

THE *Standard* in a leading article of a few days back remarks that "If the introduction of anæsthetics ranks among the greatest benefits of modern surgery, it has probably not done more to mitigate the pains of disease than the invention and development of the trained Nurse." And further, a high tribute is paid to "the gentle and neat-handed young women who have now superseded the awkward and occasionally tipsy old crones who used to add a new terror to the sick-room."

AN amusing story has reached us of the trials, difficulties and suspicions encountered by two or three Scotch Nurses connected with a mission in China, who wished to arrange a little recreation for themselves in their "off-duty" hours.

"One day this trio was observed in the neighbourhood of Newchang measuring out a piece of ground about a mile in circumference. Then they drew mysterious circles in the ground, dug holes, and inserted canisters. The authorities clenched their teeth, closed their eyes, and bracing their feet against the earth, waited anxiously for the terrific explosion which would, of course, follow. As no explosion ensued the authorities in due time unlocked themselves, but had the spot carefully watched until night-fall, when soldiers were sent out, with lanterns, to dig up the canisters, which were taken into custody. They felt sure they had come upon some links in a fiendish plot. They were right, in a sense; but they were only golf-links."

Explanations ensued, and the Nurses were finally allowed to retain their play-ground, although it was some time before the Chinese police—or the authorities who stand for police in China—could quite reconcile themselves to the idea that "the golf" was not in reality some terrible plot under an innocent guise. No doubt before long the fascinating game will become popular in the land of the mandarin, but these Scotch women were for some time the objects of fearful suspicion in their "teeing" and their "putting."

It is always interesting to trace the growth and evolution of surgical instruments from their primitive beginnings to their perfected end. In the National Museum at Naples may be seen the speculum, the probe and the forceps—not so very different from those used to-day in London. These specimens were found in the ruins of Pompeii, and serve, among other things, to show that diseases then were very much the same as those among us in the nineteenth century.

COMPLAINT has been made and public attention called in some of the Australian medical papers to the excessive duties and long hours which the Melbourne Nurses are called upon to endure. It is said that in many instances a Nurse's duties extend uninterruptedly for fifteen hours. While some of the papers remark on the self-denial of the Nurses in not themselves trying to arouse public sympathy on the question of their long hours, they all agree that the Nurses' diffidence and self-sacrifice is very much to blame in perpetuating such a system.

THE following charming little extract is from a poem called "Invalided," by Julia Anna Woolcott:

Thy pity, Lord, for those who lie
With folded hands and weary eye
And watch their years go fruitless by,
Yet know not why!

Who long, with spirit valiant still,
To work with earnest hand and will,
Whose souls for action strive and thrill,
Yet must be still!

Who smell in dreams the clover sweet,
And crush the wild fern 'neath their feet,
And seek each well-loved haunt and seat,—
Each old retreat;

And mark again the birds' quick flight,
The river glancing in the light,
The blue hills melting from the sight,
The starry night.

The fields aglow with sun and bloom,
The cloudless sky, the leafy gloom;
Then wake to low and darkened room,
Their world, a tomb!

Dear Lord, forgive! if, as they lie
And sadly watch their lives drift by,
Pain-torn, in anguish sore, they cry
"I would know why!"

DURING the recent electioneering campaign there has been no lack of carriages at the command of the candidates of both politics, to convey the "honest and independent elector" to the poll. And yet how many Matrons of hospitals there are with a long sick-roll of Nurses who would be delighted if someone would occasionally give the use of their carriage to take the sick and convalescent Nurses for a drive.

At a children's hospital in London the senior physician sends his open carriage twice a week to take the convalescents from his wards for a good two hours' drive. Now, if it is possible for a very busy doctor to spare his horses so frequently, how much more easily could it be done by the huge number of society women in London whose carriages are used only for

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)