

Ever seen is the children's department of the Charité Hospital. It is all new and fresh. The floors are mosaic, the walls are white, with fresco decorations. The out-patient department has the most delightful, fanciful pictures of babies and lambs, and cows and flowers. Over each passage door is a painted symbol of the room beyond—a knife and fork for the pantry, a top for the playroom, and so on. What a help this would be to our errant probationer.

In one ward, set aside for specific cases, such as ophthalmia, each cot is in a glass compartment, open in front only. In each compartment is hung a linen overall, which the nurse puts on before going in. In this way the chances of infection being carried are much mitigated. I noticed in the Foundling Hospital a less elaborate precaution, in the shape of chains round certain beds. This not only prevented patients carrying germs from bed to bed, but served as a reminder to the nurse—not superfluous in that kind of case.

Our wooden lockers seem unknown. Each bed has a glass and iron stand with one drawer, and, in some cases, there is an arrangement for soap, glass, thermometer, &c., up the bed-pole.

In the convalescent room we found the children enjoying a singing lesson from one of the deaconesses. This department of the hospital only is nursed by deaconesses.

As members of the Women's Congress, we were one day taken to Dr. Jansen's new private hospital and most amiably received. The hospital is the private property of the doctor, who is a specialist for nose and ear diseases. There are fifty beds and three classes of accommodation. In the first class, where the patient has a room to himself, the charge is 15 marks a day. In the second class, two patients share a room, and the charge is 6 marks a day. In the four-bedded rooms, of the third class, the charge is three marks. Relations can have rooms at similar prices. The rooms have mostly white furniture, and are in excellent taste. There is an atmosphere of aseptic elegance everywhere which is unusual. The floors are covered with a brownish-red material, which feels to the feet like linoleum, but is really a composition which can be run into every corner and crevice. The place is a marvel of surgical perfection, comfort, and cheapness.

We saw nothing particularly new in the operation theatres of Berlin. But we were struck with the firmness with which the theatre nurse insisted on our putting on goloshes before we entered her sacred precincts. And I caught a look of deep distress when I momentarily dropped the tail of my garment on to the germless floor. In the theatre of Dr. Jansen's hospital we saw an anæsthetic machine, the construction of which was not explained to us. Its object was to regulate accurately the amount of anæsthetic given. The motto of Berlin hospitals might be:—

“Thoroughness and Adaptability.”

Reflections.

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



BEQUEST TO ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—Sir John Simon, of Kensington Square, London, K.C.B., D.O.L., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Hon. M.D. of Dublin, lecturer on general pathology at St. Thomas's Hospital 1847-70, and afterwards consulting surgeon there, has, subject to numerous annuities to relatives and friends, and the life interest in the special trust fund of his adopted daughter, left the ultimate residue of his estate, valued at £26,635 gross, with net personalty £26,545, to St. Thomas's Hospital, and should the income of the said special trust fund exceed £300, then the surplus is also to be paid to St. Thomas's Hospital.

AN INGENUOUS MACHINE.—An ingenious arrangement has been devised by the Secretary of the London Hospital which it is hoped may swell the funds of the Hospital. It consists of a clock-face bearing a prominent statement that the hospital costs one penny per second to maintain, and inviting the visitor to take the entire cost of maintenance on his shoulders for one second. It contains a small automatic machine by which the clock-hand is advanced one second when the penny is dropped in. The Secretary hopes shortly to add a gramophone to his new toy which will say “Thank you” for every gift—preferably in the King's voice.

THE CASE FOR THE CITY ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL. The Earl of Mansfield, Chairman of the City Orthopædic Hospital, in a letter protesting against the withdrawal from that institution of the help of the Hospital Sunday Fund, says:—“The only reason given us for this withdrawal of a grant is that we decline to break up our establishment, which has existed in its present position for over fifty-two years, in order to, as it is called, amalgamate with the two West-end Orthopædic Hospitals. The City Orthopædic Hospital is situated on the fringe of the City, and its patients come chiefly from the East-end of London, where cripples abound. If it were moved to Great Portland Street, or outside of London, the many East-end folk who have hitherto made free use of the institution would be largely cut off from its benefits. They could hardly afford the extra expense and time which such a further journey would involve.”

The *Charity Record*, commenting on the subject, says:—“The Hospital Sunday Fund has certainly used ‘the power of the purse’ in a most relentless way, and the Committee of the hospital have, we think, a distinct grievance in that they received the usual application to send in the necessary statistics for participating in this year's collection. Under these circumstances we think they had a right to consider that their application would have been dealt with on its merits, and that, failing mismanagement, they would receive their quota of the collection as before. Instead of this, however, their application is totally ignored simply because the Committee have carried out the wishes of the Governors to continue the hos-

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