

two or three pounds, which was invested in books for a library for the children.

Poor "Grandfather," a sweet, white-faced patient boy, who never complains, can never get well. He has hip disease, and poor shrunk little crippled legs, and his kidneys are all wrong, and his arm is swelled and has sores and abscesses—in fact, everything about poor Grandfather is wrong except his temper. If he goes home, he has only an old grandmother of ninety to look after him, who couldn't do it if she wanted, poor old thing. Grandfather is tremendously fond of reading, and is not able to get out much, and it is difficult to keep him supplied with books. With the spring weather we hope the expected donkey and cart will come and take out the little cripples, and Grandfather must get out more then. They are being collected for by a kind lady, who, from her appeals to her friends, is earning the name of "the donkey woman." We expect someone will always come forward to pay for Grandfather, so that he can stay quietly on his couch by the fire-side till he goes to the home, where all that has been wrong and crooked in his short life will be made right and straight.

Loving little Mary, with hip disease, and an iron support on her shorter leg, will never be much better here.

Little black-eyed Martha, who has only one leg, a fragile little shadow, had never seen a green field or even a cow till she came here, and her delight was intense. She had to go to the Children's Infirmary in Liverpool, from whence she came, for the Doctors to see her stump, and she nearly broke her heart at having to leave this place. However, at Christmas time, little Martha was back again in time to have some turkey and plum-pudding, but looking none the better for being in town, though she has again picked up a little. "I'm to stay now till Sister is tired of me," she said yesterday.

"Grandmother" was a little skeleton when she came to the old Hoylake Home last May. She is here still, and I think a cot is always open to Grandmother. She has discarded her spectacles, and has now a nice fresh little face, with her hair turned back and her hand in a sling. Her finger got pinched accidentally, and as poor Grandmother like Grandfather is "all wrong," it means an always swelled finger at present and a bit of diseased bone and a very sore place, and a good deal of pain when it is dressed. The young Matron is thoroughly trained, and kind Doctors just at hand, so that the children are well looked after. Soon the spring will be coming, and the little blue and pink pinafores will be running on the sea-shore gathering shells, or picking bunches of bluebells (harebells), poppies and marguerites,

that grow profusely on a wild little bit of the grounds, not yet taken in for potatoes. If we tell how hyacinths, marsh marigolds, pink-eyed daisies, and cowslips grow not very far off, we fear too many people will come to gather them, and leave none for the little human flowers in the Home. We hope the impression left on those who read this article will be that this is a much-needed and useful Home for the poor little invalids; that the knowledge it exists must be widely made known; that more money is needed to extend its usefulness; that more free cots (where the invalids, who are not blessed with happy homes, may stay for a good long time) may be appropriated. Also, we must not forget to add that money is needed at once for the laundry (£500)—a want not yet supplied. The Home supplies the children with clothes during their stay in the country, many of which are made at working parties, held twice a month in the Home, and others are the gift of friends.

Letters relating to patients should be addressed to the Matron, Children's Convalescent Home, West Kirby, Cheshire; on other business, to the Hon. Secretary. S.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

* * * We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by Correspondents. Brevity and conciseness will have first consideration. See Notices.

* * * British Nurses' Association.—The offices of the Association are now situated at 8, Oxford Circus Avenue, W., where all communications should in future be addressed. Office hours, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. (Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.). Wednesdays, 6 p.m. to 9 p.m., to meet the convenience of Nurses who may desire information or advice.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

NURSES' CAPS.

Sir,—In reading the *Nursing Record*, I must say I was horrified that one of my Sisters does not wear caps nor approves of them. I really think her avowal must have been written without one thought. She appears to like and approve the other parts of uniform, but what should we say to seeing one of our soldiers in a bright uniform with a low-crowned hat on? My patient, reading "Nurse Marian's" article, said, "Well, I should never feel she was really a good Nurse without a cap." That may be nonsense, but I'm quite sure in nine cases out of ten a nice clean simple cap makes the face look clearer and the expression softer. It's true they are very badly got up, but I generally manage to make friends with a nice housemaid, or even a general servant, if she has a bit of time in an evening, will be very pleased just to do them over again. It is also true they are a great deal of trouble, but most of my patients when convalescent quite enjoy my attempts at millinery. But the long and short of it is, "Nurse

previous page

next page