

her life would have gone on oiled wheels had her mother not died and her wicked, old, ungrateful father married again, and started a fresh family! At this point Minon's goodness turns into indignation, and it is hard to keep one's countenance. But how very strange it seemed to think that Minon was a nurse from six in the morning till six at night and a wife and housekeeper the rest of the time, and I could but ask myself what she would have done had she had children like so many others.

Minon was a very good type of her class, but of course there are many of those poor girls, who, coming from the country and finding their life so hard and having nowhere but the streets to go to in their times off duty, cannot withstand temptation, and we all know how one step downward leads to many others. It is, therefore, the fault of the administrators, the public, nay, even the clerical party, who have never tried to help these girls, and make them feel the dignity of their profession; besides, there is something in the saying, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," and one soon finds that these infirmières have been painted blacker than they really are.

Apart from visiting the hospitals and interviewing the nursing reform leaders, there still remained to me to visit Madame Alphen Salvador's training-school and surgical home, to study the rules and regulations of the two societies who have done so much in the education of the public as to the nursing movement, and to attend the municipal lectures for nurses, also open to the public by special permission.

About Madame Alphen Salvador and her training-school so much has already been said and written that it seems almost needless to say more. Miss Dock has even given a translation of M. Mesureur's address given at the 5th Assembly, and, as she so wisely remarks, it is not so much what is visible to the eye that seems so much as what has really been done. Apart from Madame Momeja's efforts at Bordeaux, it was really Madame Salvador who started the first modern training-school in France for educated women. Being a lady of wealth and of social position, she was able to do much socially and to bring before the Government the nursing reform question, and to give them an "object lesson," and her name, her nurses, and her school are as well known as Florence Nightingale's in England. Only those who live in France can realise the difficulties that have to be overcome. To the French mind nursing can only be done *con amore*; to do it as a means of livelihood and yet maintain one's dignity and keep up one's social position is the breaking down of social customs, which to them are their very religion.

French people are republican only in name. I do not think that I have ever met with more pride, more social differences, more drawing up of their skirts

and standing aloof than I have seen in France. In fact, I once heard a French gentleman (a connection of the late Duc d'Aumal and of the late Comte de Paris) tell a Frenchman at a ball in a friend's house: "Vous savez! . . . Je ne suis pas fait du même bois que vous," and to my astonishment the other, evidently of no pedigree, said nothing and walked away.

We all know how the French nobility are keeping to themselves socially, and this is what they have done even in their nursing societies.

Take, for instance, their two nursing unions, viz., L'Union des Femmes de France and La Société Française de Secours aux Blessés Marins et Militaires.

The entrance fee to the first is ten francs, to the second, apart from a very high fee, a *social introduction* is *de rigueur*.

One has simply to attend the lectures and visit the two societies in their headquarters and in their hours of work and instruction to see the difference of tone, and though there is a very large number of cultured women, and ladies of high social position who attend the lectures and belong to the Union des Femmes de France, yet one might describe the one as *popular*, the other as *select* and *clerical*. L'Union des Femmes de France have a special book of their own for instruction, dealing with anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and nursing appliances, with instructions for their use. Their headquarters are in the Chaussée d'Antin not far from the Opera, but lectures are given every winter at the twenty different town-halls or mairies.

The Société Française de secours aux blessés marins et militaires has developed very rapidly since its foundation in 1900 at Plaisance, otherwise it claims to be the oldest in France and the only one with a legal right to use the red cross. Plaisance is a very poor part of Paris and the birth and history of the opening of a dispensary there is nothing short of providential.

A widow of limited means took a house there and gave up her time to dressing the wounds and nursing the sick poor of the neighbourhood. She was obliged to collect money from her friends and acquaintances in order to pay for the materials and dressings which soon grew so expensive that she became unable to collect sufficient, and feeling utterly worn out with the hard work and strain she made up her mind to give up her little dispensary. The very eve of her departure a "great lady" arrived with her daughter, and, telling her she had heard of her work, asked her whether she would be so kind as to give her and her daughter lessons in dressing wounds.

The lady explained matters, saying she was leaving the very next day.

"God, then, has sent me to stop you from leaving," answered her strange visitor. "I will furnish the funds and my daughter and I will help you."

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