

He cannot conceive why a headache should be treated with a dose of medicine, and would much prefer an outward application. I have never found any remedy give such entire satisfaction as a blister! One man who was suffering from pleurisy had more than thirty blisters applied in the course of two months, and just delighted in them. It was the most typical case of wandering pleurisy I have ever seen. These people are, as a general rule, not at all afraid of the knife, and will have a whitlow or small abscess opened with far less fuss than the ordinary English hospital patient.

I was much amused once by a patient who came to have a whitlow dressed the day after it had been opened. I had bathed it, and was about to squeeze it when he remarked that there was no need to do that, as he had already "milked" it that morning!

Most of my patients suffer from ulcers of all sizes and descriptions. A native never treats an ulcer. He covers it up with a leaf, washes it occasionally, and changes the leaf, and hopes it may get well. Sometimes it does, but very frequently it does not, but goes on for years, increasing until he becomes a complete cripple. These old ulcers very often yield to treatment, but occasionally the only remedy is amputation of the limb. Recent ulcers heal up with astonishing rapidity, and this encourages patients and makes them speak well of "white man's" medicine, and persuade their friends to come.

K. M.

Miss Nightingale's Thanks to Californian Nurses.

The *Nurses' Journal of the Pacific Coast*, which has arisen like a phoenix from the flames, reaches us this month quite up to its first-class form.

It tells its readers that the Californian State Nurses' Association has had a volume beautifully bound and presented, through Miss Sophia L. Rutley (the first President), to Miss Florence Nightingale. Miss Nightingale's letter of thanks, written by her Secretary, is lithographed, and runs as follows:—

DEAR MADAM,—Miss Nightingale begs that you will be so good as to convey to the Californian State Nurses' Association her thanks for the beautiful copy of the *Nurses' Journal of the Pacific Coast*, which they have sent her.

She wishes every nurse God speed.

Yours faithfully,

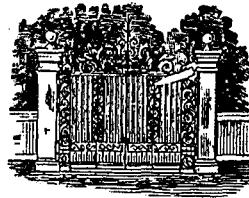
ELIZABETH F. BOSANQUET,

Secretary.

At the January Examination for Sanitary Inspectors under the Public Health (Lond.) Act, the following ladies and gentlemen passed:—Miss C. Beeny, Miss H. Bhowe, Miss E. Brown, Miss F. E. Evans, Miss Elliott, Miss M. D. Herskind, Miss J. A. Jacobs, Miss E. G. M. Johnson, Miss C. E. Moir, Miss Moor, Mr. J. J. Rawlings, Mr. J. D. Saul, Miss G. Stevens, Miss E. B. Taylor, Miss J. C. Wienholt, Miss M. G. Williams.

Outside the Gates.

"WOMAN HAS A HUMAN SOUL."



When I awoke on Saturday morning and heard the rain pattering against the window pane, my heart went pit-a-pat, not with apprehension, but with joy. "Now," I thought, "if the heavenly watering pot continues to play upon the earth, by two o'clock, we shall have to churn our way through two miles of greasy London mud, and if that does not prove that we women want the vote, nothing will!"

Experience has taught the fair sex that clothes have a strange fascination for, and influence over Man. So preparatory to passing the most exclusive clubs in London, some of us suffragists had determined to "look nice" especially as a male friend had said plaintively, "I really don't in the least mind women having the vote, if they don't become frumps." But alas! after all, feathers and furbelows remained in tissue paper, and one had to issue forth just looking a plain sensible female.

Nothing however can damp the ardour of the women, who free from serf virus, realise that "the vote covers all," so it was a gay little party in cloaks and goloshes, armed with stalwart "gamps" who started off on the great historic tramp, from 431, Oxford Street, and who meeting other valiant nurses in the Park ultimately fell in behind their leaders, Lady Frances Balfour and Mrs. Garrett Fawcett. Our great white banner, with its motto in letters of scarlet, "The Franchise is the Keystone of our Liberty," was borne buoyantly aloft by hands which proved that to "rock the cradle" was not their only use

Of the astonishing success of that double-quick march through the mud from Hyde Park to Exeter Hall columns have been written. As one witty woman remarked, "we women have been relegated to the gutter so long that we are quite accustomed to mud." But of incident each had her own experience.

I should like to bear witness to the courtesy and kindness of those stalwart men in blue, who watched the muster and protected our progress. One who accepted our favour of red and white and tucked it away under his cape, said in a half whisper, "I'd just like the King to see all you ladies, he'd befriend you."

And then there was the gallant Frenchman at the Park Gates, who, hat in hand, remained uncovered during the whole march-past, who smilingly said, "*Mesdames vous avez Cause*," and who was rewarded with many bows and words of smiling thanks. The crowd, as a whole, was doubtful, dumb but respectful, and only here and there came a flout or a jeer. For instance, when a youthful "shoppie" in frock coat and

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