

teur Hospital. Here, of course, the most interesting department was the pavilion, divided into small glass rooms, entirely isolated from one another—in which patients suffering from every variety of infectious disease are treated and nursed without fear of infection. The construction of this pavilion is simple. A long central tiled corridor, on either side little rooms built of enamelled iron, painted in a pretty shade of French grey to the height of five feet, and panelled with glass to the ceiling. In the centre, opening on to the corridor, and on to the garden on the opposite side, were two doors, divided in the middle. On tip-toe one could see the interior of these glass divisions, where the furniture was simple—one bed, chair, table, and bed pan on stand. The diseases being treated at the time of our visit were measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and enteric, sleeping sickness, erysipelas, and abscess. The nursing is in the hands of Nuns of the Order of St. Joseph de Cluny, and those on duty in the ward, in their white overalls, appeared eminently business-like. They go from room to room, disinfecting their hands carefully in each after any attendance on the patient, and the food they distributed was as it is in most French hospitals, thanks to Madame l'Econome—delicate and nourishing. These glass rooms can be easily kept clean, and are washed down and well disinfected between each case. All utensils are disinfected, even those used for food. In the ward kitchen all dishes are boiled in a large covered tank, and instead of glass tumblers those in use were made of metal, which, though not silver, shone very bright. Knives, forks, and spoons (articles often found greasy and unclean in hospitals) were also brightly polished.

The Hospital gets its nursing done by the "Order" at a minimum of expense. There are only 40 Sisters to nurse, work, wash, serve, and clean for a hospital of 120 beds. We found, however, all the domestic departments in faultless order. In the laundry the week's wash was just over, and two Sisters were busy polishing the great boilers till there was not a speck of dirt left!

I was not in a critical mood. One realised the devotion of these good women. But—well—why should not men do this hard labour, and give the Sisters more time and strength for nursing the sick?

Peeping into the glass rooms—I had come face to face with more than one patient suffering from enteric. They also, prompted by curiosity, were sitting up anxious to see through the window into the corridor. When recumbent, the patients were not visible from without, and with but few Sisters it seemed impossible to keep a watchful eye on each.

The principle of sick rooms divided by glass-partitions appears one with many possibilities in the future arrangement of wards, but the first precaution in their construction should certainly be that the patients are at all times visible to the attendants, otherwise what disasters might happen!

But under a system of nursing, where one descends to the laundry and washes all night after being on duty in the wards all day—one night out of seven—one doubtless becomes philosophic, and does not meet troubles half-way.

"There is still a great deal to do," sighed Pasteur, in that September month in 1895 when, with absolute faith in a Future Life, he ceased to breathe.

That is it—there will always be a great deal to do, and how tiresome a world it would be if it were not so.

We know that the great impetus to Pasteur's work was a desire to allay human suffering, and that he was inspired by a humanitarian sentiment, which made him a citizen of the World.

Has not his devoted colleague, the great Roux, said of him:

"L'œuvre de Pasteur est admirable; elle montre son génie, mais il faut avoir vécu dans son intimité pour connaître toute la bonté de son cœur."

Genius and goodness—so—so together they go. Then only shall we have nursing of the highest order. E.G.F.

The Queen's Visit to the Jubilee Institute.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra paid an unexpected visit on Wednesday afternoon to the offices of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute, Victoria Street, S.W., which were acquired by the Institute, largely owing to the generous gift of her Majesty of £1,000, which formed the nucleus of a fund for this purpose. Her Majesty was received by the officials of the Institute, including Miss Amy Hughes, General Superintendent, and Miss Martin Leake, Secretary. After visiting all the principal rooms, the Queen went to the chief apartment, where two dozen London district Superintendents, who had been hurriedly summoned, were assembled. Her Majesty shook hands with them, and signed the attendance book: On leaving, the Queen expressed her pleasure at having met so many Superintendents, and said how favourably she had been impressed by the general appointments of the offices, and the good order and neatness which prevailed. The Superintendents, who were subsequently entertained to tea, signed the attendance book, beneath the Queen's name.

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