

The Hospital World.

THE ROYAL SOUTH HANTS HOSPITAL.

The last twelve years have wrought great changes for the better in this training-school which at the present day bears a reputation second to none of its provincial brethren.

It has grown. How it has grown! After an absence of some two years even, it was hard to realise that all the new pile of building which had arisen belonged to what is known affectionately to me as *the* hospital. In the first days of my probationary tribulation there we dwelt in a terrible building barely even weatherproof, ramshackle, containing but two bathrooms, over which (the water generally ran cold after the first three or four baths) many a furious battle raged. This mean building has vanished: fairylike in its place I found a mansion sumptuously furnished with eight bathrooms and ever-hot water, a mansion where every nurse, even the juniorest pro. has a cosy room of her own, where radiators heat the corridors, and sitting-rooms are a serious hindrance to that off-duty walk, so enticing are they with their warm red walls and cheery, blazing fires.

The rooms are distempered a delicate French grey, and there is electric light all over the Home, which has the double advantage of being entirely apart from the hospital, yet within its precincts; you are away, as it were, from its worries and its sounds, but you are so close that you do not even get wet on bad days when you tear across on duty.

There is, too, a new casualty ward (erected in memory of the late Sir Frederick Perkins), which it is truly a joy to work in. It comprises two rooms, one a waiting room which contains a bed where doubtful cases may be detained for diagnosis, and a surgery, which many a smaller hospital would count itself lucky to possess as an operating theatre, so nicely equipped is it with its sinks and lotion jars, and plate glass shelves and cupboards, its glittering wagon of porringers and receivers; though its aseptic spick and spanness lends it perhaps an air of bleakness to those accustomed to the stuffier comforts of fusty carpets and never-opened windows. "I'd make a better show than this with me own bits o' sticks," growled a dishevelled and dissatisfied lady, who found it quite impossible to see straight, and who saw two chairs where only one was placed for her accommodation. It is, however, very comfortable, this casualty ward, heated with radiators, and to those who remember the old casualty room a perfect transformation. Of yore, by the time a policeman and a stretcher, say, were in the casualty room no one else could turn round; now we work in comfort and ease without trampling on each other's toes, and we do not have to have our supply of hot water doled out in little cans by the porters. Southampton now wants an ambulance organisation

to match this casualty ward; it is lamentably behind hand at present.

The late casualty room meanwhile has been transformed into an X-ray room in charge of the out-patient Sister. The plant is a good one, and is used for the treatment of lupus, &c., as well as for diagnostic purposes. The training at Southampton is one which any girl who wishes to become a nurse, may consider, for it is varied and good. It is for three years, no premium is required, and a small sum is given to the nurses as "pocket money." Indoor uniform is provided also. There are lectures by the Matron and Medical Staff, and examinations. At the end of the three years a certificate is granted.

One of the advantages of a big seaport like Southampton is that strange things come your way which you would never otherwise have a chance of meeting with. A case of plague, perhaps, or black-water fever, or different types of malarial fever. I always prayed that I might see a case of sleeping sickness, but "he cometh not she said," and I am still unacquainted with that strange mysterious malady.

A League has recently been formed of South Hants Nurses, the qualification for membership of which is the certificate of the hospital. This League serves a very useful purpose in keeping the graduates of the hospital in touch with one another after the time of training is over.

Attached to the hospital, beyond a sea of cabbages and potatoes, is its laundry and also an Isolation Cottage. This latter is a Willesden paper bungalow enclosed in a rampart of palings, so that the isolated ones and their attendants are "within the pale," not without it. It contains three rooms, a kitchen, linen cupboard, and offices, and is really quite a comfortable little place. You begin to feel as if you had suddenly become matron of a cottage hospital when you retire there in charge of a case, till Matron goes *her* round and informs you that your kitchen cupboards are untidy, and your linen shelves—*well!* Many a tracheotomy has been done on one of the narrow tables, many a blue-faced baby has choked its precarious way back to life in this cottage of ours. It is a cheery little place and sunny withal, and when the hollyhocks make a blaze of colour at the edge of the cabbages and potatoes is quite countrified. It has, too, a little patch of grass where the convalescent children love to sun themselves, and Matron's hens sometimes poke inquisitive heads through the railings.

Near by is the engine-room, the storing-house, and the destructor, and away over another sea of miscellaneous vegetables is the mortuary, to which is attached the *post-mortem* room. Whatever we are, we are not cramped or crowded out of fresh air at the Royal South Hants.

Our wards are six in number—male and female, surgical—a grand block of modern design, which has been built in Matron's time—male and female

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