

Another afternoon we took a boat and went up the Nile to the orange groves. Took our tea in a basket and had it in the garden. Afterwards we gathered oranges and ate them. They were so nice and fresh just gathered, and the smell of the blossoms was lovely. On the way up we passed the house where Robert Hichens wrote the book called "Bella Donna." I expect you have read it. I remember the book quite well, so of course it was most interesting. We were provided with a native band, too; but I much prefer them at a distance, it sounds sweeter. Then one of the men will always dance, so it was all very entertaining.

Then another day we drove out to visit the Coptic Church, and on the way were entertained by a snake charmer. He was really wonderful, pouring out an incantation the whole time. First of all a scorpion made its appearance. They are much smaller than I imagined, and, of course, deadly. He made it climb a wall, and then told it to stand still, and the creature did so. Then we went along a little further, the guide still pouring out this wild incantation, and out came a cobra. They are beastly-looking creatures. We all took good care to keep at a safe distance, it began to glide away so quickly; but the snake charmer told it to stop, and it held up its head and was perfectly still. I am awfully glad we saw that, for it is so typically Eastern, and one would hardly believe it at home. I was rather disappointed in the Coptic Church and Monastery, it was in a filthy condition, and reminded me very much of a stable, the altar was so neglected, and everywhere very dirty. We were all so surprised. I should have thought they would have had more respect for their church than to let it get in that condition; also the font was just like a copper you see in wash-houses. In the yard there were about six people having a meal, and all sitting round the one dish, and putting their hands in and helping themselves. I should very much have liked to take a "snap," only the light was not good enough.

A correspondent whose standards of professional conduct are very high sends us the following advertisement cutting:—

YOUNG LADY requires remunerative work, Kent or Surrey; thoroughly understands horses; riding (astride or side), driving, grooming, &c.; speaks French; is experienced Nurse, but horses preferred.

We feel we ought to be shocked, but the two last words, "horses preferred," disarm criticism. We know others who prefer animals to humans. Moreover, surely a good horse-woman may also be a good nurse. We once knew a well-meaning old Canon of the Church who, as Chairman of a Children's Hospital, considered a young woman "totally unsuited

for a nurse because she rode to hounds." Nursing history proved his judgment in error.

The report of the Visiting Nurse Association of Chicago, especially that portion of it which is submitted to the Board of Directors by the Superintendent, Miss Edna L. Foley, is a very human document.

"Visiting nursing," says Miss Foley, "is hard work, but if it were not worth while, why should many of the best nurses in the country be interested in preparing themselves for it? Why should some of our busiest, most generous citizens give hours of time and thought to supporting and directing it? . . . The reward of good service is an opportunity for more service—the six recently supported new districts which we have been able to open since our last annual meeting are a tremendous incentive to more intensive, better work. . . .

"All nurses and doctors should have some district work. The patient is never merely a numbered bed when they have once seen him in his home surroundings. In fact, our patients are always our patients, even when we have turned them over to other hands." It was love of these patients, when it was a question of the appointment of a new President of the Municipal Tuberculosis Commission, that led the Association to work hard to convince the Mayor that Dr. Theodore B. Sachs was pre-eminently the right man in the right place. "Citizens who have not seen our splendid new sanatorium do not perhaps realize what a wonderful investment a certain Visiting Nurse Association's appropriation of 2,000.00 dollars for tuberculosis work in 1902 has become. . . .

"Most of our patients love us, and after all they are our *raison d'être*. Not all of them, of course. After a visit from an unduly tidy and somewhat over-zealous nurse, an occasionally crochety one takes pen in hand and writes us as follows:—

"Dear Sir: A nurse called to-day, and she was the sassiest thing that ever entered my house. I was sick for three weeks and am not able to work very much. I have 5 small children, and they have to play in the house when it is bad weather and the muss the house. My man was home 2 weeks sick and We could not have the work dun. There was dust and ashes on the rug, and the nurse said no wonder you are sick with all that dirt. She said her mother never had a house like this, and her mother had 6 children. That woman made me nervous. The rest of the nurses who came was very nice they all liked to help me, but the one came today do not send again. Please excuse Pencil, I have no ink in. Yours, Mrs. —."

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