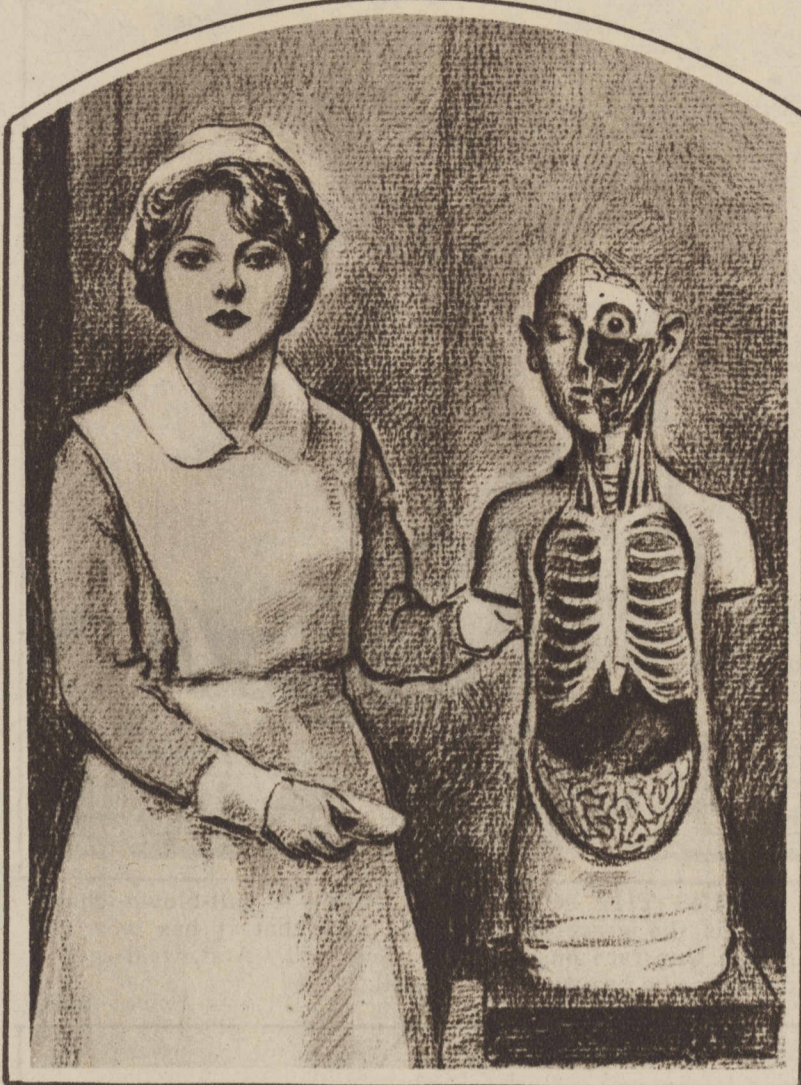


The Well Trained Nurse

By W. E. Hill

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"He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me." Tessie, the student nurse, is playing a well known game as she replaces the organs one by one in the anatomical model—not, however, in their right order, for Tessie is very much in love with a traveling man, and what cares she if the liver and a lung are interchanged.



The floor nurse has a brand new permanent. "Go in and tell Dr. Meehan about it," says the belle of the operating room, "he's all worn out after six major operations. It will cheer him up."



Mrs. Emma Helsingfors specializes in massage, and exudes a gentle atmosphere of coconut oil wherever she goes. Emma is a very strong girl and is in great demand among those who want to lose a few pounds in a hurry.



The nurses' home. A night nurse who wants to write a few lines to Charley can hang out a sign reading "Night Nurse Sleeping," and no one will disturb her—much. Miss Peavey has stopped Miss Croke right by a door behind which a night nurse is snoring to tell Miss Croke about the fresh internes. "I wouldn't be too hard on them, dearie," says Miss Croke, "most of them are just big kiddies at heart."

It's the job of the day nurse to keep the patient's family from getting low in their minds during and after even the most minor operation. (The large lady with the fur piece is all for going up to the operating room in person, to find out how sister dear is taking the anesthetic.)



The hardest thing a graduate nurse who goes in for hospital work has to learn is not to talk shop in off hours. Here's Miss May Duodenum, as lovely a girl as you'll find, and a swell nurse, but she will talk shop to her boy friend, when she ought to be discussing the birds and the flowers, and nesting time, and all that. "And did I tell you, honey, about the case with the enlarged tonsils?" says Nurse Duodenum. "They were as big as a pair of grapefruit."



The nurses' convention. Every so often the nurses get away from the routine of alcohol rubs, and hypos, and gall stones, and go on a big bust. There are banquets and speeches and no end of whoopee. Meet Miss Maud Marilyn Meat, head of the ways and means committee for the betterment of social relations between nurses and registries, giving a swell address entitled, "How to improve the nurse's attitude to the registry."



The night nurse. Four a. m. finds Miss Feeny sadly in need of a good book, and getting more introspective by the minute, in consequence. Miss Feeny was half way through "Strangled for Love," a swell detective yarn, and then if one of those nosy little student nurses didn't make away with it. Her copy of "Liberty" is missing also, leaving Miss Feeny with nothing more exciting than a copy of "The Journal of Nursing," which is not so hot.



Miss Mossback, the head nurse, about to rake some unfortunate over the coals for poking around in Miss Mossback's pet supply closet. Look out, girls.



"O, Miss Bayes, did I ever tell you about my operation?" Visitors love to entertain the day nurse with snappy details of their own operations. Just one of the things a day nurse has to put up with.

