

Teresina came upon the scene. Then a passionate desire for vengeance took possession of her. As she had lived in her wild love, so now she lived in her fierce jealousy. "Nannina," he had said, "go your way; we were not made for each other," and he had cruelly laughed. It was that laugh which drove her to plunge the knife into Teresina's soft body. Then fear assailed her and she fled, only to fall under the knife of the beloved.

The bodies of the two young creatures lie side by side in the gloom of the mortuary chapel, and the bell is tolling. Presently the warm-hearted, tragedy-loving neighbours will rush in by scores, and there will be much tearing of hair, much screaming and lamenting in high-pitched voices. Then quiet again, and the tragedy will be merged in the daily recurring new ones—all more or less on the same lines.

(This incident occurred last night in the Pellegrini Hospital, Naples.)

"A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE."

By MISS EMILY MARSHALL.

I had joined an Association and was waiting to be sent to a private case.

One night in a dream I found myself nursing a patient in an old country mansion, and attached to the spacious grounds surrounding it was an old wood. In my dream I wandered about until I came to a hollow, in the centre of which was a large black-looking pool of water. The surroundings were most rugged and wild-looking, roots of old trees growing out of the earth, rabbit holes, etc. Suddenly a dreadful-looking man appeared, and I fled back to the house for safety, and awoke to find it was only a dream.

A few days afterwards I was sent to a case in the country, and after driving 7 miles from the nearest railway station I arrived at a beautiful old mansion. The next day my patient's daughter suggested my walking around the grounds, saying, "We have 365 acres—as many days as there are in a year," and added, "Do go into the wood!" She also directed me. I found my way to the little gate, the entrance, and after walking along the old mossy paths for some distance I suddenly recalled my dream; even the black dirty pool of water was there. It all seemed so uncanny I actually got nervous, and was very glad to find myself back again at the house, needless to say, long before I was expected. I related my story to my patient's daughter, and remarked that the only thing missing was the murderer. She replied, "Now that is very curious, as that black pool is always called 'The Murderer's Pool.'"

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THE MODERN MATERNITY NURSE.

Mrs. Florence Willey, M.D., said many wise things when addressing the Trained Maternity Nurses' Association at 33, Strand, W.C., on Friday, February 23rd.

The first qualification of the good nurse is, said Dr. Willey, born, not acquired—*i.e.*, a qualification of character—*selflessness*—which means that she must be the kind of person who always has an outward, and not an inward, outlook. Self-consciousness is a fatal failing in a nurse. She should look out on the needs of others, with the desire to help. In other words, she should have sympathy, which literally means "feeling with"—a characteristic which makes the nursing profession one of the noblest.

Power of Observation. This, remarked the speaker, is a quality which people possess in extraordinarily different degrees. She instanced an experiment made by the late Miss Buss (Principal of the North London Collegiate School for Girls), who took a number of girls one day into her own private room, which, as a rule, none of them entered, and left them there for half an hour. When they returned to the lecture room she directed them to write an essay on "What I Saw in Miss Buss' Room." Some had seen nothing. Other girls who had the quality of observation—*i.e.*, of noticing things—wrote their impressions, which varied greatly.

Dr. Willey pointed out that those persons who have not the power of observation strongly developed can do much to educate it, and that for a nurse it is well worth practising. A doctor is entirely dependent upon her power of observation, and patients who endure most suffering do not always say so. She should observe whether a patient is in pain; if so, how the pain comes on, how long he sleeps, and whether the sleep is peaceful. As to posture, the position in which he lies. A good nurse sees in what position he is naturally most comfortable. In all details of this kind she is the doctor's only channel of information, and if she is not observant she is useless.

Accuracy is another essential quality in a nurse, and is much more difficult of attainment than the majority of people think. We all have an idea that we speak the truth; as a matter of fact, nobody in the world speaks the truth or describes anything exactly as it happens. For this reason it is most important that

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