

The Midwife.

THE QUEEN OPENS NEW NURSES' HOME OF THE SALVATION ARMY MOTHERS' HOSPITAL.

Anyone travelling in the direction of Lower Clapton on June 2nd must have been aware long before he reached the Mothers' Hospital of the Salvation Army, at 153-165, Lower Clapton Road, that something unusual was afoot, and, indeed, the hospital was keeping high festival, for the Queen, attended by Countess Fortescue and Mr. H. Verney, was there to open its new Nurses' Home and East London turned out in force to give Her Majesty a right loyal welcome. The windows were decked with flags, the pavements were thick with people, and up against the railings of the hospital itself eager faces were pressed; and those who had secured this point of vantage waited long and patiently for a glimpse of Her Majesty as she arrived at, and left the hospital, at the entrance of which a Guard of Honour, composed of Salvation Army Girl Guides was mounted.

The Queen was received by Mrs. Bramwell Booth and other Salvation Army officers, and conducted to the marquee, where a brief ceremony was held and Her Majesty declared the Nurses' Home open. Conspicuous in the decorations was a scroll bearing the words:—

"In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North;
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth."

After Commissioner Higgins, C.B.E., had given an account of the development of a scheme, of which the new Home forms a part, and prayer had been offered by Colonel Isaac Unsworth, O.B.E. Representatives attending the International Social Council in London from Great Britain, India, Canada, South Africa, Australia, the West Indies, the United States of America, and Russia, were presented to Her Majesty, including Lieut.-Colonel Miriam Castle, the Matron of the Hospital.

The Home is charming, and fortunate, indeed, are the nurses who are housed there.

On the ground floor is the dining-room and servery, a cheerful and well-proportioned room, furnished with a number of small tables, and connected with it is a comfortably-furnished common room.

Above are two floors, each containing fourteen bedrooms opening on to a connecting corridor. The walls are pale green, with window curtains of a deeper shade. There is a comfortable bed, and the simple, well-designed furniture consists of a combination chest of drawers containing two short and two long drawers, with space below for boots and shoes, and a hanging wardrobe with deep drawer beneath, a marble-topped washstand

painted white, like the combination chest, and a wicker armchair. These formed the principal items of furniture in a charming room. At the further end of the corridor were doors opening on to an iron outside staircase, and admitting a free current of air through the block at all times. The bathrooms and annexes on each floor are excellently arranged.

In the hospital proper are four blocks containing 72 beds, two of these are for married mothers, one for unmarried, and one for convalescents. Nowhere have we seen more charming maternity wards—some containing eight, some four and some two beds. All the wards, with the exception of those containing two beds, have French windows opening on to the garden. The babies' cots are by the side of the mothers' beds, and the prevailing note in the wards is contentment, peace and happiness. All the Sisters, as well as the Matron, are officers in the Salvation Army. Their uniform consists of a dress pale buff in colour, with apron and handkerchief cap, and on the collar of the dress is a red tab bearing the badge denoting the rank of the officer.

In one of the smaller wards was a baby introduced as the "young officer." Why? His mother tells you, "Because we hope he will be one some day. Both his daddy and mummie are Salvation Army officers."

Each block has a delivery room, excellently arranged. The hospital is recognised as a training school by the Central Midwives Board, and last year 42 pupils obtained its certificate.

MINISTERING TO THE PEOPLE OF THE ORIENT.

A correspondent writes in the *American Journal of Nursing*:—"The people of the Orient are filled with superstition, fear and strange ideas. It is, therefore, not always easy to minister to them. One day a mother with a month-old baby on her back came to the dispensary. A glance showed that the child was very sick. There were many abscesses on the child's head, which was covered with a black substance. Being interested in all Korean first aid, I inquired what the substance was. I received the information that if a child has a rash or spots on its body when it is born, the placenta is burned and the charred mass is mixed with oil and applied to the affected area. The result of the treatment in this case was several bad infections into which eight incisions had to be made. Would the mother leave the baby in the hospital? Oh, no! She couldn't do that, so it was decided that we would incise the abscesses in the dispensary. After I had cleaned off the black mass, I took up the razor to shave off the hair. This was too much for the frightened mother. 'Don't do anything,' she said. 'Just

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