

THE PASSING BELL.

We have received from Mrs. Whitehead, the sister of the late Miss Dorothy A. Snell, F.B.C.N., a picture of her grave in the beautiful Verano Cemetery at Rome, on which the Marchesa Maraini, her support in all good works, placed a beautiful wreath from her colleagues in the British College of Nurses.

The Stone is inscribed.
In English :—

Dorothy A. Snell, F.B.C.N.
Dominican Tertiary,
Died Oct. 20th, 1932.

“On whose soul good Jesus have mercy.”

In Italian :—
For 22 years Matron of the Scuola Regina Elena, Policlinico.

“I was sick and ye visited me.”

To this “Grave of Honour” many nurses visiting Rome will, in the future, no doubt, pay a visit of homage, and fill the vase at its head with flowers.

Sister Miss Muriel Amelia Johnson.

On November 5th, 1932, at Dalhousie, after a very short illness, Sister Muriel Amelia Johnson, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

Miss Johnson received her training at the Royal Hospital, Sheffield, and was appointed to Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service as a Staff Nurse in May, 1928, being promoted to the rank of Sister three years later. She served in the Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, and in Malta, before proceeding to India for duty. Her untimely death is deeply regretted by all her colleagues to whom she had greatly endeared herself.

Sister Cecilia of All Saints.

On December 21st there died suddenly at All Saints Convent, St. Albans, Adelaide Cecilia (Sister of All Saints), eldest daughter of Edmund Yates Pell, aged 82.

The organisers of the Royal British Nurses' Association will remember well the gentle, courageous support given by Sister Cecilia, then in charge of the nursing at University College Hospital—to the first organisation of trained nurses in 1887—and how steadfastly she stood by the principles for registration and self-government. Although she has passed out of active association with professional nurses for many years, they owe her gratitude and admiration.

WHEN WOMEN GO “OVER THE TOP.”

BY A HOSPITAL SISTER.

Courageous folk are often unconscious of their own bravery. Tell the average woman that you admire her courage, and she will laugh at you. She may pride herself on a variety of virtues; her courage she does not recognise.

It is not, as a rule, spectacular occasions which floodlight her heroism. It is revealed in the stress and strain of every-day life.

It may be that the time arrives when she is faced with the necessity of a surgical operation.

Strong men have been known to become nervously fussy when confronted with such an event. And who would blame them?

Watch the average woman when fate decrees that she shall enter the dreaded hospital doors. She gives the needed particulars to the white aproned-nurse who “admits” her to the ward. There is something matter of fact in the way she walks down the polished floor.

True, there is an anxious look in her eye. Even she cannot conceal that. She can, and she does smile with her lips as she says “Good-bye” to her husband.

It is he, poor man, who falters, “I hope she will be all right, Sister?”

She faces the preparations for the great day with stoicism.

It is in the white-walled anaesthetic-room while waiting for the doctor to arrive that the secret of her courage is told. It is not of herself that she is thinking. There is just a whisper as she holds the nurse's hand: “Will I get through?” she asks. “What would my children do without me?”

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There is nothing to mark out these heroines from the crowd. They wear no halo. They make no fuss.

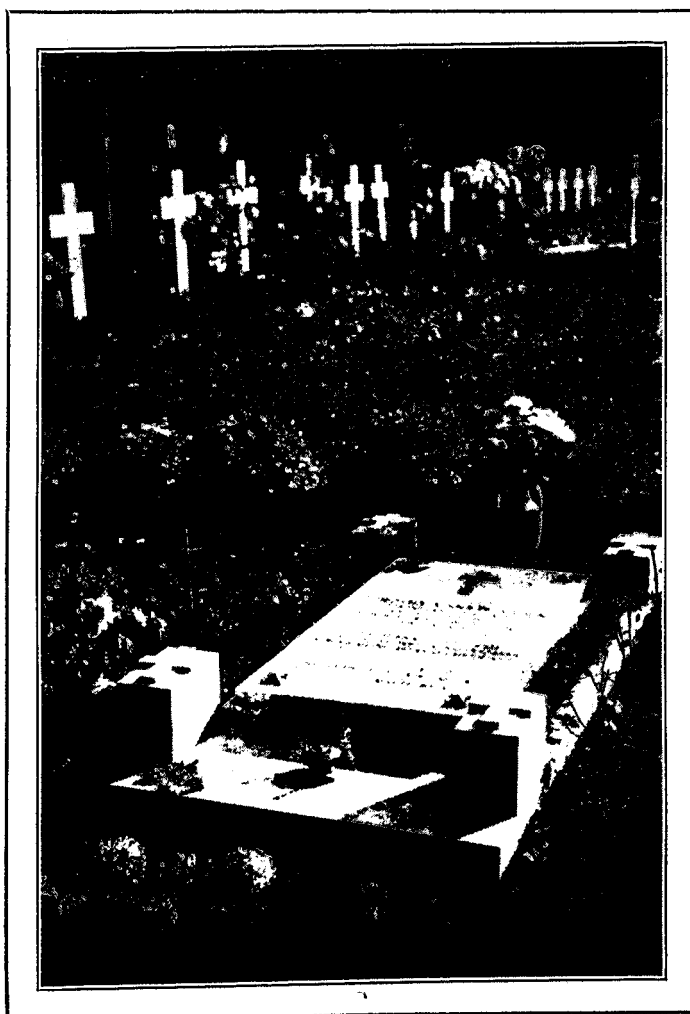
The wonderful thing is that they are the crowd.

Some dramatic event focuses the limelight on them for a space. The newspaper-reading public sees them portrayed as they stand, it may be at the pit-head waiting, after some disaster, then wonder at their enduring courage.

The limelight passes. The courage remains. The trials of every-day life are faced with grit.

There is a curious quality in the heroism of these women. If it is to achieve its end, it must usually be concealed. She who allows her neighbour to guess at the grimness of her fight counts herself to have failed.

In her view, she succeeds if she keeps up appearances.



THE GRAVE OF DOROTHY A. SNELL,
VERANO CEMETERY AT ROME.

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