

shovel hat and the modest grey of the women's gowns. But still one often catches a glimpse under its poke of a beautiful old face, with an Arcadian peace and gentleness of expression, and hears a softly spoken answer, with its soothing thee and thou, which assuredly is calculated to turn away wrath from the sternest heart.

There is a peaceful beauty and tenderness about the Quaker's home—a breathing atmosphere of affection and good feeling that regards a harsh word, an unworthy thought, or a mean suspicion almost as a profanity—an atmosphere in which the children become daily more lovely, and the old people seem to grow younger by the simple goodness and beauty of their lives.

But this softer power has not been strong enough to compete with the "advancement of the age," and each day takes us farther from the purity of such lives and homes, and brings instead the utilitarianism that has no time for the gentle answer and the ever ready sympathy which claims each man as brother indeed. The Pennsylvania Hospital—the oldest in the city—was founded and built by the Quakers, and is largely under their control even now. I paid a visit there one day, shortly after arriving in Philadelphia, and was shown over the building by one of the managers, a kindly, courteous, old Quaker, who seemed, indeed, to be the good fairy of the place. I felt quite like a worn-out worldling beside this simple patriarch, with his broad-brimmed hat, which, according to the fashion of the "Friends," he did not remove while we walked through the Wards.

The Hospital itself is very primitive in its building, and at that time its methods were very elementary, but the progress of the day was finding its way there in a wonderful new scheme for ventilation by a revolving shaft, and later on the Committee resolved to introduce a new and improved system of Nursing. Miss Smith, an English lady, and a co-worker of Miss Fisher, was appointed as Superintendent, and very quickly altered the traditional incompetence of the Nursing Staff.

The Americans have a fashion of professing themselves superior to us in everything, but underneath this upper crust of disbelief in us, there is a deep feeling of admiration for the "mother country," and in nothing has this shown itself more than in their adoption of our Hospital systems. The first women of refinement and education who entered Hospitals in the United States were Englishwomen. It was an Englishwoman who started the machinery of Bellevue Hospital in the right direction, and the New Haven Training School, which ranks the first in the country, was modelled by one of our own

countrywomen on English principles. Countless examples might be added, but as this article is dealing now with Hospitals in Philadelphia, it will be better to speak of the good work done in that city by Miss Fisher and Miss Hornor at Blockley.

An English mind, unaccustomed to the intricacies of American politics, can hardly appreciate the condition of affairs before Miss Fisher came out to put many things right. The Hospital was "run" by unprincipled and uneducated city politicians as a means of adding to their incomes and increasing their power of civic patronage and bribery. A political protégé was out of work—an appointment as gatekeeper, watchman, or supernumerary could always be found at Blockley at the public expense. The male Nurses were chosen, not for their experience among sick people, but from the zeal they had shown at the last city election, and from their power of "stump oratory" during the contests for the councilmen of the various city wards. Seamstresses, servants, housekeepers, and Nurses were appointed because they were the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts of these political tools, and the condition of the patients, under such control, was pitiable. "Blockley" includes the City Almshouse, Asylum and Hospital, and contains about twelve hundred inmates, so that there were many nice positions to be obtained by being on the "right side" in politics.

But at last affairs became too flagrant to be passed by unnoticed, and a few good citizens brought to light some very dark facts with regard to the misery and suffering of the patients under this system of misrule and dishonesty, with the result that Miss Fisher was invited to "Blockley," to do her part in the herculean task of reorganization which was resolved upon, and she did her work right nobly. In an incredibly short time, and almost as if with the wand of a magician, she had formed a training school, which will be the nucleus of great things for the Nursing world in America. In spite of the manifold unpleasant tasks she had to perform, she was respected and loved by all her Nurses, and in the social world of Philadelphia she was a great favourite. Her Sunday and Wednesday afternoon teas were most popular, and she and pretty Miss Hornor (who left the Hospital to marry Senator Hawley, of Connecticut) did all in their power to make things pleasant, and to interest people in their work.

On my arrival she wrote me a charming letter of welcome, and after allowing me a few days to settle down in my little Hospital, the Orthopædic and Nervous Infirmary, she came to offer me some more words of welcome and encouragement in my new work, which she gave in so kindly a

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