

Eppendorf is built on the block system. The houses are all of red brick, and some of them are pleasing from an architectural point of view, especially those devoted to the various members of the staff.

The staff is governed by a Director and two Upper Sisters (or Matrons). Each of these ladies has a certain number of buildings under her charge, and is responsible for their management to the Director.

Frl. von S—, my hostess, told me that she had only been in Eppendorf for three months, and had before that been a Sister of the Red Cross for five years. She was evidently deeply interested in her work, and devoted to it with all her soul; but her interest extended to others, and she asked about English Nurses, and was kind enough to be interested in what I told her of the Royal British Nurses' Association.

The Nurses of the "Allgemeine" belong to no special order or guild. They are recruited, to a great extent, from the servant-girl class, and are entered as "Auxiliary Nurses." After a year, they are termed "Nurses," with a pay of 30 marks (rather less than 30 shillings) a month. They wear blue dresses, white aprons, and *no caps*; but all I saw were neat and quiet, and professional in manner. Frl. von S. spoke with some warmth of the working qualities of her staff.

There was an average of 15 beds to one Nurse, which made the cleanliness and order of the wards the more wonderful, even though, as Frl. von S. told me, there are "wardmaids."

I ventured to ask if the Nurses did not find their work very hard.

"Of course, there *is* a good deal to do," was the answer, "but work is easier where everything is the best of its kind. And I find my Nurses wonderfully reliable and willing."

Waiving the question of the Nurses' training, it would be difficult to find a more perfectly appointed Hospital. The walls are tiled, the floors are tessellated, the beds are of iron; ventilators and bath-rooms are of the best. There are three operating rooms fitted up in faultless style. There is no crowding, no noise of traffic, no economy of soap or laundry, and the most military precision of classification. Each ailment has its building, and every scientific appliance for that ailment's alleviation is on the spot.

It was impossible, during a necessarily limited visit, to get more than a general idea of the plan of this "*hospital town*," for that indeed is what it most resembles; but a sketch of the work we saw going on in the domestic offices will give some idea of the proportions of the whole.

In the laundry, sixty-six people are constantly employed under a superintendent, a man who necessarily has considerable knowledge of machinery—for washing, wringing, drying, ironing, all are done by machines. In fact, the lofty halls devoted to laundry purposes reminded me a good deal of some great machine-house in an industrial exhibition. The superintendent explained the working of the whole very

lucidly, and before long I was thoroughly interested in the busy whirr and whirl about me, and had learnt that most of the machines were American.

Space forbids me to dwell on details, among which none interested me more than the ingenious method of washing a large number of blankets in a very short time. The blankets were tacked edge to edge, until they formed an endless ring. This was revolved in washing, the water penetrating with tremendous force through every fibre of the texture. In the last hall, we saw the spotless laundry stored for delivery. This only takes place in exchange for a ticket, and is under the most conscientious control. "Losses through carelessness," I was told, "are unknown." A minimum of 4,000 pieces of clothes are dispatched into the wards every day. The laundry of the staff is quite separate from that of the patients.

The kitchen showed the same perfection of method. It was a lofty, well-ventilated place, allowing plenty of elbow-room for those occupied in preparing food for 2,400 people. The whole place was entirely tiled with snowy tiles. The cooks (there was a respectable company of both male and female) wore dazzling white aprons and caps. Everything that could be polished shone, and not a pot or pan was out of place. There was no smell of cooking. Cauldrons and ventilators were far too perfect for that—altogether I decided that the kitchen alone was worth a trip to Eppendorf.

A pathetic ward was that of the infants. None of the patients here seemed to have reached their first year, and some not even their first month. Each baby lay in a neat and formal crib with a business-like record above it.

Adjoining one of the children's wards was a cheerful play-room, in which a choir of little patients gave us a part-song. They sat on a long bench under a tall window, and sang as if they *liked* it, in perfect time and tune, but, of course, that one expects in Germany. The first was the "Wanderlust"—"Joy of Wandering," by Schubert, not at all an easy amateur song, but they rendered it with spirit and without a fault.

"Have you taught them?" I asked.

"Well, yes," replied the Matron; "that is to say, I sing them a song once or twice, then they know it."

After we had praised the first, they were delighted to give us a second song; a spinning-song this time, in which they rendered the whirr of the wheel and the rhythm of the words with true national appreciation of harmony. The Matron is a true musician herself, with decided views on the beneficence of music in various conditions of life. She told me that in many of the Red Cross Hospitals, singing classes are organised as a recreation for the Nurses, and that the Nurses thoroughly enjoy them.

Music as a panacea for many ills, has been seriously discussed by music-loving psychologists. I will not do more than remind the reader of the theories on this subject.

Besides the excellent bath-rooms attached to the various wards, there is a fine hydropathic establishment on the grounds. I was told that a special feature here was the treatment of some diseases by perpetual immersion of the patient, the temperature of the water being regulated with great exactness.

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