

doctors' drugs, servants' bedroom, or mortuary, neither is there any accommodation for a custodian of the building. All these would be required before the hospital could be called complete, and he thought that those who were responsible for the building had been penny wise and pound foolish in their methods in not making sure that provision had been made for such necessities as he had mentioned in the original estimate. The state of affairs would need immediate remedying, because if there were a case of smallpox to-morrow he, as chairman of the Sanitary Committee, could not order the removal of the patient to such an institution. It had been suggested that in case of deaths the bodies should be placed in a tent outside the building, but that was very unsatisfactory, and they ought to respect the dead equally as much as the living.

The matter has been referred to the Sanitary Committee.

The Earl of Aberdeen has opened a new Infectious Diseases Hospital at Belfast, which has been erected at a cost of £60,000. The hospital, which is built on the pavilion system, is acknowledged to be one of the finest of its kind in the three kingdoms.

The Late Sir Sydney Waterlow.

The hospital world has lost a true friend by the death of Sir Sydney Waterlow. Always a strenuous worker, as well as a far-sighted financier, he founded the Hospital Sunday Fund, and during 32 years acted as its chairman. As the treasurer of St. Bartholomew's his business ability was of the utmost service to the institution, and it was with great regret that the editor, who was just leaving town when she heard of his death, had to entrust to another pen the notice which she herself would fain have written, and in which she could have done justice to his worth. From the time when she was appointed Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which Sir Sydney was then treasurer, to the day she left she received from him the greatest consideration and kindness. She always asserts that it was largely owing to the support he accorded to her that the Nursing School was piloted so smoothly through a critical transition period, and for his business capacity she had the greatest admiration. In her relations with him, on matters affecting the Nursing School, his unerring instinct always led him to grasp at once the crux of the subject under discussion, and once grasped, his help if needed, was assured.

It was fitting that a memorial service should be held at St. Bartholomew's the Less simultaneously with the funeral at Stanstead on Tuesday. In the little church within the gates of the hospital for which he did so much, there gathered members of the medical and surgical staff, the Matron, and past and present members of the nursing staff of which he was so proud, and other representatives of the hospital as well as personal friends. They were there to show their respect for one whose memory for many years to come, will be cherished by those who knew him at St. Bartholomew's.

"Her Reward."

"Yes! father died sudden of a chill, and there was nothing for mother but the furniture and a few pounds of club money, and four of us on her hands about as small as we well could be. There was me and my sister; I was the eldest, and Tom came next, and George was only twelve months old. Mother might ha' married again easy, times without number. She was a tall good looking woman, as you can see for yourself, and a first-rate cook, and always a wonder for sewing and keeping a place look nice, but 'No,' she'd say, 'not a bit of it! No man aint never going to knock *my* childern about. Mine they are and mine they'll stay as long as I've wit enough to work, or grit enough to go without.' My word! how she worked, and me, too. Between school and minding the others I never knew what play was. Soon as I was big enough to get George off to school (he was a good bit under three, but he could say 'Yes ma'am' right enough, and that was all the infants had to do if you wanted to get 'em in before the proper time) and get them all back, and give them a bit of dinner, and tidy them up again, mother went out charing pretty well every day. When she did cooking it was half-a-crown, but most o' the time it 'ud only be housework, and then it was eightpence. Of course it was her food besides, and often a few scraps to bring home. Then when she got back there was the house-cleaning to do, and the mending and making—every stitch we wore, except our boots, was her doing, and they wasn't much to boast of! I never went to school a day after I was ten; I used to go out minding children and cleaning out kitchens when women was laid by. What was the School Board thinking of? Well, you see, I was pretty sharp, and tall for my age, and I'd passed the sixth standard. We moved into another part of the town then, and no one thought to ask my age. I daresay I looked twelve or thirteen. Mother says I've hardly grown an inch since. That's what's always kept me to the kitchen; parlourmaid is what I should ha' liked to ha' been. Well, we had pretty good health except my sister. She was always ailing and often downright ill. Mother had to let her go to hospital, she couldn't afford to stop at home and nurse her, but it went to her heart worse'n anything. And she had to worry through it all alone, no husband to say, as almost any kind of a husband 'll say at times, 'Keep your hair on. We'll pull through somehow; never fear!' Nine and twenty my sister is now, and never has a year's good health. She's in service and

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