

by their friends, if these are sufficiently well-to-do. For the less fortunate, the scale-rate vacillates, and the offspring of the very poor are treated gratuitously.

The facade of the main building has a length of 80 metres (1 metre is 1 yard 3 inches), and is parallel with the coast. The sea is just 70 metres off. Dormitories are on the upper stories, meeting rooms on the ground floor.

(To be concluded.)

Address

To the Graduates of the New York City Training School for Nurses.

BY EDWARD S. PECK, A.M., M.D.

(Continued from page 195.)

FIFTH.—If you have genius, do something to prove it, and do that which is worthy of proof. Genius is not mere smartness—and the world is quick to catch the spark of originality. Rest assured that opportunity will find you out, if original genius develop in you. Fame comes to the modest man, and when he least expects her search. Napoleon's measure of genius was implied in the question—What has he done? One of the best examples of genius is to be self-contained, and, if the case warrants it, self-content. Bright speeches, *bon-mots*, and quick repartee are not evidences of genius. Cultivate modesty and decorum of conversation as exponents of genius; never be flashy or loud of speech; the reputation of being "slow" is more enviable. Cultivate agreeable bores; for where dullness and kindness go together there will be peace of mind and comfort of conversation.

SIXTH.—Adapt yourselves to all sorts and conditions of men and women, chiefly women—for you will have less trouble with men. If your patient must lie in bed (as with a fractured leg) so many weeks, suggest to him pleasant, amusing, or instructive books. Do not do, as a country physician once did,—read to him "Watts on the Mind," or Doddridge's Hymns; or, if it be a highly-wrought, nervous woman, don't give her "Don Quixote," or argue with her on a Limited Express to the Hot Springs, the excellencies of the Shorter Catechism, or Transubstantiation; or, if your patient be a crippled athlete, read him the latest news of the City Sporting Clubs, the latest record-breakers, or even the sketches of the Greek and Roman Wrestlers; but don't go into the mathematics of geometric curves, nor the sines nor co-sines of the possibilities of the horizontal bar. In fine, be all things to all men, and women, and *special* to none.

SEVENTH.—Cultivate happiness and good cheer on every sidé; be optimistic and regard everything that is, as best and right; reserve your discrimination to yourself in your own nook and snugger, and laugh at

the fools, though only as fools. And yet I know with what relief human nature takes off her stately finery, and dons her humble holiday attire, just as a healthy mind must change its moods. Is it not a relief to the eye, after a steady gaze upon bright red, to close it, and see the *complementary* shade of green? Cultivate good cheer on every side—it will prevent crow's feet on your own faces, and on your patients'; it will change the whole expression of your mouth from what Dr. Holmes has styled the "parenthesis of old age," to the wavy, curved smile of contentment, expectancy and youth. We take off our hats to the well-developed *biceps* of the athlete; in no whit less should we forget that little muscular slip, the author of so much that is happy in expression, whose name is much longer than the muscle itself, viz.: the *risorius Santorini*. Remember that, in the sick room, and with the "chronic," you will do as you would in the street—leave your "virtuous-indignation countenance" behind you. If you do not, it will prove a great load to your moral and professional force. In this connection, I echo the mind of the average employer of the female trained Nurse, when I affirm that in her we look for more than mere skilled work, however excellently done. The woman—rather than the man-Nurse—is expected to bring the qualities of heart and soul into the family; and, in so far as she hides her technique under these higher qualities, will she succeed in her task of helping the sick toward recovery.

EIGHTH.—Be particularly neat and tasty in all the appointments of the sick room. Nothing is so wholesome and invigorating to an invalid as a neat Nurse, whose whole personal equipment is attended with brightness and good cheer. It is the best morning-appetizer. And beyond the present relief, it leaves an aroma of perpetual reminiscence that that Nurse cannot run away from, if she would. Somewhere, I have read of a Nurse who, in placing a dish of blackberries, or whortleberries, before her charge, would speak of them as "mourning fruit;" and, with an air of conscientious authority, would add in English, none too wholesome—"couldn't think of giving ye them things in colours"—with a discourteous reference to raspberries, strawberries, and the like. Now, how much daintier and more appetizing would it be to serve these luscious fruits on a shallow, white dish, with a broad green leaf over the black fruit—or a *ditto* over the red fruit, with a red rose resting on the top of the leaf—and a white rose, if the berries be light in colour? these are mere hints; but they specialize the typical Nurse.

Perhaps you wish me to stop just here, with the thought that the last allusions are trivial, ill-timed, and over-particular. I know that some of you will thank me for them. I will, however, detain you only long enough to emphasize one or two points, which distinctly bear on your self-evolution, your self-realization. One is: never forget your breeding; if you are conscious

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