

tion to the laywoman who dons a nursing uniform and calls herself a "nurse," and in relation to each other, will, at the same time, not place in the hands of the nursing profession a power to work independently of, and even in opposition to the general practitioner, only calling to him when there is danger of a death certificate being required, or a major operation being needed."

The answer to these objections is to be found in the last clause of the Nurses' Registration Bill, drafted by the Society for the State Registration of Nurses, and introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. R. C. Munro Ferguson, M.P., which runs:—

"Nothing contained in this Act shall be considered as conferring any authority to practice medicine or to undertake the treatment or cure of disease."

The Act thus plainly defines the limit of a nurse's work, and creates a governing body for the profession of nursing which for the first time in its history would have power to call to account any registered nurse who exceeded those limits.

The suggestion that medical practitioners should have the right to report nurses to the hospitals where they were trained for unprofessional conduct, and that a hospital should be able to suspend or cancel a nurse's certificate is one which medical men would not for a moment tolerate in their own case, and it is not to be expected that nurses will do so. A medical practitioner once his connection with his training school is at an end is accountable for his professional conduct to the General Medical Council only, and the nurse in the same way must be accountable only to a General Nursing Council. The injustice of placing in the hands of the Committee of a voluntary institution, which neither employs nor pays her, the right to deprive a nurse of the power to gain her own living is too self-evident to need arguing.

Neither must the tribunal to which she is answerable meet behind closed doors, but be one constituted by State authority, and to its sessions the Press must have the right of entry. This principle is already recognised in the case of midwives.

We may point out further that in the event of a hospital calling to account one of its certified nurses, it would have no power to compel either the nurse concerned, or witnesses, to appear before it, and no power to compel a nurse to part with a certificate in her possession. If, therefore, the authorities decided to cancel a certificate, it seems most improbable that they would be able to recover it,

Foregrounds and Backgrounds in the Care of the Sick.

WISE WORDS BY DR. RICHARD CABOT OF BOSTON.

In my medical work at the Massachusetts General Hospital I see about thirty patients a day, or 3,000 in my four months' service. As I sit in my chair behind the desk, Abraham Cohen, of Salem Street, approaches, and sits down to tell me the tale of his sufferings; the chances are ten to one that I shall look out of my eyes and see, not Abraham Cohen, but a Jew; not the sharp, clear, outlines of this unique sufferer, but the vague, misty composite photograph of all the thousands of Jews who in the past ten years have shuffled up to me with bent back and deprecating eyes, and taken their seats upon this same stool to tell their story. I see a Jew, a nervous, complaining, whimpering Jew, with his beard upon his chest and the inevitable, dirty black frock-coat flapping about his knees. I do not see this man at all. I merge him in the hazy background of the average Jew.

I look behind, beyond, through this actual flesh-and-blood man, to my habitual image of what I expect to see. Perhaps, if I am a little less blind than usual to-day, I may hear what he says instead of what I expect to hear him say. I may notice something in the way his hand lies on his knee, something that is queer, unexpected. That hand, why, it's a muscular hand, it's a prehensile hand; and whoever saw a Salem Street Jew with a muscular hand before? That shocks me awake at last. This is not merely "a Jew"; this is a new kind of Jew. Why, his eyes are farther apart than I ever saw before in a Hebrew, and they don't avoid mine but look straight at me with a long, deep look that somehow reminds me of the child Raphael's Sistine Madonna. They are blue eyes, thundercloud blue and very steady. All this time he had been talking, to me, not about himself, but about his fiancée whom I have examined and found consumptive yesterday. "Is she curable?" he asks, and "would Colorado give her the best chance? How soon must she go—before cold weather? Well, I think I can arrange it before that. I have a little business just established in Providence, but I think within a month I can sell it out, and take her to Denver or wherever is best."

"And what will you do there?" I asked him. "Have you any friends to help you start in business?" "Oh, I guess I'm strong enough to support two," he said. "I can work in the mines if there is nothing else," He saw nothing

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