

patient we can but feel she has been very inadequately punished by the magistrate who dealt with the case.

No mention was made of this case at the meeting of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales on November 18th, but presumably the Council will deal with it at an early date.

APPOINTMENTS.

MATRONS.

Castleford, Normanton and District Hospital.—Miss S. J. Wainwright, S.R.N., has been appointed Matron. She was trained at the General Infirmary, Leeds, where she was later Sister, Male Surgical Ward, and Sister, Gynaecological Ward; and also at the City Hospital, East London. Miss Wainwright has also held posts as Home Sister, Second Assistant Matron, and Sister-in-Charge at the Leeds General Branch Hospital, and the Ida and Robert Arthington Hospital, Cookridge, and is a certified midwife.

"The Limes" Children's Sanatorium, Himley, Dudley.—Miss G. Rimmer, S.R.N., K.F.N., has been appointed Matron. She was trained at the Royal Infirmary, Manchester, and at the New City Hospital, Fazakerley, Liverpool. Miss Rimmer was Staff Nurse and Sister in the T.A.N.S., and Charge Sister at the Ministry of Pensions' Hospital, Grangethorpe, Manchester.

Ulster Hospital for Sick Children, Belfast.—Miss M. O. Robinson has been appointed Matron. She was trained at the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, where later she held the position of Sister, and at the Maternity Hospital, Birkenhead, where she also held the post of Sister. Miss Robinson has since been Sister-in-Charge of the Out-Patient Department at the Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital, and is a certified midwife.

LEGACIES TO NURSES.

The late Earl of Iveagh, of Grosvenor Place, S.W., left a life annuity of £50 to Nurse Katharine E. Fancar, to cease if at any time she should become an inmate of any Roman Catholic Community.

Mr. Alexander Crossman of Hill House, Harrow Weald, left to his "friend and devoted nurse," Letitia Rose Clarke, £4,000, his wireless apparatus, a picture by West, and a quantity of furniture.

Mr. Arthur Havelock East, LL.B., of Andover, Hants, left £50 to his male nurse, George Gordon.

Mrs. Anna Well, of Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W., left £50 to Nurse Drummond.

The Right Hon. Henry Stormont, thirteenth Earl of Winchilsea and eighth Earl of Nottingham, of Park Lane, W., left £250 to his nurse, Rose O'Hagan.

Kate Isobel Constance, Baroness de Longueuil, of Bath, left a life annuity of £50 to her nurse and companion, Matilda Sophia Emilia Petersen, "in recognition of her care and devotion."

ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Need we wonder what will be acceptable gifts for our nurse friends, and, indeed, many others whom we know love both warmth, and goodies. A rubber hot-water bottle—but be sure it is INGRAM'S "ECLIPSE"—is certain to please. A bottle that cannot leak is a joy indeed.

Then goodies are for choice, of course Cadbury's, which taste so good and look so "Christmassy." There is the King George Chocolate in a white and gold box, and a portrait of the King on the lid, tied with crimson ribbon. Or, if your favourite colour is blue, Cadbury's Mayfair Chocolate in a box with a pretty blue ground and a variegated border will probably be your choice. Or, for one shilling, you can have half a pound of Cadbury's Bourneville fruit and nut chocolate, in a gorgeous crimson and gold wrapper.

Be sure also to include in your Christmas order a tin of Cadbury's Bourneville Cocoa—the best in the world.

For the rest, visit the Bazaars of Messrs. E. and R. Garrould in the Edgware Road, and Messrs. Gayler and Pope, in High Street, Marylebone, and all your wants can be supplied—more especially if you take a peep at the models of the State Registered Uniforms.

LOVE CAME DOWN AT CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas comes but once a year and a jolly good job too," exclaimed Nurse Young with a yawn, as she flung her novel into the farthest corner of the pretty sitting-room, assigned to the staff nurses of St. David's Hospital.

"How depressing of you, Young! I can't help loving Christmas," said a tall, fair-haired girl, who with discarded cap, stood with one neatly shod foot on the fender and looked with unashamed appreciation at the pretty face reflected in the mirror.

"Well, perhaps you would be depressing, if you hadn't a bean in the world till next pay day and tons of people for whom you don't care a cent to give presents to."

"Of course that is inconvenient," said the girl at the fireplace with a laugh. "I read a poem once about giving duty presents at Christmas, and the only present one longed to give remained unbought. But cheer up, my beloved; owing to what you term my parsimonious habits I can quite well lend you the necessary to carry on with."

She adjusted her cap before the mirror and gave that series of pats and little tweaks to her frill and hair which seem vital to the modern girl's make-up, and proceeded to take herself back to her ward.

It presented an unusually disordered aspect as she opened the door. Beds and lockers were out of their mathematical precision, festoons of a decorative character lay in unrebuked abandonment on the floor and across the beds. In fact, there was that air of *laissez aller* that pertains only to Christmas.

"What a mercy we are, on the whole, convalescent," thought the nurse as she surveyed her domain. "The men would have been so disappointed if anything had prevented their exhibiting their feats of skill."

She was hailed with shouts of welcome which would certainly have drawn a reprimand on any less occasion.

"Look here, nurse! How does that strike you as a chrysanthemum? Ain't too bad, is it? I thought a couple of bunches would fill them two wawses on the mantelshelf."

"They're lovely, r6. I can hardly believe it is your first attempt, but you naval men seem to turn your hands to anything."

"Nurse, I can't remember the ending to this here motter. I done the first 'arf and I been waiting for you to come back on duty to finish it."

"What colours do you want for the lamp shades, nurse? They ought to be something as will tone with the flowers what r6 is making."

So forth and so on. Nurse went flitting hither and thither (really she did "flit"), changing a thermometer, adjusting a bandage, deciding the termination of the motter, and with swift intuition exactly the right tint for the lamp shades, shifting old Daddy on to his good side, comforting little Tommy, a fresh arrival, gave the last drink, read prayers in Sister's absence, played the hymn and turned down the lights.

"Good night, men! Sleep well!"

"Good night, nurse! Good night, nurse, good night! good night!"

Then silence, except for a sepulchral whisper or a subdued laugh.

Nurse sat herself down by the shaded lamp to write the report for the night staff r8 may have bread and butter, r0 has had a sleeping draught, r2 is a new patient—no orders yet, and so on.

Her pen remained suspended over the report book, and her thoughts wandered back to the recent conversation with her friend.

She thought of the neat little packets in her bedroom, labelled variously, "for Matron," "for Sister," "for Nurse

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