

"Res Judicatæ," Papers and Essays, by Augustine Birrell. (London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.)

"Fabiola; or, The Church of the Catacombs," by Cardinal Wiseman. (London: Burns and Oakes).

"Mrs. Albert Grundy: Observations in Philistia." (John Lorne, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street).

"Undertones," by Madison Cawein. (Boston: Copeland and Day).

"A Crown of Straw: One of God's Dilemmas," by Allan Upward.

Mrs. Schreiner's literary appearances are so few and far between that special interest attaches to the announcement of a fresh work from her pen. In association with her husband, Mr. C. S. Cronwright-Schreiner, the author of "The Story of an African Farm" will make one of these rare appearances in a little volume on "The Political Situation." It deals with what the authors call the "retrogressive movement" in South Africa, and the manner in which it may be stayed.

AT SUNSET.

(From "Undertones").

Into the fields in ghost-gray gown,
The young-eyed Dusk comes slowly down;
Her apron filled with stars, she stands,
And one or two slip from her hands,
Over the hills and far away.

O come with me, and let us go
Beyond the sunset lying low,
Beyond the twilight and the night,
Into Love's kingdom of long light,
Over the hills and far away.

MADISON CAWEIN.

Coming Events.

July 18th.—Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, opens the annual fancy sale of the Brabazon Employment Society at the Paddington Workhouse, 3.30.

July 18th.—Competition for the Volunteer Ambulance Challenge Shield (value 200 gs.) offered by the Volunteer Medical Association at Wellington Barracks, 4.30.

Annual Dinner of the Volunteer Medical Staff at Limmer's Hotel, George-street, Hanover-square.

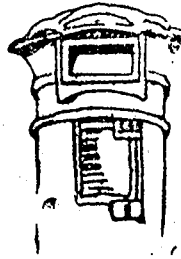
July 21st.—Bishop Barry will preside at the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the British Orphan Asylum, Slough.

July 22nd.—Marriage of Princess Maud of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark, Buckingham Palace, 12.30.

Annual Meeting Royal British Nurses' Association, Great Hall, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C., 11.30 a.m.

July 25th.—The Duke and Duchess of York open new Infirmary at Halifax.

July 28th.—Reception of Nurses at the Bovril Co.'s Offices, 63, Bath Street, City Road. Lord Playfair will receive the guests. Tea and coffee. Processes of the manufacture of Bovril will be shewn



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.

THE NEW NURSE."

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—Mr. Malcolm Morris, the Editor of the *Practitioner*, is no doubt a busy man, but it would be as well for him to decide whether the editorial or the consulting-room chair is the one for which he has the more aptitude. In diagnosis he would doubtless hold that carefulness and accuracy were essential factors. As the result of a somewhat longer and wider knowledge of journalism than has Mr. Morris, I would like to remind him that in an editorial capacity these two qualities—accuracy more especially—are very essential. Some allowances, of course, should in all kindness be made for a "budding" Editor, but one would think the veriest amateur might take some trouble, before making a somewhat virulent onslaught on a writer, to be sure that he attacked the right person.

In an editorial contained in the July number of the *Practitioner*, Mr. Morris holds forth on his pet "fad, the New Nurse." He says:—

"The New Nurse waxes every day fatter, figuratively speaking, and 'kicks' more vigorously. She is no longer, it would seem, contented with a certificate; she must have a degree. At least, 'post-graduate' lectures are given by learned ladies, and reported in the *NURSING RECORD* for her edification. 'Exhibitions' are arranged where medical and surgical appliances of all kinds are displayed, to the admiration of the public and the greater glory of the New Nurse. Her tastes are strongly surgical, and she has a scarcely-concealed contempt for the general practitioner. Even the Hospital physician is made to feel that his attempts to hide his ignorance do not impose on her. If his cases recover, the credit is hers; if they do not, the fault is his.

She is more tolerant of the student, for—to say nothing of his possibilities from a matrimonial point of view—he is more keenly conscious of his inferiority, and more grateful for her patronage. Besides, is she not his guardian angel? Is it not her influence that has rescued him from his former swinish life, and made him the ornament of society which he now is? So, at least, we are told by that great exemplar of sweetness and light, Dr. Arabella Kenealy. Writing in a recent number of *Sisters*, the author of 'Some Men are Such Gentlemen,' and other instructive and entertaining works, says: 'The reformation of the medical student, whose "rowdiness" and general bad behaviour had become proverbial, dated from the advent into the Hospitals of cultured women. One of our greatest surgeons recently said, "The lady Nurse has exorcised the brute element from our wards."

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