

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.

L'HÔPITAL MILITAIRE, ARC EN BARROIS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Many thanks for competition prize received to-day. We always look forward to receiving the JOURNAL, which arrives on Sunday always.

The fact of my sometimes winning the prize for the nursing essays is really due in great measure to the infinite pains bestowed upon my nursing education at the St. George's-in-the-East Infirmary Training School for Nurses.

Yours faithfully,

AMY PHIPPS.

THE GIST OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—It seems to me Miss Mollett is going off at a tangent by making this most important discussion a personal one. If I have appeared illogical to her (owing, probably to my lack of *Kultur*) let me refer her to Mr. Yearsley's letters of October 23rd and November 6th.

This is a man's war and a woman's question. Man is woman's natural protector. When man oppresses and degrades women we turn to law and public opinion. The Germans have snapped their fingers at the Hague Convention, they have fired at the Red Cross flag, they have stabbed the wounded on the battlefield, they have used arms and the bayonet to women, whom they have both mutilated and degraded, and they have insulted and shot those who have nursed them. The gist of the matter is that it has been proved to be *unsafe* for any woman to nurse Germans. Doctors who are in possession of facts, impossible to put in print, know what they are talking about. My own opinion was based on personal knowledge, and I formed it before the culminating dastardly action with regard to the greatest martyr of our profession in this nightmare of a war.

Yours faithfully,

E. R. WORTABET.

A DOMESTIC AFFAIR.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—May I draw the attention of the Nursing profession, as a mother of two nurses, to the difference of treatment by the War Office of Miss Florence Tubbs, a British woman, who has given many years of devoted service to the sick in this country, and of the German-born woman, Mrs. Savile, whose typically Teutonic pachydermatous hide actually permitted her, without realising its horror, to take paid service in the War Office, and handle the clothes and effects of our dear dead heroes (perhaps treacherously murdered when wounded by her savage

compatriots), every article of which is sacred to some broken-hearted mother, father, wife, sweetheart or relative. It makes my blood run cold to think of such callous contact—but it makes it boil to realise with what obtuse lack of national feeling our War Office treats such sensibility.

British Miss Tubbs is curtly informed that to be summarily discharged by an autocratic chairman, and refused investigation and redress, is no reflection on her character! But we have a vast amount of publicity and commiseration bestowed on the German-born Mrs. Savile, because a justly indignant public objects to her presence, and to being taxed to pay her salary, in the War Office! She forsooth is permitted to *resign*—so as not to embarrass the Government! Resign indeed! What does it mean? Is it not time we British women formed ourselves into a strong league to protect ourselves against such outrageous injustice—and gross stupidity? After reading of the torture of our prisoners in Germany in the *Weekly Dispatch* on Sunday, surely it is our duty to protest publicly against what appears to me deplorable weakness and inefficiency upon the part of the Government.—Yours truly,

THE MOTHER OF SOLDIERS AND NURSES.

[We regret we are compelled to hold over letters on this subject.—ED.]

A NATIONAL UNIFORM.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—Personally I hope that trained nurses uniform will never be stereotyped, or that we shall be compelled to wear one. I prefer a coat and skirt, it is much more private. To be made responsible for the conduct of other women in the street is most unfair. For instance, I recently followed two nurses up a West End street, in blue circular cloaks, blue bonnets with short blue veils. They passed a young Colonial soldier (he wore the felt hat), they smiled across the street at him, he returned the smile, but hurried on, and all the way up the street these two women kept turning round, attempting to attract the young man's attention. I gave them a disgusted glance, as you may imagine. Happy was I not to be in uniform and classed with these two vulgarians.—Yours truly,

A PRIVATE NURSE.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

December 25th.—(a) Name three diseases requiring special diet; (b) give proper menu for a meal for each disease.

January 1st.—State generally the symptoms of gastric ulcer and the dangers arising therefrom. How would you feed a patient suffering from this disease?

OUR ADVERTISERS.

We would remind our readers that they can help THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING by dealing as far as possible with advertisers in the paper, and getting their friends to do likewise. Only the most reliable firms are accepted by the management.

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