

sent and past nursing staff in voluntarily raising the sum of £900 in less than twelve months for the permanent endowment of a cot in the hospital.

When the idea was first launched by Miss Earle, the Matron, it was taken up with enthusiasm, and from all over the country and from distant parts such as South Africa, Egypt, and India, nurses who had had the benefit of training and service at the hospital sent contributions.

It was a great disappointment to all that Miss Earle was prevented by indisposition from taking part in the event to which she had devoted so much time, thought, and work, and Sister Dunmoir deputised for her.

The Bishop spoke in high praise of the very loyal devotion of the sisters and nurses, past and present, to their hospital. The cot was an outward symbol of the loyalty and of the deep sympathy they had with all the patients, though it was not a necessary expression, since the devotion of the nurses at the Royal Hospital was well known throughout the city.

The brass tablet, which is placed near to the cot, both of which were subscribed for by the nurses in addition to the cheque for £600, bears the following inscription: "This cot was endowed by the efforts of the past and present nursing staff of this hospital. December 4, 1923."

Following the unveiling, Sister Dunmoir handed the cheque to Mr. Philip Wake, chairman of the hospital, who said that every hospital was very glad to get sisters and nurses who had been trained at the Royal. The money would be invested in a permanent security, and the income would go towards the support of the cot.

Mr. Graham Simpson spoke for the medical and surgical staff, and among those present were Sister Muir, who has charge of the Edgar Allen Ward, which was chosen in acknowledgment of her thirty years' service at the hospital; the Matron of the Royal Infirmary; and several Victoria nurses who trained at the Royal Hospital; Mr. J. W. Robinson (secretary); and a number of past nurses who had come from a distance to join in the happy event.

NOËL.

Lo! 'twixt the ass and ox laid down,
Sleeps, sleeps, sleeps the little Son:
Countless angels high,
Countless seraphs fly,
Gathering from above
Around this God of Love.

HOW THE COLLEGE CAUCUS CAPTURED THE COUNCIL.

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AT THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH.

Nurses who have little experience of Government may not realise the system which pertains in their Government offices. Suffice it to say, whoever is made Minister there is a Permanent Power behind the throne who stands primarily for bureaucratic continuity, and every now and then—as in the case of Sir Robert Morant at the Ministry of Health—for the wise guidance of evolution.

When I attended at the Ministry of Health as requested, I was received quite courteously by Sir Arthur Robinson (First Secretary) in the room in which in days past the case of the nurses had been so generously considered by his predecessor. I took a chair and waited.

I was less perturbed than Sir Arthur, who, like all men, hated pulling chestnuts out of the fire for persons skulking behind the scenes, especially where the slandering of a woman is concerned.

On the table at his left hand side reposed, neatly typed, the Gag Schedule. I cast a contemptuous eye over it.

Then we conversed.

I gathered (though Sir Arthur did not say so) that Miss Riddell, the Registrar, had *privately* made complaints to such members of the Council as were likely to support her, that I interfered too much with her work at the office; "that she was not mistress in her own house." Never was an accusation more devoid of the truth. I am a woman of business and a disciplinarian. Never once had I exceeded my duty as a member of the General Nursing Council in my relations to any of its officials, and as Chairman of the Registration Committee I courteously maintained the dignity of my position in my relations with the staff; did the work which it was my duty to do in the Council's Board Room; and never upon any occasion either overstepped my official position or permitted the Registrar to infringe upon it. This doubtless, in her ignorance of her official relations to the members of a Statutory Council, she resented.

Then Sir Arthur tentatively fingered the Gag Schedule.

I smiled.

He replaced it on the table.

"You have seen it?" he remarked. He seemed surprised.

"Yes," I answered; "No need to read it twice."

Sir Arthur removed the offensive document to his right hand so that it should no longer offend my eye.

Then I listened to an *ex parte* statement presumably advanced by the gallant members of Council, male and female, who had not the courage to make their mendacious accusations face to face. What it all amounted to was, that pressure was to be brought upon me to resign the chairmanship of the Registration Committee, preparatory to these

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