

"That's just my feelin': I'd go again or send anyone I knew there. They says as they operates a lot, and of course they does; there's lots to do among all them people. But they's as careful and clean over yer as though you was a baby new-born."

At this point the Dark-eyed gave an almost involuntary wriggle.

"My foot's heavy, I know it is." And the Pale-faced essayed to move it.

"Just you leave your foot where it is. It ain't nothink to do with that. I always aches if I sits long, that's all."

There was weariness in the dark eyes, but fortitude around the mouth, and she continued rapidly:

"I was at a home at Eastbourne once. It was a nice place. Didn't I just enjoy my teas there. The food was all good for that part, but the teas was somethink beautiful. Just as much butter as you liked to take, and such sweet-tastin' bread. They used to laugh at me, I eat such a deal." Here the Girl turned, a gleam in her faded eyes. "Shouldn't wonder we was hungry now"—the Dark-eyed had been quick to catch the look.

She drew a small parcel from somewhere and undid the paper, displaying some substantial-looking sandwiches.

"Egg, hard-boiled; I don't know if you can eat 'em," she said, handing the parcel to the Pale-faced. "But ain't they nicely done up? Fancy the horspital thinkin' of that; it's like a real home sending you out."

"Such nice paper, too," said the Pale-faced, as she took one. That the Girl was hungry there could be no doubt, from the way she devoured her portion.

"When we comes back, I suppose we goes to the horspital again?" The Pale-faced asked the question.

"I suppose so. They'll tell us at the home, I 'spect."

"I must go back," said the Girl, "and write to my mother to come and fetch me. I don't know the way home from there."

"Why, hew's that?"

"When I hurt my hand, they put me right into a cab and took me to the horspital, and sent and told my mother."

"Best way too. Accidents should always be seen to at once; they gets a deal worse waitin' about."

"I should like to go back to the horspital before I goes home," said the Pale-faced, "just to thank 'em for all they done, sendin' us away for a whole fortnight and all. My husband says he 'spects he won't know me, when I gets back, for my red cheeks." And the pale face lighted up with a happy smile of faith in the goodness to come.

The train drew up with a jerk, and the junction at which I had to change was called up and down the platform.

There are those whose occupation in life seems to be fault-finding with existing institutions, and the hospitals have by no means escaped. It is, therefore, somewhat refreshing to be able to place, against the perennial grievances of the busybody, an unsolicited testimonial from those who, through close acquaintance within the walls of suffering and alleviation, have earned a right to speak.

MARY MURRAY.

Reflections.

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



THE KING'S GIFTS TO HOSPITALS.—The King sent on Saturday gifts of pheasants killed by the shooting parties in Windsor Forest to the following London hospitals: Consumption, Cancer, Charing Cross, Westminster, St. Thomas's, St. George's, Middlesex, London, St. Mary's, Seamen's, Chelsea Hospital for Women, Woolwich Cottage Hospital, and the Poplar Hospital.

IN THE HOUSE.—The Public Health Committee of the House of Commons, which is to be appointed as soon as Parliament meets next year, is not to be confined to the medical men of that assembly. On the committee, which is to be called into existence owing to the frequency with which sanitary and medical questions come before the House, will probably be found Sir Lees Knowles, whose connection with the Plumbers' Registration Bill is well known.

AT THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD OFFICE.—Proposals are stated to be under the consideration of the Local Government Board for the centralisation of the boards of guardians within the area of the London Borough Councils. We hope our readers will realise the significance of this suggestion. Should the Borough Councils take over the work now entrusted to Boards of Guardians, women, who are ineligible to act on these Councils, will be ousted from their work as Guardians of the Poor, as they have been ousted already from the School Boards and Vestries.

AT THE ROYAL WATERLOO HOSPITAL.—The Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women, in Waterloo Bridge Road, S.E., was founded in the reign of George III. The Board are in hopes of establishing cots, and, if possible, entire wards, to be supported by various public bodies. Owing to the fact that the new Union Jack Club will shortly be erected in the immediate vicinity, they hope to establish a Military Ward, with the assistance of the various London corps, the name and regimental crest of each regiment to be fixed at the head of each cot, and devoted to the sick children and wives of the rank and file. The capital sum of 1,000 guineas, or 630 shillings or thirty guineas annually, will support a cot. Already one individual has generously promised to endow a cot on condition that five others will do the same.

AT CARDIFF.—"Why should not Cardiff follow the splendid example of London, and have an Infirmary Shopping Day?" asks a correspondent in the *Western*.

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