

and the high esteem in which they are held by all with whom they come in contact, will probably render them indifferent to such an expression of opinion as that which we have quoted.

Finally, Mr. RATHBONE entered into a laboured defence of the London Hospital, which will cause no surprise to anyone connected with that Institution, or aware of what is transpiring in the Nursing world. Mr. RATHBONE confessed that he knew nothing, except by hearsay, of the condition of affairs at the London Hospital, but he retailed the opinion of his niece, Miss ROSALIND PAGET, who, we understand, is well known as the pet *protégée* of the Matron of that Hospital, and whose testimony, therefore, can hardly be regarded as unbiassed.

But the effect of Mr. RATHBONE'S advocacy was somewhat spoiled by his ingenuousness. Lord THRING—doubtless bearing in mind how the Nurses at the London Hospital were proved to act as housemaids to the Sisters, and polish brasses and clean lamps and inkstands—asked him whether he thought it wrong that menial duties should be performed by Nurses, to which he replied, "I should think it very wrong, and should be surprised to learn that in any well-managed Hospital those were duties imposed upon them."

CHARITY AT HOME.

NOT even the staunchest upholder of the capability of men to control and superintend every branch of female labour can, in the face of some evidence recently given, grumble at the appointment of two women as Sub-Commissioners to assist the Labour Commission in its inquiries into the conditions under which women work. The privilege of being allowed to work—and to work hard—for long hours for scanty pay has been freely and willingly conceded to women; but it is pleasant to learn that the surroundings among which they work, and the nature of their employment, will be at last inquired into by those of their own sex, who will naturally be able to point out many injustices and hardships that have been borne with dogged patience, simply because they were believed to be irremediable. Civilisation is a selfish taskmaster—only too ready to enslave those who supply his myriad wants—for the luxuries of a rougher are the necessities of a softer age—until he has sapped all their strength and vigour, and then the used and abused tools may be flung aside. It is to the humanity of public opinion that we must look to defend the weaker ministers to our modern Juggernaut, from his destructive power. It is the public which must insist that all employers of female labour shall grant to women fair wages, and,

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above all, fair working hours; for if the strength of the working women of England suffers through over-work and want of proper rest, the grievous wrong will be perpetuated to future generations. In the one branch of woman's work in which we are chiefly interested, the necessity for humane regulations as to working hours, recreation time, and holidays, have been almost universally acknowledged. If there are still—here and there—Hospitals and Infirmarys which retain the old sweating system, the public should teach them—by means of diminishing funds and failing confidence—that they do not intend their Charities any longer to be managed on such principles. Nothing injured the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel more than the accusation that the women who stitched its cheap Bibles were under-paid. And nothing will so greatly injure great—and deservedly great—charitable institutions as the proven charge that the Nurses within their walls are under-paid and over-worked. In Hospitals—as everywhere else—the ancient saying should hold true, and charity should begin at home.

A HASTY HOUSE SURGEON.

A MOTHER took her child to the out-patient department of a Hospital, the other day, to have the stitches removed from a cut upon its head. The child, who objected to the process, screamed, and the House Surgeon directed the mother to take it outside and whip it; this the mother refused to do, whereupon the operator appears to have taken the law into his own hands, and boxed the child's ears. The mother promptly summoned him for assault. A mother will often correct her offspring freely, but then it is done at her own times and seasons. But woe betide the stranger who touches her Tommy! It is unwise to undertake a task for which Nature has not fitted one, and to attempt to deal with sick children unless the beneficent dame has practically given one an unlimited supply of patience is more than ordinarily unwise.

THE MAGISTRATE AND THE CHILD.

ANOTHER of those bold bad boys, who at an age when the children of more favoured classes are still eating bread and milk in the nursery, become the terror of London streets and the despair of their feeble-minded parents, was last week brought before a London magistrate. His age was seven, but he was an incorrigible beggar—though apparently not in want of the necessities of life—and the School Board officer made the request "that he might be sent to an Industrial School," as he would only begin to beg again if discharged. The magistrate, however, decided to give the "hardened criminal" another chance, and handed him over to his unwilling mother to be kept in order. Verily the criminal classes are becoming precocious when it requires the paraphernalia of a Court of Justice and six able-bodied men to decide as to the naughtiness of one small child.

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