A LOST COMMANDER,
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.*

Rarely have we read a book which has given us more pleasure than a "A Lost Commander, Florence Nightingale," by Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, the title of which is taken from a sentence in Sir Edward Cook's Life of Miss Nightingale.

"A great Commander was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a woman."

And yet, after all, was the loss so great? For in very truth she was a Great Commander, who blazed a trail along which countless legions have marched and are still marching in ever-increasing numbers, to ultimate victory, their objects the care and cure of the sick, and the betterment of humanity by the inculcation of the laws of health defined by Miss Nightingale with such clarity.

"We are your soldiers, and we look for the approval of our chief," wrote Agnes Jones, "active, beautiful, witty, intensely religious—whom Miss Nightingale sent to be Superintendent of a sink of iniquity, the workhouse infirmary at Brownlow Hill, Liverpool. The sequel is known to the world. Unquestioning she obeyed her Great Commander. "He set his face like flint, hers not to reason why, hers but to do and die," and gloriously she did both.

The special charm of Mrs. Andrews' book is that, written by a woman possessing both insight and literary skill, it presents to us Florence Nightingale as she must have been: impulsive, impatient, loving and beloved, endowed with brains far above the normal, with a steady purpose which never faltered despite discouragement dissuasion, and, even more hard to resist, persuasion.

Other lives of Florence Nightingale have been written and well written. Sir Edward Cook's book was a necessary and historical record received with widespread approval. But it is not a book to inspire the average girl considering the child, the girl, the woman of single aim and unswerving purpose.

The stories of Florence Nightingale are many. We do not desire in this short notice to reiterate those already well known, but rather to emphasise the points and the little intimate details, authentic and imaginary, which appear important to a woman biographer, showing us the child, the girl, the woman of single aim and unanswering purpose.

"She marched along a flowery path, growing in body and mind; living in laughter and love and play and work as other little English girls grow and live; learning to keep house and to be useful to animals and to peasants, as other squires' daughters learned; building up intellect and judgment and character in a way few have done, and always with a message, energy and determination, whose footsteps, follow as faithfully as she may, she can never hope to outstrip.

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Mrs. Andrews shows that the nursing profession is, "in origin—and for centuries was in practice—a religious manifestation." Coming to the nineteenth century and the debased type of women employed as nurses, she writes: "Florence Nightingale's searchlight eyes saw the tragic side of these characterless nurses. Need of work; underpayment; deficient food and clothing; desire to save the uniforms, up-to-date girls who graduate of a June morning every year from schools all over the land, have that brave, antique figure, misty now with nineteen hundred dusty years, as their prototype and pioneer."

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Mrs. Andrews describes the foundation of the Deaconesses' at Kaisersulm-renowned as the Place of Sairey Gamp, and relating that after referring to Sairey Gamp, and relating that "one of two things... In one hospital, Miss Nightingale went on, 'there is a rule that no nurse should have food at night. But they didn't do it. 'In one hospital, Miss Nightingale goes on, 'there is a rule that no nurse is to take refreshment during her watch, the intention being to keep her more vigilantly to her duty.' Yet the head nurses knew that a human woman 'watching and fasting' from 9 p.m. to breakfast at 6 a.m. would soon be unfit; so that rule was quietly disregarded.

"Towards such a world of drunkenness and immorality and misery did this daintily raised pilgrim steadfastly set her steps. That her family opposed her tooth and nail is not remarkable.

Mrs. Andrews describes the foundation of the Deaconesses' Institute at Kaisersulm—renowned as the place where Florence Nightingale received some systematic

She also wrote The Marshal, a Napoleonic historical novel, Crosses of War, a collection of World War I poetry, A Lost Commander, a biography of Florence Nightingale, and The Eternal Feminine, a collection of stories about women.[1] Andrews also wrote the chapter "The School Boy" in The Whole Family, a collaborative novel featuring chapters written by different authors, including Henry James and.