

for. An excellent weighing machine was on view which could not fail to be appreciated by those who know the difficulty of weighing a newly born infant. A hammock for babies was also shown, a mosquito net, for placing over a child while on the ground, a rail, surrounding a "crawler," and many other devices for the convenience of the infant portion of the community. A sterilizer, for use with either dry or moist heat, in enamel ware and costing only 12 gulden, was also shown, and a district nurse's bag, designed by a district nurse of a practical turn of mind. The case of dolls, in the uniforms of different hospitals, excited much admiration, and models of a lying-in-room in the eighteenth and nineteenth century were most instructive. The former was crowded up with furniture, hung with silk curtains, carpeted, and contained beds for the accommodation of several members of the family, the monthly nurse was indulging in tea, and in the foreground sat the doctor with his feet on a foot warmer smoking a pipe, and no doubt indulging in the wine which was set out on the table before him. The room of the nineteenth century, with dressing room attached, washing furniture, and a neat nurse in attendance, was a model of all that such a room should be, the patient even held in her hand a tiny electric bell, and everything was as perfect as possible. Some interesting painted diagrams made and used by the Herr teacher of the nurses at Rotterdam, Herr J. G. Groeve, were shown, a model of an operation bed, and excellently arranged cases of instruments and dressings, and some very good photographs of hospitals, notably a screen, in the top part of which photographs were effectively arranged. The photographs of the Children's Hospital at Amsterdam include one of the disinfecting room which is large enough to take a bed and bedstead. Some very good moulded splints were also on view. Adjoining the nursing section was a dispensary fitted up in the most complete way, the plants, roots and leaves from which various drugs are derived being shown in their natural condition as well, as the elaborate article and the latest dainty in capsules. The arrangements of the cupboards and drawers (the latter with white china labels), jars and bottles were charming, and I understand that the lady in charge of the Dispensary at the Wilhelmina Hospital at Amsterdam has taken considerable pains to render this exhibit as perfect as possible. With its laboratory, microscopes, sieves, scales, infusers, and all the other paraphernalia of a well ordered dispensary it certainly puts before us a desirable ideal.

In the Central Hall of the Exhibition many departments such as weaving, shoemaking, printing, type-writing, and a host of others were represented, there is also a laundry on the premises, a model dairy, a school of housewifery, a kindergarten department, a picture gallery, a historic section, and many others too numerous to mention. The philanthropic section was exceptionally interesting, and contained amongst other things the women's petition to the King of Holland in 1865, begging for freedom for the West Indian slaves, a petition which was granted. There is also a large diagram showing the position of woman in Holland before the law—a most telling illustration of the enslavement of women under man-made laws. There is also a very interesting diagram of the relative numbers of the women employed in the various occupations now open to them, and of those professions which are at present closed to women.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the exhibition is the Indian Village, where the dark-skinned pathetic-eyed denizens of the Malay Archipelago, discourse sweet (albeit somewhat monotonous) music, or deftly draw designs on white calico in melted wax. Much more remains untold than I have told, I can only recommend readers of the *NURSING RECORD* to supplement the information I have given them by knowledge acquired on the spot. I feel sure they will be grateful to me for sending them there. It is a matter of some disappointment to the promoters of the exhibition that so far it has not been honoured by the presence of the Queen of Holland.

The enthusiasm and loyalty of her subjects for their youthful Sovereign is extreme, and it is much to be hoped that this may meet with a response in the interest taken by the Queen in all that tends to the well-being of her people, and more especially of all that makes for the improvement of the condition of women. A more auspicious occasion than the present could scarcely be found, and it is to be hoped that, her coronation over, she will take an early opportunity of visiting the Exhibition, and of inspecting for herself the various departments. She could scarcely have a better object lesson in the capacity of her women subjects.

### A Book of the Week.

#### "THE HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE."\*

THE author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" has considerably matured since she wrote her first striking, but very unequal book. "The House of Hidden Treasure" is a novel with a good deal of original thought, and a good deal of very excellent writing in it.

This is the more note-worthy, as the author has handicapped herself by beginning towards the end of her story, and then harking back through several hundred pages of retrospect. Maurice Bertram, a grown man, in the first chapter, is peeping through the railings of the old house where, as a child, two ladies, one old, one young and handsome, had shown him great kindness. The author then proceeds to relate, and to relate most exquisitely, the poignant experiences of the said little Maurice at the age of seven. The history of his bullying cousins, his mental suffering, his heroic silence, and his happiness in the safe shelter of the Old House, are among the best passages in the book.

After twenty-four pages of this, the tale again shunts backwards, and relates how the young lady who was kind to Maurice, came to be living in such seclusion and solitude alone with a widowed mother. When, with some puzzling, one has fully grasped the period, 1857, to which the narrator has journeyed in her time-machine, on page 234, Maurice once more reappears, and we take up the story where we began it, at the gates of the Old House. The heroine is by this time fifty years old; but we knew almost from the beginning, that only misery was in store for her, for, on page 191—the book is nearly 400 pages long—we had this singularly depressing paragraph:

"Thus Grace came to the home that was so long to be hers, not on wheels, but on foot; not knowing that

\* "The House of Hidden Treasure." By Maxwell Gray. Heinemann.

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