

room, and completed Victoria's toilet in its seclusion.

With the arrival of summer came other joys. The patients abandoned draughts (at which many of them became adepts) and adjourned to our back garden, where the children spent long hours in the swings, pushed by the men's untiring arms. One day there was a grand cricket match, and, judging by the applause, none of our patients were afflicted with pulmonary complaints.

Out here, too, we are very primitive, and we nurses can wander in our off-duty time over the hills and far away in the cool simplicity of our indoor uniform. How different from our scorched-out sisters in London, whose only delight is a ride on a 'bus or tramcar. We think of them pityingly as we lie on the hillside meadows, reading, drowsing, or sewing, as seems to us best.

Patients have much humour of their own, sometimes intentional, sometimes not, and the gruffest to start with are often far the nicest on further acquaintance.

"Are you a married man, C—?" I asked one day, on admitting a very gruffly-spoken Fell-country man.

"Noa," he returned, shortly. "I'se got mair sense."

We found he dwelt with a mother and three sisters, and had a quite sufficient experience of womankind.

Of a similar frame of mind was a mariner I once encountered in the out-patient surgery of a large seaport hospital.

"Married or single?" I queried, pen in hand.

"I ain't neither, mum," was the reply. "I'm a bloomin' widder, I am." He reflected solemnly for a moment, then leaned confidentially towards me. "'T'was a blessed relief, too," he added, expectorating a large quid of tobacco into the sawdust tray with the air of one casting his matrimonial troubles behind him.

Yes, decidedly, hospital life has a very bright side, as well as the sad one usually presented to a sympathetic outside world.

Thomesick.

I want to go back to the orchard—
The orchard that used to be mine;
The apples are reddening and filling
The air with their wine.
I want the old song of the river,
The little, low laugh of the rills;
I want the warm blue of September
Again, on the hills.
I want to lie down in the woodland,
Where the feathery clematis shines,
God's blue sky above and about me
The peace of the pines.
I want to run on through the pasture
And let down the dusty old bars;
I want to find you there still waiting,
Your eyes like twin stars.
O nights, you are weary and dreary,
And, days, there is something you lack;
To the farm in the little, old valley,
I want to go back.

ALICE E. ALLEN, in *Lippincott's*.

Professional Review.

"A MANUAL OF NURSING: MEDICAL AND SURGICAL."

We have received from Messrs. Charles Griffin and Co., Ltd., Exeter Street, Strand, a copy of "A Manual of Nursing, Medical and Surgical," by Dr. Lawrence Humphry, M.A., M.R.C.P., Physician at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, and formerly lecturer to probationers there.

The price of the book is 3s. 6d., and as a proof of its popularity amongst nurses it is only necessary to point out that, while the first edition was published in 1889, the one now before us is the twenty-fifth, showing that though many other books on nursing have since been issued, the one at present under discussion still maintains its position as a standard work.

The method which has been followed in its compilation has been to give a short account of the anatomy of each set of organs, and then to describe the diseases of those organs, with the appropriate nursing in different cases. The author gives some wise, and we believe needed, instruction on the subject of drugs, and the effects of overdoses. Quite recently the Matron of an important hospital told us that the modern nurse seems to think, when she has administered three times a day medicines with regularity and exactness, she has done all that is required of her. But she should remember, as Dr. Humphry points out, "It will be the duty of the nurse during the intervals of the medical attendance to notice the effects of any remedies prescribed. This is especially important where strong medicines or poisonous drugs are being employed. It is often desired to push these to their full effects in order to control the disease, and the physician will inform the nurse what symptoms to expect and when to reduce or withhold the dose between his visits." A list is then given of the symptoms following the use of certain drugs, which all nurses will do well to study.

The chapter on Disease in Children contains some valuable hints. In regard to the cry of a child, the author quotes Dr. Eustace Smith, who says:—"A hungry infant in most cases clenches his hands, and flexes his limbs as he utters his complaints, and continues until satisfied. If tortured by colicky pain, the cry is violent, paroxysmal, and accompanied by uneasy movements of the body. A shrill scream uttered at intervals, the child lying in a drowsy state with closed eyes, is suggestive of tubercular meningitis. A constant, unappeasable screaming is often the consequence of ear-ache, and the child frequently presses the side of the head against the mother's breast. The pain of pleurisy will also cause violent crying. Any alteration in the quality of the cry must be noted. It may be hoarse in a young infant from inherited syphilis, and in an older child from laryngitis. Absence of crying is often indicative of exhaustion or serious disease."

From this it appears that the cultivation of observation—an essential characteristic of every good nurse—is especially important in the case of those who have the care of young children who are unable to give a description of their symptoms.

The Appendix on Cooking for Invalids should be appreciated by private nurses. It gives many recipes which will be of use to them in their work.

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