and Health do not necessarily go hand in hand. The disappearance of these strange peoples without leaving any known heirs or descendants aroused suspicion of their having been carried off by some epidemic or plague. Pieces of skin have been analysed by curious scientists to see if any trace remained to prove this theory; but, so far, they have failed to discover the particular bacillus that is believed to be responsible for such wholesale slaughter.

The social aspect of Life at the Fair was exceedingly pleasant. Receptions, teas, and entertainments of a picturesque kind were given by representatives of all nations, including the Japanese Commissioners, with whom we drank the famous Ceremonial tea—and found it very nasty! Sweetmeats handed round during the repast somewhat helped to disguise the nauseating flavour of the favourite tea of His Highness the Mikado. The Russian tea-parties were far more attractive, though not nearly so quaint as the outdoor kettledrum in the Tea House of the charming little Japanese village.

Victoria House, which served as the British headquarters, was built to represent a typical old English half-timbered manor-house of the sixteenth century, and was situated—as a British headquarters should be—so as to command a view of the waves of the great lake of Michigan. England and Germany were given first choice of building sites, and we very cleverly obtained the best position in the grounds. It is a beautiful little house, and it is believed that England will gracefully present the building to the people of Chicago, to serve as an artistic memento of our connection with the World's Fair.

The interior is made up of charming "bits" of some of our old historic houses.

As one enters the Hall, he notes that the ceiling and staircase is a copy from that most artistic of English houses—Haddon Hall—while every chair serves to bring back memories of the originals one has seen in Linlithow Palace, in Florence, and at Hampton Court.

The Commissioners' or Judges' Room was a delightful retreat, furnished in that inviting way one is apt to associate with men's clubs as shown at the Reform or Cavalry Clubs in Piccadilly. And, as a matter of fact, we found this room served all the purposes of a club-house where we might read our English papers at leisure, sitting where we could, at the same time, get a beautiful view of the lake and grounds. It also resolved itself into a pleasant meeting place where the judges might exchange experiences over a cup of afternoon tea. We discovered that the policeman, who was sent out to guard the precincts of the British Commission, added to his many excellencies the art of cutting delightful bread and butter. And we could not help admiring the forethought shown in instructing the London police force in so useful an art. After a little practice, he learned to bring in the tea with the professional flourish of a well-trained butler, and only on one occasion did the policeman betray himself.

One afternoon, I was giving a little tea-party at which there were two or three pressmen and some other American guests present. We had just finished tea, and were in an interesting discussion as to the social and political position of women and kindred subjects in large capitals, when the door opened softly, and Mr. Policeman entering, said to me in a loud stage whisper, "Please, Miss, may Sir 'Enery 'ave the teapot?" Collapse of our argument, and a revelation to the audience that Victoria House possessed only one silver teapot, which Sir Henry Wood was waiting for, while we were consuming the afternoon in vain discussion.

The opportunity was too good a one to be passed over by the American reporter, and the story appeared next morning with more or less embellishment in most of the Chicago papers.

Annesley Kenealy, M.R.B.N.A.,
Judge of Awards in the Hygienic Section of the World's Fair, 1893.

Nursing in a Workhouse Infirmary

Some of the Nurses' Difficulties.

In the large Workhouse Infirmaries in England, the battle for skilled Nursing is virtually fought and won. Birmingham Infirmary with its 1,000 beds, Brownlow Hill, Crumpsall, and other large provincial Infirmaries; in London—Marylebone and St. George's-in-the-East—with between 600 and 700 beds, and many others, are as well organised as any Hospitals in the land; and in them Probationers are being trained, not only as first-class Nurses, but trained to carry out the work of Infirmary Nursing; there being no doubt that if women are to work in a satisfactory manner under the Poor Law, they should receive their training for responsible positions in pauper wards.

But though, as the Nursing organisation is more and more perfected in the large infirmaries, the difficulties for the individual Nurses working in them are minimised, in the smaller Infirmaries a state of things still exists exceedingly difficult to deal with, and a thorough reform is needed. No one who has any experience of Boards and Committees will fail to understand how impossible it sometimes seems to make any way in the face of the inertia, if not active opposition of these bodies; though, on the whole, we do meet with most encouraging evidence that country Guardians, among whom there are now more ladies, are awakening to their responsibilities with regard to

previous page next page