

A Letter from Life.

A correspondent who is afraid that our readers may think all hospitals are like the Great Eastern, sends us the following, which tells its own tale. But we can re-assure our correspondent, for neither we nor our readers know many institutions comparable in any way to the Great Eastern. And in those others the Letters from Life are having their effect, and reforms are being made.

NORTH LONDON CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.
2nd June, 1892.

DEAREST COZ.—Phyllis' letters nearly frightened me from my purpose of coming here, and certainly mother was in a great way about it, but I am so thankful I did not allow myself to be daunted. Though I have only been here for ten days, I assure you my experience is very different from your sister's. You shall hear.

When I arrived—I confess in fear and trembling—such a nice smart maid opened the great oak doors and showed me in with quite a welcome. She took me into a wonderfully bright and homey little sitting room, with a piano and flowers and plants on the table, and while I warmed myself at a cheerful fire another maid appeared with a tray—"Matron said I was to give you a cup of tea first thing, Miss"—and indeed I was glad of it. I had just finished and was beginning to feel rather anxious as to what would happen next, when the same maid re-appeared and said if I had finished she would show me my dormitory, and laying hands on some of my wraps we started down long passages and up, and up stairs till at last the dormitory was reached. Not a room to myself! How my heart sank! But there was my box in one of the square curtained corners of the great square room, and the bed looked, and is so comfortable. The servant showed me a deep closet, outside, which seems to represent the wardrobe accommodation of the dormitory, where four vacant pegs had my number above them. How glad

I am that I reduced my toilet to the minimum! Having showed me my caps, a fluffy mass of net lying on my bed, the maid asked if I could find my way back to the sitting room, and, being, as you know, blessed with the bump of locality, I replied in the affirmative, "Then, Miss, if you will please get on your uniform Matron will see you there when she comes out from dinner;" and so left me. As I did not know when Matron's dinner hour might be, I thought I had better lose no time, and set to work to get into my print frock and apron, my stiffest cuffs and whitest collar—how I wished they did not look so dreadfully new—and then poised the cap on the top of my head, when, horrors! I remembered the rules the matron had sent me, "No fringe or curled hair allowed," so I started on the hopeless task of smoothing my nigger-like mop, and by means of about fifteen hair pins and much tight twisting I got it tucked down wonderfully, and really it was quite nice when the cap was on. So popping what the boys at home call my everlasting sock into my pocket, I took my way in fear and trepidation to the room I had had tea in. Just as I got within sight of its door a bell rang, and before I closed it I caught sight of some Sisters, I supposed, in stuff dresses and stuff caps coming down the centre stair, and it dawned on me that must have been the dinner bell, and that I might have had another half-hour to arrange my goods in my little corner. However, as I was down I stayed and knitted away contentedly, glad of the rest and quiet. Quite suddenly, when my thoughts were miles away, the door opened and Matron stood in the room; I clutched my knitting ball and scrambled up from the hearthrug, where, regardless of my clean apron, I had been sitting in my usual fashion. I felt crimson at being so caught. I didn't know in the least what words were said; I was only conscious of a pair of indescribable eyes looking straight at me, and a large firm hand holding mine, so kindly. I think she

SISTERS, NURSES, MATRONS, MEDICAL MEN,

Who use Pens, cannot do better than Purchase one of

SHIPMAN'S FOUNTAIN or STYLOGRAPHIC PENS.

A Fountain Pen fitted with *guaranteed* 14-carat Gold Nib for 8s. 6d. post free, or one of the new Patent Adjustable Needle Stylographic Pen sent post free for 4s. 6d. to any part of the world.

Every Pen guaranteed *absolutely perfect*; if otherwise, the money is willingly refunded by

J. FUNNELL CHRISTIAN, 17, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

TEETH!	TEETH!!	TEETH!!!
Teeth extracted by the ELECTRIC DENTAL CHAIR, absolutely without pain, by the Inventor, who is a registered and qualified Surgeon-Dentist.		
Surgeon's Opinion.—February 5th, 1892.—Dear Mr. Atwood, I am delighted and astonished at the rapid way in which you extracted my Molar Tooth by Electricity in your Electro-Dental Chair, without pain. Can recommend to all who dread the pain of extraction.		
GEO. HUNSTONE, M.R.C.S. and L.S.A., Surgeon, 9, Oxford Street, W.		
J. J. ATWOOD, L.D.S., R.C.S.,		(Corner of Princes Street.)
Inventor of the Improved Electric Dental Chair.		Scientific Dentistry in all Branches.
Specialist: 242, OXFORD STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, W.		Reduced Charges on Monday and Thursday, 5s.
SURGERIES LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.		
ARTIFICIAL SET OF TEETH FROM £1.		
SINGLE TOOTH, 2/6. STOPPING, 2/6.		
EXTRACTED (Ordinary), 2/-; ELECTRICITY, 5/-, without pain.		
Special Terms to Nurses and Hospital Attendants. Kindly mention this Paper. HOURS, 10 to 7.		

THE NURSING DIRECTORY for 1892.

Contains a mass of useful and reliable information for all those interested in, or associated with Nursing Work. Price 5/- Post Free.

THE RECORD PRESS LIMITED, 376, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)