

which friend found friend, and soon the Hall was alive with chat and laughter, while many willing hands offered tea, iced coffee, and other delicacies for which the Bart's League has established a reputation.

Some excellent music was enjoyed, and after tea many of the members inspected the glittering array of presents, chose a souvenir photograph of "Miss Courtney" offered for sale in the Hall, and lingered long before bidding her *au revoir* and godspeed. The Great Hall was crowded, 300 members and guests being present, many coming long distances to take part in the affectionate ovation offered to this "good and faithful servant." It was a unique and delightful gathering, and will live long in the memory of all so happily gathered together to render honour where honour was due.

A Personal Note.

"Tell us a tale," has ever been the clamorous demand of the world's children; as a child we added the rider, "And please tell us of real people; make-believe is not a bit interesting." We all appreciate the personal note. This *à propos* of "Miss Courtney." Just a quarter of a century ago, in the summer of 1878, I was working as a "Lady Pro"—happily now an almost obsolete species in nurse-training schools—at the dear little doll's-house of a hospital at Nottingham, made up of two pretty wards (each containing twelve cots), one for boys and one for girls. It was just such a sunny hay-scented day as this, nearing the magic hour of 4 p.m., when twenty-four little people awoke from their afternoon nap, or were released from the rule of silence, and with a united voice in a dozen tones clamoured for "tea," then someone said, "Hush! here's visitors," and two ladies entered the ward.

It fell to my lot to act as cicerone to one, and I remember her bright, bustling personality as we went from cot to cot, her sympathetic, ingenuous curiosity about every detail—the children's ailments, the treatment, their family history, every item, indeed, which affected their past, present, and future. One realised that this personal interest in others did not spring from mere idle curiosity, but from genuine sympathy with humanity at large.

Poor little Isaac, with his ruffy-tuffy head of golden curls, his roguish smile, and rosy cheeks—the picture of health, one would surmise. And then the pity of it, as he kicked off the covering with one beautiful sturdy limb, and pointed with glee to "my stump," and sang out in his childish treble, "Me's only one leg, me's to 'ave a new leg, high cock-a-lorum jig."

Of course, we both said what a lovely "stump" it was, and then instinctively turned round and looked out of opposite windows.

Thus I made the acquaintance of "Miss Courtney," who was visiting friends in the

town, and who paid us several visits, never coming empty-handed, but always hurrying in with a basket containing luscious grapes or cool cucumbers or lovely roses—"just something from outside to make a change."

I left Nottingham, and went through a variety of hospital experiences before I met Miss Smith again. On the next occasion, instead of being a mere paying pro, I was Matron of Bart's, being one afternoon in the office when she bustled in full of sparkle as of yore. She also had been working for the sick; she wanted regular work; did I know of a suitable post? Not at the moment. Yet a little later a vacancy occurred in the official staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the duties of an Assistant Matron twenty years ago being of a different character from what the evolution of the training-school demands to-day, I thought of Miss Courtney Smith; we entered into correspondence, with the result that, upon the resignation of my assistant, the Treasurer and Almoners appointed her to fill the vacancy. For more than five years we worked together in the utmost harmony; and it was work in those pioneer days! I own that where duty was concerned I was a somewhat exacting taskmistress. I was young and an enthusiast; sixteen hours' work made up a normal day. Ease, unpunctuality, omissions, short measure of work—these were unpardonable crimes. But they were satisfying, strenuous years, and much was accomplished in them, thanks to the energy of many able helpers. Long after I had fallen from grace—in fact, for sixteen years—Miss Courtney Smith has remained at her post of duty; generation after generation of nurses have come under her kindly sway, and the splendid ovation accorded to her at the presentation on Saturday last was the best proof of the affection and respect she has won during her term of office at Bart's. But in resigning her honourable position on the hospital staff she is not severing her connection with her fellow-workers. Miss Smith is a member of the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses, and will remain "one of us" as long as life shall last. So it is only *au revoir*, after all.

E. G. F.

Professor Lorenz, referring to American nurses, said:—"Never till I came to this country have I known what a woman could be in the way of a nurse. In Austria they are women of any class, of any sort. They are women of little education. Here in America they are ladies—ladies! Never have I been so amazed. They are in aprons and caps, but they are educated, they are refined, they are charming. Never have I seen such a thing—never! You are so far ahead of us in this that I am lost in wonderment."

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