

further trouble, for one of the Maori men made a screen door of netting wire.

All day visitors kept coming and going. The "character" of the place—an old woman named Hariti—called in the afternoon, and after returning my greeting, she stared at me for a while, and then mysteriously beckoned me to follow her to the corner of the house, where she squatted on the ground. After wetting her lips once or twice she commenced to question me. "What your name?" "How old you?" "When you get married?" etc. It took me all my time to bluff her. She did not seem to mind that she got no satisfaction, and returned afresh to the attack every time we met. I got to know her pretty well before I left, and she even asked me to come and nurse her, if ever she were sick, her only stipulation being that I should give her "kai." My patient was on fluids only, and this distressed

Hariti who thought she was being starved. We had several disputes on the subject, but I was always forgiven, and she even made me a pretty little kit, and wept at my departure.

My best friend was the most untidy woman in the pah. Half-a-dozen times a day she would come over to see if she could do anything for me. Every morning she brought a beautiful bunch of flowers and generally a rock melon, or fruit of some kind. There was a fine orchard round my patient's house, and the peaches were delicious; more than half of them went to waste; and the minahs held holiday among them, their chattering being unbearable at times.

My patient made a good recovery, and it is quite a treat to go back to the pah to see all the Maoris. They seem to regard me as quite an old friend.

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## Obituary

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By the death of Mrs. Mary Andrew at Tiri Private Hospital, Symonds street, Auckland, on January 13th, the nursing profession has sustained a serious loss. Mrs. Andrew was left a widow at a very early age, with three small girls. Soon after her husband's death she entered the Auckland Hospital as a probationer. On receiving her certificate, which was one of the first six granted by the Auckland Hospital Board, and presented to the successful candidates by Her Excellency Lady Glasgow, she for a short time did some private nursing. Fifteen years ago she established the well known private hospital "Tiri." Her skill as a surgical nurse was well known and appreciated by the medical profession. Mrs. Andrew was a woman of great determination and pluck. Her chief object in life was to make a good home for her children and to

keep them with her. In this, success crowned her efforts, none but those who knew her intimately were aware of the self-denial and hard work of those early years.

Mrs. Andrew has just decided to give up nursing for a year and take a rest when she was laid aside by serious illness. After many weeks of suffering borne with great courage and cheerfulness she was called to a higher service. Mrs. Andrew was buried in the same grave with her late husband at Otahuhu. There was a very large number of wreaths and crosses—many of them quite exquisite. Among them were wreaths sent by the Auckland Branch of the B.M.A., Dr. Bewes (late of Otahuhu), Dr. Pabst, Mr. Savage, Mr. Hardie Neil, Dr. Coldicutt, Auckland Trained Nurses' Association, Okiokinga Nurses' and Mena Private Hospital.