

right leg, very limited motion in her left; she could move her right forearm a little with some gripping power in her hand, her left arm was entirely useless. All over her body she had strange feelings, tingling or numbness, stabbing pains, aches, sensations of heat or cold. At night she woke in distress from the pain and rigidity of her shoulders and arms.

"Cheer her up," said Dr. Bagripper, "and keep her stepping."

Miss Somebody opened her eyes. "But really, Dr. Bagripper, I'm a nurse, you know, and not a comic traffic cop."

"Well, do what you can with her. Use your own judgment." And off he went having thus left his orders.

Miss Somebody fumbled about for nearly a week before she discovered her patient's exact need. A marked mental inertia and lack of will power accompanied her paralysis; not that she didn't want intensely to recover; of a naturally cheerful, active and unselfish disposition, she found no pleasure in the role of invalid, yet she seemed unable to take any part in her own salvation and met every effort with tears and protests. The first high-handed measure was to get Mrs. Galway dressed and out of bed. It was accomplished with a kind of mental and bodily agony on the part of Mrs. Galway and a slave-driving expression on the face of her nurse.

Nothing, Miss Somebody calculated, would make Mrs. Galway feel more self-respecting than to be able to feed herself; accordingly her training with that end in view began. Massage and passive exercises gradually merged into active and resistive movements, but they were terrible days,—those days of the second week.

"I can't," said Mrs. Galway.

"You can," said her nurse, "you must, you have to, I'll make you."

"Oh why?" cried Mrs. Galway.

"In order to get well."

"But I'll never get well."

"Yes, you will."

"How?"

"By doing what I tell you. Now, begin—"

"Oh, I can't! What for? There's no use—"

"Yes, there is. Do it for me. I can't do this alone. Try, just to help me."

"Mrs. Galway's generous spirit never failed to respond to her nurse's own desperation. "Well, then," she wept, "for you, for your sake—"

"All right," said the nurse, tears in her own eyes, "for my sake. Now, begin,—one, two, three—"

They worried along for a week. "Now," announced Miss Somebody, "before you go to bed for your nap we're going to walk to the bath room."

The route to the bath room was marked by two steps into the hall which so far had not yet been essayed. Mrs. Galway was prompt in her response.—

"No, I can't, please, Miss Somebody, those two steps, you've forgotten them, indeed, how can I—No—"

But Miss Somebody already had her under way ; she wavered a bit when her patient accused her of cruelty, yet resolutely declared that Mrs. Galway had to and must. Well, Mrs. Galway had to, she must and she did ; her good leg first, in proper style, and her poor leg second, any style. Near the bath room was a door to an upstairs verandah. Through the glass Miss Somebody observed a neighbor hanging clothes in a rear lawn.

"Who's that?" she inquired.

"Why," said Mrs. Galway, looking out likewise, "that's Mame Goodwin."

"Oh," cried her nurse, "is that—didn't you tell me it was Mame Somebody-or-other who went around saying you'd never walk again?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"Then we'll just walk out here and show her a thing or two. Watch her drop those clothes pins out of her mouth."

Back in her room, after a breathless scramble up the steps, tired but with a hopeful spirit, Mrs. Galway remarked that the doctor hadn't been in since the day Miss Somebody came. "Wouldn't you think," she concluded, "that he'd show a little more interest in my progress than that?"

"But you forget," said the nurse, "that he thinks you are still in bed crying. But it's time he took a look at us." She went off to the telephone.

"He'll come in the morning," she announced on her return, "Now I didn't tell him what's been going on here, just said we were getting along somehow. So we will make him open his eyes in the morning."

Waiting for Dr. Bagripper the next day was attended by subdued excitement. Mrs. Galway was not put through all of her morning exercises, in order to be fresh for the exhibition. They greeted the doctor at the head of the stairs ; he stopped in surprise on the landing and advanced more slowly.

"Why, look here," he said, "what's up?"

"I am," said Mrs. Galway as she returned with composure to her chair. Dr. Bagripper was immensely pleased.

"Well, well," he smiled, "now I suppose a little dose of calisthenics—"

"Calisthenics?" exclaimed Mrs. Galway and her nurse in unison, and they went through all the calisthenics of which Mrs. Galway was capable, the left arm lagging very badly, but the right coming off with honors.

"Well," suggested Dr. Bagripper "now a few resistive exercises such as—"

"Wait, wait," they cried, and off they went with Mrs. Galway pushing and pulling quite creditably.

Dr. Bagripper rubbed his nose, "Have you tried lacing—"

On the table appeared an old shoe which Mrs. Galway laced with her right hand and steadied with her left ; she buttoned and unbuttoned two pieces of canvas as well.

"Anything else?" inquired the now cautious doctor.

"Why, yes," said Miss Somebody, "she can chuck a bank full of money around ; and don't you think," she suggested, "that we should charge for this exhibition?"

Dr. Bagripper put a quarter in the bank. When he ended his call he turned solemnly to the nurse: "Just continue following my orders," he advised, "cheer her up and keep her stepping. I'll see you again next week."

"Next week she will be skinning the cat," said Miss Somebody as solemnly as he, and the charge will be fifty cents."

But next week Mrs. Galway was going out for automobile rides; in another week she was walking alone. Four weeks after her arrival, Miss Somebody departed. The Visiting Nurse would come in, bathe and massage Mrs. Galway; her husband would put her through her exercises and the rest of the family would keep an eye on her in turn.

"And next week when I drop in," said Miss Somebody as she took her leave, "you will be able to throw the bank of money clear across the room."

"Oh, I'm sure I never—," began Mrs. Galway, ending valiantly with, "I certainly will."

But the first words she said when she next saw Miss Somebody were, "Well, I can't do it."

"Can't do what?" inquired Miss Somebody.

"Can't throw the bank across the room."

Miss Somebody handed it to her: "Go ahead; throw it,"

Mrs. Galway with sudden energy gave it a fling; it flew across the floor through the doorway into the adjoining room where it rolled against the baseboard with a clatter. They looked at one another.

"There, you see," said Mrs. Galway, tears in her eyes, "you should come oftener."

"I don't know," replied Miss Somebody, "perhaps not at that rate."

Mrs. Galway's progress was slow, but well worth while; there were muscles which never regained their function and odd sensations still persisted, but she was far from helpless and escaped the distress of being a burden to others. She came at last to where she could get about anywhere, unaided, assumed light household tasks, did her own cooking, and enjoyed living again. Her one difficulty was in combing her hair. "Bob it, bob it," cried Miss Somebody on paying her a call.

"A grey-headed woman like me?" protested Mrs. Galway.

"Why that would only be sensible," argued Miss Somebody.

And on her next call, bobbed it was. "I thought," explained Mrs. Galway, "that if you approved, it surely ought to be the right thing to do."

"My goodness," sighed Miss Somebody, "if only every one would mind me as you do, what a pleasant place this world would be."

What wonder then that Miss Somebody, when things go wrong, takes time to call on Mrs. Galway; for there she sits and listens while Mrs. Galway calls her blessed. It makes up, you know, for that queer old lady who, one morning, when Miss Somebody was joyfully washing her face, announced that she had not the right temperament, after all, and another nurse would be along at noon. It makes up, too, for the violent grandfather of the impossible grandchild and the remark he made, as he ushered her to the front door, to the

effect that perhaps she called herself a nurse but he called her something else. Certainly, Miss Somebody had readily agreed, "we differ".

"Why if it hadn't been for you," insists Mrs. Galway, "I would still be in bed crying, or far more likely, dead. Supposing you hadn't made me—"

"Oh, now," protests Miss Somebody, "if it hadn't been I, some one else would have been raised up to save you."

But Mrs. Galway doesn't think so.

THE GENERAL NURSING COUNCIL FOR ENGLAND AND WALES

FINAL EXAMINATION FOR THE SUPPLEMENTARY PART OF THE REGISTER FOR MENTAL NURSES.

Wednesday, 13th October, 1926.

Important.—Read the questions carefully, and answer only what is asked. No marks will be given for irrelevant matter. Credit will be given for simple, clear diagrams, and for legible handwriting.

(Morning Paper.)

TIME ALLOWED 2½ HOURS.

(Only five questions are to be answered, of which one must be taken from each of Sections A. B. C. D. and E.)

A.

1. What are the common bodily changes in a case of severe acute melancholia?

or

2. Describe a case of general paralysis of the insane from its onset to its termination. What different types of this disease may be met with?

B.

3. Describe the processes of digestion, absorption and assimilation of food.

or

4. Briefly describe the brain and enumerate its areas and sub-divisions.

C.

5. What is meant by "seclusion" and "mechanical restraint" as applied to mental cases? What are the rules to be observed with regard to them?

or

6. In what different ways may information be obtained about a patient's mental condition? What are the important points on which information is required?

D.

7. What is understood by the terms—confusion, incoherence, retardation and acceleration, as applied to mental processes, and in what mental disorders is each prominent?