

request of Lord Kitchener, received at St. Thomas's Hospital, and the author writes:—

"At midnight we ran into Waterloo, and were met by chais-a-bancs for ourselves and luggage, and deposited at St. Thomas's Hospital. At once a triumph of organisation, typically English in its quiet method, was demonstrated by our hostesses. One of the (assistant?) matrons sat in the hall with her aides, and handed each of us a card with the number of our room. Supper was provided and our trunks all came up within an hour. I don't know how much notice the War Office had given the staff, but we found that 100 rooms, absolutely free of every personal belonging of their rightful occupants, had been prepared for us. It was, in fact, a vacant hotel at our disposal for several weeks; and this at a time when convoys of wounded were arriving at the hospital daily, and arrangements had to be re-adjusted to meet emergencies. Our Matron had her own office, the Florence Nightingale dining-room was exclusively reserved for us, and nurses attended to our wants. Several Sisters also were detailed to give us information, issue invitations for sight-seeing, provide guides, and in every way assist us. Without fuss, all showed us our desire to help was appreciated, and on their side some idea enlarged of the unity of the profession which the distinguished Founder of their training school had brought into being. . . . Our grateful acknowledgments to them once more."

Of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Miss Clint writes: "I was impressed by the air of comfort and cheer in the military wards of ancient St. Bartholomew's. Arm chairs before the great open fire, red blankets, tables and flowers relieved the monotony of the rows of beds, and were a contrast to the cold severe lines of most hospitals in Canada and the United States."

Arrived at Boulogne, the Canadian Sisters were quartered in an hotel close to which, alas! as they sat at breakfast, soldiers' funerals passed every few minutes to a recently opened British cemetery. But every burial was conducted reverently, and flowers already bloomed on three months' old sod. "The adjacent inhabitants constantly brought garden blossoms to decorate the graves of 'les soldats anglais,' a kindly action kept up for years, till the British cemeteries were laid out in their present beautiful form by the War Graves' Commission. Already some English nurses lay there, first women victims of devotion to duty. We represented the Canadian profession by attending the burial of one from St. Thomas's Hospital, and placing a wreath on the grave."

Of the attitude of the French people as a whole to the British, Miss Clint writes: "We had little to do with them officially, but the Sisters were invariably the objects of respectful and friendly comradeship from men and women. The women were marvellous. They took the place of the men in every phase of life immediately, and their stoicism under all conditions of hardship was beyond praise. 'C'est la guerre,' 'Pour la Patrie' were no empty phrases on their lips, and they had no compensations but their national spirit. Their men were only paid a few sous for their service, there were no family allowances or Red Cross benefits, and they seldom were notified of their dead till weeks after a battle, and then without details. I never saw any excitement in France. I never saw any depression at the worst of times. They seemed to have taken on the phlegmatic character with which the English are credited. But also they never smiled and 'Les Boches' were to them the summing-up of all that was monstrous and brutal. But they treated the prisoners without mawkish sentimentality and without vindictiveness. I often marvelled at it. . . . Those Canadians who criticize the French should imagine the Germans occupying our southern border, should remember the invasion of 1870 and the cost, and should also give thought to what a boundless, cynical and unprincipled ambition did to France and

Belgium, apart from the toll taken of 2,000,000 lives. Let them ask themselves how *they* would feel and act. And whether those who blamed the French for not being prepared in 1914 are logical in also blaming a firm resolve to be ready, so that it shall *not* happen a third time to their children."

So the Canadian contingent passed on, and were swept into the vortex of war to play their heroic part. It is grievous not to follow their fortunes further, but maybe it is well, for every page of the book is full of interest, and it should be purchased by individual nurses and be available in every nurses' library to be read by the nursing staff. It is obtainable from Miss M. B. Clint, A.R.R.C., 2112, Claremont Avenue, Montreal, Canada, price one dollar twenty-five cents, post free.

THE ANIMAL MAN AS NURSE.

That there is a similarity between human beings and apes will be denied by no one, but one would hardly expect to find in a book about apes anything of interest to mothers and nurses.

Yet in "Wild Animal Man," written by R. W. Thompson, there is a great deal of unusual information, and a short account of the book should be of interest to nurses. The book is published by Duckworth at 10s. 6d., and tells the story of Reuben Castang, the world-famous trainer of Max and Moritz, the only man who has ever achieved friendship with great apes in maturity, and who now shares his house with the three largest apes outside the jungle.

Among all animal experts it is an axiom that in maturity chimpanzees are unapproachable. Until the age of nine years the chimpanzee can be trained, and then his mentality changes. He becomes savage and uncontrollable, and in captivity, because of his nature, he cannot be treated when he falls a victim to pneumonia, bronchitis, diphtheria or even a common cold.

Reuben Castang, however, believed that just as the human being in adolescence changed and needed a totally different treatment from that meted out in childhood, so the man who wished to remain friendly with apes must change.

On this principle, Reuben Castang made friends with an ape, and the result was that the love and understanding between the beast and the man became one of the most remarkable achievements the world had ever known.

The full story must be read to be appreciated, it beats any thriller for excitement, and any biography for sincerity and charm.

Reuben once went unarmed into the jungle to find apes, and when he stayed at native villages he was alarmed to find the tiny pot-bellied black babies being fed by their mothers cramming into their mouths a glutinous mass of rice and palm oil. Reuben did not pose as a baby expert, but he said, "I'll guarantee a white baby 'ud burst."

When Reuben had obtained the chimpanzees he wanted, he had a great deal of trouble with their mouths. He says that thousands die in the jungle from tooth trouble, the dangerous time being the change over from milk teeth to fighting fangs.

Reuben acted as dentist and nurse and doctor to the apes, particularly when the scourge of 'flu swept over the world and carried off many of the apes.

When apes are unwell they yield to Reuben's treatment; it seems that all animals hate castor oil, especially on their fur, but his apes realised it was to their benefit to take the hated medicine. Epsom salts they enjoy, mistol is well liked sniffed up their nostrils. Reuben found with his apes that a raw potato had great healing powers in diphtheria, bronchitis and affections of the throat.

Certainly this is a book in a thousand.

CHARLES H. LEA.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)