

Partially trained and Experienced Nurse.	Nurse Companion. Secretary.
The Nursery Nurse.	Attendant.
Private	The Army Nurse.
District	Naval
Village	School
Cottage	Tuberculosis
	The Dental
	Monthly

Last, but not the least wonderful or accomplished the "Nurse" who "goes out nursing" when other occupations fail or become tiresome.

Group 4.—When the V.A.D., which may be called the "Variety" stage of Nursing, is considered, still dizzier heights of glory are reached, and still lower depths of nothingness, for Royal ladies lay aside their crowns;

Duchesses their coronets and strawberry leaves. Peeresses their (shall we say) diamond tiaras; Their daughters, nieces, aunts and cousins follow suit, leaving the social whirl behind them (except for an occasional look-in).

The feminine relatives of Cabinet Ministers do not lag behind.

The wives and daughters of professional men, merchants and farmers, follow in the wake of this noble throng.

Actresses desert their own fascinating profession to shed a temporary halo on nursing.

The Teacher leaves her school.
The Shop Assistant her shop.
The Clerk her office.
The domestic servant her "place."
The washerwoman her tub; and
The charwoman abandons her pail and scrubbing brush.

All are animated by one common desire—to be Nurses and, usually, to don uniform. Those desires being attained, there is a natural wish to be photographed in uniform, while "nursing," "working as a nurse," or "acting as nurse."

The uniform and the title Nurse link together all the foregoing groups, but there are many and striking points of difference between the nurses. Some learn nursing with ease, grace and rapidity, while others progress slowly, and sometimes make painful mistakes. Some become quite efficient in a few weeks or months, while there are numbers that take years to reach that goal. Some are highly educated, speak in flowing periods, and can deal with emergencies of which they understand nothing with that calm self-possession which stamps those who govern. It pains me to place on record that there are, on the other hand, plebeian nurses, whose grammar is faulty, and who so entirely lack repose of manner that they start if shouted at.

Some are young, gifted, rich and beautiful. Some, no longer young, are dull, uninteresting and plain, and, worse still, many of them are, in addition, very poor. Far be it from me to attempt to trace Effect to Cause—I merely set forth facts.

Some are like angels, and are often compared to them.

A large number are just average, without virtues too obtrusive or faults too tiresome.

I hate to have to tell it, and so have postponed it until the last minute—a small number are "cats."

All, without exception, are nurses. Does "a rose by any other name smell as sweet" or is the great man wrong?

For my part, if I have assisted some budding lexicographer (or the man that compiles the Encyclopædia) I shall not have lived in vain.

ONE OF THE CAPTAINS.

GREAT NORTHERN CENTRAL HOSPITAL.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

The occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of the Great Northern Central Hospital drew a large and representative audience to a meeting at the Mansion House on St. Luke's Day, October 18th.

The Lord Mayor presided. In his opening speech he said that no more suitable day could have been chosen for their gathering. The debt they owed to the Doctors, Sisters and Nurses for their sublime sacrifices in the present war could not be overestimated. When the history of the war came to be written there would be no brighter page than that which recorded the work of the nurses.

The Bishop of London then spoke. He said so great was his admiration and enthusiasm for the work of the London Hospitals that if he were pinched when he was asleep he thought he could start right off on a speech in their praise. "Often," he said, "my Lord Mayor, you and I think our jobs difficult, but I think if we had to do a Matron's job we should soon be glad to go back to being Lord Mayor and Bishop." He said it was the most beautiful thing to see a poor creature that had been taken from a filthy bed of rags, in a short space of time clean and comfortable in a spotless bed. Tommy, wounded in the trenches, found himself like "greased lightning," at his destination, thanking God he was back in "Blighty."

Hospital organization was one of the greatest masterpieces. Hospitals were the grandest charities, purifying the life of London, by drawing out sympathy, as a breeze fills up the vacuum caused by heat. He reminded the audience that not only were the hospitals for the relief of suffering, but they were also schools of experience for doctors and nurses. How glorious had been their work in this war!

When speaking at Béthune to 1,000 soldiers, close to the firing line, at the conclusion of his address a figure in nurse's garb emerged from the dressing hut close at hand. He had no idea that any woman was near.

"Bishop," she said, "isn't it nice to be chosen to be here? I am nearest of any nurse to the guns." She loved the thought that she had been

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