

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1901.

## An Invasion From Canada.

Canadian girls will constitute one-half of the graduating classes of the leading training schools for nurses this year in New York and all the big cities from the Atlantic ocean to the Rocky Mountains.

While the British matron moans as each successive British youth is led captive to the altar by American girls, her Canadian niece is avenging the English cousin. She has swept across the boundary line and descended on the professional young woman of the United States. While the Canadian girl is now prominent in all the professions in the States her greatest distinction has been won in trained nursing. In the most noted training schools and the finest hospitals the Canadian trained nurse is in places of responsibility.

Not content with all this Canadians estimate that for every English title won by American heiresses Canadian nurses have bound as many as ten American doctors in matrimonial chains.

A Canadian railroad man who is a prominent member of the Canadian organization in New York city said on this subject.

'I could name at least 250 Canadian nurses offhand, and I don't know one-fifth of them. I married one myself and they are very popular as wives among American doctors. It's easy to see why the Canadian girl gets admission to the training schools for nurses where the American can't.

'The best known Canadian nurse, or the one of whom most has been heard, is Miss Betsey Russell, a daughter of the head of the Hamilton, Ont., insane asylum. Miss Russell was graduated from a New York hospital, St. Luke's, I believe, or the Presbyterian, and went to Cuba to nurse the American soldiers. After she went to South Africa and on her return to Canada several public receptions were given in recognition of her work.'

Among the Canadian nurses in executive place are Miss Burdette who is superintendent of nurses in the Lying-in hospital built by J. Pierpont Morgan; Miss Rykert who is superintendent of the training school at the Post Graduate hospital and Miss Richmond, assistant head nurse at the Kemp Memorial hospital. At the Peekskill training school for nurses a Canadian holds a prominent place and there is always a fair proportion of Canadian students.

Mrs Louis Quintard, formerly superintendent of the training school at St. Luke's hospital, was educated in Canada and all her affiliations were Canadian. Canadians aver that her Canadian sympathies constituted one of the reasons for the opposition that preceded her leaving the hospital.

At New Haven, where an investigation was made into hospital methods recently, one of the charges against the superintendent, Miss Henry, was that as she was a Canadian, she admitted too many Canadians to the training school, giving them preference to American applicants.

Miss Sutcliffe, superintendent of the training school for nurses at the New York Hospital, said:

'Canadian parents send their girls to boarding school more than parents in the United States. They educate the girls with the idea of preparing them to take a place in the social world and preside over homes of their own. They don't start out educating them for college and professions with the idea of careers and money getting. Then when misfortune overtakes the parents the girls, thrown on their own resources, look for what they are fitted to do.

'The trained nurse goes into the finest homes. She must be a person of high breeding or else she becomes a trouble maker and source of annoyance. The American girls who apply to hospitals for admission to the training schools are not to be compared to the Canadian girls in this respect. There are charming and smart girls among the American applicants and many well bred young women among them; but the proportion who are quite the opposite is great. So trained nursing offers a resource to Canadian girls in the circumstances referred to.

'I know many Canadians nurses also who leave homes of ease because they have tired of society life and caught the Ameri-

can independent spirit; girls who have been brought up in affluence, with their own horses and carriages; girls who ride to hounds; popular belles and so on. Of course, some of them go back to Canada with their training, but most of them remain in the States.

'It's the case not only in New York, but also in all the large New England cities, in Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, and even farther West the Canadian girl has the same hold on trained nursing to the exclusion of American girls. In Buffalo, owing to its nearness to Ontario, the rush of Canadian girls to the training schools for nurses became so great that the schools were closed to aliens.

'The Canadian trained nurse certainly is a greater feature of the profession than is appreciated in lay circles. For some years now the classes in this school have contained, you may safely say, on an average, 45 per cent. of Canadian girls. I should hardly say 50 per cent. on an average, but there have been classes where the percentage was as high as 65. Only a small proportion return to Canada permanently. Most of them stay here or scatter through the United States.

'The same thing prevails in all the foremost training schools in the country. In Philadelphia, particularly, and Baltimore I know it is the case. Canadian nurses rank high in the professions and physicians prefer them in many cases.

'Really, I couldn't say why the Canadians have fixed on this profession especially or why so many are admitted. I should be very unwilling to assert that it is because they are more refined and better bred than American applicants. We take applications, of course, in their order, and there are always as many Canadians as Americans on the waiting list. At Bellevue Canadians were very numerous until the politicians objected and a law was passed forbidding the admission of aliens to Bellevue.

'It is not only for the regular training that Canadian girls come to the United States; but also for postgraduate work, and the schools and hospitals making a feature of that work have even a larger percentage of Canadians than we. Canada has not so many opportunities for training as the hospitals of the States offer, and I suppose that is one reason why so many Canadian young women are met with here. I know of no other profession that has attracted them as nursing has.'

Miss Rykert of the Post Graduate Training School for Nurses said:

'I am a Canadian, but that does not prevent my doing my duty by the American applicants for admission. The class before I came here was over 65 per cent. Canadian. Being Canadian myself I am distinctly sensitive lest I may be accused of favoring Canadian applicants. I have discussed the matter freely with the board.

'We cannot admit every one who thinks trained nursing is a money-making profession and goes into it with the idea of escaping from drudgery of some other kind. If we did the reputation of trained nurses and of the school would soon fall. A trained nurse to be up to the ideal must be a well-bred woman of refinement and delicacy, with firmness, tact and good judgment. I am not saying the American girl has not all these qualities. There is none superior to the American nurse when she fills all these requirements. But I wish I could show you a bunch of letters from applicants I now have under consideration. I cannot without violating confidences, but one is from a milliner, another from a former lady's maid and a third from a cook and so on.

'When a trained nurse goes into an establishment with many servants she occupies a peculiar position, and it is found that the American girl, often coming from a home where all domestic labor tall to the mother and no servant is kept, does not know how to carry herself toward the servants. She causes friction, is too demanding and wants all sorts of attentions no well-bred nurse expects.

'The Canadian applicants with few exceptions come from well-to-do or prosper-

ous families, are well bred in the true sense of the word and succeed accordingly. That is one reason why American doctors with the best practices often prefer Canadian nurses. An American applicant all things being equal always has the preference with me over the Canadian because I realize I am in an American institution. Yet with the best of intentions out of a class of sixteen this year eleven will be Canadians although some of those had been accepted when I took charge.

'The subject has been discussed by the heads of the training schools at our meetings. While American girls are clever at books it isn't always the cleverest book student who can follow implicitly a doctor's orders. The head of a large training school was telling an experience that proves it. A Vassar Greek medal girl conceived the idea that she was called to nurse the sick and was admitted, of course. The head of the training school said the Greek medalist from Vassar lasted just one month, and nearly finished half the patients she handled in that time. Canadian girls have many of the qualifications the Vassar girl lacked. That's why I suppose they have crowded American applicants out.

'In Philadelphia and Baltimore the Canadian girls are quite as successful and as much in demand as in New York and other cities nearer the border. At Johns Hopkins there are four Canadian doctors which may account possibly for a portion of the prevalence of the Canadian nurse and student there.

'Oh, yes, Canadian nurses frequently marry American doctors. But I'm sure they have no idea of avenging their English sisters for the titles they lose to American heiresses although apparently they are successful in doing so.'

For his Good.

A New York household has been provisionally ruled for years by a sable cook who rejoices in the name of Rosa. One day not long ago, this important person sailed into the presence of her nominal mistress and announced that she had a disclosure to make.

'I'm gwine to marry dat trifling Pomp Leone, to his own good, to morrow evening,' she said, 'and I cided you might as chile like to know 'bout it the day before missy.'

'O Rosa,' said the lady, 'how can I spare you now, with all the company we are to have next week?'

'Spare me, missy?' repeated Rosa. 'I ain't said nuffin 'bout you sparing me, chile. De ceremonies and bands is gwine to be per-nounced at seven o'clock, and Pomp, he's gwine to start off on his honeymoon on de ten o'clock train.

'He's got a heap o' relations out West, and so hab I, and he's gwine to see 'em all. And when he's done got troo wid dem relations, I's got some plans for him down South,' concluded Rosa, darkly.

'He's been in kind o' dubious company lately, missy, and de best I could do was to marry him right now. But sakes alibe, chile! Rosa ain't got no notion ob leaving you. Wat put such an idee an dat in yo' little head, honey?'

British Barristers' Wigs.

The wigs worn in English courts were formerly made of human hair, and it is on record that the white hair of a woman who lived to be 106 years old was sold for that purpose for £50. In 1827 the old form of powdered wig—which was somewhat of an nuisance because the powder came off and the hair frequently required curling—was superseded by the horsehair wig.

Only about 100 of these legal ornaments are made annually. A good article will last for a quarter of a century, and, moreover, barristers do not altogether appreciate new wigs, as they suggest that the wearer is new to the business and consequently has not had much experience.

The cost varies from 1 to 12 guineas. The former price purchases an ordinary article, while the latter is the sum paid for what is known as a 'full bottom' wig, which is usually worn by the leading barristers on the occasion of a great trial. It is also the kind which adorns the head of the speaker of the house of commons.

Most of the horsehair is imported, but the home product is the best and is that used in the costliest wigs.

Tommy (surprised)—Why, father, I thought that one spoonful of sugar was always enough for my coffee?

Tommy's Father.—This is a restaurant, my son. Take all the sugar you want.

## Bravery of A Young Giantess

Miss Sallie Shore of Marble Falls, Tex., is differently constituted from the ordinary timid young woman, for she not only possesses the strength of three men, but she has the nerve and courage of half a dozen. Recently a 200 pound tramp appeared at her kitchen door and asked for food saying 'I don't want any of scraps. Hand me something fit for a gentleman to eat.' Just as he uttered the last word he felt himself lifted off his feet, and when he turned his head to take observations he discovered that a young girl had one hand fastened in his collar, and before he could protest with either tongue or arm she shook him until his teeth chattered.

'Want pie and cake, do you?' she said. 'Well, take that, you lazy coward.'

After slapping his jaws she threw him head foremost over the bannisters of the porch, and he landed in a barrel that was about half full of rain water. Miss Sallie had to turn the barrel over to save the man from drowning. He did not wait for something fit for a gentleman nor did he take time to open the gate. He went through it, carrying a part of the structure with him. The young woman's admirers collected money enough to buy a fine gold watch. The little affair called attention to the fact that this Miss Shore is one of the strongest young women in the world, and she exhibits courage of a high order, coupled with extraordinary powers of self possession and perfect coolness in the presence of danger.

She showed herself worthy of just this kind of praise in an affair that happened only a few weeks ago. She saved the life of a young man who was riding in a buggy by her side and doubtless the lives of several other people by an act that would not have occurred to one person in a thousand. Miss Sallie and a young man named Carmen were riding in a buggy along a narrow lane behind a pair of spirited horses. There were strong barbed wire fences on both sides of the road and barely room for two vehicles to pass. There was a loaded rifle in the buggy which Carmen had borrowed from a friend in town. He had apologized to the young lady for having the gun, and she had replied: 'Oh, I am not afraid of it. I know how to handle firearms.' Miss Sallie was going to Carmen's home to visit her sisters and as they were driving along the road the young man again referred to the gun. He told Miss Shore that he had left a few cartridges in the chamber in the hopes of getting a shot at a deer that he had frequently seen in an old field that they had to pass.

'In that event,' said the young girl, 'if you hold the mustangs I will kill the deer.' 'That is just where the trouble comes in,' replied Carmen. 'The horses are not gentle, and they try to run away every time they hear any unusual noise.'

'Well, if you can hold them, replied the girl. 'I will kill the deer,' and as if to show that she was in earnest she picked up the rifle and laid it across her lap.

As they entered the narrow lane, which is about a mile in length, Miss Sallie noticed a carriage full of people approaching from the opposite direction, and it occurred to her that there would be little room to spare in passing. One of the horses became frightened at something, and Carmen gave him a cut with the whip. The animal lunged forward, and when the young man quickly attempted to check him one of the lines broke.

The spirited horses bounded in the air, and with snorts of terror they ran at the top of their speed, while the buggy bounced about between the wire fences as if it had been a toy. Carmen, with one line in his hand, was helpless, but the girl exhibited presence of mind which stamps her as possessing generalship of no mean order. 'I knew,' she says, 'that if the horses ran against one of the barbed wire fences we would be torn to fragments, and it was evident that our runaway team would soon collide with the approaching carriage.'

There was but one thing to do, and the girl did it. Quickly throwing the gun to her shoulder, she shot one of the horses. Fortunately the sudden halt and the struggles of the fallen horse threw his mate floundering in the road, and the occupants

of the buggy had time to make their escape unharmed. When she was only 14 years of age, Miss Shore plunged into the Colorado river and rescued a man from drowning. This occurred near a great waterfall, and the current swept toward the cataract with such terrific force that several fishermen who witnessed the rescue declared that they would not have ventured into such a dangerous flood for a deed to Texas.

The girl's parents say that she was always different from other children. From a child she possessed extraordinary courage, and in all her life she has never shown the least fear in the presence of man, beast or danger. Upon one occasion, says the Chicago Tribune, she descended into a well more than 100 feet, clinging to a rope and letting herself down with her hands, for the purpose of saving the life of a child.

Only a few weeks ago she saved her father from being trampled to death by a mad bull. Hearing the old gentleman's calls for assistance, Miss Shore ran out to the cattle, arriving just in time to see a furious old bull tossing her father into the air with his horns. The brave girl ran straight to the dangerous animal and caught him by the nose and one of the horns. Her father was lying on his back under the bull's fore feet.

'I believe,' says Miss Shore, 'that I could have broken that bull's neck. I was mad enough to have killed him.' She did twist his neck until he bellowed for mercy, and she held him until her father could put a rope on his horns and lash him to a post. The young girl's friends and neighbors never tire of telling stories of her prowess. The heroine herself is modest, and it is not an easy matter to induce her to converse about her phenomenal strength and her many brave acts. She is in her eighteenth year and weighs 298 pounds, and, although she is certainly a giantess, she is blessed with a sweet and gentle disposition, and there are few young girls who are more popular and none who possess more sincere friends.

Old-Time Tobacco Legislation.

It is one of the curiosities of old-time legislation that the use of tobacco was in early colonial days regarded by the magistrates and elders as far more injurious, degrading and sinful than that of intoxicating liquors. Both the use and the planting of the weed were forbidden, the cultivation of it being permitted only in small quantities, 'for mere necessities, for physic, for preservation of the health, and that the same be taken privately by ancient men.' But the 'Creature called Tobacco' seemed to have an indestructible life. Mrs. Alice M. Earle writes of these early restrictions about tobacco in 'Stage-Coach and Tavern Days.'

Landlords were ordered not to 'suffer any tobacco to be taken into their houses' on penalty of a fine to the 'vittualer' and another to 'the party that takes it.' The laws were constantly altered and enforced; and still tobacco was grown and was smoked. No one could take it 'publickely,' nor in his own house or anywhere else before strangers. Two men were forbidden to smoke together.

No one could smoke within two miles of the meeting house on the Sabbath day. There were wicked backsliders who were caught smoking around the corner of the meeting-house, and others on the street, and they were fined, and set in the stocks and in cages.

Until within a few years there were New England towns where tobacco-smoking in the streets was prohibited, and innocent cigar loving travellers were astounded at being requested to cease smoking.

Mr. Drake wrote, in 1886, that he knew men then living, who had had to plead guilty or not guilty in a Boston police court for smoking in the streets of Boston.

In Connecticut, in early days, a great indulgence was permitted to travellers—a man could smoke once during a journey of ten miles.

An Example.

Mr. Birmingham—It is wonderful instinct which teaches animal to seek a safe retreat when danger is nigh.

Mr. Manchester—I myself have often seen a cowhide.