

The Sisters never attend confinements any more than they do operations—in fact, it is surprising how much the students do of the nursing, temperature taking, dressings, &c., and one can but ask oneself whether it does not make more experienced, practical, and skilful doctors of them. Compare them, for instance, to the British medical students, who have never seen, or are allowed to see, a female catheter passed, a douche or an enema given, and yet they are sent out amongst the poor women to attend confinements; one can imagine what students midwifery must be under the circumstances. Unquestionably the gainer by the French system must be the student and the doctor, whatever the other drawbacks must necessarily be.

There is a chapel, too, always decorated with white flowers and palms by the Sisters, who also play the organ and sing and chant. They have matins and vespers daily, and to see those Sisters coming in with their sweet calm faces, accompanied by their patients, was to feel one's own unworthiness. Everybody knows the large flopping white-winged bonnets the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul wear, and their heavy grey cloth dresses and wide sleeves which they are obliged to wear summer and winter; but I was surprised that those in attendance on the sick wore white linen aprons instead of the blue regulation ones.

So much about the Prussian and French hospitals, so like each other in this—that they are both attached to schools of medicine, both nursed by Sisterhoods, and both employ the services of male attendants and those of the orphans from their schools; and yet the one is a Protestant hospital, the other a Roman Catholic—enemies in nationality and religion, and yet both working for the same noble end and object!

THE TURKISH MILITARY HOSPITAL.

This is the largest hospital in Beyrout, and contains over 200 beds. The doctors—eight of them—have studied at the Military School of Medicine at Constantinople, some of them completing their studies in Europe. With the exception of the chief medical officer, the other seven doctors have to take it by turn to do night duty once a week, otherwise they do not reside at the hospital.

The hospital is beautifully kept, and, like all military hospitals, the work is done by the soldiers, from the kitchen and laundry down to the garden, which is a beautiful one. Apart from the soldiers, they have what they call *des petits-chirurgiens* to do the dressings and skilled nursing. These men undergo studies, lectures, and exams., I should imagine equivalent to St. John's Ambulance lectures, and perhaps those of British nurses.

They have a special room for doing the dressings in, which they call *une salle de pansement*, and which contains all the dressings, requisites, and necessaries. I thought this an excellent idea. The patients are carried on a stretcher, in a chair, or walk to the "dressing-room," as the case may be. There was no wetting or soiling of the bed, no smells in the wards emanating from the wounds while they were being dressed; everything was done comfortably, and the patients got a change from their beds and wards—naturally, exceptions were made in the moving of critical cases.

The operating theatre is good; every aseptic precaution is taken, both the water and dressings being

sterilised before use, one of the afore-named *petits-chirurgiens* being in charge.

As we all know, military work in times of peace is bound to be limited in variety; here the doctors' complaint is, "Nothing but *eyes* and *hernie* and *fevers*."

Some of these doctors are capable men and good surgeons, with advanced, up-to-date ideas, striving for a high standard. When I was Superintendent at St. George's Hospital several came to see me frequently, and I always let them know when we had any major operations, at which they never failed to assist. The chief medical officer also came twice and went over the hospital, and asked about every detail of its *régime* and domestic management—for I worked it on English lines—and when I told him how British military hospitals were managed he said: "I wish it were possible for us to have ladies, but with our religion and Government it is hopeless to think of it; they would not even allow us to have foreign ladies to help us," and he added, "No household is complete without a woman" ("*Aucun ménage n'est complet sans une femme*").

When a Turk is a gentleman he is unequalled, and his reverence for woman and womanhood is good to feel, and I know that many of them feel the want of the companionship of their wives as their own equals; but the world must revolve around the other way before this can be accomplished.

THE MUNICIPALITY HOSPITAL.

This brings us to our fourth hospital, but anything more unlike a hospital, anything more sad to depict, is impossible.

The municipality supports this hospital, and it is, therefore, practically in the hands of the Turks. There is one Syrian Christian doctor; the others are Turks.

There is a lock ward for women—for those who have not the means to buy themselves out. Ignorant Moslem men and women do the work and attend to the sick, and, though they are not intentionally unkind, yet it is easy to imagine all that goes on. When I was still at St. George's Hospital, two of the doctors came to me one day and asked me whether I could not help them, but I was helpless. I could not take in those low, ignorant Moslem nurses into the hospital, and my Christian nurses would not dream of going to the other hospital, and, though I was working very hard at my own hospital, I went several times and tried to reduce chaos into order, and they all took it most good-naturedly. The man who was in charge came to the hospital, and I showed him and told him all I could. Moslems are very clean, and he was delighted with the idea that all the patients had to have a bath before entering the wards. But I felt that with the *régime* which existed it was only a case of the Danaïdes trying to fill their jars.

It may be news to some people that, on the steppes of Russia, thousands of cows wander about in dark spectacles to preserve their eyes from the glare of the sunlit snow. Snow lies on the steppes for about half the year, but the cows are "turned out to grass" on it all the same. One ingenious grazier, thinking that what was good for men's eyes would probably be good for cows', constructed some pairs of dark glasses to cover his beasts' eyes. The experiment was perfectly successful, and nowadays there are more than 40,000 head of cattle which wear such spectacles, and no longer suffer from snow-blindness.

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