

higher than has yet been accorded it in any other country, giving schools for nurses the distinction of State recognition, a fixed curriculum and legal status.

The schools for nurses in Cuba stand unique in this distinction. This has been accomplished in a country which until lately was ignorant of the existence of the nurse. These opportunities for education, advancement, and professional protection have elicited congratulations from members of the profession in the United States and from London, England, the home of Miss Florence Nightingale, the foundress of the schools for nurses, who still holds the hearts of the sick and suffering for the great work she has done.

With these advantages accorded the pupils in the State hospitals of Cuba and the urgent necessity for increased service of this kind in the institutions, I make a strong appeal to those interested in all good works, *especially mentioning the members of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections*, asking you to give your hearty support to this work, and encourage, as far as it lies in your power, those who have already begun the education in the schools for nurses as also to those who contemplate doing so. Remembering that dire necessity should not be the point on which women are driven to this work, but a proper conception and appreciation of its usefulness to humanity. That you may have the satisfaction of helping to establish in this country, on successful lines, a community of women, bound together by ties of mutual interest, working for an honourable independence and giving the tender care to the sick, suffering, and destitute that is so essentially a woman's prerogative.

The "Drayton Grange" Inquiry.

A large amount of evidence has been heard by the Commission of Inquiry sitting at Melbourne, as to the alleged overcrowding of the transport *Drayton Grange*.

The Master, Captain Bennett, stated there was ample accommodation for the troops embarked, who were unruly and insubordinate. Several sergeants of the Commonwealth Horse, on the contrary, confirmed the evidence already given as to overcrowding, and stated that it was impossible to give the troops any physical drill. The hold contained a ton of decayed cabbages, and there was a most offensive smell. It was impossible to traverse the ship's passages without walking over sleeping men, who lay as they liked without any supervision. Colonel Irving, commanding the Commonwealth Horse, said the transport was not overcrowded, but there was no room for exercise. The sleeping accommodation was insufficient to permit of cleanliness, and the damp decks were injurious to the health of the men because of the unsheathed wood.

The Religious Patient.

"Yes!" said Martha Dodd impressively, "there 'ave bin times when I've pretty near giv up the Lord, but there's always somethink wot kep me from takin' suc' a step, an' becomin' an' 'eathen. Comin' to this 'ere 'orspital with a broken leg an' as 'elpless as a baby 'as given me time for reflection."

The patient in the next bed was apparently interested. She was a lean, pallid woman who had been admitted that morning with pernicious anæmia. It was only natural that Martha should air her religious views to the newcomer.

"Yes!" she went on in her slow monotonous voice. "There was that time a year back when I found a wet spot on the ceiling where the rain was comin' through. I prayed very 'ard about that. I said to the Lord just wot was in my 'eart about it bein' an expense if the ceilin' come down an' all that. I put it plain before 'im, 'cos I do think folks did oughter try an' be naterel when they're prayin'—I even mentioned that I'd not long 'ad it whitewashed, but it wasn't any good—a piece of plaster come down on my 'ed the very night after."

"Did you keep on prayin'?" asked the listener, with a faint show of interest.

Martha nodded. "I kep' right on. I thought of Job, and that sort er giv' me strenght. I don't suppose Job ever 'ad a piece er plaster strike 'im in the face an' raise a swellin' like an egg. I reckon if it 'ad a 'appened to 'im 'eed 'ave turned the other cheek 'an waited for another piece."

"I reckon you're reel religious," murmured Polly Brown, with evident approval. "I ain't never been took that way."

Martha smiled benevolently. It was to be deplored that an imperfect education had resulted in a lack of expressing her thoughts in fit language.

"You'll come to it some day, my dear. It isn't any use playin' against the Lord. It isn't easy to be religious, but it pays in the long run."

"Ow's your leg gettin' on?" queried Polly, who had been gazing at Martha's leg encased in splints.

"The doctor sez it 'll be six weeks afore I can go 'ome," said Martha. "I've tried to feel as Job would 'ave done, but I keep thinkin' of that leak in the kitchen tap. I was always meanin' to 'ave it seen to an' didn't. You see it's all very well layin' in 'ere an' gettin' took care of same as if you was a lidy, an' 'avin' your pulse felt an' your tongue looked at reg'lar is a luxury I couldn't never 'ave afforded at 'ome. An' there's a clergyman once a week an' a trac' lidy ev'ry Friday, an' fish on Tuesdays—them's all blessin's, but the moth's gôt into my old fur cape, and Lydia's sich an idjut, she'll never know 'ow to get 'em out." She paused for breath.

"Do you think the trac' lidy 'ill giv' me one if

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