

realised what he was talking of; unfortunately, my interest flagged early, and I bade them good night and retired. The Fijian is very patient when ill, and nothing worries him except a milk diet, for which he has an intense dislike; but they are not hard to manage, and they never fear the approach of death.

If a nurse so wishes it, her life may be made very happy if she takes a genuine interest in her work and the people. The "off-duty" hours and holidays are liberal, and uniform is provided. People here are somewhat cut off from the world at large, Australia being eight days and New Zealand four days distant, but there is pleasure in looking forward to the arrival of the fortnightly mails; and, if we cannot visit historical places or have the advantages of more civilised lands and institutions, Nature, at least, comes forward and offers a great deal that is beautiful and instructive to supply their place. Bright-foliaged crotons and coleuses grow in luxuriant profusion, and many other gay shrubs and flowers are used to adorn the many hills, slopes, and nooks provided by the natural formation of the land. The large crimson hibiscus grows exceptionally well, and makes effective hedges to line the paths from ward to ward, so that the hospital is like a very picturesque rural village, and fulfils all the needs of a tropical climate.

### The R. B. N. A. Registration Weathercock.

1887.—British Nurses' Association founded: "1. To unite all qualified British nurses in membership of a recognised profession. 2. To provide for their Registration . . . as evidence of their having received systematic training."

1896.—The Medical Hon. Secretary, Mr. Fardon, voted for the following resolution at a meeting called to consider the question and was supported by his medical colleagues on the Executive Committee:—"That a legal system of Registration of nurses is inexpedient in principle, injurious to the best interests of nurses, and of doubtful public benefit"!

1902.—Official organ (October), quoted from editorial: "There never was a time when it was more necessary for trained nurses to draw together and claim the recognition afforded by a thorough system of Registration, and by that alone."

Quite so.

*Moral.*—Let all trained nurses who are in earnest on this question become members of the Society for State Registration of Nurses. The nurse-founders of this Society know what they want and have the courage to work for it. They require no weathercock to intimate in which direction the wind of expediency is blowing. The Memorandum and Form of Application will be found on page iii. of our cover.

### The City of Great Aspirations.

To enjoy travel and benefit thereby, one must be endowed with the dramatic instinct, and know history. The former is a rare natural gift, sparingly bestowed upon the average Anglo-Saxon, and the British woman knows nothing of the development of men and nations. I confess with shame that I was on my third visit to the United States before I saw Mount Vernon and stood before the simple shrine which contains the sacred dust of Washington—dust, vital with the essence of all which inspires the greatness of peoples, the very seat of fire which has kept blood-hot the patriotism of the American people, and will so keep it from generation to generation for all time.

Once the great International Nurses' Congress was at an end—for the success of which twelve months' strenuous preparatory work had been necessary—the delegates, on pleasure bent, took to themselves wings and spread themselves north, south, east and west. Washington was my goal—my inner consciousness would brook no denial. "I want to saturate myself with Washington," it insisted. So to Washington we went. All day we travelled luxuriously through a beautiful bit of world, arriving at the City of Great Aspirations when the night was young. We were to be the guests of Miss Georgia Nevins at the Garfield Memorial Hospital, and, as we stepped off the platform, there she was to give us welcome in her own bright way.

This fine hospital is situated on the outskirts of the city, backed by the Columbia Heights; its simple garden gate opens on to Grant Avenue, at which one enters, to climb through beautiful ascending grounds to its verandahed entrance, green with hanging vines. The plashing of water in a marble fountain sounds charmingly cool on this warm Southern night. For, indeed, is not the glamour of the South, pregnant with romance, about us? Maryland—Virginia—names so familiar, so sweet-sounding—beauteous land—once of Britain's empire beyond the seas—who, loving the motherland can set foot for the first time on your historic soil and remain unmoved? Not I.

It is a star-spangled night. Such a moon! The light, more gold than silver, almost morning-clear, so that the whole leafy city sloping down to the banks of the placid Potomac is distinctly seen. One's delight would be to go down into it, and at once begin to breathe it in. But the conventions must be maintained; so, instead, we pass into the rotunda of the administrative block, and so up to where food awaits the refreshment of the inner man; and thence we are conducted to our dainty bedchambers, and wisely advised to sleep soundly till break of day.

Sleep—possibly by-and by.

I prospect. *Grace à Dieu*, there are French win-

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