

"THERE is always gossip in Cairo, and it is good news that Miss James has been most successful with her Nursing Home—a former one, as you know, did not succeed. I hear Miss James' Home has patients all the year round, and nearly all the British Officers in the Egyptian army have gone there to be nursed since Omdurman. She also nursed a native Prince, who was shot by another Prince last spring, and in recognition of his recovery he has given Miss James the ground on which she can build a new and much larger Home."

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"WHEN the new arrangements came into force at the Kasr el Aini Hospital, Cairo, Dr. Milton opened a Hospital of his own. It is beautifully arranged, and it would be a brave germ who would enter there! Miss Cutler is in charge of the nursing, and nearly all the Sisters have followed Dr. Milton from Kasr el Aini, which is a great advantage to his patients, as they are experienced nurses who can speak Arabic."

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"IT is a pity so many nurses who come out from England are bent on having a 'good time,' Frivolous nurses have done a lot of harm to 'nursing' generally out here, which makes it much more difficult for those members of the nursing profession who come here to work, and not to play."

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THE "Sunday Herald," New York, says: "In her forthcoming book on the history of the Red Cross Society, Miss Clara Barton will give to the world a thrilling—almost a gruesome—narrative of official mismanagement. Through the courtesy of the publishers the advance sheets of those newer portions of the work that deal with the Cuban campaign are here reviewed. The statements are Miss Barton's, and will appear over her own name in the volume to be issued next month. It must remain for the War Investigation Commission to lay the blame for the shameful mismanagement she describes on the proper shoulders. Every candid reader will rise from the perusal of the book with the fixed impression that had it not been for the aid cheerfully extended by the Red Cross and grudgingly accepted by the military authorities, the loss of life and health at Siboney and Santiago would have been well nigh unparalleled in the history of modern warfare."

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WE hope at an early date to review Miss Barton's book in full, but a glimpse of affairs in

Cuba after the destruction of the Maine is interesting. At this time Miss Barton was already well established in Cuba dispensing relief at Ceno, a suburb of Havana. It was before this good work was well in hand that the explosion of the Maine occurred. Miss Barton describes how, on the memorable February 15, the clerical work to be done was so heavy that it kept herself and Mr. Elwell, her interpreter and secretary, busy at their writing table until late at night. "The house had grown still, the noises on the street were dying away, when suddenly the table shook from under our hands, the great glass door opening on to the veranda, facing the sea, flew open; everything in the room was in motion or out of place, the deafening roar of such a burst of thunder as, perhaps, one never heard before, and off to the right, out over the bay, the air was filled with a blaze of light, and this, in turn, filled with black specks like huge spectres flying in all directions. Then it faded away. The bells rang, the whistles blew and voices in the street were heard for a moment. Then all was quiet again. I supposed it to be the bursting of some mammoth mortar or exploding of some magazine. A few hours later came the terrible news of the Maine."

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SOME forty of the wounded were brought ashore and placed in the Spanish hospital of San Ambrosio. All the members of the Red Cross hurried to their relief. As Miss Barton was on her way she met Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, who stopped her to say: "Miss Barton, do you remember you told me on board the Maine that the Red Cross was at our service, for whenever anything took place with that ship, either in naval action or otherwise, some one would be hurt—that she was not of a structure to take misfortune lightly?" And Miss Barton tells us she recalled the conversation and the impression which led to it, "such strength would never go out easily." At the hospital she found thirty or forty survivors, all in a pitiable plight—bruised, cut and burned. She thought to take the names as she passed, and drawing near to the first in the long line asked his name. He gave it, with his address. Then peering out from among the bandages and cotton about his breast and face, he looked earnestly at the lady and asked: "Is that Miss Barton?"—"Yes." "I thought it must be. I knew you were here and thought you would come to us. I am so thankful for us all." Miss Barton asked if he wanted anything.—"Yes. There is a lady to whom I was to be married. The time is out. She will be frantic if she hears of this accident and nothing more. Could you telegraph her?"—"Certainly."

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