

children, and he said they were suffering from scarlet fever. He sent for the medical officer of health, Dr. Bott, and he, too, said it was scarlet fever. I asked him how he accounted for it, and he said no doubt "that kiddie," pointing to my eldest girl, had caused it. My two little children were taken to the hospital and placed in a ward where there was an outbreak of measles.

Most unfortunately my little boy contracted the complaint. . . . My little boy was in the hospital about six weeks, and for five of the six he was in bed. In fact, he was kept in bed until he took the measles. Each time we went to visit him, previous to his taking the measles, the nurse said he "had not got them yet, though if he is going to have them I hope he will have them quickly." My child . . . during all hours of the night was left unattended.

The boy subsequently died, and Mr. Schubert alleges that there was no nurse or attendant in the wards between 10 p.m. and 5 a.m., and that the boy's dying agony was watched by his little sister of six and a half years' old.

Nurses who often in these days travel far afield meet in curious places, but perhaps there never was a stranger meeting than that which took place not long since between two nurses in the cell of a South African gaol. The one Mrs. Chilvers, known to University College Hospital nurses as Nurse Rachel Southward, and formerly a member of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, was recently stationed with her husband at Indani, Natal. Writing to a friend she says:

"On the 7th of April we heard that Bambata had crossed the Tugela and that it was not safe at Indani. Both of us being Government servants we could not flee at the first sound of danger, besides we had nowhere to go. After two days and nights, of great fear, a Natal policeman came and said we must go with him to join some wagons three miles away, that would take us to Nkandhla, thirty miles off.

"We just took a few of the children's clothes, five blankets, and two tins of milk and meat and trudged off in the cold and mist at 6 p.m. After two days' wagon travelling we arrived at Nkandhla at 8 a.m., with no food or shelter although the magistrate expected us. The children were crying with hunger and we had just to wait about the street till he thought where to put us. For nearly two hours we were in this plight; finally we found lodgings in the gaol. There we suffered six weeks of great hardship, nothing scarcely to use and only the troops rations to eat. All food at the stores had been bought up by the men. After a time a resident lent me a bedstead and another gave us plenty of milk, but all these were not too well off."

Mrs. Chilvers goes on to say that the one bright spot during this time was meeting a nurse whom she had known by correspondence

at home and who is now working in the Zululand mission.

"On our arrival at Nkandhla," says Mrs. Chilvers, "I heard she was there to nurse a lady, and she, hearing I was at Nkandhla, came to see me, and all the time she was there I felt I had a friend. By the way, the second night her patient was moved into the gaol (the laager) her services were required, and by the morning there was another little one to defend.

"After all this, and various false alarms of attack, and 300 horses and men sleeping just outside our door, we heard a large convoy was going to Dundee, so we decided to go with it. The officers lent us a fine tent wagon, and we trekked on for five days outspanning every night and starting very early in the morning. There were 200 waggons, each with 16 oxen, 2 abreast, and 300 men. The procession seemed miles long. They *did* take care of us on the way, and did all they could to help us. Finally we arrived at Dundee. No furnished place was to be got so we had to hire two empty rooms and used boxes for furniture. On the second day a telegram arrived from the Forest Department telling us to go to Maritzburg. On our arrival we were met by an officer, who brought us on here (12 miles from Maritzburg) to a small furnished cottage, and my husband has work at the Government Experimental Farm three miles off. It was a terrible time, with three children and baby only a year old. At home everything has been looted and the house burnt down, so we are simply destitute of things—all our treasures gone. Bambata and Mehllokazula both lived in our house before it was burnt."

Dr. Norman Henry, in his "Nurses' Handbook of Medicine" gives a necessary bit of advice to nurses in private work, who should, he says, bear in mind the importance of keeping pace with nursing progress, and the possibility of dropping behind the times unless a certain amount of brushing up be done. They should keep in touch with the *alumnæ* societies of their hospitals and take journals devoted to nursing.

The same point was urged by Mrs. Higbee, of the Illinois Training School for Nurses, at the meeting of the National Associated Alumnae in the United States, as follows: Were we like the ancient Greeks, able to attend all meetings of common interest, retain and hand down, verbatim, to our posterity all points pertaining to the welfare of the community, there would be less need of written or printed communications. But since our lives have become so full of varied interests and the distances so much greater, we need some expression for the bond of union which keeps us keenly alive to the best that there is in our profession.

This can only be attained by having some form of communication with each other. While in small societies this might be done by means

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