

It is a pity when presiding at hospital functions women should talk twaddle, it reflects upon the intelligence of the sex. Lady Tree is reported to have remarked at a meeting of the West London Hospital Ladies Association "that association had existed long before the women got the vote, and that showed that women were able to do good work without having the vote, which she had never approved their having. Indeed, she thought that that association could never have been so successful as it had been had the members been mixed up with political matters."

Our hospitals deal with matters of national importance including the nation's health—to say nothing of life and death—and although we do not desire to minimise the value of dusters and other domestic appliances, we agree with Mr. Justice Salter, who stated at the same meeting, "women have made good their right to take part in public affairs."

Somehow we have never associated Lady Tree with the modest violet, or imagined she would wish to rank with lunatics, paupers and children before the law—the unenfranchised classes in the community!

At the annual meeting of the North of England Children's Sanatorium, Dr. Blumberg recently spoke with great understanding on linking up the child's imagination as an antidote to morbid influences.

In the medical report, Dr. Blumberg remarked: "In submitting the medical report for the year 1920, to your notice, I propose to touch briefly upon the general nature of the ailments treated during that period in this hospital. About a third of the 'cases' may be classified as debility resulting from acute diseases such as pneumonia and bronchitis, or simply due to constitutional delicacy, faulty feeding or unfavourable environments. These types for the most part recover rapidly here. Fresh air, suitable feeding, and cod liver oil constitute the 'triple alliance' which is all-powerful in bringing about this happy transformation. More difficult to treat, and less responsive to therapeutic agents, are tubercular joint diseases, and chronic glandular lesions. The average duration of a child's stay here, namely, three weeks, is too short a period to obtain improvement in cases such as these. Children suffering from heart disease, rheumatism, and gastro-intestinal troubles on the other hand make good progress. During August and September we had a number of French children as in-patients. They hailed from Valenciennes and the neighbourhood, and had suffered the hardships and privations of war. It is gratifying to state that even the most delicate and ailing among them soon put on flesh and regained their vitality. Mlle. Gonthier, who was in charge of the little party, established most amicable relations with the Matron and staff, and kind friends under the auspices of the Red Cross succeeded in establishing a veritable Entente Cordiale with our 'little visitors' by means of picnics, drives, and entertainments. I am sure that every doctor who has had a prolonged experi-

ence of suffering children will agree with me that the most successful treatment is a combination of the therapeutic and the psychological. It is not enough to comprehend a child pathologically, one must endeavour to appreciate it, so to speak, spiritually. Each little girl and boy is a law and a mystery, and a wonder unto itself. It behoves us to respect that law, explore that mystery, admire that wonder. Children's hospitals in the future will, I venture to predict, be conducted less mechanically and more artistically. Every child possesses the fairy gift of imagination, though sometimes, like the 'Sleeping Beauty,' it has to be awakened. For this imagination is one of the dynamic forces of life. In contrast to the merely vegetative quality of existence it is a royal road to self-expression and evolution, and tends to become, if properly guided, an antidote to morbid influences. Let it be our constant endeavour to arouse and nurture it. Help us to beautify our wards with flowers and singing birds. Camouflage, as far as you can, the medical and surgical aspects with a silver lining. Bring toys and picture books, and above all, a smiling face. For, who can gauge the efficacy of a kind word, a ray of colour, a sweet harmony in turning gloom to gladness, disease to health? In conclusion, I wish to make recognition of the work our Matron has done for us. I cannot express my admiration too much for her wonderful powers of organisation, untiring energy and devotion."

TRUE TALES IN PRE-HISTORIC TIMES.

1.
During an influenza-epidemic a raw probationer was sent as Night Nurse in charge of an Accident Ward. On reporting herself to the Sister, a lady of the old school, she received the following orders and instructions:—"They've shown you w'ere things is kep'; there aint nobody as'll want a shroud; don't you let the cat run out. Good night."

2.
The chaplain was about to hold a service in a ward. He noticed that a certain bed was empty, and jumped to the conclusion that the occupant had died. So he gave an address on the shortness and uncertainty of life, and wound up with these words: "God grant, dear brethren, that we may go whither this our brother has gone," indicating the vacant bed. Unfortunately, "this our brother" had developed erysipelas, and had been moved that morning to the erysipelas ward.

3.
The same chaplain was visiting a Medical Ward. The patient in the first bed said "Good morning, Sir," and awaited spiritual consolation. The chaplain looked at the Diet Board and said: "Ah, I see, they have put you on greens. You have much for which to thank your Heavenly Father. Good morning."

4.
Another chaplain was sent for to visit an apparently moribund street Arab. He began by hoping that the Arab was a good little boy, who said his prayers? The Arab was bored and replied, "You git aout!" Much grieved, the chaplain tried to explain to the boy that perhaps he might be going to die. The boy was by this time annoyed, and replied: "Wot's me death got to do with you, any 'ow? 'Ave you got a pal in the coffin line?" It is cheering to relate that the boy recovered.

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