



TO THE FRONT IN EUROPE'S WAR



Great Battle of Mercy Won by Florence Nightingale.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.
 Florence Nightingale, whose death occurred in 1911 at the advanced age of 90, was a revolutionist in the most splendid sense of that term. She it was who revolutionized nursing to that extent that she may be considered as the mother of that profession.

Previous to her entrance into the field the sick were the victims of callous ignorance and grasping indifference, but Florence Nightingale introduced the trained, skillful and gentle hospital nurse, district nurse and military nurse of to-day.

Certainly to few women—and to few men—has it been given to serve their fellows so splendidly and so effectively. Florence Nightingale found chaos in military hospitals; she created order and all that order implies.

After the battle of Alma, in the Crimean war, the military hospital at Scutari was like a dirty shambles. Wounded men died in hundreds in the midst of squalor and vermin. Crowds of poisonous flies buzzed ceaselessly above the sick; medical supplies were inadequate; proper food could not be had; there were no arrangements for washing or sanitation.

The plight of the wounded soldiers, herded together in this hotbed of pestilence, was worse than if they had been left upon the battlefield. "Are there no devoted women among you," wrote Russell, the famous war correspondent of the London Times, "able and willing to go forth and administer to the sick and suffering soldiers in the east in the hospitals at Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England at this hour of need ready for such a work of mercy?"

This appeal was answered almost instantly. Sidney Herbert was then at the head of the War Office, and when the authorities began to be inundated by letters from women of all classes anxious to respond to the call Mr. Herbert's thoughts at once turned to the lady who was in his opinion the one woman capable of organizing and taking out to the Crimea a staff of nurses. The woman was Florence Nightingale.

Miss Nightingale was thirty-four at the time, and from her childhood she had devoted herself to the study of hospital nursing and hospital management. In 1849 she had enrolled herself as a volunteer nurse at the first training school for sick nurses established in modern times—the Deaconess institution at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine. When the war broke out there was no woman in all England better fitted than Florence Nightingale to give to England's soldiers comfort and relief.

Mr. Herbert wrote to Miss Nightingale and asked her if she would go out and supervise the whole thing. His letter crossed one from her, for on the same day Florence Nightingale had written to the War Office offering her services in the hospital at Scutari. The offer showed splendid courage.

Nurses in Hospital Unit.

incomplete list of the nurses already enrolled in the Rochester Base Hospital unit follows:

- Miss Emma J. Jones, Miss S. Heal, Miss Eunice A. Smith, Miss Elizabeth Weber, Miss Mary E. DeLaskey, Miss Ruth O'Connor, Miss Laura Phillips, Miss Anna MacPherson, Miss Mary Savage, Miss Katherine C. Gray, Miss Mary Harriman, Miss Georgiana Wing, Miss Hazel Vegiard, Miss Anne Smith, Miss Camilla P. Sale, Miss Olive Praemassing, Miss Isabella Lancaster, Miss Elizabeth Wagner, Miss Theresa E. Boyle, Miss Ruth Randall, Mrs. Jessie Parsons.
- Miss Lena Carpenter, Miss Lucille Prine, Miss Gertrude Garrahan, Miss Emma H. Kehrig, Miss Flora B. Thompson, Miss Grace S. Taille, Miss Margaret Scarry, Miss Agnes Cahaley, Miss Mary T. Walsh, Miss Marguerite FitzPatrick, Miss Emma M. Clayman, Miss Lucy N. Bayley, Miss Olive B. Lessler, Mrs. Nellie C. Lindsay, Miss Mary F. Laird, Miss Edith J. Whitley, Miss Mary E. Wayne, Miss Clara Walde, Miss Elizabeth M. Faust, Miss Katherine C. Dewitt, Miss Alice L. Fitzgerald, Miss Ivona Johnson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hawkswell, Mrs. Margaret I. Hodgson.

Within a week of making her resolve, Miss Nightingale had her first contingent of nurses in marching order. She had selected thirty-eight nurses to accompany her, and they arrived at Scutari on the day before the battle of Inkerman. And without a moment's loss of time that lady-in-chief and her staff set to work to cleanse the Augean stable which they found waiting for them at the great barrack hospital.

In a short time the place was entirely renovated. Everything was scrubbed, old clothes were burned, a kitchen and laundry were established, and the place became a comfortable, well organized hospital. Florence Nightingale superintended everything. She worked as hard at the routine and organizing as at the nursing itself. At all hours of the day and night she would walk silently, lamp in hand, through the wards, giving a word of comfort here or instruction there. She saved the lives literally of hundreds.

Wounded men, so horribly mangled that doctors gave them no hope, and other nurses could not bring themselves to touch them were saved from death by the tireless care of this one wonderful woman. The men worshipped the very shadow of this "lady with the lamp."

The supreme womanliness of the work of Miss Nightingale made her the idol of the English people. Three monarchs paid their tributes to her. Re-

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UESDAY, FEBRUARY

AN OVATION TO SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Such Was the Demonstration at
Powers Hall Last Evening.

HER 77TH BIRTHDAY

The Club Women of Rochester Cele-
brated by Giving Her a Grand Re-
ception in Which the Entire
City Participated.

Rochester has done herself proud! And Rochester women who suggested that the people of this city do honor to their noted townswoman, Susan B. Anthony, have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the reception in Powers hall last evening, on the occasion of Miss Anthony's seventy-seventh birthday. Though her native city has been slow in a public demonstration in her honor, such as every other city in the country has given her, when Miss Anthony has been a guest, it certainly made up for any past tardiness last evening by its enthusiasm and numbers.

It seemed as if the entire city turned out to shake Miss Anthony's hand and offer congratulations, and probably Powers hall never held a larger crowd. At a conservative estimate, there must have been a thousand people in attendance. The representative people of Rochester were there, society, professional, literary, the clergy, and the business man and woman were all to be seen, and a thoroughly happy, good-natured gathering it was, without the formality that often marks large social functions.

Those who came early were wise, for by 9 o'clock the crowd was so great that it was necessary to form in line at the door of the hall, and pass around to the center, where in one of the alcoves sat the queen of the evening, Susan B. Anthony, the "Grand Old Woman," on a little platform slightly raised from the floor. Here, surrounded by members of the committee, she received most cordially all who were so eager to pay their respects. Dressed in a rich gown of wine-colored velvet, with a large fichu of point lace, the smooth bands of her white hair framing her bright, happy face, no one would take Miss Anthony to be 77 years old. She showed not a trace of fatigue, but every energy was alert, and happiness and pleasure at the demonstration of her townspeople seemed to be the prevailing emotion.

Near her was the faithful sister, Miss Mary Anthony, and the Rev. Anna Shaw and Mrs. Ida Harper, her guests, were also close by.

A bank of palms forming a background for those receiving, was the only decoration of the handsome hall, and a bust of Miss Anthony in marble stood near her.

The ladies of the reception committee who were grouped about Miss Anthony, were handsomely attired in light evening toilettes, and they were the following well-known people, representatives of different clubs and societies: Wednesday Club, Mrs. George C. Hollister; Ethical Club, Mrs. H. G. Danforth; The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery; the Wellesley Alumnae Association, Miss Olive Davis; the Cornell Alumnae Association, Miss Hannah Harris; the Coterie, Mrs. George R. Fuller; the Woman's Saturday Club, Mrs. E. J. Milligan; the Holyoke Alumnae Association, Miss Ella S. Kingsley; the National Council of Jewish Women, Miss Rose Landsberg; the Sisterhood of Beth Kodesh, Mrs. S. L. Elser; the Ignorance Club, Dr. S. R. A. Dolley; Tuesday Reading Club, Mrs. Frank G. Nowell; the Livingston Park Alumnae Association, Miss Elizabeth Lyman Stanton; the Rochester Female Academy Alumnae, Mrs. Fred

Miss, Mrs. N. M. Collins; Dodd's Ferry Society, Miss Jane Stebbins; Vassar Alumnae, Miss Kate Strong; Practitioner's Club, Dr. Anna Craig; Scottish Ladies' Club, Miss Margaret Norton; Political Equality Club, Mrs. Mary Thayer Sanford; selected at large, Mrs. Joseph O'Connor, Mrs. Joseph T. Alling, Mrs. Max Landsberg, Miss Sara E. Fisher.

After a word of greeting to her and the other ladies, the crowd was hurried on, and presently it broke up into pleasant groups to chat and laugh, or the refreshment rooms beyond claimed attention. The tables were bright with vases of red tulips and yellow daffodils, the latter the suffrage color, and silver candelabras with red and yellow shades, lighted softly the bright scene. A large mound of palms and trailing vines formed the centerpiece. No one seemed to mind the discomfort of being crowded, but all evidently felt that the cause was a worthy one, a tribute to Miss Anthony.

Meyerling's orchestra was stationed in one end of the balcony, and the strains of the music floated sweetly above the hum of conversation. After the crowd began to thin out, the music, the perfect floor, the happy occasion, were too much to be resisted, and the younger people present indulged in a dance.

Among those present, there were numbered about as many men as there were women, and quite as eager were they to do her honor as were her own sex.

In every respect the reception was a suc-



SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

MISS ANTHONY TALKS. Gives Her Opinion of Views on Marriage of Connecticut Judge.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has been interviewed in Philadelphia in regard to her views of the recent utterances of Justice Baldwin, of the Connecticut supreme court, in regard to marriage. The justice said: "No woman should feel that she knows more than her husband," and "It is never well for a woman to be better educated than her husband. Girls would make better wives, mothers and housekeepers if they finished school at from 14 to 16 years of age."

"Suppose by some misfortune," said Miss Anthony, "a woman were to marry an idiot. Must she still adhere to the views of this man from Connecticut and consider herself the mental inferior of her husband? That doctrine might have sufficed for the women of a century or two ago, but it will not do in this age of progress."

"I am convinced that a little learning has been a pitfall for Justice Baldwin. For my part, I believe the wife and mother stands in greater need of a higher education than the husband."

"One of the best wives and mothers I have ever had the pleasure of knowing was a woman who was possessed of a splendid college education, while her husband was a man of only limited learning. Besides attending skillfully to her manifold home duties, she found time to lead her boys through their school work, and when they entered a university she was able to lead them through the labyrinths of the higher branches of study, imparting much of her knowledge to them. They all turned out to be splendid men."

"And while this mother was leading her boys through abstruse mathematical fields and the realms of philosophy, she was a devoted wife, and assisted her husband in many matters of business with which he was hardly able to cope alone. She was his counselor as well as that of their sons."

"And, moreover, the woman's intellectual superiority over the husband need not, and probably will not, entail any unhappiness. If happiness in wedded life depended on the mental superiority of the husband in this age of progress, I fear that the divorce courts would be overworked."

"Education has been a great boon to woman. Half a century ago women were so anxious to marry that they jumped at the first offer. That was because their future maintenance depended on the securing of a husband. But now it is quite different. Women of education are able to earn a good living. Many of them earn incomes equal to those of men in the same line of work."

"The woman with \$1,000 or \$2,000 a year is not going to contract a marriage in any undue haste. She considers it from a monetary viewpoint, and when she does marry she is not at all likely to commit an error."

Why a Woman on the School Board



ISSUED BY
THE WOMEN'S COUNCIL
OF ROCHESTER.

1904-

HAHNEMANN MAKES CHANGE

Erects New Department for Nurses'
Training Class—Picks Supervisor

The Nurses' Training School of the Hahnemann Hospital is to be made into a separate department, under the supervision of Miss Ann Ford. This announcement was made yesterday by Kingman N. Robins, temporary secretary of the hospital board.

"Miss Ford has had several years' experience in the same capacity in the Flower Hospital in New York city," said Mr. Robins, "and she also has had a year's training in modern hospital methods at Columbia University. She comes to the Hahnemann Hospital with the highest recommendations as to character and ability."

PLEA FOR BEAUTIES OF NATURE IN AUTUMN.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:
 Sir: This is the red-letter month of the year. The queen of the seasons has laid aside her emerald robes of summer, and donned the brown and the gold, and sits enthroned upon the hills. She is now holding high carnival in the woods and the fields. Step off the tread-wheel of your daily toil, and take your way to the open country, the air and the sunshine will bring a tint to your cheeks, and a tonic to your soul. Go out to the fields and commune with nature. She is a royal entertainer, and bids you welcome. Let your eyes, and your soul, feast on her munificent bounties; the opportunity may not soon be yours again; the king's chariot will not always come your way! The song of the birds has ceased, for most of them have gone to their winter homes; but the air is still vocal with melody, if you but have an ear to hear it and a soul to receive it. The hills look eternally, and the brooks flow on forever, singing as they go; there is a sermon in every song, and a benediction in every breeze.
 The October sun has dyed the maples in scarlet, and tipped the sumac with flame, bordering the fields with streaks of red. The days are golden with mellow sunlight, and the nights aglow with burning lamps in the azure fields, where the milky-way spreads its starry belt across the heavens.
 Summer has gone, but her footsteps have shaken golden fruits into the lap of autumn; her exit has left a trace of sadness, for is there not sadness in the word last—that something, whatever that something may be, has passed forever from mortal ken—been engulfed in the insatiable maw of time? In the coming and the going of the seasons, each gathers his handfuls of purpose a kind Providence let fall into the field of his occupation; we gather the harvests our sickle reaps. From the valleys, up the terraces of the hills, autumnal colors deepen; first the purple, then the brown, then the gold to crown the summit, where all colors melt into the eternal blue. The icy fingers of the frost-king have scarcely touched the leaves, thus leaving nature's handiwork unmarred.
 Beauty everywhere; in earth and air and sky, Ossa on Pelion of glory, to portray which would require the ponderous adjectives of St. Paul's matchless apotheosis to the saints; the grandest and most sublime utterance that ever fell from mortal lips. The transcendent beauty of these autumn days would make the brush to fall from the hands of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, and the gorgeous colors of St. Peter's and the Vatican pale into insignificance. Lover of nature, go out into the fields; bare your head and your heart to God's sunlight, open the

windows of your soul and let in the beauty-laden breezes from off the hills; 'twill shame your selfishness, and broaden your humanity; stop long enough in your wild chase after gold to catch some glimpses of the passing glories; watch the shifting panorama of nature's unfolding and some fading glories; it will quicken your pulses and make you stronger to do right, and braver to resist the wrong; try
Edith
 Oakfield, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1903.

AN INFORMATIVE MENU.

Something is new in the line of menu cards. And it is not a product of the uncanny ingenuity of a fashionable maitre d'hotel. The novel bill-of-fare has been sprung on the public by a no less prosaic organization than the New York Bureau of Public Health Education, which operates a restaurant in that city. Metropolitan health officials think that people ought to know something about the nutritive value of the food they eat. So they have devised a menu card which goes into the matter minutely. Following is a sample of those cards, with the price and quantity statistics omitted:

	Calories	Protein gms.
Tomato soup	130	3.0
Macaroni and cheese	350	16.5
Ice cream	270	6.0
Whole wheat bread	140	5.5
Butter	110
	1,000	31.0

Anyone consuming the above meal at the Health Bureau's restaurant has the satisfaction of knowing that he has absorbed heat to the value of 1,000 calories and no less than 31 grammes of protein, the element that makes meat, fish and eggs so important as articles of food. In order that diners may make intelligent use of this information, the health authorities explain that the average adult doing office work needs about 2,500 calories a day. Mechanics and artisans ought to have a daily allowance of at least 3,000 calories, while laborers should consume 3,500 to 4,500 calories. A daily ration of three ounces (ninety grammes) of protein is recommended for all hands.

It may strike one as rather superfluous, at this late day, to go into hair-splitting calculations regarding the nutritive value of our meals. And so it is for people who dine in a rational way. Those who eat in a leisurely manner at regular hours and who take simple, wholesome food, need not bother their heads with calories. Unfortunately a great many persons eat too fast and are most injudicious in their selection of dishes. It is regrettable to relate that persons old enough to know better not infrequently make a lunch of a single item, such as pie or cake, consuming three or four helpings.

Dietetic barbarities of that sort ruin stomachs and make indigestion the commonest ailment. It is reasonable to hope that the scientific menu cards used by the New York Health Bureau may drive into the heads of the thoughtless some notion of the necessity of taking standard foods and making normal meals. Abuses of the table are probably responsible for four-fifths of the ills of humanity.

"PAPA'S COMING HOME."

New York Ledger.
 Daylight—untimely victim!
 Has perished with a frown;
 And Night, her stern destroyer,
 Is swooping grimly down,
 Within our pleasant parlor,
 Where steals nor chill nor gloom,
 I, with my blue-eyed darlings,
 Wait "Papa's coming home."

I wait in dreamy quiet,
 They with laugh, shout and call,
 And sudden, fruitless sally
 Into the silent hall,
 On tiptoe, at the window,
 They peer into the street,
 Chiding the falling darkness,
 And "Papa's" lagging feet.

Glances of merry sunshine,
 And sunbeams in the hair,
 Voices of varied music—
 He gave these to the pair,
 But as the exile sigheth
 O'er wayside violets' bloom,
 They stir my deeper longings
 For "Papa's coming home."

"He is never coming, mamma!"
 O, lisping baby-tongue!
 From thine impatient prattle
 What direful knell hath rung!
 The woe of all most fearful
 That e'er my soul affrights,
 Dread of desponding musings,
 Phantom of fever-nights!

Wouldst know, my thoughtless darling,
 Some things thy words may mean?
 No shield in Life's rude battle,
 No arm on which to lean;
 Some toil through all the day-time,
 Heartache when eve is come;
 No watching and no hoping—
 No Papa coming home!

I know by many firesides,
 When once sat happy wives,
 Sad women bow them, mourning
 The lost hope of their lives;
 While the autumn rain is beating,
 And night-winds make their moan
 O'er many a husband's pillow,
 And father's burial stone.

"It cannot be!" and wakened
 By the heart's sickening throb,
 I wrestle with the horror
 And "God forbid!" I sob.
 God pity smitten households,
 To which the head ne'er comes,
 And with His loving presence
 Shield unbereaved homes.

Hark! footsteps on the threshold,
 A hand upon the door!
 With glad acclaim, there scamper
 Wee feet across the floor.
 Warm his chill lips with kisses,
 And small arms, hold him fast!
 To our love's golden circle,
 The clasp is joined at last.
 —Marion Har

PLAN OF RED CROSS EFFORT

Campaign Will Not Interfere with Chapter, Says Chairman.
 The out-of-town guests at the dinner were given in honor of the Red Cross party motored to this city, where the shipper's After a reception the decorations, and the favors were distributed. While flowers formed the table. was served to charity guests at the Hotel. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was given by J. Schwab and George A. Schwab were Lee Johantzen, Frank Kung, H. Kroom, was best man, and the ushers. Louis C. Johantzen, brother of net, with pussywillow trimming. Miss Rose Bieget, wore a gown of white pearl trimmings. The maid of honor, with a Chantilly over-dress. Kung, nation of honor, wore white

**The Dying.....
 Drummer Boy**



By —
Dr. E. Dunbar
 Chicago Ill.

L. & K., P. O. Box 216, Harrisburg, Pa.

**CLIFTON SPRINGS HAS RED CROSS
 Seventy Names Are Already
 Enrolled—Officers.**

Clifton Springs, June 30.—The newly organized Clifton Springs branch of the American Red Cross Society has the following officers: President, Mrs. S. T. Nicholson; vice-president, Mrs. Malcolm S. Woodbury; treasurer, Mrs. James L. Truslow; recording secretary, Mrs. Hubert Schoonmaker; corresponding secretary, Miss M. Roe; chairman of Purchasing Committee, Mrs. Lawrence P. Conley; chairman of Cutting Committee, Mrs. T. C. Trimble; chairman of Packing Committee, Mrs. David Anderson.

The payment of 50 cents a year constitutes the membership and the money will be used for the purchase of material for supplies. Already seventy names for membership have been secured and it is expected that the number will exceed two hundred as it is believed that the entire

NURSE 8-HOUR LAW TO BE ARGUED

Merritt Hospital Trustees Will
Have Hearing Next
Tuesday.

Losing Side to Appeal Directly
to United States Su-
preme Court.

Deputy District Attorney Walter Burpee will appear before United States District Judges Van Fleet, Dooling and Morrow, sitting en banc next Tuesday, for the purpose of arguing briefs in the suit brought by the trustees of the Merritt Hospital Association against State Labor Commissioner McLaughlin and District Attorney W. H. L. Hynes, to restrain them from enforcing the eight-hour law for graduate nurses which was passed by the last legislature.

From the findings of the District Court, the case will be appealed by the losing side at once directly to the United States Supreme Court under provisions of a recent Act of Congress, which makes it possible for such cases heard in Circuit and District Courts to reach a quick decision.

The suit is similar to a number brought at the instigation of the Allied Hospital Association of California for the purpose of testing the eight-hour law as applying to graduate nurses. A decision in the matter is one anxiously awaited throughout the state owing to its widespread effect upon the efficiency of hospital service. Since the law was passed the question of its legality has been a much-mooted question among men in the legal profession and of great interest to thousands of nurses.

CASE TO GO HIGHER.

Deputy Burpee will appear in behalf of District Attorney Hynes, who was made a party to the suit. In event that the case goes against the defendants, Burpee will go to Washington at once to present the matter in the Supreme Court. In any event the case will go before the highest tribunal in the land at the earliest convenience of the District Court and it is believed that a decision can be reached early in 1914.

Attorney Charles S. Wheeler will appear for the Merritt Hospital trustees, taking the stand that the law should not be enforced, for constitutional reasons. Attorney Albert Roche of San Francisco is associated with the defense.

Pending the appeal to the higher courts, the defense in the case have been en-

MODERN SURGERY

10/15/14 WAS EXEMPLIFIED

A Difficult Operation Performed
With Success.

ON PATRICK COSTELLO

A Piece of Chip, Breaking From an
Anvil, Entered Fleishy Part of
Left Arm—Located by the X-
Ray Process.

The Rochester Homeopathic Hospital has made a record which is probably unequalled by many of the prevential institutions of the United States. Its work has been especially in the line of surgery, and from the time of its removal to its present site on Alexander street, it has had, what was recognized the country over, as good facilities.

Yet these have been outgrown, and it became evident that to keep pace with the demands upon the institution and its surgeons, it was necessary to make additional provision for the work of the house. A small but admirably equipped operating room was already provided, but it was decided that a second would be required, in order that delays might be avoided.

Through the generosity of Mrs. D. A. Watson, of this city, the second pavilion has been provided, and there is no better in the United States. It has been described more than once, but can never be appreciated fully, except by those who have seen its admirable arrangement and the pure cleanliness of the tiling of both walls and floors. The technical arrangements are perfect.

The wisdom of the board of managers in equipping this pavilion with a complete X-ray outfit has already been demonstrated and yesterday the surgeon in charge gained new laurels by performing a successful and somewhat difficult operation, being aided not alone by the mysterious Roentgen rays, but by a scientific appliance, which has come to be an invaluable adjunct of the X-rays in surgery, known as the Dennis fluorometer, the invention of a resident of Rochester.

Four days ago, Patrick Costello, a blacksmith of Penn Yan, about forty years of age, was working at his anvil when the force of a blow split a small chip from the head of his hammer, striking him in the fleshy portion of the left arm. The small steel chip was about the size of the head of a lead-pencil and penetrated in an oblique direction toward the elbow joint. The chip was of an irregular shape and Costello experienced much pain. His arm began to swell and local surgeons, who were called in the case, determined to perform an operation to locate and remove the foreign substance before blood poisoning endangered the man's life. The operation was unsuccessful. A cut about two inches long was made in the arm, but, after probing for an hour, the surgeons gave it up. The man's arm did not improve and two days ago the man was brought to the Homeopathic Hospital in this city. After diagnosing the case, the surgeon determined to locate the chip by the means of the X-ray and the fluorometer. The fluorometers are appliances for correctly locating any foreign object which is more impermeable than the surrounding tissues of the human body. When Roentgen energy was first discovered, surgeons hailed it as a boon but were soon disappointed in finding that the mysterious light played strange tricks.

This strange and unaccountable distortion and divergence of the rays is entirely eliminated by the application of the fluorometers. On Sunday evening, under the direction of the surgeon in charge, Drs. McCauley and Jones, of the hospital staff, correctly located the object in the man's arm, marking the cross section as determined by the fluorometer with nitrate of silver and making a chart in accordance with the principles of its application.

On Monday morning, without removing the bandages, the surgeon examined the limb through the fluoroscope. The bandages were then removed and the surgeon at once expressed his willingness to undertake the operation, being guided in cutting solely by the nitrate of silver markings which had previously been determined by the fluorometers. The anesthetics were administered by Dr. F. C. Crawford, who is stationed at the hospital. The surgeon was assisted also by Drs. Jones, McCauley and Hoyt of the hospital staff. The operation was performed in less than a minute from the time the surgeon took the knife in his hand. An incision was made in the forearm at the place indicated by the chart, and the object was speedily found imbedded in the flesh five-eighths of an inch from the surface and three inches from the point of entrance. It was removed and the band-

the group, the element of personality deepens as we ascend. It matters much whether the cook is willing, unselfish, quick and obliging; it matters more what manner of man he is whom we trust as our family physician: it matters supremely what the character is of the one who would teach us things divine. The life of Phillips Brooks, like some great tower "four-square to all the winds that blow," winged his words with power, and panoplied his ministry with irresistible persuasion.

Judged by this standard the nurse's profession should stand high in the list, for the personality of the woman who wears the nurse's cap is of no less importance than her training. None but a radiantly good woman can be a thoroughly good nurse. No technical skill will open the doors of the highest preferment in her profession to the woman whose personal equipment is faulty or deficient.

If this be so, that the nurse belongs in the same class as the professions, since the fundamental idea in both cases is personal service, and that she belongs high up in that class, since the element of personality enters vitally into her success, let us consider together for a little a few of the traits that go to make up the personality of the ideal nurse. It is good for us now and again to turn our eyes and our hearts toward the ideal. It rests us; it inspires us to more untiring effort.

And first, young ladies, among the personal qualities of the ideal nurse, I should place a very homely one. The nurse ought to be a comfortable body, easy to live with, serene, good tempered. Comfortableness is a beautiful trait for everyone; it is essential for the perfect nurse. Surely she had the making of an admirable nurse, that woman whose epitaph read "She was so pleasant to live with." A large part of the nurse's life is spent with those who are ill, suffering, morbidly sensitive, with all an invalid's privilege of irritability. This sick petulance the ideal nurse meets with wholesome sunniness that does good like medicine. She does not indulge in the expensive luxury of "feelings" that are easily hurt, or irritable nerves, or bitter prejudices, or spells of bad temper. She is blind to much, is deaf as an adder to disagreeable whispers she ought not to hear, has a quick eye for the bright side, and a sweet knack of saying pleasant things, and many other delightful traits that make life easier for her and for her patient. It is not hopeless of attainment either, this blessed comfortableness of soul. A little regular daily gymnastic exercise of patience, resolute looking on the bright side, steady ignoring of trifles, and persistent cultivation of common sense, will round out the angles and fill in the hollows of one's soul as surely as will proper exercise make the body comely. One may wear winged shoes of serenity and good temper, that will bear her easily over many a stony road, if she will.

Another trait of the ideal nurse is personal interest and sympathy. There is a great temptation to sink the human interest in the professional: to forget the person in the "case." A great physician was once asked how he treated typhoid fever. "I never treat typhoid fever," said he, "I treat men suffering with typhoid fever." The answer was not a play on words, expressed the secret of his success. He never allowed the individual to be lost sight of in the theory of disease. Half of the sickness of the world has its origin in sick heart and morbid soul; and illness that baffles the best skill of the profession may be met and conquered by one who knows the inner self of the sufferer. There is power in sympathy that is inexplicable, divine. It enables the nurse to know as by intuition what the patient could never tell,—to anticipate what to meet unexpected crises, to detect symptoms quite unseen by the uninterested eye. It has wrested trophies out of the pale hands of Death himself, when skill and science could suggest no help. Down into the valley with the sufferer takes the nurse to fight with him for life, step by step. It is to the nurse what genius is to the artist, what inspiration is to the prophet.

Again, the ideal nurse has as a part of her personal equipment a wide and sane vision of life. It is so easy for the nurse and the physician to get a distorted view of life: to look so much at misery and disease and the morbid conditions of the sick room, that all life seems one vast hospital. She needs a wide outlook over the whole world who would keep her spirit's health. For life is greater than death, and joy is as real as sorrow and holiness is mightier than sin. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Disease is nature's effort to repair wrong: and pain, God's warning of law transgressed.

This sane and wide outlook on life belongs to her alone who sees the part only as belonging to the whole, and so keeps the proportion true. There are many aids to help those who would gain this blessed outlook. The record of human progress, the history of human helpfulness, the stirring and majestic march of events throughout the world, may enter into the quiet corner of the soul and make one a citizen of the world. The purpose to keep in touch with the best life of our time will in itself quicken the mental faculties and add interest to existence. Such papers as the *Review of Reviews* and the *Outlook*, even though but a few moments can be devoted to them, will open windows in the mind. The habit of committing to memory brief bits of poems, truth illuminated in some crystal sentence, will much to make life "juicy and interesting." A bright woman has said. The trouble with people is not positive badness, but a monotony of tiresome smallness of outlook. It cramps the souls of those who must live with them. The ideal nurse, whose very pe-

Faithfulness of the Dog.

Rochester, April 5, 1916.

Editor, The Evening Times:

I once read a eulogy on the dog, said to have been delivered by the late Senator Vest. I would like to preserve it, and am wondering if you could find it and reprint it in your columns.

LOVER OF THE DOG.

The eulogy you refer to was delivered in court, in the course of an address to a jury. It is as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jury—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter, that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth, an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog he found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

BEING A MOTHER.

Trying, but It Brings Out Woman's Hidden Resources of Character.

Philadelphia North American.

Across the hills in the fields of childhood we see her patience, making a glow like the blooming of many bright flowers.

The patience is wonderful when you stop to think of it.

The mother then is young. She is not more than a girl, often. Yet with burden laid on her life by love and bound to her life with pain, she unfolds the first of her woman virtues—patience.

How sweetly and without complaint she bears the thousand monotonies and homely duties that come with the baby. How patiently she brooks the change that is made in her life! You may say she is compensated for these lacks. In some measure she is. But what man would take them as she does?

It is the mother in her.

To her patience she adds wisdom and justice.

The child is more of a responsibility each day it lives.

From the first here has been something in her that sets her apart for this highest of human functions—this heritage which approaches the divine.

My own little girl—5 years old—is asked what she wants to be when she grows up.

"I want to be a mother," she answers, gently.

She is holding her doll tight as she speaks. I am not ashamed of the tear of gladness that comes to my eyes. I am proud of it because I am proud of her. And I am proud of her desire because I am proud of her mother and my mother—and all good mothers.

And there are so many good mothers. There is no use trying to say what you feel about mothers; about the mother; about your mother.

It is like trying to speak of the stars or the great scenes of nature. All we can say sounds so weak and futile. It falls so short of the mark.

There is no use trying to do anything, so far as mother is concerned, but to give her the best there is in us to give to others the most we can be; to stand fine and as pure and as true as we can stand.

Her glory is what she has done.
Our glory is what we can do.
And in doing for her we are all who are worthy and everyth good.

Mrs. Montgomery's address at the Commencement exercises of the Training School:

The Personal Equipment of the Trained Nurse.

Young Ladies of the Graduating Class:

At first glance it would seem that the compilers of the census had followed a strange system—or no system at all—in grouping together under one classification occupations as diverse as those of the physician, clergyman, lawyer, architect, teacher, coachman, nurse, manicure, gardener, and domestic servant. Yet the classification is not hap-hazard, but scientific, and one common character unites all these callings. They, one and all, are based on personal service. The service is rendered not for the creation of wealth, as in the industrial pursuits, but for the promotion of comfort. In each calling the work is of such a nature that it cannot be done by the wholesale, but is rendered by an individual to an individual who needs just the help which the skill of the other can afford.

Neither can the service of those engaged in these callings be measured by a money standard. The doctor who has saved one's life, the clergyman who has reclaimed from error, the nurse who watches day and night by the sick, the cook who remembers and prepares one's favorite dishes, all bring to their work the touch of personality which can be secured by no bargain.

"We honor the professions," says Ruskin, "not because the men in them can grow rich, but because we confidently believe that were it necessary, each of them stands ready to die in the discharge of his duty,—the doctor for his patient, the lawyer for his client, the soldier for his country, the priest for the truth."

In this honorable company, bound together by the golden thread of personal service, is included the trained nurse. Although present throughout

*The
Nurse
and the
Knight*

C. W. D. [unclear]

HERVEY SMITH McCOWAN



Make me an
invalid for life



War may be hell
but this is heaven





"Two Hearts That Beat As One." *1910*



Each day of the week
Brings its duties, you see -
And also each day
Brings its sweet thoughts of thee!

ans. Durand
1915



spent 2 weeks at
this cottage
during August 1911
Point Rochester
on
Lake Canadigua
N.Y. W.C.A. Camp

Natural Import Flower



Like flowers that nestle in the dew,
Amid the verdure bright
May all your dearest hopes come true,
And blossom into light.

Greeting

from a true friend

LILY OF THE FIELD
(Anemone coronaria)

1910



