

at the Hobart Exhibition, 1894-95. This is the highest award, and is equivalent to a Gold Medal.

We understand that the Lord Mayor has been appointed an Officer of the Legion of Honour.

The Inaugural Address of Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, on November 7th, to the Philosophic Society, Edinburgh, will be entitled "Individual Liberty, the Germ of National Progress and Permanence."

St. Olave's Infirmary.

A CHANGE has come over the spirit of the East End. Districts into which, a few years ago, respectable citizens were afraid to penetrate, have thrown off their disreputable character, and have become almost respectable. So that "slumming" has done its work, even if it was inspired by a desire on the part of the leisured classes for a new excitement, a new sensation. The advent of a respectably dressed person into the streets of the East End used, not so long ago, to be a signal for derision and insult. It was supposed that respectability represented hostility to the 'orny 'anded son of toil, and that common action in the form of stones and rudeness should be taken as a protest against a class wearing starched collars and unbroken shoes.

A representative of the NURSING RECORD, on her way through the seafaring and "dockers" districts, remembering what was the quondam attitude of this class of East-ender, rejoiced that "slummers" had existed for a time, even though their ardour and enthusiasm has somewhat palled.

The women and children adopted a most friendly attitude. "P'raps the lady was coming to sing to them," or "p'raps she were a comin' to bring beef-tea for them as was ill." No, she was only going to the Infirmary. Could anyone tell her the way? Yes, a dozen willing feet were at her disposal to conduct her thither in semi-processional state.

A gold-laced porter at the lodge proffered pen and ink, in order that no unauthorised person should gain admittance without that person's name and address being duly registered for further reference.

Hospitals seem busy till one has been to an Infirmary, but here the constant coming to and fro, and the visiting, and the passing in and out make a scene of great bustle and excitement. After some "sorting out," one is ushered into the cheery kindly presence of Miss Evans, who at once makes one feel at home. There is always a certain amount of hesitancy before asking a Matron to take one through the wards. It seems such an overtaking of her already taxed energies, but Miss Evans is so re-assuring on this point that it is evidently a pleasure to her to go among her patients and staff, and, indeed, as we proceed it is evident that the inmates are delighted to see their Matron, the old gentlemen giving their military salutes and nods, the old ladies their bobs and curtsies with much fervour.

"Now I shall treat you as if you were a Government Inspector, and throw everything open," says Miss Evans.

"What a formidable thing it is to *feel*, even for half-an-hour, all the majesty and might a Government position confers." Miss Evans smiles, and we pass

through the orderly and well-appointed wards, which even at this inconvenient and "non show" time, the hour of tea, are all spick and span, and leave nothing to be desired.

The nursing staff, most of whom have been trained by Miss Evans, who, after some difficulty introduced "training and certificates," are busy and cheerful, and give every evidence of good discipline and cordial feeling.

"Throw open all the cupboards, Nurse," was said in all the wards, and surely one never saw anything more orderly—not a bottle out of place, the ointment jars set in mathematical lines, spatulas bright, and looking as if they had never moved an inch out of their appointed row. And then the linen cupboards, with piles of sheets and pillow cases, without a wrinkle. The representative of the RECORD went back in memory when as "Sister" she had been responsible for linen cupboards, and she sighed as she remembered that only just once a week had she been able to attain to order such as this, and that once was a few minutes after the clean linen had been put away.

"But surely you must have just one 'odd and end cupboard,'" and then she saw that a very small part of the large cupboard was set apart for legitimate untidiness.

Then the beds and mattresses were "turned up" and down, and everything showed most orderly. The most exacting Inspector would have been satisfied with the result of this "surprise visit."

Tea was being served, nice and hot and strong, and the visitor was tempted to ask for a cup, but after all it was better to reserve one's appetite and take it later. Bread and butter cutting was being actively pursued in the kitchens, and toast was being made for some of the really ill.

In a corner of each ward was a roll of mackintoshes, this most excellent plan being adopted throughout the Infirmary. Not a single mackintosh may be folded, and thereby cracked and spoiled. Being rolled they keep in excellent order, and last just twice as long.

In the women's wards all the old ladies look decorative with their snowy white caps, and one feels no wonder that in such comfortable quarters these good people seem to live for ever. Some are so old and have been so long in the Infirmary that some doubts exist as to their real age. They *may* be a hundred, or even more!

And then away to the Nurses' Home, with small comfortable separate bedrooms, and three tennis lawns where they may recreate after their labours. And in spite of the fact that we are in the heart of the East End, the air seems fresh and pure.

Our way leads us through the Matron's garden, which, though small, is charming. It is easy to see that Miss Evans has not only a knowledge but a love of gardening. The lilies, which are now going "off" a little, must have been lovely some weeks ago, and the other flowers in their profusion and fragrance might be a hundred miles away from anything in the form of a "dock" and busy Rotherhithe industries. A large basin full of gold fish and a small fountain in the centre, complete the picture of country in town, and it seems an anomaly to bring away a bunch of flowers from the East End of London.

"It would have seemed more natural for me to *bring* them rather than to take them." And Miss Evans smiles with the good fellowship and kindness which has made her so popular with her whole staff.

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