

THE ROYAL SANITARY INSTITUTE.

WOMEN HEALTH VISITORS AND CHILD WELFARE WORKERS.

The Council of the Royal Sanitary Institute has arranged an autumn course of lectures for Women Health Visitors and Child Welfare Workers, beginning on Friday, September 29th, at 6 p.m.

The Council of the Royal Sanitary Institute 15 years ago established an Examination for Health Visitors and School Nurses, and the Local Government Board in the General Order of September, 1909, setting out the regulations as to qualification and appointment of Health Visitors, named the Certificate of the Royal Sanitary Institute among the qualifications for the appointment of Health Visitor, and these qualifications are referred to in their official circular of August, 1918, under the Maternity and Child Welfare Act.

The Ministry of Health issued a Memorandum in July, 1922, naming the present certificate of the Royal Sanitary Institute as a qualification for salary grant, provided the holder has three years' training in a General Hospital, or full training in a Children's Hospital.

The Institute has decided, however, next year to require of all candidates for the Examination, three years' Nursing Training and the C.M.B., with attendance at a special course of training for Health Visitors. The certificates granted by the Institute will, therefore, cover the requirements for salary grant and also the further qualifications which are considered by the Officers responsible for the service to be desirable for this office.

The fee for the complete course of Lectures and Demonstrations is £5 5s. ; or for Part I, £3 13s. 6d. ; for Part II, £2 2s.

Full information can be obtained from the Secretary at the Institute.

Candidates who desire to enter for the Health Visitors' Examination, or for the Child Welfare Examination must produce evidence of practical training and experience, including nursing, as required by the regulations for each examination, in addition to attending this Course of Lectures.

A TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL.

"JOHNNY HEAD IN AIR."

We have recently heard of the victimisation of several nurses. The plea is usually one of the loss of a purse, and an appeal for a loan to reach home. The nurse generally gives help and hears of the beggar no more.

Sometimes, however, angels are entertained unawares.

Many years ago a young nurse travelled with a queer-looking old woman in a train, who upon the request of the ticket-puncher was unable to find her ticket, although she rummaged through bags and pockets. He then required her to hand over money, some 10s., for her fare. There was more rummaging for a purse which could not be found. The official was irate—the old lady voluble.

The nurse peeped in her own purse to see if there was 10s. in it. It seldom contained as much. She discovered the princely sum of 12s. 6d., and at once offered to pay for the old lady's ticket. The official hummed and hawed, but ultimately accepted the cash and handed over the necessary slip of paper.

Naturally the nurse expected an expression of thanks, which she did not receive.

After a somewhat lengthy silence, the old woman remarked :—

"No doubt you are satisfied to lay up for yourself treasure in Heaven, for that is all you will receive for helping a worthless old woman in this world."

The nurse, whose altruistic nature found real joy in kindness to others, explained this idiosyncrasy to her companion, who stared at her in amazement, and then asked for her name and address.

At a side station the old woman alighted. She was evidently well known. A powdered footman, somewhat disdainfully, helped her out of a third-class carriage, the stationmaster and porter were also at her service. When seated in a magnificent barouche, waiting just outside the platform fence, she waved her stick at the nurse, who was flattening her nose on the carriage window.

By and by to rest her feet the nurse pulled out the cushion from the opposite seat, and lo! and behold, behind it glittered a long old-fashioned purse containing at one end ten golden sovereigns, kept in security by a steel ring, at the other the ticket. At the earliest opportunity she counted the coins with the guard, and told him of the old lady's loss, handed him the purse and gave her name and address.

A few days later she received a registered packet containing the purse and the gold, and a note with no signature inscribed :—"For a foolish young woman with her head in the clouds."

That, of course, was not the end of the story, but the rest is privileged.

THE SILENT TIDE.

I heard Old Ocean raise her voice and cry,
In that still hour between the night and day;
I saw the answering tides, green-robed and grey,
Turn to her with a low, contented sigh;
Marching with silent feet they passed me by,
For the moon had taught them to obey,
And scarce a wavelet broke in fretful spray,
As they went forth to kiss the stooping sky.

* * * *

So, to my heart, when the last sunray sleeps,
And the wan night, impatient for the moon,
Throws her grey mantle over land and sea,
There comes a call from out Life's nether deeps,
And tides, like some old ocean in a swoon,
Flow out in soundless majesty to thee.

—From "Life."

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