

leading to this end may well be looked upon as working in its favour, and assuredly some outward and visible sign of brotherhood will, in many cases, tend to develop and foster it.

No surer way could have been devised of producing such a spirit as regards the Members of the British Nurses' Association than the opposition and extreme hostility which have been shown to it; and there is little doubt that a very different end will have been attained by such opposition to that desired by its promoters. In conclusion, it may at least be urged that if solid grounds for our desire in the matter of a badge are wanting, still that the reasons adduced in favour of it are to the full as strong as those given against it.

Let it be granted, however, for the moment, that we who wish to possess it have failed to prove our case? What necessarily follows? and what is the inevitable conclusion that we are forced to arrive at? Surely this—that many, if not all the arguments used against us rebound with double force upon those among our number who consider a commemorative medal desirable; and that almost every argument which can be urged in favour of a medal may equally well be used to maintain our cause, and be wielded as weapons to carry on the Battle of the Badge itself.

No doubt to many—more especially, perhaps, to outsiders—the whole discussion seems futile, and resembles strongly the proverbial “storm in a tea-cup.” But Nurses—at any rate those at all worthy of the name—do not pretend to be strong-minded, and though, as “Justitia” says, it is not all “fal-lals and ribbons,” yet we should do well, perhaps, to plead guilty in a measure to “the soft impeachment,” and to end as we began, by saying, honestly, that many of us are, we quite allow, swayed in our opinion in this matter by motives, instincts, and feelings which will not bear the cold light of reason. If we are asked once more, then, after arriving at the limit of our powers of argument on the subject, why we so strongly wish for a badge for Members of the British Nurses' Association, and why we think it so advisable that they should be allowed to wear one, what can we answer? Being on the horns of a dilemma, we may surely plead our sex in justification, if, confessing our inability to discuss the matter further, we add that—

“We have no other but a woman's reason:
We think it so, because we think it so.”

[We should be glad to open our columns to correspondence on this subject, which undoubtedly is interesting to many of our readers, and when their opinions have been freely and fully expressed, we will once more give our views on the matter.—
ED.]

“PROWLER'S” NOTES.

THE HOTELS DIEU, ROUEN AND PARIS.

IN visiting fresh places I always try and make time to see over the Hospitals. At Rouen last week we paid a visit to the Hotel Dieu there. We were directed to enter by the large gates; this we did, and found we had made a mistake and got into the back part of the Hospital, where we met a funeral procession leaving the place, headed by three priests and some choir boys. In time we got round to the lodge at the front entrance. We asked the lodge-keeper if we might see over the Hospital, and she not only gave us permission, but took us over herself. She was only the ordinary type of lodge-keeper, still she seemed to do just as she liked in and about the Hospital, which struck me as being strange. There is no Lady Superintendent; the Hospital is nursed by the Sisters (St. Augustine, I think); there is one Sister and a Novice for each Ward, as a rule.

The Ward floors are tiled, with the exception of the Women's Surgical, which is of polished wood. The Wards were very clean, but not nearly so homelike as ours; neither did the patients look so happy as ours generally do. The beds were iron double testers, and hung round with white curtains, which gave the Wards a very strange appearance.

The patients have two meals per day: breakfast at 10.30 a.m., and dinner at four p.m. Of course they have a cup of coffee at five a.m., with a roll; but anything over and above this, such as milk, wine, *tisane*, &c., would be ordered by the Doctor, so the woman said. We were there about four o'clock and saw the dinners sent up from the kitchen. We might take a lesson from the French Hospitals in the preparation of food for the sick. There they have a *chef* and a man under him. Both know how to cook, to say the least of it; and all the saucepans are beautiful shining copper. The food we saw was most delicious—anything but “stodgy”; and there is a Sister to superintend its being sent up. The woman told us each patient had quite a course, just as one would get in a restaurant; but I do not know whether or not to believe this.

The Store-room next the kitchen charmed me. It was fitted round with polished oak bins, in which they kept the rice, barley, flour, &c.; it looked so tidy and business-like.

Next we saw the Dispensary, which was large as well as clean and tidy. There was a Sister in charge of it; I suppose that accounts for its condition. Attached to the Dispensary is a large Distillery, in which they do their own distilling.

There is a wing of the Hospital set apart for the

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