

## THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

King's College Hospital, having decided to admit ladies on the Committee of Management, have now elected Lady Hambleton, the chairman of the Ladies' Association in connection with the Hospital, and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Henley, who was associated with the Child Welfare work of the hospital during the war.

We congratulate the authorities of the hospital on recognition of the principle that woman should have seats on the Committee.

## THE END OF THE SACK.

BY A TRAINED NURSE.

I live in an out-of-the-way village on the sea coast, less than a hundred miles from London. We have no railway station nearer than seven miles away, and we are six miles from the nearest doctor. Till quite recently we had no district nurse, and when a Nursing Association was formed it was at first quite difficult to overcome the opposition and prejudice of the villagers. Our village is so far from the haunts of men that you can find grown-up men and women who have never been in a train, and most of the children have never seen a 'bus. We live at the end of the seven-mile road which leads nowhere else except to the sea, so that you might describe our village as "the end of the sack."

Before the advent of the nurse we were several times called upon to render first aid. One night, just as we were in bed, stones were thrown up at the window.

I went to it and called down :

"What is it?"

A voice replied

"Please will you come to my missus? She's bleeding to death."

No further information was forthcoming, and the box of bandages and lint was got out in readiness for whatever the injury might prove to be. Fortunately, the cottage was not far away. The case proved to be a burst varicose ulcer, and the only attempt the woman had made to stop the bleeding was to put her leg up on a chair. She was soon made comfortable and the fright of the family soothed, for the whole lot of them were in tears.

It transpired that a few years ago, before I lived here, a woman actually did bleed to death from a burst varicose ulcer. It is a pity that no one learnt from that disaster how simple a matter it is to stop the bleeding.

Early one morning, about four o'clock, there was a loud knocking at the front door. An agitated voice asked :

"Is there a trained nurse here?"

"Well, there is a lady who used to be a nurse. What is the matter?"

"Can you come to a lady who has been taken suddenly ill?"

"What is the matter with her?"

"I don't know. She is in great pain and we don't know what to do for her. She is staying at Crossways Farm."

Hot fomentations and the giving of an enema relieved the acute pain of the patient till a telegram could be sent to the doctor. Too much sea bathing and sitting about in a wet bathing gown was the cause of that sudden illness.

One morning I enquired as usual of the woman who comes in to do rough work for us how her little grandchild of about three months was.

To my utter amazement, she burst out crying, and said :

"It's dead, Miss."

"Dead?" I echoed.

"Yes, Miss. It had a fit last night and died."

"But why didn't you come in to us? We might have been able to do something."

"Oh, I didn't like to trouble you, Miss."

Nothing had been done for the poor, wee thing; no warm bath given, no hot flannels or anything.

The following year the new baby had arrived at about the same age, when a messenger came rushing in.

"Please will you come to the baby? It's dying."

It was the plum season, and the mother having partaken of plum tart and the baby being seized with gripes, a whole teaspoonful of castor oil had been administered with direful results. A doctor was staying with us at the time and took a very gloomy view of the baby's chances. It had collapsed, and was apparently at the point of death. However, one drop of brandy and the application of hot flannels brought it round.

About three months later, or less, he was ill again. This time, as he was cutting a tooth, he had been given a green apple to suck. A green apple is a favourite remedy here for teething troubles. I have never met with it anywhere else.

This time I gave the mother a good talking to, whereupon she said plaintively :

"I can't think why my baby can't take things like other children. There's my friend's little boy, Reggie, always has had a bit of whatever they had; he'd cry for cheese before he was a year old, and they'd give him cockles to suck before he could talk. And look what a healthy child he is!"

Funnily enough, some of them do survive. But how much of the bad teeth and other troubles from which the school children suffer is due to this early feeding, it would take someone more eloquent than myself to convince them.

Perhaps the district nurse will be able to do so!

## A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

Whoever may

Discern true ends here shall grow pure enough

To love them, brave enough to strive for them,  
And strong enough to reach them, though the  
road be rough.

E. B. Browning.

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