

of spectators offered a silent prayer for the safety of the ship of mercy. That these heart-felt prayers have been answered, and that she is doing bravely, is already reported.

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THE *Relief* is undoubtedly the finest hospital ship in the world, is the pride of the War Department, just as the *Solace*, Uncle Sam's other hospital ship, is the joy of the Navy.

The *Relief*, with her splendid lines, her massive steel frame and her modern engines, more than answers every demand from the view point of a ship proper, and from that of the physician and surgeon she is a dream.

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IMAGINE a ship of this kind divided up into five large wards for the sick and wounded, into store-rooms and mess-rooms, operating rooms, and officers' quarters, fitted with every appliance known to modern medical or surgical science, including all known instruments likely to be required in surgical operations; two complete X-ray outfits, a microscopic laboratory, perfect facilities for photographing, and with electrical power everywhere running the lights, and hundreds of fans scattered throughout the ship, whose zephyrs will make the wounded soldier forget that he is not in his northern home, instead of off torrid Cuba.

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THE ship is the largest, with the greatest cargo of nice things that any similar vessel ever carried. Hundreds of patriotic women all over the Eastern states have heard of Dr. Torney and his ship, and the result has been contributions of money and luxuries and delicacies until the pantries and store-rooms of the floating hospital fairly creaked with the load of them.

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In the way of purely medical stores Dr. Torney took pains to supply everything. He sent on board several hundred cases of medicinal stores, which he described as "pills and powders." Special appliances were provided which added infinitely to the comfort of the sick. They were arrangements for distilling, refrigerating, and carbonizing water, the gifts of patriotic Dames.

The first two will be indispensable in the south in furnishing a plentiful supply of pure and cold water, and the carbonizing plant will make the water more drinkable.

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The wards are models in their way. The walls are painted white, the floors covered with rubber tiling, and the beds are of iron enameled in white. The beds have fine wire-woven springs and comfortable mattresses, which being cheap, are thrown away as soon as soiled,

Bathrooms abound. They are connected with all the wards, with the private quarters of the medical staff and with those of the ship's officers. There is a special shower bath which would be the making of any bathhouse on land. It is for sick officers, and is so arranged that the shower throws hot or cold, fresh or salt water. All the bathrooms have rubber floors.

For hoisting or lowering the sick and wounded, Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles has devised a special apparatus. On the forward side of the mainmast he has fitted a steam boom. By its use patients can be taken from a warship and placed on any deck of the *Relief*, or in any ward desired.

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WE own to some sympathy with a correspondent in the *Trained Nurse*, when she writes, under the heading of "The Society Nurse":—

"We have been taught to respect and appreciate the work of the Red Cross Society, but at present we may be excused for being somewhat sceptical; the continual posing before the public, the admission of members with no previous training as nurses, the condition that they must have money enough to support themselves, tend to encourage those who take a romantic view of nursing,

The soldier is ever a hero—the soldier lying wounded on the battlefield must have prompt and efficient help, and will have, we are glad to say, from surgeon and nurse, but the nurse must be a woman who thoroughly understands the work. A woman of nerve, endurance, and strength, and I might add a woman who must work for her own support. Nursing, under all conditions, is hard work, and the women are few who continue nursing unless they do it from necessity.

The purpose that is born of mere enthusiasm will die of shock after the echo of the first explosion of gun-powder has passed away. Just now it is the fad for society girls to offer to nurse the soldiers—all Florence Nightingales in embryo. They lose sight of the fact that there are nurses that have been trained for years, and any number of them are more than willing to go. Let me tell you what the society girl's idea of nursing is. Sitting beside the patient's bedside wiping the perspiration and fanning his fevered brow, giving cool drinks, jellies, soups, etc.; all nice little attentions, I admit, but it is not nursing.

Believe me, there is more prose than poetry in the life of a trained nurse. Her male patients do not invariably fall in love with her, nor does she receive an offer of marriage on an average more than once a year.

According to the statistics, all the generals, colonels and majors are married men, and most of the captains and lieutenants, so matrimonial chances on the battlefield are slim.

The society girl can make jellies, soups, custards, and roll bandages if you will, but let her do it at home.

The professional nurse is the woman to do the work on the battlefield. Exclude the amateur, and I am certain that the army, navy, and society will have reason to be thankful before the war is over."

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