

The City of Great Aspirations.

HALF A WEEK IN WASHINGTON.

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When a patter of eager little feet (I feel sure they are pretty, and have the Andalusian arch) and a swish of cotton skirts awake me next morning, as a flock of nurses fly downstairs to morning duty, I hastily realise that I have only half a week in Washington, so out of bed I skip. During the toilet I hastily recount what I *must* see, and wonder how it is to be accomplished. The view from my window is as entrancing in the early morning sunlight as by the light of the midnight moon. But, hustle as I may, will it be possible to get a glimpse of the interior of all those stately palaces, which have already made Washington one of the most noble cities in the world, and which will crown her Queen of the Western Hemisphere when the scheme for improvement has been accomplished?

I simply will see Mount Vernon, away on the Virginian shore of the Potomac; historic Arlington—the home of the Lees—now Government property, in the lovely grounds of which sleep 16,000 soldiers who died in the War of the Union; the Washington Monument, the Capitol, the White House, the Congressional Library, the State, War and Navy Building—where in safe keeping are so many national heirlooms; the original Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson's first draft of the document; the Sword of Washington, Franklin's Staff, the Seal of the United States; to say nothing of the office of Mrs. Kinney, Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps, the first nurse granted an official position in this department. And then there is the "Smithsonian" and the Corcoran Gallery, the house in which the great Lincoln died, the burial place of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," the Key House, the home of the writer of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the house of Dolly Maddison, and a dozen other historic spots.

At breakfast we are quite a family party, our kind hostess seated at the head and the medical superintendent at the foot of the table, and around the festive board half-a-dozen bright youths slip into their places dressed in spotless white. These intern students—quite a feature of American hospitals—are young men well on in their professional career, and in residence acquire a vast amount of practical experience denied to our extern students. These are charming fellows. And here let me pause to pay a well-merited meed of praise to the average young American medico—he could give our "boys" points. He struck me as something quite unique. Delightfully and unaffectedly courteous, eager and sincere, keenly athirst for knowledge, with a broad outlook on life

—a non-aggressive, strong, dignified, manly fellow—I liked him much, and congratulate his mother.

One could not imagine these young men becoming jealous of, or rude to, women, attempting to dominate the nursing school, to boss nursing organisations, or to play the rôle of Dame Partington to nursing progress—or, in fact, going out of their way to make themselves ridiculous.

In every hospital I visited in the Eastern States the *entente cordiale* between the medical and nursing schools was perfect, and the admiration of the nursing staff for their superior officers and their loyalty to them was ungrudging and sincere, not lip-service only. Professional jealousy does not exist to any appreciable degree between medical men and nurses in the States; each has a well-defined sphere of work, mutually dependent for the public good, and they mind their own business. Hence, on the one hand we find great personal kindness and consideration evinced by the doctor towards the nurse, and unbounded respect and admiration given in return by the nurse to the whole medical faculty. This is as it should be—so far and no further; *ne touchez pas l'âne*.

I found upon inspection that the Garfield Memorial Hospital as a training-school for nurses was singularly complete for its size, as, besides the general wards, it comprises an obstetric department and an annexe for contagious diseases, private wards, and diet kitchen. The nursing home, situated on the upper floors of the administrative block, is very complete, and is under the wing of an enthusiastic Board of Lady Managers, who are indefatigable in helping Miss Nevins, and who think all the world of her.

The hospital is surrounded by plenty of open ground, and a picturesque building—which amongst other conveniences contains a mortuary and a stable—adds greatly to the completeness of the institution. Here a comfortable buggy and a steady white steed are kept for the use of our hostess, and to see her drive off on forage intent is to realise the multiplicity of her duties; it is thus we visit the magnificent Central Market, where the fruits of the earth, many of them unknown to us, are heaped in glorious abundance, and which are sold at what appear to Londoners rubbish prices. Miss Nevins goes constantly to market, and selects all supplies; hence the secret of the masterly management of the commissariat.

This important duty over, she devotes herself to our enjoyment, and a first-rate cicerone she proves. We find ourselves in Pennsylvania Avenue, a magnificent thoroughfare, a mile long, dominated by the Capitol at one end and the White House at the other. Here we pass in turn the most celebrated buildings, and are amazed at their whiteness and grandeur and beauty, and delighted with the stately

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