

"Don't show your youth and innocence," said the Staff, as she paused in the toasting of bread and proceeded to pour out tea. "When you've been as long in Hospital as I have, you'll appreciate the value of stays. Did you ever hear of the London cab-horse who falls down when the harness is taken off? Well, it's pretty much the same with us when our stays are taken off. I can't go on duty till I'm all braced up with whalebone ribs."

"I suppose I shall come to it in time," said the Pro, hopefully; "but it doesn't do for sub-alterns to copy their superior officers, and so I shall wait till I'm promoted before I adopt corsets."

"Is there a cup of tea going?" said a medical student, popping his head into the kitchen.

"There was," said the Staff, "but like the auctioneer's furniture it was going, going, going, and now it's gone."

"That's too bad," said the student, "but if you'll let me wash the teapot I'll show you a new wrinkle about tea-making."

"You don't mean to say you are putting the water in before the tea," gasped the Pro.

"That's just the trick; put in about 2 ozs. or so—*quantum sufficit*—add the tea, pour on the rest of the water, and the tea's made. Prevents the tea from floating and does heaps of hygienic things—and who's going to have the first taste," said the medical student, flourishing the teapot round his head.

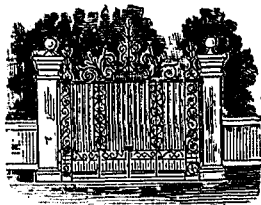
"Well, if that decoction is the 'new tea,' give me the old," sighed the Staff. "Everything that's insipid or nasty is called 'new' nowadays. Why can't we invent *new* things?"

"How about the eight hours day for Nurses and the garden seats on 'buses,'" said the medical student.

"Ah!" said the Pro., and the parting of the ways took them back to the ward.

Outside the Gates.

BURNING QUESTIONS.



issue decided me to defer my letter no longer. I am not a trained Nurse, but interested as I am in all movements for the advancement of women, and therefore, for the general good of the community, I eagerly read the NURSING RECORD on the trained Nurse

MADAM,—I have been on the point of writing to you many times offering a suggestion that the discussion of questions which affect women in every grade of life might receive a little space in the "Women" column, and a letter signed "Chiffons" in last week's

question. It appears to me as a disinterested observer that Nurses to be of real value must be women first, and trained Nurses after; and that they may deal in the most efficient manner with what one of your correspondents calls "physical sickness," and yet "be in sympathy with the grief of the world," they must learn to take a more comprehensive view of life.

The horizon of the trained Nurse needs broadening out; from my experience of her she lags behind other working women in her knowledge of and sympathy with those questions which affect the welfare of the entire community; she is too apt to get her faculties warped in her intense interest in, and devotion to, the special branch of work in which she is engaged, attending upon sick bodies; and I feel sure she would increase her efficiency in her own sphere, if that sphere was less narrow. May we, therefore, not discuss the burning questions of the hour in the RECORD? I enclose the true story of the incident which stirred my conscience concerning the bitter cry of Hagar and Ishmael.

Yours,

ANNE BELASYSE.

THE CRY OF ISHMAEL.

A MARCH morning—quite early. A boisterous gale blowing from the west, before which low-lying dusky little clouds scud to eastward across a colourless sky.

From the resinous buds of out-bursting trees the rain-drops of a passing shower drip slowly, and the earth is damp and redolent with fresh mosses, violets hidden in the hedgerows, and the vigorous nodding daffodils which grow in the grove.

As far as sight carries, the eye rests on a wide expanse of rich pasture land, dotted here and there with fine elm and lime trees, and intersected with high unscientific hedges, which would lead one to imagine that the lord of the manor was independent of the terrible agricultural depression of the age.

This is not a fact, "t'ode Squire" is poor and troubled; there are gaps in his fences, and his gates are hitched up with string, but the stately elms and flowering lime trees are relics of arcadian days in a far-off century, and as he found them in "former days" so he will leave them.

The squire's daughter Andrea leans upon a wicket gate which leads from a shadowy avenue of chestnuts out into the upland pastures and meadows, where the early lambs gambol, and swift shadows of passing clouds skim the dewy grass. A turbulent over-full stream rushes along at her feet, spanned away down to the right, yet in full sight, by a narrow plank bridge, flung across for the use of the shepherd when in the early dawn he hears the bleat of the ewes in travail and hastens to their relief. He comes now, this tender shepherd, striding across the home field grasping in each hand the four trotters of twin lamblings, just newly born, their mother ambling at his heels. He is a bent and angular creature, but is as "fond" over an unhappy cade lamb, as a woman should be over a stray babe, feeding it tenderly with fresh warm milk from a teated can, with many endearing words.

Andrea cups her mouth with her hand and calls a blithe good morrow to the shepherd. She cannot hear distinctly what he answers her, but she opines that "it is a melch day," and "a fine lambing season," and "no cades so far."

Andrea laughs—she is country bred, and has no mock modesty concerning the laws of mother nature, and she loves young things. Can she not count by

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)