

follows a very painful scene. Somehow, the whole ward seems to have risen in revolt. I find myself surrounded by three or four convalescent men who stand between me and the infuriated Sister.

She is standing glowering over No. 11.

"Insolent pauper, how dare you? I'll have you turned out, this very day."

But he shakes his head sagely from side to side. "No you don't," he answers calmly, "Ain't I growing weaker day by day; they won't part with me while there's breath, don't you fear; my carcass is of more importance scientific like, than all your tantrums; I shall leave the ward horizontal—and in no other position—see if I don't. You've met your match in our Nuss; she's a good plucked 'un and no mistake. If there were more gals like 'er, there'd be less women like you."

"Hush, eleven," I say soothingly, "you will make yourself ill. I am quite capable of taking care of myself."

White with rage, this violent and unjust woman turns and leaves the ward—doubtless to report to the Matron, from her own point of view, the most unseemly scene which has taken place. No wonder Matthew ward is looked upon with horror by all decent women, and as a suitable school in which "to teach a Pro. her place." The hang-dog expression of its Nursing staff is explained, and in consequence I experience an unreasoning contempt for the women who will endure such brutality without protest. Ah! Jean, how the thought of *home* inspires one.

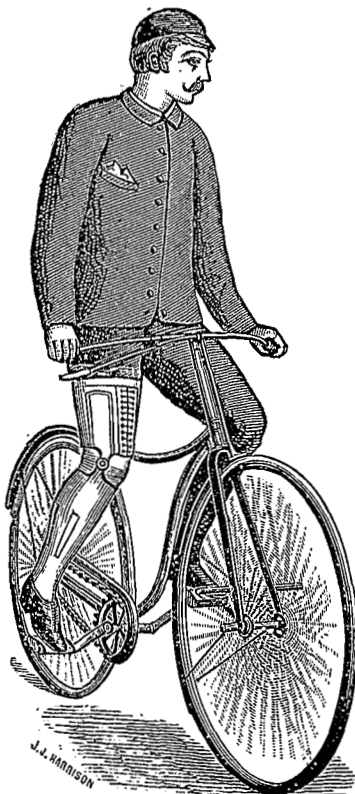
Graithwaite, with its comfort and ease, standing there, surrounded by its giant, many coloured hills and the crested waves of the Atlantic sweeping in almost to its gates. Graithwaite means wealth, freedom, independence; one conjures up its glories and de-

fies the world. But how many of my companions, rising early, and late taking rest—wary, Oh! God—so wary—have no home by which they are inspired. Nurse Ross for instance, how sad is her story; once, well to do, her mother is a widow, living in a dim street in a dreary north country town; she has an invalid brother, a poor, paralysed lad; to keep body and soul together, her mother must toil early and late, going out dressmaking for 2s. a day. Nurse Ross must keep up a respectable appearance on her meagre wages of £12 a year, half of which is absorbed by paying for her washing; then the cost of shoes—tramp, tramp, tramp, all day long up and down those wooden floors—is it surprising that, enshrouded by this horrible poverty, the poor girl would suffer any martyrdom rather than complain, and so be summarily dismissed; for here the Matron has the power of discharge, and the Committee are absolute nonentities—if they exist at all—which the Nurses sometimes doubt. Anyway, I mean to solve this question, for I intend to demand an interview with these self-same gentlemen.

To be publicly branded as a murderess is a trifle too much to endure.

I finish my morning's work quickly—and then unpinning my precious bottle—leave the ward. Sister has not returned, so I can't ask for permission.

I go quietly down the staircase, and in the main corridor, stop before an imposing door, marked, "General Director," and give it a sharp rap. The door opens mechanically; I step over the threshold and find myself in the presence of a spare little man, seated at an immense desk, who rises at my entrance, and suggests that I have made a mistake. "Doubtless it is the Matron's office you require," he says hastily—preparing to open the door for my departure.



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