

kind of Tragedy which was defying doctor, nurse, and better judgment, and, as I had intended, she was severely shocked.

It was, it seemed, impossible for her to leave her "little ones" and stay on in the attic; so, after a council of war, we decided to forward Grannie Chidlow per ambulance to "t'other side of the town," where, it transpired, "a corner and a crust" had awaited her for years, only she'd been too independent to accept it.

Grannie wasn't pleased with the arrangement, but she was cornered, and we promised to lock up her unspeakable apartment and keep it "just as it was" against her return.

She went off on a stretcher next day—the gallant, provoking old soul—looking the complete corpse. So much so that a well-brought up man who was passing, uncovered and stood stock still under the impression that he was honouring the departed.

It was a mercy that Grannie didn't open her eyes at the moment and tell him what manner of idiot he was!

She managed the journey with imperturbable scorn, and lived on for a while in the odour of hygiene and constant attention, and died at last "comfortably," with her own flesh and blood around her; and I knew I had done the right thing.

And yet—and yet—I've got a haunting fear that she'd have set out more happily on the Last Journey from her squalor and isolation, wrestling to the end in that Old-Curiosity-Shop of a room.

It was, you see, all that she knew of home. Its smells and discomforts—its very loneliness—had become precious to her.

Oh! that "right thing!" Sometimes (on the district, at least), one wishes one had left it alone.

And I've a fantastic idea that Grannie Chidlow's greeting to me on the other side of the Gates will be "I dessay you meant well!"

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

"Old Nurses Lack Food and Fire."

In the agony columns of the *Times* the following advertisement recently appeared: "Old Nurses Lack Food and Fire. 600 cases on books. Please help—Nurses Fund for Nurses, 95, Dean Street, W.1."

This bitter weather, with food and warmth around, we invited investigation. It was found; a room at the top of the house used for this appeal was locked, and no response to a knock. But a case in the passage was addressed to "Miss S. Bulan, Nurses Fund for Nurses." We think this advertisement inexcusable as needy nurses have several Funds handsomely endowed whose duty it is to supply real needs.

What is the Nation's Fund for Nurses endowed by a generous public and the Red Cross Society with £100,000 doing with the money if this advertisement is true? Anyway it is the duty of the administrators of the Nation's Fund to investigate the matter, and if it is correct to take prompt action to relieve the necessitous "600 Old Nurses who Lack Food and Fire."

A Case for Medical Treatment.

Two more cases of shoplifting by Nurses are reported in the Press—we are thankful their names do not appear in the State Register.

In one case remand for a doctor's report appeared justifiable. This nurse, on the staff of the London Hospital for five years, was a mystery to Lord Knutsford who testified to her very good character.

A private detective said the nurse "went from counter to counter picking up all sorts of articles and stuffing them into a paper bag and into her pockets. She did it under the eyes of the assistants without any attempt at concealment." The incitement to female vanity by the endless drapers' shops is apparently irresistible!

EMPIRE COD LIVER OIL.

A Report on "The Relative Values of Cod Liver Oils" from various sources, prepared for the Empire Marketing Board by Professors J. C. Drummond and T. P. Hilditch (Stationery Office, rs. net) states that Empire Cod Liver Oil is richer in vitamins than similar cod liver oil from any other source.

Dr. T. Drummond Shiels, M.P., Chairman of the Research Grants Committee of the Empire Marketing Board, states in his preface to the Report: "The research work carried out has demonstrated beyond doubt the unrivalled medicinal value of the cod liver oils produced in Scotland and Newfoundland. This result, together with the improvement in technical quality which is being effected in Newfoundland, should go far to establish the position of oils from Empire sources." Last year Newfoundland exported over 364,000 gallons, valued at about £98,500, of medicinal cod liver oil.

COMING EVENTS.

February 14th.—Matrons' Council of Great Britain. Annual Meeting. 194, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. 3 p.m.

February 21st.—British College of Nurses. Council Meeting. 39, Portland Place, W.1. 2.15 p.m.

February 24th.—British College of Nurses. Meeting of Tutorial Group. Subject for Discussion "Wounds and Their Treatment." 39, Portland Place, W.1. 8 p.m.

February 27th.—British College of Nurses. Miss K. M. Latham, R.R.C. and Miss A. M. Bright, Members of Council, "At Home" to Fellows and Members. 39, Portland Place, W.1.

Impersonations of Dickens' Characters. Tea. 4-6 p.m.

February 27th.—General Nursing Council for England and Wales. Council Meeting. 20, Portland Place, W.1. 2.30 p.m.

March 10th.—National Council of Nurses of Great Britain. Meeting, International Advisory Committee. 39, Portland Place, W.1. Tea 4.15 p.m. Meeting 4.30 p.m.

BACK COPIES OF THE "B.J.N." REQUIRED.

Messrs. Swets and Zeitlinger, Keizersgracht 471, Holland, are anxious to procure the following back numbers of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING: October 21st, 1893; January 6th, 1894; March 9th, 1895; January 23rd, 1897; June 20th, 1903; October 7th, 21st and 28th, 1905; January 27th, February 10th, 24th, 1906; January 26th, July 27th, 1907; August 22nd, 29th, 1908.

If any reader of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING has any of these copies for disposal, will they communicate with the Manager, B.J.N. Office, 39, Portland Place, London, W.1.

A SONG FOR THE RISING GENERATION.

"If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.
But whether a tinker or whether a lord,
Whatever my portion may be,
In school I will try to be top of the class,
In the field to be top of the tree.

Let who will be second,
The first I'm determined to be."

By the late T. W. Dunn, of Bath College.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)