

EXAMINATIONS AND MEDALS.

On the lawn behind the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital, on Thursday, May 29th, Lady Wills presented medals won by members of the nursing staff at the 1919 examination.

Mr. S. B. Pope presided at a pleasant little ceremony, and was accompanied by Sir E. Channing Wills (President of the hospital), Lady Wills, and amongst others by Mr. E. J. Domville, the Matron (Miss E. Smale), and the Secretary (Mr. Cole). A bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley was presented to Lady Wills, and another of sweet peas to the Matron.

The Chairman read Mr. Domville's report, which stated that the result of the examination was satisfactory. Following is the list, in order of marks gained: Nurse Barnes (gold medallist), Nurse Beddows (silver medallist), Nurse Matthews, Nurse Dilcock, Nurse Piddick, Nurse Wood, Nurse Morrok, Nurse Ryan, Nurse Lettimer, Nurse Reed, and Nurse Brown. Nurse Barnes had the highest aggregate and Nurse Beddows the second place; although Nurse Dilcock was equal first in examination results and Nurse Matthews first in ward marks.

Col. Davy, C.B., proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Domville, the examiner, spoke of him as one of the oldest friends of the hospital, without whose remarkable pluck in voluntarily resuming duty as house surgeon during the war he did not know where the institution would be.

Mr. Domville, replying, said the high percentage of successes in the examination was due in large measure to the fact that the Matron and he kept close watch on the progress of probationers, and advised those who showed no aptitude to find other means of livelihood before they reached the examination stage.

In replying to a vote of thanks, Lady Wills said she hoped the appeal now being made throughout the West would meet with the success that the institution deserved, so that the committee might make the very necessary extensions to the nurses' quarters and provide increased accommodation for sailors and soldiers needing treatment as the result of their war service.

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

The need of the Middlesex Hospital for £200,000 to meet urgent demands was the dominating feature of the report presented at a very largely-attended meeting of the Governors last week; and was the burden of the speech of the Chairman, the Earl of Athlone, in moving its adoption. The financial situation was described as "most critical," and a large special expenditure as absolutely essential. The hospital is to be closed for three months for urgent repairs.

The Prince of Wales has promised to preside at a festival dinner to raise funds on November 20th. It was announced that Sir John and Lady Bland-Sutton had given £1,000 to the appeal fund.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SCHÖNBRUNN: A ROMANCE OF NAPOLEON*

To those of our readers who appreciate fiction of a more solid character, we recommend the perusal of this remarkable book. It is, as the *résumé* on the cover states, "the story of three days of Napoleon's life. The setting is Vienna in October, 1809, with the French armies inside the walls, and the attempt of Friedrich Staps to assassinate Napoleon at the Palace of Schönbrunn." Also, various groups of Viennese society are depicted, which give an opportunity for realistic study of Viennese life at that period.

The book opens with the protest of Count Johann Markowitz, poet and soldier, against the action of the Austrian high-born women in welcoming Napoleon.

"No, Toc, I cannot go with you to this parade. For myself I do not care two straws whether Bonaparte is a black man or a white man. To me, this demi-deity of aspiring ramrods is merely a hustler; and, therefore, I suppose, I am a harsh judge of his enthusiasts. All the same, I protest against you women of Vienna crowding to stare at the humiliator of Germany—this burglar in the palace of the Cæsars!"

Toc, Princess Dürrenstein, looking very tall and graceful in a clinging gown of fine silk under her high and nodding ostrich plumes, came up to her former lover and said to him almost timidly: "What are we women to do? You are severe on us, Johann."

"Severe! Look yonder! Look at our brave Viennese! And it is hardly ten o'clock. There is Austrian patriotism." And he pointed to a strip of road a mile away, white with heat and sunlight. It was dotted with human figures, some on foot, some on horseback, some in the lumbering Austrian caleche, harnessed to four or six horses; others in hackney coaches, in landaus, in hired wagons without springs, but all streaming in one direction—southward, toward Schönbrunn.

"Well," asks Berthold Straghrenberg. "What's wrong in all that? Why should not the Viennese have on their Sunday clothes, although it is Friday? It only proves that the Viennese know a great man when they see him, and like to sun themselves in his neighbourhood—that's all."

Count Johann shook off the white, finely-made hand emerging from its delicate lace cuff, and replied with passionate candour. The beautiful Amalie von Esterthal, who witnessed that crowd waiting for the Emperor to pass on his way to review the most famous legions in the annals of war, felt the air suddenly grow sultry and oppressive. Her heart was beating unsteadily. It was against the man who was about to appear that her lover had fought; it was to his army that she owed the sick horror of the days before Wagram.

And when Napoleon came in view, Amalie felt Toc's hand jerk in her own.

"*C'est bête, tout cela, n'est-ce-pas?*"

* By J. A. Cramb. London: Putnam's Sons.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)