

slight and graceful, with a charmingly refined face, eyes translucent, expressive, tender, a firm chin and graceful carriage, much enjoyed the scene. Her husband at once unbound her thickly-plaited hair, and Gleni—very much woman in spite of her garments—produced a little comb from her trousers pocket, and handing it to her lord and master, stood patiently until he had combed out her beautiful long auburn hair—soft and glistening—which fell in a wavy shower to her belted waist. Then she bowed with oriental grace, kissed me on the cheek, and gave me her blessing—(we were the only two women present) two by no means typical types of East and West—and said good-bye.

We arrived in Athens in the evening, to find quite a flock of "robin redbreasts" (our nurses) on the steps of the Hotel D'Angleterre to greet us, the Crown Princess having sent one with the kindest forethought to tell me that "all the nurses were safe and well." I found Nurses Farnsworth, Flanagan, Stollard and Curtis located most comfortably in the Crown Princess's Ward of the *Ecole Militaire*—used temporarily as a hospital for the wounded. Nurses Fawkes, Lees, Fox, and Davidson are now working in the Military Hospital proper in Athens. Nurses Carter, Davies and Tillott are up in the Epirus at Kravassara, near Arta, and Nurse Warriner is working at Volo, where she has remained through all the panics there—Turks or no Turks.

The seven nurses who left London on April 27th, we found in Athens, waiting for orders; so we sent nurses Hill, Johnson, Skerman, and Coombs up to Volo last night with Mr. Osborne, to bring down the wounded from Velestino, and to-day we have requisitioned a steamer from the Government, and sent nurses Whiteford and Walker with Mr. Moffatt to Lamia, where we hear there is no ambulance hospital of any sort, and to which place the wounded are being removed for transport from Pharsala. Their departure was most exciting. First procuring the steamer, then provisioning the ship—baskets full of rolls and tinned food, chickens, eggs, fruit, and wine—to say nothing of brandy, oranges, and tobacco for the poor patients. These little arrangements were quite novel and amusing; then we bought the nurses shady mushroom hats, put a band of blue and scarlet ribbon round them to match their uniform; and sent them on board with ample surgical and medical stores of every description, and in the highest of spirits at the prospect of active service. Here, people sit and wait, and chatter, and smoke, and drink coffee—everyone gesticulates and makes suggestions, but does nothing. So we thought the best thing to do was first to charter steamers, and send up doctors and nurses, and stores, to attend to the injured men, and remove them from the front by steamer to Athens—all quite easily done by a little forethought, prompt action, and audacity. Now we are setting to work to get up a hospital of fifty beds at the Piræus to receive our patients when they come. It is quite a little raid in its way, as there are nurses and doctors in great numbers of all nationalities, all sitting in the vestibule of this hotel waiting for patients.

Yesterday, we took a carriage, drove through the Piræus, and discovered a lovely house by the way—just the place for our hospital. Then we bombarded the Mayor and the Prefect (amiable, but official persons); and found that the house belonged to

the Queen of the Hellenes. We returned to Athens; proffered our request for the house as a hospital for the wounded; interviewed Premier, Council, Grand Marshal, and numerous lesser luminaries; and after four-and-twenty hours' impotency, have just received a letter granting the Queen's consent to our possession. So we fumigate to-morrow, carbolise and scrub on Saturday, and intend to be ready in forty-eight hours for the reception of patients. So good-bye, until next week, when I will send you further news of our intensely interesting work.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

The Cookery Exhibition.

THE Tenth Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition held at Niagara was interesting as exemplifying the degree of perfection to which the culinary art, and also the accessories necessary to its due performance, have now been brought.

The two kitchens on view, one of 1837 and the other of 1897, illustrate admirably the advances which have been made in the kitchen department during the Record Reign. Few persons would wish to return to the wooden dresser, and the cumbersome stove of sixty years ago, when they can have the charming kitchen, tiled table, copper moulds, aluminium saucepans, and convenient range of the present day. The warming pan, however, which adorned the walls of the kitchen of earlier date, is a relic of which many persons who saw it doubtless desire to become possessed. The dinner-table of the early part of the century, with the boar's head, huge pasties, and other delicacies in vogue at that period, had an attraction of its own, which quite equalled that of the more elaborate representation of a dinner *à la mode*. The demonstration of Indian cooking was excellent, and visitors to the exhibition, who by residence in the tropics have learnt to appreciate good curry—and have wondered ever since their return home at the inability of every English cook to produce anything worthy to be called by that name—might fancy themselves in India once again as they "sampled" the curry made before them. Further, they could buy curry powder, with full directions as to how to produce a like delicacy, which they probably entrusted with many instructions, only outnumbered by misgivings, to their cooks when they returned home. It remains to be seen if the cook exists in England who can learn to produce a respectable imitation of the genuine article.

The tank of live turtles, and of turtle eggs, flanked with various preparations of turtle soup, was worthy of the attention of the City Guardians.

In another part of the hall, maidens in demure Quaker grey, with white kerchiefs becomingly folded across the breast, dispensed Quaker oats to an appreciative *clientèle*. The faces of these same maidens, when one obtained a glimpse of them inside the modest Puritan bonnets, were not as demure as their setting, while the fringes which were affected by these damsels would surely be pronounced by any right-minded Quaker, carnal in the extreme.

There were various reminiscences of the Nursing Exhibition on view. Amongst other things, Aymard's

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