

closed the Russian-Japanese war, with which his name will always be connected, was the greatest ethical peace the world has ever seen. It is the ethical side of that Peace quite as much as her success in arms that has raised Japan at once to the front rank of nations, and has levelled once and for all the imagined superiority of the white man over the yellow. To get down to smaller things, no Matron is ever great, nor can she make her nurses great, unless she keeps the moral point well to the front. She must not only see it for herself, she must insist on it to her nurses in class, in reproof and in praise; "it must be because it is right" is the greatest fact between man and man.

PROFESSIONAL FEELING.

Now I come to the last point, and that is professional feeling. I think in this matter women are somewhat inferior to men; they will refrain from doing things because they are wrong or inconvenient, or because they must obey, but they very rarely indeed refrain because the thing is unprofessional. A thing may be right, convenient, and sometimes and in some cases advantageous, and yet the fact that it is unprofessional will deter many men. We all know that it is not the enemies of Registration who have prevented the registration of nurses, it is practically the nurses themselves. Take the whole nursing profession, numbering ostensibly 80,000, you will find at the head of those women a small body of women (but let us be thankful it is an increasing body) who have for years fought tooth and nail for Registration; again and again they have been beaten back, always to come up to time for the next assault.

Opposing them is another body (decreasing now, I hope) who have opposed Registration tooth and nail; between those two extremes lie an inert mass, who are the real enemies of Registration, and who simply do not care. Talk to them about Registration, and they will in very many cases agree with you, but not a finger will they raise to help to procure it. Our enemies I respect; they believe they are right, and I lift my hat to them. For those nurses who are the members of that inert mass my feelings are stronger.

Now let us not shirk the truth. Who are responsible for those nurses? I fear to some considerable degree the Matrons. An impression of professional feeling is difficult at all times to stamp on women; but let us ask ourselves, did we do our best when they were plastic in our hands?

I am not going to touch on the actual practical work of a Matron, everyone has her own way of performing her duties, and to each her own way is the best and only way; but I might just mention a thought here that comes to me very often when I hear of the new Matron reforming the old hospital, for no new Matron ever goes into a hospital that she does not reform it, and your successors, my friends, will also reform the hospital you are so

proud of now, and so will mine, and not one in twenty will realise that the reformation in many cases is a change of method only. I have rather a nasty feeling towards the lady who will sooner or later reform the nursing system at Bart's.

The position of Matron is full of responsibility, but all work that is worth doing is so. One of the responsibilities that is with the Matron day and night is the people who are under her authority and who consciously or unconsciously look to her for example and guidance. It is not the proved Sister at the head of the ward who gives one cause for anxiety, it is that weakest link in the chain, the new probationer, or the careless unob-servant nurse, who does not recognise her responsibility, and who expects to be shielded from the results of her misdeeds. When an official has proved herself worthy, give her as much responsibility as possible, but do not gall her with interference as to details; let her manage them as she thinks well, only let her feel that you expect the best work, loyalty, truth and honesty, and you will get it. What you expect from your staff you will get, expect little and you will get little, much and you will get much. Do not be grudging, either of praise or blame, but always rather of the latter than the former, and let it be felt that though your confidence is perfect, you do not want mistakes or blunders, however plausible the explanation.

Anthony Hope tells the story of a coachman whose harness was never clean. He always had an admirable excuse to offer for not having cleaned it, but nevertheless his mistress got rid of him. All he said, she explained, might be true, only she preferred a coachman who did not make excuses, but who cleaned the harness.

There is, however, only one kind of person who never makes a mistake, and similarly only one who never makes an enemy; the first is the person who does nothing, the second adds to that a weak character, which is so adaptable as only to create indifference. Distrust the person whom everybody likes and who never errs, and yet I do not counsel too easy forgiveness of mistakes. It is well that each person should feel the full inconvenience and taste the full bitterness of the humiliation incurred by failure. It is only in this way that lessons are duly learned; but though you may not shield her, your opinion of her merits may be in no way changed. To your whole staff be not niggardly of praise. There are very many people who give their best work in the sunshine; few plants grow best in continual shade.

I know no more responsible position, unless it be the head master or mistress of a large school, than that of the Matron of a hospital. Both train the young for the duties of life, but the school master and mistress train their children for the duties of life at large, while we prepare women for only one profession. No work is worth doing which carries with

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