

NURSING ECHOES.

Since our last issue the political Bastille has fallen, a bloodless revolution has taken place, and a new Government has kissed hands and is butting into the war. The British lion is out of his net at last, and personally we feel as if we had escaped from under a feather bed. The whole nation has given a great gasp of relief, and the question to be solved by one and all is, "How can I help to win the war?" Nothing else really matters, and trained nurses have a great part to play. Let us play up for all we are worth.

A meeting of the Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses is to take place on Friday. Then we can make a start, ranging ourselves, for the good of our country, in the great army of workers, who for the first time have direct representation in the Government as such. The workers now have their own Minister of Labour, and a splendid man he is. The women of this country will never forget the lack of consideration with which they were treated under a mis-named Liberal Administration. The "Cat and Mouse Act" sounded its death-knell; we know with what patience and tenacity of purpose the little mouse has nibbled at that tricky knot of prejudice which strangled our liberties under the "wait and see" system. As we have said, the British lion is out of his net at last. Let the nations hear him roar! He has masqueraded as a sucking dove too long.

The Council of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute recently met at the offices of the Institute, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W., under the presidency of Mr. W. G. Rathbone, when it was reported that 652 Queen's Nurses had left their posts under the Institute to nurse the wounded, and that there has been an increasing demand for the services of the district nurses in connection with the development of public health work. The estimated expenditure for 1917 exceeds the probable income by some £1,700.

Queen's Nurses are in great request for foreign service—they have proved themselves so adaptable and managing. The reports of the work of those in the French Flag Nursing Corps have been excellent, and their resignations have always been received with regret.

At the quarterly court held at the London Hospital, a very interesting report was received. It was stated that Sir George Frampton, the famous sculptor, had generously

presented a plaster cast of the bust, exhibited last summer at the Royal Academy, of Nurse Edith Cavell, who was trained at the London Hospital. This would be placed in the sitting-room of the Nurses' Home which they were building in memory of Miss Cavell. After January 1st they would be compelled to make further changes in carrying on the work, as all their house physicians and house surgeons would have been called up, and they had almost come to the end of their fourth and fifth year students—men who were permitted by the War Office to complete their studies and become qualified doctors. It had been decided to increase the salaries of the nurses. This would entail a cost of £3,613 a year, but in view of all the circumstances, the committee considered that the expenditure was justified.

This last item is indeed good news. Certified nurses have in the past received very slender salaries. The standard of pay at St. Bartholomew's Hospital should now be aimed at by other hospitals.

The memorial to Edith Cavell in Peterborough Cathedral, where she worshipped as a girl, was unveiled and dedicated by the Dean of Peterborough on Saturday last. It consists of an oval medallion of Irish marble, designed by Mr. Temple Moore, bearing a carved portrait of the nurse surrounded by a laurel wreath. The following is the inscription:—

"In thankful remembrance of the Christian example of Edith Louisa Cavell, who devoted her life to nursing the sick, and for helping Belgian, French, and British soldiers to escape was, on October 12th, 1915, put to death by Germans at Brussels, where she had nursed their wounded. This tablet was placed here by the teachers, pupils, and friends of her old school in Laurel Court, Peterborough."

The Dean, in unveiling the medallion, said that the nurse who as a girl worshipped in the Cathedral set a noble example to the boys and girls who worshipped there to-day.

At the conclusion of the address, Goss' anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven," was beautifully sung by the choir.

Mr. R. C. Temple, chairman of the Council of the Edith Cavell Homes of Rest for Nurses, sends a letter to the Press, in which he writes:

It may interest your readers to learn that from time to time letters are received at the offices of the Edith Cavell Homes of Rest for Nurses from officers and men in both Services who have benefited from the ministrations of nurses in our hospitals, expressing their

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