

This matter is one of the greatest importance to the Nursing profession, and to the Managers of all Hospitals.

There is much which is very mysterious in these kaleidoscopic appointments and resignations; and mysteries are out of place in the management of a public Charity.

There will be a widespread desire for some definite information on the matter, and it would be well for the Institution if the information were given.

If Miss Tweed was the best candidate, why was she not appointed on February 11th, and in any case, how did it occur that the claims of a selected candidate were "ignored"?

Our Hospitals.

WE have been interested in visiting the different Hospitals to notice the various plans upon which they have been constructed. At the Miller Hospital, Greenwich, and at the Great Northern Hospital, Holloway Road, there are, as most of our readers probably know, circular wards. The appearance of these is very pretty, but upon enquiring as to their practical merits, we found that in each case the opinion of the head of the Nursing Staff was that they were not so satisfactory for Nursing purposes as wards of the ordinary shape. There is a stove in the middle of these wards which prevents all the patients being under observation at the same time. We were told also that it was difficult to ventilate the wards thoroughly without exposing the patients to a draught.

The Royal Ophthalmic Hospital in St. George's Circus, Southwark, and the New Hospital for Children, Paddington Green, seem to have adopted the advantages of both the ordinary, and the circular-shaped wards, with the defects of neither. In each of these Hospitals the wards are square, or oblong in form, but all the corners of the wards are rounded, including the angle which is usually formed by the junction of the floor and the wall. We noticed also at Paddington Green that the walls are tiled throughout, and we were told that no pictures are allowed to be hung on the walls. The tiles of one of the wards, however, are decorated with designs of pictures from nursery rhymes, with the appropriate rhymes beneath. This of course makes the tiles costly, but the expense has been covered by a special donation for the purpose, and a more charming method of decorating the walls of a Children's Hospital it is difficult to imagine. We noticed another point peculiar, we think, to this Hospital also, namely, that all the blinds are *outside*. The floors are of tessellated work, which is sanitary, if cold.



Our Foreign Letter.

REST FOR CONVALESCENTS.

DISMISSED from Hospital—cured. Doctor and Nurse have done their duty. Their hard-worked energy turns to other cases more urgently needing their help—the man brought in from work with limbs crushed in a machine, the child scalded by a drunken mother, the young boy worn with fever. The case who stands dismissed and cured, shivering with mingled feelings on the Hospital steps, is a thing of the past for them.

We, who are "off duty" to-day, will follow her—this pale, fragile girl, who has just left the first real care she ever knew in her life, whose illness was the result of twelve hours' work in ill-ventilated rooms, on poor food and poor pay; whose sufferings were the consequence of an untaught sense of honour that will only die with her death. Thank God, there are *many* such girls in England and elsewhere—girls who will buy self-respect at any price, even of death itself.

We will watch this special sample of unconscious nobility as she weakly threads the busy streets to-day. They seem *very* busy to her, after the calm routine of ward life, and the noise and movement she used to take as a matter of course bewilder her now. Only a few weeks ago she was struggling on the borders of the Great Unknown—entering, it seemed, the solemn mystery of an infinite to-morrow; *now* (what a contrast!) this roar of traffic, this elbowing of crowds, this little home she is going to, with its small power, diminutive means and great human trials, and half regretfully she remembers the days during which Nurse coaxed her back to life with bright words, tender hands, milk and eggs and many comforts, when she lay and *rested* and realised that there was no one to get her up and set her to work till her back ached and her fingers were cramped. Then she chases the thought, and, like a good girl, thinks joyfully of her home.

We will fancy the kindest case. She *has* a home. She has parents, and sisters and brothers—numbers of the latter—and work that does not take her away from the family nest. She is one of the many girls who make up ties at a shilling for so many dozen, payment varying with the style.

She receives warm welcome. Her mother—a thin, anxious woman (who looks as if she required a year's

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