

Over the Hospital Teacups.

"THAT was a very curious case we had in the Casualty last night," said the second-year man seriously. "Did any of you fellows hear about it? I was on duty all night, and didn't think the poor beggar could get over it."

"Haven't heard the story, old chap. If it's sensational, fire away! What with the heat and the unstimulating properties of Ceylon tea and buttered scones, I feel I want a rouser," drawled the first-year student, who was fresh from the 'Varsity.

"'Twas the witching hour of midnight, and I was just beginning to feel a bit 'flat.' Nothing had happened—no street rows or black eyes, and even if there had been they wouldn't have been a novelty. 'Changes are lightsome' say the Scots, and so say all of us medicos when we are on duty in the 'externe' during a long night. A cab rattled up: out scuttled a G. P., followed by patient and Tearful Wife. 'Send for the house-surgeon,' said the G. P. haughtily. 'I am the house-surgeon,' said I, equally haughtily, trying to look five years older, and devoutly hoping the H. S. wouldn't come in."

"Look here, old man," said the house-surgeon, pausing with the teapot held aloft, "who authorised you to take my parts? You don't make a bad 'under-study,' but I can't have you posing as the original character. Suppose you'd killed the man—I should have been responsible."

"That's all right. Anyway, it satisfied the G. P. But to return to my tale. 'What's up?' said I. 'Lawyer swallowed half a sovereign,' said the G. P. 'Sensible man,' I answered; 'I guess he's swallowed a good deal more than that in his time.' The G. P. looked flustered. 'What are you going to do? I can't get it up,' he answered. 'Oh! please do *something* for him,' said the Little Wife; 'I'm sure he'll die if you don't.'

"Beauty in distress—you know how it is yourselves, you fellows. I at once put on my most professional air—and you know how I *can* impress the patients. Why, one day, when I had got the 'professional manner' badly, there was a man in the out-patient room took *me* for Sir — — Bart., and *him* for the junior! 'Fetch the stomach-pump,' I called as importantly as if the safety of the Realm depended on my actions. Well, I'll draw something of a veil on what followed. The lawyer fumed and spluttered and the Little Wife wept. I worked on manfully, for half an hour. Not a sign of a coin. 'Are you sure he swallowed that half-sov.?' I asked funereally.

"'I saw him do it,' said the Little Wife. 'Right you are,' said I; 'then I'll keep on till

success crowns my efforts.' Rueful countenance of the lawyer; then a stage of resignation; then despair; finally resolution. With one mighty effort he brought up——"

"The half-sov.?"

"No. Three shillings and fourpence. He had absorbed his fee—the six and eightpence!"

"Look here! Are we going to stand this sort of thing? What's the good of believing in our professors, or our physiology or anything! Why did they never tell us these things? In describing the stomach they speak of it as a bag, but not a money-bag, and here we find the organ giving change like an automatic put-a-penny-in-the-slot money till."

"'Pon my honour, that's just what it did. The most dramatic thing I ever saw! There were four sixpences, two threepennies, six coppers, and eight ha'pennies—some of them battered, as if they'd had a bad time."

"Hadn't you better send the case to the *Lancet*?" asked the sarcastic house-surgeon.

"Too much fag," said the second-year man, finishing the last piece of thin bread and butter and lighting a cigarette. A. K.

Inventions, Preparations, &c.

WOOLS.

SAMPLES have been submitted to us of the wools manufactured by Messrs. Jevons and Mellor, of Corporation Street and Old Square, Birmingham. And in view of the fact that most Nurses occupy many minutes, which would otherwise be wasted, in knitting, both on account of its cleanliness and quietude, as well as its usefulness, we would strongly advise them to obtain samples of the excellent goods produced by this firm. Those wools which we have seen are most excellent and soft in quality, and the shades of colour are varied and beautiful, while the prices compare very favourably with those of much inferior qualities produced by some other manufacturers. Knitting, by the way, is an occupation for convalescents, which is not nearly sufficiently appreciated. It is so very important for many women, when recovering from illness, that they should have something to do which will distract their attention from their aches and pains, and prevent the introspection which is so common and so harmful amongst invalids, that Nurses would do well to persuade their patients, whenever it is possible, to adopt knitting as a direct means of health improvement.

MEDICATED TOBACCO.

ALL Nurses know the advantages which are derived by many patients suffering from throat and chest complaints, from the inhalation of

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)