

entering, we pause at the open door, and take a rapid survey—a long ward with ovaled ends opening on to a balcony, with 15 beds on either side, arranged at equal distances *between* the windows—in height, length, and width, so constructed as to allow each patient 2,000 cubic feet of air. We are struck by a general sense of brightness. Light, fresh air, and warmth seem to abound. Polished impervious floors, painted walls of a soft cool tone, head a four foot dado of in-laid tiles which skirts the ward behind the beds, and can be washed and thus kept fresh and clean. We think of Mr. Architect, and give a sigh of relief—a man evidently of domesticated tastes, who has grasped the fact that a Hospital Ward, and its surroundings, must be a complete house and home; and, judging from the finished result, he has evidently spent much time in considering the comfort and convenience of each inmate. From the airy *detached* lavatories and bath rooms, walled with white tiles from floor to ceiling, where we find convenient and roomy shelves for the china Ward utensils, a thick lined linen shoot, and cupboard in which to preserve excretions, both perforated to the open air, we pass to the lobby opposite, where are situated the Sister's and patients' day rooms. Madame Ward-Maid's delightful kitchen, resplendent with snowy crockery and dazzling tins, and ample cupboard room for linen, china, and stores; the ice box house, coal-box, and lift, we inspect and admire each in turn.

The Ward furniture is ingenious too. In its choice the comfort of the patient has been considered, in conjunction with saving of manual labour on the part of the Nursing Staff. Because the former may at home possess only a bed of straw or flock, that is no reason—as I have heard alleged—that his weary bones should ache on them in a Hospital Ward.

"Oh! you are always very strong on that point," interrupts Sister Doris.

"A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind." I answer, shuddering. "When, a guileless Pro., I was warded with *typhoid* on a flock bed, imagine my sensation of reclining on a sack of walnuts, and you experience my sufferings." But to proceed. Here, in my pattern Medical Ward, we find iron bedsteads, raised on noiseless india-rubber castors, furnished with wire woven foundations, palliasses and *well-stuffed* hair mattresses throughout; polished furniture, with white tiled washable tops, special writing tables for House Physician, and Sister—not too near together—where *useable* pens are always to be found, while at each end of the Ward are placed marble slabs and basins, for the use of the juniors, and Nurses, where hot and cold water taps can always be turned on, and where nail brushes, carbolic soaps, glycerine, vaseline and powder, are always to hand.

Capacious ewers and basins are proudly placed, with the cleanest of towels, in a central and conspicuous position, for the use of the "Seniors," and woe to the training student, who has the temerity to disturb their spotless array.

Neat little brackets are placed over each bed, on which the patient's medicine bottles stand, and suspended from each is a double frame, in one of which note or prescription papers are kept, in the other temperature charts. To the right of the Ward door, and close to the Sister's room, a small cupboard is fixed on to the wall, in which is kept every medicine or drug, in daily use, which is in the slightest degree poisonous and dangerous, and of which the Sister alone possesses a key. To the left, is placed a row of telephones, under which are neatly inscribed, on little white plaques: Office, Secretary, House Physician, Lady Superintendent, and Home Sister; by the use of which an incalculable amount of time and trouble can be saved. The heating and ventilating of the Ward are arranged on the most improved principles.

But these are details over which, in considering the present subject, I may have no right to linger, and merely mention to show how greatly the arduous duties of the Nursing Staff can be facilitated by the architect and authorities understanding the domestic details required, in constructing and finishing a Ward.

To judge from some newly-built Hospitals which I have lately been over, one can but marvel at the crass ignorance displayed by those responsible for these matters. In one, I find they vainly imagine that the Lady Superintendent can conduct her department, which comprises two hundred persons, from a small room on the *third floor*, with no available means of communication with her subordinates excepting the *kitchen bell*. In another, I find upwards of one hundred patients are to be Nursed by a staff, for which 7 *small bed-rooms* have been provided—no refectory whatever—where the Matron's room has been woe-fully cramped, to provide a large and airy lavatory attached to a palatial board-room, used by the Committee once a week, and where the Sister is absolutely destitute of cupboard room either for ward linen, stores, or food.

Again, in a Children's Hospital not yet opened, Wards calculated to accommodate twenty-five patients on a floor, have neither kitchen nor scullery attached, and, with the exception of a fair-sized bath-room, the lavatory accommodation is constructed on the most primitive, not to say unsanitary, model.

"The remedy?" pipes Doris provokingly, with a twinkle in her eye. "Woman, lovely woman!" I answer, pinching her pretty ear. "Listen how

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