

The Hospital World.

[E.] THE STOBHILL HOSPITAL, GLASGOW.

In no branch of hospital administration has more rapid and marvellous progress been made than in the great parish infirmaries which in England are under the direction of the Local Government Board, and in Scotland under the Parish Councils. I recently visited the General Hospital, Stobhill, Springburn, Glasgow, and found a hospital city, and not merely an institution. Springburn is a suburb, clear away of the great mercantile Queen of the Clyde, and one mounts up and up until one finds, most magnificently situated on elevated ground, this splendid institution for the healing of the sick.

Covering many acres, the blocks and buildings are intersected with lovely, well-kept lawns and gardens, and without the boundaries are scented meadows, sunny farms, and exquisite views of a beautiful, beautiful world. Especially is this so from the men's recreation ground, and from the windows and balconies of some of the blocks, looking away over the valley to the picturesque Campsie Hills.

Stobhill Hospital contains accommodation for nearly 2,000 patients—to be correct, 1,422 adults and 500 children; so to call it a hospital city is no exaggeration. The Nurses' Home is a fine building, containing the Matron's charmingly bright suite of rooms and office, and for the nursing staff excellent bedrooms, a fine refectory, and recreation and study rooms. The Scottish people love a lordly house, and the Parish Council of Glasgow were evidently in no niggard mood when they planned the Stobhill Hospital.

Miss Wright, the Matron, has under her supervision the domestic and nursing departments of the whole institution, and a personally conducted tour—which took some hours—under her direction proved her admirable ability. In the wards and annexes, planned spaciouly, in the splendid kitchens, and domestic offices, in the laundry, throughout the tuberculosis camps for men and women, and in the blocks for healthy children, every detail of the management of this enormous institution was known to the Matron.

The wards are fitted with every modern improvement, and all were in exquisite order, and the nursing staff, alert and busy, presented a very nurse-like appearance. That is a very high compliment, for to be nurse-like a woman must be neat, sweet, and wholesome in appearance, swift and noiseless in movement, and sunny in manner. At Stobhill the nursing staff had a happy air. I like that, it is so good for sick people. The

Matron herself has this happy, buoyant temperament; her welcome, so unaffected and kind, her pride in her far-reaching sphere of work so genuine, her professional sense so keen and intelligent. No need, therefore, to add that Miss Wright has for many years been a keen educationalist, and naturally a registrationist. The technical and practical instruction of nurses at Stobhill is well up to date, and includes the majority of subjects which a Central Council would exact; indeed, for several years the Parish Councils in Scotland have subjected their nurses to a central examination before certifying their fitness, so that it would be but a step for their nurses to prepare for examinations by a State-appointed Nursing Council in competition with nurses trained in the voluntary hospitals.

On the evening of my visit, thanks to the courtesy of Miss Wright, I had the pleasure of speaking to a gathering of some 100 nurses in the fine recreation room. Of course, professional education and nursing economics, as suggested in the Nurses' Registration Bill, was our theme, and I was glad to find that Scottish nurses are taking a very intelligent interest in this important question, and are—at least at Stobhill—well instructed in the underlying principles of Registration. This comes of having a broad-minded and public-spirited woman in charge of the School.

To do justice to the work carried on at Stobhill would require a folio. Suffice it to say, I have added the hours I spent there to a list of "happy days" tucked away in some brain cell, to be called forth and lived over again in memory's playtime.

We took our way into the city on a lovely morning through Springburn Park—a recreation ground for the surrounding district, and a very lovely spot. Such grand velvety bowling greens, to play on which we met night workmen wending their way. And such flowers, everywhere a great splendour of bloom, grown to marvellous perfection. A millionaire, who lives near by, presented this gorgeous garden to the people. That is how I should like to commemorate a great King, by providing beautiful playgrounds in every section of a big city, and in every village as well—King's Gardens all over the land. Surely prevention is better than cure!

E. G. F.

Through the kindness of Dr. Parker and Miss Donald, the nurses of Stobhill were recently invited to a tennis match at Gartlock Mental Hospital. The weather was ideal, and a delightful time was spent. The result was a victory for Gartlock.

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