

WAS IT FAIR TO THE SICK NURSE?

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—On a recent date, the Matron of a Nurses' Home in London called at a Hospital seeking advice regarding a member of her staff, who is very ill. She was received by the secretary of the hospital, to whom the details of the case were explained. The secretary said there was no bed available for some days, and in any case, the only suggestion she could make was that the sick nurse should attend at the out-patient department on Thursday at one o'clock (presumably with other casuals!) and see the medical officer then.

Does a trained nurse, who has gone under in the zealous performance of her duty in these strenuous times, not merit a little more privacy and delicacy in seeking professional advice? This is the hospital for which your excellent Journal asks subscriptions from all classes of women workers to perpetuate the undying memory of one whom all professional women love, and who would never have meted out such casual courtesy to one of her sisters.

I enclose my card, and remain,

ANOTHER HARD-WORKING SISTER.

[We regret to hear of this treatment of a sick nurse at a Woman's Hospital. Our experience at the General Hospitals has been quite otherwise. Sick nurses are often given preference before the general public, and receive the very best of care and kindness. Sometimes we have asked ourselves the question: "Are medical women and women hospital officials as sympathetic towards nurses as men?" We should be pleased to hear expert opinion on this point.—ED.]

HUMILIATING HUMBUG.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I quite agree with the views expressed *re* "Humiliating Humbug," by Beatrice Kent, in your last issue. I am just back from France, a land of horror and sadness, and during my absence many nursing affairs may have changed. I do not know, but one thing I feel sure about is, that we women who have had the honour of nursing the greatest men in the world, both at home and abroad, do not want patronage from Miss Asquith, or charities such as the "Nation's Fund for Nurses."

It is to be hoped that trained nurses will wake up soon and let the nation know who and what we are in this great country of ours. Then, perhaps, Miss Asquith will — understand and — leave us alone.

Yours faithfully,

F. M. B.,
B.E.F.

Queen Mary's Hostel for Nurses.

[The whole War Charity scheme to finance the College has been manoeuvred during the absence of the flower of the nursing profession on active service. No Bill should be hurriedly passed in their absence.—ED.]

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

"A Sister of Sixty" writes: "Gambols, indeed. I want no idle Society women gambolling on my behalf. Has not the Premier made a most touching appeal to every woman who has the great gifts of youth and strength to go on the land and save the harvest. He says, 'the harvest is in danger,' owing to lack of labour, and 'there is not a moment to lose.' Let young women gambol amongst the hay-cocks and the corn stooks, and later on let them plough and sow and spread manure. Forty years ago I could have given them a lead. If the Queen would express her displeasure with the waste of time by Society girls, and the Royalties refuse to give their patronage to 'gambols,' they would set a popular example and discourage these merry mummings. Anyway I protest with you that the nursing profession should be used as their excuse for frivolity and self-indulgence."

"Australian Sister" writes:—"As you advised, I attended the mass meeting in Trafalgar Square on Saturday, in support of interning Huns high and low. The speeches were hot and strong, but it is a pity the men and women who governed this country for ten years before the war were not in the crowd to hear what the man and woman in the street think of them. 'Hang the lot,' was the import of their suggestions—and in very ugly language with plenty of groans. I was surprised and pleased to hear calls for 'Hughes.' 'Give us Hughes!' 'Hughes is the man!' 'Hughes would soon settle their hash!' I gathered some high-placed alien had to do with court-martials. This seemed infuriating to the boys in blue. 'Just you wait till the boys come home; they'll soon hoof out the Hun and the men who have kept him in office!' One and all of the crowd spoke of bribery and corruption, and to hear them swear that oath proposed by the Mayor of Bury-St. Edmunds did one's heart good, and the women were as deep-throated as the men."

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondent, Wimbledon.—The names of lady chemists who take pupils in dispensing can be obtained from the Secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. At the close of a three years' apprenticeship the student can enter for the "Minor" examination of the Pharmaceutical Society, the passing of which gives the legal right to dispense and sell poisons, and to use the title of "Chemist and Druggist" or "Pharmacist."

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

July 27th.—What are the chief racial poisons? What steps should be taken to prevent and counteract their effects?

August 3rd.—How may the play of children be directed so as to be a means of education?

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)