

nurse for their grandmother, who was also paralysed. The nurse had insisted that the patient should lie upon the mackintosh without any intervening sheet or pad between it and her skin; and finally had put the poor lady on a water bed filled with cold water. I never met that nurse, but am convinced that she never had a day's training, and I said so. The lady was sure that she was trained because she charged such high fees; and that lady and her sisters had, since the death of their grandmother, spoken against nurses both in season and out.

Then, again, many people have no idea how a nurse should be trained. At one house where I was nursing I was constantly having a Nurse Edam quoted to me. I grew very tired of her and her remarks, some of which were so far from being correct that I came to the conclusion that she was either very much misquoted or a very ignorant woman in matters medical. One day I inquired where this paragon was trained. I was told that she did not go to hospital, but was trained by Sir Frederick Treves himself!

I do not know Sir Frederick Treves myself, but very sure am I that he would not waste his valuable time in training any woman in nursing. I said as much, but they had great faith in Nurse Edam, and that patient was not an ignorant man, for he was one of the King's Judges.

So, for my part, I cannot agree with the Hon. Sydney Holland. Registration may not be perfect, but it will certainly be better than the present hopeless state of affairs.

### The German Delegation.

Under care of Sister Victoria von Huene, thirty-two nurses, coming from all parts of Germany, arrived on the 17th of July at the Holborn Viaduct Station, and were gladly welcomed by their President and other members of the German Nurses' Association, who came from other directions, or had arrived sooner to get used to the language. Mrs. Glane sent two ladies with omnibuses to take them to their different quarters, and the next morning found them all together in a sitting-room at the beautiful St. Ermin's Hotel, to become acquainted and fetch their Congress cards and invitations. There were forty-eight of them altogether, and they enjoyed themselves heartily through the whole Congress week, rejoicing in the inspiring, uplifting sessions, and the splendid hospitality. All of them were glad to be with their President on the day that brought for her the highest honour of her profession, and look forward to the next Congress in Cologne with special pleasure, and the heartfelt

wish to show their foreign guests that Germany, too, has the heartiest welcome for them, though it will be impossible to attain the splendour of these days.

The Congress week had for the Germans, besides all the good things on the programme, an unexpected pleasure. One of them stayed with a well-known lady of the German circle in London, Frau Baronin Deichmann, née von Bunsen. When she heard that so many of her countrywomen had come she asked them to a reception at her beautiful house in Chester Street, on the Thursday evening. Her father belonged to the Court of our beloved Emperor William I., and so she had been a friend of Empress Augusta and the Grand Duchess of Baden, both specially interested in nursing questions in their time, and founders of different Red Cross institutions. So Frau Baronin Deichmann took a deep interest in the International Congress. She said, in welcoming the nurses, she almost hesitated to invite them to her house, as they were each day the guests of such great personalities as the Lord Mayor, the American Ambassador, and at Windsor those of the King, but she thought a hearty welcome in a German homestead might remind them of the dear fatherland. She had provided a very interesting professional feature. She asked a lady to tell the Germans how she founded a hospital for lepers in Japan. It was a splendid and gruesome tale, how she found out, studying with young Japanese men who wanted to learn the English language, that there was near the place where she lived a shrine to which the lepers came by hundreds and thousands because it was said to be the tombstone of a man healed from leprosy. She wanted very much to see that place, but could not do so till the great festival of the cherry blossom. On a perfect spring day she went there with some of her young Japanese friends. Through a lovely landscape she came suddenly to a glorious avenue of cherry trees, one cloud of blossoms, snow white against the deep blue sky, without a speck of green leaves—a dream of fairyland. And in this broad avenue leading to the holy shrine there was just one small path to tread upon. Every space was taken up by the fearfully disfigured bodies of lepers, all of them lying there on the ground murmuring the few words of the same prayer over and over again, the air filled with the sickening smell of their dreadful wounds.

She heard then that this place never got rid of the lepers, who came from long distances, and the whole year round the avenue was the same—full of lost humanity going to a desolate death. The Japanese believe the lepers cursed by the gods, and so they do not help them. People are allowed to get divorced at once if one of them is developing leprosy. Men suffer most often, women rarely. The lady was so impressed with this heart-rending spectacle that she at once tried to persuade her friends to help her to build a little hospital for lepers, which has now been in use for 15 years. Some Japanese Christian doctors are carefully studying there the course of this terrible illness,

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