

The Advance in Army Nursing.

It is almost worth while to have known the old Army Nursing System, to compare it with the work which is now being done in military hospitals, on sound principles so long urged by trained women nurses.

Who, once having seen it, can forget the typical old military hospital ward—a dreary, colourless place, the bedding rolled up, bundles of clothing, and nameless crockery utensils prominently displayed from end to end. No beauty, no human touches anywhere, just the crude results of methods of order, which at the best resulted in hopeless disorder.

If you want that picture effaced from your mind's eye, pay a visit to the new Queen Alexandra Military Hospital at Millbank, where the reformed system of medical and nursing management have already produced such satisfactory results. The hospital is delightfully situated, facing the fine Tate Gallery, built in pavilions, with plenty of pretty garden space around, and with a view of splendid old Father Thames from many of the day-room windows. The constant change of life upon the waters, so entrancing to those whose energies are awakening after suffering and confinement, must be an endless source of solace to a "fighting man."

Then the wards are entirely harmonious places, with plenty of light and air floating around, tender green walls, dainty white beds, a cheerful touch of colour in the crimson screens, and polished floors whose shining surfaces reflect blessed labour, and pride in work, with plants and flowers to give a happy finishing touch. At a glance one must recognise the truth that woman's genius has its special place in the world's well being, where the organisation and administration of domestic science are concerned. To coerce or exclude it in hospital management means misery and failure.

Miss Beatrice Jones, the Matron of the new Military Hospital, won her spurs as an admirable organiser, and tactful disciplinarian, before she entered the Imperial Military Nursing Service, and the result of skilled and conscientious supervision in her present position is apparent in every department under her direction at Millbank. Cleanliness and order, combined with comfort and beauty in the wards, provide for our brave soldiers the ideal home to which they are entitled when sick, and everywhere sisters and nurses in their picturesque uniform are on duty directing and helping the orderlies to perform skilfully for their comrades the duties upon which their recovery depends.

The operating theatre is exquisitely kept,

and the very bright Sister in charge evidently highly efficient. In the old days military medicine was by no means in the van of progress, but now a very alert and keen spirit is in evidence. As an instance, in many of our great medical schools, stovaine has certainly not yet had its trial, but during the past few months in the operating theatre at Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, numbers of major operations have been performed, quite painlessly, and with complete success, during anæsthesia produced by the injection of stovaine into the dural sac. At Millbank a slight metal frame fixed at will to the sides of the operating table on which a sterilised sheet can rest, makes an effective screen between the conscious patient and the surgeon, and behind this screen the patient can quietly read, smoke a cigarette, or converse during the operation. So far only operations below the diaphragm have been performed under spinal anæsthesia, but what may be accomplished by the wonders of modern science in the near future it is difficult to predict.

THE NEW NURSES' HOME.

Considering that when the foundations of the beautiful new Nurses' Home attached to the hospital were laid, they were not designed for the purpose, it must be conceded that in transforming the building to its present use the architect has done his work with very great skill. Constructed of red brick with very handsome white stone facings, the Home provides for an ample nursing staff. One enters a pretty lounge hall, green in tone, to which the nurses in their red and grey uniform give a very bright note. To the right is the Sisters' charming sitting-room, coloured French grey and white, and most comfortably furnished. On the left is the Staff Nurses' room, decorated in shades of terra cotta, the furniture covered with a particularly dainty chintz. (A centre bay window would improve this charming room. Plenty of light is so cheerful.) Down the passage to the left, opens the dining-room, also beautifully furnished, with a profusion of lovely flowers on the centre table. Close at hand is the fine kitchen and its annexes, all tiled with white to the ceiling, and so speckless one wonders how the work is done. By lift one arrives at the top story, and here, to the left, are the night nurses' rooms, and to the right, a spacious ward for sick nurses, empty at the moment, but so arranged and furnished that the patients when screened off may have all the privacy required, and yet enjoy the benefit of space and air meanwhile. Everything is here arranged as in a miniature hospital, wee ward kitchen, bath-room, and

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