

manufactures is the Drop-foot Couch. Here the ingenuity of thought and workmanship have successfully accomplished a boon for the suffering, more particularly those afflicted with heart disease or dropsy, as there is no necessity for them to be moved (whatever the position required), the couch working by three distinct mechanical actions, each of which is brought into motion by the simple turning of a handle; by this means the back, knees, or feet of patient can be raised or lowered according to requirement. The arms move automatically when the angle of the couch is changed, or they can be taken off altogether if necessary. The foot-scroll is also moveable, so making the couch equally convenient for a tall or short person. We would say of this that there has not been a thought left unfinished, for even each web of the webbing foundation has been provided with a buckle, which will allow of their being slackened or tightened, so that in cases of spinal complaint, hip disease, or other deformities, there is a total prevention of pressure on the affected part; and the couches being also fitted with perfectly-made patent Elastic Ventilating Mattresses, prevents the possibility of bed sores; it combines, in fact, the advantage of an ordinary bed with the softness of a water mattress. There are other splendid inventions of theirs too numerous to mention here; but we would advise our readers, if they have a voice in the purchase of anything of this description, to go to Messrs. Alderman Johnson and Co., and see these appliances for themselves.

"The Nursing Record"

POST-CARD EXAMINATIONS.

No. 29.

A Book or Books of the value of Five Shillings will be awarded to the best answer to the following:—

"Give a Recipe for the Best Method of Making a Cold Supper Dish out of 'Left Overs' from the previous Meals of the day."

Address "The Nursing Record Post-Card Competition," 11, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. All answers must reach us not later than the morning of Saturday, November 7th, 1891.

(a) The answer must be written (neatness and distinctness count to credit) in ink, on a *thick* post-card, with the full name and address of the candidate at the top. The successful candidate's answer will be printed in *fac-simile*.

(b) All associated with Nursing work are accepted as candidates, but in case of a "tie" a *subscriber* will naturally have preference, and for this reason each candidate must mention at the bottom of the post-card "I am a subscriber," or "I obtain THE NURSING RECORD from—"

(c) The decision of the Examiners to be final.

* Give name and address of newsagent where obtained.

WILL BE ISSUED IN JANUARY,

THE NURSING DIRECTORY:

An Alphabetical List of the names of many hundred Trained Nurses, with their addresses, the Hospitals in which they have worked, and the posts they have held therein, and the Societies and Associations to which they belong; also statistical and general information concerning the chief Nurse-Training Schools in the United Kingdom. Proprietors: The Record Press, Limited.

WHERE TO GO.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Under the management of Mr. Alfred German Reed and Mr. Corney Grain. "Killiecrumper," by Malcolm Watson, Music by Edward Solomon; followed by Mr. Corney Grain's New Musical Sketch, entitled, "The Diary of a Tramp." Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, at Three.—Stalls, 5s., 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place.

LETTERS FROM LIFE.—No. 9.

Nursing Home,
Great Eastern Hospital.

MY DEAREST JEAN,—Sister seems to be trotting round the Ward all the morning, with relays of House Physicians, and it is not until twelve o'clock, when the bell rings for the patients' dinner, that she has time for two minutes to look after her new Pro. She has a comprehensive glance, and takes in the condition of patient, temperature chart, and the general surroundings, with half an eye. Turning from No. 26, she gives me a quizzical glance, and then asks me, with a smile, if "I have taken root to that chair." Of course I bounce up. "Discipline, my dear, is the germ of good management," she says, cheerily. "Always rise when spoken to, by your superior officer. Now take out your watch and count the patient's pulse for me." Of course I am clumsy and stupid, but she does not seem to expect perfection, and seems to know by instinct I am doing my best, and is satisfied. About this period my inner man begins to make himself felt—*I am so hungry*. At 12.30 some of the Nurses go over to the Home for dinner, and at one they return, the Probationer bringing my dinner between two plates—minus knife and fork, as they may not be taken from the dining-room—a wedge of tepid and under-done mutton, in a sea of coagulated fat, and half a black potato. The Probationer plumps it down on the Ward table at my elbow, and says, with an ironical bow, "My lady is served; fingers were made before forks." Luckily, at this moment Sister comes near. I feel her beautiful kind eyes upon my burning face.

"As Nurse Graham cannot go down to dinner, she can have it in my room," she says, and she covers the repulsive fare, and carries it in triumph up the Ward.

I follow meekly across the lobby, and into her little sitting-room, which is a fitting shrine for this saint—it is so bright and flower-decked. (This is heroine worship with a vengeance.) When she has closed the door, we look at one another gravely. I am crimson, and she is white; then she places my dinner on a chair, opens a cupboard door, and in a few minutes has spread a snowy cloth on her tea-table, and placed thereon

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