surprise to others, as it was to me to find out that as far back as 1835—1845, lectures to nurses were given in Paris. In 1860 they started again, and failed; in 1870 Dr. Bourneville made a determined struggle until 1879, when the Municipal Council in Paris decided that lectures were necessary. They elected Dr. Bourneville as "Directeur des Ecoles Municipales des Infirmiers et Infirmières," and he chose the Salpetrière and Bicetre as seats, as both these infirmaries have never been in the hands of nuns or priests. He succeeded so well that soon after he started at the Pitié and then at Lariboisière (the two latter being hospitals).

Several years ago they started training-schools in Marseilles and in Lyons, turning the nuns out, but always ending in the triumph of the nuns and their return to power, and now Dr. Lande, the Mayor of Bordeaux, decided to start "une école de gardes-malades" at the big civil hospital.

If the training-schools at Marseilles, Lyons, and other places were organised on the same lines as that one at Bordeaux, no wonder they failed.

I do not think I ever heard of anything more childish, or was more staggered in my life, than when I went to the St. André Hospital at Bordeaux and saw what was being done.

Imagine a gigantic hospital, containing 1,000 beds, wards, kitchens, laundries, bakehouses, &c., being entirely in the hands of the popular Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, the most beloved order in France.

French buildings are never small and compact, and only those who have seen the size of French hospitals will realise the length, height, and breadth of this one, with its colonnades, passages, and squares.

In one of these squares three wards were chosen, two female on one side and one male on the other, each containing thirty-four beds, bringing up the number to about 100.

In these wards the nursing staff and pupils consisted of the following elements:—

Two orders of nuns—Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, Sisters of St. Navers. (This was to please the clerical party.)

Protestant probationers, Catholic probationers. (This was to please both parties on the Committee.)

Three surveillantes from the Protestant Hospital.

One Swiss surveillante.

One Dutch surveillante.

At the head of this curious combination was placed a Dutch "Directrice," a lady of about forty-five, with a great deal of "presence," who had already been at the head of a hospital in Holland for thirteen years, but whose French was very limited.

She was a wise woman, and played up to the Sisters. The Sisters were wiser still, and played up to her, for they knew they could not overthrow this school while Dr. Lande was Mayor, and in power, and, moreover, they wished to obtain their diplomas. But this did not suit the lay nursing staff; the surveillantes rebelled, disorder ensued, their part was taken, and the Dutch lady was requested to leave. But the same blood which ran in the veins of the Boers and which made them fight till the end ran in hers, and for two months she stayed on at the hospital refusing to leave, though she was forbidden to enter the wards.

Finally, the same force which had been employed on previous occasions to turn out the Sisters and priests was resorted to. A *huissier*, accompanied by two *commissaires*, went up to her rooms and ordered her to leave, and in the same way Miss Elston and her luggage went to St André.

I shall never forget my impressions a few days later on visiting Miss Elston in her new surroundings. I was led up cold stone stairs and long dreary passages up to the "home" of the lay nursing staff. The ceiling of the corridor was so low and the windows of the bedrooms were so high and so small that I was reminded of cabins and portholes. Otherwise, the rooms were all comfortably furnished—those of the surveillantes being bed-sittingrooms. Further off, in another passage on the same floor was the nurses' lecture hall and the directrice's sitting room.

I was so anxious to see the wards which constituted the "école de gardes-malades," that I begged Miss Elston to take me down without delay. The wards were on the first floor, and I noticed as we went down the resentful unfriendly looks that were darted on us from Sisters, patients, and servants, and one old, shrivelled-up Sister, on seeing us, doubled herself in two in giving us a deep mock courtesy with a look which meant a curse, and made me shudder and have a cold feeling down my back.

I thought the wards looked very fine, the doors, windows, and ceiling were lofty, the floors good, and the beds, lockers, and charts were perfectly neat and well kept. But it was so strange seeing two different orders of nuns going about the wards mixed up with lay nurses. (French nurses object to wearing caps, and neither Dr. Hamilton's nor Mme. Alphen Salvador's wear them.)

I went up and spoke to one of the Sisters of St. Navers, a dark, little, round woman with a set face and body. At first she looked as though she did not know whether she wanted to be rude or nice to me; finally, I believe my black uniform and veil and my R.B.N.A. cross pacified her, and she melted and grew quite nice, and told me she was very fond of nursing and was glad of the opportunity of learning and improving herself. Just then a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul came in; she had a beautiful sweet face, but I could see she was suffering from the present condition of things, and that she had nerved herself to "endure" and be patient, and, I must say, my heart and sympathies went out to the sisters of

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