

A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL.

A young woman, giving the name of Myfanwy Anderson, who appeared in court in nurse's uniform, was charged on remand at Folkestone recently with attempting to embark without a passport.

Detective Buckers, of Scotland Yard, stated that when the prisoner was stopped as she was going aboard a vessel, she produced papers purporting to come from the Third London General Hospital at Wandsworth and the War Office, stating that she was proceeding to a hospital in France for duty. She was not, however, allowed to embark.

Later, a message came over the telephone, purporting to come from Sister Beecher, at the Wandsworth hospital, which said that "Nurse Anderson" was all right. When seen later, the prisoner admitted it was she who had spoken over the telephone, and that she had produced documents which were forgeries.

Mr. Reeve, the Chief Constable, said that the prisoner had been leading an immoral life in London, and had left the hotels where she had been staying without paying her bills. She had one conviction for false pretences against her.

The prisoner was sentenced to three months' hard labour.

THE "ECLIPSE" HOT WATER BOTTLE.

At the present time, when the renewal of hot water bottles is under consideration in families, hospitals, and by nurses—most of whom consider such a bottle as almost indispensable—we have pleasure in drawing attention to the "Eclipse" Hot Water Bottles, manufactured by Messrs. J. G. Ingram & Son, the London Rubber Works, Hackney Wick, and possessing many desirable features. They are British made by British labour; their price is moderate; thus a bottle, 10 inches by 8 inches, costs 6s.; and in place of an india-rubber washer round the screw, which is liable to break away and become loose with resulting leakage, Messrs. Ingram's bottles are provided with a rubber-covered screw stopper, which grips the brass flange securely and renders the bottle absolutely water-tight.

COMING EVENTS.

November 24th to December 3rd.—Imperial Nurses' Club: Birthday Festival, 137, Ebury Street, London, S.W. 1.

December 1st.—Irish Nurses' Association. Meeting Executive Committee, 34, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. 8 p.m.

December 12th.—Royal British Nurses' Association. Special General Meeting, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. 2.30 p.m.

December 15th.—Meeting of the Grand Council of the National Council of Trained Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m.

UNCLE PUM.

The Nursing Uncle Pumblechook
Comes forward to advise,
And breathe a word of wise rebuke
For reckless enterprise.

He poses as our Patron Saint,
And says 'tis he alone,
Pursuing and yet often faint,
Who leads us to 'ards our own.

Tho' printed lists don't oft recount
Disbursement of his wealth,
No mortal knows the vast amount!
Our kinsman does by stealth.

We know him for a tower of strength;
No truer friend could be,
For anyone who goes the length
Of claiming liberty!

We prize the ready sympathy
That guides his homied pen,
The taste that proves our K.C.B.
Most chivalrous of men!

Counting his virtues, one may find
Among a goodly host,
His courtesy to womankind
Perhaps adorns him most.

We hear he's in his element
Immersed in Stocks and Shares,
And wonder why his time is spent
In minding *our* affairs.

The Stock Exchange must miss his aid,
Likewise the Welsbach Co.,
One very often hears it said,
"Why *did* they let him go?"

Now, since this College scheme's begun
Our money bags he's found
Demand the expert care of one
Financially renowned.

Our Pumble will do nothing rash,
But says he hopes to find
A keeper for the nurses' cash
To please his lofty mind.

He knows *one* candidate who might
Pass all his tests with ease;
He looks upon *him* with delight,
And this is what he sees!

Two orbs of staring prominence
Beneath a thatchless dome,
One feature whose predominance
Beats all the beaks in Rome!

This gem would run us, so to speak,
No matter what the sum.
Were not our relative unique
It might be Uncle Pum!

C. B. M.

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