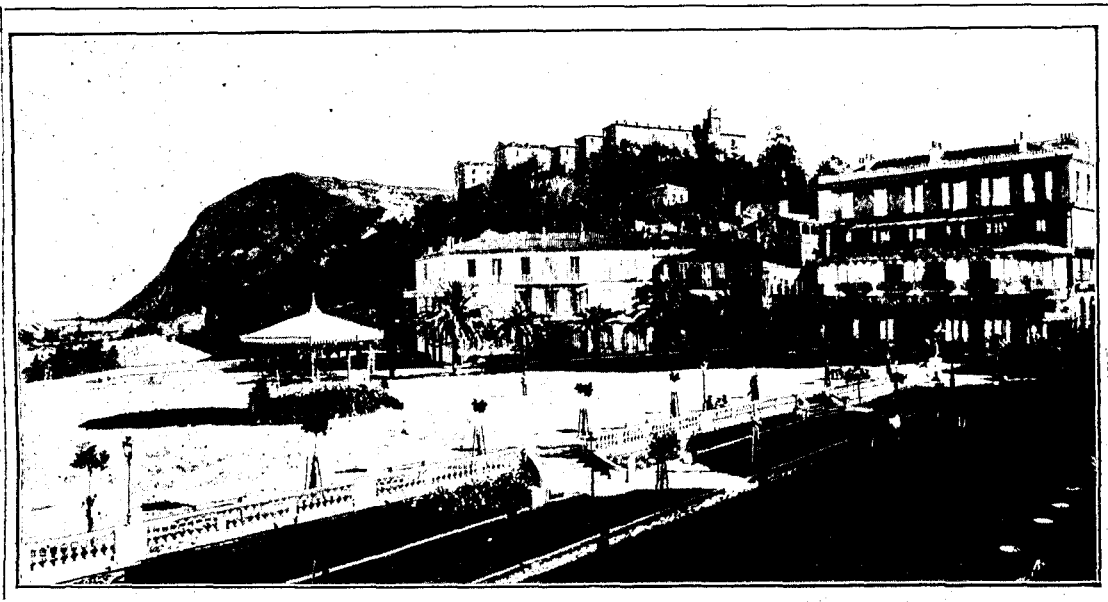


painted dark brown, which does not easily show the dirt. With the exception of a few chairs and commodes, this concludes the inventory of ward furniture. There are no temperature charts. The doctor thrusts his hand down the patient's neck, and if there is fever he takes the temperature with his pocket thermometer. The beds are badly made, and dirty. Under the springs the patients stow their valises, their clothes, sandals, bottles of wine, etc. The shelf at the head of the bed is filled with bottles, fans, bags of biscuits, and sugar, china ornaments, often a mirror, and nearly always picture postcards, *plus ou moins comme il faut*. The upper part of the locker is littered with plates from the last meal, fruit, pitchers of milk or tisane, and spit cup. Underneath there is the bed pan, and perhaps a urinal, and urine jar. No receptacle has any other covering than perhaps a newspaper.

The operation room is very primitive. The oper-

roof as the mother. The nursing staff consists of the Infirmière Major, now Mademoiselle Granger, from the Tondu Hospital, Bordeaux, three infirmiers, a dresser, three infirmières, and orderlies according to the number of military beds occupied, and the wish of the Principal Medical Officer. The infirmiers are slouchy, lazy looking men, who, apart from smoking, spend most of their time talking to the patients or gazing out of the windows. By means of a tip they can be induced to disregard the hospital regulations. I think the almighty dollar must fail where nursing is concerned. The dresser, who is their superior officer, is a personage not only in the hospital, but in Philippeville, too. The Director said, "When a bad accident comes in, Féraud puts in stitches and sets legs like a doctor. Your nurse (Mlle. Granger) can ask him anything, for he has worked with Doyen and Charcot (I believe he meant to infer that these two *maitres* had had the advantage of



La Place de la Marine, and L'Hopital Mixte, Philippeville.

ating table is of wood, as also are the dressing tables. There are a great many jars containing solution more or less clear, with dirty labels. There is nothing which recalls the tidiness of our own theatres.

The military quarters form a great contrast to the rest of the building. The floors are polished, there are even a few carpet mats, of which I do not approve, but which show a desire to make the patients comfortable. The uniforms, too, give a touch of smartness. The patients are seldom very ill—very often the soldiers are just sufficiently ill to get out of fatigue duty.

The Maternity Ward, with a labour room, is well kept. Across the courtyard is a ward for children who are not ill. Under the Poor Law accommodation is provided for children whose mothers are warded. Sometimes it is in a hospital apart, and sometimes, as at Philippeville, under the same

working with Féraud). I expect the Infirmière Major will soon make friends with him and his wife, who is the linen room maid."

The Director was mistaken. The following day when the surgeon began his round in the women's ward, imagine the nurse's astonishment at seeing him accompanied by Monsieur Féraud, carrying a tray of instruments, not only dirty, but absolutely useless in the ward. The nurse lost little time in asserting her rights before the director, who agreed that in the future the dresser would remain in the men's wards.

This probably explains his reputation in the town—"He comes next after the surgeon."

Then came friction with the linen-room lady. The Director interviews the Infirmière Major about her extravagance with the linen, and thinks that 25 sheets for 30 patients in three days is wanton waste of clean things in a hospital.

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