

LEAGUE NEWS.

A most enjoyable "At Home" was given by the London Temperance Hospital Nurses' League on Saturday evening last, when the guests included the Chairman of the Hospital (Major Rigg, O.B.E.), and Mr. Reginald Wilson. Miss Richardson (late Matron of the Hospital) and Miss Dora Hinton (for so many years a Sister there) were also present.

In the course of the evening, Councillor Beatrice Kent, with her Municipal Honours fresh upon her, took the chair, and Miss Millman delivered a most interesting address on the British Empire Union, and what it stands for, which was listened to with deep attention and interest. The subsequent suggestion of Major Rigg, that a branch of the Union should be formed in the hospital, was very sympathetically received, and the Matron, Miss Kathleen Smith, as President of the League, promised that the proposal should have consideration. She spoke of the value of outside interests to nurses, and urged the members of the League to take more interest in what is going on around them. Referring to the coming election of direct representatives to the General Nursing Council, as President of the League, she commended to the members the candidature of Mrs. Bedford Fenwick and Miss Heather-Bigg, and advised them, in the matter of the selection of candidates for support, to follow the advice given in THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

After the speeches, coffee and delectable cakes (supplied by the Plane Tree Restaurant, 106, Great Russell Street, W.C.), were served at little tables, round which parties of friends foregathered, Miss Marshall, Assistant Matron, helping to entertain the guests, some of whom charmed the audience with most delightful music.

Miss Millman brought down the house with her inimitable sketches "The Election" and "My Photograph."

The evening concluded with Auld Lang Syne, and, as was fitting at a meeting of the British Empire Union, "God Save the King."

NURSES' MISSIONARY LEAGUE.

A Quiet Day for Prayer and Meditation will be held on St. Andrew's Day, Thursday, November 30th, 1922 (by kind permission of the Vicar, the Rev. Prebendary Sharpe, M.A.), at the Parish Church of Paddington, St. James', Sussex Gardens. 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10 a.m., Morning Prayer; 10.30 a.m., 1st Address, "The Call to Service," The Vicar; 11 a.m., Holy Communion; 2nd Address, "The Practice of the Presence of God," the Rev. P. Ireland-Jones (Punjab); 3 p.m., Intercessions; 3.30 p.m., 3rd Address, "The Glory of the Second Mile," the Rev. P. Ireland-Jones; 6 p.m., Evening Prayer and Intercessions, The Vicar. There will be periods for Prayer and silent Meditation after each Address, and an admission of New Members.

NURSING ON THE STAGE.

By A NURSE.

Distinctly funny, from a nurse's point of view. After the rigidly plain and soberly professional hospital uniform, to meet the beautiful nurse-heroine of an enthralling drama I saw a few years ago, dressed in a different coloured uniform every time she appeared—at one time in palest grey, with rows of frillies round the bottom of her "ninnon" apron; and at another, in mauve crêpe-de-chine; and, again, in palest blue; her day's duty mostly spent in wandering about Hyde Park and other haunts of Society. We admired her, sitting on her patient's knees, taking his pulse—the pulse counting being the only bit of work she did in the play, from beginning to end.

The adventuress of the play, to lure her into a "thieves' kitchen," and incidentally into the power of the villain, awaiting her there, goes, dressed in another original hospital uniform, to enquire for her at her hospital, with the message from "Bart.'s" that they had just admitted a serious accident, were short-handed, in consequence, and were sending a Ward Sister (the adventuress) to ask for the assistance of Nurse

At this point, my companions, four hospital Sisters, were so convulsed with laughter, that, but for the fact that there were barely twenty persons besides ourselves in the stalls, we should have been asked to retire.

We recovered in time to see the adventuress—in a black silk cloak and floating white muslin veil—leading the heroine, dressed in her fourth and most artistic change of outdoor uniform, down some steps into the "thieves' kitchen," which, naturally, the poor innocent creature mistook for the entrance of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

In the opening scene of the same play, "A Bedroom in Belgravia," we enjoyed the spectacle of the dying Earl, propped up in bed, with a very tight nightshirt, obviously forced on over all his other garments. A devoted doctor was in charge. This gentleman exclaimed to the anxious relatives and the nurse heroine (playing a purely ornamental part, as usual), "My God! he is sinking; I must give him some morphia," and became very busy with a hypodermic syringe.

The result of this treatment was that the dying man was at once sufficiently revived to make a new will, which, not being in his favour, the villain, of course, at once secreted.

Another play I witnessed with much appreciation showed an exciting scene in which the hero recovers his memory and full faculties on the spot by the operation of trephining, performed before our eyes, without the aid of instruments, on the stage.

To a professional observer there seemed something lacking.

After much play with a basin and a towel (all he required, apparently), the skilful surgeon simply stuck a dab of cotton wool on the head, applied a loose bandage, and the deed was done.

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