

WOMEN.

THE EXHIBITION OF WOMEN'S WORK.
THE HAGUE.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

WHAT woman that has heard of the exhibition of women's work at the Hague has not wished to see it! Who that has seen it does not feel impelled to use all the eloquence of which she is possessed to persuade other people without delay to go and do likewise? Being one of those fortunate persons who have paid a visit to the Hague lately I should be sadly regardless of the interests of the readers of the NURSING RECORD, if I did not urge upon them the fact that a visit to the Hague, at all times delightful, is especially so just now; that the journey is inexpensive and easily accomplished, that comfortable lodgings with board and attendance can be obtained from £2 2s. a week, and that a pleasanter place in which to spend a holiday could scarcely be found. The best way of getting to the Hague is *via* Harwich, and, leaving Liverpool Street at 8.30 p.m., one arrives at Harwich at 9.30, sleeps on board one of the comfortable steamers of the Great Eastern Railway Company and arrives at the Hook of Holland at 5 a.m. A short run of about an hour brings one to the Hague. The town itself is charming. The streets wide, and intersected with canals, are bordered, in many instances, with beautiful trees, and the squares are quaint and beautiful. There are many objects of interest in the town itself, especially the picture galleries—particularly the Mauritshuis, which contains, amongst other of Rembrandt's paintings, his famous picture "The School of Anatomy"—and The Royal Library, where the missal used by Catherine of Aragon is shown, and where many other beautifully illuminated volumes are on view. The Hague is an excellent place to make one's headquarters, as many interesting excursions are easily made from it, as, for instance to Delft (a most interesting and old-fashioned town) Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Within a few minutes of the Hague, if one takes the tram to the quaint fishing village of Scheveningen. If one is not pressed for time nothing can be more charming than to walk to Scheveningen through the avenues of beautiful trees which meet over head, and in their turn give place to beautiful woods. The women of Scheveningen have not yet discarded the becoming dress and caps of their country, and appear in the evening on the parade in rows, laughing, talking, and knitting busily—one even sees full-sized jerseys growing rapidly into shape in the industrious fingers—tongues and heads wagging the while. I was puzzled at first to account for the ample dimensions of the skirts of the Scheveningen women, but the solution is a simple one: "Vanity," so the editor of the NURSING RECORD has told us, "is ubiquitous," only it takes different forms, and the vanity of the good ladies of Scheveningen takes the form of wearing an inordinate number of petticoats. Fourteen is the number *de règle*, and every fish-wife, therefore, who desires to be à la mode dons this number when she takes her walks abroad, no wonder her skirts are of ample dimensions!

But if I go on talking of the Hague and Scheveningen, I shall never get to the exhibition. This lies just half way between the Hague and Scheveningen, opposite the Belle Vue Hotel. All the arrangements for the exhibition have been made by a most representative committee,

the President being Mrs. Goekoop, De Jong van Beek en Donk, to whom the honour of originating the exhibition belongs, and whose husband has given the ground upon which the building stands. Another prominent member of the Committee, indeed the life and soul of the exhibition, is Miss Marie Jungius of Scheveningen, who worked most energetically to ensure its success beforehand, going about the country lecturing, and trying to arouse interest on its behalf, and who is now evidently one of the busiest of the many ladies who give personal service to the exhibition. Under the general committee work many sub-committees, each organizing its own department, and each, so far as may be being responsible for the funds of its special branch. The whole appears to be excellently managed, and the ladies of Holland are to be sincerely congratulated on the results of their efforts—results which those, who know how much work is necessary in order to achieve successfully any undertaking, understand are the outcome of an immense amount of labour, organization, and hard work.

I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Miss P. J. Van Eelde, also a prominent member of various committees, and I find it difficult to express, at all adequately, my great indebtedness to her for the exceeding trouble which she took to explain to me the organization, and the salient feature of the exhibition, to introduce me to the ladies principally concerned in its management, and to describe everything of special interest. I parted from Miss Van Eelde with many regrets that the acquaintance which was so pleasant should be so brief, and looking forward to the International Congress to be held in London next year. The exhibition is built in the form of a hollow square, in the centre of which are grass plots, gay with flowers, divided by paths which are covered with shells. The secret of the success of this garden is I think due to the fact that the ladies evidently spend a considerable time in watering and caring for it themselves. The section in the exhibition which most interested me was of course the nursing one, and I found my way to it first of all. An interesting exhibit was a Red Cross Tent, above which floated the Dutch and Red Cross flags, and which contained a bed made up for the reception of a patient, a table and other necessary comforts, and the same things packed ready for transport, and stowed away into the smallest possible space. In this tent also was an operation table, upon which lay a life-sized lay figure, upon which amputation had been performed, and which was elaborately bandaged from head and foot. There were also on view the fully stocked boxes which are used by the Dutch Red Cross Society in rendering first aid to the injured. An excellent model of an operation ward in the Hospital at Rotterdam was shown by Mr. Marius, a gentleman living at Utrecht. All the details were complete, and the polished floor, the well stocked linen cupboard, the tiny glass lockers and tables; and the liliputian bottles excited much admiration. Other noticeable exhibits in this department were an efficient incubator costing only eight guldens (13/4) and another more elaborate one, in which the child was slung in a hammock. One corner of the nursing department was fitted up as a model bedroom very daintily furnished, in which everything including the walls and the floor was covered with washing materials. An admirable arrangement for ventilating the room was a glass venetian blind in one section of the window. The needs of the babies were well catered

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