

NURSING ECHOES.

The Nursing World will apparently be very actively engaged next week.

On Monday the Royal British Nurses' Association holds its annual meeting at 11, Chandos Street, W., at three p.m.

The General Lying-in Hospital's Post Graduate week opens with tea at four p.m.

On Tuesday the Nursing and Midwifery Exhibition and Conference opens at noon at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, S.W., and continues for four days.

On Thursday the three days' Conference of the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseuses opens at the Mortimer Hall, Mortimer Street, W. On the same day an interesting gathering of "Old Nightingales" will be held at St. Thomas's Hospital, and the annual meeting of the Overseas Nursing Association takes place at Norfolk House, St. James's Square, by invitation of the Duchess of Norfolk, when H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, the patroness, will attend.

All the time the General Nursing Council goes steadily on with its important work.

Many nurses are enquiring if, and where, they can apply for admission to the State Register. We beg to assure them that directly the conditions under which applications will be received are decided and promulgated by the General Nursing Council, notification will be given in this JOURNAL. We, therefore, advise all nurses to watch these columns carefully.

The whole question of Army organisation is now under the consideration of the authorities, with the dual object of promoting efficiency and effecting economy. In the branch, in which the nursing profession is specially interested, that of military nursing, nothing would conduce more to efficiency than the granting of Rank to the members of the Nursing Services, both by attracting to these Services a sufficiency of the best nurses, and by securing to them the power to carry out the duties assigned to them, and to control the subordinate staff by right, not by favour. And because efficiency always makes for economy, Parliament would achieve both these objects by utilising this opportunity to grant Rank to nurses in Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, and its Reserve, and the Territorial Force Nursing Service. The moment is opportune and the need urgent.

The Rev. Richard Wilson, of St. Augustine's Mission, Stepney, wants pennies for "treats"

for poor children and mothers. Treats mean getting out of Stepney, "a dry, hot-eyed place just now," and where people are very tired. This good vicar's sister has turned up from British Columbia after eleven years' absence, and she is carrying him off by sea to Scotland for a lovely change. She is evidently a very sensible person, who does not relish the idea of a "holiday" caravanning among fruit-pickers or "hopping." We don't believe, however, the devoted vicar of St. Augustine's will really enjoy rest of mind unless someone sends more pennies for his poor people left behind. Many nurses know of this fine mission work in the East End, and might perhaps bring it to the notice of friends with the "wherewithal." Don't forget that hundreds of little Huns are being pampered in our midst!

We heard recently of two life-long nurse friends who severed their friendship in two minutes, and it is not at all likely that they will resume it. One a comfortable stay-at-home, who had never even heard the crash of a bomb compared the conduct of our splendid martyrs at the front with that of the Hun. Number two, springing from her seat, exclaimed: "My God, what waste of glorious blood to keep safe and alive *old women like you!*" Then she whisked the dust off her shoes with a nice clean handkerchief and departed!

An interesting little ceremony took place last week in the Infirmary at Barnet, when the newly appointed Bishop of St. Albans, Dr. Furse, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to two patients in their beds, one being an old woman of nearly eighty years of age.

At the conclusion the Bishop gave an appropriate address on courage and cheerfulness. He addressed his remarks to both nurses and patients. It was possible, he said, for Christian people to "keep smiling," in spite of the pains and sorrows in life, and it was the duty of everyone to contribute what they could towards creating a cheerful atmosphere. No one ought to wear a longer face than God had given them.

The ward was beautifully decorated with flowers, and a small portable altar stood between the beds of the two recipients of Confirmation.

The Bishop's genial and breezy personality was much appreciated by the sufferers, whose lives are necessarily set in a minor key, and everyone, both patients and nurses, were heartened by a handshake before he left the ward.

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