

We all know the happiness derived from a cheerful spirit—a lugubrious nurse is seldom a favourite—but it has occurred to the *Indian Medical Record* to define the physical benefit of laughter. It says:—

“There is probably not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more rapidly—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified; it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient ‘so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time,’ just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription—a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.”

When Miss Mollett resigns her present active duties, here is just the post for which she appears to pine. We learn that “the Southgate District Council have decided to construct municipal poultry runs. The Council have an isolation hospital with land attached, and have also some old wire netting in hand, so the Hospital Committee have recommended the Council to utilise this netting for the purpose of keeping a few fowls to provide fresh eggs for the patients, and to expend £5 for a fowl-house.” After all, chicks and fresh eggs are more interesting than the historic cabbages.

Render to Cæsar.

The history of the foundation of the Colonial Nursing Association, of its rapid development and increasing usefulness, is still modern, and as the originator and founder, Mrs. Francis Pigott, still takes an active interest in its welfare, it would seem almost impossible to credit anyone else with its inception. Nevertheless, a correspondent of the *Times* recently ascribed the “existence” and whole success of the Association to Mrs. Chamberlain, whose interest in its welfare is of much more recent date. We are glad, therefore, to note another writer in that paper points out “The whole idea and its organisation, at a time when it was not yet the fashion to advocate it, is absolutely due to Mrs. Frank Piggott, the wife of the Procureur-Général of Mauritius, and I venture to point out in your columns what a debt of gratitude the Colonies owe her for originating a scheme which has proved, and is proving, of such widespread benefit.”

Charing Cross Hospital.

THE NEW OUT-PATIENT DEPARTMENT.

The new out-patient department at Charing Cross Hospital, which was opened last week, is a revelation as to the possibilities of a department of hospital management which has hitherto not been much in evidence, or utilised as a training-ground for nurses. Certainly the older generation of nurses think of the out-patient department chiefly as a dreary region to which they seldom penetrated, and which, when they did do so, conveyed an impression of bareness and desolation, its chief furniture being bare wooden benches and a few curtains, behind which members of the medical staff retired when they wished to see patients privately. Contrast this with the new department at Charing Cross Hospital, and one realises vividly the strides which have been made in the last decade. Throughout the new building is cheery and bright, the walls both of the passages and rooms being lined with white opaline tiles, relieved with colour, either green or a pleasant shade of creamy yellow, the effect being delightful. The ceilings are painted white, thus everything is washable. On the ground floor, separated from the out-patient department proper, is the casualty department, in connection with which are the George Stagg wards. The money for maintaining these was left by a Mr. Stagg, who, meeting with an accident, was taken to the hospital, and realised the disturbance caused to the patients by his conveyance to the ward at a late hour. Subsequently he himself felt acutely the discomfort of similar disturbance. The result was the endowment of a ward which, having now been demolished in the course of alterations, has been replaced by two beautiful little wards, each containing two beds, one for men and the other for women. They are opened at ten o'clock each night and closed at nine the next morning.

In the out-patient department accommodation is provided for waiting patients in a spacious and airy hall, like the rest of the department lined with opaline tiles, and having a deep picture frieze. It must be a most pleasant waiting-room. A series of small rooms communicating with one another provide every convenience for the medical staff. The Dispensing Hall is a handsome section of the building which deserves more than a passing notice. The ceiling is supported by pillars with excellent effect, and the arrangement appears admirable for the purpose designed.

Mention must also be made of the Light Department, where, under the superintendence of a nurse, the Finsen-lamp treatment of lupus and other diseases is applied.

Below the ground level is a basement which also is utilised to the best advantage, and is lined

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)