

of work to be enlarged to meet the demands made upon it.

Writing to a friend from the Canal Hospital, Panama, which is under the War Department, under date July 25th, a nurse trained at the Royal Infirmary, Dundee, states:—"We arrived at Colon last Tuesday about noon, after some of the usual formalities of such an occasion, the Minister Plenipotentiary to Panama being on board. The eight nurses, with the doctors and Colonel Ross, came over in the special car provided for the Minister and other members of the Legation, so we were in good company. The journey across the Isthmus took about two hours, a single line through thick jungle and hilly country. The foliage is superb with scarlet, purple, yellow, and white flowers. Bananas are in profusion. We bought, or, rather, Colonel Ross did for us, some very fine ones from the natives, as we stopped at the various stages, little piccaninies running up to the car with armloads of them. We saw the Charges River, where the yellow fever breeds. Quantities of machinery, which the French had collected for the building of the Canal, are lying in rust and ruin. Our Superintendent, Miss H—, is one of the finest women I have ever met. We have good men at the head of our staff. We are comfortable, and, so far, have good food. The situation is glorious on Ancon Hill, several hundred feet above the Bay of Panama. The vista is magnificent, tropical in every sense of the word, palm trees everywhere, and the never-ceasing song of birds and insects. We went on duty last Wednesday afternoon, work eight hours a day. I have a ward of twenty coloured men, all of whom speak either French or Spanish. What little of the former I do know is some help."

As we recently reported, the Superintendent of the Corps of Nurses stationed by the United States Government along the line of the Panama Canal is Miss Eugenie M. Hibbard, best known to nurses in this country as the Superintendent of Nurses on the hospital ship *Maine*, sent out to South African waters by the American women in London at the time of the war.

Miss A. M. Whiteman, Matron of the Loper Asylum, Pretoria, is appealing for a few extra comforts and amusements for her unfortunate charges. She would much like to take back with her a magic lantern with a good supply of slides, foot-stools and invalid chairs, pipes and tobacco pouches for the men, pictures, picture-books, games, music and toys for the women and children. Messrs. Bullard, King and Co., East India Docks, London, have consented to ship such gifts free of charge. They should be addressed to Miss Whiteman, care of this company, and endorsed "Presents for Lepers at Pretoria." They should reach the docks not later than September 27th, preferably earlier.

The Hospital World.

NOTES ON HOSPITALS IN BERLIN.

By A NURSE.

(Concluded from page 153.)

The Moabit is a large municipal hospital. It is just being rebuilt. There is a fine nurses' home, each nurse having a room to herself, with a tap of water and sink. The wards are, of course, on the pavilion system, and, as everywhere in Berlin, there is plenty of open ground. The hospital gardens are delicious places, with shady walks and large trees. Each ward has several little "spare rooms" attached, this being considered a great point by the doctors. The flooring is all "terrazzo." I saw no teak in the hospital. The walls are painted in oil or tiled, but in some wards pictures are "let in" to cheer things up, and cut flowers are permitted. There is, however, no collection of growing plants, such as fans the pride of our Sisters' hearts at home. Water-taps exist in the wards, which must be the saving of much trouble. There is a disinfecting room attached to each ward, in which the clothes are boiled and soaked in disinfectants. Only when this has been done are they taken to the laundry. Here they are sorted out, each after his own kind, into painted iron bins, and then into porcelain receivers for soaking. Thence they pass through the appropriate processes, including an electric mangle and a hot-air drying apparatus.

The linen rooms, as everywhere in Germany, are beautiful. At the Kaiserin Augusta Hospital we saw the linen arranged in packets, with embroidered bands round each. The kitchens at the Moabit are magnificent—artistic in appearance and complete in every detail.

They are under the charge of a housekeeper, but the medical director knows every particular. He unfortunately picked a saucepan off a shelf to show me, and found it was not quite dry inside. The unlucky kitchenmaid, who happened to be near, will be careful to put a dry saucepan at the end of the shelf in future, I should say.

The milk-sterilising arrangements were attractive. Instructions for each child are sent down to that department. The bottles are washed by a mechanical whisk, the foods are measured and prepared for each child and sterilised, and the bottle is numbered. In the Moabit they are kept in a refrigerator until wanted. In one hospital that I visited each ward had its sterilising plant and sterilised as required.

The store-rooms are roomy and well ventilated, with delightfully-fitted-up cupboards. The hospital makes even its own sausages? There is a large refrigerating chamber for meat, in which whole carcasses can be hung. I was most courteously shown round by the medical director, but, owing to the calls upon my time, could not see as much as I ought to have done of this up-to-date institution.

One of the most perfect establishments I have

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)