

time I staunched the bleeding of a bad cut, and dressed it for him. He is but one of many such that I have come across—that any nurse may come across. Let us all remember one thing, a kind word as often proves as great a healing balm to an embittered spirit as medicine and the pageantry of surgical science to the wounded, stricken body. Give cheery sympathy as well as the best of your professional skill, and your efforts will be doubly appreciated, not only by “derelicts,” but by all who fall beneath your care.

MARY C. FAIR.

### Reminiscences.

#### MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

She was a “new pro.,” very new indeed she felt in every sense of the word. Her uniform was brand new, her ideas of hospital life had a breezy freshness about them, not unmingled at times with a tear and a sigh as she thought (if she had time to think at all!) of the many things which somehow would go wrong in spite of all her endeavours. She knew she must be a worry to everybody—from the Ward Sister, who meant to be so kind but who looked so severe, down to the little senior pro., her chum, who helped her out of many a difficulty.

Where were all those glorious ideals of being such a comfort to others? She had told her people what a beautiful life a nurse’s was that she would give up her art, her selfish ambitions, everything, in fact, for what she considered the one and only life for a woman! And here she was, in a big London hospital, going through the daily hum-drum, common-place dusting, polishing, cleaning, etc.—all the trials, in fact, of a pro.’s first duties. Her hands were no longer small and white, her face was losing its fresh colour, but as she went busily to work her eyes would soften as she looked at the poor sufferers lying in those white neat beds all around her. It was the men’s medical ward! How awkward and shy she had felt that first morning, when the Staff Nurse had greeted her with the words: “So you are the new pro.,” and she had had to face the ordeal of washing the patient in No. 10 bed. He was an old man, just recovering from a bad attack of pleurisy. She marvelled at his wonderful patience, his gratitude for the smallest service rendered, and she longed to know more about him—what his home was like, if he had a wife and children, and if he were *very* poor! She was soon to know *how* poor he was. Never will she forget the little incident which happened one morning during the first month of her train-

ing. She had washed him as usual, and as she was preparing to depart with her basin of water she heard the old man call her. Turning quickly she saw him pull a red pocket handkerchief from under his pillow, in the corner of which something evidently precious was knotted carefully. With difficulty the poor old wrinkled hands undid the knot and drew a penny from its hiding-place. “Take it, nurse,” he said, “it is all I have. I am going out to-day, and you have been good to me.”

What was that strange lump she felt rising in her throat, and was that a mist before her eyes?

“Thank you, Daddy,” she said, “I *will* take it, and will always keep it to remember you by.”

When Daddy next looked at his red handkerchief, there, strange to say, was a bright half-crown, knotted as carefully as the penny had been, in the corner.

PADDY.

### Legal Matters.

#### THE MANAGEMENT OF NURSING HOMES.

A case of considerable interest in medical and nursing circles was tried last week at Westminster County Court before his Honour Judge Woodfall, when Dr. E. H. Chittenden, of Ovington Square, S.W., sued Mr. G. L. Salano, of Park Lane, for £30 for medical fees and services rendered. The defendant counter-claimed for £60 on the ground that the plaintiff advised him to go into a nursing home, the staff of which was wholly inefficient, and that the plaintiff must have known it was not a fit place for him to stay in.

Dr. Chittenden said he had been attending the defendant since 1900. In July, 1904, he went into a nursing home for an operation. On the second day he complained that his meals were not punctually supplied, and his medicine was not given properly; later in the week the defendant again complained. Subsequently he arranged for the patient’s removal to the house of some friends in Egerton Crescent. On the 25th he received a message to go to the defendant, but as he was engaged he asked Dr. Lowe to go. He called on the 27th, when he found that another doctor had been called in and that he was not wanted.

In cross-examination the witness admitted that the defendant told him that when in the home he rang for the nurse one night. When she came he had to struggle and turn round in bed and switch off the light because the nurse would not come in as she was in her nightdress.

Dr. Harold Lowe, Dr. Howard Tooth, and Dr. H. D. Rolleston supported the plaintiff’s treatment.

Miss Elizabeth Pinder, proprietress of the nursing home, said that the defendant had complained that she was uncivil to him on one occasion. She told him she was not aware of it. He was a difficult patient—irritable, nervous, and fidgetty. After

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