

support a nurse for a year, with the promise to perpetuate the gift should the work prove satisfactory."

Miss Lucy B. Fisher, one of the Associate Editors, writing in the *Nurses' Journal of the Pacific Coast*, says:—

The effect of the earthquake (at San Francisco) was more far-reaching than a casual observer might imagine. It did more than shake down buildings. It shook people's characters to their foundations. The many who had snugly cuddled down into grooves were rudely turned out of them, with the result that in San Francisco to-day there is not a single groove-dweller. This is one compensation for our disaster, for, though grooves are comfortable they do not develop character. Another effect of the earthquake was to show us what human nature is when it comes to the real test. A story is told of a woman who tried to find the human soul when she was dissecting a cadaver. The earthquake revealed what this woman failed to prove—that man had a divinity within him. No one who was a witness to the deeds of heroism and self sacrifice in those first days of our disaster will ever doubt it.

The bravery that manifests itself by uncomplaining acceptance of suffering was exhibited by the hundreds who were brought into the Mechanics' Pavilion on the morning of the 18th of April. Even after the word was passed that the building was on fire not a complaint was uttered by any of these sufferers, nor an urgent demand made by anyone to be taken out before his turn came.

Physicians and the nurses in the various hospitals made every personal sacrifice that the tremendous pressure of work demanded of them. Soldiers, firemen and policemen laboured until many of them collapsed, and were brought into the hospitals to be ministered to by the physicians and nurses.

Many instances of sacrifice among the refugees have been cited. The members of one family though they knew a water famine was imminent, gave the public the free use of their well with the possibility of suffering later themselves from thirst.

Good comradeship was manifested on the streets to weary travellers who plodded down Market Street to the ferry, each one dragging some cherished possession that he had rescued from the fire. What a patient tense expression was written on the faces of that multitude! Many a ride was offered to the pilgrims. The nurses who were compelled to go from the Golden Gate Park Emergency Hospital across the ferry to Oakland to get clothing for the workers in the camp did not hesitate to ask the drivers of automobiles, junk wagons, or any kind of a team for a ride, and it was never refused.

A genuine sympathy for our city was exhibited by the world at large. The physicians and nurses who came to our assistance worked unremittingly night and day, and did their utmost to relieve the sufferings of the injured. Yes, human nature now, as in the days of Greece's glory, has Spartan elements mingled with it in large proportions. It is worthy of all honour and reverence, for there is an immortal spirit that governs and controls it.

The Hospital World.

THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL, SWANAGE.

In healthy, happy Swanage one would scarcely expect that one would find a hospital, and yet there it is, a picturesque building with a high red gabled roof set among green trees. A tablet in the charming entrance hall, half hall, half sitting-room, tells one that it is a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burt, given by their children, who knew their desire that the hospital should be built, and fulfilled it after their death. The hospital has two principal wards, one for men and one for women; also a small ward containing one bed which is used for the more serious cases, or a paying patient is sometimes received at a charge of £2 2s. a week.

In all there are thirteen beds and two cots. There is also a surgery and out-patient department. A day room for convalescent patients leads on to a verandah where those who are able can enjoy the fresh sea breezes which sweep round the hospital. Sometimes convalescent cases from a distance are received when a charge of ten shillings a week is made.

What about the nursing staff for a hospital of this size? It consists of the Matron, Miss Foote, who acts as day nurse, night nurse, and housekeeper with some assistance from the district nurse. How is it that in these small hospitals, where the work needs, in proportion, a larger staff than in a big hospital, one so frequently finds that the Matron is supposed to be capable of doing the whole of it, night and day, year in year out? One was glad to hear that there is a prospect of a probationer shortly.

There is a little well kept mortuary in the hospital garden—quite a large and productive garden, by the way.

The number of cases treated in the hospital during 1905 was eighty.

The District Nurse, Miss Malt, paid 1,135 visits to seventy-four cases, the large majority of which (sixty-one) were maternity ones.

The Swanage Cottage Hospital is one of those which is solvent, having a balance in hand at the close of the year of £3 12s. 9d. Not a large one but still enough to show that the institution pays its way, a principle which should be applied to charitable projects as well as to the financial arrangements of private individuals. The principle upon which some hospitals have acted in the past, that "you can't make an effective appeal to the public until you have a good big debt," is we hope, being discarded, it is one which is quite indefensible,

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