

of cardboard—and could be broken easily with the fingers." *Truth* adds: "The astonishing brittleness of lunatics' ribs is a theme on which doctors have constantly expatiated at inquests for the purpose of accounting for injuries otherwise likely to be attributed to violence on the part of asylum attendants."

The Wandsworth and Clapham Board of Guardians recently received a notification from the Local Government Board to the effect that they had ordered an inspector to hold an official inquiry on the 30th inst. into the circumstances attending the death of the lunatic patient who died in their infirmary from the effects of fractured ribs. It will be remembered that at the coroner's inquest held about two months ago the jury found that the fatal injuries were inflicted by one of the attendants, whose identity the evidence failed to disclose. Dr. Freyberger's evidence pointed to the conclusion that the patient had been violently knocked backwards in bed by a blow in the chest delivered with two fists at the same time. We hope that the delinquent will be brought to book, and receive the due reward of so outrageous and brutal an attack upon a sick lunatic.

For over three years the English people who visit Rome have had the inestimable boon of knowing that if they fall ill there is an Anglo-American hospital, where they can go and be taken care of by English-speaking doctors and trained nurses. So much is this appreciated that the eight beds—two of which are set apart for those who cannot afford to pay—are no longer sufficient, and it has been found necessary to build a wing, the land for which is already secured. This hospital is very well placed in one of the highest, and consequently one of the most healthy, spots in Rome. It is outside the gates, and stands in its own garden. Patients are allowed to choose their own doctors, of any nationality they like, and are attended by nurses who have been specially selected from well-known hospitals and training-schools in the United Kingdom. These nurses, although their chief duty is at the Home, go all over Italy when a call is sent for their services, and it is difficult to appreciate the feelings of the Englishman, ill in a foreign country, when he hears his own language, and has not to struggle with one he does not know. The Home is under the patronage of the British and American Ambassadors, who speak most highly of everything connected with it.

The Princess Louise will visit Battersea on Tuesday, June 30th, in order to preside at the meeting of the South London District Nursing Association at the Town Hall. The Princess will be escorted by a detachment of the Surrey Imperial Yeomanry, and will be received at the hall by the band and a guard of honour of the 4th V.B. East Surrey Regiment.

The Hospital World.

HOW MY PORTERS WERE PHOTOGRAPHED.

TOLD BY A HOSPITAL STEWARD.

In the month of May, merrie May, the little smoke-begrimed sparrows were struggling with whole full lengths of straw in the front quadrangle of the Royal Central West Hospital. We have half-a-dozen dear old trees enclosed within the space, and the cheeky little sparrows appear to think that the crooked boughs are there for the express purpose of their nest-building. At four o'clock in the morning, when the first grey light of dawn steals up serenely behind Munster Ward, the sparrows begin their chirping. They greet each other while completing their toilet, and then they twitter on and on for half an hour before taking wing in search of breakfast. Maybe they are gossiping only, or maybe they are making plans for the day, or maybe they are saying that they hope there will be the grocer's or the chemist's cart driven into the quad. soon, in order that they may get more straw for their nests. Plucky little twitters to swoop down and pick up a three-feet length of straw, that weighs a great deal, and that catches the breeze and requires careful "beaking" ere it can be landed high up in the centre of the old trees.

A little later, and the under-cook wakes up in her little high bedroom. She must be downstairs early morning by morning, in order that all may be in readiness for the preparation of the night nurses' dinner. Yes, dinner! Dinner at eight o'clock in the morning. Matron is firm, and there is no peeling of potatoes over-night. No fear!

At six the porters arrive, and presently there are sounds on all sides. The stokers' shovels ring out, and the coal-carriers whistle softly as they shoulder nearly a hundredweight of coal at a time for the third floor. The engine that drives the laundry machinery is set in motion; the milkman with his noisy clanging cart arrives; the night watchman, whose twelve hours' spell of duty is drawing to a close, sweeps the entrance arch and salutes me with becoming promptitude, despite the fact that I am down earlier than usual. A pert little probationer, whose arrival from a luxurious home does not date far back, and who has not yet learnt of the Matron's dislike for the pianoforte before breakfast, strolls into the probationers' sitting-room and breaks forth into the tune and words of a familiar song:—

"Lay by my side your bunch of purple heather,
The last red asters of an autumn day,
And let us sit and talk of love together,
As once in May.

"Give me your hand, that I may press it gently,
And if the others see, what matter they?
Look in mine eyes' with thine dear eyes intently,
As once in May."

Perhaps in time to come this pen, if vain enough,

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