

NURSING ECHOES.

The Royal Colonial Institute has issued invitations for Friday, February 21st, to meet the Matrons-in-Chief at Tea, at 4 p.m. These ladies have all won the admiration of their professional sisters at home, and a very pleasurable gathering should result.

Lady Rhondda is pressing ahead with her Ministry of Health Watching Council, and one of its planks is to urge for representation of women on all Advisory Committees set up in the Ministry of Health Bill, and for the formation of an Advisory Committee of Women, on which a consensus of opinion on all health questions on which women are able to form expert opinions, shall be represented. Such a Committee would be most practical in the advice it could advance, especially in relation to the home.*

We are glad to note that many Nurses' Societies have been invited, and have accepted, to send representatives to the Council, and that, as we reported last week, the representatives of the National Council of Trained Nurses, and the Matrons' Council, have been elected on to the Executive Committee.

There should be no lack of nursing opinion, as the following Societies are represented:—

Royal British Nurses' Association, Miss Helen Pearse; National Council of Trained Nurses, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick; Matrons' Council, Miss Heather-Bigg, R.R.C.; Society for State Registration, Miss M. Brey; National Union of Trained Nurses, Miss Rimmer; College of Nursing, Ltd., Miss Cox-Davies, R.R.C.; and Miss Amy Hughes.

Miss Gibson, President, Midwives' Institute, has been elected on to the Executive Committee.

Wonders will never cease! A debatable Resolution, supported by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick and Miss Cox-Davies, was voted for by all the nurse representatives present. Quite a pleasant change to find unanimity in nursing ranks.

A Mass Meeting in support of the programme of the Health Watching Council will be held in London early next month.

The *Sunday Express* has an article headed "Who Called the Priest? A Ghost Story of the Telephone," and vouches for the following story:—

*The Ministry of Health Bill provides for Consultative Councils, which "shall include persons of both sexes."—Ed.

"The events in the following story, which is exercising the minds of a number of persons at this moment, occurred in London a few days ago. The story, whatever may be its explanation, is literally true.

A lady, a Roman Catholic, was lying seriously ill in a house insufficiently supplied with servants for any messenger to be sent out of it. The trained nurse, noticing as the night wore on that her patient was becoming worse, and knowing enough of Roman Catholic ritual to be aware that Extreme Unction should be administered, was anxious that a priest might be brought, but had no notion how to fetch one, even could her charge be left. In her perplexity she picked up a little volume of devotion, and herself began to read the prayers.

It was now well past midnight, and as she read the door suddenly opened, and in walked one of the Fathers from the Oratory, an old friend of the family.

'Thank heaven you are here!' the nurse exclaimed fervently; 'but who told you to come?'

'You telephoned,' said the Father.

'No,' said the nurse. 'I should have done if I could, but it was impossible.'

'Well,' said the Father, 'I was telephoned for by someone and came at once,' and he proceeded to perform the solemn rites, remaining in the room until the end, which came in about two hours.

The next morning he sent for the priest who had been on telephone duty the night before—for in case of such emergencies as these there is always one in attendance.

'I am sorry,' said the Father, 'I was so abrupt with you last night when you called me. But I had been dreaming, and was barely awake.'

'But I didn't call you last night,' said the priest, who, it may be mentioned, is one of the most striking personalities in the Roman Catholic Church to-day. 'There was no ring last night at all.'

'My dear K—,' said the Father, 'collect yourself. Do you mean seriously to tell me that you did not come into my room between twelve and one last night and say that Mrs. B— was dying and I was wanted at once?'

'No.'

'Do you honestly forget that I was a little brusque for the moment?'

'No. There was no call; I never left my room.'"

We quite look forward to the time when telepathy will entirely supersede the telephone.

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