club, where they were received as the guests of honour of the day by the President, Lady Strachey, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick (Chairman), and other members of the Executive Committee. First cigars and cigarettes were thoroughly enjoyed while the guests made acquaintance with their hostesses, and then a man's tea was served at small tables in the dining-room overlooking the park, including sandwiches, lettuces, radishes, cakes and fruit, with strawberries and cream, and ices to follow.

After tea Lady Strachey, in a charming and eloquent speech, beginning, "Gentlemen, soldiers, friends," expressed to the guests the pleasure it was to receive them, and the honour, respect, admiration and affection in which they were held—men doing such glorious work, not only for ourselves and our homes now, but for the children of the present generation and for the future. She asked them to believe that day and night they were in the thoughts of their entertainers, and concluded by expressing the hope that they would all recover perfectly and live to an extreme old age in enjoyment of the veneration and regard they had so greatly earned.

A delightful musical programme arranged by Miss Marjorie Hamilton was then enjoyed. Amongst those who contributed to its success were Signora Elena Giraldi, from the Opera House at Milan, Miss Bateman Hunter, who caused much amusement by her song, "Which switch, Miss, is the right switch for Ipswich?" and the Club telephone boy, who gained a well-deserved encore.

But the principal event of the afternoon was the music of the Maori Chief, "Rangiua"—poet and composer—and his daughter, Princess Takapuna, and the entrance of the Oriental procession to the strains of an Eastern chant was most impressive. The Boat Song, the Mother Song, Butterflies (the Dream Song), an old Legend (the Legend of Henemoa), and The Echo (illustrative of a Maori Chief in a New Zealand forest), delighted his audience.

We give the words of the Mother Song—composed by the Chief while in England and sent to his mother in New Zealand—but it is impossible to indicate the beauty and delicacy of both music and verse, with their haunting undercurrent of melancholy:—

"The thought of you comes to me, dear,
Like a ray from the sun.
I can do nought for weeping
Till daylight be done.
The half of a world lies between us,
I am here, and alone,
Yet love brings our spirits together
In a world of our own."

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