

Our Guinea Prize.

We have pleasure in announcing that Miss Anna Soutar, Chalmers Hospital, Banff, N.B., has won the Guinea Prize for July.

KEY TO PRIZE PUZZLES.

- No. 1. Spray. S-pray.
 No. 2. Syringe. SYR-(h)inge.
 No. 3. Tongue Depressor. Tong-u-e Δ press OR.
 No. 4. Enema. E. Knee, MA.

The following competitors have sent in correct replies:—

- Miss Laurence, Seaside Home for Invalid Children, West Hill, St. Leonard's.
 Miss A. E. Rossiter, Kent Nursing Institution, Tunbridge Wells.
 Nurse Louisa Conway, Middleton Road, N.
 Nurse Cox, S.M.D.S. Infirmary, Sutton, Surrey.
 Miss Annie Hargreaves, The Infirmary, Macclesfield.
 Miss M. T. Saunder, Royal Infirmary, Wigan.
 Miss H. M. Garwood, 31, New Cavendish Street, W.
 Miss A. M. Jubb, Wilton House, Holderness Road, Hull.
 Miss Holdrup, St. John's House, Norfolk Street, W.C.
 Nurse Shipley, North Ormesby Hospital, Middlesbro'.
 Nurse Eliza, North Ormesby Hospital, Middlesbro'.
 Miss M. R. Easton, Royal Berks Hospital, Reading.
 Sister Williamson, Home for Incurables, Leamington.
 "Leo," Lincoln House, Harrow.
 Nurse Marter, Northgate Street, Bury St. Edmunds.
 Miss G. Allen, Kensington Gardens Square, W.
 Miss A. Bowers, Lake Road Terrace, Keswick.
 Sister Owen, Dane Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
 Miss A. Turner, Cowbridge Road, Cardiff.
 Nurse Esther Jones, College Road, Brighton.
 Nurse King, South Eastern Hospital, New Cross, S.E.
 Miss Edith S. Sills, Casthorpe, Barrowby, Grantham.
 Mrs. Westaway, Camden Villa, S. Woodford.
 Nurse Margaret Gray, Fopstone Road, Earl's Court, S.W.
 Miss F. Sheppard, Kent Nurses' Institution, Tunbridge Wells.
 Miss Caroline Cobb, South Eastern Hospital, New Cross.
 Nurse Lloyd, Albion Terrace, Hyde Park.
 Sister Norris, Tudor Road, Norwood.
 Mrs. Campbell, Hova Villas, Hove.
 Nurse Griffith, Halesowen, near Birmingham.
 Mrs. Daly, West Street, Scarborough.
 Sister Ashworth, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh.
 Miss E. Gordon, Sardinia Terrace, Glasgow.

The new set of Prize Puzzles will be found on Page viii. The rules for the Guinea Prize remain the same, and the five coupons published on August 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st, must reach the Editor by Tuesday, September 3rd, with the answers enclosed.

More Jottings

BY A MEMBER OF THE MATRONS' COUNCIL.

Thy face is far from this our war,
 Our call and counter cry,
 I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
 Nor know Thee till I die.
 Enough for me in dreams to see,
 And touch Thy garment's hem:
 Thy feet have trod so near to God,
 I may not follow them.

(To the true Romance.—KIPLING.)

Only once in my life was it my proud privilege to speak to Sir Walter Besant. He had called to enquire about some patient at a Hospital where I was then working, and incidentally he said, "what a field for the observation of human nature nurses had"; he wondered more of us did not utilise it, and write of our experiences, write novels, I think he said. I answered the usual thing, that we were generally too busy to write—that we had not time to sift our material and that very few of us were gifted with sufficient genius to utilise it when sifted. Whenever I have thought of him since, I have also thought of the enormous amount of "waste material," from a writer's point of view, with which we nurses deal, of the scraps out of the middle of a story, of the grim fifth acts of tragedy we see every day with so little emotion. How many so-called realistic writers have handled so much real life—bodily, mental, suffering, and uncontrolled emotions, as we have done? Human nature laid bare until it is almost a caricature, heroism, stoicism, abject fear, unselfishness that is almost sublime, contrasted with that odd, mean, jealous selfishness that is so curiously characteristic of some people in sickness, the unhinged diseased mind with its strange longings and stranger suspicions, we see them all, and some of us, I veritably believe, are poets enough to feel the pathos of the common, usual ordinary every day suffering of the human crowds that pass through our hands, though we have not the pen to describe it.

In no other calling, not even a doctor's, does death mingle so completely and intimately with little trivial every day occurrences and domestic arrangements as in that of a Hospital nurse. Familiarity has robbed the grim King of all his terror, he comes so often, he is so well provided for in the daily routine, he is so much part of one's daily work, that he is almost uncrowned; and it is only now and again that he asserts his majesty.

When teetotallers want to emphasise their doctrine, they paint the awfulness of drink delirium, the horror of delirium tremens. I have often thought, that if they dwelt upon the

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)