

belong exclusively to the *nobler* sex. Another large portion have taken a step down the social ladder and are content, and those who filled those humbler places have had to move on, and the cry is still they come. According to "A Radical Matron," all should be equal. If this should be, supervision would become unnecessary. Well, this superfluity of women is a problem beyond my comprehension, and the next generation will reap the reward, or pay the penalty, of this rapid progress of the weaker sex. It may be honours will be divided, and the younger Medical Students will take a short course of training in nursing, whilst Probationers will be advanced to the operating theatre and general surgery for a term. The woman of the period resembles the sunflower more than the violet, and great will be the fall one day of the *too* ambitious woman. In the Hospital we want the *violet*, the ministering angel, modest, submissive and full of kindness and sympathy.

CONSERVATIVE.

NORFOLK AND NORWICH HOSPITAL; OR THE BATTLE OF THE CREEDS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

HALLOO, MR. EDITOR,—What are they after at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital? Those trashy old creeds of ours! Who will volunteer to deal them their final death-blow, to compose a *requiem* in honour of their memory?

Although Miss Adam, the Lady Superintendent, is personally unknown to me, I would take this opportunity of congratulating her upon her courage, prudence, and faith in keeping her seat throughout this trying ordeal. Nor should we overlook the courage of the Nonconformists of the district in question in standing by this wrongfully oppressed "comrade in arms."

How long, Sir, are we going to sit still watching these terrible cruelties practised in the name of the Established religion, morality and respectability, without crying out? Will there ever be a religion that will influence the "lives" of its professors? Christianity, I would remind you, has had its own way for nigh two thousand years, and has, comparatively speaking, scarcely left a mark on the world, so far as *practical renunciation* is concerned. Even now, this "Battle of the Creeds," failing, though it does, to reach its ideals, would be serving no trivial purpose did it only afford an opportunity to all concerned to lay aside their animosities for once, and do something in common for the general good. For in grasping after more light we become "free" from the strange hallucinations, foolish conceits, and inconsistencies of the past.

If, then, I might make a closing suggestion, here it is—

"Seize on the truth where'er 'tis found,
Among your *friends*, among your foes;
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower's divine where'er it grows."

Says Charles Kingsley, "The age of chivalry is never past as long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, and a man or woman left to say, 'I will redress this wrong, or spend my life in the attempt.'"—Yours, &c., C. M.

INFALLIBLE GUIDES, OR THE MUD-THROWER'S "OPEN SESAME."

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Unless I had seen and read the articles for myself I must have looked upon the rumours as to a certain gentleman's attitude towards a body of hard-working and defenceless women as unfounded and incredible; for though he may have good traits, this unlimited and unwarranted vituperation is enough to bid one turn one's back upon all such pseudo-benefactors *for ever*. For, be it remembered, it is still written, "By their *fruits*" (and not the colour of their coats) "ye shall know them."

This piece of business also vividly recalls to my mind an

incident which came under my notice some time ago. Staying for the week end in a small rural village in the north of England, I was invited to hear a preacher on the Sunday who was, it had been announced, about to deal with an interesting subject. Just, however, at the last moment, intimation was received that through some unforeseen event the good man in question was unable to be present. "What now?" asked the assembled congregation all round. In the dilemma a suggestion, which met with unanimous support, was made that a fellow-parishioner, who had often been heard to say how much better he could preach than the parson, should be asked to lead the morning's devotions. He, poor man, unconscious of his own strength, was vainly proud of having an opportunity of showing his prowess, and with a bombastic mien quickly ascended the pulpit-stairs, and went through the singing and the prayers splendidly. Presently the text was announced from John viii. 12, which reads thus—"I am the light of the world." The would-be preacher read the words out again, and after another pause and clearing of the throat he read out audibly and distinctly for the third time, "I am the light of the world." As might easily be imagined, the congregation first looked at the preacher and then at each other; and just at this point a rustic from the gallery broke in upon this unique sermon with the following bombshell: "Wha, lad, if tha's the 'light of the world,' tha wants snuffing." On the following morning I went my way, and have since learnt on excellent authority that this man's mania for preaching had been "snuffed out" with the sermon just mentioned.

Again I will go my way, and in doing so let me commend to that would-be *infallible* guide of Professional Nurses, the moral. Under the circumstances, however, I am inclined to think with you that the leaders of the Royal British Nurses' Association are labouring under a strange hallucination in allowing "romancing" statements to go so long unchallenged.—Yours faithfully, GEORGE HALEY.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Once more, as a Member of the R.B.N.A., allow me to thank you for your championship of our Association and of Nurses as a class, especially as expressed in your able and out-spoken "Editorial" of last week. Nothing can be more useful to us during our period of persecution (all reformers have to endure it, especially women reformers) than *to name* our chief antagonists. It is so easy to shoot poisoned arrows from the editorial chair. Let the gentleman alluded to sign the statements he makes in his paper, and thus accept the odium for them.

Since this same gentleman failed in 1887 to "register Nurses at half-a-crown a head *after one year's training*," his attacks upon the Nurses who have had the courage to undertake the matter for themselves have been ceaseless and unpardonable. What we have got to do is to make his antagonism clearly understood and *defy it*. If this personage and his self-interested clique (employers of Nursing labour) imagine they have got to deal with a string of doll-babies they are vastly mistaken. We are educated women, who know what we want, and mean to fight for our liberty and independence.—Your very grateful servant,
A HOSPITAL SISTER.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Have your readers seen "A Pair of Spectacles"? If so, they will recognise my quotation: "I know that register, it comes from Whitechapel." Another Nurse has been branded as a thief, because she had to leave her Hospital for "having in her possession an article belonging to another Probationer." This is presumably one of the vague and gossipy statements which go into some Hospitals' official register, but neither more vague nor malicious than these Hospital Registers usually are, to judge from the ex-

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)