

## GUY'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.

LONDON, July 30, 1897.

It was on a sweltering hot day last week, that the writer happened to be sauntering along the Strand, which at any time of the day or night is always an interesting thoroughfare. On this particular occasion the scenery was somewhat obscured, owing to the fact that he was preceded by an individual of Falstaffian proportions, who evidently was built on the pneumatic plan. Fat men are not such "rara avis" in the modern Babylon as to cause comment, but this particular individual seemed irresistibly drawn towards the scribe, so much so, that ere he could realize the phenomenon that things were at last coming his way, the man of avoirdupois had descended upon him, an avalanche of flesh and blood, so to speak, another victim to the heat, with the toes of his patent leather shoes pointed pathetically skywards. To paraphrase the well-known bard: "He lay like a warrior taking his rest, with a curious mob around him." In a few seconds two portly Bobbies were uttering their monotonous refrain, "Pass along there, please." An ambulance was obtained, and the old gentlemen was the star attraction in a motley procession, that gathered strength as it approached Charing Cross hospital.

Then it was that a desire to see the interior of a London hospital, seized me. My thoughts reverted to boyhood's days, when my old chum and cousin belenged to that noble army of revelers, who are generally described on the charge sheet next morning as "medical students," but who had subsequently, after taking his diploma, officiated as an assistant house surgeon in London's most famous hospital, Guy's. To think was to act. Three days later saw us taking luncheon in the hospital club room, and chatting over old times. The club house (which by the way was built by the students, who are some 800 strong, and spend five years of study and walking the hospitals, ere they are fully qualified,—a decided improvement as regards efficiency, when compared to the way some of our western boys leave the tail of a plow, and ambiguously state that they are going back East to study for two years or eighteen months, and then return to reduce the census reports, and stand in with the local undertaker on commissions), stands across the street from Guy's and is situated in the college building. It consists of reading, billiards, dining rooms and a gymnasium. The dining-hall is a very cosy place; the waitresses are also very pretty, from the fact that they all answer to the name of Kitty. I presume they must belong to one family. The dining hall, outside of its potted plants, etc., is uniquely decorated in a style that I never remember to have seen elsewhere, so I give it to the Utahnian housewives for what it is worth, and free of charge. It consists of frescoes of grease spots, high up on the tinted walls and ceiling. The students, on breaking up nights, affect this æsthetic style of decoration. In the exuberance of their animal spirits they promiscuously hurl penny pats of butter with telling effect, hence the artistic result.

Before we enter that home of human woe and suffering, let us dive a little into history. Guy's is an offshoot from St. Thomas', which once stood adjacent,

and was founded by Henry VIII. It was founded and endowed by one Thomas Guy, a bookseller, in 1721. My mentor informed me that he used to sell Bibles. Now, as I have had a little personal experience in that trade myself, I took that statement with a grain of salt; but the one cannot call a man who stands him a lunch, a prevaricator, even if he be a relation. However, it subsequently transpired that the philanthropist really made his fortune in that historical swindle, the South Sea bubble, he first and the greatest stock booms on record. To ease his conscience, probably, he endowed this splendid charitable institution for ever and a day.

## THE HOSPITAL

consists of several large and smaller buildings standing amongst consumptive-looking trees and lawns that look as though they had just been discharged from a neighboring ward as convalescent. Hairless students stroll around, smoking and talking, bacteria?—oh, no; cricket, tennis, rowing and girls; while upon the seats and stretchers, sit and recline, dozens of in-patients, who have passed the rubicon of their particular disease and mishap, and are enjoying the sunshine and soot-laden atmosphere of London. The sparrows, pigeons, and spasmodic fountain ought to be mentioned, but space forbids. To our left stands an imposing stone structure, inside of which one could stow away all of Salt Lake's hospitals and still have room to spare. This bears the name of Hunt's house, being built and endowed by a charitable individual by that name. Here are to be found the majority of medical cases, such as typhoid fever and similar ailments. We enter and ascend flight after flight of broad stone steps, with wards on either hand, that bear their name, such as Charity, Lazarus, Patience, etc., over the respective entrances. It is a melancholy sight to see strong men, little children and patient women, one and all fighting the common enemy of mankind. The sweet-faced nurses moving noiselessly to and fro, with a smile here and a kind word there. No wonder the children cry and make a fuss when they are discouraged, cured, and are about to be taken back to their squalid home and drunken parents.

But although Guy's was built essentially for the poor, its doors are open to anyone. If you are rich and pay your guinea per week—which is not compulsory—you can get no more attention than the pauper; for they, one and all, have the best. The only thing that stamps you as a bloated aristocrat is, that you have your own private tea cup! One ward is so much like another, with the exception of the one for desperate cases, that to see one is to see all. Just inside the entry is situated the sisters' private room, tastefully decorated with little nic-nacs so dear to the feminine heart. Little water color sketches adorn the walls. On a bracket, in a conspicuous place, stands a photo of dear Charlie, possibly; but you don't trespass there, but keep right on down the avenue of little iron cots, two feet nine inches wide. The sister is in evidence at the other end, giving instructions to the nurses under her. Every cot is occupied—there are over six hundred in Guy's. Some of the occupants gaze at you curiously, whilst others are too ill to gaze at anything. Fastened to the wall above each cot is an iron

bracket, from which hang curtains that can be drawn around the patient while he sleeps. Further, there dangles a small trapeze at the end of a chain, upon which the patient can perform feats of strength, such as painfully drawing himself into a sitting position, etc. Finally there is suspended the bed-letter, or number, nationality, etc., together with the doctors' daily instructions to the nurses, also diet. Although at a first glance there seems to be no privacy; however, when a patient is attended to, a screen is placed around the cot. Numerous texts on the walls, a clock, together with a strip of matting running down the center of the snow-white floor, that is redolent of carbolic soap, two or three chairs, lots of flowers, constitute the decorations of an average ward.

Once more we emerge into the open air; the ceaseless roar of the London traffic in the distance, striking our ears. Immediately in front stands another stone building, which we enter.

## THE MUSEUM.

Here are to be found the finest (if one can call such horrible things fine), collection of wax models in the world. The man who made them, got his commission in a peculiar manner. He sold the hospital a fake skeleton. So impressed was the senior surgeon with the deception, that the modelist was invited to take up his abode within the hospital, where for years he turned out life-like models of all the most loathsome diseases and monstrosities until his death some fifty years ago. It is an infernal place. The predominating desire seizes one to get away from it, lest, even by looking at those hideous festering sores, one would inadvertently contract the same. The genuine articles that are preserved in spirits in glass jars, are bad enough but they lack, through discoloration, the nicety of detail and freshness of their wax duplicates. As an object lesson to wayward humanity, the museum ought to suffice. Of monstrosities, their name is legion—two-headed babies in glass jars, are a drug on the market; whilst a man with an elephant's leg scarcely arouses comment.

Let us get out of this fearful nightmare, especially as the professor, who is instructing a little knot of students, evidently resents the intrusion. Out in the open air for a second or two, then we dive down a narrow stone passage. A peculiar smell (something like Smith's Drug store after the fire), greets our olfactory organs; and ere one has time to compose his nerves after the museum experience, he tumbles down three steps into

## THE DISSECTING ROOM.

It is a case of out of the frying pan into the fire. In one fell swoop all my cherished ideas regarding a dissecting room were shattered. I verily believe that I almost expected something in appearance like Market row at Christmas time—prime quarters, shoulders, etc., with sausage skins and sweetbreads nicely displayed amidst parsley, etc. The joints were there certainly, but they were not prime. In fact nothing was prime around the place save the sniell. There were about a dozen tables there, over half of which, young fellows clad in smeared blouses, had their noses down on the various "specimens," and were industriously plying little forceps, laying bare muscles, and indulging in other nauseating pastimes like so many