

the consciousness of the nurse's capability and her firm rule.

"The nurse is the soldier, the sickroom her battle-ground, the doctor her captain.

"She fights the brave fight for her patient, and only those who suffer appreciate her services. But they do appreciate it when the masses of affectionate friends and relatives are cleared away and 'nurse' arrives! No sense of hopeless obligation overburdens, then; you rest thankfully in the feeling you are being attended to in the best possible manner by someone who knows exactly what she is about, and whose business it is to attend to you. The business over, the fee is paid, and nurse departs, leaving you with no undue burden of gratitude or self-reproach."

A Male Nurses' Association has been formed in connection with the National Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy, Bloomsbury, the membership of which is confined to male nurses who have been fully trained at the hospital. Masseurs are also sent out by the association, who in all circumstances work under the direction of a medical man.

A conference of representatives of Worcester, Gloucester, and Bristol was held recently at the Shire Hall, Gloucester, to consider the desirability of adopting a scheme for the temporary transfer or loan of nurses between isolation hospital authorities, to meet the fluctuating requirements of hospitals for infectious diseases. It was unanimously agreed that such a scheme as that in force in the West Riding of Yorkshire is desirable, and that one should be prepared for the combined counties of Worcester and Gloucester and the county borough of Bristol. A committee was appointed to consider details and report to a future meeting.

A presentation was recently made at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital of a purse of fifty-five sovereigns to Sister Bessey, who is about to retire after thirty-eight years' service. She entered the hospital for training in 1868 and was appointed Sister in 1875. In addition to the present, the Board of Management has also recognised her work by granting her a small pension. The medical staff has presented Sister Bessey with a silver tea service.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Governors of the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary it was stated that their special thanks were due to their esteemed Matron, Miss Sparshott, as she had had much extra work to do with the rearrangement of her staff rendered necessary by the opening of the new Ophthalmic block, which adds one more splendidly arranged department to this fine county hospital.

The Hospital World.

THE COUNTRY BRANCH OF THE ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN WITH HIP DISEASE, EAST CLANDON. NEAR GUILDFORD.

FROM DAWN TO DAWN.

Somewhere to the west of London, in the midst of green fields and undulating downs, stands a red-and-white building with great glass doors opening on to a verandah, and up and down the road past the building whiz motors of all kinds all the day long.

Out on the verandah are a row of little beds, and in each little bed lies a child, for this is a children's country hospital.

The people passing in the motors wave to the children, and the children wave their hands and shout to the people in the motors.

And somewhere lurking in the background is a big black dog with his red tongue lolling out, and there is also a white rabbit behind the scenes who pops out unexpectedly, like a jack-in-the-box, from dark corners.

This place is full of surprises, but let us rise with the dawn and peep in with the first faint streak of daylight, when eyes are slowly opening, and thoughts are coming back reluctantly from dreamland, and only the night nurse and the dog are yet on duty bound.

The blinds are all up, and the bright and beautiful morning star is peeping in through the ward windows.

"Nun'ella" (meant for Nurse Ella) pipes a tiny voice, "look at that tar" (star) and a fair curly head wags from side to side on its pillow.

"Nella, nu'nella" (infantile variations of the name Nurse Ella) pipes a voice from the other end, and the nurse hurries up to see what is the matter.

A clock strikes and nurse begins her morning's work by waking the hospital. Servants, nurses, children, all in their turn.

In the meantime ward work is getting on apace, and by seven o'clock all the children are wide awake and ready for prayers and breakfast.

Prayers in the ward for the household first, then the children's breakfast and then the real morning's work, washing and bed-making, commences. As each bed is finished it is wheeled out by its nurse into the sheltered sunny verandah.

These beds are easily moved by one person because, instead of casters, they are mounted on little wheels with rubber tyres, and the verandah itself is on a level with the ward.

"Make me fust tomorrer," pleads a little voice as its owner sees a triumphant neighbour being borne off to some coveted corner.

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