

THE American War Department wants 2,500 male nurses for service in the Philippines, and a special effort is being made to induce young men to enlist in the Hospital Corps. General Sternberg has also ordered 20 more women nurses to be sent to Manila. Their services will, we imagine, be of more value than those of newly enlisted young men, and it is to be regretted that the number of women nurses requisitioned is not larger. Masculine prejudice dies hard.

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WE hear that the plague this year has lasted far on into the monsoon in India, so that the country has not had the respite it has hitherto enjoyed in these months, and that the disease has broken out in many parts. In Poona it is very bad, and the people throw their dead into the streets, as, if it is known that the houses are infected, disinfection is enforced, and the natives strongly object to the process. On one morning alone, before eleven o'clock, 70 dead bodies were removed from the streets.

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A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scotsman*, in describing the present outbreak of plague at Poona, says that to Defoe's most realistic pictures of the Plague of London must be added the Asiatic peculiarities. There is the funeral pyre of the Hindoo for ghastly cremation, deserted the moment it is lit, and then abandoned to the jackals and the vultures. There is the ghoulish Mohammedan cemetery, where the bodies are tossed, or dragged, and not one foot of earth covers them. So few of the living are left to remove the dead that, as in London, the death-cart goes its rounds and disposes of the victims wholesale.

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THE city, in fact, seems to the onlooker to be under a curse. Two-thirds of its native population have died or fled, and among the remaining third there are eleven hundred deaths a week. The two new features of this fresh outburst of the pestilence, which began at the end of February last and attained its daily maximum at the end of June, keeping that up ever since, are these—the black death and the fatal infection of Europeans. The latter is chiefly due to the impossibility of nurses and physicians and benevolent persons dealing with the hundreds who crowd the hospitals, and yet they must work on till they themselves drop.

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SINCE August 1st, five hundred victims a day have filled the General Plague Hospital, notwithstanding the fact that only 104 have been returned as cured in the first fortnight. Ismail Beg, the police inspector, who had just been rewarded by Government for his loyalty and ability, died in a

few hours, his tongue and face turning black. Khan Bahadur Jussuff, who volunteered to look after the hospital for his co-religionists, succumbed similarly. The Hindoo cry to Ram, the Mohammedan wailing and shrieking, and the drums of the low castes, whose region, saturated by the canal, has at last been evacuated, are the only sounds in the great Mahratta capital, which at this season used to teem with native life and European activity.

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MISS KATHERINE TIMPSON, who, before she went out to Uganda as Matron of the Hospital there, was a ward sister at the Dulwich Infirmary, gives the following interesting details of her work.

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"THE new dispensary is nearly finished, and we hope to be using it shortly—long before this journal reaches England. This nice mud house will be a great comfort to us, for the one we are in now consists of one tiny room, and as there are on an average some 600 patients coming in the week, you may imagine how very stuffy it gets from time to time.

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"THE morning's work among the out-patients has its humorous side. Everything is so new to these simple people; but at last I really do think they are beginning to believe there is some efficacy in a tabloid of quinine, small as such a thing is. You see it is a little hard for them to believe that a tiny pill can do them good, when they are accustomed to remedies by the pailful, and are confident that the more fat they rub into their bodies the quicker will be the cure. So there is really some excuse for our dear black brothers and sisters! But ill or otherwise, if there is one thing in all the world that a black man loves, it is a little fat—to shine up his boots, I was going to say—but I mean his body. You must not think, though, that the Baganda are not nice people in their ways because they are fond of a shiny body, for they are by far the cleanest of all black folk, always washing themselves before adding the greatly appreciated fat.

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"FOR children the grease is really a necessity, for the hot sun would otherwise burn their little bodies, causing the skin to chap and crack quite as badly as the cold winds affect some of us at home. When I wash my little sick ones in the hospital, I always rub a little vaseline well in, and they do look nice, and many are the congratulations they get on their personal appearance from the adult patients, who would dearly like a bit given them to adorn themselves with. But, alas for them, this is not looked upon as one of the necessities of our little hospital."

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