

Reflections.

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany last week laid the foundation stone of the new hospital at Lewes.

The Lord Mayor has received a letter from Lord Sandhurst, Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, stating that the Governors feel very seriously the heavy burdens of rates to which the buildings used in connection with the charity are subjected, and asking that, if the Governors promote a Bill in Parliament for exemption from rates, they may receive the support of the Corporation in their effort to obtain relief. The request will be submitted to the Corporation.

A bed has been endowed in the Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, by Lady McIlwraith, in memory of her husband, the late Hon. Sir Thomas McIlwraith, formerly Premier of Queensland.

At the Conference of Charity Organisation Societies, held last week at Malvern, Dr. Hawkes, in dealing with the after-treatment of defective children, said he was in favour of school clinics, children to be sent to a specially-equipped building which would serve a group of schools. To make healthy men and women and good citizens they should be instructed by the State how to live that health could be maintained even amid questionable surroundings if due regard were paid to ventilation and cleanliness.

A report has been issued to the members of the Edinburgh School Board dealing with the medical inspection of school children, and suggesting that children should undergo three searching medical examinations, one at the outset of their school life, one at a stated period in the school career, and the third on leaving school. It is understood that two assistant medical inspectors will be appointed.

At last, after a vast amount of turmoil and obstruction, the Glasgow Corporation has decided to take action about the most unsatisfactory "Ruchill affair." At a meeting on Thursday, 10th inst., a petition promoted by Woodside Municipal Association, and containing 18,000 signatures, was submitted, calling upon the corporation to appoint an independent inquiry into the administration of Ruchill Hospital from the date of the last Local Government Board inquiry up to the present date. In spite of the assurance of the Convener of the Health Committee that the affairs of Ruchill were going on satisfactorily, the Corporation, by 34 votes to 15, adopted a motion accepting the petition and remitting it to a Special Committee to be appointed at next meeting for consideration and report. It is high time this matter was discussed in the open, and the real cause of grievance removed.

A Nurse's Ghost Story.

It has always been my wish from the time I was a tiny child to thoroughly investigate some ghost story, to spend a night in some haunted house or churchyard; but, since the occurrence I am about to relate, I have no such desire—indeed, I hope my acquaintance with the spirit world, whilst I am in the flesh, may be the most remote possible, and I sincerely trust it may end with this one uncanny experience.

I was nursing a case for a doctor who kept me always busy and knew me well, of pleurisy and pneumonia—an old lady, a doctor's widow, whom I had known from infancy. She was as ill as she could be, and I gave her the best care I possibly could.

Her two servants, who had lived with her a number of years, slept in an attic, two flights away from where I was nursing my patient. I objected to their remoteness, as my patient was so very ill, and I might want them to fetch the doctor; but nothing he or I could say would induce them to sleep on the next landing, so I had to hope for the best. All the rooms on the next flight below the maids were unused. Then, on the next floor, came the drawing-room, my patient's, and my rooms. About ten or twelve stairs from her door led down to a little ante-room, where were hot and cold water, and where a quantity of china and glass were stored. This room had a staircase from it leading into the greenhouse, and the other front staircase was continued down to the dining and breakfast rooms, the latter of which opened into the conservatory.

One night, when the old lady was at her worst, I had occasion to fetch more water from this little ante-room. It was about 2 a.m., and, needless to say, I was not sleepy or even drowsy, for not a moment was I able to be still. I took the toilet jug whilst she seemed inclined to dose, and prepared to get the water. The gas on the stairs was burning dimly, and I had no need of other light. Arrived at the top of the stairs, I looked ahead at the ante-room door, and there, to my utter horror, I saw the figure of a man in his nightshirt, with his bare legs and feet below, and a nightcap on his head. I suppose I have my nursing training to thank that I did not scream or faint. Anyway, I realised it was the old doctor's spirit—(I still remembered him; he had often given me pennies as a child)—and I pulled myself together with an effort and fetched the water, feeling a chill pass over me as I got close to the place where the figure still was. I felt, though as I approached quite near, I could no longer see him. Where was my boasted courage now? Quite gone! I felt

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)