

Nurse:—"Come outside then, and I'll have it out on the landing."

Silence of Matron.

Continued vituperation of Nurse!

NURSING UNDER THE POOR LAW.—IRELAND.

Doctor requests Board to provide attendants in the infirm ward, there being no one to take care of the lunatics.

Chairman to Matron: "How many lunatics have you in the house?"

Matron: "Twelve."

Mr. Delaney: "Have you twelve lunatics?"

Matron: "They are not all lunatics; some are only simple."

Mr. Russell: "Are they worse than they were for the last twelve months?"

Matron: "No."

Mr. Delaney: "Have you an increase in the number of patients in the house?"

Matron: "Yes."

Mr. Delaney: "What have you the woman doing at present?"

Matron: "She is washing."

Mr. Delaney: "Could you not put her to attend the patients?"

Matron: "There would be no one to do the washing then."

Mr. Delaney: "This increase may only last a fortnight or a month, so I think it would be the best course to put the woman to attend them and get the washing done outside."

Matron: "That could be done."

An order to this effect was made.

Happy lunatics!

SEPTIC WARD.

Probationer Sister (sniffing, wishing to impress new Pro.):—

"Dear me! this leg has a very foetal smell!"

At earliest opportunity, "new Pro." dives into "Hoblyn," and, failing elucidation, questions house-surgeon!

Ribald laughter in medical quarters.

UNTRAINED NURSING SUPERINTENDENT.

Eminent Gynecologist to Superintendent:—

"Have you an ovarian nurse in?"

Superintendent to eminent Gynecologist:—

"Yes, a most thoroughly efficient nurse. Is it for a lady or gentleman?"

MALE ACCIDENT WARD.

Sister in Sitting Room.

Lady Pro.: "Please sister the patients are singing obscene songs."

Sister: "Then shut my door, and shut it h'out."

THE following amusing skit appeared in the pages of the *University College Gazette*, one of the

latest of hospital journals. If further issues are "up to sample," we think it will make a place for itself in medical and nursing circles, as the sketch which we quote will be generally appreciated:—

CONSULTATION DAY.

Patient is an elderly man of weather-beaten appearance, who has a large swelling on the left side of the face.

Mr. B-rk-r.—Gentlemen: This is an interesting but somewhat obscure case that has been sent up to me by a distinguished medical friend of mine, a staff-surgeon upon one of the largest of Her Most Gracious Majesty's battleships. Having made a most careful and minute chemical bacteriological and microscopical investigation of the brownish discharge that fills the patient's mouth, I have quite made up my mind that the growth is of a highly malignant character. I bring the case here that you may derive some amusement from the speculations of my colleagues concerning the nature of the malady. I need hardly say that my own opinion will not be the least disturbed by any contrary views they may be pleased to express.

Mr. P-l-rd.—As I do not take the remotest interest in either the case itself or Mr. B.'s diagnosis of it, I shall not say anything more, but go and have a cigarette. (*Exit Mr. P. rolling one.*)

Dr. Br-df-rd.—The moment one enters the room, one sees at once that this is a case of right-sided facial hemiatrophy of the fifth variety. I mean any other view is ridiculous on the face of it—d'you see? Is that quite clear?

Mr. G-dl-e.—I always call to mind that famous remark of Sir William Jenner's, "that the tragedies of life are caused by following other people's advice, and listening to their opinions instead of—"*(Indulges apologetically in humorous reminiscences of unexciting character.)*

Mr. H-rsl-y.—The case is undoubtedly one of leontiasis ossea, beginning in the hamular process. I should operate at once, making an incision from the external occipital protuberance to the external angular process of the frontal bone, and turning down the flap over the left shoulder. Then sawing through the skull in the middle line, I should remove the whole left half of the cranium. To do anything less than this would be childish. Next new case, please.

Dr. M-rt-n.—If Mr. H. would kindly cut off the patient's head altogether I think I might deliver an interesting pathological discourse upon it. (*Mr. H. politely acquiesces, and they retire and discuss the matter together in an amicable manner.*)

Mr. J-hns-n.—There can be absolutely no question that this is a case of chronic periostio-myelitic necrotic carries of the lower jaw. (*Revises four chapters of Erichsen in support of this view.*)

Mr. C. H-th.—I think everyone here, except myself, is an egregious ass. (*To Patient.*) What are you?

Patient.—Sailor, sir.

Mr. H.—Thought so. Bring a brown pan, Sister. Now, take that beastly thing out. (*Patient removes an enormous quid of tobacco, weighing a quarter of a pound. After this, the tumour quite disappears.*) There! Disgusting!! This is what all you smokers of filthy tobacco come to; you end by trying to live on it! (*Cheers and curtain.*)

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