

very strange. Do you know, I think it's a great pity we know so much about germs. Now in our grandmothers' day, no one knew anything about them, and I expect they got on just as well, or they died at once; now you see they can keep you alive to suffer. Really, I think it's a mistake. I think I ought to be going. I hope I have not tired you? Good-bye! I hope you will soon be well again."

What did she mean, that I was going to be kept alive to suffer this terrible pain, or that it was a mistake on my part not to die at once? Not cheerful, either way.

My next visitor was Miss Green: "How are you, my dear nurse? You must have thought me a pig to have left you so long, but indeed I sent Edward every day to ask how you were. I have been so worried. You remember Helen, that nice girl I got from London? I thought she was such a treasure, but, like all the rest, she has her faults."

"Well, I suppose you cannot get every virtue under the sun for £24 a year?"

"I give £26, and she is not worth more than £16. She cooks well, but I cannot get her in at night. Last night she stayed out until 11 p.m., and she has a fresh soldier every day, and when I spoke to her about it, she said her own boy had gone to the front, so she had been for a walk with one of his brothers, but you know, my dear, he can hardly have seven or eight brothers all about the same age, and even if he has, I don't see why she should make cakes for them with my flour. I really don't know what I ought to do. What would you do? Would you keep her? And then, you know, she is leading Jane astray: she used to be such a quiet girl; now she is always singing 'Tipperary,' and she walks out with a sailor. I am just worried to death. I do wish this dreadful war was over. Well, how are you, my dear girl? Better! I am glad. Good-bye, dear, I must be going. Now do take care of yourself, and if you should hear of a cook, do let me know."

I had another good soul who told me of all the illnesses her babies had had, what she thought about these illnesses, and what she thought her doctor thought. He, I fancy, would have been astonished had he heard about these thoughts of his.

Then I had the inevitable person who had suffered the same illness as I thought was peculiarly my own. "No, oh no, I had just the same thing as you have, only much worse, but I did not give in; it would have been better for me if I had, but I just made myself go on as though there was nothing the matter."

"But surely you did not walk about and eat ordinary meals with a temperature of 104°?" I said.

"I did not take my temperature. I think if there were no thermometers there would be fewer illnesses. Now, for instance, there is old Colonel Black; he takes his temperature every morning, and if it is above normal, the fuss and the bother is enough to make everyone ill."

Then I had a kind soul who told me I was exactly like her husband's sister-in-law's cousin, who was dying of consumption.

I had some really nice visitors, notably one who had inside news of the war which was much more interesting than the news the daily papers retailed, but on the whole I think my visitors were not conducive to a cheerful frame of mind, and to that charity which tells us to love all men.

I have seen articles in papers upon books for the sick. I think someone might write upon subjects of conversation suitable for sick visiting, and thereby earn the gratitude of the victims.

I was once visiting a patient in a hospital, and could not help being interested in the conversation between an old woman and her husband, the said old woman having been brought in unconscious the day before.

Old Man: "Well, old girl, you have done it this time. I thought you were a goner, I did, and I don't think now that you are out of the wood, and Christmas coming on. I dunno how I'll meet the funeral expenses if you pop off."

Old Woman: "I ain't gone yet, so don't you worry about funeral expenses. Did you bring me a towel and a nightdress?"

Old Man: "No, I didn't, but I brought you two bananas."

Old Woman: "What's the good o' them! I can't dry myself on bananas."

I had to talk to my patient then, so heard no more. They seemed a very friendly couple; they kissed each other at parting, and told each other to take care of themselves. M. H.

#### DISPENSING FOR LADIES.

A representative of this journal recently paid a visit to the Westminster College of Dispensing for Ladies, 112, St. George's Road, S.E., when the details of the training were explained by the Secretary. For many years, ladies have been trained here for the Dispensers' Diploma of the Apothecaries' Society of London. They are instructed in all divisions of practical dispensing and pharmacy and experimental chemistry. A very gratifying measure of success has attended the teaching and also the obtaining of posts after gaining the diploma.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)