

visiting the hospitals and studying the nursing questions of other countries. She was *au courant* with the French nursing movement, and knew what was best in every country. The operating table was that of Scherer, from Switzerland, the instruments were French, the medicines were from Germany, her uniform was from England, and so on.

"What about your nurses?" I asked. "Have you formed a training school for Israélite young ladies?" "Young ladies?" she said, and her hands fell hopelessly into her lap. "Have I not told you that I am looked upon as mad? Ladies and women don't work in this country; it is considered a shame to work. The Israélite community give a "dot" of £10 to each girl and marry her somehow to somebody, anybody (it is the same story of the *vieille fille* in France); it is all short-sightedness, for nobody seems to see that in the end these girls cost more; for the community soon has their children to support. Oh! if only I could stop this "dot" system, she sighed. I tried to train a few poor Israélite girls, but with our religious traditions it is impossible. From Friday night to Sunday morning they will not so much as light a lamp. I found the nurse sitting up one night by a dying woman in darkness. At first I thought she had fallen off to sleep, but no, she dared not touch a light! It was useless trying to train them; they were so handicapped by our religion that we had to have servants to wait on them. The consequence is that with the male attendants I have no difficulty. A Greek helps me with the operating theatre, and he is perfect, and all the male attendants you will see in the wards are splendid. In the female wards I am worried daily, for as fast as I train them, they leave me for private nursing, when they get from 16 shillings to £1 a day." The nurses consisted of European women of the domestic class, and were dressed in blue uniform, with white aprons, and Sister

Dora caps of approved English fashion.

As to the Hospital itself, it was as spotlessly clean and white as the Matron's dress. The bedsteads and bedcovers were in white; the operating theatre and sterilising ante-room were fitted up with all the modern appliances.

There are altogether 56 beds, 10 of which are in a separate Pavilion destined for tubercular or emergency infectious cases. In the summer the hospital is full to overflowing, and mattresses have to be put on the floor between each bed, so that fresh wards are in process of being built, but so far we only saw the scaffolding as a beginning. Unfortunately, though the Israélite community is very wealthy at Alexandria, they have so many calls in support of their poor that the hospital is allowed to fall heavily on the generosity of Baron Felix Menasce, whose goodness and constant enthusiasm and interest never seems to abate. He encourages the work by his constant visits, and has even brought his beautiful young wife to see the patients, which is splendid of him, considering the dread of hospitals and of infection there is in the East.

There is an out-patients' department, a dispensary, and a mortuary, and many bathrooms. In fact, what rejoiced my heart most was that Mme. Norsa, the Matron, told me that the entrance to the hospital for the out-patients was the bathroom; the clothes were taken and pigeon-holed in a room in a remote corner of the garden.

As we went through the dispensary, Madame Norsa remarked that the most intelligent helper she had in the hospital was a lady dispenser. "I am glad to hear it," I said, my eyes flashing with delight. "*Feministe?*" (Suffragist) she enquired archly. "Yes, *et vous?*" "Only to a certain point," she answered. "Where do you stop?" "*Aux téléphonistes.*" The two words meant volumes.



BARONESS FELIX MENASCE.



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[previous page](#)

[next page](#)