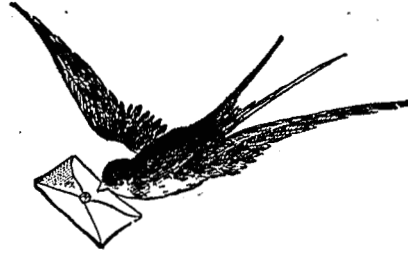


festival dinner of the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association. He said: "A friend of mine, a great ornament of the medical profession, used to tell a story of the cabman who drove him regularly on his rounds for some years, and always spoke of him with affectionate familiarity by his Christian name. The time came for the rising surgeon to set up a brougham, and with much reluctance he broke this news to his good friend the cabby, who responded with cheerful alacrity, 'Oh, you're going to get rid of me, are you? Not a bit of it—I'll drive that brougham.' And drive it he did, till he became too old and infirm for the duty. 'Ah, well, I must give it up,' he said one day, 'I ain't fit for it any longer.' 'Dear me,' said the doctor, in great concern, 'I am very sorry, very sorry indeed. And what are you going to do?' 'What am I going to do? What are you going to do for me? Don't you fear—I'll never leave you!' And he spent the rest of his days on a pension."

GREAT care should be exercised as to the persons employed to make a street collection for Hospital purposes. A case in the police-courts accentuates the necessity for more precaution than was employed on this occasion. A small boy of 10 was entrusted "by a Committee-man" to solicit subscriptions for a Children's Hospital. After perambulating a certain distance he began to tire of his philanthropic task—or perhaps he wanted to play marbles. Anyway he met a boy of 9 and handed his duty and his box over to him, instructing him to mount on garden omnibuses and appeal to the charitable. The charitable responded, because, later, when this boy was arrested, the box was found to contain fifteen shillings. It does not appear whether the boy intended to abscond, or whether he only strayed, but he was discharged. But it is an uncomfortable incident, and does not give the public confidence that their pence always go into the right channel on these occasions of street collections.

THERE is evidently something further needed in the instruction of our police in First Aid to the Injured when we read in the daily papers "that three men were driving in a carriage in the Fulham High Street. The carriage was smashed up, and its three occupants, in a badly damaged condition, were taken to the Hospital by a policeman in a hansom cab." Four sound men in a hansom would be certainly a tight fit, but when three of them are in a "badly damaged condition," and the other is a big, burly policeman, it would seem as if our "bobby's" knowledge of ambulance work is decidedly primitive.



Our Foreign Letter.

KOMMUNE HOSPITAL IN COPENHAGEN.

(Continued from page 445).

Thus for the history and government of this most remarkable of Danish hospitals.

We will now look round the Hospital itself, beginning at the laboratory; most useful and attractive to the feminine mind—the kitchen.

When I say that the kitchen has plenty of space to accommodate all hands and heads necessary for the work, I give you a fair idea of its size. Remember, close upon a thousand patients, their doctors, Nurses, and their servants require to be provided for on a somewhat gigantic scale.

Each huge cauldron on the range is fashioned to contain some hundreds of gallons, and each has double walls, between which the steam circulates. For all cooking is done by steam. The large lids of the cauldrons are raised by an ingenious system of levers. There are two immense cooking ranges—one need scarcely add—beautifully kept.

We were allowed to peep into the pantry. Here, among other things, was a trifle of 450 pounds of deliciously fresh fish, just washed and prepared for cooking. Beside the tubs of fish stood a pail full of salt, destined to give flavour to the afore-mentioned fish.

A smaller kitchen, with a smaller range, adjoins the larger kitchen. Here special diets are prepared.

The kindly Oldfrue (housekeeper) showed us some tables of diets. Besides those for special cases there was a first and second "general diet." The first, which both doctors and Nurses are provided with, is more varied than the second, which is, however, simple and wholesome.

Besides these general arrangements, the Oldfrue has to attend to numerous daily prescriptions, bearing reference to the special needs of each ward, beginning with "milk only" upward and onward, through every variety of invalid diet.

It is not easy, if you please, to be Oldfrue in the first Hospital of Copenhagen. In a way one has a responsibility as big as the Medical-Superintendent himself, for food is half the cure.

That everything is as clean as clean can be is (happily) what one expects to-day in such a place.

That the advantages of ventilation and cleanliness are understood in the wards is quite a matter of course.

The wards of the Hospital are divided by corridors, of which the floor is covered with linoleum. These corridors are tastefully decorated with palms, and various leaf-plants.

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