

NURSING ECHOES.

At a recent Meeting of the Council of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses it was announced from replies received to a letter sent to the affiliated associations with regard to the salaries of Queen's Nurses being raised, "it is gratifying to note that they are practically unanimous in agreeing with the Council that the salaries and allowances of the nurses are inadequate considering the increase in the cost of living, and a considerable number of associations have already increased the remuneration of their nurses so as to bring it up to the new scale."

We are pleased to report this step in advance. The work of the Queen's Nurses amongst the poor is so invaluable that they should be secured from all financial anxiety in the future. When we have a Ministry of Health, pensions for these social workers should be one of the first charges on the State.

We are greatly indebted to our readers for their generous response to our appeal for Nurse N., who is at present quite unable to work owing to failing eyesight, and who has been under the care of Sir Anderson Critchett, the great oculist. We asked for £13, to add 5s. weekly to Nurse N.'s little income of 10s. a week. Since our last issue we have received: "Anon.," £1; from Mrs. Shuter, Miss Blaine, and Miss C. McCarthy, R.N.S., 10s. each; from Mrs. Jardine, Miss M. Harvey, R.N.S., and Miss A. Schuller, 5s. each, and from Miss Elma Smith 2s. 6d., making to date £10 10s., and only £2 10s. is now required of the sum asked for. Mrs. Cook writes of the pleasure and gratitude of Nurse N. for this financial assistance. Knowing as we all do how impossible it is to live and get sufficient food, especially in these hard times, on 10s. a week, even if we have good health, we feel sure the donors have felt it a privilege, as well as a pleasure, to help a sister in such sad distress. The loss of sight is a terrible misfortune for those who can be well cared for: it is a tragedy for the poor. We never pass a blind person without a heartquake and a glance at God's Heaven, for fear it should be blotted out. Once we knew a little maid who passed many well-spent hours "down Westminster way," where she read the newspaper to a blind man who had a pitch in that vicinity. He had seen better days, as he described it, "when the Heaven was blue." It was a touching sight to see these two human

beings together, with one pair of eyes—and sometimes we thought one soul—between them.

This week we have received a copy of the *Queen's Hospital (Birmingham) Nurses' League Magazine*, in its charming French grey cover, which contains as frontispiece a lifelike portrait of the late Miss Maud Buckingham, the founder of the League, still so sadly missed at the Queen's Hospital. Affectionate reference is made to her fine character, and to her funeral and memorial services. It is proposed that the memorial fund shall provide a mosaic tablet on the north wall of the chapel, but the committee are open to suggestions.

A long list of the members who are on active service is given, and many interesting letters, more or less from the Front, are published. The writers have much of interest to say of their travels in the Near East and elsewhere when on active service. We cannot but think that the good jogging out of home ruts which trained nurses get on such service is going to be an immense benefit to them personally, and to the profession as a whole. Never again will many trot around the cloisters all content, hardly seeing an inch beyond their noses, incapable of forming an opinion on world affairs beyond the gate. Insularity is our national defect; professional insularity has been the reason why 53 Nurses' Acts are inscribed on Statute Books all over the world, and we are still nibbling at the suggestion to accept once more the pre-historic system long since proved useless, of voluntary registration. Rip Van Winkle is not in it!

But to return to the interesting correspondence of the Queen's Hospital Nurses' League. A sister writes from Cairo:—

I have just returned from Luxor. A party of four of us went up for five days. It's a most glorious place. One has not really seen Egypt until one goes there. It is four hundred and ten miles from Cairo, and we were travelling all night. I cannot describe to you the fearful dust and dirt of the carriage. One was very thankful to reach their destination and get a bath, and change at the end. We visited the "Tombs of Queens," dating back to thousands of years ago. The carvings on some of the walls were really marvellous. One could not realise that it was so old, for they looked so fresh, and some of the walls were painted such lovely blues and greens. The tombs were only excavated nineteen years ago. We went on donkeys to them, and it was fearfully hot—ninety-seven degrees in the shade. I felt it very much at the back of my neck. Coming back a sand-storm was just coming up. They are really terrible. The sand gets in your eyes, mouth, and ears, and nearly chokes one.

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