

as Matron in place of Miss Hopper, the circumstances of whose resignation we recorded last week. Under her rule everyone will hope, with the Committee, that "a more satisfactory state of affairs will speedily arise." One thing is certain, that in any efforts to maintain discipline and a high standard of nursing work and conduct she will receive every support from the resident surgeon, Dr. Moffat.

Dr. Moffat was one of the medical staff sent out by the *Daily Chronicle* Fund to Greece at the time of the war, and he was in charge of the English hospital at the Piræus. We can only say that we have never worked with a young medical man whose devotion to duty, single-mindedness of purpose, and appreciation of good work and high tone amongst nurses more excited our admiration. We know no one less self-seeking or more zealous for the honour of his own profession and the allied one of nursing, and the Chevalier Order of the Saviour bestowed upon him by the King of the Hellenes at the close of the war was conspicuously the unsought reward of merit.

It is therefore to be hoped that a higher tone will be inaugurated at the New Somerset Hospital. Those who are in touch with South African affairs have been awaiting the crisis, and its inevitable result. We sympathise with Dr. Moffat, and are of opinion that his action throughout the recent lamentable events has been inspired by a regard for the good name of trained nurses, and for the welfare of the sick they attend.

Somewhat of a sensation has been caused in New York by the marriage of Mr. Chauncey Stillman, son of the multi-millionaire president of the National City Bank (popularly known as the Standard Oil Bank), to Miss Wight, a trained nurse, who nursed him through an attack of enteric fever while he was a student at Harvard University. The wedding was celebrated at Augusta, Maine, in which city is the home of the bride. We have no doubt that Mr. Stillman has made a wise choice, and will be far more happy than if he had bought himself an aristocratic European wife, who would despise his commercial status whilst squandering his dollars with avidity.

An English correspondent sends us the following clipping from an American paper:—

NURSING.

Professional Nurses Get Large Salaries.

WE TEACH YOU RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME a complete and practical course of nursing at small cost and no loss of time. Our method makes it easy to learn. Use your spare moments studying. We are endorsed by the medical profession and clergy. This is your opportunity to BECOME ENTIRELY INDEPENDENT. Write for booklet, which tells all about nursing; costs you nothing. Chicago Correspondence School of Nursing, 812, 46, Van Buren St., Chicago.

We have all kinds and degrees of bogus nurse-training schools in this country, but nothing quite so glaringly commercial as the above.

The Hospital World.

"OLD JOHN."

By Miss JESSIE CARGILL BEGG.

It was visiting afternoon in a large London hospital, and old John, propped up with pillows, dozed at intervals until the clock struck three; then he roused himself with an apparent effort, wiped his spectacles on a clean red pocket-handkerchief, and placed them carefully on his long, thin nose. He watched the ward door with an expectant air. He could hear the tramping of many feet coming up the stone staircase, and presently his daughter-in-law made her appearance. She seated herself beside him with a benevolent smile stealing over her expansive countenance. "Still alive?" she said, to cheer him up.

He nodded his head to signify that he was.

"You're a wunnerful old man, but you can't go on livin' for ever. You ain't as young as you was, are you?" she asked, gravely scrutinising him.

"No! livin' with you an' 'Enry don't make me no younger," he rejoined. His deep-set eyes fixed her with an unwavering stare.

Martha grew vaguely uncomfortable. She remained silent for a minute, then she leant forward and said in a confidential manner, "An' when you do die you'll leave us the clock, won't you, now?"

"No! I ain't goin' to let any of you 'ave it," he said, firmly.

"Well, I'm blessed! A lot o' use it 'll be to you when you're dead," retorted Martha, with a forced laugh.

"Well, I ain't dead yet, any'ow!" A look of supreme satisfaction crept over his face. "Why, there ain't a clock anywhere rahnd 'ere as can 'old a candle to it," he said, with pride.

"It's reel 'andsome," murmured Martha. She was bitterly disappointed that she saw no prospect of ever possessing the clock. It was the only one of the old man's possessions she coveted.

"I've 'ad a letter from Peggy," he said presently. "She do seem to be gettin' on a fair treat. She's comin' to see me Sunday."

"Well! is she now?" Martha and Peggy were sworn enemies. It dated from the day when the latter had turned up unexpectedly at Martha's house "got up like a lidy" and made disparaging remarks about her ménage.

"I expect she'll think it reel nice," she said, after a pause.

"Think wot?" He looked puzzled.

"Why, the clock, of course," replied Martha, in slightly irritated tones.

"An' 'oo said she was goin' to 'ave my clock?" The old man's voice quavered with agitation.

"Well, no one exac'ly; but you seemed to think an' eap on 'er, so I thought——"

"Ain't I told you till I'm pretty near sick that

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)