

gifts of firmness, self-control, and love to those under her, that we all imagine born, more or less, in a man or woman of gentle birth. If I could have my wish, I would have Miss C. J. Wood to reign over our ideal Nurses' Club. She has so fully shown her capability, and kindness for others, for so many years, that it is quite certain we should be great gainers if she could be persuaded to take even an occasional supervision of our well-being.

But it is a well-known fact that the *head* of anywhere must be perfect—perfectly kind, perfectly just, perfectly good, in fact; but does it ever occur to those who look up to the heads for perfection that they would be far more likely to find it if they themselves were more perfect? Those who expect comfort in the home, do they ever dream of the many steps taken, the long anxious thought, the often sleepless nights of those who oil the wheels, as it were, of the house—and frequently there is far more real trouble taken, when to outward seeming there is very little?

It may not occur to all—some are too busy to think of it, perhaps; but, not to put it more harshly, people are very often what is best described as *difficult*: their rooms are not quite to their minds, their coffee is just too strong or too weak, they would rather have had pudding when there was soup, and fish instead of meat. If only we could all remember there will always be some crook in the lot, and accept it with cheerful ready good temper, it would be a far easier task to those who do their very best, often at a great disadvantage to themselves, to secure the comparative comfort and happiness of others. No club, no Hospital, no large community of any kind, can have a single chance of success, unless each and every person concerned is willing to "give and take," in that sisterly fashion, which is the very essence of the home life. Given a head we can look up to, knowing we shall receive a true motherly welcome at her hands, let us be prepared to render her the love and obedience of daughters, not too much wrapped up in self and self-pleasing to undervalue all that is done on our behalf. Then, I think, we should not only have a truly ideal "Residential Club," but, at any rate, those who have no other would find it a thoroughly happy home as well.

I once read that "Happiness is a flower growing on the highways of usefulness"; and I believe, if we only put our shoulders to the wheel, not expecting too much at first, we may in time have this ideal "Residential Club" an established fact; and not only, as at present, one of those things we hope for in the good time coming—the good time when we shall have a Royal Charter. Then the club will be the natural home of those who, like myself, are members of the B.N.A.

HOSPITAL LIFE IN AMERICA.

I HAVE been so often asked to write a full, true, and particular account of my Hospital life in America, my impressions of the people, and how we of the Nursing world would fare on the other side of the Atlantic, and have made so many rash promises on the subject, that it is quite a relief to an overburdened conscience to give a few of my experiences.

The Americans always have the laugh against us British travellers, because we are quite prepared, after two days' residence in their vast country, to give the Yankee reporter, who is always on our track if we are of any note in England, as many columns of "impressions" as his paper will hold, and at the end of three weeks consider ourselves quite capable of writing a book on the American people and their customs, with the authority of "the oldest inhabitant!"

The most wonderful statements are made by these enterprising travellers, and the aggrieved Yankee is often tempted when he reads such "tall tales," to exclaim, with the old negro, against whose character some accusation had been brought, "I deny the allegation, and defy the alligator!"

Let us hope these notes—written after five years on the "the other side"—will not deserve such criticism.

As my first experience of American Hospitals was in Philadelphia, a short sketch of this sombre old city, with its suggestions and remnants of old Penn and the Quakers, may be interesting. It is very large and straggling, this "City of Homes," as it is called; which means that its people do not live in sandwich layers as they do in the flats of New York. Ground is not valuable enough to make it necessary to build skywards, so it is customary in Philadelphia to have a house to oneself—a luxury that only the rich in New York can indulge in.

Quaintly built red houses and long narrow streets that would remind one of old-fashioned bits of London, were they not parcelled out in blocks and squares, somewhat after the manner of a chess-board. There is one street twelve miles long that leads out towards the picturesque suburbs that surround Philadelphia. There is not much of interest for the sight-seer beyond Franklin's tomb, the Mint, and Independence Hall, from whence pealed out the note on that memorable "Fourth of July" which "proclaimed liberty unto the land and the people thereof."

The rising generation in Philadelphia is unwilling to adopt unmodified Quakerism in all its simplicity and beauty of life, preferring the modern Parisian style of dress to the quaint and dignified

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