

informed her that it was gauze boiled in Eau-de-Cologne. She, being sweet and young and credulous, handed this dope to the sister for use, and, well! my revenge was not as sweet as I would have wished.

I have discovered, incidentally, that a V.A.D. hates to be contradicted or made sport of. For instance: if when she is trying to raise the bedclothes



in order to place a hot-water bottle at your feet, she makes a desperate grab at your big toe, it is better not to inform her of the fact, because she will certainly deny the implication and contradict you, and you her, and then woe betide you next morning at tea-leaf time! Oh, yes! tea-leaf time, or rather, I should say, times, for it occurs at least three times per diem; so that you begin to wonder how long the floor boards



will remain to protect you from your sworn enemies in the ward below (from whom you have incidentally "acquired" the gramophone!). Well, the first time is at 7 a.m., and if you have not already been "up and doing," you're likely to have a very bad half-hour, for "Nursie" enters armed with a massive broom and huge quantities of tea-leaves, these with graceful swinging movements (which confirm you in your (you in your) conviction that she once attended a gymnastic class) she proceeds to scatter hither and thither, and, if you have not already performed your natudinal toilet, you are likely to find your slippers filled with this



imaginary seed, and your studs and tie-pins will be securely imbedded in it, to say nothing of the quantities which adhere leach-like to your garments! When I asked the reason for this "sowing," I was told that it was to prevent the dust from rising, but I more than suspected that if tea-leaves were not scattered, "Nursie" would have nothing on her dustpan to reward her labours but a little bit of fluff! (this expression to be taken strictly literally, of course).

If you are a bed-patient, and not able to wash yourself, you must be doubly careful not to annoy this "fair ministering angel" for example, when she asks you where you would like the air-cushion, don't be sarcastic and say on your nose, otherwise next time she washes you, you are likely to have a very uncomfortable time.

Compensations? Well, I don't know whether there are, nay—for, according to one of our contemporaries, you may not even ask sister for a good-night kiss without being informed that the orderlies are there to do all the dirty work!