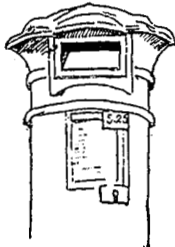


WHAT TO READ.

- "Northward over the Great Ice." By R. E. Peary, U.S.N.
- "History of Spanish Literature." By J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly.
- "Life in a Modern Monastery." By Joseph M'Cabe.
- "The Town Traveller." By George Gissing.
- "God's Outcast." By Silas K. Hocking.
- "A Crowned Queen." By Sidney C. Grier.
- "The Journalist." By C. F. Keary.
- "An Honourable Estate." By Ella Macmahon.

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.

HOLIDAY LETTERS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—My annual holiday was spent in the Lake Country, and, of course, I travelled north third-class, by the London and North-Western Railway. A placard "Whitehaven" is stuck over one carriage, into which I naturally got to avoid changes *en route*, but the scandalous overcrowding insisted upon on this line sadly needs reform. For instance, I sat squashed all the way, one of *ten adults*, with three children in addition. Next to me, an excellent man nursed his progeny on either knee, with arms well extended to cradle the little boys, who happily slept and loudly snored most of the way, the head of one actually resting on my shoulder for some hours. On the return journey the carriage marked "Euston" was crammed in the same manner, although many passengers were not coming to London at all, and got out at Crewe, but having learnt a lesson I got into a smoking carriage, where the four corners comfortably accommodated four men. My presence was not greeted with signs of pleasure, but I explained that if I must be asphyxiated, I preferred tobacco smoke to sweltering humanity. My right hand neighbour, a rotund little person, offered me his *Manchester Guardian*, containing the account of the brilliant victory at Omdurman, and remarked, "Now, do you suppose them wounded blacks were left in the field to die?" "Quite certainly," I replied. I was interested. "And is it true our fellows 'ain't got no nurses to look arter them, at the front," he continued.

"I believe," I answered, "the surgeon in charge considers the arrangements quite perfect without Nursing Sisters."

"Well then, its a shame; here you see I've been through an operation," and he poked out a handless stump, neatly covered. "I've lost one 'and, and it was all owing to the best of nursing as I did not lose my life. I was one of Sister Dora's patients at Walsall."

I was much more interested. "Tell me about her," I asked, "I'm a nurse!"

"Now, is yer (warming up in a most enthusiastic manner)? Oh! she was just grand—such a presence, such a 'cart, and reader—I never 'eard the Bible read so grand, the Almighty, He must have enjoyed it. Yes, my luck turned from the time I knowed her. I married one of her nurses—a fine clever woman. She's made my fortune. I was a artisan in those days; now I'm 'ead of a flourishing milk business and coal business, with numbers of free'old 'ouses, all due to 'er 'elp. When I told Sister Dora, that me and A— had fixed it up." She says, "Now, my boy (she called us all boys) take time to think of this. I have the highest opinion of A—'s qualities of mind, I want to send her away for thorough training; she has those noble qualities of mind that would make her an invaluable professional nurse, she's too good to lose." "And that's what I think, so by your leave Sister we won't part, and we didn't; but we ain't forgot Sister Dora, we've got her statue at Walsall, and we are doing things as she wished in our Workhouse Infirmary, its equipped first rate, and the Guardians recognise as women is best fitted to do women's work, and don't interfere with the pettifogging details of 'ousehold management, nor choice of nurses, they gives their Matron due responsibility and we get along first-rate. Oh! here's Crewe, I change here—well! Miss or Madam (interrogatively) Good day! Yours is a splendid work, may I get you a cup o' tea, nurses, has all my respects." And away he went, to return in two minutes with a large delicious cup of tea, which I drained with delight to the ever revered memory of "Our Sister Dora," whose noble deeds are still held in such loving remembrance by her "boys" that every stray nurse they meet is a heroine in their estimation.

Yours truly,
REFRESHED.

NEGROES AND DISEASES.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I was very interested in the Medical Article which appeared in the *NURSING RECORD*, last week, on the above subject, but is the comparison drawn between the British sailor and the Lascar quite fair? If the exposure to wet and cold were so severe as to bring on pneumonia in the British sailor, it would be almost certain to be fatal to a Lascar, who comes from a tropical country, and has never been accustomed or inured to cold. To be quite fair, statistics should be taken in a tropical hospital also of the effect of disease upon natives and Europeans. Certainly if malaria is considered, natives are much better able to bear it than Europeans. A native very rarely dies of it, though he is often attacked by it. Often he will have a temperature of 103° one day, and be going about his work, apparently, none the worse for it, the next, while, with Europeans it not unfrequently ends fatally, and, in any case, return to ordinary duties after an attack of malaria must be cautious and gradual. Is the reason of this the fact stated in your interesting article that races, previously unacclimatised to disease, contract such disease with much greater virulence than those who are constitutionally protected. It is an interesting theory, and one which one would like to know more about,

Faithfully yours,
COSMOPOLITAN.

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