

not done, legal action would be taken against certain members of the Committee. The Executive Committee decided it would be best if the appeal were made by the subscribers who had sent the deputation, as Miss Wade accepted full responsibility for all that had been done.

IN reply, Miss Wade said she had considered the matter carefully, and she could not conscientiously say that Nurse Jackson had given satisfaction, and the Council, after considering her report, supported this view. She formed her opinion from what she saw. She was much dissatisfied with various things, including Nurse Jackson's tone and manner of speaking of her Committee. She always put the best construction on Nurse Jackson's action, and feared this was a lesson against being too merciful. She was sorry for the Committee, but right was right, and she for one would not be badgered into doing what she did not think was right.

At a meeting of the subscribers of the Blairgowrie Nursing Association the matter was brought up, Nurse Jackson, Dr. Hood, and the Executive Committee, being represented by their solicitors, when a resolution sympathising with Nurse Jackson was passed. As the matter is still, apparently, *sub-judice*, we reserve our comments until a future issue.

SOME of our English nurses who worked in Greece and who only understood their mother tongue, will have some sympathy for their American colleague in her determination never to venture where English "as she is spoke" is not understood. Says the *Trained Nurse*:—An army nurse, but lately returned from Porto Rico to Washington, declares that never again will she go to a country whose language she cannot understand. It was before hostilities had come to a definite end that she was startled one day by the unexpected visit of her laundress. The woman was intensely excited. Anxiety sat on her brow and sorrow dwelt in her eyes. She gesticulated and she talked. The nurse knew not a word of what she said, but the pantomime filled her with terror. The Porto Rican's hands seemed to speak of an attack on the hospital—of wounded men butchered, and nurses cut to ribbons. The nurse was frantic. She must know the worst. In the hospital was an officer very ill with typhoid fever. She knew he understood Spanish. Only in a matter of life or death would she disturb him, but this was obviously a matter of life or death. She led the woman to his bedside, and there the story was repeated. The officer listened intently. The nurse held her breath. The

laundress ceased. The sick man turned his head on the pillows.

"She says," he whispered feebly, "she says the stripes in your pink shirt waist have run, and she doesn't know what to do with it."

THAT same nurse confesses to having been desperately homesick down in Porto Rico.

"It gave me the blues," she said, "not to be able to make even the children understand me, and one day, one indigo day, a great big sleek cat walked into my room. I was glad to find something that could understand me.

"'Kitty, kitty, kitty!' I said. The cat didn't turn its head.

"'Pussy, pussy!' I said. The cat took no notice. The cat—the very cat spoke Spanish. It was more than I could bear. I couldn't even call a cat."

WRITING from Magila, East Africa, a member of the Universities' Mission says:—"The famine still rages. It is truly awful how these poor creatures are dying. Three deaths this morning. They mostly die from a kind of dysentery, which, we believe, is brought on through eating "maboga" (a kind of root), all sorts of green stuff, and the lack of solid food. Nothing we try seems to cure it. Nurse is at her wits' end to know what to do with them all. I hope I may never see another famine.

"JUST now I was called away. The sight was too awful. Johanna, the cook, was holding a little creature in his arms. "I have picked her up in the road," he replied, in answer to my question as to where she came from. Nurse came to the rescue, and never will either of us forget it. A little mite of about two years—just in a state of exhaustion—but the awfulness of it was that the child was being eaten to death by "madudi" (ants). Eyes and nose full, and a large cut on the forehead right to the bone, and this was all alive—*maggots* in crowds crawling in and out. Nurse spent nearly an hour attending to her, and then she was carried off by Johanna to his wife that she might look after her. She may live. We have many worse cases of starvation, but I have never seen anything to approach the state of this child. We can learn nothing of it yet. Probably it was left to die, or, on the other hand, the mother may have died on the road, and the child rambled off and got lost. The rains are well on, and the "mahindi" (Indian corn) growing fast. We hope the end of July will see the last of this awful time, but, before then, many will have passed beyond human aid."

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