

tirely to the training school connected with the Maternity Hospital. Much regret is felt at Mlle. Hénault's decision, but the supervision of the School at the Salpêtrière, combined with the exacting duties which fall to the Superintendent of a Maternity Hospital in another part of Paris, is surely more than one woman can achieve. In Mme. Jacques the pupils will have the advantage of a Superintendent who, from practical experience, is well acquainted with the School and its needs.

There are many nurses who come in contact with patients for whom a change abroad is desirable, but who are unable to afford the expense entailed. They may be glad to know, therefore, that the Ladies' Home at Cannes, which accommodates 34 visitors, exists for the benefit of just such cases. It has been in existence for 25 years, and its object is to afford rest and change of scene to British and American ladies of small means who are in feeble health, or are suffering from the effects of overwork. An experienced Lady Superintendent is in charge, and two British physicians give their services gratuitously. The inmates pay their own railway fare out and home, and £1 per week for maintenance. Mental cases, and cases of an unfavourable tuberculous character, are not received. The Home is entirely supported by subscriptions and donations of the British and American visitors to Cannes. Applications should be made to Miss Hankey, Hôtel des Anglais, Cannes, during the winter, and the Palace, Much Hadham, Herts, in the summer.

The modern nurse is sometimes said to be unsympathetic, but contrast the reception a patient receives in a hospital nowadays, when everything is done for his welfare, and the account sent by a correspondent of her reception in a foreign hospital some ten years ago:—

About ten o'clock there was a loud clatter on the stairs outside, and in burst three or four rough looking girls whom I took to be servants, but who I afterwards discovered were nurses. They were convulsed with merriment about some huge joke, and as their patois was somewhat difficult to follow it was a little time before I discovered that I was the object of their mirth, for I heard one of them say with a loud laugh, "I always thought a hospital was a place for people who were ill!" Just as the fun was waxing fast and furious, the door opened, and a tall woman with a kind face and superior manner came in, reprimanded the girls severely, spoke kindly to me, and retired, after which there was peace. I passed a very bad night; the heat was stifling, and there was no cooling drink for my parched and feverish mouth. The pain in my side alone was enough to keep me from

sleeping, and the night seemed as if it would never end.

It appears that the medical officer had not seen the patient, and the severity of her illness was not realised. Hence these witticisms.

Evidently a nurse's life in Korea has its ups and downs, to judge from the following letter contributed to the *Nurses' Journal of the Pacific Coast* by Miss Alta Morrison, who is in charge of the Po Ku Nyo Koan Women's Hospital in Seoul, in which she gives an interesting account of a trip into the country in answer to an obstetrical call:—

"I had just time to make the train, so ordered a carriage, which consisted of a two-wheel top buggy, hitched to a Korean man. After boarding the train I found I was the only woman passenger among many Korean men, who eyed me most of the time during the journey, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. From this station I had to go some miles into the country. A boy conducted me into a native church, where I managed to make my errand known, and by a few signs a Korean chair (similar to a Sedan chair) was ordered, in which I might continue my journey. This chair was carried by four men, and in it I had to sit, with my feet doubled under me, and trust that these Koreans knew my destination.

"Korea is very picturesque, and I travelled over beautiful mountains and through valleys. I felt confidence in these men, so I settled down to enjoy the scenery and the beautiful moonlight night. About 10 p.m. we reached a dwelling, and I was welcomed by the lady of the house, who had not seen a white woman for five months. I made inquiry about the patient, and to my consternation learned that I was in the wrong place, as no one was ill here. The woman very kindly gave me shelter for the night, and ordered another set of men and a more comfortable chair for the rest of my journey, which I continued early the next morning—just in the opposite direction to which we had travelled the previous day. We travelled through rice-fields, up and down steep hills, and through streams. The men, being unable to carry me across the streams in the chair, they made me understand by signs that I was to mount on one man's back—my knees in his hands, my arms about his neck. In this fashion I crossed the stream. The water being deep, the Korean short, and I heavy, I was soaking wet up to my knees when we reached the shore. We stopped at many little towns for the men to rest, and for refreshments, and I became the centre of interest to the small boys, who ran about without clothes—this is their custom, except when there is rain; they then may be seen with an umbrella and shoes. I finally reached my destination—about 9 p.m. The accouchement was over, and neighbours and a Japanese doctor were in attendance. The doctor could not speak English, but everything went well, and after one week I left the mother and child in good condition and returned to Seoul."

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