

after bladder and kidney operation they should pass the male catheter on the patient, and this they should, in our opinion, be ready to do. Later, when male nurses are thoroughly trained, no doubt, the necessity for this may pass, and this duty be no longer required of female nurses, but, at present, as these critical cases undoubtedly require the care which only a highly-trained nurse can give; and as there are no facilities afforded to male nurses to obtain this training, it remains for the female nurse to perform this duty for her patient, and, so long as necessity requires it, she must not shrink from it.

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WE do not think that any nurses who are animated with the true spirit of their calling, and who perform their work solely with the desire to fulfil that calling and to bring help and comfort to the sick, will ever feel that in doing so they do anything derogatory to themselves, or which will blunt the delicate sensibilities of their womanhood.

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An American correspondent writes:—

"Perhaps you are getting tired of hearing about our 'War for Humanity,' which has been conducted with so much inhumanity towards our own poor soldiers. These camps, full of typhoid fever, in days when we are taught that typhoid is a preventable disease, seem too dreadful. Our Surgeon-General has appointed a Scientific Commission to investigate the spread of typhoid in the camp. I think the trained nurses, who went to Chickamauga, and found, for the use of 1,600 sick soldiers, *two bedpans*, surely could solve the mystery without going to the trouble of a 'Scientific Commission.' . . . I have been trying to get off to the war, usually it is easy to get substitutes, but this summer impossible, and we cannot leave our patients without care as they are just as needy. At present, the supply of nurses here (New York) does seem completely exhausted. About 800 are on duty in the different camps. Hospitals on the seaboard are unusually heavy, being full of sick soldiers, and we, who work among the 'soldiers of industry,' have never been so busy."

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MISS CLARA BARTON is still doing prodigious work with the American Red Cross, and is now at Havana. The terrible mismanagement of the medical department with the United States Army before Santiago, placed almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of this courageous woman, and the splendid supplies of food and clothing could not be got into the interior of Cuba to succour the necessitous. Something of her difficulties can be gathered from the following letter sent to headquarters before leaving Santiago:—

"Let me tell you what would be the real thing to do. This Cuban relief is of high origin; and in spite of everything, when things are written up, will hold among thinking people and history the highest and the brightest spot of all the war. The humane impulse of the President, standing out over his objection to the war itself, will never fail to compel admiration. The immediate future is uncertain to me; but in any

event, these suffering wretches need the food that has been assigned to them, the way to accomplish this being to place it in position to be gotten to them at any moment, when and where the way is open.

"A permanent warehouse in any one given place will never answer this; but a ship, either one large or two smaller ones, that would take the supplies would enable us to meet the necessities as they arise and in the succession in which they would be likely to occur. A few days at each place would be sufficient.

"It would seem to me that somewhere in the United States there would be some man or firm, holding some shipping, who would offer, at a tolerable rate, the charter of a suitable vessel for the application of the early and magnificent idea of the president of the nation. Every one about us seems to have gone mad in the matter of money and profit. The army grasps at everything; not even a lighter can be borrowed. An ordinary schooner values itself at \$100 a day, and a vessel of the same rate at \$400 to \$600. These prices, I know, will prevent anything from being obtained. I know that the supplies we have can never be given here; they cannot be sold. I see no way but to destroy them, unless somewhere and somehow in our great munificent land there can be found one piece of floating material in the hands of some man or men who can be satisfied to take a reasonable sum for the use of their ship.

"I have sent out a little pack train of Cubans, headed by Dr. Gill, to search through Santiago province and find out the needs of the people. They will return in a day or two; and although they shall have found, away up in the mountains, destitute people, we cannot reach them with any quantity of supplies, even with our mules. Our material cannot be moved in such a way. We have too much for that. But there is no question of the destitution, once we could reach the centre of the island or the western coast. Everyone knows what there must be there, and our food would vanish like the dew if only we could get it to them; and we can get it there only in the way I have suggested. A good sensible ship, such as the *Texas*, or something larger, if might be, with some appliances for landing in shallow waters—a boat or launch belonging to her—that we should not be helpless or dependent upon other persons, as we were with the *Texas*, chartered for an unlimited time, with a small, active crew and plain accommodations for enough of us to do the work, would be the solution of this matter.

"Under these conditions it would be strange if we did not bring out results creditable to the entire enterprise. We have the faith to believe that all we have done so far has been creditable and will so stand the test of time. I would be sorry to see it fail now—would regret to see us hemmed in at a point like this, unable to move, the butt of fault-finding or ridicule because not needed, not knowing what to do with the quantities of life-giving substance we have, for the want of which lives are going out.

"So far all are well. Surrounded by illness every member of the party has remained in good, firm health. I do not know if I could sustain this all through the summer. I cannot release my helpers unless they ask it. I should stand alone if I did. I cannot leave the supplies—great warehouses filled with them—and I see no way but that which I have pointed out."

So stands out this heroic figure—resourceful, plucky, patient—amidst colossal disorganization."

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