

And all the book makes one think of France, as she is and was.

It is but a hundred years ago since the Parisians killed off everyone who preserved the slightest sense of humanity, or good manners, or religion. What wonder that the France of to-day lacks leaders?

"For freedom we were flying from the land of liberty," says the Count, "For life, from the advocates of the rights of man."

We turn to what Zola has to tell us of the Paris of to-day. No indictment by a foreigner could be as terrible as this accusation hurled by the novelist at the head of his own nation. A ministry turned out because of the displeasure of a harlot, the country's secrets sold to her enemies by an officer, whoever he may be, in her own army. Such are the fruits of the Revolution, after a century of what one might have hoped should be improvement. G. M. R.

WHAT TO READ.

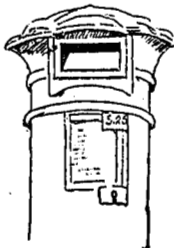
- "The Great Campaigns of Nelson." By O'Connor Morris.
- "Prisons and Prisoners." By Rev. J. W. Horsley.
- "Bismarck at Home." By Jules Hocke.
- "Phases of an Inferior Planet." By Ellen Glasgow.
- "The Fatal Gift." By Frankfort Moore.
- "The Battle of the Strong." By Gilbert Parker.
- "Judith Boldero." By W. J. Dawson.
- "Historic Nuns." By Bessie R. Belloc.
- "Dr. Dumany's Wife." By Maurus Jokai.

Coming Events.

October 31st.—Special Meeting of the Council of the Charity Organisation Society in the Theatre of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall. Mrs. Minet will read a paper upon "Nursing Associations and Charitable Relief." Nurses and Members of Nursing Associations in the Metropolis are invited to take part in the Meeting. Sir Joshua Fitch, LL.D., in the Chair, 3 p.m.

Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES. &c.



*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.*

A QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE.

ONE Matron of our acquaintance, who appears to us to have a most happy knack of living on terms of dignified good-fellowship with the resident medical staff in the various hospitals in which she has acted as Matron, has sent us the following characteristic letter on the above question. We think it valuable as the views of a well-trained, travelled, and intellectual woman, the type of woman best suited to fill the

position of Matron to a country hospital, where a wide knowledge of men and matters is very essential, if internal discipline is to be maintained harmoniously.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR EDITOR,—“A Question of Discipline” is merely another instance of the appointment of an unsuitable woman as Matron! You may have all excellent qualities, but if you cannot manage one young House Surgeon you must be lacking in strength of character. The boy, probably, does not take enough outdoor exercise and that gives him what the Germans call “Grillen im.Kopfe,” and the Matron, probably, does not bicycle and gets nervous; but fancy being “afraid” of one’s House Surgeon!

As to going round the wards I have a very simple plan. I don’t, as a rule, go into a ward when the House Surgeon is busy there, because I prefer going round with the Sister, and can hardly call her away from the dressings, etc., because of the patients, and because it would not be courteous; besides, “first come, first served.” If, however, I want to go into a ward, where he is busy, I go round with a nurse, but if I want the Sister for any particular reason, I always say, “Mr. So-and-So, can you spare Sister for a few minutes as I want her particularly,” and he says, “Oh, certainly Matron.” If I am going round and he comes into the ward, the Staff Nurse or Senior Pro. goes to him until I have finished with Sister, unless he asks me to spare Sister, which, if it is an emergency, I always do; or sometimes Sister will say, “Would you allow me to go to the House Surgeon as I have something particular I want to show him myself?” Otherwise, I finish my round, perhaps chat for a moment or two with the House Surgeon about something in the ward, and, as a rule, we try not to clash, because we both want the Sister. I do my best never to place him in an awkward position, and I have found them all, without exception, never attempt to place me in one. When I wish to attend operations, I do so; when I want to know anything about a patient, I ask, and always receive full information. I don’t think the question of “right” enters in, but I suppose if I happened to be the unhappy possessor of a boor for an House Surgeon, I should ask my visiting staff. I don’t efface myself, and I don’t expect him to efface himself. There is plenty of room for us both.

I do not think any House Surgeon would be really rude to me, with any comfort to his soul—twice—but they never are; of course we differ sometimes—human nature is human nature—but we fight fair.

I think Matrons might remember, sometimes, that a young man’s dignity is a very precious thing—it is all so new and delightful—this being in authority—and in the depth of his soul a young House Surgeon is often terribly nervous and afraid of doing the wrong thing, and showing that he is new to it; so men overdo it, and make themselves a little ridiculous; but it wears off. Of course, if a man deliberately made himself offensive to me, I should be far from pleasant, and I can be very nasty; but I have found my House Surgeons, as a rule, very nice men—friendly, pleasant, and workable with. The thing that pleases me most in my House Surgeon, is keenness for their work. If I get a man who knows his surgery—doesn’t fumble over a small operation—doesn’t keep a casualty waiting half an hour whilst he finishes a set at tennis—a man who turns out at night

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