

They are encouraged to go to the office. As long as so much tittle-tattle is listened to, so long will there be trouble with the staff. When the Superintendent Nurse is given her position with the control of the nurses, and the nurses the respect due to their profession, then, and then only may the Board expect to keep and retain nurses. The question of testimonial has troubled me greatly. I was promised a splendid one in exchange for resignation. Has that promise been kept? I do not need it now, and expect more mercy at the hands of God than I have ever received from the Board. I do not forget that I have had many supporters on the Board who have fought for justice and fair dealing. To them I tender my grateful thanks. I have just had all the nerve and spirit crushed out of me. I hope the vice-chairman and his helpers, the Master included, are satisfied with their work."

She begged in her letter to her kind friend, Dr. Stewart: "You won't let them take me to the mortuary if you can help it, will you, doctor? I don't want to be spied at by the house officers. They have done their share of that in life."

Mr. Jukes, guardian, stated that the deceased, owing to infirmity of temper, could not get on with the other officers.

Mr. Cantley, K.C., M.P. (counsel): "Who were they?"

Witness: "The Master and Matron among others."

The Coroner (in reply to a statement that she was irritable): "I am afraid I should be irritable if I were interfered with as she was."

Miss Hawkins, guardian, asked to be allowed to make a statement, which she was permitted to do on oath.

She said that she thought she could perhaps throw some light upon events that had led up to this sad conclusion. She thought a great deal of the trouble had arisen from the unwise action of the L.G.B. in placing the Superintendent Nurses under the dominion of the Master. It was intolerable to a professional woman to be placed in such a position. She herself was a nurse, she said, and could feel for the Sister who was gone. At least the Superintendent Nurse should not have a worse position than the Matron. It was galling to have to ask permission of the Master about trivial things.

Coroner: "I quite agree."

Witness asked that a recommendation should go from the jury to the L.G.B. to the effect that it was desirable to free the office of Superintendent Nurse from the heel of the Master.

Coroner: "What is your opinion of the conduct of your Board towards this woman?"

Witness: "I think a section of this Board have treated her most unfairly."

The Coroner, in summing up, said it would be a good thing if members of public authorities would recognise that there were highly strung people, who were very keen about their duties, and had a high standard of their own who felt these petty annoyances much more than ordinary

people did. On most public bodies there were people "who led you a dog's life if you let them." It had been brought to his notice more than once, that people who had not the elements of justice in their composition, were the people who gave trouble and annoyance to those who worked with them.

The enquiry lasted about four hours and a half.

AT REST.

The subject of this enquiry lay on her little bed in the nurses' home, taking her "long rest." Strewn with white flowers by loving hands, Charlotte Phipps awaited her burial, in the room where her last preparations had been made, ere she went forth into the infinite to meet the God who would be more merciful to her than man had been.

All her private affairs, and those pertaining to her office, were left in the most perfect order.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral took place in the afternoon of the same day. It was simple and impressive. Six of her loyal nurses in uniform walked behind the coffin, followed by two of the women guardians. The service was conducted by the Rev. W. Manning and the Rev. R. Meaden, both members of the Board. Some beautiful floral tokens of affection and respect were sent by various guardians, the medical officer, and patients of the infirmary. One bunch of flowers bore the inscription, "From one of Sister's babies—'Bobby.'" The nurses themselves sent a harp of beautiful flowers with a broken string, bearing the inscription, "To our darling Sister, from her devoted and sorrowing nurses—Summers, Aird, Post, Moss, Douscot, Philipps. The best friend and Sister the nurses ever had."

It is the duty of the Superintendent Nurses Association to bring this grievous case before the Local Government Board, and never to rest until their grade is placed by Order in a position of authority in the Nursing Department of every Workhouse, commensurate with their responsibility, and without which, they are unable to maintain discipline amongst the nursing staff and see justice done to the patients.

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