

INCIDENTALLY it is mentioned that no laundresses were to be had, and the Sisters had to do their own washing in the river. The difficulty of ironing was eventually overcome by laying the wet things between two large stones and then sitting on them.

It is noteworthy that the cases of malarial fever and dysentery were, even in a campaign when there were necessarily many serious wounds, the chief care of the Sisters, and were much longer before they could be removed. Both these diseases tax all the care and skill of most highly trained nurses, and in the latter case the need for care lest the infection of the disease should spread is most imperative.

THE aid of the Sisters proffered, on more than one occasion, to sick Boers, was curtly refused, one mother going so far as to say that she would rather her boy died than that an Englishwoman should touch him.

THE *British Medical Journal* says: "A good deal has been heard of the encroachments of the modern nurse on the field of legitimate medical practice, but if we understand aright a somewhat mysterious editorial article in the *Occidental Medical Times*, the tables have been turned in California. For some reasons, which, it is hinted, are of a political nature, "no Californian nurse is wanted" at the Divisional Hospital, under the control of the National Government. It would appear that the Californian women who were first on the ground, who have, by hard work and faithful service, brought order and cleanliness out of chaos and filth, have been dismissed, and replaced partly by nurses from Eastern States, and partly by women physicians—homœopathic and regular.

In St. John's Cathedral, Hong Kong, a window, placed in the north transept by the community of the island, has recently been unveiled. It is a memorial to Elizabeth Frances Higgin, and Emma Gertrude Ireland, members of the nursing staff of the Government Civil Hospital, both of whom died last year from plague, contracted in the performance of their duty. The window was designed by Miss Kate Coughtree, a lady who formerly lived in Hong Kong, and illustrates with scriptural allegory the service of tending the sick performed by the nurses. It is noteworthy that, although many hard things are said about nurses at the present day, when occasion requires they have never been found wanting to risk their

lives, or, as in the present instance, to lay them down, in the service of humanity.

"A PRISONER of the Khaleefa," the story of Charles Neufeld's twelve years' captivity and suffering at Omdurman, throws a lurid light on the horrors of prison life in the Soudan, amongst other terrors typhus fever, of course, was rife in the pest house, Umm Hagar, and had been named Umm Sabbah (seven), as it invariably carried off its victims in seven days. A friend (Nur ed Din) had prepared a plan of escape for poor Neufeld, but just as their arrangements were on the eve of completion the terrible Umm Sabbah attacked Nur el Din. "It may be guessed," writes Neufeld, "how anxiously and carefully I nursed Nur el Din and how Hasseena (his female servant) was kept busy the whole day brewing from tamarinds, dates, and roots, cooling draughts to allay the fever; but he gradually sank and died."

"I WAS locked up in the Umm Hagar on the night of his death, and the fever was then taking hold of me; two days later I was senseless, and, of course, helpless. Hasseena, with two boys, used to carry me about from shade to shade as the sun travelled, but my neck-chain dragged, and sometimes tripped one or the other up, and then it was that orders were given to remove it. Hasseena had been told that the best remedy for me was a description of vegetable marrow soaked in salt water; the water was drunk and the marrow eaten as the patient recovered. The purgative properties of this medicine might suit Soudan constitutions, and it evidently suited mine at the time, but I would warn any of my readers, should they be so unfortunate as to contract this fever, against attempting the remedy. When the decoction has acted sufficiently, the mouth is crammed with butter, which to the throat at this stage of the 'cure' feels like boiling oil, and you experience all the sensations of internal scalding. The next operation is to briskly rub the whole body, and then anoint it with butter or oil—butter by preference. The patient has nothing to say about his treatment—he is helpless; every bit of strength and will has left him, and when he has been rolled up in old camel cloths and 'sweated,' weakness hardly expresses the condition he has arrived at. It was on the thirteenth day of my attack that I reached the final stage of my treatment, and then fell asleep, waking some hours later with a clear head and all my faculties about me, though I was then but a living skeleton!"

Verily one would need a very fine constitution to survive such drastic treatment!

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