

steaming on to Jacksonville, under guidance of their old-time trusted leader, Southmayd, of New Orleans, listened to his announcement that the town of MacClenny, thirty-eight miles from Jacksonville, Florida, and through which they would soon pass, was in a fearful state of distress; a comparatively new town of a few thousand, largely Northern and Western people, suddenly stricken down in scores; poor, helpless, Physicians all ill, and no Nurses; quarantined on all sides, no food, medicine, nor comforts for sick or well.

"Nurses, shall I leave a part of you there? The train cannot stop in nor near the town; but if I can manage to get it slowed up somewhere, will you jump?"

"We will do anything you say, Colonel; we are here in God's name and service to help His people; for Him, for you, and for the Red Cross we will do our best and our all."

"Conductor, you had a hot box a few miles back. Don't you think it should be looked to after passing MacClenny?"

"I will slow up and have it seen to, Colonel, although it may cost me my official head." And it did.

One mile beyond town, the rain pouring in torrents, the ground soaked, slippery, and caving, out into pitchy darkness leaped three men and seven women from a puffing, unsteady train, no Physician with them, and no instructions save the charge of their leader as the last leap was made and the train pushed on: "Nurses, you know what to do; go and do your best, and God help you." Hand to hand, that none go astray in the darkness, they hobbled back over a mile of slippery cross-ties to the stricken town. Shelter was found, the wet clothes dried, and at midnight the sick had been parcelled out, each Nurse had his or her quota of patients, and were in for the issue, be it life or death. Those past all help must be seen through and lost, all that could be must be saved. The next day a despatch from Southmayd went back to New Orleans for Dr. Gill, a Norwegian by birth, tall, straight, honest, and true as the pines of his native land, to come and take charge of the sick and the Nurses at MacClenny. It was done, and under his wise direction they found again a leader. Their labours and successes are matters for later and more extended record.

It is to be borne in mind that these Nurses found no general table, no table at all but such as they could provide, find the food for, and cook for themselves, for the sick, the children, and the old and helpless who had escaped the fever and must be cared for. No patient could be left till the crisis was passed, and many are their records of seventy-two hours without change or sleep, or

scarcely sitting down. As the disease gradually succumbed to their watchful care, experience, and skill, they reached out to other freshly attacked towns and hamlets. Sanderson and Glen St. Mary's became their charge, and return their blessings for life preserved.

On November 1st it was thought they could safely leave and go into camp for quarantine; but no regular train would be permitted to take them. The Red Cross secured and paid a special train for them, and, as if in bold relief against the manner of their entry seven weeks before, the entire town, saving its invalids, was assembled at the station at seven o'clock in the morning to bid them good-bye and God speed.

But their fame had gone before them, and "Enterprise," a hundred miles below, just stricken down among its flowers and fruits, reached out its hand for aid, and with one accord, after two days in camp, all turned back from the coveted home and needed rest, and added another month of toil to their already weary record. At length this was ended, and word came again to us that they would go into quarantine. Their unselfish, faithful, and successful record demanded something more than the mere sending of money. It deserved the thanks of the Red Cross organisation in the best and highest manner in which they could be bestowed; it was decided that its President, in person, should most fittingly do this, and accordingly left Washington on the morning of November 22nd, in company with Dr. Hubbell, Field Agent, for Camp Perry, the quarantine station of Florida. Two days and one night by rail, a few miles across country by waggon, where trains were forbidden to stop, and another mile or so over the trestles of St. Mary's on a dirt car with the workmen, brought us into camp as the evening fires were lighted and the bugle sounded supper. The genial surgeon in charge, Dr. Hutton, who carried a knapsack and musket in an Illinois regiment in '62, met us cordially and extended every possible hospitality. Soon there filed past us to supper the tall doctor and his little flock; some light and fair-skinned, with the easy step of a well-bred lady, others dark and bony-handed, but the strong kind faces below the turbans told at a glance that you could trust your life there and find it again. They were not disturbed that night and no certain information of our arrival got among them. It was cold and windy, and the evening short, as nine o'clock brought taps and lights out. In spite of all caution the news of our coming had spread over the surrounding country, and telegrams bringing both thanks for what had been received and the needs for more, came from all sides, and the good Mayor of MacClenny made his troubled way to reach and

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