

THE FAR VISION.

How many of us have need of it! and how many of us has it saved! The concentration required for our work alone tends to make us morally and physically "near sighted." During those awful days in October, 1914, when we worked eighteen to twenty hours per day, never finishing, never beginning, just carrying on, I used to scratch up ten minutes saved from the tea half-hour and stand at the top of the Palace steps at Versailles and gaze into the distance; down the steps, across the silent fountain-pond, over the green sward flanked with mellowing trees touched already by October frosts, then beyond to the long stretch of water, which in turn melted into the far horizon. Such a view restored one's mental balance, rested a tired brain and fagged limbs, and one returned to work realising there was a "To-morrow." In the deadly days in Flanders, one longed for a hillock from which to gain a vantage point, and how delighted we were to reach Bailleul, or the French H.Q. at Capel.

After a tiring day nothing is more soothing to jagged nerves or ruffled temper than to watch, from a hill-top, the sun playing on the surrounding country—here a shadow, there clear light, building the chalky boulders into mediæval castles and enhancing the dark pine woods till they look like primeval forests. Thus did South Poland seek to refresh her anti-typhus workers.

I well remember Dr. Truby King's first question when he rejoined me in Warsaw. Not, "Where is the nearest children's hospital?" of which I had ready the fullest details—but, "Where is a hill from which to get the lie of the city?" Warsaw is built on the hill and there is no other, yet he sought as assiduously for his view point as he sought for the truth regarding child welfare, and eventually the dome of the *Evangelische Kirche*, on the summit of the hill, afforded us a view which stopped little short of Danzig in the north and *Czhestohova* in the south. Then, having gained his prospective, his real work began.

In these days of evolution in the nursing profession, one has need of this far vision to convince those who concentrate too closely that we now have a Profession, and that the Profession has a To-morrow, and we must one and all subscribe towards it before we pass on; then morally, if not financially, will we be the richer.

J. B. N. P.

ASSOCIATION OF TRAINED NURSES IN PUBLIC HEALTH WORK.

On Saturday, 15th, at 3 p.m., Miss Evelyn Cancellor will lecture on "Methods of Combating Venereal Disease," at the Offices of the Royal British Nurses' Association, 10, Orchard Street, W. Miss Cancellor is a very well-known lecturer on this subject and her address is sure to be most interesting.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

AT THE ST. MARYLEBONE INFIRMARY.

On December 30th, on the invitation of Miss M. E. Broadbent, Chairman of the Infirmary Committee, the friends of the St. Marylebone Infirmary had an opportunity of visiting it under specially delightful conditions. There was first a reception in the Board Room, followed by tea in A3 Ward, where there was plenty of space, and parties of friends foregathered at little tables set with the daintiest of cakes, a very pleasant meal, during which the Medical Superintendent Dr. Basil Hood, the Matron, Miss S. J. Cockrell, R.R.C., and members of the nursing staff were indefatigable in making everyone feel welcome and at home.

The wards looked very fresh and bright, most of them in fresh coats of enamel paint, a warm tone of cream being the prevailing colour. It formed an admirable background for the decorations which the cunning hands of Ward Sisters know so well how to arrange to the best advantage. Favourite wards were, of course, the children's and the mothers' and babies wards. The Infirmary is not a training school for midwives, this being at the workhouse wards in Northumberland Street, Marylebone. It was interesting to learn from the Sister in the mothers' and babies' ward that the cases of specific disease received have considerably decreased, which she considers must be the result of the active propaganda carried on through antenatal and other agencies in the Borough.

Patients in the wards expressed themselves enthusiastically as to the enjoyment of their Christmas in the Infirmary. One said she had never spent a Christmas in hospital before and wanted to go home, but she had enjoyed every minute of it, everybody had.

Both Dr. Hood and Miss Cockrell spoke with great satisfaction of the appointment of a Consultant Staff to the Infirmary, and it is a great privilege for the nursing staff to have the advantage of listening to clinical lectures from eminent medical men. The Nursing Staff are certainly well off from the point of view of theoretical instruction, and one nurse was heard to reply in answer to a question as to whether she was going to a certain lecture, "No, I've been to six this week; I am not going to any more." Do coming events cast their shadows before?

The Nursing Staff gave a delightful entertainment in an empty ward at 6 p.m., which was immensely enjoyed. The "troupe" were most effectively grouped, and in their parti-coloured costumes and holding floating coloured airballs looked extremely well. Most amusing was the monologue "A Clean Sweep," by Nurse Martin, and very clever the Whistling Solo of Nurse Greenwood. "Memories," by Nurse Kelland, well deserved the great encore it received. The little sketch relating to "Our Sue" acted by the Sisters, was very well played, and everyone was sorry when the final chorus by the "troupe" and the National Anthem brought a most enjoyable entertainment to a close.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)