

The Hospital World.

THE SURGICAL HOSPITAL, HELSINGFORS.

Only a short week ago and we were in Finland, and, among the many interesting places we saw, the Surgical Hospital at Helsingfors was not the least. A kind Finnish lady accompanied us, or we should have been rather in a difficulty, for no one in the hospital understood English or German.

The Surgical Hospital stands high up on the outskirts of the charming town of Helsingfors, and consists of a centre block and two long corridors, at the end of which, again, are long and narrow blocks, the kitchens being behind the centre.

We did not see the hospital to full advantage, as cleaning and painting were going on, but what we did see was quite enough to convince us that the sick in Finland are well cared for.

The hall into which one first enters is most spacious and lofty, with a double staircase leading to the corridors and rooms above. Off it is the out-patients' department. We mounted the stairs, and were shown a room dedicated to the Röntgen rays. We went on to the theatre, where, speaking from an outsider's point of view, things seemed very up-to-date—the walls of washable material, the tables warmed by hot water below, and all the instruments under glass. We peeped into a private ward where a patient was "receiving" his friends, and were then taken to one of the ordinary (men's) wards. This was quite on the approved lines, with its neat beds, charts above each patient's head, and the locker at the bedside. The walls were all painted; the floor a sort of composition, again painted. A delightful feature of the ward is that all along one side runs a broad balcony, and patients at all convalescent can walk or be carried out there to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine and the beautiful sea view. Our time was short, and we were told that all the wards were alike, so we did not go to the others. It hardly becomes a "foreigner" and a lay woman to be critical, but, to eyes accustomed to the orderly professional aspect of an English hospital, it was certainly strange to see servants in ante-rooms arranging cupboards, rolling bandages, &c. A constant question on our lips was "Where are the nurses?" for, excepting in the theatre, we saw none. The theatre nurse wore a blue uniform, not unlike that of the Registered Nurses' Society, and the familiar white armlet with its red badge was also there, the said badge being a red cross similar to that of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. We were told that the nurses went round chiefly "at doctors' and medicine times," but this I cannot quite believe, and think that the summer cleaning must be answerable for their absence, and for the rather forlorn, flowerless aspect of the wards.

We found that it is the usual custom for patients to pay something for treatment. The Finns are a

prosperous, self-reliant, and independent people, and, as a rule, are quite able to contribute to the hospital expenses. This makes it easy to admit the well-to-do classes when necessary. Our conductor had herself been there, and told us that Bobukoff, the Governor, when he was shot, asked to be taken there, and died there.

We were delighted to learn that Finland possesses many women doctors, and our friend, who had visited England, expressed great surprise that they were not more appreciated in Great Britain than they are. "We think so much of them, and they are so beloved here," said she. We hastened to assure her that it was only the foolish and ignorant in England who held the women doctors in small esteem; but, truth to say, women are altogether of greater account in Finland than in our own country. In the University they hold the same position and go through the same course as men, and that course is by no means an easy one. To begin with, they must pass a stiff examination before they are even allowed to become students, and if a woman aspires to the medical profession it will take her, like a man, from eight to ten years before she is allowed to practise. Much more might be written about the charming country of the Finns, but my advice to all interested is to go and see for themselves. Even in a short fortnight from England a great deal may be seen and done, and we return home with larger views and a deep reverence, as well as deep sympathy, for a people so industrious, so patriotic, and so self-respecting, though ruled and oppressed by an iron-handed and inexorable foreign Power. E. P. C.

Faithful unto Death.

The following pathetic story of the devotion of a dog which sacrificed its life in obedience to duty is told by the Berne correspondent of the *Daily Mail* :—

After escaping in their night clothes from a house on fire in St. Saphorin, Canton Vaud, a family of the name of Pargier discovered that Henri, a boy of four, had been forgotten. It was impossible for a human being to enter the house, which was enveloped in thick smoke. The father made two attempts, but failed, and then remembered his dog, a beautiful collie.

"Go and fetch Henri," he said, pointing to the house.

The dog immediately rushed up the stairs, but returned terribly burnt. A second and a third time the animal entered the house, and was then seen dragging out the child, whose clothes were alight. The boy was unconscious, but is expected to recover. Immediately the lad was safe, the dog rushed off to the woods, howling with pain.

Its coat was burnt off, and M. Pargier, borrowing a gun, followed it and put it out of its misery.

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