

enough for his needs. A sickly travesty of true charity.

The Board of the Kimberley Hospital, South Africa, at the annual meeting, congratulated the subscribers on the success of the institution as a training school for nurses, which is proved by the successes achieved by the nurses during the year. During the absence of Miss Gibson, the Matron, on six months holiday, the duties were most satisfactorily performed by Miss J. C. Child, who has now taken a Government appointment in Basutoland with the best wishes of the Board.

The Executive Committee of the Ceylon Nursing Association report that by the addition of four Nursing Sisters secured through the Colonial Nursing Association, the Staff now consists of a Matron and ten Sisters, a proof of the way in which the services of nurses, once provided for a community, are appreciated. The Association was founded only 16 years ago by a few public spirited ladies with a single nurse. The accommodation at the Home is now quite inadequate, and it is estimated that a sum of £4,000 is required for the necessary extensions, including the Nurses' Quarters, a Maternity Ward, and a Surgical Ward, and thanks to their Excellencies Sir Henry and Lady McCullum and other good friends, it seems probable that the whole of this sum will shortly be collected.

Miss Wald and Miss Waters, from the Nurses' Settlement, New York, have gone to Japan. Training schools for nurses in Japan owe much to sound American teaching.

In *The Nursing Journal of India*, "C.R.M." tells the following little tale under the heading of "Nurses Beware!":—"In one of the large hospitals in Bombay a nurse sat watching a patient who was seriously ill. Down swooped a crow, picked up a clinical thermometer, and sitting on a ledge out of reach, regarded the nurse provokingly. 'Oh, crow,' cried the nurse, 'let me have my thermometer; it is a half-minute one, and I shall have to pay for it,' but the crow only croaked, 'Oh, no, Nurse; what is the use of my living so close to the hospital, and watching the doctors and nurses all day long, if I do not learn anything? Now I shall be able to take the temperatures of all the sick crows in our neighbourhood,' and, winking maliciously at the nurse, away he flew. The nurse thought it hard that she should have to pay for the thermometer, but the hospital is a Government one, with plenty of red tape

about, and on inquiry it was found that there exists no fund for replacing articles stolen by crows! Therefore nurses, beware! Those in authority only smiled, saying, 'The thermometer should have been put in a safe place, out of reach of a crow.' " Query, but where?

"The Dauphines of France," by Mr. Frank Hanel, is a work of entrancing interest—these wives of the heirs to the French Throne—themselves not always interesting, are made so by the circumstances of the times in which they played a more or less forceful part.

Marie-Josèph de Saxe, the mother of the last three Bourbon kings, with only two dauphines of France to follow her, was the second wife of the son of Louis XV. Her husband died of small-pox in the life-time of his father, and Marie-Josèph insisted on acting as his nurse, and remained with him day and night. "I am no longer dauphine," she remarked to those who uttered remonstrance. "I am nothing but a sick nurse." When they begged her to consider her own health, she replied, "What would it matter if I died, provided that he lives, and that France owes him to my tenderness and care. There are plenty of other dauphines to be had if it should cost my whole self to save the dauphin."

Apparently there were brusque medicos in those days. The specialist Pousse was called in to attend the King's son. He knew very little of the Court, and, seeing Marie-Josèph by the bedside, dressed in very plain clothes, he gave instructions that her orders were to be closely followed, because she seemed to anticipate all the patient's requirements. Then he turned to her and said brusquely, "What's your name, nurse?" Another medical attendant replied for her, and upon hearing she was the dauphine, Pousse, nothing taken aback, cried, "Ah, well, when I see our smart Parisian ladies, playing the *précieuse*, and fearing to enter their husband's sick-room, I will send them to learn in this school."

The dauphin was not told the disease from which he suffered, but suspecting the truth, he asked his wife to embrace him, believing she would refuse if his surmises were correct. But she did as he asked without showing the slightest sign of fear or repulsion.

Magnificent and costly fêtes celebrated his recovery, although throughout France the people were starving. Some years later Marie-Josèph lost her husband from consumption, and she never became Queen of France.

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