

so much safer. Still, let a retired Matron speak.

What was I thinking of when I began to think? Oh, Uniformity—yes, Uniformity—and Individualism and their blending—blending is a good word. I have now, by circuitous routes, it is true, arrived at the thought that was lazily trickling through my mind when I first digressed. Uniformity in the minor details (are there any minor details) of hospital management.

During the Congress last summer I went to a delightful little luncheon party at Miss Stewart's, the Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The *crème de la crème* of the world's Matrons were present. Need I say that we congregated together and began to discuss The Things That Really Matter? I asked right out, of a distinguished American colleague, of the head of a large London Training School, and other stars of the first magnitude, "Have you achieved uniformity in this detail and in that detail; have you attained to your ideal in your hospital?" And one and all said "No; we have trouble with this, we have trouble with that, and the third point you mention is positively heartbreaking." It was consoling but not comforting, for it seemed as if I were doomed to struggle further with those illusions that are even as realities. In common with me I think they all yearned for the shaving tackle of the renowned Shagpat, with which to shear away the Identical, which is the token and symbol of the Illusion of power.

What Matron does not yearn for the ideal Resident, the pattern Sister, the regulation probationer, and the typical wardmaid? But does Fate ever send a Phoenix flock into our net? Never; I can confidently affirm that. And so we worry on, ever fondly hoping for a time when we shall have not only the power but the capacity of materialising our dreams and of regulating the hospital clocks to a point of perfection.

Thus it is and thus it always will be: the little more—we might have done it—the extra effort beyond our strength, the smallest, the weakest point forgotten, and the whole dam gives way. Anyhow, the end comes, you put on your crown—I beg pardon, you tie your cap strings, you ascend your throne—I mean, take office for the last time, your successor is waiting, eager and ready to show that she can attain uniformity in detail without sacrificing individuality of character. Well, good-by, and good luck to her. You are off to wind one kitchen clock, one dining-room clock, and your own watch—and make them agree.

M. MOLLETT.

How I Became Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

A TELEPATHIC TALE.

By ETHEL GORDON FENWICK.

(Continued from page 64.)

London Hospital Sisters in the eighties had little time to sit down and think. They usually thought of half-a-dozen matters in rapid succession flitting around the wards. At least that was my way. For a week or two following my five minutes' interview with the Treasurer of Bart's I was haunted at intervals with the knowledge that sooner or later I must find time to sit down and write a letter of application for this important post, a letter which must be supported by a sheaf of eulogistic testimonials from medical potentates, in which I must not only present myself to the Treasurer and Almoners of St. Bartholomew's Hospital as an eminently suitable candidate for the post, but with delicately veiled self-appreciation and conviction, as *the* only woman in the world on whom the position could possibly be bestowed with justice and wisdom.

This letter caused me many qualms and flushes, and in the end a very modest epistle was despatched merely stating facts, and conveying an impression that I felt capable of removing mountains (which I did) if given the chance.

As Sister of Charlotte Ward it had been my good fortune to work with such well known and kindly physicians as Dr. Andrew Clark, Dr. Samuel Fenwick, Dr. Langdon Down, Dr. Stephen Mackenzie, and Dr. Thomas Barlow, a liberal education for any nurse, and the fact that my application was endorsed by letters from the majority of these eminent men, expressing generous appreciation of my work, would, I felt sure, be an excuse for my temerity.

Once the little budget was speeding through the post I realised an immense sense of relief. *I had kept faith.*

I now appealed to all my friends to help me, and many, I believe, did so without being asked, but I made no personal appeals. Indeed, I did not even know the names of the four Almoners who, with the Treasurer, formed the selecting Committee.

Several weeks flew by, as they have a habit of doing when every minute is of value, and my somewhat censorious colleagues had begun to hint that pride must have a fall, when one fine day as I was busily engaged at the Lobby table, with sleeves up-rolled, cutting up the scrubbing soap, Nurse

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