

NEITHER ANGELS NOR LADIES.

I was driving on the top of a coach, a few weeks ago, and found the man who blows the horn most attentive. He made it his business to point out all the little things of interest on the journey, and put folded horse-blankets for us to serve as footstools and to keep our feet warm.

At the end of the journey I thanked him for his kindness.

"That's all right, nurse, you need not thank me; I always do everything. I can for nurses, and if the coach were mine they should ride for nothing. You see it's like this, nurse. I was ill last year in hospital for two months; poisoned my arm; couldn't wash myself, couldn't do nothing. Well, you know what that means, so I needn't tell you all those nurses did for me. I didn't like it, I can tell you, and I said so, and Nurse Agnes said to me, she says, 'Just you think that you are a little boy again, and I'm your mother. I never think of any of the men in this ward as "men," but just as children, and I'm mother to all of you,' and she was that. If ever an angel walked this earth it is Nurse Agnes. They were all good to me, but I liked her best. It beats me how they ever get any ladies to be nurses, for they work hard, and it ain't always nice work either, as you know yourself.

"Of course, it's very little a rough chap like me can do for a lady but I do what I can. I take them a bunch of flowers sometimes, and if ever any nurse comes on this coach I see as she is properly looked after."

"That is very kind of you," I said. "We have enjoyed ourselves very much—much more than we should have done if you had not been so kind to us."

"That's all right, nurse. I only wish I could have every lady out of that hospital and give 'em a drive once a week. Ladies I call 'em, but, of course, we know they're not, nor angels neither, but I often calls 'em both. Good afternoon to you, and if you are ever this way again I shall be glad to see you."

M. H.

HEROIC DEATHS.

We regret to record the heroic deaths of five Sisters of Charity, said to be nurses at the Santa Rosa Orphan Home, San Antonio, Texas, who lost their lives in gallantly rescuing the children at an outbreak of fire. The Mother Superior, Mary Rossiter, a native of Wexford, Sister Stevens and Sister Nolan, of Dublin, are amongst those who succumbed. All except two of the hundred children were rescued.

SOCIAL DISEASES.

REPORT OF THE PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THEIR PREVENTION.

The Federation number of *Social Diseases*, published by the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, 105, West Fortieth Street, New York, is devoted to reporting the papers presented at the Annual Meeting of the American Federation for Sex Hygiene this year, held at Atlantic City. Many of the papers were of extreme value, and we quote from two of them, below, as fully as the brief space at our disposal will permit.

THE SITUATION.

Dr. Talcott Williams, Director of the School of Journalism at Columbia University, dealing with "The Situation," said that "No movement for social reform has made a more rapid and significant progress in five years than has the one represented by this gathering. A subject scarcely mentioned outside of technical journals, a topic whose discussion was shunned, a purpose which no one publicly avowed have, all three, become common public property."

OUR PROBLEM.

Dr. George R. Dobson (a doctor of divinity) took for the subject of his address, "Our Problem: a Survey and a Forecast." He pointed out that "Until recently men have spelled evil with a capital E. They have regarded it as a metaphysical principle inwrought in the constitution of things, and consequently insuperable and eternal. Those who think in this way naturally assume the attitude of submission and resignation. The utmost they attempt is to palliate what they have no hope of being able to overcome. A more fruitful and hopeful view is now gaining acceptance. Evils are being dealt with in detail, their special causes are studied, and as they are discovered, controlled. Our men of science have won the victory over malaria, yellow fever, small pox, and the bubonic plague. Other great scourges of the race are doomed, it being now only a question of time, and in some cases—as in that of typhoid fever—success waits merely upon a better civil administration.

"Another discovery has recently been made which illuminates the whole situation and is profoundly encouraging. It has been found that vice in our great cities is not a necessary social phenomenon, deriving its inevitability from the unconquerable strength of the sex passion, but that in its main aspects it is a commercialised business, which is organised and promoted for the sake of gain. Neither poverty, nor love of finery, nor craving for affection, nor degeneracy, nor all the causes and influences making for the debasement of women which students of prostitution have ever noted are sufficient to secure for the promoters of vice an adequate supply of women. It has therefore been necessary to organise the white slave trade, and send agents out to scour the world for defenceless and unwary

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