

We cannot blame society women for accepting responsibility of this kind when invited to do so by the Army Medical Department. Therefore, the whole demoralizing condition of affairs in South African hospitals can and should be traced to its source, and the Army Medical Department should be blamed for the scandal exposed by Mr. Treves. The Army Medical Department has purposely ignored the professional status and prestige of trained nurses, in arranging that these professional workers should be selected by, and placed under the control of unprofessional women, and the only Sisters who can maintain a rag of professional self-respect under existing conditions are the Regular Army Nursing Sisters, who have not been subjected to selection and patronage by women of wealth or title.

Many of the Superintendents of our great Training Schools are naturally very indignant that nurses have been chosen with less care than a domestic servant is engaged, as, no doubt, when a Duchess selects so important a person as a "maid," who is largely responsible for her personal appearance, searching enquiries are made from those who have experience of her work and character; but when it is only a question of the lives of our brave soldiers, the good fathers, and husbands, and brothers of the "masses," such a method, which involves some trouble, is quite apparently superfluous. Mr. Treves has exposed the result of the present arrangement of the War Office, the Medical Department of which is to blame from beginning to end. The military medicos, like Mme. Van André, "don't want the Matrons," or, in other words, they wish to act in the capacity of Superintendents of Nursing as well as medical officers. This system is obsolete, and for the sake of the future good nursing of "Tommie" must be modernised.

Lady Roberts, the wife of the Commander-in-Chief, is a woman of much common sense, and detests twaddle. It is recorded that when, upon her arrival at the Cape, she paid a visit to the Wynberg Hospital, a "gushing young thing" in furbelows and jewels, wearing a muslin apron and fancy cap, came forward in one ward to greet her. "To what institution do you belong?" enquired Lady Roberts. "I don't seem to recognize your uniform"!!

The South Australian nurses sent to South Africa have written a courteous little letter of thanks to the Mayoress of Adelaide, President of the Ladies' Nursing Committee, expressing their thanks and warm appreciation for the generous arrangements made for their outfit, and the sympathy shown them by the public.

The American Nursing World.

NURSING ETHICS.

THE "Short Papers on Nursing Subjects," published in pamphlet form by Miss L. L. Dock, Hon. Secretary of the American Society of Training Schools for Nurses, are most delightful reading, and we hope they will have the wide circulation in this country that they deserve. They are published in New York by Miss M. Louise Longeway.

The papers in this charming booklet are "A Pilgrimage to Kaiserswerth," "Nursing Organizations in Germany and England," "The Nurses' Settlement in New York," and "Ethics—or a Code of Ethics." Readers of the NURSING RECORD will already have become acquainted with the author's views on some of these subjects, but they are none the less interesting. The nursing profession has few members who write with the charm and fluency to which Miss Dock has attained, and anything from her pen is always welcome from a literary point of view; but to those who are in accord with her political views on nursing subjects, her articles are always a keen delight, for she has a way of saying strongly the things which need saying, so well that they can give offence to none, and yet so convincingly that surely all but the most prejudiced must be compelled to agree with her. The remarks on Ethics are most admirable. We nurses, in this country, have scarcely yet begun to realize that we need a code of ethics, much less have we formulated one, and in America, apparently, they have had their difficulties also. This is what Miss Dock says:—

"We have had many talks and addresses from the doctors; serious lectures these; often they are published and stand for future time. We must find something in them all, surely, to nourish our out-reaching aspirations?"

Oh, these yearly recurring talks! One on every graduation day in every training school throughout the land. Let us be frank and admit plainly once for all that they are wearisome, perennial rubbish. These men who among themselves are so brilliant, so learned, so interesting, how can they—from which of their brain-cells do they produce the thin, unflavoured mental pabulum which they gravely serve out to us? And we, as we sit on the platform full of enthusiasm, how gladly would we hear something to stimulate and inspire us as thinking beings!

What do we really hear? Advice about squeaking shoes and rustling aprons; about washing up the dishes and not making work for the servants; about respecting the feelings of the

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)