

THE WORLD HONOURS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The statue of Florence Nightingale (Founder of Modern Nursing) is placed prominently in the centre of London, so that she may ever be held in remembrance, with honour and gratitude, for her work for the sick and wounded soldiers in the Crimean War, and especially for the founding of the Nightingale Training School for Nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital, from which nurses trained in accordance with her methods and inspired by her ideals have gone forth to put them into practice throughout the world.

Each year since the statue has been in position wreaths have been placed upon it on May 12th, the anniversary of her birthday, though of recent years that of the Nightingale Training School has been the only one.

This year, besides the tribute of the past and present members of the Nightingale Training School (which, we hope, will have pride of place), other wreaths will be deposited at the foot of the statue, including that placed by the British Red Cross Society and one sent by the Florence Nightingale Institute of Honorables, Los Angeles, California, the arrangements being in the hands of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain.

RED CROSS DAY.

The decision to hold a Red Cross Day was taken at the important Empire Conference held in London last May, the day selected being the anniversary of Florence Nightingale's birthday.

The ceremony of laying a wreath on the Florence Nightingale statue will be performed by members of the London Branch, on behalf of the British Red Cross Society and its associated societies throughout the Dominions and Colonies. The laying of the wreath will be done by Mrs. Prentice, R.R.C., grand-niece of Florence Nightingale, who will be escorted to the statue by a detachment of V.A.D's.

A pilgrimage to Miss Nightingale's grave in Wellow Churchyard, in Hampshire, is also to take place on the morning of Red Cross Day, arranged by the Hampshire Branch, and by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Crosfield her home at Embley Park will also be visited.

AN IMPORTANT PRONOUNCEMENT.

From time to time when it has been proved that a swab, or pack, has been left in the body of a patient after an operation, the question has been raised and hotly debated who was responsible: the surgeon who placed them or the nurse who counted them?

Recently a surgeon appealed against a verdict of negligence against him at the Shrewsbury Assizes for leaving a swab, or pack, in a patient's body, as a consequence of which he died. The surgeon denied negligence and pleaded that it was the duty of a skilled nurse to count the swabs.

The appeal was heard on April 20th by Lord Justice Scrutton, who pointed out that if the surgeon received no assurance that a tally had been kept of the swabs, and that all had been removed, he could not rely on that defence.

In answer to the question put to them (at the Shrewsbury Assizes), the jury found that the evidence was to their minds not satisfactory that the doctor had received the necessary assurance.

Lord Justice Scrutton pronounced:

"It is clear that the only person who put the swabs in and selected the places where they were to be placed was the doctor. He alone knew where he had put them. . . . When the operation was completed, it still remained for the doctor to take out the swabs which he had put in."

He held, and his colleagues concurred, that the verdict was not one with which the Court could interfere, and the appeal was dismissed.

WILHELMINA JANE MOLLETT'S EARLY DAYS.

RECALLED BY HER SISTER LINA.

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Minnie's first nursing case came to her when she was nine, in the person of a fledgling sparrow, helpless, terrified and forsaken in the back garden. Tenderly, anxiously she carried it into the house, full of interest and sympathy for the tiny sufferer.

A bed was rapidly arranged for the patient of cotton-wool and feathers. A hospital ward was established in an old cage, and that was placed on the inner sill of an open window, so as to give this most important case plenty of fresh air. Nourishment was provided and administered on a goose-quill, and Lina, as voluntary aid, was told off to hunt for worms in the damp mould—an occupation she loathed, but dared not neglect in view of the urgency of the case.

Then a beautiful and wonderful thing happened. Eager chirps were heard in and about Dickie's cage, and the best nurses of all, his own parents, came to feed him.

They trustfully took advantage of the food provided by their son's benefactress, and became a source of delight and interest to the sisters and their friends.

In a few days Dick began to hop about, take food and drink for himself, and in still a few days more he began to flutter.

Then Minnie, with many a pang no doubt, opened the cage door. "He shall not be a prisoner," she said. "Go Dickie! Go!"

Dickie flew off with chirps of joy, his little nurse watching him—the ache of regret mingling with the joy of success.

Minnie's first "case" was grateful.

When the little girl went out to watch him, he remembered benefits received and confidently came to perch on her shoulder.

After a short tour, keeping her well in sight, he returned to his cage to rest and feed.

At night he was taken in, covered and placed on the top of a wardrobe, to keep him safe from cats and chills.

For a long time Minnie's tame sparrow was the delight of herself, of her friends and her neighbours.

Two dogs, "Tiny," a black miniature terrier, and "Tiger," an outside Newfoundland, claimed much petting. "Tiny" could lie outstretched on Mamma's hand, while "Tiger" had a good-sized hut in a corner of the garden, where he spent his time when not out walking in Highgate fields.

The hut was a great convenience for climbing on, when you wanted to play "circus" and "rope-dancing," balancing along the top of a high brick wall, that separated you from your neighbour's pretty garden.

But once, Minnie the acrobat slipped and found herself sitting on a tuft of lovely flowering shrub in the neighbour's garden (new-comers, too!).

Horror assailed her—for she had been taught that flower-beds were sacred, and to sit on your neighbour's! Unthinkable! *What would happen!*

Lina stood on Tiger's hut, sympathetic and terrified, unable to offer any suggestions.

What happened was this: Out of the door of the neighbour's house stepped a young and beautiful lady. She saw Minnie, who was too bewildered to move off her flowers, and hurrying to her exclaimed in the sweetest kindest voice: "Oh, my dear little girl! I do hope you are not hurt!"

Minnie was *not*, but she was struck speechless by the shock of the situation.

Then Lina saw the lady help Minnie to her feet, place her arm round her shoulders and lead her into the house.

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