

NURSES' GRADUATION

Misses Honora Brennan, M. Inez Michelson and Mrs. Lunstedt
Granted Diplomas.

Graduating Exercises of Northwestern Hospital Class Held at Opera House Last Thursday.

The graduating exercises of the Northwestern Hospital Training School for Nurses were held at the Jesmer opera house on Thursday evening, May 31, and the three ladies entitled thereto, viz., Misses Honora Brennan, M. Inez Michelson and Mrs. Alice Lundstedt, were presented with their diplomas. The great interest taken in this well-known medical and surgical institution, the Northwestern hospital, was fully manifested by the large assemblage present at the graduation exercises—an assemblage which packed the big opera hall to the doors.

Dr. and Mrs. Cooney had arranged for this occasion a program which would have done credit to an event of similar nature in any of the great city hospitals, and it was carried out in a manner which could scarcely be improved upon.

The spacious opera-house stage was converted into a veritable garden of the gods. As the society girl said of her elaborately enflowered Easter roof garden, it was "a perfect dream." The tall palms of the tropics, profusely interspersed with native and exotic potted flowers, upon which shone the rays from the numerous electric bulbs, presented a scene resplendent in its attractiveness.

Anderson's orchestra, supplemented by artists from Anoka, Minneapolis and Milaca, provided the instrumental numbers in the exercises.

The program, as rendered, with the addresses necessarily curtailed, follows:

An overture by the orchestra which was enthusiastically received, opened the exercises, and this was followed by an invocation offered by Rev. Henderson. Mrs. Alice Lundstedt, one of the graduates then delivered an essay entitled, "All Attainments the Result of Effort," in a well merited manner. A portion of this essay is hereunder printed:

We have looked forward to this occasion as the crowning reward of our labors. It is with humility, yet with a degree of pride that we stand on the threshold of our career as trained nurses. The satisfaction pronounced by our friends more than repays our labors in the school. For this we have labored, ever mindful of our aim in life, serving others for Christ's sake. Our training among the sick and dying has taught us how and why to live, not for ourselves alone, but for our fellow creatures. We have chosen a difficult and responsible profession. The public expects a great deal from us. To us it trusts its lives and those of its dear ones. It is our duty to prove ourselves worthy of this confidence. * * * A nurse cannot too soon convince herself that she must have all her faculties under control, and must possess in an eminent degree that calm dignity so essential. She must remember that she is the connecting link between the physician and the patient, responsible to one and for the other. * * * She is called to minister to all sorts of characters, refined, rough, capricious, ungrateful, good and bad, and must see in all God's image. For the time being she must make herself the guardian and friend of each, never losing sight of her responsibility of doing good. She must preserve serenity of countenance, sweetness of manner and voice which are sunshine in a sick room. * * *

A vocal solo, "Voices of the Past," was then delightfully rendered by Mrs. H. C. Cooney, and the incessant encores received by her were responded to by the rendition of another solo. Attorney E. L. McMillan was the next on the program and he delivered a most interesting address on "The Modern Nurse." In part he said:

This is an age of progress. Development is in the air we breathe. The greatest discoveries no longer excite even "a nine day's wonder." The most marvelous inventions create but passing interest. The most brilliant medical or surgical success is accepted as a matter of course. We look only at the result, and take no account of the slow toiling years that produced the result; and we rarely recall conditions as they were. In his day of skilled surgery, it is hard to realize that operations were once performed with instruments heated white, to sear the flesh they cut, and thus retard the flow of blood; that antiseptics were unknown, and wounds were dressed with boiling oil; that such frightful torture was unrelieved by anesthetics. Comparatively little could even be attempted, and grave operations were little more than preliminary to burial; a last terrible expedient; and if purchase successful, the patient was welcomed back as one from the dead. How different the present! The maladies, infirmities and injuries that

were once of necessity fatal, are constantly treated with success. We yield our loved ones to the firm but tender care of the physician and his assistants, with confidence in their skill. We know of the successful precautions that will be taken to prevent septic poisoning. We know that their sufferings will be assuaged to the utmost by the proper and careful administration of blessed pain-destroying anesthetics. We receive them back restored to health, and we thank the Great Giver of all Good for the magnificent development of such a science, and for the splendid characters who devote their lives to its pursuit. But, without in any way detracting from this wondrous science, it must in truth be said that the profession of medicine and surgery would be lame and halt without the sister profession of nursing. No one realizes this so thoroughly as the skillful physician, and the most skilled and successful among the profession are the warmest in their appreciation, admiration, friendship and praise for their sisters of the white cap and gown. Nursing, as we now understand it, is a new profession. The trained nurse of today was something unknown and scarce dreamed of fifty years ago. Even great wealth could not command the skill and training with which we are now familiar. The seriously ill received only the utterly inadequate, though well intentioned, care of relatives and friends. Paid nurses were too often of the illiterate and brutal type depicted by Dickens, in his characters of Betsy Prig and Sairey Gamp; nurses who "administered the patient's medicine by the simple process of clutching his windpipe to make him gasp, and immediately pouring it down his throat." And should such heroic measures result in his turning faint, in order to revive him, they would "bite a person's thumb, or turn their fingers the wrong way," said Mrs. Gamp smiling. Smiling! Think of a nurse who could tell you such a thing, and say it smiling! * * * It is a matter upon which we, at Princeton, may well congratulate ourselves, that we are not obliged to go beyond the limits of our own little city for the most modern and thoroughly up-to-date hospital arrangements; and that we have in our own midst a nurses' training school that for efficiency and excellence of its work cannot well be beaten, even by the larger institutions of the great cities. We are proud of the graduates presented to us today by our local school. We are proud to send them forth in the world as representatives of a Princeton institution. We could wish they were more in number, but we remember that valuable products frequently go in small quantities; and it is characteristic of the nurses profession "that many be called, but few chosen." * * *

Following Mr. McMillan's address was another overture by the orchestra, when Miss M. Inez Michelson, of the graduating class, gave an oration entitled, "The Ideal Nurse." The oration showed careful preparation and was highly instructive. Miss Michelson's address is given in curtailed form below:

We all have our ideals of life. Many of us from want of will power and other human weaknesses fall far below them. But no man or woman, whatever his or her vocation in life may have been, has ever risen above them. Therefore, we realize the great factor in the education of a nurse, as in that of all lines of education, is the building upon a foundation of broad principles with a superstructure of high ideals, and that the end of all education is character. The nurse should not only be a woman of heroic fancy, high moral resolutions and nobility of character, but one educated in the broad school of philosophy and human nature. The qualifications for a good nurse demand rarer qualities of heart and mind than are necessary to insure success in any other field of woman's work: Perfect physical health, an intelligent and educated mind, a pure and noble character, pleasant manners, ready sympathy, tact, gentleness, patience, truthfulness. All of these and more are necessary. The ideal nurse should also have self control. Her emotions, her temper, her physical discomforts and her fatigues must all be subdued. She must acquire moral and physical courage, for she will sorely need them both, she should have singleness of purpose, directing all her energies toward the faithful accomplishment of her life's work; be loyal to her patient, her physician and herself, be prudent and discreet in her manner and conversation, and say only those things which she is sure will prove helpful to her patient, remembering that silence is golden and that gossip is a major sin. My ideal is one who has not been hardened by the scenes of suffering through which she has passed. * * * The standard of nurses in our country is gradually rising, thanks partly to the progressive age and partly to the skilled physician, who feels that an intelligent, diligent and loyal nurse is an invaluable assistant. * * *

Herbert Anderson then played a violin solo, which was particularly

well rendered. He was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. J. Anderson of Milaca. Next came the presentation of class pins by Miss Honora Brennan, who prefaced the conferring of the badges with a few appropriate remarks which were as follows:

Young Ladies of the Graduating Class: Your term of probation and of training in the Northwestern hospital is finished. With us you have studied your last lesson, listened to your last lecture, served your last term in the diet kitchen, in the medical ward, on the surgical floor, in obstetrics, as night nurse. You have cared for your last patient here, seen your last surgery, stood by the last death bed, sent away your last convalescent, and your work with us is done. For two full years you have gone in and out among us. You have faithfully and patiently wrought for us and for those whom we have placed under your care, and in so doing you have earned our respect, our gratitude and our love. We send you forth bearing the name of our school with no fears that you will reflect any thing but credit upon us. You have been faithful, trusty and loyal, and we are glad that you will wear our badge and carry our diploma. You have acquired a degree of proficiency in your studies and practice in the hospital which should be a certain warrant of success when you leave us. As you go forth, we pray you to remember us as your friends, who will watch your career with interest and pride. We ask you to continue faithfully your studies only begun with us and make firmer friends and constant companions of your books and all future publications bearing on your work, for the nurse that ceases to study should cease to claim the name. And we ask you to believe that you carry with you the strong affection and earnest Godspeed of every member of the hospital board as we give you our parting words. Be strong; God bless you; good bye.

A well rendered vocal solo, "King of the Main," by Frenont Woodcock, with Mrs. J. Anderson, accompanist, was then followed by Dr. Cooney's address, "The Choice of a Profession," during the delivery of which he presented to the three graduates their diplomas. The doctor said in part:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Graduating Class: There are periods, days and moments in a lifetime that make a decisive epoch in determining for good or woe our future career. The choice of a profession or occupation is one of these critical events. Our usefulness in this world depends largely upon the character of the work we undertake to accomplish. Every individual approaching manhood or womanhood should have a fixed idea concerning the line of work they intend to adopt for a life vocation. The span of life is short, the years for active toil are few, and the possibilities of accomplishing much in a life time are limited. The instances are by no means rare where mistakes made in the choice of a profession have ended in total failure or misery in the case of gifted persons who in a better selected sphere might have lived happy lives and accomplished unmeasurable good for the benefit of their fellow man. Many physicians who have failed in their profession might have made a success in some other profession or in business. Many discouraged, wretched lawyers might have made a success in life as teachers, scientists or physicians. The morbid longing for the stage has wrecked countless thousands of lives. Among the millions of would-be poets and authors how few have left a surviving fame. In the choice of a profession in the early spring time of life let each one propose to himself and answer to the best of his ability the following questions: What is the vocation in life for which my natural talents and inclinations have given me special aptitude? In what walk in life can I be of most use to my fellow-beings and which will prove most congenial to myself? Selfishness should be set aside in choosing a profession, for we know the secret of a happy life depends on making others happy. Wealth and fame are nothing compared with a contented, serene and happy life, and this, the greatest of all earthly blessings, can only be purchased at the expense of making others happy. You, ladies of the graduating class, have thrown your die in the selection of your life work. You have finished your preliminary education and training, and we have assembled here this evening to witness your formal entrance into the ranks of one of the noblest and most self-sacrificing of all professions. You have cast your lot with the sick, the injured, the maimed, the distressed. In making choice of this humane profession you are about to join, have you ever seriously deliberated upon the motives that led to your decisions? Have you had in view a life of ease and luxury or a stepping stone to wealth or higher social life? If any of these ambitions have been the means of taking you away from the family circle to enter the Northwestern Hospital Training School for Nurses, I pity

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you, for your dreams will not be realized and sooner or later you will find that you have made a serious mistake in the choice of a profession. If you have entered upon your pupilage with the firm determination to devote your lives, your energies and your talents to the cause of the sick and suffering, without any expectation of a life of ease, wealth, social advantage or fame, I congratulate you and can promise you a full measure of reward. Let us hope that all of you have come to the shrine of Aesculapius, where you have received your instruction with the purest and noblest intentions. You have chosen a profession for which women possess a special aptitude—a profession intended by the Creator for your sex. You have completed the curriculum of your studies and training and upon examination have been found competent to enter upon your life work. * * * As you leave us to turn your faces bravely toward the front—fighting life's battles over the somewhat rugged road that leads to success, we would have you remember us as your firm and steadfast friends, as, with our last word of good bye, we hand you your well earned diplomas of the Northwestern hospital.

An overture by the orchestra and benediction by Rev. Cathcart concluded the graduation exercises. The opera house was then cleared of chairs and a dance followed at which a large number thoroughly enjoyed themselves as they tripped o'er the polished floor to the strains of Anderson's orchestra.

Spraying Apple Trees.

F. L. Washburn, entomologist at the state agricultural experiment station, writes us that an article which appeared in the Union under the caption of "Spraying Apple Trees," was incorrect. The article referred to was clipped from and credited to The Farmer, an agricultural paper. Mr. Washburn says in part:

Plant lice are not killed by Paris green. Paris green in Bordeaux mixture will kill leaf eating insects, but not insects which suck the juices from the trees, as do plant lice. Plant lice are killed with kerosene emulsion, and with strong soapsuds applied forcibly, and other remedies which stop up their breathing pores, but we never use Paris green on them.

What's the good of keeping from him Any good things you may see, That will lift his load of labor Like Rocky Mountain Tea. C. A. Jack.

Church Topics

Sunday and Weekday Announcements

CONGREGATIONAL

Morning theme, "The Nature and Place of Faith in the Christian Life." This is the first of a series of sermons on Christian fundamentals. Other sermons of the series will be delivered at the morning service as follows: June 17, "Reason and the Christian Life;" June 24, "The Present Uneasiness in the Christian Church;" 11:45 a. m. Sunday school; 8 p. m. theme, "The End of the Road." All are invited to worship with us.

METHODIST

Morning 10:30 "A Historic Church and the Value of Its Example;" 11:45 a. m. Sunday school; 7:15 p. m. Epworth League; 8 p. m. "Success in Disappointments."

A Letter From Gustafson.

Dickinson, N. D., June 1, 1906. As I promised many readers of the Union that I would give an account of my homestead investigations through the medium of its columns, I will say that I examined the lands open for settlers in Bowman, Stark, Hittinger and Billings counties, N. D. The soil of these lands is a dark clay which runs from three to four feet deep. It is entirely composed of prairie, not a tree being visible, but, if planted, trees will thrive. The crops seeded this spring look fine, but they are not any further ahead than those of Minnesota. The best land, according to my estimation, is that lying thirty or thirty-five miles south of Dickinson, near a place named New England, and I would advise all who are thinking of going to Dakota to look that territory over. The chances are that a railway will be constructed through this land within a short time. The lands are being taken up very rapidly. Hundreds of land seekers from Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky and eastern states are daily coming in. Further particulars of these lands will be cheerfully furnished by O. E. Gustafson, 1815 2½ street, So., Minneapolis.

Death From Lockjaw

never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant of Rensselaersville, N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures cuts, wounds, burns and sores. 25 cents at C. A. Jack's drug store.

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