

"Miss Grace of All Souls." Mr. Heinemann will publish it.

Mr. Robert Cromie, author of "The Crack of Doom," is a Belfast banker of rich and versatile gifts. His father is a popular medical man in the North of Ireland; and his brother, Mr. W. H. Cromie, L.J., is librarian to the War Office.

#### WHAT TO READ.

"Lorenzo Lotto: an Essay in Constructive Art Criticism," by Bernhard Berenson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Religio Athletæ," by Arthur Lynch. (London: Remington & Co.)

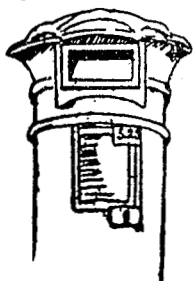
"Some Old Love Stories," by T. P. O'Connor, with portrait of author. The love stories are of Abraham Lincoln and his wife, William Hazlitt and Sarah Walker, Mirabeau and Sophie de Monnier, Fersen and Marie Antoinette, Carlyle and his wife.

"Dialogues of the Day," edited by Oswald Crawford, and written by Anthony Hope, Violet Hunt, Clara Savile Clarke, Mrs. Ernest Levenson, Marion Hepworth Dixon, Mrs. Alfred Hunt, Mrs. Crackenthorpe, Gertrude Kingston, the editor and others. Short plays of six or eight pages in length each, arranged to make pleasant reading, and dealing with incidents, personages, and topics of modern life.

"My Lifetime," by John Hollingshead.

"Clarence," the new novel by Bret Harte.

"The Woman Who Wouldn't," an Answer to the "Woman Who Did," from the pen of a lady well known in society as an authoress, who veils her identity under the pseudonym of Lucas Cleeve. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.)



### 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.*

#### "A NURSES' HOME."

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—When Nurses have made a connexion, and are tired of living in a box, they generally take a room for themselves, in order to have a "home." It is charming to have one's books and pictures about one, but the charm has drawbacks—such as returning from a three months' case, and finding one's bed damp; or coming home so tired that one foot will hardly step before the other, and yet no supper till one goes out and buys it.

My idea is to build a house, with about 150 bedrooms, a large drawing-room and dining-room. The bedrooms unfurnished, to cost from 6s. to 7s. a week. Food to be paid for only when at home. I will not take up your valuable space with details, but would ask Nurses who think such a home likely to suit them, to write to me at 14, Queen Square, W.C. Of course it depends upon numbers whether such a residential club could be made to pay,

Yours faithfully,  
SUSAN E. ANTROBUS.

[Miss Antrobus is so well known amongst Nurses in connection with her work as Superior of St Barnabas' Guild, that we feel sure any scheme she undertakes for them will be for their comfort and happiness.—ED.]

#### OUR PIONEERS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—I am glad to see in your columns a tribute of respect paid to the Old Style Nurse, who is becoming obscured and forgotten in favour of the Nurse who is more up-to-date.

I cannot claim to look back over a long period of nursing experience, nor am I old enough to have been cotemporary with "Our Pioneers" in the Nursing world, though in my probationary days my superior officers were themselves amongst the pioneers, or were taught of the pioneers, so that I have learned to honour them and to know their good work.

And I venture to think the "Gamp we still hear of," was no more a representative of the Nurse of the last generation than the flashy young woman in conspicuous uniform who confronts us every day in the West End of London is a type of the modern Trained Nurse. The flashy young woman is equally a black sheep with Mrs. Gamp, though her blackness is rendered more picturesquely.

After meeting, as I have occasionally done, the worthy, uneducated bodies who formed the rank and file of the army of pioneers, I have many a good word to say for them. It is true they hesitated over scientific and technical terms, and sometimes mispronounced them. It is certain they felt a little timid and "out of it" when the young probationers in the ward flourished their text books and talked in set sentences about muscles and bones, discussed the latest fad in dietetics, or the proper dose of a new narcotic made in Germany. These good women had no show amongst the clamorous young "freshers." Their part in life had been to work, not to read, to watch, not to talk, and they were too old to adopt the new method.

I am afraid we Nurses are too apt to accept the prevailing view engendered by competitive examinations, and to think an art or science can be acquired mainly through text-books and lectures—a fallacy not confined to any one profession.

I am not, I half regret to say, one of the old-style Nurses. I am quite modern, quite professional, and being accustomed to head-work rather than practical, I have benefited all I could from my text-books and valuable lectures. But nevertheless, I could not help feeling it was second-hand knowledge I was acquiring in that way, and many a time in the wards when I felt I had no leisure to give to watching the patients and studying them closely—though I found time to refer to my text-book—many a time I used to feel it would be a like mistake to study art by walking through picture-galleries poring over a descriptive catalogue, in place of looking at the paintings, searching out their meaning and learning their teaching.

And so I grew to respect the diligence and patience of the old-fashioned Nurse, who was not dependent on text-books and lectures, who did not set herself a limit of three years in which to perfect herself in her work, but took wider ground, went more slowly, more independently, learning step by step, taking her sick people for her text-books, and their mute teaching for her lectures.

*Autre temps, autre mœurs.* In these rapid times the young probationer "knows all about it" before she has been in the ward three months. She can reel off yards of words from the text-books, and can give you, without hesitation, the prognosis of all the "interesting cases" in the ward. One bears with it mildly; she will, one is glad to foretell, learn more diffidence by and bye, and at the end of three years will be almost humble in her recognition of the vast amount she has yet to grasp.

But just at that time she enters for her final examination, and being successful is given her certificate; she has worked hard for it and has deserved it, but—alas that it should be so!—the three years' Nurse becomes again almost as self-confident as she was when a three months' "pro."

And so, trained Nurses who have passed their examinations, got their certificates and are accepted members of the Royal British Nurses' Association, are perhaps too much

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