

chosen out for that. "There's the spirit and the pluck of which our women are made," said the Bishop.

The V.A.D.s, he said, had shown what they were capable of in service and sacrifice by doing untrained work and picking up bits of experience as they went. But the main line was the trained, registered nurse. On the trained hospital professional nurse all depended. It was, in his opinion, the most beautiful woman's work in the world.

The Right Hon. H. J. Tennant, M.P., Deputy-Chairman of the Hospital, stated with great regret that Lord Derby, who was announced to speak, was unable to be present. He spoke warmly of the wonderful work of the Sisters and nurses of the hospital.

Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., LL.D., said that even the gruff, ungracious Huns had voted the English nurses "lovely."

Alderman G. A. Touche, M.P., in seconding a vote of thanks to the speakers, said that if the best efficiency was to be obtained from nurses, they must be taken care of, and work under the best conditions. Every nurse should have a room of her own and be properly housed. He appealed for funds for a suitable Nursing Home attached to the Great Northern Hospital. It would cost a good deal of money, but there could be no better investment.

The Treasurer, Mr. George Lawson Johnston, announced some very substantial donations.

The Great Northern Central Hospital, situated in the Holloway Road, Islington, may be described as the Life Boat for the North of London, and is the only hospital in a very extensive area. Like many others, a large proportion of its beds are given over to the wounded, and for this purpose the adjoining Public Library has been taken over by the authorities, and very satisfactory wards have been converted from their original use.

The women clerks, numbering 1,500, in the Money Order Department of the neighbouring post office, have generously contributed all the linen and many other articles for use in these wards.

Some convalescent Tommies were busy, when we recently visited the hospital, with quite elaborate needlework, mostly in cross stitch, and one had knitted himself a really splendid grey jersey. The quilts in these wards were of a serviceable texture and colour, so that a tired man might lay himself down without fear of damaging them. Comfort evidently comes first in this department.

The babies' ward is very attractive and in spite of there being many acute and serious cases, the little ones were on the whole a smiling little crew. The uniform of these attractive little people, boys and girls, was white knitted jerseys, knickers and socks, so that little legs could free themselves from hampering bedclothes, and wave in space at will without fear of chill. Some of the little patients on the roof garden of the hospital clad in their woollies were looking like dear little Esquimaux. These said

"woollies" are provided by a society called "Little Deeds of Kindness."

There were many pathetic little sufferers who were the centres of the skill and love of their nurses. Little Tommy "with a hole in his tummy" was well enough to sit up and play with his toys. Many of the hernia operations are nursed without any dressing over the wound, and a simple contrivance for keeping the children's hands out of mischief has been invented by the Matron. An admirable and simple rack for the bottles and teats was also worthy of note.

The circular wards are a feature of this hospital, but they have an unfamiliar look. A corridor containing rooms for private patients, at a maximum inclusive charge of £2 2s. weekly meets a very great and crying need for the poorer middle classes, and it will be easily understood that they are very seldom vacant.

The Matron is Miss A. Bird, trained at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and formerly Night Sister at University College Hospital.

Though the work of this hospital is at all times most strenuous, and at the present moment largely increased, she feels it a privilege to be doing what is a very big "bit," and has evidently a thorough grasp of the various departments under her direction.

H. H.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "THE PARK WALL."\*

The park wall enclosed little Alice in the dull environment of a large and prosperous family, none of whom in the least understood her. "Alice-Alone" she was nicknamed later on, and this name fitted in with the greater part of her life. She was the odd one of the family, coming midway between the elder and the younger. The three elder had their tea in the schoolroom, but Alice always managed to be where there was any unpleasantness. When they put on their clean starched frocks, Nurse rubbed soap round the necks of the two tinies to soften them, but the tucker and sleeves cut like circular saws into Alice's plump person; while the nurserymaid who had been scolded tugged at the tangles in her soft, dark hair. "Never mind, Mattie," she said, "I'll give you my new bead necklace." "As if I wanted any of your rubbish!" answered Matilda tartly. "I never did see such a child for sucking up, no, never."

Alice Ingpen's love-story was as unlike the ordinary accepted idea of such things as a tropical cyclone is unlike the tranquil unfolding of the English seasons.

Ralph Towers saw her for the first time, "a barrier of scarlet and crimson and grey, a mist of dark hair haloed by the sun at the back of it, and a round, rosy face like a pink double daisy, topped by a quaint little round black felt hat. He further

\* By Elinor Mordaunt. Cassell & Co., London.

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