

in its clutches; we are still looking backward. To-day in our greatest city an epidemic is demanding in the neighbourhood of twenty potential industrial workers' lives daily, and is crippling, possibly for life, those of its victims that escape death. It is said that about 150 nurses and many physicians are needed. Over 200 nurses are waiting, pledged for from six months to two years, for a service that may be required of them through a possible war, or, more possible, epidemics likely to arise from a protracted residence on the Mexican border while awaiting the war. The inconsistent mountains have yet to be levelled, but those most keen to observe this, finding no way to encompass it, still obediently climb. Let us hope that the twenty-first volume of the march of civilization will record that the next generation caused some of its ranges to be removed."

THE HOSPITAL WORLD.

THE FRENCH HOSPITAL, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.

It is natural in these days of close friendship between the French and British nations that one's thoughts should turn to the French Hospital, which, for so many years, has been carrying on a good work in Soho, in charge of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

The hospital, which has a fine entrance hall, is quite up to date in its arrangements and equipment; the corridors are lined with white and green tiles, with most pleasing and eminently hygienic effect.

On a recent visit, when I had the pleasure of seeing the Sister Superior, she told me that the Sisters who nurse the hospital are trained at Versailles before they come to this country. The hospital, which contains some seventy beds, is not a training school, but is nursed entirely by the Sisters, who also have charge of the linen and the kitchen.

The wards for both men and women are very cheerful, and one notices in the women's ward the rods on which pretty washing curtains are suspended, which can be readily drawn at will, thus obviating any necessity for the use of screens. In this ward was the French wife of an English husband. "You are English now," said the Sister; but the woman smiled, shook her head, and demurred. She evidently did not see why because she changed her name she should change her nationality, and she was French through and through.

In the top wards the patients are at present not French, but clothed in the familiar blue hospital suit of the English soldier, for thirty beds

have been put at the disposal of the War Office by the hospital authorities, and very content do these patients seem with their quarters. One thing, says the Sister Superior, they never do. They never speak about the battlefields of France. They are eager for the daily papers, to see what is going on; otherwise they seem to wish to blot out of their memories the things they have seen and endured.

There is a fine operating theatre, and an X-ray apparatus has been installed in the hospital, which is proving of great use for localizing bullets, pieces of shrapnel, and other foreign bodies. The medical staff of the hospital is English, but its members speak French.

Good feeding, as nurses increasingly realize, is an integral part of good nursing. If, as Napoleon said, an army fights on its stomach, the good recovery of the soldier when *hors de combat* depends largely on the nutritious and appetizing dietary he receives. A visit to the kitchen of the French Hospital will convince the observer that nutritious and appetizing diet is given its rightful place as a remedial agency of the first importance.

On the occasion of my visit we found a Sister, in white overall and veil, at work by the stove. She was boiling the milk supply, and if evidence of her skill were needed, it was to be observed in the omelette which her deft fingers had just concocted. It lay on its plate, an example of all that an omelette should be. Of exactly the right creamy consistency, it was of a pale golden colour, light as a feather, and daintily attractive. One noticed also the cauldrons for making bouillon, and the huge coffee-pots, which would never be seen in an English hospital kitchen, for the valid reason that the patients in such a hospital do not see coffee from the time they are admitted to the time they are discharged.

In the French Hospital the English patients all have coffee for breakfast, and, I was informed, appreciate it, and have taken it into favour. It has more substance than tea, and there is more subsequent sense of well-being when breakfast includes coffee than when urn tea and bread-and-butter form the meal.

We realize that both British and French have much to learn from one another, and as, after the war, there will surely be a further strengthening of the ties which have bound us, let us hope that Madame Econome will take us into her confidence, and tell us how she manages to provide nutritious and appetizing food on a sum on which an English cook would declare it to be impossible to manage.

M. B.

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