

The prairie here is covered with snow, and there is no word in the English dictionary that I know of that can give the intensity of cold its proper coldness. It is 40 degrees below zero, and a tearing wind is howling outside. The night is almost impossible, and anyone venturing out must do so only in a fur coat and cap and felt boots and leggings. Your ears must be covered or they will be frozen.

The actual nursing work is very similar to that of Melbourne. There is typhoid in the wards, and operations and accidents, but the surroundings are different from a nursing standpoint.

First there is the furnace to see to. You go down into the cellar, where a huge coal fire is burning, and shovel coal once or twice in the night. The hot air ascends in pipes through the whole house. Inside all is very comfortable, and you go about your work in print dresses as at home.

Then there is the water supply. For general purposes it is pumped from an underground well. Our soft water for drinking lies outside the kitchen door in a heap of ice, with an axe handy. It is carted in huge junks from a pond some distance off, and it is considered the night nurse's duty to see "Henry," the wardman, last thing at night, when he comes to clean out the furnace, to get a supply of ice put into the kitchen cask. During the night you heat some of it up on the stove, and pour into the ice cask to start the melting.

All pot plants must be moved off the inner window-sills, for although the windows are double (two panes of glass, with about a two inch space between) the plants would freeze. We also go down to the "root cellar" (storeroom) and see that the heat is on, to prevent eggs, &c., from freezing hard.

I am here three days and two nights' rail journey from Montreal, and coming along it was, to my mind, a most desolate scene—nothing but snow the whole way, not a tree of any size, and, of course, not a speck of green anywhere. Lakes? Yes, huge lakes, with waves on them like the sea, and all the boats home for the winter. Cities? Yes, huge cities, too, looking so very much alike with their tall buildings.

It is 5 a.m. and a faint light is coming over the snow-covered prairie, the houses, of wood and brick, stand out dark against the icy background, and here and there are bunches of sticks standing up that will be trees by-and-bye; in the distance goes the overland train that is taking the latter half of its seven days' journey from ocean to ocean. Inside, the people are still asleep.

To one who belongs to a land of evergreens and sunshine, flowers, and music, a land of outdoor living, even though there be dust storms and hot winds, life as it is lived here for at least six months of the year is almost intolerable.

"Beautiful snow" I have no use for, unless it be for mere contrasting purposes in the near future, when I shall see more brilliancy in Victorian sunshine, more colour in the flowers of Western Australia, and feel prouder than ever of the climate of our own island.

It is morning. All the kerosene lamps are out, the wind has gone, and from the windows the snow has a slaty colour, and the haystacks are pure white. There is promise of a blue sky and sunshiny day.

The milkman's sleigh is here, and you can hear a tinkle of his bells as he departs down the road. Everything goes by the silent sleigh, and the horses, shod for snow work and rough coated, look as if they thoroughly enjoyed it.

Here's the doctor's sleigh, and here's his majesty himself, just his eyes and nose visible, icicles hanging from his moustache and from the fur of his coat where the breath had moistened it, snow on his fur cap, and energy and battle in his eye.

The steriliser has been on the fire all night, and jugs of sterilised and strained water stand in rows on the tiled floor of the operating room. Here are the day nurses; I am off duty.

The American Nursing World.

A new Chair has been created in the Teachers' College of Columbia University, New York, to be known as "A professorship for the purpose of investigating and instructing in the administration and management of institutions, such as hospitals and asylums." In this department will be included in future the present course of Hospital Economics, which has been organised by American nurses.

The Chair has been offered to Miss M. Adelaide Nutting, of the Johns Hopkins Training School for Nurses at Baltimore, and greatly to the gratification of the Trustees of the University, Miss Nutting has consented to accept the position and the full professorship which it carries. She will not enter upon her new duties until September, 1907. Her resignation at the Johns Hopkins will take effect next spring, after which time she hopes to spend six months in Europe. Under these arrangements it is not too much to hope that we may have her with us at the Nursing Conference to be held in Paris in June, 1907.

This professorship is undoubtedly, says the *American Journal of Nursing*, the outgrowth of the interest in institutions and nurses which has been aroused at Columbia University through the course in Hospital Economics established there under the auspices of the Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses, and maintained by contributions from the nurses of the country. Miss Nutting's appointment is a direct recognition of the value of the work of nurses in institutions, and she is an especially able woman for the position. We extend to Miss Nutting our congratulations, in which we are sure the great nursing body joins us, in this opportunity for broader research work for the uplifting of her profession and for humanity at large.

We heartily echo these congratulations in the name of British nurses.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)