

## THE KING GEORGE HOSPITAL.

Long after the War is over, when the immaculate cleanness of the King George Hospital has given way to the dust of His Majesty's Stationery Office, it will be remembered that this huge building was transformed from its original design and pressed into the service of the sick and wounded who poured in to the great station of Waterloo by the continental trains—maimed, halt, and blind—to find hands outstretched to them to lead them to sweetness, comfort, and light, after the harrowing experiences of modern warfare.

white quilts and scarlet screens are an effective contrast, and flowers and plants make the wards home-like and pleasant.

On a recent visit one was reminded the War is a grim reality by the two sentries on guard at the door of one of the wards. Here there were German prisoners, but their number was greatly decreased last week by the exchange effected.

Right glad were our own men to be in an English hospital once more, though empty sleeves, and crutches reminded us that they had gained this privilege only because they could not in the future take part in the struggle in which they had borne so gallant a part in the past. But to be



A WARD IN THE KING GEORGE HOSPITAL, STAMFORD STREET, S.E.

The pile of buildings faces Waterloo Road; and its great length runs at right angles along Stamford Street, with a red brick wedge at the corner, which is the Royal Hospital for Children and Women. The building covers an acre and a half of ground, and eight and a half acres of linoleum were required to cover the different floors.

The wards which vary so much in size that their capacity is from 3 to 65 beds are mostly bright and airy, though the structural arrangements necessitate the ceilings being rather low, but there are windows on each side, and through ventilation. The building is fire-proof, and the partitions by which it has been divided into wards of convenient size are of asbestos sheeting; painted green on the inside, and the floor covering is of green linoleum, to which the pink and

amongst friends, and in the free air of the Mother Country once more seems enough for them just at present.

The operating theatres are equipped with every device that modern surgery demands and there is also a fine X-ray department.

The great kitchens are on the top floor of the building, and connect with the dining room of the Nurses' Home, a breezy, cheerful room with windows on each side, and where dinner is served from a hot plate in the kitchen. A short staircase from the kitchen floor, and we are on the roof garden, at least some day it is hoped that flowers will grow and blossom there. Meanwhile, Sir Frederick Treves describes it in his general survey of the hospital as "a roof Sahara, as free from sentiment as a paving stone, where even the meanest worm would turn and die, and the

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