

Where the Poor Who Are Sick Find Assistance in the Hour of Their Need

ONE WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE CITY AND COUNTY HOSPITAL

HERE have been many little things of late to cast discredit on the City and County Hospital, and to finish the matter a most lamentable accident out there has caused the death of two men and left a stain on the life of one man and a lasting regret in the heart of another. These occurrences have been well ventilated, widely circulated and variously commented upon. Shakespeare never wrote truer words than:

The evil men do lives after them;
The good is often interred with bones.

It has fallen to me to see several wonderful cures from this same place, where, to judge from present reports, patients are starved and left to suffer without care; and I have heard expressions of gratitude and esteem from intelligent people who have been treated there, and the rumors of neglect have rather troubled me. I had thought that in this—well, not the best-managed city in the world—I had found one public institution which deserved more praise than condemnation.

I remember the first time I ever entered the place, and felt again the pleased surprise that a public hospital was so much more cheerful and comfortable than it had been pictured in my mind. The purity of the white bedspreads, the scrubbed cleanliness of the floors, the presence of light and air and the absence of the stuffy "sick" smell one notices in the room of illness at home had made a deep impression.

So, of late, I have been keeping an attentive eye on the place, visiting first as a private individual and winding up with a tour of inspection with the avowed purpose of announcing the result in the greatest Sunday paper of our City. I doubt the trustworthiness of just a casual inspection, and never feel justified in judging from the passing glance, hence the private prowling before the public inspection.

In this case the one experience supplemented the other, so I will give simply the result of the last visit, with the assurance that the facts are corroborated by the former ones.

At first I thought I should be denied the privilege, the consternation which prevailed in the office was so great. I was assured the wards were not in visiting order, and that it would be best to appoint a day in the future. It is not to be wondered at, if you think a moment, this fear which chills the heart of the public official when a woman announces she has come to write him up. It means, usually, she intends to cut him up. Though I felt for the superintendent, and longed to assure him of my

noon a big bowl of soup and some—what do you call it—oh, yes—some pudding." The way he smacked his lips over the word pudding proved how he had enjoyed it.

In the women's wards there was one complaint. Seeing a newspaper writer seemed to give one large, well-kept looking woman a longed-for opportunity, and she fairly made the doctor and the nurse turn pale with her charges and complaints. What would I think of them now? They showed me her diet card and held up the pantry-woman to tell what she had eaten, and begged me to go about and ask every woman in the ward just what she had eaten that day. But I sent them on, and with sympathetic voice proceeded to question the irate lady.

She was more than willing to talk, and her eyes snapped spitefully. The woman is a curiosity. Her case ought to be looked into. How she ever kept that stalwart arm and that double chin on one cold potato a week is a problem for science to solve, and then drive hunger from the land.

Julia lay near, flat on her back, knitting lace in placid patience. Julia had an argument with an electric car, and was sadly worsted. She has lain on her back with her legs in a plaster cast for six months, and she ought to know something of hospital life. Julia gave an excuse for the starved woman and a defense of the hospital in one. With her slow smile she turned her eyes—the only part she can turn—said, "Sick folks get tired of food. Sometimes I want something, I don't know what, but we all get more and better than we would at home." And an Irish woman added, "Yes, and 'tis a fine place for poor folks to come."

I looked down the ward, light and warm, with the sun making slanting stripes on the floor, and I thought of some of the sick-rooms I had entered, where poor people lay without ever a ray of God's light to cheer them, waited on in an intermittent fashion by some one who must work as well as nurse, and I echoed, "It's a fine place for poor folk to come."

Many of those who are helpless have a clean bed every night. Not clean sheets merely, but the whole bed. How many would have it at home? The nurse is always within call, the doctor always within ring.

The expulsion of the Acadians was nothing to it! Here is a chance for some unknown bard to gain fame by one bound in a poem on the cruelty of separating those whom God had joined.

It was pleasant to watch the little tables being rolled up to the beds at supper time, and the food seemed to my own uncultured taste very good and sufficient in quantity. The cups are not real china, though. Having seen the food, I longed to view the kitchen. Permission was easily obtained from the steward. The kitchen was as clean as mine, though I do not pose as a pattern. It is very badly arranged and in need of a thorough overhauling and new plumbing, but the skies would fall should the hospital demand any more money. And they need so many things. It would be a fine place for a philanthropist to come. Miss Patton, the head nurse, would be so pleased to point out the improvements.

In the beginning, there is no diet kitchen, no place where the nurses can make the tempting little messes they often need for patients. There is a stove, the donation of a woman, but no place to put it.

"Why, I'd be glad to have it set up in a tent," Miss Patton declared. "I need a place to teach the nurses to cook. We do go down and mess in the big kitchen late at night, but it isn't satisfactory. Oh, if somebody would only build us a nurses' home! There is plenty of ground and the building need not be fine, and then it would be so much better to have the nurses' rooms together instead of being scattered over the hospital, and I could have a classroom. I have twenty-eight nurses under me, and have to hear the classes in my bedroom."

After reviewing the crowded, dingy quarters of the nurses I agreed that they were not pampered. Nurses do not have very much time to spend in their rooms, though. One hour off each day and half a day off each week is not leisure enough to get monotonous. The nurses at this hospital do not look very frivolous. There is an expression of business on every face. Miss Patton has no trouble and no complaints. There is a rule forbidding nurse and doctor to speak except upon official business, but I noticed that the doctor with us spoke to every nurse. He said he always said good morning to any lady he knew and he wasn't going to slight the ladies at

SOME PICTURES IN THE WARDS OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL



HEN "Little Johnnie," who was to be the ward of the Boffins, lay sick unto death in the Children's Hospital, he made his last will and testament. To a tiny patient in the adjoining cot he bequeathed his tin soldier and with his parting breath he sent a kiss to the "booster lady."

Brief as is the description by the great master of fiction in his novel, "Our Mutual Friend," of the place where those afflicted children were cared for, it possesses all those fine touches of sentiment which are suggested by the spectacle of suffering children and which Dickens, beyond all others who ever wrote of children, imparts.

The gleam of the afternoon sun falls tenderly upon a cot in our Children's Hospital, where "Little Frankie," the nurse's pet, reclines. But Frankie is a badly spoiled patient. He is only 4 years old, but it is doubtful indeed if Little Frankie will ever have strength to engage in the great battle of life. The clamor and clang of the contending hosts, eager for wealth and position, will be as indistinct to him as the thunder of the surf on the long beaches at Point Lobos. Before he knew the use of those weapons which men will wield in their eager strife he has been drawn gently and perhaps mercifully aside from the conflict.

Frankie, nevertheless, is arrogant, and resents the introduction of any new toys in which he is not allowed a share. The woolly dog which some sympathetic friend has bestowed upon his neighbor seems in his intelligence to belong to his particular kennel of toy dogs. The gentle, sweet-faced nurse, whose soft and soothing hand caresses him in his sufferings, must beware how she bestows her attentions upon new patients. He is as jealous of her as a freshman of his first co-ed sweetheart.

But the tender side of Frankie's nature is his yearning for his father. It is the predominant thought in that poor little brain to see and kiss his father. Were not this sentiment so intense and pathetic it would border on the grotesque. In Frankie's gaudy story-book appears, of course, the startling legend of Jack the Giant-killer. Frankie places his wasted finger on the garish slayer of monsters, and looking wistfully up in the visitor's face says, "Me fader." Again another Jack, he of the beanstalk, is called father, and even Aladdin, with his wonderful lamp, is claimed by Frankie as his paternal parent.

Here is a marvelous gallery of family portraits; not those who came over with the Conqueror, and who bear upon their shields honors won at Cressy and Agincourt. They will be forgotten with Frankie's ancestry.



LITTLE ROSIE, the 11-Year-Old Historian of the Girls' Ward at the Children's Hospital.

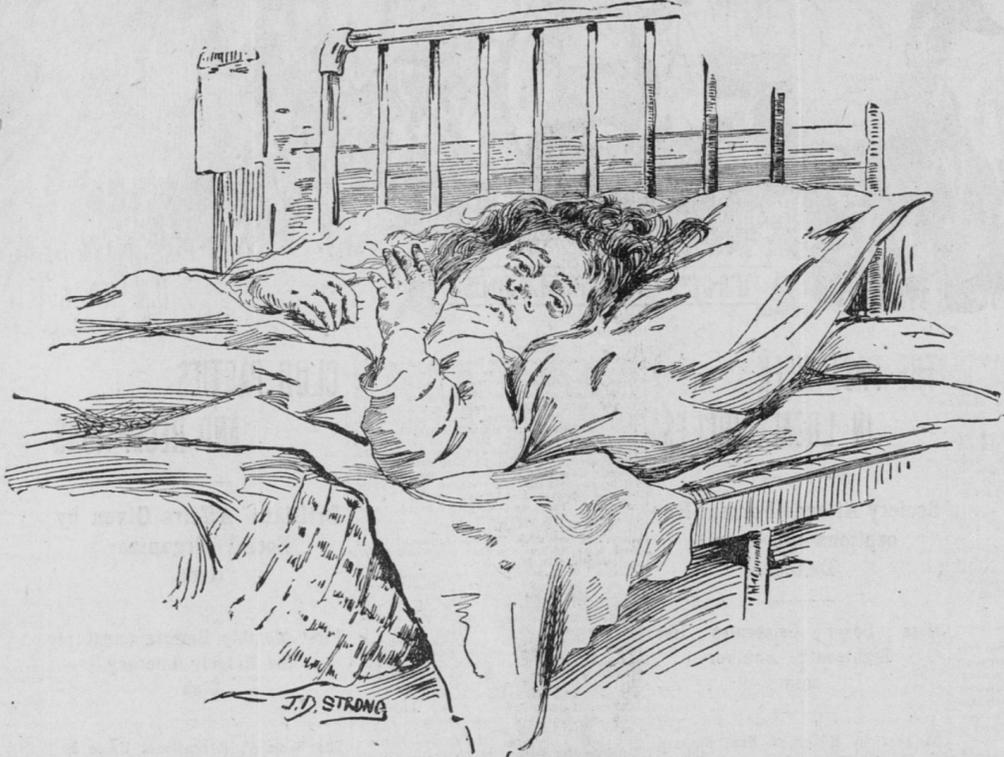
The few who made the giants bite the dust, and the agile and fantastic, ay, and filial climber of the fragile beanstalk.

In the girls' ward, Rosie, aged 11, has been for seven years resting in her cot, an incurable from spinal disease. Rosie is one of twins. Her sister goes to school and is strong and healthy. With her the joys of life have just begun. For her is the merry and boisterous companionship of children of her age and later the sweet dreams of love and maternity. For Rosie nothing but the hospital. It is her world. Its confines mark the horizon of her life. Yet so grand and just is the mysterious law of compensation Rosie's choice of pleasure is not stinted. She is bright as a sunbeam, this poor creature, doomed to a confinement from which death alone shall bring release. Yet there is no sadness in her life. She is the historian of the ward. She remembers those who have come and been her companions, and who, restored to health, have gone forth rejoicing. And she has heard the rustle of the dark angel's wings when He who proclaimed that of children is the kingdom of heaven called those whom He loved so much on earth to dwell with him where suffering is unknown. Rosie makes sketches and has the true artistic temperament. But alone, and beyond all, is the deep sense of humanity that exists in that stricken being. She is a creation of love and sympathy, a living lesson to the querulous and complaining.

Penny is the idol of the girls' ward. Speech is denied this poor little thing, but she is so ingenious in gestures that she can make all her wants known. She is always pleasant, always smiling, and a handsome and pensive invalid of about 12, whose cot is next to hers, takes a maternal interest in her dumb companion. When the artist drew her picture she made a merry sign to him that she wanted to see it. It pleased her mightily, and she held forth her wasted hand to him, and with an affectionate pressure testified her gratitude.

Of the good people who care for those little ones too many words of praise cannot be said. They are patient and loving. They are worthy of their solemn trust. They are true to Him who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

DAN O'CONNELL.



PINNY, the Idol of the Girls' Ward at the Children's Hospital—Speechless, but a Patient and Ingenious Sufferer.

The nurse does not get worn out as the home nurse must, and there is no haunting fear of the bill to keep one from calling the doctor.

There have been of late some very wonderful and successful operations which have not been proclaimed from the housetops, and the ten cases of typhoid from the grading camps are all on the road to recovery.

There is one little fellow out there the most wonderful piece of patchwork ever saw. Jean is a young gentleman of about 7 years who has had rather a hard experience for a youngster. A truck ran all over him, crushing his head and making kindling wood of him generally. Yet Jean lives, walks, talks and gets into mischief. He had a special nurse during the seven weeks he was being sewed and riveted in a way hard to realize. His jaw was smashed, one-half crushed up against his cheek, the other down to his neck, and his head was cracked like a squeezed egg. The doctors smile when they see Jean's shaky little legs toddling up the hall, for he is a monument to the success of modern surgery. That boy can grow to manhood strong and straight as any one.

I would like to call the attention of the taxpayers to a crying need. I am proud to have discovered this gross wrong, which should be remedied at once to save the reputation of the City. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now, while I tell you a tale of woe. A man, slightly ill, and his wife, very ill, applied and were admitted. The man was dissatisfied and complained sorely because he was put in the men's ward and she in the women's. Not that he cared to help nurse her, indeed, he kept his own nurse busier than hers was, but he was aggrieved. Just think of it.

the hospital just because they wore nurses' caps. And Miss Patton smiled contentedly.

I wish there was a ward for children. They are put in with the adults because there is no other place. The Children's Hospital can take only a small proportion of the sick children, and if there was a special ward for them in the free hospital I feel sure many would profit from it. Here is another place for my philanthropic friend. Charity for children, science which makes it possible for little ones to go into the world strong and not disgraced, is the truest, highest charity.

A hospital cannot be home. One where a week's care costs five times as many dollars as there are days is not home. The care of the nurse is not care of wife or mother. Usually it is better care than wife or mother can give, but it cannot have that sense of personal devotion. What would a nurse be good for who suffered with each one she nursed? The peevish complaints do not receive the consideration they would at home. Nurse and doctor are sure of themselves, know what is best and go quietly on in spite of protests from the invalid.

Do not think there is no kindness. Nurse and doctor are kind and firm, gentle and strong. The nurses are there to learn to manage the most fractious invalid, and are not going to spoil themselves for future success by habits of tyranny. And the young doctors are very tender toward the men and women who prove their ability. The best doctors of San Francisco go every week to the City and County Hospital and give freely of their stores of wisdom and experience. OLIVE HEYDEN.

HOW TO MAINTAIN THE SPEED OF MODERN WARSHIPS

The United States navy consists at present of sixteen armored vessels, thirty-three cruisers and gunboats, one harbor-defense ram and eight torpedo-boats built or in course of construction since 1882. The armored vessels range in speed from 21 to 10 knots, and the cruisers and gunboats show trial speeds varying from 23 to 11 knots, and comparing this fleet with the equal and often the superior to similar ones built abroad, so far as regards trial speed, armament and other essential qualities of a ship-of-war.

Many of the foreign ships—notably British—have, however, a decided advantage in that they are able to keep up a closer average high speed to that of the trial figures than our vessels, and this advantage is due to the fact of their bottoms being sheathed with wood and copper. Only six of the 1000-ton gunboats now building for our navy are of the composite class, that is, having steel frames planked with wood and copper, but all other vessels have unprotected bottoms, and are, therefore, subject to great loss of speed due to the fouling of their metal bottoms.

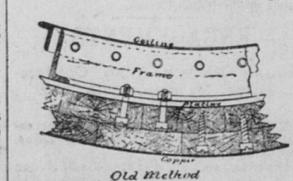
A recent dispatch to THE CALL stated in substance that Chief Constructor Hichborn would recommend sheathing of future vessels, setting forth his reasons in the lines of economy, safety and maintained speed.

As long ago as 1884 the Bureau of Construction is on record recommending that some of our naval vessels should be sheathed, but professional jealousy, ignorance on the part of certain officials and the pronounced antagonism by the Secretary of the Navy overruled the sound arguments of the chief constructor. The subject was discussed before the Senate committee on "additional steel vessels for the navy." The usage and experience of Great Britain was detailed, and the advantage of having a continuously clean bottom by planking and coppering was demonstrated, as well as the necessity of frequent docking of steel vessels, scraping and painting, the loss of time while docking, the risk, expense and frequent difficulties in being able to dock, when the loss of speed through fouling of the metal bottom would prevent the vessel from maintaining anything like her original speed.

All these arguments were presented, but Secretary Chandler's opposition, based on the grounds of first additional cost, and because, as he said, "he did not want a ship's bottom bored full of holes," defeated a proposition which would have saved many hundred thousand dollars in coal bills alone.

At that time, January, 1884, our new navy building had just begun, and neither the Chicago, Boston, Atlanta nor Dolphin had been completed; it was not until nearly three years later that additional vessels were contracted for, since which time, however, the work has been continued with little or no intermission and is likely to go on for an indefinite time.

The system of wood sheathed and coppered bottoms was introduced in the British navy in 1868 by Chief Constructor E. J. Reed, the first vessel thus constructed being the frigate Inconstant of 5780 tons and sixteen-knot speed. Constructor Reed's letter to the Admiralty explained that "it would have been absurd to have built a wooden ship to go that speed and expect her to take the strain of her engines, and it would be equally absurd to build an iron ship to go at that speed



that would foul, as the fouling would take off from that extreme speed." The experiment proved a success, and of the ninety vessels since constructed, that system only three have been retired from the active list, while the Inconstant is still counted as useful. In 1888 there were but very few wooden vessels in the British navy, and it consisted chiefly of iron vessels, composite vessels—that is, iron-framed hulls with wood planking—and sheathed vessels, the bottom of which was constructed as shown in accompanying cut.

At the present time the British navy list of active-service vessels gives the fol-

lowing instructive figures on the bottom-protection subject:

ARMORED TONNAGE.
Total 89 of 820,000 tons, of which 12 of 99,000 tons sheathed.
Giving 13½ per cent in number and 12.2 per cent in tonnage sheathed.

As the armored fleet is chiefly for home defense, and none of the vessels, barring the armored cruisers, are calculated for extended voyages, their loss of speed through fouling is not considered as serious as in a cruiser whose chief purpose is high speed to overtake a weaker antagonist or to run away from a stronger enemy.

UNARMORED TONNAGE.
Total 319 of 671,000 tons, of which 75 of 371,000 tons sheathed, and 66 of 60,000 tons composite.
Percentage of sheathed 23.4 in numbers and 55.3 in tonnage.
Percentage of composite 20.6 in numbers and 8.9 in tonnage, leaving 17.8 steel vessels, or 56 per cent of the whole number and 35.8 per cent of tonnage to unprotected bottoms.

The British policy is to sheathe the vessels intended for service on far-off stations where docking may not be always had when required, and, therefore, such armored cruisers as the Warspite and Imperieuse, the first-class barbette ships like the Barfleur, Centurion and Renown; the first-class cruiser Royal Arthur and class; the Comus class (eight vessels), and many others, are wood sheathed and coppered. The old system was discontinued in 1889, since which time the method as shown in the cut has been adopted with very satisfactory results, being far simpler, adding less extra weight and being easier to repair when necessary.

Notwithstanding the yearly recommendation of the chief constructor to sheath the bottoms of some of the cruisers and gunboats, the advice has not been heeded except in the case of the six composite gunboats now under construction. The consequence is that while the trial trip figures of such ships as the New York, Brooklyn, Columbia, Minneapolis and many others indicate phenomenal speed, much faster than similar types built abroad, their trial speeds are but an illusion, for none of them are capable of maintaining it after a couple of months at sea nor after having lain in harbor for a few weeks.

The unprotected bottom of a steel vessel soon reduces her speed, and if such ships as the above named were to maintain their original high speed it would be necessary to dock them every two months. This would entail a loss of much time and an expense of at least \$5000 for each docking and painting of the Columbia if in a home port and much more if on a foreign station. The tendency of ships of war is to make short cruises and take long rests in port, and it is the latter which hurts the vessel more than when steaming, for when the bottom becomes covered with sea grass the barnacles soon make their appearance and rapidly multiply and grow until, in some waters, the frictional resistance of the vessel is doubled. Then, again, unless these barnacles are removed in a reasonable time, the steel bottom suffers from corrosion and becomes pitted, and no amount of scraping and paint will remedy the evil. The Boston, Dolphin and Minneapolis are said to be badly pitted, and yet the latter ship has only been about two years in the water.

It is not always convenient to dock a vessel when she receives sailing orders—in fact, sometimes there is no dock to be had, and nothing remains to be done than pile coal in the furnaces and by a lavish expenditure of fuel endeavor to overcome the resistance offered by a foul bottom. It is not an extravagant estimate to assume that our vessels consume on an average as much coal under one-half boiler-power as would suffice under their quarters if their bottoms were clean, and further that none of the ships launched two years ago can now reach their trial trip speed within a couple of knots.

The opponents to sheathing point to merchant steamers as able to get along without docking but it is not a parallel case. The trans-Atlantic racers dock at least four times a year; they have a large reserve power in the machinery, and their hulls are stronger than ships-of-war. The accident which recently happened to the Phoenix in the Erie dock, when the keel-blocks tilted and the vessel fell about four feet to the bottom of the dock, would, no doubt, have crushed a vessel of the Columbia type like an eggshell, or at least put the machinery so badly out of line as to ruin her for further racing.

lack of experience or carelessness and other unforeseen accidents should be courted as little as possible, and yet the opponents to sheathing consider it a simple and inexpensive matter to dock a ship.

Last year the Columbia was strained in the dock at Southampton; in 1889 the Baltimore was likewise injured in the Norfolk dock, and quite recently the Texas was nearly ruined through improper docking at the Brooklyn Navy-yard.

In 1889 Chief Constructor Hichborn published a pamphlet entitled "Sheathed or Unsheathed Ships," in which the advantages and needs of sheathing were clearly set forth. He quoted extracts from official reports giving instances where the fouling of an iron bottom had greatly increased the consumption of coal.

The Ranger, which with clean bottom used 1250 pounds of coal per hour to make a speed of 10.2 knots, used 3240 pounds per hour to reach a speed of 10 knots with her bottom foul.

With later ships, such as the Baltimore, New York, Columbia and others of phenomenal high speed, the argument of Mr. Hichborn in favor of sheathed ships has been greatly strengthened. High speeds

require large coal consumption, and a few weeks' stay in some harbor will place the bottom of the steel ship in such a condition that a loss of a couple of knots, notwithstanding the most lavish use of fuel, is sure to follow.

While absolute cleanliness is not claimed for copper, it is, however, the very best protection against seaweed and barnacles, and the first and best requisite good workmanship should not prevent its adoption. Sheathing cannot be applied to steel vessels already completed, as the stem and stern posts have to be made of bronze or similar non-corrosive metal. The extra

cost of sheathing the Royal Arthur, of 7700 tons, was \$80,000, as compared with the Grafton, of 7350 tons, not sheathed. The sheathing of the eight vessels of the Indefatigable class, of 3600 tons, averaged \$51,000, and the cost in our navy for ships of like tonnage would be about \$100,000 for the Columbia type and \$85,000 for a vessel like the Charleston.

The gain would be a decrease of docking from two to three times a year to one in every two years, the ship could always be counted on to keep up a speed nearer that of her trial than under present conditions and the coal bills would be vastly reduced.

If Great Britain, with her docks all over the world, finds it expedient to sheathe vessels in order to escape docking the case appeals much stronger to this country, which has no possessions abroad and only a few naval docks at home. Of the 650 docks of all descriptions distributed over the world Great Britain owns or controls 350, the United States has 65 and France 62. Of naval drydocks Great Britain has 73, of which 41 are at home; France 32, Germany and Italy 8 each and the United States only 10. In times of peace it may not be so difficult to secure a dock, but in the event of war our vessels would not dare to go beyond 1000 miles from a home dock and the coal pile, and their usefulness would be materially reduced.

The argument was once used that it was impossible to secure absolute watertightness of the wooden sheathing, and therefore galvanic action would be set at work between the copper sheathing and the iron or steel of the hull, by which the latter would be ruined; but this has been proved to be a greatly overrated calamity. A committee of naval constructors, appointed by the British Admiralty in 1892, inquired thoroughly into the subject, and exposed the fallacy of the objections of the opponents to sheathing. The system as shown in the second cut depicting the new method has now been in use about seven years and works satisfactorily. The planking, of teak, is secured by screw-bolts made of forged naval brass. A composition consisting of proportionate parts of mineral pitch, coal tar, resin and turpentine is forced in between the plating and the wood planking by means of a force-pump, and thus the only leakage possible is through badly fitted bolts. Great precautions, however, are taken to

guard against bad workmanship, each man having his particular range of work for which he is held responsible, his name being recorded, and in the event of a discovery of bad work dismissal is sure to follow, which to a workman in a British dockyard means loss of pension at the expiration of long years of active employment. Private firms take similar precautions.

That sheathing has been so long deferred in our navy is unfortunate for many reasons, but the probabilities strongly indicate that future cruisers may be built on this plan on which 299 vessels in European navies have been constructed.

Never wear a shoe that pinches the heel, says Health Culture.

Never wear a shoe or boot so large in the heel that the foot is not kept in place. Never wear a shoe or boot that has depressions in any part of the sole to drop any joint or bearing below the level plane. Never wear a shoe with a sole turning up very much at the toes, as this causes the cords on the upper part of the foot to contract.

Never wear a shoe that presses up into the hollow of the foot. Never have the top of the boots tight, as it interferes with the action of the calf muscles, making one walk badly and spoils the shape of the ankle. Never wear one pair of shoes all the time unless obliged to do so. Two pairs of boots worn a day at a time, alternately, give more service and are much more healthful. Never wear a short stocking, or one which, after being washed, is not at least a half-inch longer than the foot. Bear in mind that stockings shrink. Be sure that they will allow your toes to spread out at the extreme ends, as this keeps the joints in place and makes a strong and attractive foot. As to shape of stockings, the single digital or "one-toe stocking" is best.

Thomas Slater has a message for every man on page 32. Don't fail to read it.