

Often we would drop into recitations, and it seems curious to note how firmly the poems we studied as tinies were graven on our memories.

"Lars Porsena of Clusium," Minnie would declaim in the grandiloquent manner of sixty years ago.

"By the Nine Gods he swore," Lina continued, and so on *ad libitum*. Among Minnie's favourite poems were Browning's "Abt Vogler" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra," but her literary tastes were catholic and international.

From the last-mentioned poem she quoted the lines:

"Grow old along with me!

"The best is yet to be,

"The last of life, for which the first was made." . . .

"It seems a pity we both know the same poems," she once exclaimed, and turning on the electric light took Masefield's "Daffodil Fields" from the shelf and began to read aloud.

This was the beginning of many beautiful readings during which Lina would plait straw or darn stockings in silent enjoyment.

In the little English-speaking colony of Caldera Christmas was always celebrated with good old-fashioned spirit.

Weeks before the feast Minnie insisted on disappearing into the kitchen, where there was great sifting of flour, stoning of raisins and manufacture of pies, and Lina was generally banished, as ungifted in culinary arts.

The success of Minnie's pies and puddings was always acknowledged by her friends at Christmas time, as also the perfection of the stuffed duck, the asparagus *à l'entrée*, buried in mayonaisse, and the home-made sweets.

Francisca, who was admitted as aide-de-camp, reverently treasures her recipes and menus to this day.

Presents were exchanged under a tiny Christmas tree imported from England, and the room was bright with garlands of international flags.

Minnie always liked a little fuss made on her birthday; a representative cake, properly iced with several stories, floral decorations, a little party of friends were expected and appreciated.

Shortly before she died she said to her sister: "My next birthday must be a real festival."

"It always is," was the retort.

"Ah—but *this* one must be a special celebration! Fancy, I shall be seventy!"

Her birthday was due on the 9th June, 1928. On the 5th March, peacefully sleeping, she passed to perfect life.

We, her friends, know that the words of Browning she loved here are true:

"* * * All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul
And God stand sure."

THE MANNER OF HER PASSING.

It is fitting we should here record the manner of her passing, as told at the time by her sister.

"We found her in a peaceful and natural position, lying back in her armchair with her papers beside her.

No earthly interests ever wakened her again.

As she had wished, her casket was covered by a British flag, and was drawn on a simple military hearse by a single mule, two sailors in uniform forming a guard of honour.

Our British Consul read the Church of England funeral service, and then, when the golden gravel and clean desert sand were heaped upon her casket, we left her mortal remains.

Perfect and utter desert calm surrounded us.

Only the Pacific surf sighed on the sand to the west. Coming—going—going—coming—evermore, evermore—and the sun sank in crimson glory, to rise far off to a more perfect day."

FINIS.

THE REPORT OF THE LANCET COMMISSION ON NURSING.*

For the last fourteen months *The Lancet* Commission on Nursing has been enquiring into the reasons for the alleged shortage of candidates for the Nursing Profession. It has published two Interim Reports, and now the Final Report has been issued.

Scattered through the Report are no less than sixty-one Recommendations, and at the end these are collected and printed *seriatim*.

We print these Recommendations below and hope that all our readers will study them; but before we discuss them at length, as well as the conclusions of the Commission, we wish to give them careful consideration.

In their Introduction the Commission state that the conditions of service and education in the nursing profession are being closely studied in many countries and from many points of view. Their own contribution to this study is, they say, a report on the shortage of candidates for work in hospitals in this country, and on means whereby this shortage may be overcome.

A point on which we regret to note the Commission have made no Recommendation, is the need for the inspection of Nursing Schools by Registered Nurses, experienced in administration and practical nursing, as well as by medical practitioners. It was an opportunity not to be missed.

There is also no Recommendation regarding the injury done to Registered Nurses by the competition of partially trained nurses who, especially as private nurses and in nursing homes, absorb much of the work which should be given to the thoroughly trained.

We could wish also that members of the medical profession had been urged to do what they can to support Registered Nurses.

THE REPORT.

The Lancet Commission on Nursing was appointed in December, 1930, "to inquire into the reasons for the shortage of candidates, trained and untrained, for nursing the sick in general and special hospitals throughout the country, and to offer suggestions for making the service attractive to women suitable for this necessary work."

The members of the Commission were:—

The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, P.C., K.T., F.R.S. (Chairman).

Miss M. D. Brock, O.B.E., M.A., Litt.D., Headmistress, the Mary Datchelor Girls' School.

Miss L. Clark, M.B.E., R.R.C., Matron, Whipps Cross Hospital.

Prof. Henry Clay, M.A., D.Sc., late Professor of Social Economics in the University of Manchester.

Miss R. E. Darbyshire, R.R.C., Matron, University College Hospital.

Prof. F. R. Fraser, M.D., F.R.C.P., Professor of Medicine in the University of London, Physician of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Mr. A. Lister Harrison, J.P., Chairman, Committee of Management, Metropolitan Hospital.

Dr. Robert Hutchison, F.R.C.P., Physician to the London Hospital and to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.

Mrs. Oliver Strachey, Chairman, Employment Committee, London and National Society for Women's Service.

* Obtainable from *The Lancet*, 7, Adam Street, W.C.2. 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 9d., or through any bookseller.

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