

is at once brought into use—in case of collapse during operation—by “switching” a handle which turns on the electric force. Two cauteries are attached for use during operation, the heat being similarly supplied by electric “switch.” A kind of “search light” for use in exploring cavities, &c., is also attached to the battery, and this by means of a coil may be used either near or at some distance from the point at which electric contact produces the light.

The brass hot water coils which supply the heat of the Theatre are not only very bright and ornamental, but—and this appeals to the housewifely eye—they swing out completely, so that no spider, or cobweb, or particle of dust may collect behind.

Adjoining the theatre is a charming little “recovery” room, where patients who are suffering from much chloroform sickness, or who are noisy, may rest quiet awhile and “recover” before being taken back to their wards.

A gynæcological or second operating theatre is provided, fitted in the same way as the larger theatre. This is used for operations requiring side light, which is admirably supplied by a specially constructed window. The central electric light over the table is so arranged that it can be used as a side light, or almost at any required angle.

Leading from the block which contains these operating conveniences is the beautiful Chapel, not yet complete. It is the most charming Hospital Chapel the writer has ever seen, being entirely of Venetian mosaic and marble, in the most artistic colouring. This chapel has been provided out of a special fund contributed largely by people in memory of friends.

A walk through the wards shows that the whole Hospital is lighted by electricity, a small lamp between two beds affording admirable light for patients to read by. Marble-top ward-tables show not only as decorative, but are very cleanly. Pridgin-Teale fireplaces throughout not only warm effectually and give little trouble in cleaning, but at the same time effect much economy in fuel. A small gas arrangement at the side of the fireplaces ensures constant boiling water for the ward, and any odour is effectually prevented by a separate chimney, which carries off any gas-products there may be.

The children's and babies' wards are delightfully cheery and bright. Dolls-houses, and birds in cages, bright plants in pots covered with pink “crinkly” paper, show that every thought and kindness is taken to make the little ones happy. And it seems quite a privilege to be a wardmaid at Middlesex, so beautiful are the little kitchens over which they preside.

The cancer wards are always sad. But if the disease *can* be made bearable it is surely here, where every possible alleviation of this terrible disease is studied. The patients are allowed all the freedom, privileges and comforts it is possible to give them. Their tastes are studied and they are allowed a very free range as regards dietary. When possible they sit round the fire in soft, comfortable easy-chairs, and have their last months, weeks or days, as the case may be, made as happy as their circumstances permit.

The male cancer incurables have a cheery, bright smoking-room, tobacco being provided for them, and they look singularly content as they chat together and enjoy their pipes.

Passing out by way of the Board Room it is only natural to stop awhile and examine the portraits. A large picture represents Hugh, Earl of Northumber-

land, laying the first stone of Middlesex Hospital in “Marybone Fields,” while a beautiful face—that of Mrs. Alithea Maria Stafford, a liberal subscriber when alive to the cancer wards, and who at death left £5,000 for their further support—at once attracts attention. This portrait is said to be by Romney.

Examination of an old Benefaction book elicits some interesting facts. The book itself is a model of beauty and was exhibited in the book-binding section of the Exhibition of '51. All benefactions above £50 are entered in this book, and some of the entries carry one very far back; as, for instance, one that records the “Ball at Mr. William Almack's in 1766,” which produced for the hospital funds the sum of £175. The theatrical profession seems to have done much for Middlesex, as shown by such entries as “Play at Covent Garden, £105,” &c. The name of Pepys constantly recurring adds to the old-world effect produced by turning the pages of this interesting book.

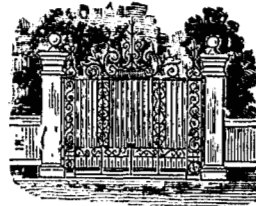
The first time the oratorio of the “Messiah” was performed in England was when it was given in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. The male cancer ward was named Handel in commemoration of this fact. The ward was recently re-named and altered to “Greenhow,” in memory of Dr. Greenhow, who endowed it with £5,000.

A saunter through the Middlesex Hospital leaves a strong impression that here is a most efficient system, and that the patients' lines are indeed cast in pleasant places when they secure admission to its wards.

A. K.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



SIR JOHN GORST at a recent meeting at Glasgow under the auspices of the Council for Women's Trades, exhorted the women not to trust in political parties and governments. They should accept them as a necessity, but should not sit still under them and believe that they by their rivalry would ever effect social reforms. Lady Henry Somerset said that the condition of the women's labour market urgently called for strong combination on the part of women.

At the Pioneer Club on November 21st, Miss Adeline Sergeant will read a paper entitled “A Plea for the Old-fashioned Woman.” It is expected that a lively debate will ensue. A woman needs some courage to advocate the claims of the old-fashioned woman at the very modern up-to-date Pioneer Club. In recalling “old-fashioned heroines,” one conjures up memories of misplaced exaggerated sentiment and mawkishness. One almost hears the sound of hysterics, and sees ghosts of frail undependable woman-kind, leaning “like the ivy” on the nearest available male relative.

Of course, in days past there have been fine types of women and old-fashioned heroines, but their fine-

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