

In an article on hospital types a contemporary gives the following description of the lady who speaks shortly and to the point:—

“‘Hurry up,’ says the junior clerk. ‘What’s your name, where do you live, and how old are you?’

“The elderly lady, with all the weight and dignity of the proverbial duchess, and wearing a bonnet more exalted in flower and feather than any such, replies aghast: ‘Where do I live, what’s my name, how old am I? If you was my little boy I’d box yer ears, that I would!’”

The cost of a serious illness may be estimated by the fact that the expenses connected with Lady Curzon’s illness will probably amount to something like £1,000 a week.

It is only the very wealthy who can afford to pay the fees of three or four London specialists, including retaining fees of 100 guineas a day in some instances, and to provide them with special trains or to continuously employ four trained nurses. Still, a long illness is always a costly affair, and those who are living up to a regular annual income should make a point of setting aside a definite sum annually to meet the expenses of possible illness.

A Home for the nurses employed by the Wick Nursing Association was opened last week by Sheriff Stuart, Wick, who formally handed over the custody and control of the building to the Ladies’ Committee of the Association. Mrs. Duff Dunbar, of Ackergill Tower, accepted the Home on behalf of the community. The Home is the gift of Miss Donaldson, Thrumster, who presented £1,000 for the erection of the building, and £500 as part of the endowment. A free site was given by the late Sir John Usher.

A ceremony of much interest took place last week, when Mrs. R. B. Menzies, on behalf of the people of Connel, Taynuilt, and district, Argyllshire, presented Nurse Margaret Williamson with a substantial token of their affection and esteem on the occasion of her leaving Connel for work in the busier centre of Airdrie. The gift took the form of a handsome solid silver flower bowl, tastefully decorated with scroll-work, and bearing an inscription in commemoration of the occasion. Nurse Williamson has resided at Connel as Queen’s Jubilee Nurse for the past three years, during which time she has won golden opinions, and general regret is felt at her resignation. No class of people meet with more genuine appreciation than do the nurses who care for the sick poor in their own homes. The gratitude of the poor is real and heartfelt.

The French doctors have returned to their own

country very much impressed with the nursing system in this country. The number of patients allotted to the care of each nurse is much smaller than in France, and British nurses have the advantage over the French ones in education and training.

“It is a grand vocation this,” said one of the visitors, “which so many of your women have chosen. Most of them are clever, many of them are beautiful, all have the air of ladies. I make you my compliments of them.”

The visit of these gentlemen has been paid at an auspicious moment in relation to nursing, for a new school is shortly to be inaugurated in Paris by the Minister of the Assistance Publique, and there is a widespread feeling that the French nursing schools need reorganising on modern lines. We hope the reports of our nursing systems which the French visitors will take back with them may be fruitful of good results.

A correspondent writes:—

“How fervently do I echo your words about war! And how absolutely true is your picture of ‘Sentiment, on its fleet steed, following’ the war spirit.

“A thing that often depresses me greatly is to hear the sentimentalists extolling the many virtues which war develops in the soldiers; how often have you not heard it said that ‘war brings out courage, fortitude, patience, and kindness and heroism to comrades’? Short-sighted and narrow sentiment! which does not know that these virtues of courage, fortitude, patience, and kindness are learned by the working man—by the class which furnishes ‘cannon-food’—in his days and years of toil as a humble private in civil life. He takes them into battle and on the march; he does not learn them there. Is it not a cruel injustice, is it not a calamity, that he should be so misjudged as to be credited with these qualities only as the influence of war?”

“The truth is, this popular sentiment knows so little of the real virtues of the poor, that when it sees them on the stage of war it imagines them to have been thus first developed.

“Then, for the first time, these men have an audience for their deeds. But through lives of obscure toil they are patient, cheerful, heroic, and kind to their neighbours—unnoticed and unpraised. This seems to me a truth that nurses ought to help bring to light; they who are so familiar with the lives of working people might do much in correcting this tragic and ridiculous error.

“Then how hideous to know that these men, naturally kind, patient, and helpful, are driven against one another and compelled to wild orgies of slaughter, when, often enough, they do not even know why they are fighting. Was it not pathetic, the question of the Russian soldier, ‘Little father, why are the Japanese so angry with us?’?”

“Would that nurses might help to teach the truth that in useful service to mankind there is room for all virtues and true courage to develop!”

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)