

the house governor, in reply to the Stipendiary, said they had had a great deal of that sort of thing lately, and were compelled to take proceedings in the present instance. We congratulate Mr. Howard Collins on taking this course, often in fear of adverse public criticism, hospital officials are apt to be too lenient with this type of patient.

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DR. GEORGE F. SHRODY, of Montreal, has been giving some excellent advice to those young women who are longing for active service with the American troops. The doctor says:—"There's all the difference in the world between civil and military nursing. In one we have all the modern appliances and conveniences, and in the other none of them. The young woman who has the ability to make the best of the surroundings is, therefore, the one best suited to become an army nurse. It's the old story of mixing one's colour with brains. An army nurse should be an extraordinary woman in many ways. She should be uncommonly strong physically, able to endure privation and hardship; she should possess a vast amount of womanly dignity, able to hold herself above her patients, and yet caring for their hearts and minds, as well as their bodies, and she should be schooled to obey orders without asking questions.

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"It is amusing to hear what the average woman thinks the nurse actually does in the field. To hear her talk, one would think that the nurses went to the front of the line and set themselves up as targets for the enemy. As a cold matter of fact, female nurses are not allowed on the field even immediately after a battle except in rare cases, much less while it is being fought. The nurses are generally stationed well in the background. The wounded, as fast as they fall, are, if possible, carried to the rear, where the hospital flag, that sacred yellow emblem, is run up. There they are safe from the enemy's shots. The enemy always respects the hospital flag. It is a violation of the articles of war to fire upon it; it is more, it is a cowardly act, for that would be fighting the helpless."

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"DURING the late war the nurses were supplied by the Sanitary Commission. Hundreds of Sisters of Charity volunteered, and they made the most excellent nurses we had. That was natural, because they were trained to discipline, to respect authority, not to question the reasons for orders, and they were inured to hardship and privation. It is all foolishness for a girl or a woman to think that she can jump out of fashionable life and go to nursing. We might as well take a raw recruit and say, 'Here, we'll make a veteran of you at once,'"

"Nothing gives a doctor so much confidence as to see the white cap and apron of a trained nurse at the bedside, but there is nothing worse than this sickly sentiment about military nursing. Many a girl thinks that it would be such a nice thing to wear the Red Cross uniform and to lounge around a military hospital. Army nursing isn't all smoothing a man's brow, taking him flowers, and reading to him, and the quicker people who think that it is learn how the soldiers despise this sort of thing, the better it will be for all concerned. The quiet, dignified, distant woman is the one who succeeds and does the most good in the field. It takes a great deal of bravery and devotion to duty for a woman to leave her home and friends and go to the front in time of war. She has to suffer much from hardships and homesickness."

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THE danger of yellow fever in the army of invasion has brought to the American War Department a few thousand letters on the subject. A woman living at Baker City, Or., who writes "Faith Curist" after her name, and frankly confesses that she was never in the yellow fever country, and never saw a case of yellow jack in her life, informs the Secretary of War that "this yellow fever scare is really foolish, my dear, brilliant sir."

"Yellow fever," she writes, "is, like a good many other ills of this life, purely a matter of the human imagination, and the human imagination is notoriously deceptive. People imagine they are going to get yellow fever, and they just get it. All they have got to do, when the yellow fever, with its frightful mien, creeps stealthily toward them, is to say to themselves, 'I won't get yellow fever; I can't get yellow fever; I am yellow fever proof; I was meant to die some other way than from yellow fever, and behold, dear sir, they surely won't get yellow fever. Too much imagination is at the bottom of all trouble. With all the trouble I have had, I am sure if I had not long ago said to myself 'You have no trouble at all—you are just as happy as can be,' why, I am sure, dear, high sir, that I do not know what I would have done. If you will only tell the poor soldier men—the great, noble things—Mr. Secretary, to say to themselves when they put foot on Cuba Libre. 'No, sir, I am not going to give way to yellow fever,' why, dear, high sir. I am perfectly certain that not a one of them will die from that imaginary plague. Will you, dear sir?"

This faith curist was told, in a written communication, that the soldiers would be recommended to keep their heads about them, and to observe the every-day rules of health, but that the department could not undertake to exercise any control over their imaginations.

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