

It was visiting day, and the usual dramas of that occasion were enacting all around. Circumstances rendered most of them pathetic, as is but natural in such a place; but here and there one caught the touch of humour that is never wanting where human beings congregate. Here was the little sewing-girl, literally *exalted* to invalidism by an accident, holding court amongst a group of admiring sympathisers—a veritable queen for the time being, forgetful of needle-pricks, and gathers, and skirt-binding. There was the old woman eager as of yore, as her old friend recounts the latest piece of scandal. She is too weak to say much, but her eyes are all interest; but then the old narrator is such a born actress, and impresses all her details with so much action and spirit that it is no wonder.

Alas—pass gently! That soil-worn workman, holding the woman's delicate hand in his great brown palm, must realise that she is dying. She is his wife, and one can see by the look in their eyes, that they are more than wedded in name. Yet, brave gentleman that that workman is at heart, he gulps down his agony, and talks naturally and with forced cheerfulness. We would not catch their words. We wish we could give them a room to themselves.

Close by lies the nameless child (a case not passed on to the Dronning, but kept here, as sometimes happens). There are no visitors for this child, but it is happy none the less, for it shares the visitors of its fellow-patients and is petted by all. Poor little thing! here in hospital it has first learnt the meaning of love, and some sort of happiness. There is a bright smile on its face to-day, at any rate.

Look at that radiant mother, armed with a sheaf of flowers for her "boy," who will be "out and home" next visiting day, healed well from a broken leg. He is a boy a mother may well be proud of. The sort of fair-haired, blue-eyed Dane one can fancy driving our King Alfred into the wilds. We set the fresh-faced, hard-featured lad down as a lineal descendant of one of those pirate gentlemen, and as we pass mother and son in the corridor, glance at them with interest. I might be tempted to go on sketching, but Sister—in her blue cotton uniform and large apron—is waiting. She looks so sweet and fresh, this Danish Sister, one can scarcely realise that she works fourteen hours a day—a fortnight's day duty alternating with a fortnight's night duty.

"How can you manage it, and keep well?"

"One must have no outside interests," answers Sister, cheerfully; "otherwise one could not stand the work. But if one gives oneself to it wholeheartedly, it is not too much."

All details of the operation-room are arranged with excessive care. As is usual, glass fittings are used wherever this is possible. Besides scientific perfection, the most fastidious cleanliness of everything and everybody concerned is one of the features of its regulation.

My guide told me that it was a rule for all assistants to bathe before an operation took place. Everyone present is clothed in linen, with india-rubber aprons and sleeves. No word is spoken during the operation. The doctor, when necessary, signs for what he wants.

Before leaving the premises we strolled through the garden. It was a bright and sunny day, and the convalescents enjoyed it. We saw more than one cheery group, and were glad to find our visit interested some of the patients.

As we left the central gate we noticed the ambulance drawn up in attendance. A patient was just being carried into hospital. The windows of the ambulance are of milk glass. The patient can be pushed in and drawn out of the carriage in a reclining posture, resting on a litter.

These ambulance carriages are common sights in Copenhagen, and do useful work on many occasions. In cases of epidemic they fetch the patient from his home—thus avoiding the terrible risk of disease being carried into a public conveyance.

L. AND E. MOLLETT.

Inventions, Preparations, &c.

"MOTHER SAUCES."

THESE novelties have recently been brought prominently before the public. M. Charles Driessens has, after many years' work, perfected a system by which sauces can be sold in an almost dry state in bottles, and can therefore be kept for any length of time if they are stored in a dry place. They are the foundation of all the best sauces used in cookery and are very difficult and costly to prepare. The "Mother Sauces" are of three kinds, dark, brown, and pale, and can be mixed with Tomato purée, Madeira wine, or Claret to form Sauce Portugaise, Sauce Madère, and Sauce Bordelaise, with any one of which a cook can send up a perfect *entrée*. Messrs. Cosenza & Co., of Wigmore Street, recently gave a demonstration upon the methods of using these preparations. A measured quantity of cold water added to a carefully measured amount of one of these sauces warmed over the fire, produced a perfect sauce for an ordinary sauté dish. Messrs. Cosenza & Co. have secured the monopoly of M. Driessens' invention, and these sauces can be obtained from them or through any retail grocer.

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