

skin eruptions which should have the attention of the physician.

The milk booth is also in charge of a graduate nurse, who prepares the feedings as prescribed by the doctor and instructs the mothers in the preparation of them. Two other graduate nurses are on the upper deck, circulating among the mothers, observing the babies and children, in order that those who require it may have the attention of the physician when he makes his rounds, talking with the mothers, and instructing them in the general care of their children as to clothing, bathing, diet, etc., etc.

The baby patients for this hospital need not be actually ill. Those ailing and fretful from teething, prickly heat, slight intestinal troubles, and the like, are proper cases. It must have been inferred from what has gone before that the mothers are admitted with the children, and in order that they may have no excuse for not bringing their babies, they are allowed to bring the other small children in the family who cannot be left at home. The whole family is thus under the observation of the physician and nurses. Those who do not actually need treatment have the benefits of the day in the fresh air.

During the morning, and again in the afternoon, milk is distributed for the older children, and at noontime all who are not on diet are given a warm dinner. The mother has practically nothing to think of but to reach the landing place on time—no feedings for the bottle-fed babies to bring, no lunch to prepare, etc.

The work is for the poor only, and is absolutely free.

Tickets for the hospital are widely distributed among hospitals, dispensaries, day nurseries, milk depôts, settlement houses, churches, doctors, druggists, and others, and can be had for the asking. The idea is, besides helping the babies, to give the mothers, so often weary and worn with the care of their little ones, as little trouble as possible.

The vessel is licensed to carry 1,600 persons, and operated as it is, costs about \$250 a day. Trips are made daily except Sundays, alternating between the west side of the city, the east side of the city, and Brooklyn. The route of the vessel is to an anchorage off New Dorp, Staten Island, where St. John's Guild maintains the Seaside Hospital for the babies requiring prolonged treatment. This route affords a sail of about 26 miles, and keeps the people in the air for six or eight hours.

This paper has been written with the idea of helping those who have the organisation of a similar work in mind, and therefore deals more

particularly with the description of the vessel, its equipment, and method of operation. What these trips do for the people who take them cannot well be stated. Many of the babies are brought on board in the morning pale, peaky, and irritable. Soothed by the baths, or with pain allayed by gentle care and proper treatment, under the spell of the fresh, salt air, they are revived and strengthened, and return in the evening with bright eyes and with colour in their cheeks. The mothers, too, worn and tired from nights of vigil and days of anxiety, find rest and refreshment, and their countenances transformed by seeing their loved ones better, speak their gratitude more eloquently than words. The work is well worth the doing, and the results warrant the expenditure for its maintenance.

Something About Old Sisters.

PRIZE PAPER.

Prominent in my memory stands the figure of Sister Monica, whom I still believe to be the best and most devoted nurse I have ever known. I entered one of the London hospitals in 1884 as probationer in the children's ward. Sister Monica was then Night Sister, and the first time I saw her she came into the kitchen to explain the working of a machine (which, I believe, she had herself given) to teach backward children to walk. She was short, with a fresh colour and dark hair, and wore glasses. I still seem to see her as she looked straight into me and asked me to dust the "walker." Very soon after she became Sister of this ward, and to her I always feel I owe what is my strongest point—success with babies. She was strict and stern, never passing over a fault, but she was also just, and what she said today was as the law of the Medes and Persians till she finally altered it. I don't think the jaff theory was evolved then, but I was taught to dust in a manner that would gladden the heart of its most ardent disciple.

"Never spare yourself," "Nothing but your *best* is good enough for nursing," and such like principles she tried to instil into us by precept and practice, but chiefly the latter. I well remember my shame when, late one midday with my after-dinner sweep, she took a second broom and swept one side of the ward herself. Many times by evening I have been so tired I almost wished I might be found unsuitable and sent home, but her kind "Good-night, nurse," as I went off duty made me quite eager for the morning when I might try again. She inquired my name and how I spelt it when I

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