

their grievances, but women—brave, noble, self-sacrificing and foolish—suffer in silence. It will be said that Nurses have plenty of time 'off duty.' Now the usual time allowed them is from three to six on alternate days, if they can be spared. It is half-past three, at least, before they can leave their Wards. They have to return to their work at six. They must have tea in the meanwhile. In towns they just walk to a confectioner's, have tea, and walk back again. This is their recreation! What wonder that some of them would as lief stay in as go out. The Medical Officers, who work hard enough, have a multitude of pleasures; they can play tennis, dine out, go to concerts, theatres, and very generally enjoy themselves, and if they, with their month's holiday in the year, break down, men though they are, what wonder that women living in the Wards, doing the work they do, with only one short breath of fresh air in forty-eight hours, and absolutely no relaxations, and but a paltry fortnight's holiday, find the work too heavy. Valuable lives must be preserved to us, and it is for this reason that we call attention in this general way to the slavery of a Nurse's life, and trust that a good result will follow this publicity."

SOME ASPECTS OF COTTAGE HOSPITAL LIFE.

"SEVENTEEN beds! How restful that sounds!" "Yes," I faintly answered, feeling all the time that it was a question for a casuist to solve as to whether I were deliberately telling an untruth, for truly, while gazing out of — window on the various blocks of Wards in that great northern Hospital, one of such a size as to contain but seventeen beds for patients did, indeed, appear a mere trifle. So I thought in my heart—though, to be correct, I suppose I should say brain. By-the-by, that recalls a puzzle of my childhood. Having been told about the different folds in the brain, I decided each was a special receptacle for some particular lesson, and wondering how many new ones could be added, and what became of the old ones, finally concluded that there must be a rag-bag sort of arrangement in some part of one's anatomy for all the odds and ends. Accepting that theory as correct would explain, I suppose, the reason that all the time I was sweetly acquiescing in the idea that a small Hospital is just an abode of calm and quiet, a series of pictures passed before my mental vision, to say the least, a wee bit contradictory.

How vividly did I recall a certain morning—

about five a.m.—being awakened by the cheerful chorus of six young cockerels, and my secret vow that five at least should be released from the daily scramble for corn—*i.e.*, provided too many reminiscences of the fluffy chicks did not interfere, as so often before, to alter my decree. The crowing died away, that last delicious doze was just stealing over me, when, awful thought!—the radish bed. It was the work of a second to get up. Too true. My fears were fully realised, for the crowing delinquents were but the last of my feathered flock to arrive at the garden, where they were gaily disporting themselves. Alas! for the radish bed. As for the peas—well, I subsequently had the satisfaction of hearing it was a bad year for peas; so after all those erring fowls had but forestalled the grubs.

On repairing to the bath-room for consolation, and turning the tap, I was greeted by a rush of black water, that necessitated investigation. The cause proved to be the overthrow of the homes of a colony of swallows, who had unwarily built their nests on the very verge of—if not in—the water-spout that partly supplied the cistern. How sad a calamity this, I felt then, as now, none could realise, but those placed in a similar position, for truly "Fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." It had been a subject of congratulation only the previous night that the cistern was full, as a blanket-wash was to come off. Now the whole of our precious water must be sacrificed; and lucky should we be to get it done that day. The last time the water was low, and the cistern might have been cleaned, every available man was engaged hay-making, there being a spell of fine weather.

Still, if blankets could not be washed, the extra help must not be wasted, so I decided that Godfrey Ward should be turned out for a mild form of spring cleaning. Accordingly, towards nine a.m., when the verandah was artistically strewn with bedding, a mattress having toppled off its fellows and wedged across the front steps, there was a cry of "Doctor," and sure enough it was, for having been to pay an early visit at — Hall, he considerably took us on the way back. Having piloted him through the bedding in safety, it was surely some cruel fate that caused a pail of water to be just behind the door. Of course the housemaid had some valid reason for its being there; and then the condition of the Wards, that painful straightened appearance they have on the occasion of a hurried visit like this.

Later, comes this message from the butcher—"The joint ordered was disposed of, if you can manage with something else. Saturday can have your pick." And sundry other recollections of little things recall the familiar lines—

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