

## NURSING MAGAZINE PAGE.

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## INDOOR GARDENING.

BY CLARA HOFF.

OVER the top of his spectacles, the doctor viewed with a shake of his head, a group of restless, irritable patients, "convalescents most of them." "Spring Fever," he remarked, "itching to do something and nothing to do!" It was true. They were tired of reading and they didn't want to weave or knit or whittle wooden toys. They had made countless applicators and dressings and they were weary of the sight of bandages anyway, and well, they first didn't know what to do, and the longer they looked at the perfect summer day, the stronger the spring fever grew. And then! when the nurses were in despair—kind Providence took a hand. Through the door came a little girl with a big bunch of sweet peas and her shrill, piping voice carried down the ward. 'Miss Nuse, kin I please take these flowers to my Daddy? I picked um miself this morning and Mama told me not to stay—only a minute.' As she passed shyly by, the fragrance of the fresh sweet peas drifted behind her and the conversation turned, somehow, to flowers and gardens and gardening. A little later, a nurse who had seen her opportunity, gave each one some paper and a pencil, and while they wondered what was happening, suggested that each plan a garden. At first, of course, they laughed and scoffed at the idea, but nevertheless the suggestion held all the lure of a new game, and soon they were working enthusiastically, planting fascinating gardens on paper, vegetable gardens, and little, exquisite flower gardens with arbours and fountains and lawns and trees; formal gardens with trimmed hedges and accurately laid out walks; little informal backyard gardens, with old fashioned lavender, Rosemary, and mignonette; shady wild flower gardens with mossy seats and ferns columbines and even tropical gardens where banana trees and coffee beans, breadfruit, and wild melons sprouted side by side. Late that evening and the next day and the next, they were still planting and weeding (with their erasers) and replanting their paper gardens. New-comers were initiated into the game and brought new ideas. Those being dismissed took their gardens home with them, many went with the promise to make their gardens a reality; and when the doctor came again he looked over the top of his glasses and marvelled, for instead of pathetic, disgruntled beings, he saw a group of contented and happy patients arguing the merits of roses and radishes, no longer gazing out at the perfect summer day—for summer had come into them through a bunch of fresh sweet peas.