

impossibility, that there are no open fireplaces, and that the patients are allowed to smoke in their private rooms. The system of ventilation and heating is very complicated, and I must confess that I failed to understand it; I know that the heating is done by hot water pipes, that the whole air of the place gets changed three times in the twenty-four hours, without draught or open windows, and I noticed that in the theatre besides the ordinary pipes, there were four placed between the double windows.

"In this hospital there is one bed always kept free for English sailors. It is paid for either by the English shipowners who trade here, or by the Russia Company or the British Factory—Miss Moretz did not seem quite to know which—also their free admittance to the 'ambulance room,' as it is called, is ensured by the same annual payment. This bed is at present occupied by a stoker who is a very interesting case, and one they are very proud of. He came in rather more than two months ago suffering from typhoid fever, and had been working for ten days with a temperature of about 104, I was told, and that he was a steady man, aged twenty-one, very fond of his home, and sending most of his earnings to a widowed mother, whose eldest son he is. He was very weak, of course, when brought in, but he got gradually better, and they were thinking of putting him upon a more strengthening diet when one morning perforation occurred. There was a very clever young surgeon making his round at the time, and the patient was instantly chloroformed and then taken into the theatre, the injured part of the bowel was removed and when he recovered consciousness he was in a new ward—a little room which he shared with another English sailor. For eight days and nights he was never left alone for a moment, the matron doing most of the nursing herself, and he never had an hour's fever. The patient has no idea what was done to him, but I was told the surgeon—who is a young man under thirty years of age—intends showing him the piece of bowel with the perforation which was removed and which has been preserved, when he is discharged. Pattison is much better—he was walking about the ward in a dressing-gown when I saw him—and his great hope is to be at home by Christmas.

"Next time I visit Miss Moretz, I want to talk about fever nursing, and see if the 'typh.' which is so prevalent here, is typhoid or typhus, gastric or malarial fever, a point which I have never yet been able to discover."

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THE sad death of Miss Rose Murden, a trained nurse at Leicester, will cause widespread sympathy. Miss Murden was engaged professionally at the residence of Mr. Fowler, a solicitor at Leicester, and went to the larder to get some beef tea extract. A leakage of gas had evidently occurred underneath the drawing room, for directly she lit a match a tremendous explosion took place, tearing up the drawing-room floor and wrecking all the furniture. Miss Murden was thrown with great force against the wall, and sustained a fractured skull. She died almost immediately.

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The Hospital World.

THE NEWTON ABBOT WORKHOUSE INFIRMARY.

It is always pleasant to chronicle improvements in the accommodation and nursing provided for the sick poor in our workhouse infirmaries. There is no doubt that Boards of Guardians are, one after another, realizing the fact that a sick pauper is entitled to as good nursing as any other sick person, and that most new infirmaries are being organized on these lines. The last example of this is the new Workhouse Infirmary at Newton Abbot. The disorganization of the nursing department in this workhouse was at one time notorious, and we gladly express our belief that the present changes, bringing as they do comfort and relief to numberless sick persons, are largely due to the courageous action of a lady in charge of the nursing department. The new infirmary has been planned upon the most modern lines, and with every consideration for the well-being of both patients and nurses. Not the least pleasing feature is that the windows look right out over the roof of the workhouse, across the town, and away to the hills on the other side of the Teign. Newton Abbot is situated in one of the loveliest parts of the notoriously beautiful county of Devon; the sick people, therefore, many of whom are keenly appreciative of the beauties of the west country, will be able to enjoy these, and at the same time to have the benefit of the pure Dartmoor air, which must find its way in at the Infirmary windows.

The new building has a central administrative block, and on either side a wing in which are two wards, sixty-two feet long by twenty-four feet wide. Behind the central block, connected with it by covered ways, is another building including three lying-in wards, and five bedrooms for the nurses.

The wards are heated by Shorland's Manchester stoves, of which there are two in each ward. The corridors, bathrooms, and staircases are heated by steam.

All the wards are being named after members of the Royal Family. The bedsteads provided are of the pattern designed by Dr. Lawson Tait, with wool mattresses, all of which latter have been made up in the Workhouse. The inmates have also fitted all the window blinds, made twenty-four tables as well as the lockers and screens, and have framed a large number of pictures provided by the guardians and others. The women's wards are provided with wicker chairs, which have been upholstered in the Workhouse, and the men's wards with Windsor armchairs. Many of the Guardians, more especially the ladies, have taken a keen interest in making the wards bright and cheerful with the happiest result. The Infirmary, which will accommodate one hundred and twenty patients, was opened last Thursday week, by the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

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