

their virtues (which have invariably come to 'em by accident), and yet is generally the fust to do the shreekin' when they theirselves gets into trouble, and they thinks the world is going to per-dishun because nobody never comes forward to give 'em a hand—simply, I suppose, because nobody cares much about 'em. "I've allus paid twenty shillin's in the pound!" is a kind ov a commershal war cry ov those as wants to impress you with what they consider is their bow ideel of morality. Have yer? say I; well, I'm very pleased to hear ov it. But would you mind tellin' us, my rectitudinal friend, for our own speshal private informashun and benefit like, how you managed to get the twenty shillin's you talk so much about? Was it, Mister Abrahams (for that's your real name, you know, only you never likes owning it), by lendin' money at, say, somewhere about (although you're not over partikler on the score) sixty-five per cent., and sellin' up, stick and stone, the home and business of the poor unfortunate borrower who was weak enough to go to you, and could not just manage to pay you to the exact minit when the bill came due? Or was it, Mr. Parchment, got by that long bill of costs you sent in to Farmer Noodle for putting his affairs in a bigger muddle than they was before you took 'em in hand? Or did you, Mr. Sugar-Sander, for you're in the grocery line, get it by short weights? And to you, Doctor Urbane, were all those visits really given by you which you entered in the account you rendered, and for which you received a tolerably handsome cheque? Or did you, Mr. Church-Deacon, in your everyday capacity as a cloth merchant, make it out of shoddy? Or you, all you people in appointments or situations, do you really consider that you gives your employers your wages' worth? because if you cannot answer these questions satisfactorily, to tell you the truth, I don't myself think sich a great deal about your honesty, if it only consists in the *spirit* of paying twenty shillin's in the pound, as, somehow, my sympathies and preferences goes out to those poor men and wimmin who, perhaps, have been unfortunate, or, may be, let in by some o' them tissue paper sort of acquaintances, called friends, has failed, and lost the whole of their cash, but failed honestly—failed in fighting fairly and squarely against odds they never reckoned for, and which they has never been able to overcome, and though blurred and broken in financial repute, has at least kept their consciences clear and their hands clean. I like a man ov this last sort—although his first and final dividend is ninepence three-farthin's in the pound—far away ahead a hundred times over better than you, Mr. Self-Suffiscent Smug-Face, who can never do no wrong so long as you always do that which is *legally* right, without ever troublin' to think ov the moral involved. Honesty, indeed! why, it's a natural gift, is honesty—*true* honesty, I mean, not the pinchbeck material—it ain't a kind ov

a qualificashun, picked up haphazard by commershal experts, and traded upon by such as you in order to give a finish, as it were, to your business transacshuns and obligashuns. It consists ov appearing just what you are—for, depend upon it, you always looks it—and doin' yourself before you thinks of beginnin' to do your neighbour.

CORRESPONDENCE.

*** We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our Correspondents. Brevity and conciseness will have first consideration. See notices.*

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

SIR,—Will you kindly let me know to whom I must apply for the rules of the British Nurses' Association, as I am anxious to join it?—Yours faithfully,

SISTER MARGARET.

13, St. Leonard's Road, Exeter.

May 18th, 1888.

[The Hon. Secretaries, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, London, W.—*Ed. N.R.*]

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

SIR,—I see from your paper that a series of meetings are being held for the purpose of free discussion concerning the subject of legal registration of nurses. I should much like to attend one. Can you tell me to whom I should apply?—THOROUGH.

[Write to the Hon. Secretary, British Nurses' Association, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W., from whom, I feel sure, you will receive all information concerning the matter. The next meeting will be held in the Board Room of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, on Friday, the 25th instant, at 8 p.m.—*E.J. N.R.*]

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

SIR,—I shall be most grateful if one of your readers will tell me the best way of keeping potted flowers, plants, ferns, &c., in a hospital ward. I find that mine fade so very quickly. A great quantity of carbolic and iodoform is used in my ward, and I fear this may be injurious to them.—SISTER MARY.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

SIR,—I was much pleased, in reading Miss Lock's essay, to find that she recommends that a certain amount of experience of the world and culture should be acquired by women before entering upon the arduous duties of a probationer. Perhaps she will be kind enough to suggest through your columns what works on elementary anatomy and physiology, botany, and general nursing should be studied by a young woman anxious to prepare herself for the career of nursing. I believe the information would be valued by others as well as myself.—IGNORAMUS.

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