

encouraged. The food in Hospitals is immensely improved. We have the great honour of calling a Royal Princess President of our British Nurses' Association. Only the other day a large number of Nurses were received with the greatest possible kindness at Marlborough House. We have meetings solely for the free discussion of matters connected with Nursing. We have journals devoted to the same end. We are entertained at soirées—in short, surely we have all the public attention that the heart of a Nurse can wish for.

And in contrasting that old time with the present, there will rise before some of our minds a recollection of the strict, yet ever kindly rule, the high ideals of those pioneers in the Nursing world, who changed the old Sairey Gamp, by slow and painful efforts, into the modern Nurse, and paved, by their own heroic efforts, the way which the feet of the more fortunate Nurse treads to-day.

Surely the duty devolves, with great urgency upon the Nursing profession as a whole, to see that these ideals are not lost sight of. It sometimes makes an old Nurse marvel when she meets her younger sisters with, often, marvellous fringes, several rings, and ostentatious watch chains and brooches, and she wonders whether the change is *all* for good. Let us strive earnestly lest the higher pinnacle upon which we stand becomes merely a cause of falling. I think the prominence given to Nurses in the lighter literature has, possibly, been a little to blame for the more ostentatious dress of the modern Nurse. One is not very wise when one is a new probationer, and perhaps it is a little tempting to think that one may be creating a good impression on some novel-writer's mind.

But let us older Nurses strenuously keep to what we know to be the high ideal of our calling, let us not be conceited, let us not think that we are invaluable, and that our work is *the* work, or that the world is looking at our progress with breathless interest. Nothing of the kind. At our best we are but humble helpers in the world's machinery. The life of the modern Nurse is lived in a sort of glass house of comfort compared with that of those first noble women who braved the dangers of the fever-stricken Hospitals in the Crimea, or went as Agnes Jones did, the one trained, educated woman amongst her crowds of paupers and ignorant helpers; there have been many such, and let the thought humble us, and make us strive to be worthy of our great Nursing mothers.

C. M. W.

"SISTERS OR NURSES."

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—I am glad "Charge Nurse" has called attention to the difficulty which often arises from the fact that the head Nurse in the wards of some of our Hospitals have no distinctive title. I have held the position of Charge Nurse in a Country Hospital, and confusion often arose from the patients not knowing what to call me. Upon drawing the attention of the medical staff to the difficulty, I was told that they had been informed that if the title of Sister was granted to the Charge Nurses, they would no longer come on duty at seven and make the patients' beds, and that an extra Probationer would have to be provided. Now this appears to me a foolish argument, because the routine duties for the nursing of the patients by the Nurses is usually arranged by the Matron, and no woman worthy of the name of Nurse would expect lighter duties because she was called Sister instead of Nurse. I objected to the latter title, because we Head Nurses were called by our surnames, and I have heard the medical staff address one as "Smith," "Jones," "Robinson," as the case might be, which appeared to be very destructive of discipline and professional etiquette. Now the term Sister is kindly, professional and comprehensive, and should, I think, be universally adopted for those in charge of wards and of junior Nurses.

"SISTER ETIQUETTE."

FLOWERS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—I have been able during this summer to send a good many flowers from my well-stocked garden to several of the London Hospitals, and I was warned by a timely note in an early summer number of the RECORD of the disappointment felt by the Nurses and staff of the Hospitals owing to the unsatisfactory way in which hampers of flowers so often are packed. So I have taken the precaution when sending choice flowers to insert their stalks in holes bored through raw potatoes. It is a good deal of trouble, but my argument always is that it is better to send a *few* flowers so packed that they arrive fresh and in condition, rather than to send a quantity which form on their arrival a heterogeneous mass of petals and stems, and which are consequently valueless as decorations. Lately I have been sending up boxes of heather, which proves not only an attractive form of decoration for ward-tables, but has the added advantage of lasting well and needing little rearrangement.

In choosing the flowers for Hospital use, it appears to me that a very important consideration is the time of the Nurses. Therefore, good lasting flowers—and buds even of these—should always be chosen. I know a good many people, who are proud of their gardens, have a habit of always cutting the full-blown flowers for distribution among their friends and in Hospitals, &c. They say, "Any way these will drop in a day or two, so they may just as well be cut." This kind of philanthropy is of the cheapest variety, and I would advise such people before dispatching such useless presents to our Hospitals, to spend an hour or two in one of the wards, and note how busily each moment of the Nurse's time is engaged; they will then realise that lasting flowers in bud will be much appreciated.

I always think our Nurses are much to be commended for the pride in their wards, which leads them to devote so many of their few leisure moments to the beautifying and decoration of the wards; and the least the public can do is to show their appreciation of what the Nurses do over and above their legitimate duties to make our sick poor happy under difficulties.

So let us despoil our gardens of their *best*—not, as is too often done, of the shabbiest and commonest—of our flowers and fruit, reflecting that even if we gather all our loveliest blossoms, we still have the trees, the leaves, the grass and the fresh air, and in these we have luxuries enough compared with the little the patients in our Hospitals have in their lives.

Yours truly,

"A COUNTRY WOMAN."

"A NURSES' HOME."

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—I have only had one reply to my letter, which you so kindly printed on September 7th. As we cannot build a house that would cost at least £15,000 for one lodger, I venture to ask for space for a few details, as perhaps Nurses have not thought the scheme worth thinking about.

My idea is that the whole building should be warmed with hot water, so that the beds should never be damp. That Nurses' boxes should go up to their rooms in a lift, so that they may have their possessions in their own castle. That there should be two baths on each floor. A bell to each room in case of illness. Breakfast to be served in bed the first morning after coming home. On going out, the key to be left in the Secretary's office, so that no inquisitive person may turn over the drawers. To have letters regularly posted.

Besides the general drawing-room, there would be a writing-room, and a parlour to see visitors in. Besides the general dining-room, a restaurant for hurried meals to catch trains.

Yours faithfully,

SUSAN E. ANTROBUS.

14, Queen Square, W.C.

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