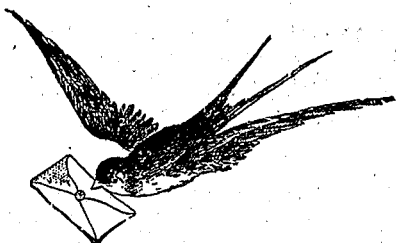


## Our Foreign Letters.

## THE DUTCH MATRONS' COUNCIL.



Some time ago a Dutch Matrons' Council was formed, which for the present counts only six members, all matrons of Amsterdam hospitals and nursing institutions. One of the members is Miss J. P. Reynvaan, the late matron of the Wilhelmina Hospital at Amsterdam, and now Lady Superintendent of the Sisters belonging to the nursing department of the association of "The White Cross." The honorary membership of the British Matrons' Council being conferred upon her, it may be supposed that her name has also in the English nursing world a familiar sound. The other members are Miss Kruijse, matron of the Wilhelmina Hospital; Miss Ulfers, matron of the Binnen-Gasthuis the other of the two municipal hospitals; Miss Cort van der Linden, matron of a private hospital, named the Burgerziekenhuis; Miss Wernink, matron of an association for sick nursing, and Miss Boissevain, matron of the hospital belonging to the Dutch Reformed Deaconess Institute.

For the present there is not much to tell about the newly-formed Council. The association is still in its initial stage and the meetings bear a private, homely character, that of a friendly intercourse, where nursing matters are discussed. No statutes have as yet been made, nor any regulations. We wish the young association a prosperous growth, so that the Dutch Matrons' Council may be, after not too long a lapse of time, a blooming sisterhood, uniting all the matrons of our country by the firm ties of friendship and common interests.

Amsterdam, March, 1900.

HOLLANDIA.

## NURSING IN DENMARK.

DEAR MADAM,—You have done me the honour of asking me to write a short article upon what is necessary in Nursing Reform in Denmark.

As undoubtedly many reforms are needed, I deem it wisest to write only about what is most necessary.

Danish hospital nurses—at least in the metropolis—have relatively good housing, good food and good pay, and since July, 1899, they have an organised association; what they now need more than anything else is time to work out their plans, and strength of mind to carry out what they have planned.

So that if I possessed a magic wand and might wish one good thing for Danish nurses, I would say as follows:—

"Let there be three changes of nurses during the twenty-four hours instead of two."

This reform introduced, nurses would not be overworked, and their physical and moral well being will increase, so that they will become able to profit from the theoretical and practical instruction provided for them. Then the nurses will understand the great support they may derive from the woman movement, their nerves will be strong enough to enable them to do without the leadership of outsiders and they

will learn to manage their own affairs. They will develop the instruction given into a definite curriculum, State-Examination, and State-Registration, will result, and the nurse who has completed her professional training will endeavour to widen her knowledge in every direction so that she may become not only the professional attendant, but the valued friend of all sorts and conditions of patients entrusted to her care.

Then no doubt the best class of women workers will take up the calling of a nurse. As surgery has arisen within a few centuries from the status of a mere handicraft to that of a fine and liberal art, so nursing will rise as soon as nurses have attained to the high physical, moral and scientific standard, which their noble work makes it incumbent upon them to aim at.

Believe me, dear Madam, with best wishes for the future of the nursing profession,

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLOTTE NORRIE.

Copenhagen,

March 27th, 1900.

## A SURE CURE FOR THE PLAGUE IN CHILE.

"She" sat on the floor of my bed-room—just as she did regularly once a week.

Her knees were drawn up to her chin, and her arms clasped round her legs, and her black eyes twinkled vivaciously out of a clever wrinkled old face.

I knew the posture of old. To her it represented the acme of comfort and to me a discourse: religious, social, political or sanitary—a discourse that was always original and interesting whatever it was, and that flowed on with an easy eloquence that made me half expect her former Karma had personified her as a member of Parliament.

Just at present she was my washerwoman: A Chilean product, half Indian, half doubtful Spanish much diluted—but as a human being altogether trustworthy and loveable—as thousands of Chilean women are in every rank of life.

Our business relations were tempered by mutual regard, and the resulting friendship took a very practical form. "She" appealed to me frankly in moments of material discomfort, and paid me (with a fair interest) in prayers.

As my excellent health and general well-being were (according to her firm conviction) entirely due to daily intercessions on her part, the balance was in her favour, and she consequently patronised me. To this day I can remember but one ripple on the smooth current of our mutual esteem, when (on the occasion of my remonstrating on the subject of a burnt blouse) she revenged herself by bewitching me; at all events, a bad headache was the immediate result, but whether, indeed, produced by hypnotic incantations or due to some less mystic origin, will be ever shrouded in darkness. I shall always suspect the former, and base my suspicions on the delicate sarcasm with which she pointed out to me the triviality of a burnt blouse and the exceeding value of her goodwill.

On the occasion to which the heading of my letter refers, alliance was fully restored. I had ventured to suggest antiseptic precautions in case of an invasion of the plague, and even offered her a disinfectant that she was to use at all times, "For you know," I explained, "the Peste bubonica is in the Argentine, and how soon it will come to Chile nobody can tell."

Dona Marie pocketed the disinfectant and opened the flood-gates of her eloquence. "The plague will

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)