

## HOSPITAL WORLD.

So far £62,000 has been received at the Mansion House as the result of the church and chapel collections on Hospital Sunday.

Mr. Basil H. Pain, M.B., the Public Vaccinator, Tonbridge Union, advocates, in *The Times*, that the authorities should allow all qualified medical practitioners to apply for and use the excellent Government calf lymph in their private practices when vaccinating their patients. He believes if this were permitted it would help to stamp out smallpox. A very valuable recommendation.

The annual meeting of the British Medical Association will be held at Portsmouth from July 20th to 28th, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Childe, of Southsea. The representative body meets from July 20th to 24th, to discuss the politics of the medical profession and domestic matters.

Captain Elliott, M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary of Health for Scotland, will deliver a popular lecture on "Assimilation—or Food and Health."

Horsham Hospital, with thirty beds, which has been erected at a cost of £15,000, has been opened by Lord Leconfield. The Hospital takes the place of the Cottage Hospital, of twelve beds, erected in 1892.

Cocaine valued at half a million dollars, which had been sent out from Germany for distribution in Canada and the States, has been seized at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on instructions from Scotland Yard.

## SPLINTERS FROM THE CROSS.

Little headaches, little heartaches,  
 Little griefs of every day,  
 Little trials and vexations,  
 How they throng around our way!  
 One great cross, immense and heavy,  
 So it seems to our weak will,  
 Might be borne with resignation,  
 But these many small ones kill.  
 Yet all life is formed of small things,  
 Little leaves make up the trees,  
 Many tiny drops of water,  
 Blending, make the mighty seas.  
 So these many little burdens  
 Pressing on our hearts so hard,  
 All uniting, form a life's work,  
 Meriting a grand reward.  
 Let us not, then, by impatience  
 Mar the beauty of the whole,  
 But, for love of Jesus, bear all  
 In the silence of our soul.  
 Asking Him for grace sufficient  
 To sustain us through each loss,  
 And to treasure each small offering  
 As a splinter from His Cross.

—From "The Canadian Nurse."

## COMING EVENTS.

July 20th.—Meeting General Nursing Council for England and Wales, Ministry of Health, Whitehall, S.W. 2.30 p.m.

July 28th.—Meeting of the Royal Northern Hospital Nurses' League. Board Room of the Hospital. 3 p.m.

July 30th to August 1st.—Meeting Executive Committee, International Council of Nurses, Copenhagen, Denmark.

August 6th to 10th.—Scandinavian Nursing Congress, Christiania.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "BEANSTALK"\*

There is an abundance of interesting material in Mrs. Henry Dudeney's book, and she well understands the art of story telling, so that those of our readers who enjoy light literature will have their tastes gratified in "Beanstalk." Though relatively we have classed it as light literature, it is by no means to be despised on that account; it abounds in human interest and charming, convincing description of country farming life. Just the book to take away for the holidays.

"Martha" is the unromantic name of the heroine, just twenty when the story opens, the only daughter of well-to-do suburban folk living at West Norwood.

"Martha and her mother were so alike—little, yet sturdy. They expressed in their bodies the healthy thickness of the name Martha. Petite, yet not airy. Mrs. Palliser, therefore, was already a bit squat, and Martha's legs were very plump. They had warm brown hair and warm brown eyes, with a complexion inclining to russet."

Not a very alluring description either, but Martha holds the field all the way.

She had the evening before become engaged to young Randolph, and was waiting for him to call for her and her parents in his new motor-car, and after the picnic luncheon on the Sussex Downs by the sea Randolph was to get papa's consent.

He did. All went well, and Martha had never been so happy in her life. She was so simple and young, so unaware of the many ingredients which go to make up joy and woe.

On the way back from this red-letter afternoon there was a motor accident. Father, mother, and young Randolph were killed, and poor happy little Martha badly injured. This concludes Part I.

Martha's godmother lived in her comfortable country fashion. She lived in a big house, and so gave a lot of work to the village and brought a lot of custom to the little shops.

She was full of kindness, complacence, and bustle. The villagers looked after her high cart, which she drove herself, and grinned.

On the occasion in question she was fussed about Robert Shoosmith's wife, who was on the

\* By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (W. Collins & Son, London.)

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