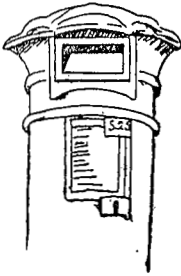


thus enabled to turn out an article unsurpassed in purity and whiteness, made entirely from natural brine, pumped from artesian wells 1,000 feet below the surface. We have put this article to a most exhaustive test, and are in every way satisfied that it is eminently superior, prepared with great care, it is readily soluble, and particularly adapted for all domestic and sick room-cooking purposes.

FLEMING'S AIR-PURIFYING CELL.—This new and ingenious little invention has recently been brought before our notice, and as a disinfectant and deodorizer it will certainly prove a boon to the sick-room; for, while quickly destroying all obnoxious odours, it does not impregnate the air with any pungent odour, which in the case of extreme weakness is often very trying to the patient. It is made in the form of a neatly-perforated box, in which are layers of saturated canvas; and being so compact in form it can easily be waved about a room, or placed near the window in a draught, it will purify the air coming in. Its action is continuous and practically inexhaustible, and it therefore ought certainly to find ready sale among Hospitals, Nursing Institutions, for home use, and sick-rooms. Its manufacturers are Messrs. Fordham, Smith, and Fleming, 23, St. Mary Axe, E.C., where it may be obtained for the slight cost of 1s. 6d. to 5s., according to size; and bottles containing the fluid for re-charging the cells are from 1s. each.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

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.

FURTHER APPRECIATION.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Your paper, the *Nursing Record*, has been forwarded to me from Middlesbrough to-day. Thanks for it. I take it every week, and have done so since it first came out, and shall continue to do so. I think it a very interesting little paper, and full of valuable information.—Yours faithfully,
E. J., *Matron*.

MIND YOUR OWN POINTS; OR, THE LAST DAYS OF KING PAUL PRY.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Sir,—Permit me to join hands with your correspondent, "Joseph Watchful," and to congratulate him upon his

sincerity of speech in describing so graphically the existing chaotic confusion of the Nursing profession; though with our common friend, "Justitia," I do not entirely concur.

Perhaps it may not yet have occurred to her mind that some of us (outsiders, if she likes to call us such) could not as a matter of conscience throw in our lot with partisans of any description, inasmuch as our watchword spells "The Commonwealth," not "Partyism." And the king last-mentioned has had too long a reign already; so we should have no hesitation in asking him to abdicate to give place to our newly-elected monarch, "Righteousness and Truth." For, be it remembered, the days of our "holy butchers" are numbered; and in the coming days those would-be leaders of ours must be prepared to show their credentials, to furnish unmistakable evidence of their capacity for direction, of their sterling integrity and uprightness of principle. We will tolerate none of your *cant*; close those slaughter-houses of yours, if you please, and let us have a clean sweep. We want none of your boycotting; if our good Christians and our white chokers cannot thrive without this diabolic trade, the sooner they clear out of the market the better. You tell us what great things religion can do, but is there a bit of religion in you? At any rate, the boycotting to which the Matrons and Nurses of to-day are subjected, arising entirely from these sources, is almost incredible.

"We want neither your good Christians, your white chokers, nor your gods," cry the outraged masses, and small wonder; for "thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting."

Once more. Imagine, if you can, the strange sensation which steals o'er one upon awakening from those beautiful day-dreams, only to find one's self the dupe of people who could not only take your bread (which is, comparatively speaking, only a trivial thing), but secure in the embrace of old Giant Slander, robbed of your friends, your character, and your conscience, and for what? A bit of tinsel, in the shape of a pretty "certificate," or a "badge." And are these cheap at such a price? I tell you nay, for we are not to be caught by any such gaudy baits, friend "Justitia." Your grand associations must be prepared to show what right they have to exist; for all that is resting on fiction and fraud will presently be overthrown. Those startling revelations made in our profession, which are within the recent memory of most of the readers of my letter to-day, justifies the demand that every honest and upright woman therein (Matron or Nurse) should form a solemn league or covenant, and decree that no man or woman of tainted character, of immoral record, shall ever hold the civic chair, shall ever hold civic office, in the Nursing profession of the future, let their worldly position (length of pocket) and their professions be what they may.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves," writes Shakespeare; and perchance both leaders and followers alike may even yet catch the inspiration. Who shall say? Prophecy is idle, inasmuch as many available suggestion has been allowed to slip by unimproved for the simple reason that it had been made by "only a poor Nurse." And how often, alas! have these very individuals forgotten to remember (and are doing so still) that Nurses are made of the self-same flesh and blood as themselves. Only look around you to-day, and you will soon see that as soon as an emergency ariseth those (so-called) leaders of ours are sitting in judgment upon those Nurses (without either a cause, or affording them a chance of a hearing), while they themselves are thanking God they are not as other men are—no, not even as those *poor* starving Nurses whom they have pitched into the ditch yonder. Who would not go in drawing-rooms and easy-chairs to heaven? Small wonder, then, that our Nurses should be found turning away in disgust from such a set of leaders, who are evidently leading them to heaven only to push them straightway into hell.

"The Balance of Power!" Why, where is it? Those terrible

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