

NURSING ECHOES.

The Journal of the Chelsea Infirmary Nurses' League has made a welcome reappearance after a three years' silence, and the Editor, Miss Eleanor Barton, emphasises fine progress in professional affairs in the interim. "The Nurses' Registration Act has been passed, and in future all those who conform to the necessary regulations and standards can receive the title of Registered Nurse." Fine news indeed!

Miss Alicia Lloyd Still, matron of St. Thomas's Hospital, regrets she cannot contribute an article, but she sends a little letter in which she says: "Tell your people to hold to their glorious heritage, and to keep before them the 'privilege of service' and the 'joy of work.' Without our ideals we can only work in the shadow, and without any sunshine." Would that our Government would instil this lesson into politicians and the proletariat!

It is recorded that Cupid appears to have been abnormally active among the nursing staff of the Chelsea Infirmary, and wedding bells have been a-ringing right happily far and wide. We always rejoice at the marriage of well-trained nurses, because they are trained home-makers "in sickness and in health," and skilled caretakers of the future generation. We therefore disapprove of the "strict injunction" given to both Webb in the Hall and Connell at the gate that, "should Cupid again seek admittance to the Chelsea Infirmary, he is to be vigorously excluded." As "love laughs at locksmiths," we advise both "Webb" and "Connell" to wink the other eye upon the approach of the daring little sprite with his darts.

Are corridor carriages safer than the old type? Maybe, and yet for thieving possibilities they are apparently more accessible—and also for thrills. Recently returning from the North in a first class coach of only two compartments with easy exit, we had quite a penny novelette experience. We were alone, and noticed in passing through little tunnels there was no light. After Rugby we plunged into one of the longest tunnels in England—and into Cimmerian darkness—not a glimmer. We heard a footstep in the corridor, and as we flashed by the first light shaft, we caught the glimpse of a man standing outside the open door, with a flashing steel instrument in his right hand! We listened intently and realised that he had entered our compartment: a second of silence—and then he struck a match

and proceeded to light the gas! We of course pointed out to him the neglect and danger of subjecting travellers, especially women alone, to such conditions, and also his lack of sense in silently entering the compartment in the dark, half-way through a tunnel. He mumbled excuses and departed, his steel ticket clipper still shining in his hand. Being of an imaginative temperament, we amused ourselves whilst continuing our journey, with constructing sensational crimes out of this episode—and it is quite extraordinary how easy it would have been to commit such and to escape!

We doubt if the murderer of poor Miss Nightingale Shaw will ever be brought to justice.

We learn with pleasure that the progress of Miss Cox-Davies has been so good since her serious illness that she has been moved to Brighton for convalescence, and that she is making so excellent a recovery that she hopes to be able to resume her hospital duties at the Royal Free Hospital, early in October.

Writing in the *Times* on Monday last on "More Women than Men—Some Benefits to the Community," Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone makes out a good case. "If the number of the sexes could be equalised," she writes, "the great majority of women would probably marry fairly early in life. What would be the effect of this? First, there are certain skilled occupations of considerable value to the community which belong essentially and almost exclusively to women, e.g., the teaching of girls and young children, sick nursing, midwifery, most branches of social work, the needle trades, domestic service. All these occupations would suffer greatly if there were no reserve or an inadequate reserve of older and more experienced women to train, supervise, lead, and organise the rest. The rank and file of the workers would become less efficient, not only from the loss of these leaders, but because they would have very little motive to excel if it were tolerably certain that they would remain only a few years in their trade. Imagine what a man's skilled occupation would be like if it were recruited exclusively from among youths 'with expectations,' who looked forward to a probable summons at any time between 20 and 30. The ungrateful press man who talks of 'surplus women' deserves to be nursed in his next illness by an engaged young woman of 25, trained in a hospital where there has been neither matron nor sisters."

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