

will pick red nobbs for your mother's wine, and refresh ourselves with strawberries and cream. Come."

And we went.

Soon, with the scent of the wild rose in our nostrils, we were breathing blood and thunder on the banks of the Danube.

That was the beginning of my serious reading—begun, I own it, to improve my mind.

To my sweet mentor, lost these many years (her beauty tempted Cancer the Cruel, and he did eat), I owe all the best happiness of life. I am a nurse, a mere human atom. Yet I also have lived in wonderland.

ANNE.

"His Heart's Desire at Price of his Heart's Blood."

In the *Times* of Saturday last will be found Mr. Rudyard Kipling's fine poem, "The Pro-Consuls," which should be read in its entirety. "His heart's desire at price of his heart's blood." Have not the peoples of all time cried, "Crucify him, crucify him," to all but the sapient sayer of smooth things—the docile doer of decorous deeds?

THE PRO-CONSULS.

*The overfaithful sword returns the user
His heart's desire at price of his heart's blood:*

*The clamour of the arrogant accuser
Wastes that one hour we needed to make good.*

*This was foretold of old at our outgoing;
This we accepted who have squandered, knowing,*

*The strength and glory of our reputations,
At the day's need, as it were dross, to guard*

*The tender and new-dedicate foundations
Against the sea we fear—not man's award.*

They that dig foundations deep,

Fit for realms to rise upon,

Little honour do they reap

Of their generation,

Any more than mountains gain

Stature, till we reach the plain.

* * * *

On the stage their act hath framed

To thy sports, O Liberty!

Doubted are they, and defamed

By the tongues their act set free,

While they quicken, tend and raise

Power that must their power displace.

* * * *

*For, so the Ark be borne to Zion, who
Heeds how they perished or were paid that bore it?
For, so the shrine abide, what shame—what pride—
If we, the priests, were bound or crowned before it?*

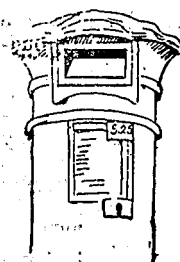
What to Read.

"Russia from Within." By Alexander Ular.

"Russia under the Great Shadow." By Luigi Villari.

"Saint Catherine of Siena, as seen in her Letters." Translated and edited, with introduction, by Vida D. Scudder.

"The Fool Errant." Being the Memoirs of Francis-Antony Strelley, Esq., Citizen of Lucca. Edited by Maurice Hewlett.



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.

CO-OPERATIVE TRAINING.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I should imagine that the very first duty of any Central Nursing Council would be to take into consideration the nursing curriculum preparatory to adopting for the time being what should be the course of a nurse's education. No doubt due consideration would be given to the work in hospitals, general and special, but the Council would not be primarily concerned with that work as apart from an educational medium for nurses. Say the trained nurse's education followed on the lines of that of medicine, which it must naturally do if nurses are to be of use to the sick, the three broad departments would be medical (including, of course, infectious work), surgical, and obstetric nursing. Now, as neither fevers nor obstetrics are included in the large majority of general hospitals, the special hospitals enabled to give practical experience in these branches of nursing are quite safe. But how about the dozens of specialities? No curriculum could demand practical experience in all the specialities, time would not permit of it, and no pupil nurse could afford it, considering how very limited is her earning capacity when all is said and done. And from the tone of the county members of the Select Committee on Nursing one can gather what a terrible calamity they would consider it, should trained nurses receive any increase in remuneration. Nurses are, as a class, miserably paid when trained, and sentiment in this country, at least, will keep them so for many a long day. Under the circumstances, therefore, nursing education must be made as cheap and simple as possible to be efficient.

Yours truly,

A SISTER WITH A SALARY OF £25 PER ANNUM.

NURSES' RATIONS.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—In spite of increased expenditure and an abundance of food provided, much still remains to be done to make nurses' food in hospitals palatable. Housekeepers still cling tenaciously to "too—too solid flesh," and ignore what my grandfather used to call "kickshaws." Take this weather for instance. Imagine the smell at breakfast where half-a-dozen platters of fried bacon are necessary to feed fifty nurses; and again at dinner hot roast joints—the smell is all I need to satisfy my inner man. Now, if I might have a large slice of iced melon, a crisp roll (out of the oven), fresh butter, and my own wee pot of fresh tea, I should enjoy that. But greasy bacon and lukewarm coffee. No! Would it cost more? Surely not, and the trouble would be the same, as the melon would be cold instead of the coffee, and the rolls hot instead of the bacon. Dinner—give me very hot *consommé*, again in my own

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