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tiny. It was the babies' ward. I wandered round, heart-sick, unbelieving. Infants, but a few months old, lying there so quiet and unprotesting in their little beds. I stopped by one cot. Two big blue eyes looked up at me with a strange expression. I tried to read that look, but it was beyond me. So steadfast, so quiet, so uncomplaining.

Through the children's ward, where tiny tots lay still or played in their cots. Then a further flight of stairs and I was at the Matron's office.

It had been a strange pilgrimage through those corridors of pain—and here I was thrust back to the business building again.

Another Illusion Dispelled

A trim, efficient little office, with a white-uniformed figure smiling at me inquiringly across the desk. Matron.

My first impression was that this friendly, motherly-looking woman appeared anything but a terror—as hospital matrons are supposed to be.

Here was a woman, kindly, tolerant, understanding, a product of our age.

"Well, now," she said, "you'll have to ask me questions. I'm afraid I won't know what to say otherwise."

We drifted into conversation. It was not a questionnaire—nor was it a standard interview. We just talked.

I learnt something of the Matron's job. To my untrained mind it seemed colossal. There were five hundred nurses under her care and training—and this very day they had passed the thousandth mark in their number of patients.

"1,001, to be correct," said Matron, with pride in her voice, "our top figure to date."

I thought of my long pilgrimage—and could well believe it.

Nurses Then and Now

"Tell me about the girls, Matron—the trainees. How do you think they compare with the nurses of your own day?"

"More than favourably."

There was conviction in her words.

"They are so young—so eager and so willing. I love their youngness. They have such a zestful and such a wholesome outlook on life—maybe, through the outside interests they sustain, dancing, sport, and so on. Their outlook is reflected in the patients—it actually helps the sick people, would you believe

New Adjustable Skirt

Schiaparelli is responsible for the latest adjustable skirt. War-time stress and economy has inspired it. My Lady goes on to an evening appointment from her afternoon's war work, dressed in what appears to be a day-length frock, draped about the hips on a wide belt. When she arrives, she unties the sash, which drops her skirt to ankle length, and hey presto, she is dressed for the evening!

that? They are so very kind to their patients, too, so gentle and so understanding—for such young things. I am so fond of them."

Twenty-five Years' Nursing

"About yourself, Matron. How long have you been nursing?"

"A long time," she answered thoughtfully, "twenty-five years. I began my training here during the last war—and left to become first Matron of the Karitane Home. Then I returned here—like coming home it was—and, well, I have been here ever since."

"Conditions are different now?"

"Oh, vastly. For example we never had any days off when I was training—we didn't even expect any. Now the girls have one day off a week. Things are so much better for them."

"What does a Matron do in her spare time—and as an individual?" I asked.

She smiled, her head to one side, considering.

"Plays golf and tennis—and I'm rather a fiend for contract bridge—for mental exercise—but then, I get very little time to play."

One thousand-and-one patients—and five hundred nurses! I could well believe it.

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