

and two old daddies who had not met for fifty years sit, one at each side of your small ward fire, and recall memories of their boyhood and youth when they dwelt in the same hamlet.

The nurse who is not of the county finds the speech of the country people just a little puzzling at first. She finds out that "spells" are splints, that the preposition "at" is used instead of "to," that a "clout" is used indifferently to denominate a floor-cloth, the dressings used by the surgeons, or a blow, a "clout on the lug" meaning a box on the ear. She will also be surprised to be told by a man whose head is being dressed that she is "laming" him, till she discovers that to "lame" is the vernacular for to hurt. There are quaint survivals too. "Nurse, wilt tha don me?" wee Tommy says, plaintively, when he wishes to be dressed; and "Tommy, coom tha here; nurse is gwine to doff thee," an elder child will say when bedtime comes.

The men of Kent Dale (or Kendal) are a rugged, sturdy race, rough in speech, abrupt on first acquaintance, honest, helpful, and courageous, and possessing an inherited cheerfulness and a fine vitality that gives a sorely injured man a far larger chance for his life than the Englishman of many of our Southern counties. He is always ready to do his best to help you, this rough-spoken, tender-hearted man of the mountains; he is handy, too, whether as ward-maid, orderly, or nurse to your convalescent children. He will valet his more afflicted ward mates for you, he will attend to the flowers and trim the lamps, while any shineable article whatsoever receives his best attention. Brass, copper, tin, or silver he is equally successful with, and your taps and window brasses are a joy to behold.

They show up at their very best in times of stress. A telephone message comes up to say that there has been a bad accident and several beds maybe required. Without a word being said to them, everyone who is able is doing his utmost. They fill every kettle they can discover, they get in readiness every hot-water bottle they can find, willing hands are ready to help to move beds and bedding, and in less than half an hour four beds are made ready in spite of an already full hospital. Outside, the unemployed portion of the residents in Captain French are gathering to see the arrival of the ambulance, which in itself is a great feature of Kendal. They are a magnificently-trained corps, these volunteer ambulance men of Kendal. Skilful, helpful, efficient in every way, they are a credit to their instructor and their town, for, as well as invaluable first aid, they do incalculable service to the nurses by the handy way in which, on arrival at the hospital, they carry their patient to the ward and, should it be a man, they proceed to undress him. They go many miles into the rugged hill country to convey the victims of accident or disease

to the hospital. Altogether Kendal is justly proud of its St. John Ambulance Brigade.

The victim of the accident, unless he is quite unconscious—and it does take a lot of knocking about to make a Westmoreland man that—will probably be cheery and inclined to make the best of things, regretful only at the amount of trouble he is causing. "Eh, dear, but I'm sorry to be muckin' up yeour white bed!" says a badly injured man who has been blown up in a gunpowder disaster; and "Th'art makking me cleaner than ivver ah was afore," says Daddy, with a feeble smile, after his gay young horse has run away with him, flung him headlong against a parapet, gashing open his head, fracturing his collar bone, finally breaking his thigh by hurling the cart against him.

"Hullo, Tom boy! Thee here?" sings out a jolly young teamsman from the stretcher, as the ambulance men carry him past the bed where reposes a prostrate mate. Can it be wondered at that the district is a kind of surgeon's paradise, where most unpromising-looking gashes heal by first intention, and two days after operation your strangulated hernia is singing hymns and asking for roast beef?

They are so musical, these men of Westmoreland; let them sing and they are happy, and "Moody and Sankey" on Sunday night are a real treat to them—for there is a strong vein of Scottish piety inherent in them nearly all. Also it is a great Quaker district; there are still sober meeting-houses well filled even now, and many of the great families are of Quaker origin. Still, to whatever denomination (Episcopalian, Quaker, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Roman Catholic or Salvationist) your patient may own allegiance, be he the worst black sheep of the neighbourhood, he will still joyfully uplift his voice in the hymns of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and, should he happen to be in the custody of the police, the obliging limb of the law in attendance will join his voice to the rolling chorus, or perhaps oblige with a solo, while a pair of handcuffs dangle picturesquely from the electric light switch.

The hospital began as a little cottage hospital of four or six beds; it now contains twenty-five, and these are frequently all filled.

It is well staffed, a Matron, two certificated staff nurses, and two probationers forming its staff.

Though the building is beginning to show signs of being outgrown by its inmates, and there are consequent difficulties to be contended with, still the work is good, the results are good, and there are many very much worse places to either nurse or be nursed in than the Kendal Hospital, which we hope, before many more years have passed, to see as the Westmoreland County Hospital, which, for many districts of the county, it practically is already.

M. C. F.

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