

for and passes her examinations *on tea*. It invigorates her, it inspires her, it endues her with cheerfulness, courage and perseverance. It is her panacea, for it cures her of all minor ailments. It is both a curative and preventive agent. In passing from the general to the particular, what numberless, delightful tea parties have the members of the State Registration Society enjoyed together. How keenly we look forward to our annual meetings, when we learn of the enlargement of our sphere and the strengthening of our cause. And—we are but human—how much we look forward to the tea party which follows! We are not Blue Stockings, but there is a salon in London, well known to this professional Society of Women, at No. 2, Portland Place, where a gracious lady annually entertains a large number of registrationists. She is assisted in her generous hospitality by her charming daughter. Mrs. Walter Spencer's tea parties are historic; they are part of the warp and woof of the Registration fibre. The most delicious tea is served in the daintiest china, accompanied by plentiful and dainty refreshments. It is beauty plus stimulation. It is *Teaism*! It cements our loyalty to the cause of professional freedom, and creates and strengthens friendships. Two friends, who had not met for thirty years, were joyfully reunited here over their teacups. We rejoice that our hostess does not require us to sit in a semi-circle! The entertainment is delightfully informal.

Possibly we may be fanciful, but we courageously assert that tea is a power in our professional lives. Without knowing it, perhaps, we have elevated our national custom into a professional *ism*. *Teaism*—a sense of and cultivation of the beautiful. And if of material things, why not spiritual? Friendship, loyalty, devotion to principle—these are beautiful things. Why should we not adopt the word *Teaism* as a cryptic, comprehensive technical term among ourselves, a watchword to idealize? We can record with pleasure and pride many other historic tea parties; one, for instance, we can none of us ever forget—November 21st, 1887. On that historic day, in a house in Wimpole Street, the movement for the reform of the Nursing Profession by State Registration was initiated. How sweet the tea must have tasted to those zealous women at this inauguration. Those who were present when the Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland was founded in 1894, will doubtless recall the inspiring tea party on that occasion. We may be quite sure it gave them courage to pursue their dauntless purpose! It was this Council, too, which, at its annual meeting in 1899, sowed the good seed of Internationalism, which has produced such a rich harvest of endeavour and drawn together the nurses of twenty-two countries. Who shall say that the foundress of this great Federated Company, which is going to be one of the greatest organizations for good in the world, did not draw some of her inspiration from "a dish of tea!"

And when the State Registration Society was launched in 1902, we may assume—although

history is silent on the point—that the professional custom of tea drinking played a conspicuous part in the foundation ceremony! Colley Cibber, poet-laureate in the eighteenth century, was a contemporary of Jonas Hanway, but held opposite views on the subject of tea. He expresses them in the following lines, which will find an echo in the hearts of modern nurses:—

"Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid; thou female-tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tipling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moments of my life, let me fall prostrate."

With these words we draw this paean of praise of tea to a close, with the hope that the custom of drinking tea and the allied beverages may become *more* national and that of beer-drinking less so.

BEATRICE KENT.

### "BANDOLIER AND BANDAGES."

"Bandolier and Bandages" is a booklet of verse by Mr. David Mackie Junr, published on behalf of Red Cross Funds, at the Standard Printing Works, Kilmarnock. A journalist with a promising career before him, he resigned his post on the outbreak of war for active service in Flanders, where he contracted a very serious illness.

Here are some of the verses dedicated to "My Nurse" (Sister Wright, of the Military Hospital, St. Omer, France):—

When God made human pain,  
He gave a recompense,  
A woman pure, intense,  
With tender heart and brain.

That touch the angels have,  
He placed within her hands,  
And made them magic wands  
To charm when ills enslave.

The smile of heaven was hers,  
To make stern pain ashamed—  
In pity of earth's maimed  
God thus designed the nurse.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "A WOMAN IN THE BALKANS."\*

Mrs. Will Gordon's travels in the Balkans, have an especial interest at this time, and indeed, would be a record that should be sought after under any circumstances. The book contains fifty-four charming illustrations and a map of the Balkan States which is a great aid to the intelligent perusal of a work which makes large demands upon one's geography. Not the least interesting addition to the book is the store of national proverbs and wise sayings of which we quote three specimens:—

"The six days are good boys, Sunday is a sluggard."

"Strangers forgive. Parents forget."

"If an ass is angry he runs as fast as a horse."  
(Bulgarian.)

\* Hutchinson & Co., London.

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