

how it should be dealt with. After this, he was weighed and measured at intervals, and if his development fell short of the standard required the cause was fully investigated. All through his school life he was given carefully-planned and thought-out physical exercises, and sufficient pressure was brought to bear upon him to induce him to take a voluntary shower-bath at intervals, and it was reported that this had not only the obvious effect, but it encouraged the mothers to supply the proper quality and quantity of underclothing. Consequently, in Germany they rarely met with those depressing types of the undeveloped and the under-sized which were so grievously numerous in a British crowd.

“Unfortunately they had not yet a generally-accepted ideal of health. The under-sized and the undeveloped married as easily as the full-grown and healthy, whereas in Germany the young woman expected that her young man should conform to the common type, and have an erect carriage and a military chest, and she knew if he was unfit for military service he was unfit for the industrial struggle; while he, owing to his military training, expected some of the same military smartness and vigour in his young woman.

“They did not want conscription in that country, but they did want some of the same health results, and they would have to adopt some of the same means. She hoped the day would come when hygiene would be properly taught in their schools, when their school children would have to go through a medical examination, and when there would be a properly co-ordinated and arranged physical training for the youth of their country. But meantime they should do all they could to encourage nurses who were doing more than anyone else at present to raise the physical standard and teach the laws of health amongst the poorest of the population.”

Miss Elston, the Directrice of the Tondu Hospital, Bordeaux, who, it will be remembered, is a London Hospital nurse, has just been the recipient of more public honours. The President of the Republic, when he visited Bordeaux, promised her the medal of the Assistance Publique, but it did not arrive, it is rumoured, owing to the hostility of the clerical party. However that may be, the Prefect of the Gironde himself secured it, and paid a visit recently to the hospital, at which he required the official presence of the Board of Guardians in the large new nurses' sitting room. In their presence he presented Miss Elston with the medal, which he pinned on to her dress. It was the first time that some of the Guardians had seen the trim nurses of this lay school in their pretty blue and white uniforms. Let us hope they became converts to modern methods of training.

The Hospital World.

THE OLD “JENNY LIND”—A RETROSPECT.

There must be many an old “Jenny Lind” pro. to whom the little infirmary in Pottergate Street is still a pleasant memory; the one green spot in an almost forgotten past. And I, who also am one of you, would take you back again to the old house in the long narrow, echoing street, which opened its doors to the little sick folk of Norwich and its neighbouring villages.

Was it not here that we were initiated into the régime of hospital life and its attendant mysteries? Ah! everything then was fearsome and wonderful to our youthful and inexperienced eyes, from the carbolic spray downwards! Scoff not, ye juniors of to-day; I speak of more than a dozen years ago—I won't say how many more—you were in the nursery when we trained, and the spray is now a thing of the past; *nous avons changé tout cela!*

How well I remember the day when I, a mere pro., arrived at the old house with a box so big that the exhausted cabby could do no more when he had hauled it up the steps. The hall door opened in response to his ring, and the maid simply gazed in dismay at my *impedimenta*, but she was promptly put on *our* side, and a nurse, big and bonnie and brown-eyed, came to the rescue with a cheery call over her shoulder to other nurses in the background:—

“Come along, girls, and bear a hand with ‘the Ark!’” And my box was landed in, in fine style, while Cabby stood by smiling hugely as he wiped his perspiring brow. Then was I escorted into supper, and made much of, for the “Jenny Lind” pros. neither turned up their noses nor looked askance at a new-comer, but welcomed her as a comrade. It was my big friend, Nurse Claire, who inspected my cap, and made it presentable for wear the following morning. Bless me! What a mess I'd made of it, to be sure! I smile now when I think of it. Yes; and it was she, who, out of her six months' knowledge (we only got twelve, by the bye!) opened my eyes to the wonders of the ward and theatre—most gruesome details! The Infirmary numbered but four wards, all told: two large wards, which overlooked the old-fashioned garden, with its lawn and flower-bordered walks (not forgetting the tin tabernacle!), one on the ground floor and one above, and two small wards, which looked down into Pottergate Street. These, by the way, were sacred to the paying pro., who also had the charge of the tiny theatre. And how the fresh daintiness of the wards struck me! The dark polished floors, and the soft green walls against which the little black cots were ranged with their bright scarlet and white-striped coverlets, and polished brass nameplates. And flowers, flowers, everywhere! On the doctors' table in the window, on the long centre table with its white jug and

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