

the English Hospital at the Piraeus, and acted as interpreter between the patients and the nurses, besides contributing greatly to the harmonious and smooth working of the domestic arrangements generally.

The tact, graciousness, and ability of these ladies was of so high an order that when once Greek women generally realize the dignity of labour there is every prospect that they will be able to furnish from their number women who, after training, will make a very high type of nurse.

A word must be said as to the Greek orderlies who worked under the English Sisters throughout the war. They have not much idea of personal cleanliness, and the practical details of asepticism and anti-septicism are hard to impress upon them. But they have their good qualities. Owing probably to the fact that their staple food is bread, coffee, and a little light wine, they are gentle and amenable. They are also sober. Given a thorough education they would probably make better orderlies than the average British man of similar standing.

Travel Notes.

JOTTINGS BY A MEMBER OF THE MATRONS' COUNCIL.

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I cannot say that the traffic of New York overwhelmed me. I had, by the time I reached it, grown accustomed to the peculiar form it takes in America, the keen desire to be carried swiftly to one's destination which leads to innumerable electric trams and overhead railways, whilst at the present moment, a sort of ditch ornaments all the principal streets of New York intended to contain a kind of twopenny tube. The electric trams if hideous, noisy, and dangerous, are certainly effective, and carry you anywhere and everywhere very quickly. But the vehicular traffic is neither so picturesque nor so imposing as in London, and I saw nothing to equal a good block in Cheapside or Piccadilly, for a broken down electric tram, with a long line of blocked trams behind it, is not so amusing as a seething mass of carriages, carts, omnibuses, hansom cabs (with language), and serene policemen. Also the pavement in many places is far worse than London pavements. It looks as if it were jobbed out cheap.

Everything is done to make the electric service rapid. In the Buffalo trams they implored you in print to "Step lively" out of the car, and in New York a stern conductor ordered you to do the same. And you did, otherwise you were left behind.

In all the tram cars there are notices posted by the Board of Health that might well, in the

interests of cleanliness and health, be largely posted in England, forbidding all spitting in the car, "the penalty thereof being a fine of \$500 or a year's imprisonment, or both." I did not hear whether this penalty was ever enforced, but it was a good idea.

I saw streets in New York full of hurrying people; I saw tram lines without end (in fact *the* sights of the town are its means of locomotion); I saw great houses that were very anxious to outdo the Tower of Babel, but I did not see any antiquities, because they did not exist, and my councillor and guide would not take me to any art galleries, etc., "because you have those better at home." I saw the celebrated Fifth Avenue, each big house lived in by a bigger millionaire than the next, facing a grand park in which nursemaids walked with their charges, and where children played much as they do at home. It was not the season, so I did not see the upper ten of New York driving about in motor-cars. I saw five hospitals in New York, enjoyed them much, and formed a general impression about them, but a stern decree forbids my including them in this scribble. I saw, and that I think was as interesting as anything, the foreign quarters of New York, the Chinese, the Russian, the German, the Italian, all cheerful and dirty in the different manner of their nationalities, the very stalls in the narrow streets changing in character as you passed from the Italian to the Russian or Chinese quarters. I was told that there was great poverty amongst them, but, to a superficial observer, their most crying need was soap and water, otherwise they seemed a happy, smiling lot. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but it does not seem to be closely related to cheerfulness.

In short, New York is just a huge bustling, hustling city, jammed in a small space, very rich and very poor, and full of aliens and foreigners. The town is populated by a mixture drawn from all the races of Europe, with a dash of the tarbrush thrown in, the English or genuine American element hardly seems to predominate. I think New York has more German inhabitants than any town but Berlin; anyhow, the number is extraordinary, and they seem, by the names over the shops, to be all shop-keepers. The most offensively rabid American I met was on board the boat coming home; he had a French father, an Austrian mother, had been born in Germany, and lived nine years in America. He flapped the eagle's wings with a vengeance—to hear him talk his forbears might have fought in the front ranks in the War of Independence. Those kind of people must be a terrible trial to real Americans, who are a courteous, kindly, and well-behaved race.

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