

scarlet geraniums and other flowers. This was in sharp contrast with the interior of the building, which was particularly dull and depressing. Not a flower, not a plant, brightened the wards, all the appointments of which were very plain and ugly, especially the bedding.

In Germany and German Switzerland a custom obtains, which, in its strict observance, recalls a law of the Medes and Persians, "which altereth not"! namely, every man, woman, and child, at all seasons of the year, lies underneath a mountainous featherbed! It corresponds with our eiderdown quilt, and possibly may be comfortable in the winter; but I was not prepared to find, on a torrid day in July, every patient smothered under one of these unlovely things! Poor things! I can see them now; the burial was obviously too much for them in their weak state, they looked faint and panting! The smile which I bestowed upon them, and the few words I spoke, must have seemed to them a mockery, for I could do nothing to help them!

The wonderful thing was enclosed in a coarse cotton cover of pink and white check; the blankets were dark grey, like our army blankets. One patient only looked comfortable—a child in splints who was lying without a featherbed. Both the patients and the wards appeared to be beautifully clean.

I was struck by the extremes of ignorance and enlightenment. Here in this small hospital of 25—30 beds, there were two theatres, one of which was used for septic cases. The laws of asepticism were evidently more strictly observed than those of hygiene. The appointments of the theatres were perfect. I was agreeably surprised, too, to find in a hospital of this size, a fully equipped Roentgen Ray room.

I was not able to learn anything of the training of the nurses; the Sister-in-charge was away, and we were shown over the building by a probationer or subordinate nurse who spoke bad German. Her dress did not commend itself to me; the only thing white about her was a well starched cap, which appears to be worn out of doors as well. The dress, and apron without a bib, are of dark blue cotton, no collar was worn.

Switzerland is full of surprises—scenic and engineering! The wonderful rack and pinion railway that took us over the mountains to Wengen, is a marvel of engineering skill.

About four small lightly-built carriages without windows and without luggage van—the luggage goes on before by itself—and the gallant little engine which travels at the safe rate of four miles an hour, comprise the train.

Wengen is the most beautiful place in the world, as I know the world. At an altitude of over 4,000 feet, it looks down upon the gorge-like valley of Lauterbrunnen, which is bisected by the rapid tumbling river Lutschine. It is bounded on all sides by majestic mountains—a panorama of incomparable beauty! There is no vehicular traffic in the village, there is no policeman, no drunkenness, no poverty. A veritable Utopia! There ought to be no sickness, but the presence of two doctors, in professional and matrimonial partnership, is proof of the need of them. The lady, I was told, does the maternity work, and in the winter, when the mountain railways cease to run, she travels long distances on foot; and even in the night, this intrepid woman sets out with a companion and a lantern, and cheerfully surmounts the difficulties of snow and distance. There is also a little Sanatorium in Wengen, which appears to be the private enterprise of the doctors, whose dispensary is the chemist shop of the village. We met several very pleasant compatriots, among them a girl full of burning zeal for the nursing profession. I was requested by her friends to disenchant her! I painted vividly the joys and sorrows of it, and left her with zeal unabated.

I have never yet heard of the cinematograph being used to give realistic expression to the lectures of a surgeon. This was done in Lausanne last winter. Surely such a method of giving object lessons to probationers going through their surgical training, might be copied with advantage in our own country. Every detail of an operation in a theatre was shown to an interested audience by this novel means by the Lausanne surgeon.

On our way home, we had an hour to wait at Neuchatel; there was not sufficient time to visit the Lake, which gleamed seductively in the distance, so we visited one of the three hospitals there, which was situated not far from the station. It was evidently an adapted building, and had been used, we were told, to accommodate the soldiers in the Franco-German war. It was under the management of Sisters of Mercy, and we were very courteously received and shown over by one of them. It did not appear, in any way, to be an up-to-date hospital, indeed, retrogression rather than progression was the note. There was no sign of any trained nurses about, as far as I could judge. I saw one woman in no sort of uniform, wearing a dark stuff dress, in attendance upon one of the patients, and—oh! Miserere! I saw two of the above mentioned featherbeds on some of the beds.

BEATRICE KENT.

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