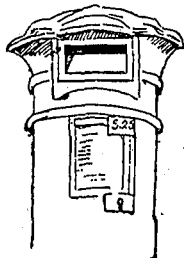


Letters to the Editor.

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.*

THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

Miss Ethel Roberts has much pleasure in saying she has just received the cheque for one guinea, the prize awarded her for guessing the puzzles, and thanks the little boy so much for picking out her letter first.

Avonholm,  
Wallington, Surrey.  
January 7th, 1901.

[The pictorial puzzles for this month, with regulations for competition, will be found on page viii. amongst advertisements; we fear No. 3 will shock our transatlantic readers, as "wife smashing" is not *comme il faut* in the States.—ED.]

A WORD OF THANKS.

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

DEAR MADAM,—The past few weeks have been very busy ones or I should have written before to thank you for the lectures on Plague Nursing you have been kind enough to publish. All nurses who have read them must feel indebted to Miss Jones for the time and trouble which she must have spent in writing them. I trust your labours for State Registration will soon be rewarded. With every good wishes for the New Century.

I am yours sincerely,  
HOPE DIBBIN.

Cottage Hospital,  
Lynton, N. Devon.  
January 1st, 1901.

MISS ROGERS' LEGAL EXPENSES FUND.

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

MADAM,—I am very glad you have opened a subscription list to aid Miss Rogers in her legal expenses, and I herewith enclose my promised mite.

I trust the appeal will be promptly and generously responded to, so that Miss Rogers may have her mind relieved of the need of providing the sinews of war, as it must be quite a sufficient worry to have to deal with "Bumbledom," and its crass ignorance.

It would have been easy for Miss Rogers to have quietly resigned (taken a "good testimonial," for such Boards of Guardian as this are always so ready to act thus) and got another appointment, but this would not have assisted her co-superintendents elsewhere, nor yet elevated the sick nursing in workhouse infirmaries, as will her brave stand for right.

It is undoubtedly a fight in which Miss Rogers should receive all the help necessary from the profession.

I am, &c., A GUARDIAN.

WEEDING OUT.

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

DEAR EDITOR,—The present condition of nurse training is so unsatisfactory because it is in a state of transition, and Matrons, Nurses, and Patients suffer in consequence. I quite think some weeding out among probationers is necessary. It would not only decrease the supply of inefficient nurses, but also do something to improve the Matrons, many of whom are promoted by favour and are quite unfit to hold positions, requiring so much knowledge of the world, and innate sympathy with suffering and progress. We nurses want example, as well as precept, and it is very discreditable that in our training days we have nothing but dull routine drudgery—year in and year out—no ideals placed before us—no professional ambition—no responsibility instilled into us. I am thirty—I am tired of being treated as if I were a child of five—is it surprising that there are so many failures in private nursing, when we are discouraged to think for ourselves, our money invested for us, in fact we are just dealt with like a flock of sheep? Someday I know instead of the inevitable. "Yes, Matron," I shall bleat "Baa." I agree thoroughly with all you said last week about those nurses who aspire to become Superintendents, being taught to *teach*. Good Matrons make good nurses or *vice versa*.

S. G. L.

THE LETTERS OF A LOVE-SICK LADY.

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

DEAR MADAM,—Interested, as I am, in all the professional topics discussed in the RECORD, I own a hope that some of your readers may crave a little space to respond to the invitation of your most able reviewer, and give their opinions on that extraordinary book "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Surely the first thought which strikes one on laying down this book, is the poignant regret that so brilliant, so fine an artist and writer, has been lost to Literature! I simply hated that boy lover—prig, dolt—if his stupidity had anything to do with the writer's death—I don't feel that he had any reason for his despicable conduct but a *personal* one. Had the separation been the necessary result of the "sins of the father" as suggested by many reviewers—so "proper" a young man would no doubt have given the devil his due. No, either he did not love the woman, or *dare not marry her*. Such cases are not singular, as we nurses know.

Any way, poor "peg" he has served his turn to show to the world the glimpse of a woman's warm heart—a pagan heart, if you will—but, then, love between the sexes is the primordial passion, and must remain primitive, or cease to exist. Such passion is pagan and pure, or premeditative and impure, and of the latter is the so-called love of Mons. and Mde. John Bull. *Affaires de cœur* are better understood by the Latin races. I think the dear, lovesick lady had a foreign strain in her breeding.

Yours,  
"A PAGAN."

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