

Women. Miss Keating, who had attended the executive meetings of the National Council of Women on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of the month, then gave a very interesting account of these meetings. The Society then adjourned to attend the meeting of the International Council of Nurses.

The second session, on Tuesday afternoon, was taken up by the revision of the constitution, and the election of new members and officers.

The revision of the constitution (Miss Davis, chairman of the revision committee) was quite radical, altering membership from five classes to two, active and honorary, of which the former includes superintendents of training schools and of hospitals, assistant superintendents, and heads of nursing bodies (as the Army Nurse Corps).

They are all, now, on exactly the same footing, the former inequalities having been swept away.

The qualification for membership rests now solely and entirely on the professional education and general acceptability of the woman herself, and not, as formerly, on the size or character of the hospital over which she presides.

It is required that she should have had not less than two full years of training in the wards of a general hospital, or that, in case this training had been deficient, it should have been supplemented by post-graduate work or subsequent hospital work, which may be considered an equivalent.

Under this broader and more just plan the membership of the Superintendents Society should increase largely, and its power of influencing the education of nurses be greatly augmented.

The new President is Mrs. Gretter, Superintendent of the Farrand Training School, Detroit, and the next meeting of the Society will be held in the West in September, 1902.

It was voted by the Society, on motion of the Secretary, that in the future all routine announcements to the Society shall appear in the official reports of the "American Journal of Nursing," and that the Secretary will not be required, as heretofore, to send these individually to each member. The Secretary was instructed to write, fully explaining this to the members. The Society then adjourned.

L. L. Dock, Secretary.

At the above meeting, Miss Linda Richards, a veteran nurse and superintendent spoke, eloquently, common-sense, on the question of the training of mental nurses. She expressed the opinion that attendants on the insane must undergo general training in addition to obtaining experience in the care of the insane before they could rank as thoroughly trained mental nurses. She at the same time insisted upon the asylum experience being taken first.

Travel Notes.

JOTTINGS BY A MEMBER OF THE MATRONS' COUNCIL.

Half the charm of the accounts of those delightful travellers, Sinbad the Sailor and Sir John Mandeville, as well as various more modern voyagers, whose names I discreetly suppress, lies in the fact that they do not bore you with statistics with accurate historical details, and with wearisome scientific facts. So these fleeting notes of a hurried journey make no claim whatever to accuracy or novelty; they are simply the scrappy impressions of a delegate to the Buffalo Nursing Congress. We three left Euston at noon on August 29th, 1901, by a crowded corridor train bound for Liverpool. The platform was full of distracted passengers seeking seats, the usual amount of friends who had come to see them off, and, apparently, more than the usual amount of luggage. The lunch going down, my note book says, was excellent, and we were on board the *Parisian* by 5 p.m. We successfully negotiated dinner, and arrived at Moville, Ireland, by 10 a.m. the next morning. Here we anchored in a charming bay for four hours. Miss C. and I went on shore in an overcrowded sailing boat and an Irish drizzle. Back on board for lunch, off again by 2 p.m. The next entry simply states that I had no dinner. In fact, my notes for the next few days are all simple in the extreme. The following is a sample: Saturday, "No meals but oranges and biscuits," whilst of Monday and Tuesday I have faint recollections, and those chiefly unpleasant. I remember making heroic efforts to have my morning bath, and struggling to occasional meals. I further note that it was cold, and that there was a fine, rolling, swelling, pitch and toss sea. I seem to have made eager enquiries as to the distance we still were from land. I apparently selfishly abstained from taking the slightest notice of my companions. But by Wednesday, September 4th, we had all recovered. It was a gorgeous day, with a brilliant sun, a strong head wind, and a lovely panorama of icebergs. Some were large and beautiful, with dark crevasses, looking like churches, castles, or mountains, some smaller like hillocks or mere ice slopes, some quite small, merely like detached lumps of ice sailing by. Some were far off on the horizon, but others drifted majestically past our boat, and were promptly snaphotted by happy passengers with kodaks. It was a delightful day. In the afternoon we sighted land, and entered the Straits of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador.

Monday we went through the gulf of St. Lawrence, and in the evening had the usual ship's concert in aid of a Sailors' Home. It went off

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)