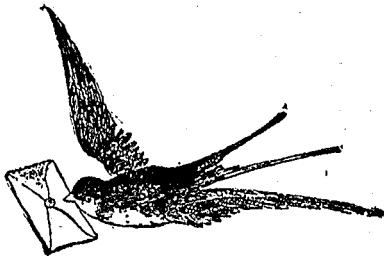


Our Foreign Letter.

FROM NEW YORK.



If it were not just the ordinary run of things in everybody's day it might be a little amusing to recount the various and

many interruptions that I have had so far in working at my book or indeed in doing anything:—First, a moving—the Settlement grew into a new flat next door, and three of us old residents, who are getting set in our ways, moved in; then, no matter how important one's own work, all has to drop and wait for the carpenter, plumber, gasman, and various other kinds of men. Then lectures at Teachers' College to the class of nurses; then Mrs. Pankhurst's joyfully expected visit, and preparatory work distributing circulars, collecting forty nurses for the professional groups sitting on the platform, and things of that kind, for I belong to the Equality League of Self-supporting Women, whose president, Mrs. Blatch, persuaded Mrs. Pankhurst to come, and it was up to us to get the arrangements carried out. Mrs. Pankhurst impressed everyone alike as being a very rarely great personality; one of the truly great people who will go down in history with fame that will be brighter and more lustrous with succeeding centuries. She came to the Settlement to dinner, and it is a real affliction to me that I had to be away—another interruption. Next in order interruptively came several hours a day for the Woman's Trade Union League—a strike of girls of peculiarly unjust circumstances, where the girls, lawfully practising "peaceful picketing," were insulted and terrified by a gang of "thugs" hired for the purpose by the employers. They were also most outrageously arrested by plain clothes men, who were worse even than the thugs, and the whole war of the employer against the girls was reinforced by the police, who were openly on the side of the former against the latter, making a most galling spectacle of the legal and almost irresistible oppression that can be exercised upon unfranchised women. The members of the Trade Union League, who do not belong to the actual trades, were therefore called upon to protect the girls at opening and closing hours by patrolling with them, and I went down every morning for over a week from 7.30 to 9 a.m. The next was a summons to Boston to help put in final order the material collected by the Consumers' League on "Overwork and Fatigue," to use in labour lawsuits or struggles for shorter hours. This is the work I was very busy with last winter, translating German and French material. During eleven days in Boston I was deaf to the world, except that I did sally forth once or twice in the evenings to make hospital visits. I saw Miss Sanders at the Massachusetts General—charming and most able

woman that she is. She is one of Addenbrooke's rather exclusive group, yet she likes our "Melting Pot" of America, where all exclusiveness is smelted up together and she herself wins warm friends wherever she goes.

Miss Dolliver, who worked there so long and unselfishly, is tired out, and intends to take a good rest. Dr. Howard, so long Superintendent there, is succeeded by Dr. Washburn, who is, I fancy, disposed to permit a more modern régime than that very conservative hospital in our very conservative Boston has hitherto had. If so, it will be all to the good. Then I saw our dear old veteran, Miss Drown, and she was greatly pleased to receive the English messages I brought her. And of course I went to the Children's Hospital, for I have an old Bellevue friend there, and besides that the Sisters of St. Margaret, who control this hospital, are quite in the very forefront of advance and progressiveness in all nursing affairs. Sister Amy and Sister Caroline are among the strong women in this country at present, quiet but forceful, and I am in hopes they will come to Cologne. It is an Anglican Sisterhood, you know, we have it in our History, and the work done in their hospital and (secular) school is among the best anywhere. The sisters are thoroughly trained, themselves.

Then another most excellent piece of work which I shall write of in a little more detail later is the tuberculosis work going on under the direction of Miss Upjohn. Altogether I did get around a little in Boston, you see, and did some digging in their beautiful public library, which is a joy to the eye. Boston is really very beautiful, some parts of it, but Boston intends to be quite perfect in 1915. They are having an exhibit of all the improvements they mean to make by that time, and I was delighted to see a good exhibit there of fascinating Letchworth Garden City in England as one of the models. Practically all of the patterns of good and beautiful surroundings for *working people* came from abroad. This, you see, is where we are weak in our city planning or absence of planning. More anon.

L. L. DOCK.

P.S.—One big interruption that I forgot was an immense Convention of Women framed on the political lines of New York, namely, eighteen elected delegates from each Assembly district, just four nights after Mrs. Pankhurst's speech. That took hours and even days. This Convention made a series of demands on every law-making body in sight, and, whether the result of it or not, the Mayor has appointed three women on the School Board.

THE TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday in last week the Alumnae Association of the Toronto General Hospital Training School for Nurses gave an "At Home" at the Hospital in honour of Miss Snively's 25th anniversary as Superintendent, when many members and invited guests assembled to do honour to the Superintendent to whom the School owes so much.

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