

Leagues and Loyalty.

Miss Swanhild Bulen, the Swedish laywoman who edits Messrs. MacMillan's anti-registration paper, presumably aspires to play the unworthy part towards the organisation of our profession through the formation of a National Council of Nurses in Great Britain, as did Sir Henry Burdett in his attacks in the *Hospital* twenty years ago, when he tried to smash up the British Nurses' Association—to judge from her very ill-natured and ill-informed remarks on "Leagues and Politics."

Miss Bulen condescends to permit British nurses to form leagues, so long as they have no politics—otherwise no principles, otherwise no standards, otherwise no intelligence—and presumably trained nurses, not to mention those who have held front rank in our profession for the past quarter of a century, and who have taken a leading part in every advance made by it, may breathe again. Not only may nurses combine fatuously, but most illogically they are advised to take as their model the British Medical Association, "a most powerful body of medical men, united in the interests of their profession, as a profession, wholly irrespective of their views on medical or national politics."

As a laywoman and a foreigner Miss Bulen must be excused if she writes nonsense on matters of which she is, no doubt, supremely ignorant. British nurses are, however, aware of the fact that the British Medical Association is composed of *registered medical practitioners only*, that is of men who have attained a professional standard *defined by the State*, and that the Medico-Political Committee of the B.M.A. sits, and rightly too, like a watch dog—on all matters affecting the profession of medicine dealt with by Parliament. Here we are at one with Miss Bulen, let British nurses emulate British medicos—State standards, Registration, Professional Unity. Nothing could be better.

Later in Miss Bulen's article out peeps the inevitable lay intolerance of the exploiter of a professional class, and she proceeds to make statements concerning the Provisional Committee of the National Council of Nurses, which are not true, and winds up with the everlasting antidote of the anti-professional person to effective co-operation of the workers in proposing that our Council shall be an *olla podrida* of individuals, presumably without standards,

including midwives, and with a narrowness quite inexcusable under the circumstances (folks are always so generous with other folks' goods), omitting that most useful and worthy class of hospital workers, the Ward Maids!

Joking apart, and speaking to certificated nurses. It has taken you twenty years, owing to the intolerance and exploitation of your employers to say nothing of your own ignoble fears and apathy, to gain sufficient experience and courage to form an effective organisation of trained nurses. In the National Council of Nurses, now composed of co-operations of self-governing certificated nurses (and in the near future, let us hope, of registered nurses), you have the nucleus of a powerful professional Association. Consolidate it, build it up, and *keep it*.

The women who conceived the scope of your National Council, who founded it, and have worked diligently and unceasingly for your professional rights, are with you. Trust them, consult them, help them.

Miss Isla Stewart may be called Mother of Leagues—then Miss Mollett, Miss Rogers, Miss Huxley, and many other tried friends, are heart and soul in the movement.

In the Leagues let loyalty to leaders be our watchword—they have been tried in the fire in the stand they have made for your liberty of conscience, and they have not been found wanting.

Christmas Entertainment at St. Bart's Hospital.

The Christmas Entertainment is always a time when the Bart's staff, medical and nursing, past and present, foregather, and tickets of admission are much sought after for this annual function in the Great Hall of the Hospital, all too small to hold those desirous of crowding into it.

The Entertainment which this year took place on the evenings of January 1st and 2nd, was in the hands of the Hospital Musical Society, and its Amateur Dramatic Club.

The Orchestra excelled itself in "Mignon," by Ambrose Thomas, and Waldteufel's *L'Estudiantina* was most admirably conducted by Mr. Edmund Maney, who threw his whole heart and soul into the music.

The comedy, "His Excellency the Governor," which has been produced at the Criterion, was most amusing and excellently played, and indeed each evening was a pronounced success.

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