

learn is to refuse to emigrate to any colony where they cannot exercise the Parliamentary franchise.

When one realises the millions of money which our Park Lane potentates have taken out of South Africa, to spend in gorgeous display in London, and that their charitable impulses appear to lean towards the support of the King's Hospital Fund in England, rather than towards the hospitals in the lands where they have made their pile, those resident and working for the sick poor in South Africa naturally question the justice of this expenditure.

Why should not the South African Colonies institute a hospital tax, compelling millionaire absentees to support the charitable institutions in the Colonies where they have acquired their wealth? It would not certainly buy social recognition, or titles in England—the ardent aim of the plutocracy—but would prevent the perversion of the superfluous wealth from the people who have helped to make it, and who, in their time of need, are to be deprived of sufficient trained medical and nursing care, because millions of money made in the South African Colonies, are ruthlessly transported to Europe and spent without any sense of duty. We commend this suggestion to the Colonial Governments.

When, in 1902, Mr. John D. Rockefeller promised a gift of 250,000 dollars for Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, as soon as the college was free from debt, and also to duplicate, dollar for dollar, all contributions in cash for the endowment up to 250,000 dollars, it was anticipated that some time would be required to gather in this enormous sum.

In less than five years the time has come. Five hundred thousand dollars have been raised, and Mr. Rockefeller's gift claimed.

Work will be begun on the new building for the School of Domestic Economy as soon as the plans are completed.

A woman who will probably have much to do with organising the new school will be Miss Mary Adelaide Nutting, who is to fill a new position created by the Trustees last year—the Chair of Household Management and Institutional Administration.

It is in this School that the Hospitals' Economics Course is organised, by which many progressive nurses in the States qualify themselves for the post of Superintendent of

Nurses, and about which important educational factor in the making of Matrons, we are to hear in detail at Paris.

Miss Lucy L. Drown, Matron of the Boston City Hospital, recently observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of her connection with that hospital, to which is attached one of the most splendid Nurses' Homes in the States. A large number of friends joined in the observance, by surprising Miss Drown with a reception and a substantial testimonial. Miss Drown became a member of the training school December 5th, 1881, and has served continuously ever since. She has been Superintendent of the school for the last twenty-one years, and is universally respected throughout America. Miss Drown owes Europe a visit, and we wish she would pay it so as to include the Paris Conference.

The *National Hospital Record* reports that in response to a toast, "The Visiting Nurse," a prominent medical man of Chicago gave the following: "And who is my neighbour?" And it came to pass that a mother went down from the second to the nineteenth ward and fell among microbes, and the microbes increased and multiplied, and behold they attacked the baby, and the child was stripped of its nutrition, and was left half dead. And a certain physician passed that way on the same side, and wrote a prescription. And in like manner a benevolent countess was good to the child, but behold, not good with it; and left money and soon passed to the other side and gave a vaudeville performance on the Lake Shore Drive for the benefit of the South Sea Islanders. But a certain visiting nurse, as she journeyed, came to where the child was, and behold, she was not only good to the child, but good with it. And she poured soap and water over the child and put it on a bed, and the bed was clean and warm and dry, and the primary nutrition of the child waxed and grew, and the secondary nutrition did likewise, and there was no more retrograde metamorphosis of tissue; and as the visiting nurse departed, the mother of the child opened her mouth and spake in broken English: "Heaven bless you, miss, a thousand times; if you not come, I not have my baby."

For the first time, all Nurses of the Australasian Army Service, wearing their new uniform of grey dress and red capes, went into camp, at Brisbane, where there was a Field Hospital completely equipped. There were six tortoise tents fitted up as hospital wards, each with ten beds. The Nurses attended Church Parade on Sunday in uniform.

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