

chart which M. André Mesureur had so methodically made.

At 10 a.m. Madame Jacques and I started out together on her daily tour of inspection. We went to the Hôtel Dieu, which is within walking distance from the Salpêtrière, and where a large number of the pupils attend. The first thing that struck me was the appearance of the beds and patients, both of which were as spick and span as any in an English ward, and though the nurses themselves still wear the brown holland blouse of the Assistance Publique still, their tidy collars and caps, and their whole manner in the wards, is so distinctive that one can but be struck by the difference between the new and the old school, notwithstanding the uniformity of dress. A change of uniform would certainly be desirable, for no one can look smart and tidy in a brown holland blouse, but the unpleasant consequences of such a difference being made between the nurses would have outweighed the more agreeable effect, for, as it is, the pupils of the *Ecole* are having a trying time even now, and the beginning was a terrible fight, as many of the *Surveillantes* had absolutely refused to have them in their wards. It took M. Mesureur's authority and Mme. Jacques' tact, and all the determination and fortitude of the pupils to overcome the first difficulties. The working classes in France are not *commode*, to use a French expression, as both past and present history indicate, and they have to be studied. And thus, as with my cosmopolitan experience of life, and my Anglo-Eastern ideas of social differences, I have constantly got to pull myself together when I am in France to understand this charming nation, with its revolutionary ideas (especially as all my early French friendships were of the Royalistic Clerical type), always asking myself whether the new school with its sweeping progressive theories is so progressive that I cannot understand it or whether it consists of ideas, simply ideas. The Emperor has been replaced by a President, who frequently springs from the ranks, the Church is disestablished, religious orders have been turned out of schools and hospitals, laws are equal for the rich as for the poor, for the Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, and yet strikes, against Government and employers go on daily. And, to come back to our own special subject, of nurses, and celibacy. This idea, which only exists and started in France, the married nurse, with home, husband, and children, and which the *Conseil* of the Assistance Publique means to encourage and uphold, that is, after the five years' engagement and training . . . Let me lead you on with my experience, and let us look at the subject from a broad view.

As we walked back, Madame Jacques and I from the Hôtel Dieu, having wholly agreed that while the broad principles of lay and scientific mode of hospital administration in England were unquestionably the future plan to be followed by the whole world, yet in detail each nation with its form of government, its social customs, and national characteristics, had to work out its salvation in its own way. We reached the *Ecole*, and as we parted each to her flat, Madame Jacques asked me

to join her husband and herself at dinner in the evening. I positively could not repress a smile. The Matron asking me to dine with her husband! The Pope might just as soon have asked a Cardinal to dine with him and his wife.

After a most delightful lecture, given by M. Darlu, a lecturer at the University of Paris, on *Le Moral*, and which lasted 1½ hours, and seemed like 10 minutes, Madame Jacques and I separated on the stairs in order to get ready for the dinner to which I was looking forward with much pleasure and curiosity.

As I entered the room, and was introduced with merriment in the "Matron's" eyes, a deep voice greeted me in English, and a strong, firm hand gripped mine, and with a manly, honest face and manner I was received by the Matron's husband. I looked him through and through, and up and down, and I thought to myself, "I like you"—but—how strange.

Fortunately dinner was served, and we all tried to behave like ordinary people. Conversation soon flowed, and we got on to the Suffrage question, or rather *feminisme*, which, to my mind, expresses the new movement with regard to the woman question better than the word *suffrage*, which seems to limit itself to the idea of a vote rather than the whole broad question of the political, social, intellectual, and industrial position of women.

It was a great pleasure to me to find that husband and wife were united on the subject, and held very advanced views, and in fact their very marriage was based on those lines. They had met in London at the Franco-British Exhibition, each being sent as representatives by their Government. Their mission being a national one at once brought them together. I can quite see his admiration for the sweet, strong woman who had stood alone, taken a new and independent line of action, and formed a position of her own in life. On her side I saw how she felt herself to be the complement of a strong, energetic, capable man, with quiet concentrated strength.

Their marriage was *unison*. It was neither romantic nor conventional, but simply a strange and fortunate destiny that brought these two people together.

In announcing her approaching marriage to M. Mesureur, Mlle. Duconseil offered to send in her resignation, but far from its being against his ideas, it met favour in his eyes, and M. Jacques, continuing his own work, came to live at the Salpêtrière in the suite of apartments destined for the *Surveillante Générale* and her family. In other words, the provision had already been made, as for all the *Surveillantes* of the Assistance Publique. Thus all the present pupils at the Training College know that at the end of their five years' service, they are at liberty to marry and go on with their work as nurses—*Surveillantes* or *Surveillantes Générales*.

With my usual candour, I discussed and opposed the idea with great force with each and everyone of them, including the Directors, Economes, and Doctors, who each and every one of them are in favour of married nurses, when sud-

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