

manner in which the Bill for the Registration of Midwives was quietly planned and smuggled through the Parliamentary Bills Committee—without the knowledge or consent of the majority of the members of their Association—is not likely to be forgotten.

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A CORRESPONDENT, who was present at the Annual Meeting of the Royal British Nurses' Association, at Brighton, sends us the following letter:—

"I have lately become a member of the R.B.N.A., and cannot express the pleasurable pride I felt in being present at its Annual Meeting. First of all, how comfortable it is to belong to a *professional body*, and to feel that one's conduct and work are of real, I may say, vital importance to more persons than oneself. How different from the lack of all *esprit de corps* by which a Nurse might be known ten years ago. Though I arrived at Victoria Station alone, my little bronze badge was a quite sufficient introduction, and I was greeted with smiles and kindly words by other wearers of this talisman. A little Nurse in brown took me under her wing, and, saying she also was alone, mapped out a most pleasant day, and I am bound to say that she carried out her programme to the letter (including three good meals); she seemed to be *au fait* with everything, and to know everybody—she pointed out our Hon. Secretaries, Miss CATHERINE WOOD and Dr. BEZLY THORNE (the joint designer with our Royal President of our badge), and our untiring Treasurer, Dr. BEDFORD FENWICK. "Everyone says that if you want to know if our Association is a success, you need only look at our balance-sheets," she said. "It is an absolute relief in these days of pauperism to feel we live within our income." When we arrived at Brighton, many friends were on the platform to meet us, amongst them Mrs. BEDFORD FENWICK, in a lovely gown of peach-coloured bengaline, draped with embroidered Indian muslin, and a little gold bonnet covered with yellow and purple pansies, wearing our badge, and the Order of St. John, of Jerusalem; Miss MIRIAM RIDLEY, in black and rose du Barri, and pink bonnet to match; and Mrs. MACINTYRE, the Matron from the Home of Rest, looking sweet in black and mauve. My companion pointed them out remarking: "I'm so glad they've put on such pretty frocks, it makes one feel quite gay and festive." I never spent a happier day. Everyone was so kind and friendly—I enjoyed the business meeting, and when it was over, seemed to understand things so much more clearly, than after reading the reports. We were especially glad to hear from Dr. BEZLY THORNE, that Lord SANDHURST had empowered him to contradict Mr. BURDETT's false statement published in *The Hospital*, stating that the Lords' Committee had condemned Registration of Nurses. The luncheon was excellent, and the Chairman grasped the situation. The Mayor is evidently a man of wide and liberal views, who sees we are bound to succeed, if we persevere; when he proposed our beloved President, and the Nursing Profession, we received the toasts with immense enthusiasm, as you can imagine. After a delightful drive, we were welcomed at the Sussex County Hospital by Miss SCOTT, the Matron, and her Sisters, most hospitably entertained, and shown over the Hospital, which appeared in exquisite order. The Children's Ward was specially gay with lovely flowers,

and all the cots decorated with golden ribbons, the fresh air blew in straight from the sea, and I should imagine wounds must heal as if by magic in this exhilarating atmosphere. But the *bonne bouche* of the whole day was our visit to the Home of Rest in Sussex Square: it is quite the most tasteful and beautiful house I have ever been in. I found myself one of a hundred guests, and yet I was royally entertained. The guests and Nurses staying in the Home were up and down for several hours—showing batches of visitors all its beauties. A cold collation was provided in the Dining-room, where we feasted again. Brighton air has a marvellous effect on the appetite. There seemed a profusion of flowers and plants everywhere on tables and window ledges—roses, lilies, geraniums, delphiniums—all supplied I believe by former visitors of the Home, who had sent them in memory of happy holidays spent there. This Home is kept in most exquisite order—that a Nurse could tell with half an eye. I was especially pleased with the basement and servants' quarters. I feel sure that all the maids under Mrs. McIntyre's kindly sway *take a pride* in their work—everything looked cared for. Their comfort has been considered, their bedrooms and sitting-room are quite as tasteful as the rest of the house, and the kitchen, a lofty and light apartment, was a credit to any establishment. I saw one gentleman visitor taking off his hat to the cook, I presume out of respect for her speckless surroundings. If he had tasted her cakes and tarts, I feel sure his admiration must have been boundless. Anyway, Mr. Editor, I should like your readers to know how much I, for one, appreciate the great work of *organisation* which is being so wisely carried forward by the officials of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and how sure I feel that each year more and more Nurses will understand its great work and appreciate it at its true value."

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THE following powerful leading article appeared in our influential contemporary, *The Morning Leader*, last Thursday. It shows how the tide is moving, and that a new outcry against the Nursing Department of the London Hospital is only a question of time, as we have, for very good reasons, frequently prophesied:—

"The letter that we publish in another column, detailing the circumstances under which Nurses in London Hospitals are at present condemned to pass their lives, deserves, and, if we are not mistaken, will receive the serious attention of thoughtful men and women. The letter was, it is to be remarked, not written with a view to publication. It is a private communication addressed by a Hospital Nurse to an intimate friend, and the convincing simplicity of its terrible narrative is such, as to compel, even the cynical and indifferent to misgiving. No sane creature can acquiesce in the awful state of affairs which this narrative of a day's experiences brings to light. It appears that the writer, tired out by the work of 'a most fearful day' in the London Hospital, was going off duty at half-past two, when she was detained by a bad case of hemorrhage. No sooner had she attended to her patient than two new cases arrived—cases, apparently, of typhoid fever. So grossly inadequate was the staff that there were only two Nurses to attend to thirteen patients suffering from this dangerous disease. No wonder that when, close upon midnight, the overworked Nurse went off duty, she had to

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