

were found by the women nurses to be very easy to handle. And the writer recalls that, while in charge of the medical wards which included the alcoholic, the nurses considered it a desirable assignment to be sent to the alcoholic ward in preference to working in the general medical wards.

The alcoholic ward was not separate from the others in this institution, and observation in that line leads to the conclusion that there are few delerii so easily soothed by kind words and treatment as are those caused by alcoholism. A woman is never more in her proper sphere as a nurse than when reassuring a delirious alcoholic that the bleeding heads in the air are only halucinations, that the ferocious beasts attacking him in the depths of the lonesome woods are the creations of his own mind, and that the axe hanging over his head has no existence in fact.

The claim is not made here that men attendants should be done away with entirely; it would seem reasonable, however, to introduce women attendants to as large a degree as possible, retaining the men here and there where they are deemed to be indispensable.

A correspondent from Sydney writes:—

"The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to the Prince Alfred Hospital aroused great enthusiasm. The Governor-General and the Countess of Hopetoun arrived at the hospital a short time before their Royal Highnesses, and they, together with the Directors, Miss McGahey (Matron), and Dr. Blackburn (Medical Superintendent), were in the Entrance Hall to welcome them. The Board Room, Entrance Hall, and wards were suitably decorated, choice roses and maiden-hair fern being very much in evidence. Flags and palms were also used in the approach to the Hospital and Entrance Hall, and around the marble bust of the late Sir Alfred Roberts, who for twenty-five years gave up the greater part of his time to the Hospital, were quantities of violets tastefully arranged.

"The day was perfect and everything went off without a hitch. Their Royal Highnesses visited some of the wards, and the Alfred Roberts Operating Theatre, and were very pleased with all that was shewn them.

"The plans for the new building are now being prepared, and before many months elapse it is hoped the work will be started. The Government have generously consented to put up the buildings, and the hospital authorities have appealed to the public for subscriptions towards the equipment of the same. At present the sum subscribed amounts to £10,500, and subscriptions are daily being received. The new wings, when completed, will be named 'Queen Victoria Memorial Pavilions.'"

The Hospital World.

THE STORY-TELLERS.

BY ELLEN BELLINGHAM-SMITH (*née* BUXTON).

There were some very bad cases in the ward, so a fire was lighted in the empty block, and the children were sent in there to play. Sister gave me some sewing, and sent me to mind them. They were sitting round the fire quiet as mice when I went in, and I was surprised that they had not seized the opportunity to make as much noise as they could. But it appeared that Eliza, the ward maid, had told them to sit down like good children and take it in turns to say bits of poetry and tell stories.

"It's Dora's turn and she's going to begin," Fred informed me, a shade of impatience in his tone, that said plainly enough: "Do be quiet." So I drew up my chair and began sewing.

This was Dora's story:—

"Once upon a time there was a little girl, and her mother told her to play in the garden, but not to go through the gate. So when she threw her ball and it rolled out into the lane, she had to ask a gipsy to pick it up for her. And the gipsy was wicked, and said she couldn't, unless the little girl went with her, and then the little girl forgot what her mother had said and went. Then the gipsy, who was very wicked, stole her, and took her home, and robbed all the things off her back, and put on raggy ones, and took all the money out of her pocket; then she made the little girl scrub the floor, and kicked her when she couldn't. (Sensation.) Yes! and made her go to shop without any money; and slapped her because the shop-keeper wouldn't give her anything for nothing. (Great sensation.) And then she put her into a big wooden box and shut down the lid; like the misletoe-bough song at Christmas. (Sensation.) Yes! and then the little girl's mother came along the road, and she was crying very much. And she said to the gipsy: "Have you seen my little girl pass by this way?" And the gipsy was a wicked story-teller, and said: "No, that I haven't, you can come and look all about the house, if you don't believe me." And the little girl's mother went in and looked all about the house. She looked behind all the doors, and under the table, and up the chimney, and could not find her little girl anywhere. At last she said to the gipsy: "What is in that box?" And the gipsy said: "Only some old rags I clean up the house with; you don't want to see those do you?" And the little girl's mother said,

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