

services of properly qualified nurses. They advertise for a nurse at a salary of £40, and cannot even get a reply!

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THE following description of a Japanese nurse, from that charming book, "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," by Mrs. Archibald Little, will be read with interest by many of our readers. It will be remembered that the first training school in Japan for nurses was founded at Kioto by Miss Linda Richards, now Superintendent of Nurses in the University of Pennsylvania:—

"My first Japanese trained Nurse—I shall never forget the day when she first loomed on my astonished vision.

She was barely four feet high, her complexion was dark in the extreme, her feet were encased in white linen socks with divided toes, and shod with dainty straw sandals with green velvet straps. Her figure, the shape of a very soft feather pillow which has been hung up by one end for days, was draped in a tight-fitting white apron with a large bib, and she was kept inside her buttonless and stringless clothes by a cruelly tight and wide leather belt put on over apron and all. Into this belt, holding her breath for a long time, she could, with a great effort, push her fat silver watch, her clinical thermometer, two or three yards of a Japanese letter (which she would read, a foot at a time when she thought I was asleep), her carefully-folded pocket handkerchief, and the relentless little register in which she noted down, from right to left, strange cabalistic signs, with which she and the doctor conjured every morning till they knew all the sins my pulse and temperature had been committing for the last twenty-four hours. Her name was O'Tara San (Honourable Tiger Miss), but her ways were those of the softest and most harmless pussy that ever purred on a domestic hearthrug; and oh! what a nurse she was! So gentle, so smiling, so very delightfully sorry for one! It was quite worth being ill to revel in such seas of sympathy. I have often caught the tears running down her little brown nose when the poor okusama was extra bad; and through long nights of pain has she stood by my bed or sat on her heels on a corner of it, fanning me ceaselessly with the all but imperceptible flutter of the fan's edge—a movement only possible for those wonderfully sensitive Japanese fingers, but most refreshing to the fanned one.

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WHEN it was time for her to have her meals, my chief maid O'Matsu, a dainty-looking princess of nature herself, would creep into the room, having shed her sandals at the door, and, after enquiring about my health, would make a deep and graceful obeisance to the Honourable Tiger Miss, and inform her in a respectful whisper that her honourable dinner was ready. The polite

little Tiger would jump up, return the bow, ask my leave to depart, and slip out to feed on fish, pickles (such dreadfully strong-smelling pickles), and rice, washed down, as they say in the Waverley Novels, by thimblefuls of green tea or fish soup. After about fifteen minutes of solid feeding, she would return, come to my bedside, and express her gratitude for the meal supplied to her. Then she would drop down on her cushion in the corner, and with the calm unconventionality peculiar to her race let out a couple of holes in her leather belt.

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O'TARA SAN had the real Nurse's gift for feeling the time and waking at the right hour; and for eight days and nights I think she never failed to come to my bedside every two hours to replenish the ice-bags in which I lay. Once she had to go away for two days for some family reason, and so was replaced by a dreadful person, who had never nursed in a European house before, who did not know a warming-pan from a smelling-bottle, and who further irritated me by reading endless Japanese newspapers printed backwards on pink paper. How glad I was when on the afternoon of the second day my little Tiger returned, smiling sweetly as usual, with an enormous sheaf of Japanese pinks in her hand, and looking so nice in her own soft grey silk kimono and sash, instead of the hideous hospital apron and leather belt."

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THE *Indian Medical Record* says: "The Sisters engaged by the Secretary of State for plague work in this country are fast returning home, as their term of agreement with the Indian Government ends. They find more money is to be made at home, and probably the best of them will be leaving at the end of this year; Rs. 175 per month is the pay (less income-tax) of these hard-working women, who daily risk their lives for a pittance which barely covers their expenses. A few are paid Rs. 250 and Rs. 300 per month, and it is to be hoped that the Indian Government will see its way to paying all these ladies an equivalent sum. It must, if it wishes to retain any really good nurses. It was the wish of the Bombay Government to increase their pay, but the Surgeon-General of Bombay considered that they had enough!"

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THE Princess Christian Hospital, Sierra Leone, shown in the accompanying picture, is worked in connection with the Church Missionary Society. We learn from Miss Sara Woodbine, who, as our readers know, has been appointed a Sister in this hospital, many interesting details concerning it. There is a private ward for paying male patients, as well as a free ward for women and children.

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