

twisted round the patient's neck, seems to have been employed in much the same manner as a towel and poker which recently caused the death of a patient in this country. We shall await with interest the result of the trial of these nurses. We are inclined to think that men are temperamentally unsuited to nurse the insane and the imbecile, as they are not usually endowed with the patience essential to the proper care of these patients.

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THE American Hospital Ship *Maine* left Hong Kong on December 1st with one hundred and eight patients on board, and is due to arrive at Southampton on January 10th. The decision of the Committee to order the ship home was arrived at after consultation with the naval and military authorities in China, as the need for her services is now no longer felt. The *Maine* has done a splendid year's work, and the gratitude of this country is due to the American ladies who came to its aid at a time when help was sorely needed.

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A BRIGHT little letter from Miss Hibbard, dated December 4th, and written from Escuela de Enfermeras, Matanzas, tells how she has already suffered with the Cuban scourge, yellow fever; but, as she gaily says, "I have made a good recovery after a severe attack, and am now immune, an enviable condition." Miss Hibbard is in charge of a school of Cuban nurses, who speak only Spanish; but, with her knowledge of French, she is getting along fine, and rapidly mastering the most musical language under the sun. Three other American nurses are helping in the good work of spreading the light, and are in charge of departments. We shall hope for further news, which is sure to be interesting, from Miss Hibbard. On the date of Miss Hibbard's letter, it was a year to the day since the *Maine* nurses were commanded to Windsor and received by the Queen. England, Windsor, South Africa, back to the States, and now on active duty in Cuba. It is something to be a nurse of note in these travelling days—one sees so much of the world.

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THE St. George's and the Jamsetjee Hospitals in Bombay, both of which are nursed by the All Saints Sisters, have lost no less than four nurses by death during the past year. Nurse Warren, at St. George's Hospital, died of cholera in June. She had been ill and was convalescing when, in a most unexplained way, she contracted cholera in the ward and died. At the Jamsetjee Hospital three nurses died of plague. Nurse Gonsalvez, as well as a student who examined an out-patient suffering from a bad form of plague, both died from the disease within forty-eight hours of that time. A fortnight later Nurse

Roderies developed the same complaint. It is believed she contracted it by infection from Nurse Gonsalvez, as she had lived in the same quarters and had an open sore on her foot. Lastly a native nurse, Lachsambi, also died of plague. She was never conscious after the onset of the disease. Two other nurses also contracted famine fever from their patients, but happily recovered.

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WE feel deep sympathy with the objects of the Guild of Loyal Women of South Africa in their work in connection with the preservation of the graves of soldiers (and we hope nurses) who have fallen in the war. "In the Tale of a Field Hospital," Mr. Treves will cause many a tear to flow afresh from the eyes of grief-stricken women by his pathetic account of a soldiers' burial ground, where may be their nearest and dearest are now "earth to earth."

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"DEATHS mean the need for burial," he writes, "and a little burying ground was marked off in the rear of the hospital, close to the railway line. As weeks went by the little enclosure needed enlargement, and so the engineers came and fenced it round afresh with a wire paling, and gave it a fit aspect of formality. The names of the dead were indicated on tablets of wood, and now and then the comrades of a man, or the survivors of the tent he died in, would erect over the mound a wooden cross. These crosses were made usually out of provision boxes, or perhaps from a whisky case, and many were of curious design. They represented long hours spent in tedious hacking at a tough slab of wood with a pocket knife, and, after that, infinite patience in the cutting out of the letters of the dead chum's name. Finish would be given to the lettering by means of a tin-opener. These crosses will be found all over the land of the war. Few of them will long survive the wind and the rain and the blistering sun, and the hand of the Kaffir who is lacking of fuel. So long, however, as they dot the solitary veldt they will be symbols of the tenderest spirit of good comradeship, of the kindly heart of men who are supposed to be little imbued with sentiment, and of that loyal affection for his friend which is not among the least of the qualities of the British soldier. Here and there some elaborate monuments with some promise of permanency have been erected. There is one, for example, in which the inscription is fashioned out of empty cartridge cases stuck into cement. There is another carved with some art out of stone. I think, however, that those will sleep best who lie beneath the cross fashioned with labour and some occasional dimness of eye by the pocket-knife of an old 'pal.'"

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)