

large establishment, an excellent innovation it seemed to me for public institutions. Pocket stoves of extreme simplicity and variety was the next novelty in heating-apparatus that claimed my attention.

There were stoves formed to heat every portion of the human frame, perhaps the most valuable being sandal-stoves, intended to be worn by patients during an operation. They are said to be harmless and safe, and to keep an even temperature, besides being inexpensive, a pair costing twelve marks (a fraction less than twelve shillings); they are made of aluminium covered with thick felt, and fastened across the foot with a broad felt strap. The material for heating is a patent (Kirbis) of very small size and easily lighted, when it will keep up a steady glow for several hours, and eventually fall to ashes. The same system is applied to a variety of domestic purposes: plate, dish, sledge, bed and flat-iron heaters, &c. I was puzzled to understand how *anything* could be made to glow to the extent of heating a flat-iron without affecting the purity of the air, and thus becoming markedly unfit for surgical cases, but life is full of puzzles. Half its interest lies in that fact.

As is only natural in a country where people are fond of being warm, stoves were quite a feature of the exhibition. Various firms displayed a variety of baths supplied with small portable stoves, and warranted easily heated. Some of these baths were formed to fit the human figure; and so arranged that a full grown man could be seated, plunged up to his neck in a moderate quantity of water, an advantage that strikes an English mind as somewhat doubtful. Vapour baths, shower-baths, baby-baths for home use were represented in various sizes and shapes, and of course there were babies' milk bottles, warranted easily cleaned, and sterilisers for milk with absolutely airtight milk bottles for the transport of milk for infants, and patent *swaddling* clothes (for babies are still swaddled in many German families) and infant garments of every description; *normal* clothes for men and for women, and a beautiful lady of wax smiling in a light grey travelling costume, grand and happy (apparently) at her wisdom in being unlaced and free from frivolous ornaments.

There were normal boots too, flat and fastened after the manner of sandals, recommended for tourists and postmen, and all who are fond of long walks, besides boots of all sorts and shapes for the crippled and ill-shaped.

There were beds of iron of different degrees of excellence, but all, it appeared to me, easily cleaned and brushed, a circumstance that, after all, mainly determines the value of the refuge, in which the healthiest of us spend a third of our lives.

A cheap, adjustable invalid table, desk, and reading stand united, had much to recommend it, as the book could be held over the invalid at an angle to meet his eye comfortably, while he could still lie perfectly motionless and flat. Several photos showed the invention in use as a table raised and lowered, and as a desk and book-holder. The low price (8s.) would enhance its value to many.

Pens and holders that made cramp an impossibility, so it said, writing tables and school-forms of the most correct construction, ambulance aids, medicine bottles, invalid crockery of every kind, corks that *dropped* medicine with regularity—I have not space to do more than refer to these things. All inventions or

improvements of *recent* date, tested by a competent committee before exposed to the public.

Before a long table that seemed partly decorated with elegant cases of sugar-plums and jujubes I entered into conversation with an amiable and intelligent girl—a deputy of the exhibiting firm. The cases contained numerous sugar-coated medicines, among them the dreaded rhubarb of juvenile-Christmas-party memory, gracefully disguised in the form of a goody. Modern children are better off than we were, and yet they say that Fate is just!

"In the early middle ages," remarks one firm in its prospectus on lazy-looking chairs, "the chair was only an article of luxury used by the great. The people rested lying down, and this form of rest was certainly more wholesome. *Our time*," continues this instructive pamphlet, "will not allow us to lounge on the bear's skin (an ancient term for idling), but certainly we can reduce sitting in our hours of leisure by giving the body a half-sitting, half-stretched posture, &c." The information is accompanied by an illustration representing the laziest man in the world, lounging with his feet cocked up in the most comfortable chair in the world, smoking a cigarette with his eyes closed, and a soft glow of intense satisfaction illuminating his features. It makes one sleepy to look at him, and one feels that if "our time" can allow this sort of thing, we have no cause to regret the bear's skin.

Arrangements for disinfection perfumed the air in one show-room, and suggested perfect protection from possible infection to ourselves and the exhibitors. The same room contained ventilators and windows suitable for hospitals and schools.

There was *embarras de richesse* of guide-books for home-nursing, and hygienic domesticity.

The hygienic exhibition is *permanent*. Its value consists in the facility given for public exhibition of *new* inventions, in the tests which these exhibits pass before being exposed, and in the simple and *domestic* availability of many of the exhibits.

I departed laden with pamphlets, and found on reaching home that I had been provided *gratis* with full information on the *most modern* method of nursing and swaddling babies (the instructions were those of a learned professor, patented and most explicit), with advice on brushing my teeth scientifically, with rules for packing fruit for export, for writing, reading, learning, resting, walking, dressing, drinking, eating, sleeping, breathing, washing, tubbing, ironing, travelling on hygienic principles, not to mention a small volume which the charming exhibitor of the sugar-coated medicines had pressed into my hand at parting, and which contained a list of the most deadly poisons human beings might (or might not) swallow, with lucid directions as to what to do in the case of such mishap.

A French writer recently asserted that *normal* human life should average 125 years. It is not for want of effort on the part of our nineteenth century inventors if poor humanity does not shake off at least *some* of the effects of the deterioration of ages, and stride towards a hale old age. It is sad to think how many of us are still snatched in our prime, at eighty, seventy, even at the youthful age of sixty. Let us hope for better things.

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