

dispensed with, so our little procession was reduced to four persons, the Superintendent, and a young man, probably his secretary, my friend, and myself. The majority of the patients pay for their treatment, but out of three hundred beds, there are sixty free. The paying patients are divided into four grades. In the first grade, two rooms are at the disposal of the patient, and he has two attendants. This grade pays five yen and fifty sen, *i.e.*, eleven shillings per day, one yen being equal to two shillings of our money. The third grade pay two yen fifty sen per day, and have one room. The fourth pay one yen sixty sen, and are two in each room. There are never more than sixteen to twenty beds in the free wards, and usually only six. When the hospital is not quite full, each patient has practically a nurse to himself! There are thirty-six resident doctors. Assuredly the Red Cross Hospital in Tokyo is not understaffed. The head doctor is a viscount—Viscount Hashimoto—for Japan loves to honour those who serve their country well. A new wing, or rather block, is in process of building, the money for which has been given by Mitsui. Mitsui owns the largest silk store in Tokyo, a fine shop, that store, with a fountain in the centre on the ground floor; it has also a refreshment and reading room, and a roof garden.

The new block at the hospital, for which Mitsui is paying, comprises doctors' and nurses' rooms, bath rooms, one or two private wards, and a splendid operating room, which not only has glass tables and sofas, but the whole of the walls when finished are to be lined with glass. This new block, with its fittings, will cost forty thousand yen. One of the hospital blocks is arranged as a sun-bath house or rather shed, for the special cases benefited by this treatment. The Dispensary and Laboratory were fitted up most elaborately. The whole of the hospital is built in European style, not with sliding panels of paper and matted floors, and this leads me to say that many houses in Japan are now built in semi-European fashion, that is, half the house will be European and half Japanese. In a Japanese house all the walls are practically doors, you never know where anyone may come into a room. This in a hospital might be a trifle awkward.

One custom in this Red Cross Hospital reminds us that Japan is still an Oriental country. When showing the operation theatre, the Superintendent casually mentioned that in the case of a serious operation, the friends of the patient are allowed to be present, during the performance of the operation. Their self-control, or Oriental impassiveness, whichever you like to call it, can be depended on.

One little story of a Red Cross nurse during the late war I must tell. Her patient was a young Russian prisoner, who had lost both his arms and legs; they had been shot away, or obliged to be amputated, owing to their shattered state. The little Japanese nurse was most devoted, and really kept her patient alive in this terrible condition for months, by her unremitting care. Night and

day she was constantly at his bedside, and if by chance she went away to snatch a little sleep, and he, waking, missed her, "Where is my nurse?" he would cry, and she would come flying back to her loving ministry to her country's foe. Such incidents as these are healing oil poured into the cruel gaping wounds of the world's sorrows.

To outward appearance the hospital, and all its arrangements, are first rate. Will it, like so many Japanese goods now made for both the home and foreign market, collapse when handled or inspected too thoroughly?

RAY MERTON.

## Legal Matters.

### "A REGISTERED NURSING HOME."

What is "A Registered Nursing Home"? Read the following disgraceful report and you will imagine that such a place is "registered" as a cockpit:—

John Edward Groom, a stoutly-built man with a heavy grey moustache, residing with his wife, the keeper of a nursing home in Lavender Street, Battersea, was charged at the South-Western Court on Saturday last with assaulting Mrs. Florence Bale, a music-hall artist, and Minnie Johnston, a detective.

The proceedings form a sequel to an application to Mr. Justice Bray, in chambers, by Mrs. Bale, by which she sought to obtain an order entitling her to have an interview with her mother, Mrs. Gardiner, an inmate of the nursing home, she having traced her whereabouts, it was alleged, not without considerable difficulty. When admitted to the nursing home it is alleged that a noisy scene ensued.

Mrs. Bale stated that while she was conversing with her mother, who was delighted to see her, kissing her most affectionately, Mrs. Groom, the defendant's wife, rushed in excitedly, exclaiming to her husband: "How dare you let those people in; they have no right here." She began to fight the detective, and the defendant struck her (witness) with an umbrella.

Minnie Johnston described her visit to the home. The mother put her arms round her daughter's neck and kissed her. After a short interval Mrs. Groom entered. She shouted, "This is a registered nursing home, and no one has a right to enter without my permission; get out of it." Speaking to her husband she said, "Turn her out." He then, the witness alleged, caught hold of her neck till she was nearly black in the face, and hit her a violent blow on the ear. The old lady cried out, "Don't leave me," and they were both bundled out into the street.

The defendant, giving evidence, denied assaulting the lady in the way described. He admitted that everything was peaceful till his wife arrived.

Mr. de Grey said he did not think the violence displayed was justified, and fined the defendant £5 for the assault on the detective, dismissing the other charge on the ground that Mrs. Bale's story of the umbrella had not been corroborated.

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