

## The Hospital World.

### LARIBOISIÈRE, À PARIS.

It is said that "comparisons are odious," but comparisons frequently define more clearly the difference which lies between one thing and another. Those who visited the Salpê-

trière at Paris saw a historical building, and the largest hospice in the world. Lariboisière on the contrary, is the most modern hospital in Paris, and where the lectures to nurses are given. In the Board Room or Director's Office is the explanation

of the name. This hospital was founded by the Comtesse Lariboisière, and a life-size painting of the generous donor hangs on the wall.

When I asked the Director to allow me to visit the hospital, he smiled and said: "It would take you a whole day to visit it; is there any special department you wish to see." "Well, yes," I answered, "let me see your special departments the departments for which you are noted." "We are noted for having all the departments" he answered again with another justifiably proud smile; "in this lies our speciality."

The director of a hospital containing 1,500 beds is a busy man. With the rapid actions of a person who has a clear mind, has much to do, and gets through

it quickly, he touched a bell, and almost instantaneously a bright, quick, keen-eyed *surveillante* appeared from the *bureau*, and received orders so show me one ward, of each service. Surely, I had fallen on my feet, for this *surveillante* knew everything that went on in the hospital—quite as much as an English

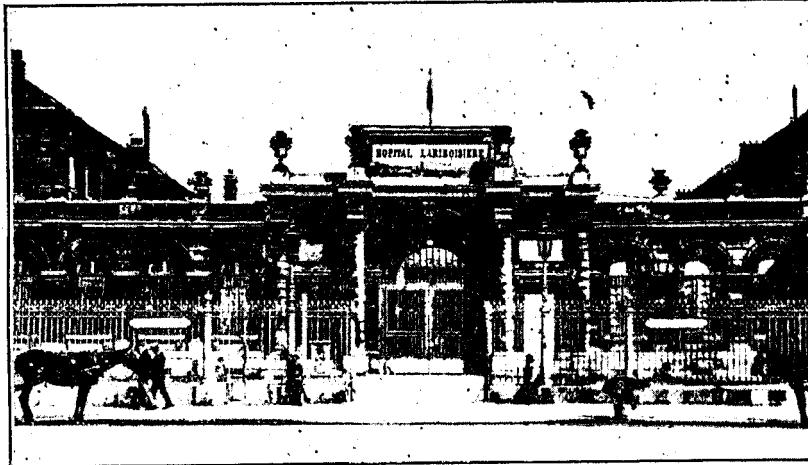
Matron. Strange to say, I was taken into Dr. R——'s surgical Ward (containing 40 beds, and having its own operating theatre.) He is one of the greatest surgeons in Paris, and his sister-in-law, who is a friend, told me that he

was one of the bitterest enemies of the modern nursing movement in Paris. My friend was one of the first ladies to join the *Société de la Croix Rouge, Secours aux blessés marins et militaires*, and followed the course for the two enforced years. When she passed the examination with honours she was astonished to receive amongst her first letters of congratulations one

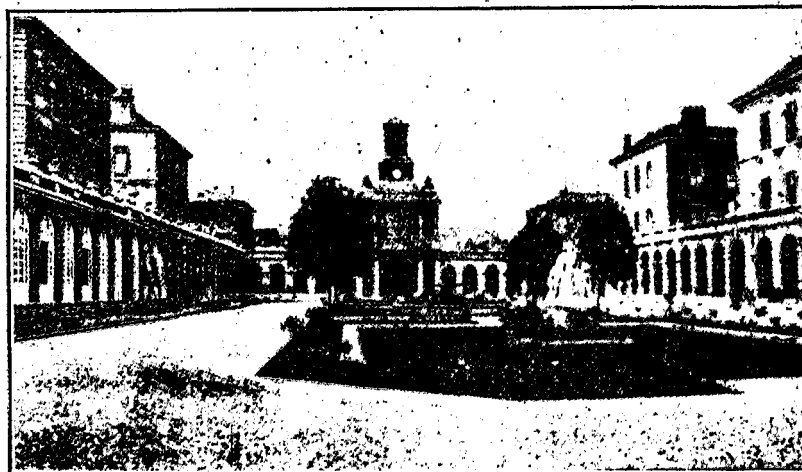
from her brother-in-law, who had so opposed the progressive movement!

I looked around his ward. It was large, airy, clean, and built on the most modern hygienic system. His operating theatre was immaculate, the man in charge of it

was intelligent, keen on his work, and extremely nice, but the patients and nurses disappointed me, for both lacked that smart



OUTSIDE THE GATES



INSIDE THE GATES.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)