

London, and also since the Paris Exhibition last year, American nurses are coming over and becoming the fashion in Europe. There is already a little colony of them settled on the other side of the Seine in Paris, and they are largely employed by the American doctors, who declare that we English do not understand the nursing of nerve cases."

Nurse Geijer, a sister of mercy sent out by one of the Dutch societies, now employed, with the consent of the British authorities, in the camps for women and children at Kimberley, has sent the following letter to her Superintendent at The Hague:—

The way in which the measles are raging here is terrible, whereas almost all the children suffer from lung disease on account of cold, bad food and bedding. Warm clothing is much needed here.

The cold is intense here; every evening I suffer much from cold, and then think what these poor little fellows, with hardly any stockings on their feet or clothes on their backs, must suffer.

I live on rations, and receive a cupful of ground coffee and a cupful of sugar once a week; it is understood that I get some meat every day, but they often forget to give it me. The major one day asked me how I had got here, and told him that I had been sent by a committee. He asked me whether I received any salary from the committee. I said, "No." He said, "Shall we give you some salary?" I said, "No; our work is done disinterestedly." Some three or four days afterwards he came back and says, "Sister, I have received orders to pay you 5s. a day for food, as the rations are not sufficient for you."

I shall be very glad to learn from the committee whether they have any objection to my accepting this money, for the rations are not sufficient at all.

The disease is spreading here day by day, and I should like to have another nurse with me. To-day a girl was sent to help me. How much I should like to see God put an end to all this misery, for it is as bad as bad can be to have neither hearth nor house.

There is an excellent German doctor here, who feels very much for his patients.

A Garden Party at Guy's.

Historic "Guys" had a gorgeous day for the Garden Party on Wednesday, and friends of this grand old hospital flocked in hundreds to show their interest in its work, inspect the wards, and schools, and cheer the prize winners, and also to enjoy the strains of the 2nd Life Guards' magnificent band, not to mention the sumptuous tea which was served in the quaint quadrangles of the Surgical Buildings. Once through the beautiful wrought iron gates which open on St. Thomas' Street a whole afternoon is far too short a time in which to see Guy's Hospital, and all the interesting adjuncts. It is a decade since our last visit, and it was indeed delightful to find what wonderful reforms and improvements have been accomplished in that time. The nursing staff of to-day

—in their dainty mauve cottons—well cut aprons, and becoming "Dora" caps, bear little resemblance to the "Guy's" of old (it was a hideous uniform, now, wasn't it?), and the wards and appliances have all been brightened and lightened and made beautiful. For instance, take Astley Cooper Ward, here on the ground floor—dingy in past times—one might have stepped into a bit of Italy. The broad, ovaled windows, so quaint and charming, the terrazza flooring, in brilliant tones of pink and blue, just like crushed turquoise and pale coral, the soft "hedge-sparrow" walls, and white and pink bed quilts, and flowers and greenery everywhere; no wonder the patients were full of fun and laughter. The place was beautiful, and it is so much easier to be happy with beauty about one—at least, we find it so.

Of course, each ward was looking its best, and in "Philip" some artist hand had touched the flowers. One little table was decked with sprays of lovely old world blue delphiniums, the blue of the forget-me-not, so rare in the garden, and rose-coloured sweet peas, bright green touches making the combination quite perfect; and close by there was a wealth of tender toned moon-pale flowers, of the campanula family, with little pink hearts. Sister did not know their names, nor did we, but we both knew of lovely home gardens where they grew in the days when we had time to enjoy their shade and sweetness.

To realise how "Guy's" has progressed of late years under the bold policy of the governors, visitors had but to observe how beautifully and beneficially the old wards have been renovated, to see the improved and extended Casualty Department, the newly established Isolation Wards, the balconies outside the Surgical Wards, and the Henriette Raphael Nurses' Home, now reaching a final stage of construction, to say nothing of the fine new laundry, and the station from which electric light and power, heat, and water are supplied throughout the hospital. Figures must of necessity convey but a weak impression of a work so great in extent—so varied and complex in nature is the care of the sick in a large General Hospital. For its performance they have at Guy's a medical and surgical staff and assistants, whose name is legion; a nursing staff of 231 persons; a laundry staff of 35 persons, 56 ward maids and scrubbers; a works' staff of 140, and a small host of other workers, from Governors and members of the administrative staff, to dustmen and window cleaners, and the cost of last year's work was £94,756. We love progress; and as we passed out, by the statue of the noble founder, Thomas Guy, of imperishable fame, we realised how his Great Heart would have throbbed in sympathy with the perfecting of the work which it inspired.

E. G. F.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)