

THE modified form of Tobin's tube, which is introduced into the helmets of our policemen for the purpose of aiding the ventilation of the head, so that Mr. Bobby's brain may always be clear and cool, has its drawbacks, like most ventilating apparatus. The principle of outlet is apt to become inversed, and instead of letting out the superheated air, as is intended, it lets in the cold.

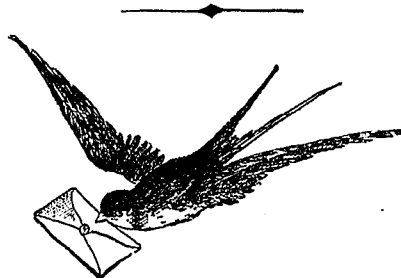
Accordingly, a good many of our blue-coats have been going about during the prevailing Arctic frost and snow with pocket-handkerchiefs stuffing up the space in their helmets which a beneficent Government has specially designed shall be left open for the purposes mentioned above. "Talk about keepin' one's 'air on," grumbled one of these uniformed gentlemen, "it's as much as a man can do to keep his 'ead on with the plaguey wind a-blowin' down the pipe on to 'is 'ead. I've 'eard tell of stove pipe 'ats, but mine's a reg'lar chimbley for draught!"

And so he had adopted the time-honoured custom of "stuffing up the chimbley," that is to say, he had stuffed his bright red handkerchief in the offending aperture which admitted the freezing air, and he went about his beat and his business supremely unconscious that a hanging corner of that self-same bandanna detracted somewhat from the official dignity of his uniform.

It is with the deepest regret that we have learnt of the sudden death of Mr. S. M. Burroughs, of the well-known firm of Burroughs, Wellcome & Co. The deceased gentleman was well known and highly respected, and with his energetic partner had built up, in a few years, one of the most successful establishments of its kind, in the metropolis. His generosity and kindness of heart were equal to his business abilities, and many Nurses who saw him at the bazaar of the Royal British Nurses' Association last December, will always have pleasant recollections of the kindly interest which he then expressed upon Nursing matters and the welfare of Nurses. His loss will be keenly felt by everyone with whom he worked, because whatever he undertook to do, he did thoroughly well.

It is with the greatest regret, in which all medical men and Nurses will share, that we learn of the death last Tuesday of Mr. John Whitaker Hulke, F.R.S., the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and President of the Clinical Society. Mr. Hulke, from the early days of his work when a surgeon in the Crimea, has always held a prominent position in the medical profession, fully deserved both by his great abilities as a surgeon, and his high and

honourable character as a man. He took part in the working of the Royal British Nurses' Association in its early days, and ever since then has shown great interest in its proceedings and progress. His contributions to medical literature chiefly related to diseases of the eye, upon which he was one of the greatest English authorities. An interesting point in connection with Mr. Hulke's early career, is that his father, who was a well-known medical practitioner at Deal, attended the first Duke of Wellington in his last illness, and the *Illustrated London News* at that time published a sketch in which his father and the late Mr. J. W. Hulke were represented as standing one on either side of the dying Duke's arm-chair. He was emphatically a many-sided man, an excellent anatomist, botanist, geologist, and water-colour painter, as well as a sculptor and modeller in clay of no mean merit. The medical profession, which is fortunate in possessing many men of the type of Mr. Hulke, cannot afford to lose any of them; both individually and professionally, therefore, all will agree with us as to the immense deprivation which it has suffered by the death of Mr. J. W. Hulke.



### Our Scotch Letter.

THE BROUGH NURSES.

WHEN Peter Brough left his father's house in Scone after serving his apprenticeship as a draper in the neighbouring town of Perth, he had in his pocket only that which would enable him to hold out for a few weeks until he should obtain a situation. This he found with a Mr. Harvey in Glasgow, who sent him out along with a young boy to take charge of a small shop at No. 92, High Street, Paisley. In that shop he commenced business for himself on October 16th, 1816, when he was only nineteen years of age; but so great was his success during the next thirty-nine years, that he was able to amass a fortune of £32,000. After that he occupied himself in investing his money, chiefly in railway shares, and died on July 18th, 1883, worth £153,926.

Nearly the whole of this large sum he left under the management of trustees for the good of Paisley, and the very first section of his will was as follows:—"My trustees shall apply annually six hundred pounds of the said income" (*i.e.*, the interest of the sum bequeathed) "in employing and paying such number as they may judge proper of qualified females (or of males when they deem it expedient) who shall devote their

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