

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE NURSING RECORD
EDITED BY MRS BEDFORD FENWICK

No. 1,254

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1912.

Vol. XLVIII

EDITORIAL.

RIGHTEOUS CAUSES.

How much of the happiness of life we owe to its contrasts! Indeed to describe a life as drab—without light and shade—is to emphasise its dulness and monotony.

The brightness and peace of Eastertide is heightened by the contrast it presents to the tragedy and gloom of Good Friday, as the clear shining after rain stands out in vivid contrast to the storm which preceded it, and the measure of joy on the attainment of a goal is estimated by the keenness of the struggle by which it was secured. Revulsion of feeling is instantaneous.

To take a recent example. The crew in a boat-race straining every nerve to win the race, every muscle taut—the skill, the result of hard training, animating the oars which dip in and out of the water like living things—tension, struggle, perhaps exhaustion, evident in the face of each rower. The passing of a goal, the victory aimed at in many weeks of hard training, won, and immediately there is revulsion of feeling: nerves and muscles relax, tension gives place to joy, as in a moment the desired object is accomplished.

So it is with all righteous causes. Work for the betterment of the race is preceded by struggle—a struggle, it may be, fierce and prolonged before the goal is won; and history shows that those who elect to set aside selfish aims, and to work for the betterment of their generation, may expect to endure hardships before their purpose is fulfilled.

Therefore it is that those who are working for the State Registration of Trained Nurses know that the fight preceding the fulfilment of their hope is inevitable. On the one side a body of expert women workers pleading with the State that justice

shall be done to the sick, so that they shall no longer be the sport of ignorance, cupidity, and worse; that justice shall also be done to the trained and skilful women who have gained their skill by industry, hard work, and study, in the course of a prolonged training, but whom the State at present fails to differentiate from the merest tyros who assume their distinctive dress and impudently pose as possessing their knowledge.

On the other side, drawn up in battle array, are the forces of ignorance, of prejudice, of vested interests, of finance. Once the State Registration Bill is on the Statute Book, the public will not pay full fees for half-trained nurses; the nurse-sweaters, either in a corporate or individual capacity, will no longer be able to make rich profits at the expense of the sick.

So the battle wages, and the victory is to the strong. Now is the day of strain, of tension, of endeavour. Let those who are armed for the fight never forget that a cause founded on righteousness is as certain of ultimate success as that day will follow night, and for that reason our cause will progress till the goal is won.

When that day comes, the measure of the joy of victory will be in proportion to the sternness of the fight which preceded it. For the struggle has been bitter and long drawn out, and without the lever of the Parliamentary franchise nurses have had to fight—unarmed with the only effective weapon—a relentless and ruthless foe armed *cap-à-pie*.

Only an intense conviction of the necessity for legislation, and the righteousness of their cause, could have sustained them in the prolonged struggle—a struggle which, for the national honour, should be terminated forthwith by the passing of the Nurses' Registration Bill.

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