

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

When we travel abroad we soon realise—and, praise be, we now acknowledge—how cramping is insularity. Time was when nurses at home thought fit to shed many admirable attributes and customs when once away from the old country, on the assumption that things were second rate in our colonies and abroad. The more we travel, the more shocks to our self-esteem we encounter, and the more chastened we return. Many of our Children's Hospitals are beautifully managed, but we recently paid a visit to a very disorderly one, and later when reading a cutting from a New Zealand paper, headed "A Pleasant Place of Healing," which referred to a visit to the Children's Hospital at Wellington, we hesitated to compare them. Here is a quote:—

It is difficult to over-estimate the comfort and spotlessness of the hospital. In the fireplaces—themselves things of simple artistic beauty—are blazing cheery fires, the coverlets and pillows have gay pink stripes, and on the walls are set the exquisite Doulton panels, each illustrating, with marvellous sympathy and humour, a nursery tale. The children delight in the story-pictures, and point out to the visitors Simple Simon and Jack and Jill with the air of proud proprietorship. One is certain that Mr. Thompson, the artist, would have felt amply repaid for all his work could he see how it cheers and pleases.

But besides the wards themselves, there are many places to see. The operating theatre—where only last night a little life just hovering on the threshold of death was snatched back—is a marvellous place, fitted up—as the matron says, with justifiable pride—with the very latest appliances and fittings. Everything makes for perfect cleanliness and purity—the aluminium ventilators and table, the glass shelves, the marble slabs, the wonderful sinks (with hot and cold geysers you work with pedals), the cruel kind of instruments in their great glass cupboard. The stands for bottles and instruments have rubber castors so as to move silently. Verily, the men who fight here against disease are well equipped for the strife. The bathrooms are singularly attractive, and one wishes it had been tub time, to see the babies enjoying themselves in the white baths, raised on legs so that the nurses need not stoop unduly. There are bigger baths—also raised—for the elder children, and a portable one that can be wheeled into the ward in case a child is too ill to be moved out. All these baths are snow-white porcelain, and of generous width and depth. Here, too, are driers for the packs that are sometimes needed.

The kitchen is quite as fascinating, with its white wood and whiter tiles. Two nurses are busy preparing the children's bread and milk, and an electric kettle is singing cheerily. The matron

opens a little door in the wall, and shows an ideal safe, with marble slabs and perfect ventilation. The very windows are fitted with an appliance that allows them to open with a turn of a handle, and out of the great staircase window we watch a patient from the main hospital paying a little visit to her small daughter here, giving evidently counsel and affection blended, before the girl dances cheerily back to the ward.

Do not let us make the mistake, therefore, of offering anything but the best in nursing and hospital work to our Dominions overseas!

REFLECTIONS

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.

We congratulate the Committee of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, in that two ladies have been elected on the House Committee.

This is, we believe, the first occasion that any Committee of a London Hospital with a medical school attached has taken so eminently reasonable a step, and it is one which we feel sure will never be regretted.

The jealous exclusion of women from the House Committees of public charities which control the nursing schools and domestic departments and deal exclusively with the conditions of thousands of women nurses, domestics and patients, and which moreover accept generous financial support from women, cannot with any reason be continued in the future.

Let us hope that the other large Metropolitan hospitals will soon follow the progressive policy of the managers of St. Mary's Hospital.

Queen Amelia paid a private visit to the New Hospital for Women in the Euston Road on Tuesday in last week, and expressed her appreciation of the good work the Hospital is doing.

Sir Squire Bancroft, whose readings in aid of hospitals were interrupted by ill health last winter, now proposes to bring them to a close and to give a Farewell "Reading" of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," to complete as his gift to hospitals by this means the sum of twenty thousand pounds. Sir Squire Bancroft's first public Reading was in aid of the Middlesex Hospital, and he will give the final one in London for the same great charity in which he has long been interested, having served on the Weekly Board for twenty-five years.

The Reading will take place on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 11th, at the St. James's Theatre, which has kindly been lent for the purpose by Sir George Alexander.

Lord Donoughmore, the treasurer of the London Homœopathic Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C., has received £300 from Mr. Otto Beit through Dr. Burford, for the furnishing of the "Rylands" Ward in the hospital. This amount

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