

accepted by the Dean and Chapter, and had an immediate response from all parts of the Empire. Within nine weeks over 32,000 subscribers raised the whole—and more than the whole—of the £3,000 needed; and the Duchess of York unveiled the restored window on June 24th, 1925.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

Sir,—During the early part of the War I was present when the first trainloads of wounded arrived at Cairo from Gallipoli, and was witness to the untiring devotion under great difficulties of the nurses and other women who gave themselves up, entirely regardless of their own health, in some cases with fatal results, to alleviate the suffering of the men. After the War was over, when memorials on all sides were being erected to our brothers, I often thought how our sisters who also made the supreme sacrifice appeared to have been forgotten.

Ever since my first entrance into York Minster in 1909 the Five Sisters' Window in its quaint simplicity, quiet dignity, and lofty purity has appealed to me irresistibly. On November 30, 1922, I had the following vision:—

I was going to Evensong and entered by the South Transept door as usual. Just as I reached the choir door in the dim light I saw two little figures in white standing hand in hand in the middle of the North Transept; one beckoning to me, the other pointing upwards to the window. I moved towards them, and then recognised my two little sisters, both of whom had died as children. As I followed the little pointing finger I saw the window move slowly backwards as if on hinges, revealing the most exquisite garden with wondrous flowers I had never seen before. In the midst of the garden was a great tree under which five women sat weaving. In the distance at the bottom of the garden a rivulet flowed, and a number of girls and women appeared crossing it and came gliding up the garden in misty grey-blue garments. They came nearer and nearer, when suddenly the window swung slowly back, blotting out the garden. I looked down and saw that both my little sisters were pointing upwards to the window.

I had risen in my sleep, and was standing when I woke and cried out, my words being heard by my husband—"The Sisters' Window for the Sisters."

Yours faithfully,

HELEN D. LITTLE.

Congratulations and thanks to the Central Public Health Committee of the London County Council. It will be remembered that this JOURNAL took strong exception to the decision of the Committee last June to employ unregistered Nurses under the title of "Sister Housekeepers," pointing out that these departmental positions should be filled by Nurses if possible—and in any case the title of "Sister" should not be given to other than Nurses.

We are pleased to note that under the heading "Sister-housekeepers—Designation" the Central Public Health Committee of the L.C.C. has reconsidered this important matter and states, "the possession of qualifications in both nursing and domestic science is undoubtedly preferable to qualification in domestic science only, but it is unlikely that there will be a sufficient number of applicants qualified in both subjects to fill the vacancies which it is anticipated will arise in the future. In the circumstances, the designation "Sister-housekeeper" in these cases is apt to be misleading, and we suggest that they should be known as "trained housekeepers."

Thus in the future the professional title of "Sister,"

to which, naturally, State-registered nurses attach great significance, will not be permissible for members of the craft of the public health department in the grade of Housekeeper who hold special certificates or diplomas after one or two years' training in domestic science and who are not State-registered nurses, their official title will be "trained housekeeper."

Surely it is time that State-registered nurses should be represented on the Central Public Health Committee of the London County Council—when presumably such mistakes would be avoided. For the future we advise State-registered nurses to qualify themselves in domestic Science—in sufficient numbers to fill the valuable departmental appointments now in the gift of the L.C.C. so that a Sister Housekeeper may be found in every hospital.

St. Charles' Hospital, Ladbroke Grove, has, for many years, been the headquarters of the 3rd London General Hospital, Territorial Army Nursing Service, and we note that Miss E. Cockayne, while Matron of the hospital, is to be allowed by the L.C.C. to act as Principal Matron of the hospital of the Territorial Army Nursing Service and to retain the fee of £25 a year paid by the War Department in respect of the latter position.

The "Birthday Week" of the Imperial Nurses' Club was celebrated from November 24th-28th with the usual mixture of seriousness and gaiety. The subject put before members on the Sunday afternoon was the League of Nations, and Mrs. Downer, who was sent from the League of Nations Union, spoke with admirable clearness of certain social, moral and economic conditions obtaining in the world to-day, which can only be improved if all nations combine in the effort to rectify them. The musical programme each afternoon was on a high level, and in the intervals between performances a fairly brisk business went on at the Sale of Work, a feature of which was the selling of a novelty in the form of a "Traveller's Trinket Tray." We hope a substantial sum was realised by the Sale.

Mabell, Countess of Airlie has just published the letters of her great-uncle, Colonel Strange Jocelyn, a distinguished Guards' officer who served in the Crimean War, under the title, "With the Guards We Shall Go." To the present generation the opinion he expressed of Miss Nightingale will be strange reading. He wrote: "Miss Nightingale, I hear, takes immense interest in the surgical operations and is always present when an arm or a leg is to be taken off. She seems, from what I hear, an odd sort of person." And, again, "Miss Nightingale I don't think much of—a humbug. I must say I do not think female nurses are a good thing in a military hospital."

Contrast this with the opinion expressed by the late Sir John Fortescue, in an essay in "Samuel Johnson's England," published by the University Press. "Not until Miss Nightingale went out to the Crimea did the nation awake to the fact that these outcasts (the soldiers) were, after all, men, very patient, very gentle, very courteous, and so devoted to her who cared for them that they would kiss her shadow on the wall."

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