

## Our Foreign Letter.

### PRIVATE TRAINING SCHOOLS IN PARIS.

MADAME ALPHEN SALVADOR.



When I had left the Salpêtrière (and got over the soreness of the inevitable good-byes), I did not leave Paris, for I had many

friends there who wished to see me before I returned to England. I felt that even if I did not take any further interest in the nursing question in France, even ordinary courtesy demanded that I should leave a card on Mme. Salvador and Mlle. Chaptal after the kindness they had shown us at the conference. It was a great pleasure to find Mme. Alphen Salvador at home. She now lives in two delightful flats near the Trocadero, which command a most wonderful view. Before speaking of her work I must speak of her house. Show me a woman's house and I will tell you what her mind and soul are, is my theory.

Two flats were made into one house by introducing an inside staircase, which gave that private and home-like look which flats, with all their other advantages, never possess. On the lower flat several salons and sitting-rooms opened into each other. Upstairs, there were the bedrooms, and what Mme. Salvador called her *atelier* or studio. It certainly was full of the most uncommon pictures, and was more Bohemian and unconventional in its style of furniture, while from the window one of the most extensive and glorious views of Paris met one's gaze—the Trocadero, the Tour Eiffel, the Seine, and several churches with their golden domes. I never think that French drawing rooms ever look as comfortable as English ones, but there always is a greater harmony of colouring and style, in fact, there always is a style. This so-called studio combined comfort with harmony, and had a *cachet* of its own.

As I waited and looked around me, while Mme. Salvador went to get ready, my foremost thought was, "I wonder what made her first think of nursing reform in France." Her surroundings answered me, "Her beautiful soul," "her kind heart," answered the picture of a woman nursing a sick child. And then I was brought to reality by her entrance into the room, and with a radiant face she said, "And now come and see our new hospital."

A beautiful blue motor soon brought us up to the new Home Hospital at Neuilly, in the Avenue Victor Hugo. The building stood out distinct, partly from its size, and partly from its style, for it is in no way like a villa, but was designed and built for a hospital. A garden in the front, where the patients lie in lounge chairs, a wide open door and passage facing a lift, are what greet one on

arriving, while to right and left are office and reception room. The architecture and plan of the building are simple; brightness, light, and hygiene were the aims of the architect, and Committee, and it is quite unlike any of the other *Maisons de Santé* that I have seen in Paris, which remind one of hotels. No carpets are allowed anywhere, but colouring is obtained in the tinting of the walls and tiles. There are 30 bedrooms, which vary in price according to position, and size, the highest being 25 francs per day.

The theatre consists of a series of rooms, *i.e.*, theatre, anaesthetic room, instrument and sterilising room, and dressing-room for the surgeons. Neither size, nor lighting, nor quality of instruments, nor the arrangements for sterilisation can be excelled anywhere in Paris; everything is of the best, of the most modern and most costly; in fact, it is simply and solely a modern hospital built, furnished, and arranged for paying patients.

This hospital is in the charge of two thoroughly trained and efficient *surveillantes*, while another bright, capable-looking nurse of four years' training is acting as *assistante*, the staff consisting of some of the pupils of the Rue Amyot. A garden separates the Hospital from the Nurses' Home, which is a really charming home-like house, but the two *surveillantes* sleep in the hospital, and anything more pretty and charming than their bedrooms it is difficult to imagine. Miss van Stockum, who is Dutch (and served during the Transvaal war), has got a charming bed-sitting-room, containing Dutch furniture, thus giving it the impression of her inner soul, both of which are out of the common and refined. Miss de Joanes, her colleague, shares a dressing-room with her, which lies between their two rooms, and which they have divided between them with a screen. Their beds turn into charming couches for the day, and transform their rooms into sitting rooms. In looking at their rooms I could but think to myself how brave and unselfish nurses are, and how much more equally balanced they are than nuns. No one looking at, and talking with, such good-looking, charming, and cultured women as Miss van Stockum and Miss de Joanes could for a moment imagine that they could not have chosen some less exacting profession, and followed it with success, for they are both remarkable women.

Thus it is that Madame Salvador has managed to surround herself with *elite* women, who are doing splendid work in Paris. The Rue Amyot School continues with Mlle. Scherrer at the head of it. The little hospital now contains eight beds, and affords a preliminary training before the pupils enter the large wards of the Municipal Hospital, which, by the courtesy of M. Mesureur and several doctors they are allowed to use for training purposes. They have two wards at the Trousseau Hospital for children—one surgical and the other medical, which they nurse completely by day and night. Also a maternity ward. Thus they use the Rue Amyot simply as a home. This is the method which Mlle. Chaptal has adopted as well. Therefore all the three training schools in Paris—*i.e.*, the Salpêtrière, the Rue Amyot, and the Rue Ver-

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