

able space between the pavilions. The ward which we saw was the gynecological one. It contains forty beds, and the nursing staff consists of four Sisters (one of whom is often a probationer) on day duty, and one Sister on night duty. The floors of the wards are tessellated, and they have double windows; they are heated by hot pipes. Each bed—the bedsteads being iron, and of a greyish colour—bears a board at the head with the name and disease of the patient; at the foot is suspended the temperature chart. One thing about the beds struck us, viz., the extremely comfortable pillows, apparently of down, with which they were furnished. Some points in the ward management seemed strange to English eyes. There was a supply of sterilisers, and perhaps dressings are always sterilised immediately before use; but it seemed unnecessary that the lid of the box containing wool and other dressings should be wide open; also that two tins of soiled dressings should be standing in the middle of the ward during the patients' dinner hour, and in close proximity to fresh dressings. Undoubtedly a ward of forty gynecological patients and only four nurses must be under-staffed, and the fact that after one and a-half years in the Home and Hospital the Sisters go out private nursing no doubt prevents the finished work attainable only by long experience. Let us hope that before long the three years' standard of training may be adopted, thus giving the Sisters the invaluable experience of another year and a-half's hospital training, and the patients the benefit of their skilled services.

We noted also that the medicines were placed at the patients' bedsides, that lotions and other poisons were exposed on open shelves, and that ointments were in lidless jars protected only by paper covers, not always perfect. We went over to the operating theatre, but as operations were proceeding we were unable to inspect it. All the patients are brought across the grounds from the various pavilions, which in cold or wet weather must be a serious drawback. A patient was brought out of the theatre while we were there, and we were surprised to see that the stretcher was carried by two nurses. They placed it on a kind of two-wheeled ambulance, and one nurse then wheeled the patient away.

In the children's ward, which some of our party visited, there are sixty-four cots, the staff of nurses being the same as in the former wards. The cots appeared to be placed very close together.

The ward appliances seemed up-to-date, and there is an arrangement for moving the beds which I have never before seen. It is a small trolley on wheels, which is placed under a bedstead, which is thus raised from the ground; it can then be moved with facility in any direction. The necessity for castors to the bedsteads is thus entirely obviated.

All the Sisters whom we saw seemed interested in their work, and very courteous in describing their methods, and any appliances needing explanations. They must surely have been somewhat surprised at the size of the party of nurses which descended upon them without warning, but they were too polite to show it.

In the afternoon, we paid a visit to the Charité Hospital, a most interesting place, a large portion of which has been recently rebuilt. A detailed account of this visit must, however, be reserved for another occasion.

M. B.

A Book of the Week.

THE ORIGINAL WOMAN.*

Mr. Frankfort Moore's work has been undergoing a change. It has become more frankly light and frivolous; and "The Original Woman" makes no pretence to be anything but a sprightly story to while away a few hours in pleasant company.

The opening is extremely promising, even brilliant. The elegant society lady who has married a handsome Irishman who always lived abroad, determines, on his death, tired of being a wanderer on the face of the earth, that she and her young daughter Claire will go home to Castle Finnbar, and see what they think of Irish country life. An old man lives as a sort of major domo in the castle, and has always sent delightful letters to his master, and, later on, to his widow, respecting the condition of the property. To this old Mr. Sullivan Mrs. de la Roache wrote, announcing their return, and ordering all to be in readiness; and the story opens with their actual return.

Nothing could be more amusing, more pathetic, more piquant, than the reality they find. The place is a mouldering ruin, the old man who wrote so fluently a lunatic, and, not only so, but, as Claire discovers, on that first, dread night, a homicidal lunatic. One longs to quote at length the vivid scene—the driving up to the place in the falling night, the old man's grandiloquent welcome, his shouting to imaginary servants to come and help with the luggage, his pompous ushering of the amazed ladies into a bedchamber in which "to tread on the carpet was like treading on mushrooms: the foot went through it and touched the floor under it. The chairs seemed to be intact, but one that stood close to the window was enchained with ivy. There was a scratching and scuttling behind the wainscot, and a mysterious rustling in one corner of the heavily moulded ceiling."

But, alas! we are torn away from these scenes of mystery and weird decay, the very next day. Castle Finnbar and all its legends is hustled unceremoniously out of the way, to make room for the most up-to-date of country house parties, and a game of love at cross purposes.

Mr. Frankfort Moore approaches a subject which always has a fascination for him—the devil-magic of the dark races.

Stephen Urquhart, the villain of the piece, is of West Indian origin. The irresponsible party, intent upon amusement, go to consult a witch upon the Irish hills. This woman is of unknown antecedents; and she uses a trick by means of which she plunges the party into darkness at midday, thereby revealing to Stephen the fact that she knows something of the ghastly rites which he too has come in contact with. He employs her to hypnotise the woman he loves into the idea that she loves him. The noble mind of Claire de la Roache deteriorates under the sinister spell. She grows callous to the more delicate promptings of honour. In search of fresh power, Urquhart, who has conceived a devilish plan, suggests a cruise to the West Indies. His idea, briefly, is to make use of the fact that his employer, Trent, the young millionaire, is also in love with Claire. He causes the black magic to be put in motion to kill Trent, and contrives a death-bed marriage, which shall make Claire mistress of his

* By F. Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson and Co.)

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