

"There is no Head Nurse," he answered, looking still more puzzled; "there is a *Directeur*." "Well, then, let me see the *Directeur*." "He speaks very little English." "Oh, never mind," I said; "I'll talk to him in French."

I was then taken into a private office, and saw a very austere, dry-looking Greek gentleman, who looked at me inquiringly.

"Bon jour, monsieur," I said, with my best French accent. "Je suis la directrice d'un hôpital; voulez-vous avoir la courtoisie de permettre à une de vos gardes-malades anglaises de me montrer l'hôpital?"

He at once grasped the situation, told the clerk to take me to the *salon*, and to call one of the "Sisters." So they were called *sisters* and not *nurses*.

The reception-room is, to my mind, an infallible keynote of the management of the rest of the house. I looked around the *salon*; there was a table in the centre with a very uninteresting table-cover on it. Close up to the wall stood, as closely packed together as possible, large fat armchairs swathed in brown holland covers. On the walls with equal precision hung a number of large portraits of bishops and of civilian gentlemen, the latter presumably either benefactors, donors, or deceased doctors.

The room certainly looked neither comfortable nor artistic, but it was solid, clean, and tidy. The outlook from the window showed a well-kept garden, lovely flowers and nice green trees.

At last I heard footsteps, and a fresh-looking Scotch nurse entered the room and looked exceedingly astonished at seeing a stranger. But I soon explained matters to her; the ice was soon broken and she kindly took me all over the hospital.

The wards were large and airy, and everything was kept beautifully clean; but to those accustomed to British wards they appeared bare, unadorned and comfortless—in fact, like all foreign and Continental hospitals. Still, one can but acknowledge that they must be healthier, more aseptic, and unquestionably there is less work than in our wards, which perhaps are over-furnished and over-ornate at times.

The operating theatre was well and expensively fitted up with all the modern appliances, requisites and apparatus, but the floor, the ceiling and the cornered walls were not correct according to aseptic ideas; also all the beautiful French glass cases with nickel mountings and exquisite French instruments were indifferently kept. This was easily accounted for when I heard that none of the Sisters had anything to do with the theatre, but that it was in charge of a man.

There was a lack of smartness about the things, yet I was told that the surgeons were very strict about every aseptic precaution being taken and that splendid surgical work was being done in the hospital. All their dressings and every drop of water they use are sterilised. This did not astonish me, as I have always found Continental surgeons far more particular and strict on aseptics than British ones. With regard to the nursing staff, there were six British nurses, under whom work Greek girls of the servant class, responding to the French *infirmière*. They take night duty by turn, a month at a time each, and in their ward work they are entirely independent of each other. They have a separate bedroom each, but no sitting-room or dining-room. They take their meals with the *directeur*, the resident doctor, and the chemist; but I

believe that a Home is being built for them and that things will be made far more comfortable for them in the future.

What struck me most, I think, was that the nurses had no superintendent, but that each was a law unto herself, and that they were only up to a certain extent under the supervision of the director and doctor. This may be very pleasant to nurses after the strict discipline of home hospitals; but the result cannot be satisfactory from any point of view, either for the work and good of the hospital or for the moral support of the nurses themselves. We all need the supervision, and guidance, of a superior officer; and a Matron who is experienced and is worthy of her post would act as a mother and a friend to young nurses leaving their hospital and going abroad, where loneliness, homesickness, and temptations meet them at every step, and perhaps more so in Egypt than anywhere else. In India it is bad enough, but India is "Great Britain," whereas Egypt is full of Europeans of all nations, and the British nurse is not yet understood by them and has laid herself open to much comment.

Echoes from Abroad.

It is said that the Empress of Japan interests herself greatly in the cases of soldiers wounded during service in the Japanese Army. At the time of the Japo-Chinese War she supplied numbers of artificial limbs to wounded men at her own expense; and recently realising that some of these must by now require repairing or renewal, her Majesty has given instructions to the War Minister that this shall be done.

This reminds us of "Poo' Niko," a peasant soldier, who lost his right hand in the Græco-Turkish War, and who, as a patient at the English Hospital at the Piræus, lamented in broken English, in answer to the sympathetic inquiries of Queen Olga, what appeared to him his irreparable loss. Shaking his stump before her, the poor fellow kept repeating, with tears in his eyes: "Poo' Niko, he no good any more; he no good." But when the kind Queen of the Hellenes proved to him that with a mechanical hand, even if he could no longer till mother earth, he could keep a little shop and earn a living, this simple lad's delight knew no bounds.

A very instructive paper on "Dr. Samuel Fuller, of the *Mayflower*, 1620," which was read by Dr. Thos. F. H. Harrington before the Johns Hopkins Historical Society at Baltimore, brought out the fact, not generally known, that his wife, Bridget Fuller, was the first woman to practise midwifery in America. From the town records of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, July 3rd, 1663, Dr. Harrington quoted: "Voted and agreed that Mrs. Bridget Fuller, of Plymouth, should be sent to, to see if she be willing to come and dwell among us, to attend on the office of midwife, to answer the town's necessity, which is at present great."

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