

The International Council of Nurses.

A most cordial reply has been received from the American Federation of Nurses, through Miss Dock, Hon. Secretary of the International Council, in which it is stated that the invitation of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland to hold the Quinquennial Meeting in London next summer has given general satisfaction, and delegates will be appointed at their next meetings to represent the two great National Associations of American Superintendents and Nurses. A meeting of the Executive of our National Council has been called for July 3rd to consider Miss Dock's letter, and take the preliminary steps in organising the meeting.

American District Nurses and Miss Nightingale.

The following letter was sent to Miss Nightingale from the Visiting Nurse Conference, held recently, in Chicago. It was signed by 108 visiting nurses:

Dear Miss Nightingale,

District Nurses in America are to-day holding their first Conference. Informal as it is, we feel that you will care to have our greeting at this time. We hope the same spirit which pervaded your beloved work at Kaiserswerth, has been handed down to us through all the years, and that the inspiration which came to you there, is resulting year after year in giving better care to the sick in the homes of the poor.

With our warmest greeting, we are,
Very faithfully yours,

Alcoholism and Cruelty to Children.

An interesting paper, introductory to a discussion on "Alcoholism and Cruelty to Children," was read on Tuesday afternoon, before the Society for the Study of Inebriety by Dr. Robert J. Parr at the Medical Society's Rooms, Chandos Street, W. Dr. Parr pointed out that amongst the many evils to be attributed to an excessive indulgence in intoxicating liquor, neglect of and cruelty to children is one of the most terrible in its effects. It saps the character of parents and kills by slow and insidious processes the protective instincts of parenthood.

Superintendent on a Hospital Ship.

By MAOK ALL.

I trust nothing in this article will give the idea that I am finding fault with "the powers that be."

That many things could have been better arranged during the South African War, and that if another war of the same magnitude occurred they would be, one must grant.

I have, however, met too many amateur Generals (every second private and every subaltern was that) to wish to swell their numbers.

It would have required an abnormal sense of humour at the time, to see anything but tragedy in some of the experiences that one smiles at now, when time has mellowed some things, and obliterated others.

When I applied to the Principal Medical Officer in Cape Town to be sent home as nurse on a hospital ship, he looked at my certificates (I had been trained in the hospital where he was once a student), and I was accepted at once.

A few days afterwards I was informed that I was appointed to a ship leaving the next day. At the time specified in my orders, I went on board with a friend. This lady was not a nurse, but had picked up some knowledge of dressings, etc., at a dispensary, and knew a little about home-nursing and ambulance work. Miss Gregory (the name will do to identify her by) was a capable, well-educated woman, and turned out the best nurse on board; she was nicknamed by the Tommies, "The Second in Command." We got into uniform, and reported to the ship's doctor who was the only medical man on board.

He asked us to receive the patients, who were then beginning to arrive, and arrange about their berths, etc. We went on the lower deck and found a girl in a rather exaggerated nurse's uniform flirting with the Adjutant. She said she would like to help if anyone would tell her what to do.

A very handsome woman in proper military uniform was also on deck, and a sallow, weary-looking woman in an ugly pink dress; neither of these volunteered assistance.

We sorted out the patients as best we could, surgical cases in the hospital; medical in cabins; convalescents in the swinging cots; and about a couple of hundred in hammocks; these latter we had little to do with.

Ten minutes before we set sail the Principal Medical Officer came on board, and remarked casually:

"Sister, you are Superintendent; I hope you will have a good voyage"; then he introduced the military-looking nurse and a male nurse—her husband—made a few remarks, and disappeared.

Before we started I called together my staff of nurses, and divided the work as best I could. While we were still in sight of Cape Town, four of the nurses retired.

The last to go was the girl who had struck up a flirtation with the Adjutant. She followed the

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