

## A Visit to the London Homœopathic Hospital.

THE new building of the London Homœopathic Hospital in Great Ormond Street is a very handsome addition to what may be described as a very "Institutional" locality.

It is plain and unpretending, but every corner has been planned with care, so as to increase efficiency in every department, and to minimise the labour that is essential to the working of so large an Institution.

July 9th was a very festive occasion to all interested in the Homœopathic Hospital, and a day of rejoicing to the many workers who had helped to raise the large sum of money which has been expended on the new building. H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, who is Patron of the Hospital, on that day performed the opening ceremony. There were some present who remembered the inauguration of the Hospital some fifty years before by the late Dr. Foster Quin, since which there has been a great and increasing number of patients annually treated at this Institution. The new Hospital will accommodate rather more than 100 patients, and it would be difficult to find any wards in which it would be pleasanter to be nursed. Every care and consideration is shown to the patients, each one of whom is *individualised*. He is not a number, or a case. He is a human being, sick and helpless, and he is treated as a personality. This of course is the true art of Nursing, and this is the spirit Miss Brew has instilled in all her staff.

The first feeling on entering all the wards of the Hospital is that here exists to an extraordinary degree that *entente cordiale*—that spirit of friendliness and good fellowship—which is by no means the rule in Hospital life. It would seem that here the workers have attained to the ideal of family life; affection and kindness towards all being the keynote.

Some Nurses who pride themselves on being "scientific"—which is often another word for unsympathetic—often suggest that kindness and good nursing do not often go together. And it is just this mistake which is creeping into modern nursing, and is doing much harm in our Training Schools. We have gone a little too far in our transition from "the Gamp" to the "smart and scientific," and we shall have to go back and gather up some old-fashioned ideals again.

The writer once asked a splendid old Nurse what was the secret at the root of good nursing. "My dear, you must love your patient." And this is evidently the feeling at the Homœopathic, and combined with the excellent training, the result is admirable.

Nearly all the Nursing staff are members of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and the badges of their order are seen in every ward.

The babies' ward is one of the first we enter, and a charming babyland it is. The prettiest pink-trimmed cots imaginable, the pink quilts the work of the Nurses, and several equally pink day cots, where the babies roll and kick and crow, all bear evidence of the Nurses' handiwork. Even the blankets are embroidered in the corners with the monogram of the ward.

There is a large aviary, and birds besides in separ-

ate cages, and squirrels whose lively antics afford much interest to the wee patients on the road to recovery.

The coal-scuttles in each ward are admirable types, being quite closed up, and when shut form very ornamental cupboards. A "shut up" coal scuttle is an admirable idea, otherwise they are very apt to look untidy.

Throughout the Hospital the patients are, at the time of our visit, taking their tea, and it is indeed a sign of the times to see the total abolition of the horrible "mug." Each patient has the prettiest cups and saucers and plates, and on his bed is spread a dainty cloth embroidered in colours, and with a large monogram bearing the ward initials in the corner.

In the babies' ward, a drawer is opened, and we are shown a lovely collection of shoes and slippers for baby feet—the whole having been bought at ridiculous prices at a "shoe sale" in the Edgware Road! While charming little shoes can be purchased at 9d. per pair, no baby here shall go unshod, and very prettily shod.

Another drawer reveals a store of bibs—bibs beautiful, bibs soft, bibs useful, but all pretty. Again these are the work of the Nurses, and many are lace trimmed, embroidered and exquisitely finished. It is quite a "wrinkle" to learn that gentlemen's old silk underclothing is a delightful material out of which to manufacture these necessary articles of baby's wardrobe, so that soft little chins may not be rubbed or chafed.

Lovely glass screens ornament the babies' ward, and soft hem-stitched towels promise that there shall be no unpleasant "scrubbing" of little faces during tubbing and washing ordeals. And listen, Nurses of some other less fortunate Hospitals—*every towel* is kept for the separate use of each patient. All are numbered and hung on numbered pegs. A separate brush and comb is kept for each child, and numbered for the cots to which they belong. The writer casts back her mind to one of the largest London Training Schools, and to a very important Children's Hospital, where one towel and one half-broken comb often did duty for four or five children.

In the women's wards, the beds are decorated with frilled cretonne "spreads." Everywhere the "lockers" are worthy of universal adoption. The bedside trolleys for dressings, and the manner in which the lints and strappings and gauzes are arranged, would need half a column "all to themselves" to adequately describe, while the tiled food trolleys quite create an appetite. It seems such a privilege to have one's food so nicely served.

All the wards are fitted with electric light, with special appliances for a "dim religious light" at night, and an arrangement of a bracket light for the night nurse, which, while it is so shaded as not to interfere with the patient's rest, is so arranged that the nurse can read and write and sew by the light it gives.

The kitchen department is all on the top floor, and all cooking is done by gas. Probationers during the first year do a large part of the cleaning—everything, in fact, but the cleaning of the floors, which is done by scrubbers, no wardmaids being kept. They have an excellent system of lectures, and good work is done in the Out-Patient Department.

The general operating room is on the second floor, on the same level as the surgical wards. It is situated at the back of the central or administrative block, and

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