

was no permanent cure for the disease and complete isolation was impossible for so many, we were forced to destroy all six of the infected horses.

To Margaret, our Wendover nurse, the going of Little Bill was a real bereavement. He had taken her carefully and faithfully for five years on the darkest nights, through swollen fords, and over frozen mountain trails. No horse in the Service was more loved by his mistress than was Little Bill. To the couriers and to the rest of us, the loss of Glen was felt very deeply. He was a favourite with everyone. In fact each horse had one or more lovers.

Rather than risk someone else's doing it, and perhaps making a dreadful task more dreadful by bungling it, Kermit finally agreed to perform this last service for the horses to whom he had given years of devoted care. Many times he had said that he couldn't shoot Little Bill and Glen, but neither could he let it be done at the hands of one who did not love them. The rest of us tried to go about our work as usual, but the atmosphere at Wendover was noticeably gloomy. It was almost as though we were parting with members of our family.

There wasn't much time for grieving, for all the barns throughout the Service had to be disinfected and freshly white-washed inside, other parts creosoted, fresh cinders and sawdust put in the stalls which the infected horses had occupied, and all the saddles and bridles disinfected with lysol. The drastic disinfecting did not cease until Kermit, the couriers—everyone who had been in contact with the sick horses—had been made "surgically clean."

The horses we have left are doing double duty, and it often happens that we must borrow or rent local mules and horses in order to carry on the necessary work. When this is done the borrowed or rented animal is housed outside our enclosures. We are enforcing an absolute quarantine in all of our barns against horses and mules not of the Service, until the epidemic is over. Nor are our horses allowed in outside barns. As rapidly as possible we must fill in the ranks, although new horses cannot replace in our hearts those we have lost.

AGNES LEWIS.

AMERICAN NURSING NEWS.

The December *Bulletin* published for the American Nurses' Association, the National League of Nursing Education and the National Organisation for Public Health Nursing, makes the following interesting announcement:—

"The *American Journal of Nursing* has submitted to an extensive overhauling! Its covers have had such a polishing that they will make you think of the 'flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la,' or of St. Pat himself! Titles and department headings will appear less crowded, obituaries are being assigned a separate department, and the News will be arranged according to topics instead of according to states. Reserve your opinions as to how you like the changes (when you see them in January) until the middle of the month. Give them a couple of weeks to grow on you!"

We will; but we shall miss the familiar green cover of one of the most welcome and valued magazines on our editorial table.

The Proceedings of the 29th Convention of the American Nurses' Association are now available. This Report will serve as excellent reference material for students in classes in Professional Problems, and will be a valuable addition to the libraries of nursing schools. The price is one dollar twenty-five cents, and it may be obtained from the American Nurses' Association, 50 West 50th Street, New York, U.S.A.

IMPORTANT NURSING NEWS FROM CHINA.

The Methodist General Hospital,
Hankow,
Central China.

DEAR FRIENDS.

We are at last rejoicing in cooler autumn weather after the long summer of unprecedented heat. Most people agree that our Central China autumn is the most pleasant season of the year. It is also one of the busiest in most departments of mission work. Though it seemed difficult to find time for writing letters, we remembered that the word "impossible" is not permitted in our vocabulary, therefore this letter has, after many days, become a reality.

From my office window in the hospital on the second floor I look out on to the clock tower that surmounts our Out-Patient Department building. This great three-dialed clock was given by friends in Ireland in memory of Dr. Robin Booth, who died in 1912. As its hands neared the hour of 2 p.m., a large bell, hanging beneath a small wistaria-covered pavilion in the garden, pealed out, calling the nurses to the classroom for their lecture on Bacteriology. Another bell from the Church near-by rang shortly afterwards calling the women members to the Mothers' meeting that is held on Tuesday each week. In the evenings the bell sounds for street preaching on week-days and for services on Sundays.

A few days ago a little bent-up lad who looked about ten years of age, but was really twenty-three, came to the Out-Patient department. He proved to have a bad spinal curvature and a colossal tumour, which, growing from his shoulders almost touched his knees and was a tremendous weight. It had been growing for several years. The next day Dr. Bolton operated and entirely removed it, to the great relief of the sufferer, who is recovering fast. These enormous growths are frequently seen in the East and usually can be removed without much difficulty. The staff on night duty are kept very busy with many sad cases. Opium suicides are common as well as ordinary attempts at poisoning. A little slave girl was carried in a few nights ago having tried to escape her hard lot by taking poison. For three hours the doctors and nurses worked to save her, but before dawn she had left her life of tribulation.

There have been many changes in our Nursing Staff of late. This year's graduating class have finished their training and have gone to other fields of labour. One nurse had planned to take a post-graduate course at the Shantung University Hospital and then return here a member of our staff. Just then her family suddenly announced that she must be married. Some years before the family had arranged her betrothal to a young man who is now a student in a medical school. As he has two more years to finish before he qualifies, both the young folk begged to be allowed to wait. Family authority was insistent, however, that the marriage must take place during the summer vacation, when he could return inland from Shanghai. There now stands a framed photograph of the bridal couple before me. The young husband has returned to his studies and the bride has gone to a large cotton mill as a Nurse in charge of the welfare of the women employees. In the years following 1926, young people everywhere rebelled against the tyranny of family authority; now, however, we notice a swinging back of the pendulum, and parental authority prevails widely over the lives of young people again.

One of the outstanding events of the summer was the meeting of the National Conference of Nurses, which took place in Hankow. Despite the intense heat the Conference was a great success, and everyone felt that it had been abundantly worth while. There were one hundred and twenty delegates from fourteen of China's far-flung

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