

express their views before the Blue Book is issued and they can see for themselves how badly the Hospital has come out of the inquiry even at the hands of its own officials.

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HOWEVER, this scratch vote will not settle the question by any means, and the sooner the Committee recognise that fact the better for themselves and the Hospital. We receive letters from every part of the country which conclusively show how widespread and deep is the dissatisfaction with the present management of the London Hospital Nursing Department; and now that the most energetic and independent evening paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has taken up the subject, it is pretty certain that the beginning of the end has arrived.

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MISS SANDERSON, M.B.N.A., who obtained the prizes in the first of the series of *Nursing Record* examinations, has, I hear, chosen for her prizes Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" and Wordsworth's "Pastoral Poems."

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AMONG the correspondence going on at present in the *Daily Telegraph* I came across the following, which is quite worthy of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome at his best:—"I am the mother of four daughters, not one of whom will ever see twenty again in this world, and they won't go off, though, goodness knows, it isn't for want of powder, and the dear girls themselves have made every effort. It may be my partiality as a mother, but I really do not believe that anyone has ever worked harder at stone-breaking than they have worked to get a husband. Stone-breaking, indeed!—it's heart-breaking! Sabina Ann, that is my eldest—a nice girl, but much nearer thirty than any unmarried girl has a right to be—has often said to me, 'Ma, let's give it up.' But I always say, 'Never, my dear. I know my duty as a mother too well. Particularly after taking the trouble to alter all the dates in the family Bible, so as to take off a couple of years or so all round. Besides, you must get your reward some day.' We have naturally been very much interested in the letters in the *Daily Telegraph*. A little while back there was one which raised our hopes considerably. A correspondent stated that any girl who made up her mind to marry a certain man could do so. My four girls were all very much excited when I read this out to them. 'Lor, ma,' they said, 'if we'd only known that before! Why, it's as easy as easy! We'll each of us fix our minds on someone, and determine to marry him.'

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"THEY were so hopeful about it, poor dears, and

so was I, at the time. In fact, I even got so far as to picture a double wedding, and wonder which two out of the four would be the ones to go off first. I rather fancied that it would be Sabina Ann and Georgina, especially as Georgina has a very determined way with her when she is roused, and has fewer freckles than any of the others. Sabina Ann, I knew, would not allow herself to be influenced by any foolish considerations as to age or appearance, but would take the first that offered, and say grace over him. Dear, dear, how often we are destined to be disappointed in this world! For a day or two everything seemed to be going beautifully. Then all at once it came out, and I am sorry to say there was a scene. Georgina slapped Matilda's face, and Rosamund Jane called Sabina Ann 'a cat.' They had all fixed their minds on the same man, and not one of them would give up in favour of another. I am in hopes that some of your correspondents will find out another plan, which will not lead to such complications and family squabbles; otherwise, I do not know what will become of my poor girls. I believe there are such things as 'Homes for Decayed Spinsters,' but I do not like the thought of that any more than I do the sound. A decayed tooth is bad enough, but a decayed spinster! At any rate something will have to be done, though what I'm sure I don't know.

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"WE'VE tried everything—Sunday-school teaching, penny readings, tennis clubs, district visiting, &c. I have heard it said that picnics were a good thing for throwing young people together—particularly when there are not enough plates to go round. My third girl went to sixteen picnics last summer, and the only thing she gained by it was an attack of cramp, through sitting on damp grass, and an earwig down her back. As far as I can see, there now seems to be only one resource—to become Nurses, and choose that institution which wears the most becoming caps. I believe there are matrimonial openings in this line which are not to be met with elsewhere, and I can quite imagine Georgina standing over a refractory patient with a cup of beef-tea, and refusing to administer so much as a teaspoonful until he has named the day. Sabina Ann, too, might prove irresistible in conjunction with a poultice. After all, while there is life there is hope, and so long as there is an unmarried man left I don't mean to give up. I have made up my mind to be somebody's mother-in-law before I die—and just let him look out.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

"Peckham Rye, Sept. 6."

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