

very small and very glad to arrive in my patient's room again, where I securely locked the door.

Impatiently I waited for breakfast time, when I always went to the kitchen for things for my patient. Arrived there, I began to question the old cook, who had lived something like 17 years in her place, without, however, arousing her suspicions.

"Ann, were you here when the old doctor died? I remember him quite well."

"Lor, yes, nurse, I used to sit up with the master every night towards the end. He was a rum 'un to do anything for, he was; and at the end he couldn't speak, and he tried and tried to say something to the missus, but her couldn't understand him, and Bessie and me often sees his ghost walking over the stairs, and, for sure, 'tis all about those papers he wanted to tell us of that he comes back now. Missus don't know it—leastways, her never speaks of it if her do, and 'taint our place to say aught of it!"

"It must be fancy, Ann, that you see the doctor, I should think. I have wished all my life to see a ghost. Don't you and Bessie feel very frightened?"

"Yes, nurse, that's why we won't come out of our rooms at night, and why we wouldn't sleep downstairs. He don't come up our way."

In the middle of the morning came the doctor. I showed him into the dining-room and shut the door.

"My dear Nurse Alice, whatever is the matter with you? You look as white as a sheet. Are you ill?"

"No, I am not ill, doctor," and I began to relate my adventure of the previous night.

"If anybody else told me such a thing I should laugh at it; but I know how matter-of-fact you are, and I also feel sure you had not slept if you say so. I only hope I may some day have a chance of staying up here myself and encountering the old doctor's spirit. There must be some reason for his coming. I believe some important papers *were* missed, and if ever I have the chance I will ask him about them, and, I hope, by so doing, lay the ghost!"

"Then you must be more plucky than I. I have always wanted to see a ghost, but I doubt now whether I should have the courage to speak to him, even if I saw him for the second time."

This happened many years since, and my patient still lives. I hope the doctor may some day get his wish, and in that case I will write a sequel to my story.

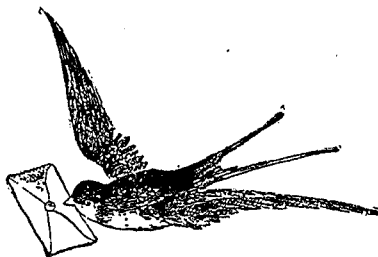
ALEXIA.

Our Foreign Letter.

IN PARIS AGAIN.

(By a Guest at the Salpêtrière.)

IV.



It has not been my intention in writing this article about the Salpêtrière Training School to go into details about the working,

methods, rules, and regulations, as the Congress will soon be upon us, and no one better than M. André Mesureur and Madame Jacques, who have done the organising and work themselves, can give the right account. All I wish to do is to give an outline of their life and work—the administrators, the lecturers, and pupils. Whether it is of M. Mesureur, who first conceived the idea of a College, M. André Mesureur, who took up the idea and worked it out in every minute detail, Madame Jacques (née Duconseil), who has carried out the idea with such capacity and devotion, or the lecturers, who have thrown their whole heart and soul into the scheme, I can only speak with the greatest admiration of them and of the pupils, who are full of all the zeal and enthusiasm of youth, ready to go through fire and water for the new movement of reform in France, and, I may add, particularly for the hospitals of the Assistance Publique of Paris. In fact, this is their only object at present, viz., to reform the nursing and nursing staff of the Assistance Publique, and it is with this sole object in view that the College was built; the enterprise is a gigantic one, and can only be achieved by great measures. What else could be done? Taking the scheme from a pecuniary point of view, it must be remembered that the pupils, or, in other words, the probationers or novices, are doing a very great deal of work in the hospital wards, and thus taking off a great deal of the pressure of hard work off the understaffed regular nurses. That the hospitals were understaffed M. Mesureur was quite conscious, but where were all these nurses to be lodged? Where was all the money to come from to build nurses' homes at the 44 municipal hospitals? There was only one thing to do, and that was to centralise the home and place of reform, and to form nurses for the future, who had received a uniform mental, moral, and practical training. The work is divided thus: practical at the hospitals, theoretical and housekeeping at the College or Home. Only a chef (who might be considered as one of the professors), and a few men help in the cooking of the institution or the hard menial work, such as polishing the floors, cleaning the windows, and stoking; otherwise, all the cooking and housework is done by the nurses, who take it by turn, which means one month out of the two years' residence at the school.

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