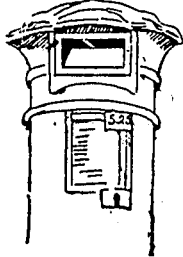


## Letters to the Editor.



*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.*

### A SACRED DUTY.

*To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."*

DEAR MADAM,—May I be permitted, as one of Miss Isla Stewart's pupils—who holds her memory in sincerest reverence—to thank Miss Grace Tindall, of Bombay, for her generous and inspiring letter, which appeared in your Journal last week?

I feel strongly that recent events will, indeed, as Miss Tindall says, "fan our energies . . . to bring to a successful and speedy issue those things needful for our profession for which Miss Stewart worked and gave her life."

It is the sacred duty now of all of us who loved and honoured our great leader to strain ourselves to the utmost to further the Bill for the State Registration of Nurses, which is so vitally necessary to our profession. If a trumpet call were needed to stir nurses into energy surely that call has lately been sounded in an unmistakable fashion?

This letter from Miss Tindall, of sympathetic appreciation of Miss Stewart's work and out-spoken criticism of the treatment Bart's nurses have received—coming as it does from a lady who has no connection with St. Bartholomew's Hospital—is specially gratifying to us who loved Miss Stewart, and who feel so keenly the lack of appreciation shown her work and memory by the medical and surgical staff of the Hospital in permitting this appointment to be made without combining in a vigorous protest to the authorities. The many letters received from all parts of the world show that in the opinion of the nursing world Miss Stewart held a very high position, and that her services to the nursing profession were greatly esteemed. These letters also show clearly the world-wide condemnation of this recent appointment.

I am, etc.,

FLORENCE G. STABB.

192, Harley Street, W.

### "CURED MANIACS."

*To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."*

DEAR MADAM,—In Miss Loane's book, "Neighbours and Friends," what she says about the many homes which are terrorised amongst the poor by "cured" lunatics—poor creatures let loose on their families, after asylum treatment, who are quite unable to attend to them, and save them the worry which keeps them anything like sane, is well known to many district nurses in crowded towns. I have personally come in contact with many such cases, more than one of which has resulted in death, and the courage and devotion with which

the poor accept the terrible risks is quite marvellous. You will hear a man say of his half-demented wife, "Poor critter, she can't abear to be away from us; it worrits her terrible; she did so fret after the children." And a few months later he returns from work to find the children with their throats cut, or mother and child cast away in the river, or if the caretaker is the wife, she will sooner or later probably have her brains battered out. Life is very hard for the poor—how hard only those who come into intimate touch with them can know. In this busy Yorkshire mill town, great resentment has been expressed by middle class comfortable people that Sunday is not spent at home as a complete day of rest, and that men and women, young and old, spend money required to keep them out of the House when old, or to bury them when young, in excursions to the sea-side, where they have what they call "a jolly old bust" by the briny. Well, I am of opinion that these "busts" keep the workers sane, and that they counteract the results of the terrible monotony of the factory and lack of light and oxygen in their mean homes. I have been "on the bust" on more than one occasion with these hilarious "hands," and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Blackpool was our destination, and no need to praise its glorious nerve-reviving air. Fun was rough and ready, but "nuss" was treated like a queen. If there were more "jolly old busts" there would be less lunatics, suicide, and murder.

Yours truly,

A QUEEN'S NURSE.

### THE WOMEN'S HOLIDAY FUND.

*To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."*

DEAR MADAM,—I am so glad to see the claims of the Women's Holiday Fund advocated in your valuable journal. There is no class, I believe, who need a thorough holiday once a year more than London mothers. Just consider what their lives are. At best, with decent hard-working husbands, who bring their wages home, it is a constant struggle to make ends meet, in the one room which usually serves as living and bedroom, kitchen and nursery. Can we wonder that with the children, not too well disciplined usually, all about her, and when she is probably looking forward to the advent of another, a woman gets irritable and impatient as the weary round of the work that is never finished goes on day after day. Is it too much to ask that she shall once a year for a week or two be removed from it all, and in the quiet of country surroundings be thought for, for a brief space, instead of having to think constantly for others? Those who work in the slums learn to appreciate the heroism of these brave toilers.

Faithfully yours,

A DISTRICT NURSE.

### NOTICE.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

Rules for competing for the Pictorial Puzzle Prize will be found on Advertisement page xii.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)