

Nurse might be sharing with her. Each of these divisions should be provided with several small bedrooms, containing, in addition to the usual furniture, a comfortable chair and tiny table to enable the occupant, when too tired to mix with the crowd (who may be all strangers to her), to write or read in complete solitude. Besides these bedrooms there should be either dormitory bedrooms or cubicles, for there are many who would rather share with their fellows, and pay less, than have the greater privacy. Each cubicle should be furnished precisely the same as the bedrooms. It would be advisable to have some small rooms unfurnished, as there are not a few Nurses who would prefer to pay all the year round for the privilege of having a little den of their very own to return to.

While I am upstairs I should like to say a few words about ventilation. Every room should be supplied with a window that will open at the *top*, and every cubicle, room, or dormitory with a ventilating shaft. This is *most* important, for there are those who, having the care of others in sickness, even considered invaluable in their profession, to whom a breath of pure fresh air in their own rooms is an abomination; and woe betide the unlucky one who proposes an open window at night, even in July, and although the proposer should sleep under it herself.

I think it will be granted that most Nurses are fond of water—not to drink, perhaps, but for ablution: and this thought brings me to the requirements necessary to make it possible for so many. A large bath-room and lavatory for each division, each containing three baths, with hot and cold water laid on. I hear someone saying, "Why not a tap, and each Nurse fetch her own?" Well, they may have to do so, perhaps; but very many are not able to carry heavy cans of water, and the luxury of finding it ready to plunge into, after a heavy case, where the time for self-care was strictly limited, can never be sufficiently appreciated by those who see their morning tub appear, as a matter of course, with often a full hour before them to do justice to it and themselves.

I don't quite know why, but my mind strayed instantly from my comfortable bath-rooms to a cool, dim, silent library, a room where the walls are covered with bookcases, each containing its own peculiar literature. One has the most useful books on medicine, surgery, and nursing of all kinds. I don't give them more than a casual glance, however; for the next has all my old favourites—Sir Walter Scott's novels (who could ever tire of them?), Dickens (who is there that does not owe him a debt of gratitude for the hours spent in happy oblivion of all outside troubles, laughing and crying with his life-like

heroes and heroines?); then Charles Kingsley, Thackeray, Shakespeare, George Elliot, and many more. I go in and take them up, open the well-known pages, and for another brief period lose myself in this silent room, silent except for the turning of leaves; and as I see the bent heads and rapt faces of the sometime busy workers, I realise more fully the happiness of having this calm retreat, where all may pause ere rushing forth for another tussle with the old enemy, disease and death.

But now we will come again to the more used and more cheerful apartments. Now, plainly I can see what it would be like—a large, lofty, airy, warm, general sitting-room, the cosy nooks and corners, each with a table and one or two comfortable chairs that those who are friends, and wish, may chat together without disturbing or enlightening the rest by their confidences; there are a few restful couches, too, for there are many bettered by the society of others who yet require all the rest to be got in this their idle time. There are flowers, too, for the lady at the head of this Home has a little box for the pennies of those who would rather be without a great many other things than these innocent decorations. There is another room—smaller a great deal, and sparsely furnished. This is for all who want Nurses to interview them, or the lady who represents them in their absence. Also friends may be seen here who are not eligible for the general sitting-room, or the little den aforesaid.

There should be an office adjoining where letters should be kept, telegrams received, and the general accounts of the establishment made up; it should be strictly private for those who would work there, as those who have the comfort and happiness of large households to care for, would be quite worn out, if their onerous duties could not be performed in peace and quietude.

A room on the ground floor should be spared, if possible, for boxes, as the labour of carrying them up and downstairs so constantly would be very great. This, of course, would be obviated by a lift, but even ideal clubhouses are sometimes without those useful appliances.

I think all will agree with me that there should be a disinfecting room. Who has not experienced the discomfort of bringing away clothing that can scarcely be called infectious, and yet we know they would be all the better for a slight purification, perhaps before going for a holiday only?

We have now the dining-room under consideration. This should be large enough to contain at least three separate tables, and it would be best next to the kitchen, with a window communicating between the two. This is a saving of

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