

first came under her, and never forgot either, which was a gift possessed by few of the other Sisters. She became Matron after, and about six of us, who became nurses about the same time, called ourselves "Sister Monica's own." She was always vexed if a nurse tried to excuse herself when reprimanded, but if one waited patiently to the end of her lecture, she would always say, "Why did you do so, nurse?" or something similar, and so give one opportunity to offer explanation or extenuating circumstances. We were rather a young lot of probationers, and after the stern discipline and strict etiquette of the wards, were apt to play childish tricks when off duty. On one occasion we dressed up a dummy nurse. (She had no face, poor thing, but someone lent a tail of false hair!) One probationer suggested the dummy should be put into the dormitory passage to trick Night Sister when she came along to see that our lights were all out. The figure appeared to be kneeling on a chest of drawers, and, oh, our horror when we heard Sister Monica's voice: "Who is that?" What folly is this "Come down, nurse," etc., etc., till she reached the dummy, but she only said then, "Goodnight, nurses; make haste to bed," and we still do not know what brought her at such an unusual hour on our floor. In those days our uniform dresses were allowed a tail of a certain length, and I well remember having to stand while Sister Monica measured mine, which was found double the allotted number of inches! We were not taught the cost of dressings, etc., but woe betide the probationer found using anything wrongfully or wastefully. "Do you suppose," Sister Monica would say in her severest tone, "that charitable people give their money to this hospital that you may waste things like that?" And I am glad to say I still hear it passed occasionally from one of my private patients to another that "nurse is not extravagant."

A great contrast to Sister Monica in appearance and most other things was Sister Winifred. She was tall, somewhat colourless, and placid. She gave us our first (and almost only) lectures, and she certainly taught us patiently and well. Based on Blackie's school series, she gave us lectures on physiology which, as we understood and remembered them, made a splendid foundation for any after knowledge. She always went over the old lecture before going further, and never thought it a trouble to explain away or correct our mistakes. Sister Winifred would also give an occasional lecture on any special case, such as the only (so far as my experience goes) case of hydrophobia. To her we mostly went for such information as we

desired, and she would always tell us, or say, "I don't know, nurse; but I will look it up or ask one of the doctors." She was excellent in theory, but not very practical. I have vivid recollections of my agitation when, from the kindest motives, she would come to help me make beds if the ward were extra heavy, but she would not put the middle crease of the sheet exactly in the middle of the bed, nor did an inch or so difference in the distance of the counterpane from the floor concern her. But we all loved her, and I think she taught us nearly all the theory we learned.

Then there was Sister Julia, who used to scare me nearly out of my wits. She would come and stand *very* close to one, and say, with a stern mouth and a fixed eye, "Nurse, did you do so and so?" "Yes, Sister." Then, with an out-of-your-own-mouth-will-I-condemn-you sort of air, the mouth still sterner and the eye more fixed, "You are sure you did?" With a feeling of guilt and horror, I would meekly say again, "Yes, Sister." "Oh, that's all right, then; I was afraid you might forget!" And with a smile and benign eye she would waddle away, leaving me to recover; but it was some time before I used to her ways.

Sister Mary was another old Sister, and (as success went in those days) successful surgical nurse. She was adored by most of the patients and nurses who came under her, but, to my mind, she was too nunlike and sexless to be sympathetic; she always seemed to be above the petty joys and sorrows of every day. We had among our Sisters a fair number who were members of good families, and perhaps that is why there are fewer peculiarities to write about, since education in their day tended to turn out women more of one pattern.

E. M. DICKSON.

## Our Prize Competition.

### THE PRETTIEST PATIENT.

We have pleasure in announcing that our prize of 10s. for a photograph and description of "The Prettiest Patient" has been awarded to Miss Newton, Queen's Nurse, Carrickfergus, co. Antrim, Ireland, for the photograph and description of "A Child of Erin."

The photograph of "A Small Damsel of Three Summers," sent by Miss K. Mary Hull, 22, High Street, Manchester Square, W., is also accorded honourable mention. We hope to publish the Prize Photograph next week.

We also consider that the photographs sent by Miss Metcalfe, Miss E. James, and Miss Oliver should be highly commended.

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