## POST-CARD EXAMINATIONS.

 $W_{E}$  are pleased to be able to announce that in the *twenty-seventh* of this series of examination questions—

questions— "What are the general characteristics, local and general, common to all inflammations P"

NURSE ADA MORRELL, whose card we reproduce, has secured the prize of a book or books of the value of five shillings :---

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The following have gained HONOURABLE MENTION :---

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## LETTERS FROM LIFE.—No. 5.

## Nursing Home,

Great Eastern Hospital. DEAREST JEAN,—It is a common belief in the Hospital that the great bell has a special spite against the Probationers. It clangs out with such an unmistakably vicious sound at six a.m. But before it had ceased ringing, Nurse Carew had flown out of bed, seized her towel and sponge, and cried briefly as she passed me, "Only two tubs, follow me!" and was gone ; half-a-minute later, and I too was in the corridor, just in time to see the tail of her dressing-gown whisk round a corner ; in another half-minute we stood together safely inside the bath-room door, not a moment too soon, and laughed triumphantly as we heard a suppressed growl through the key-hole, and then the gutteral reproaches of a "foreigneering lady." as she upbraided us for our success.

lady," as she upbraided us for our success. "It iss onfair, haff ov von meenute, and it vas forst, I should haff been."

"England for the English !" I cry gaily, and all further conversation is drowned, during the following five minutes, in which we splash in our respective tubs, on either side of a slight partition. (By-the-bye, have you ever attempted to dry yourself with one meagre transparent huckaback towel, twenty-seven inches square? Do send me half-a-dozen of the Dad's Jaeger pocket-handkerchiefs, or a few bath-towels, as with my capacious person I find the regulation towel quite useless, especially as it has to answer all purposes and last for a week.) We leave the bath-room refreshed if somewhat damp, and run the gauntlet of more gutteral reproaches as we pass Nurse Kalff, a giraffe-like lady from the Fatherland, who stands like a sentinel at the door ready to pounce upon the vacated bath. Whilst we are dressing, my companion explains that part of our training comprises the duty of keeping our bed-rooms clean. The maid is supposed to sweep them once a week, but the Nurses are responsible for such trifles as slops, beds, and dust, and half-an-hour is allowed for this duty between nine and ten a.m.; we are also permitted to "clean" ourselves after our morning Ward work in the same half-hour. Nurse Carew says: The rule is to make the bed daily, but the majority of Nurses do so once a fortnight, when one clean sheet and a pillow case is allowed. So she advises me to get up when the bell rings, dress quickly, and attend to the clean-liness of my part of the room before breakfast, leaving the bed-linen turned down to air until

DISPOSE OF THE DEAD AS NATURE DIRECTS.—Everyone interested in the reform of funeral abuses should read the brochure published by the London Necropolis Company. It can be had gratis of the Secretary, 2, Lancaster Place, Strand, or 188, Westminster Bridge Road.



