

The Hospital World.

IN BOURNEMOUTH.

There was once a man, caretaker of a museum, who never went outside it for a great number of years, and when on an extraordinary occasion he did so it was to go and see another museum. I think most of us feel some sympathy with him. At any rate, when I found myself in Bournemouth for a day, a short time since, the hospitals and nursing institutions drew me as steel to a magnet.

There is first the Royal Victoria Hospital, where Miss Sibyl Airy, R.R.C., has for so many years been Lady Superintendent. It is just changing hands, and Miss Marion I. Wood, a lady who received her training at Guy's, and has held executive posts there, was about to come into residence.

The Royal National Sanatorium was unfortunately closed, an annual arrangement at the end of July and in August I was told. Miss Lloyd, the new Matron there, was trained at the General Hospital, Birmingham, and is one of the representatives of its Nurses' League on the Provisional Committee of the National Council of Nurses.

MISS FORREST'S HOMES.

Then there are Miss Forrest's Homes. Do those who knew her during long and strenuous years of work at York as Lady Superintendent of the County Hospital there, imagine that she is resting on her laurels, as she well might, and having a comparatively easy time now-a-days? They will do well to revise their ideas. First, she superintends the Victoria Nursing Institute and Home Hospital in Cambridge Road, where paying patients are received, and where a large staff of salaried nurses is maintained. Since I was there last year Miss Forrest has been building additions on to the Home, but that is a trifle. She has also the Home of Good Hope in Porchester Road, where patients are received, and, near by, the Hostel where her nurses live who work on the co-operative system; nor is this all, for at Wootton Lodge, Boscombe, she maintains yet another centre from which private nurses are sent out. In all she has a staff of about 200. The branches are connected by telephone with the Victoria Home, and on most afternoons Miss Forrest is to be found at one or other of them. Withal she finds time to come up to town when any meeting of professional importance is being held, and the latest evidence of her activity and organising power is to be found in the very flourishing "League of Victoria and Bournemouth Nurses," and in the successful way in which she arranged the visit of no less than 19 of the members to

Paris during the week of the Nursing Conference.

As one sits with Miss Forrest in her shady garden one might think while she dispenses tea with a hospitable hand, and talks with keen interest of all manner of current events that her life is a peaceful and leisurely one. Then there is the tinkle of the telephone bell in the distance, and a trim nurse crosses the lawn with the inevitable "I am sorry to trouble you, Matron, but—" and one's hostess is whisked away for a moment, during which one reflects that the busiest people are those who always manage to find time to spare for their friends, and that Miss Forrest's capacity for work is certainly extraordinary.

THE WEST CLIFF ELECTRICAL HOME.

I had but recently returned from the Paris Conference, where I met Miss Lucy Jackson, who asked me if ever I came to Bournemouth to go to see her home there. So I found my way to the West Cliff Electrical Home in Alumhurst Road, and straightway fell in love with it. Such a dainty little place; it was exquisitely clean, the colouring and curtains, and furniture simple and harmonious in design, and with French windows on the ground floor, from which you can step out into a pleasant garden. It is an ideal place in which to rest tired nerves and gain strength for days to come. Miss Jackson (Sister Lucy) is a nurse of much experience, and well acquainted with the latest methods of applying electrical treatment, which is now so frequently ordered by the medical profession. I should like to take those eccentric persons who regard technical training as a "side issue," in the making of the trained nurse, to see this Home and the appliances used for giving the high frequency currents, static douches, and so on. For myself, when I consider the potent forces which are in the hands of nurses in this and other branches of work, forces which would slay you instantly if carelessly applied by an incompetent person, I prefer some guarantee that the nurse who applies them to me knows what she is about. That really is at the root of the demand for State Registration of Trained Nurses, and the sooner the public realises it the better for its safety. Unfortunately, when I visited the Home, Miss Jackson was away, but her very able representative, Miss Burford, kindly took me round and explained the most interesting details of the work.

THE BOSCOMBE HOSPITAL.

On leaving Alumhurst Road I mounted one of the fine trams of the Bournemouth Corporation, and was whisked down into and through the town, and right away through beautiful, shady trees to Boscombe, intent on seeing

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