

views of army methods conjecture that Dr. McGee's successor will have even less real power to administer nursing affairs, according to Civil Service ideals, than she herself had. Let us hope that this pessimism may prove unfounded.

Dr. McGee's position was a difficult one, and much of the criticism bestowed on her was unfair. She was credited with much more authority than she really possessed, and the blame for things that went wrong lay back of her in the War Office and Military regulations. She was sincerely interested in the nurses' welfare, and did everything she could for the good of the service. The Army nurses, as a whole, are loyally devoted to her, and will, no doubt, regret her resignation.

"JOHNS HOPKINS" LEADS THE WAY.

Miss Nutting, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, has put into working order a long-cherished plan for preparatory teaching of her pupil nurses. This is our first "preliminary course" in an American hospital, and Miss Nutting has promised to write a full account of it for the nursing magazines.

COLOURED NURSES.

THOSE amongst us who know American history will pause a moment to consider the wonderful fact that in the States are to be found Training Schools and Hospitals for coloured women. A few days ago six coloured graduate nurses received diplomas in the Lecture Hall of the New York Academy of Medicine. Never before in the Northern States has there been regularly graduated a class of coloured nurses, the care of the sick of that race having hitherto been entrusted to white attendants. There are in the South two schools for the education of negro nurses, but they are of comparatively recent foundation.

A FAMOUS ARMY NURSE.

Mrs. Anna Morris Holstein, aged seventy-six, a famous army nurse, is dead, at her home in Red-hill, Norristown, Pa. She was the widow of Major William Hayman Holstein. From 1862 until the close of the war, Mrs. Holstein was engaged in the hospital service, and after the battle of Gettysburg she was Matron-in-Chief of a hospital in which three thousand seriously wounded men were looked after.

The President of the United States, accompanied by the members of the Cabinet, the entire Diplomatic Corps, and the Supreme Court Judges, will attend service on the day of Queen Victoria's funeral at St. John's Episcopal Church, at Washington, which has been the regular church of the British Ambassadors for many years past.

Standing the Test.

MADAM,—My attention having been particularly drawn to the article in the NURSING RECORD on "Standing the Test," by Miss Mary Gardner, I am constrained to write to you on the subject for the sake of the rising generation who are, in this new century, about to enter the greatest of professions for women, i.e., Nursing.

The point I would emphasise is:—Does a standard exist, at the beginning of the 20th century, by which nurses may be tested? If so, what is it? What standard, what ideal is set before probationers? One trembles to imagine what the condition of things will be twenty years hence, but one yet hopefully knows that, as the future is all undefined, it is, therefore, full of promise. At present we must face the position that something is wrong. Who is responsible? As I write, two incidents occur to me which happened about twenty years ago. A quantity of snowdrops had come to the Infirmary Sister, who was arranging them. I, a probationer then, picked up a few and offered them for her dress. She declined, saying, quietly, "Flowers that are sent to the wards are not for our personal use." I have often thought of that incident when seeing the lavish use made of stores and drugs given out presumably for the use of the *wards*. Secondly, a junior nurse was being sent on duty to an *isolation* ward to take charge of a delirious man. "The patient may kill you," was the concluding remark after directions were given. The idea, though unexpressed, was that a nurse, being a nurse, carried her life in her hands, so that there was naught unusual in this, and that the Superintendent of Nursing should have been acquainted with the facts of the case, never occurred to either of them. In the eighties doubtless many reasons actuated women in undertaking nursing work, but the most distinctly prevalent was, that to be a nurse meant a life of sacrifice.

While gaining in breadth, so as to extend over the universe, we seem to have failed to realise the eternal purpose in our work and the height which will carry us up to the very throne of Christ, and the depths—yes, *our own* personal depths too—which are the cause surely of our failure to climb the heights. Does not the thought of heights and depths suggest a remedy? Mountaineers are bound together, yet at the same time each looks carefully to his footing—so should we.

While I do not for a moment say it is wrong to think of hot bottles, warm plates, easy chairs, late passes, hours off duty, novels bound in cloth

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)