

## "THE SECOND CITY."

### THE GLASGOW ROYAL INFIRMARY.

After a flying visit of some forty hours as the guest of the Matron of the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, we feel some diffidence in recording our opinion on the work of this magnificent hospital, but we should fail in gratitude if we omitted to express the pleasure and admiration occasioned by a peep at the great work for humanity accomplished under its roofs.

We went to Glasgow as the guest of honour of the Royal Infirmary Nurses' League to attend the annual dinner of the League, and of that function—a most brilliant success—we hope to give a full report later. In the meanwhile our impressions of the "Royal" and the fine spirit which animates its organisation will not be premature. The splendid group of buildings which compose the Royal Infirmary are mostly of recent construction, placed on the original site, in the East End of the city, in the centre of a district surrounded by a poor and needy population, and, alas! every inch of ground available appears to have been utilised.

Nothing could be more charming than the Matron's private quarters, where, at the top of the administrative block, you slip through a private door and find yourself "far from the madding crowd."

The comfort and beauty of these quarters speak well for the standard of consideration of the managers for the nursing staff, and it was here we had the pleasure of meeting the Superintendents of Departments—trained women of great experience, who not only devote their lives to maintaining the practical efficiency of nursing and domestic management, but who also evidently take an intelligent interest in the welfare of their Profession, in its relation to the community.

On the morning after arrival, accompanied by the Matron, Miss Donaldson, we were shown all over this beautiful hospital, built on modern principles. The groups of wards, all complete on the flat system, are unusually spacious—not so much in length as in breadth—the walls enamelled white, inset with large and numerous windows, appear light and airy, in spite of the smoke-laden atmosphere, which is so antagonistic to the health of the people in our great industrial cities. To stand on the flat roof and see for miles and miles little chimneys puffing forth their deadly poison makes one realise some of the "Clyde problems," which will be fought out on the floor of the House of Commons in coming sessions.

The wards and annexes were exquisitely clean—what labour must be expended to keep them so!—but we were told that little of this work falls to the duty of the nursing staff, which is kept on the alert all the time fulfilling nursing duties in connection with the enormous number of acute cases treated in every department.

The majority of the Sisters were in the theatres attached to nearly every floor, where the "Chiefs" attend early, and where, in preparation, attendance, and after-care the probationers and nurses have wonderful experience. "None better in any

training school" we were told, and we can well believe it. Medical, surgical, gynæcological, every special branch of research, including a most advanced electrical department in which the most up-to-date appliances are, or are to be installed—science going full tilt ahead.

Then the basis of good nursing—domestic management—has its enthusiasts. We just loved the Steward's Department, and apparently no one is more popular throughout this wonderful institution than the Steward. He is evidently an expert in his own domain. The trays had been filled for despatch to the wards—delicious New Zealand butter, loaves in oiled paper covers, transparent pinky eggs—the latter pickled in the summer by the thousand, and quite fresh when, in cold weather, it does not please Madame Henny Penny to produce one daily. Meat, chickens, vegetables, fruit, and other food, all kept in spotless places, to be transferred to the kitchen where marvels are accomplished in a very limited space (the one department which urgently requires extension). Such good things were sizzling and simmering—joints, pies, apples roasting, potatoes, puddings, and piles of chickens—they made one's mouth water. From the kitchen we visited the chemist's shop—a fascinating spot—glittering glass jars and cupboards and drawers, not a pill out of place. Then came the laundry. Here dozens of little maids in pink were wielding electric irons and polishing white gowns and aprons with remarkable dexterity. We learned that the substitution of electric irons for those heated by gas, with its poisonous fumes, had reduced sickness amongst these workers to a minimum.

The Nurses' Home, on either side of long corridors, most comfortable little bedrooms, was a breezy place, the rules providing for wide open windows and doors when unoccupied, which has apparently reduced "colds" to a minimum, steam-heat and stuffiness being responsible for more germs than the most boisterous blast.

We were impressed with the steady, untiring satisfied spirit of all the workers in the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow. No bustle or fuss, but just "this is my immediate job—it must be done to the very best of my ability—and in doing it, I am as busy and happy as a bee." What human being can demand more of life? E. G. F.

### THE ROYAL BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

Congratulations to all—both workers and purchasers—who helped to make the Sale of Work for the Settlement Fund, held at 194, Queen's Gate, on December 7th, such a success. The takings were round about £150, and by six o'clock late comers found that most things had been disposed of.

The Secretary of the Association will be obliged if nurses who intend to dine at the Club at the midday dinner on Christmas day will send in their names to her so that she may estimate what provision to make.

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