

form, a simple black gown, neat white cap, collar and cuffs, the costume so many of our Matrons wear at home, and to realise that her attire was symbolic of the most civilising influence—that of the efficiently trained nurse—the world has welcomed through centuries of time, and that from dear old England it had passed into France. The sister of healing has the same pride in her uniform as the patriot man of arms.

The Tondu Hospital is distinguished for its experimental Nursing School, as in this lies its chief interest. No one welcomes changes, we as a nation least of all, so there is nothing the least surprising in the fact that the inauguration of such a school for lay nurses, due primarily to Dr. Lande, the administrator of civil hospitals at Bordeaux, a man of immense force of character and serene perception, was not altogether popular at first.

But already after a few years' trial a just feeling of pride is apparent in all those who have combined to make this Nursing School a distinguished success, and one cannot pass through the hospital wards, so bright and gay, so clean and orderly, nor note the cheeriness of the patients, nor watch the distribution of their most appetising food, nor observe the nurses in their neatly worn blue and white uniforms attending the *chef de service* during his ward visit, and in the theatre, without sympathising with the justifiable pride of the able Directrice, Miss Elston, the medical staff, and the members of the administration, as they compare the results of systematic training and instruction of nurses at the Tondu Hospital, with the condition of the

kindred institutions where a well organised school does not exist.

The probationers come for training from many parts of France, and many I noted were quite surprisingly bright and handsome, with gay unaffected manners. The curriculum extends over two years, and includes a course on anatomy, physiology, hygiene, medical and surgical affections, first aid to sick and wounded, practical care of medical and surgical cases, bandaging, and pharmacy; the certificate is only granted after a successful examination.

The construction of the hospital is very picturesque, to right and left of the entrance hall are the administrative rooms, and through the hall one passes into a fine court, open to the very blue sky, surrounded by a verandah. Across this court one enters a spacious corridor—called a promenade—into which some of the wards open, and which is made useful for a variety of purposes. For instance, here Sister has her store cupboards, with ample space for ward requisites, drugs, dressings, &c., and I noticed when open they were kept with great care.

The wards of an English

hospital, they were well furnished and well kept—and when one remembers the fact that the versatile French are not quite so amenable to discipline as the people of this Isle—a little latitude as to costume and conversation was permissible. In practical work the nurses appeared to me to possess veritable genius for technique. When preparing a dressing or doing their part in the theatre there was no clatter, no slopping, or *gaucherie*, every finger seemed to realise its responsibility, and play its



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