

call at every chemist's shop he passed on the way, hand in the prescription, and patiently await the making up of a powder, for which he was to pay anything between fourpence and a sovereign—you know the vagaries of the retail market. When more than a sovereign was demanded, he was to offer eighteenpence or nothing; when less than fourpence, he was to wait till he had turned the street corner, and then destroy the packet as unfit for human consumption."

The quarrel of the two African potentates over the coloured supplement to the *Graphic* is quite as funny, but too long for quotation. G. M. R.

### Verses.

#### TO "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN."

BY A HOSPITAL NURSE.

I watched you work in your garden dear,  
One of the fairest there,  
Your white hands tended each fragrant flower,  
And brightest blossoms bear.  
You gathered the tall white lillies,  
Like you so graceful grown,  
And bunches of blue forget-me not,  
Your own dear hands had sown,  
While the busy bee with soothing hum,  
Hovered round honied flowers,  
And butterflies with their painted wings,  
Played through the rose clad bowers.  
I watched it all from my 'vantage ground  
'Neath the ancient apple tree,  
While a calm contentment seemed to steal  
Like a warm cloud over me.  
For I, too, work in a garden fair  
With flowers of every hue,  
There are bent old trees and saplings frail,  
And tender blossoms, too.  
But they all are slowly fading,  
And need the tenderest care  
Lest decay and death should visit,  
And leave my garden bare.  
My fragile lillies are pale and wan,  
They droop beneath the sun,  
But I watch and tend them, each and all,  
With a love for everyone.  
And if the fading petals fall,  
When human help is vain,  
We lay them away with many tears  
Till the Spring time comes again.  
Till the winter of death is past,  
And a still more glorious thing  
Shall rise from the silent grave at last,  
To bloom in Eternal Spring.

ENEANITA BLANCHE RUMBLE.

### Coming Events.

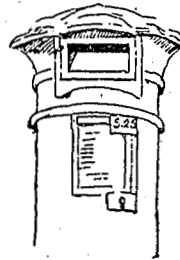
16th December.—Ball in aid of the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road.

17th December.—The King holds an investiture of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the Distinguished Service Order, and the Order of the Royal Red Cross, &c.

### Letters to the Editor.

#### NOTES, QUERIES. &c.

*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents..*



#### A DIFFICULTY.

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

DEAR MADAM,—What would you advise in this case, where, in a fairly large hospital, the "Head Cook," not a trained nurse, is allowed by the Matron to take precedence of every official in the place, herself included sometimes, is told all that goes on in the wards and other departments, interfering accordingly, thereby causing intense friction and ill-feeling among the whole staff? This woman has been the cause of a once popular and much liked Matron losing in a great measure the respect and liking of her nurses, yet she seems to have put herself in her power, and either can not, or dare not, get quit of her, though in her heart feeling it would be a relief if she could.

I am,

Dear madam,  
Yours faithfully,  
ENQUIRER.

December 9th, 1901.

[We can hardly imagine such a situation in a hospital. Specific instances where this autocrat of the kitchen oversteps her sphere of influence should be brought officially before the Committee.—ED.]

#### WOMEN HOUSE SURGEONS.

*To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."*

DEAR MADAM,—Although all just minded persons must sympathise with your views that women doctors should have fair play in their profession, still, there is something to be said against women house surgeons in country hospitals, where there is only one sitting-room provided for the use of the male and female doctors. It must be a great nuisance for a tired house surgeon when he wants to relax in his own den, to kick off his shoes, get into his slacks, and puff at his pipe, to find a tidy woman in possession of his chair who may object to tobacco, or, worse still, who also feels the need of lack of restraint, and who sits crossed legged enjoying a cigarette, gradually undermining his preconceived respect for femininity. If, worse than all, she is a pretty sprightly woman, our good house surgeon is a "gone coon!" By all means let the ladies have a fair chance, but where women enter as house doctors it is quite imperative that they should be provided with a sitting-room, and not be compelled to share it with a mere man.

Yours truly,  
L. S. A.

[Why, certainly.—ED.]

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)