

LEGACIES TO NURSES.

Mrs. Marion Blowers of the Bungalow, Lee on the Solent, left £300 and the use of the bungalow and contents to Miss Sabina Green Badland, her late husband's nurse.

Commander Edward Pardoe Powell, R.N. of Merrivale Place, Ross, Herefordshire, left £100 to Miss Amy Quick "to whose most careful nursing and attention my wife, by God's blessing, owes her life."

Canon John Sikes Sa bridge, of Thelnetham, left £50 to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Garner, nurse.

Mr. John Craster Sampson, of Springbank, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts, left £500 to Miss Elizabeth Weston "as an acknowledgement of her care and attention during a long and serious illness."

Mr. John Day Miller of Clifton, Bristol, left £250 to Miss Ellen Kate Courtis, his nurse and housekeeper, £100 to his nurse, Miss Mary Ann Rook, and £50 each to his nurses, Miss Emma Dando and Miss Edith Riley.

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

Everyone should send a Christmas Box as they can afford to the nearest Children's Hospital. The suffering of innocent children is one of the most heartrending griefs in the world, and in London of cots there are never enough.

Owing to the generosity of the Prudential Assurance Company, at the East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, a new pathological laboratory has recently been opened.

Sir Joseph Burn, Chairman of the Company, in declaring the laboratory open, said his company was anxious that the hospital should be able, not only to cure disease, but to investigate and prevent it. The company was also endowing six beds.

The Committee is making an appeal for funds to prevent the hospital from closing. Such a calamity is unthinkable. This hospital is placed in the densely populated East End, where its work is indispensable.

WELCOME NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

"The Acme of Comfort."

In the days that are gone, good housewives looked after the welfare of the members of their families at chilly seasons by sending round the comforting if cumbersome warming-pan to "take the chill" off the sheets. This is no longer necessary, because by a much simpler process—the use of a good hot-water bottle—the bed can be kept warm and snug all night. To many sick people a hot-water bottle is almost indispensable, but its usefulness extends far beyond the sick. Most trained nurses, including the Editor and sub-Editor of this Journal, are devotees of the hot-water bottle, and, indeed, consider *two* the acme of comfort.

Another use of this friend of many a family is to keep vacant beds aired for unexpected visitors. If fresh hot water is placed in the bottle every 24 hours, there need be no fear of chilly or damp beds. Of course, there are bottles and bottles, and for strength and reliability the well-known "Eclipse" Brand Hot Water Bottles, manufactured by J. G. Ingram & Son, Ltd., of London, are unsurpassed. British throughout, these bottles are made of the finest rubber procurable for the purpose, and have patented covered screw stoppers which make it impossible for any leakage to occur. Being impervious to climatical conditions, the bottles are ideal for sending abroad.

Why not send to Charles Griffin & Co.?

Tucked away in a quiet corner, such as becomes a literary house, yet readily accessible from the busy Strand, is the long-established book store of the firm of Messrs. Charles Griffin & Co., at 42, Drury Lane, W.C.2, who specialise in Medical and Nursing Books. For instance, they publish the well-known "Manual of Nursing," Medical and Surgical, by Laurence Humphry, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.S. A very popular favourite with nurses, while the price, 3s. 6d., brings it within reach of modestly lined pockets.

"NO ROOM IN THE INN."

From out the Church came the sound of singing, the last hymn of the Christmas morning service in a fashionable quarter of London.

"Therefore Christian men be sure, wealth or rank possessing,

Ye who now shall bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing."

A few moments later and the congregation streamed out into the cold, foggy atmosphere without. Charming dainty children with happily reminiscent and expectant eyes, which spoke of so many joys. Stockings, Father Christmas, Daddy, Mummy, dinner downstairs, Granny's present still to come, parties, pantomimes.

All sorts of Mummies were there, that is inside, outside young or old they looked much alike, with shingled hair, fur coats, faintly perfumed. Daddies too fairly well in evidence in honour of the day, half pleased, half bored with the unaccustomed effort.

One after another, they brushed by the shabby woman who stood by the door, hoping, but afraid to ask, for alms. Fragments of conversation smote on her ear:—

"We *always* bring the children Christmas Day."

"Yes, John gave me these furs, toppin' aren't they?"

"Lovely singing! Makes one feel Christmassy, especially the last hymn, reminds me of the time when my mother used to give away beef and red flannel! My *dear* no one needs that sort of thing nowadays. *Everyone* on the dole, going in for *orgies* of good things."

The shabby woman compressed her thin lips into a faint sneer, and as the last of that well dressed congregation passed, she moved aimlessly on her way, and a sleek verger securely locked the Church and hurried home to his particular share of Christmas.

Pomp and Poverty rubs shoulders in many parts of the richest city in the world, and Nurse Marigold, bag in hand, turned briskly up from a side street where she had been tending the worst of her patients before enjoying herself in her own solitary way for the afternoon.

Her own folks lived miles distant. No one had asked her to join their circle. Why should they? She was not young, plain, poor nor particularly interesting.

But in spite of the disabilities she walked happily along in anticipation of roast chicken and other good things from home, which her good natured landlady had undertaken to prepare for her. "And I'll see to it your fire's all right, Nurse." Then there were her presents to examine.

She promised herself unstinted coal, and her couch drawn as close to the fire as she could manage, to say nothing of the novel she was simply longing to read.

Round the corner she almost ran into the shabby woman.

"I beg your pardon," she said in her nice friendly way.

"Don't trouble to do that, Missus, you can't hurt nought."

Nurse Marigold looked at her consideringly; she knew something more of the poor than the fur bedecked ladies, and her generous heart began to bleed and her generous, hard working, little hand stole to her pocket.

"I'm so sorry," she said helplessly.

"Pity without relief's like mustard without beef," said the womanly rudely.

Nurse Marigold's fingers shifted from a shilling to half a crown. After all, it was Christmas Day and she had a sufficiency of homely comforts awaiting her.

"I've been watching them pious psalm-singin' lot come out of church," she went on, "after singin' somethin' about blessin' the poor, them all dressed up in satin and diamonds, with never a thought for such as me. I didn't oughter live, did I, on the same earth?"

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