

forty-eight hours, the porcelain is then in a state known as biscuit, after which it is glazed, then again fired, after which it is sent to the decorators, painted and gilded, once more fired, and then the gilded articles are burnished by hand. A most interesting section of the works is the Museum, where beautiful specimens of Worcester porcelain are to be seen chronologically arranged from 1751 to the present time, a most educative exhibit. In addition there are a few examples of fraudulent copies of old and new Worcester china.

THE GENERAL INFIRMARY, WORCESTER.

Arrived at the Infirmary the party were most hospitably welcomed by Miss Herbert, and had the pleasure of meeting Miss Murphy, Superintendent of the Nursing Institution, connected with Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institution and some of her staff.

Tea over, the wards, as well as the new annexe were visited. The Infirmary is built in the form of a letter H, the administrative block forming the connecting bar, and the wards the upright portions of the letter.

Our illustration, which was taken from the roof of the prison near by, gives an excellent idea of the Infirmary.

The roof is that of the new annexe, which includes a very busy out-patient department, with a well-equipped theatre and dental department of which the Worcester City Council have the use, two half-days a week, for a School Dental Clinic, for a small payment.

In the immediate foreground is the roof of the shelter attached to the roof garden, where children and nurses may be seen. Here the children can be out, and rest or play all day long, and should rain fall the shelter is capacious enough to take all the cots, though, with the whole front open, the children are still in the open air. It is a most delightful and health-giving arrangement, and greatly appreciated.

On our tour of the wards we passed, alas, through some which are empty, as owing to lack of funds the beds have been reduced from 132 to 70. It is to be hoped that the town and county of Worcester will come forward and provide the funds which will justify the committee in once more opening the beds which are solely needed.

An old hospital, and most of the Worcester Infirmary is old, has its advantages and disadvantages. One of the distinct advantages is the old furniture and appliances which it possesses, beautiful oak tables, such as that which adorns the entrance hall of the Nurses' Home, and fine brass bleeding bowls being amongst them, and some fine engravings.

A unique possession is, one imagines, the stout oak chair, in which the unfortunate patient about to be operated on was strapped in pre-anæsthetic days; on each side of the back are slots through which the straps were passed.

A priceless possession is the lovely view. One of the higher wards overlooks on the one side the Cathedral, and the graceful spire of St.

Andrew's Church, and at the end across the river the beautiful outline of the Malvern Hills. One window also commands a view of the race course near by, equal to that of the grand stand.

A GLIMPSE OF SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

A long day's excursion on a fine summer's day, through beautiful country, where everything has been planned for you and you have nothing to do, but to sit still with pleasant companions and enjoy it all, is at all times an agreeable thing, but as a wind-up to a Nursing Congress is "delectable both to behold and taste"!

The whole route seemed a fragrant leafy glade, or was it our imagination that made it so! The sky was grey but rainless, and the air soft and balmy. Our first halt in "Shakespeare's Land" was at Kenilworth. A few minutes were allowed for a brief inspection of the old ruin so picturesquely situated on an eminence commanding a lovely view of the surrounding country. By a flight of imagination we saw Dudley, Earl of Leicester, entertaining Queen Elizabeth with extravagant hospitality on the occasion of her last visit in 1575. Those old stones, however, recall memories of one greater than he, for here, three centuries earlier, lived the great and noble Simon de Montfort, the early founder of representative Government, and to whom we are indebted more than to anyone else for our Magna Charta. In imagination we can see him "fighting for the laws of the land and the cause of God and justice." Our reverie is rudely disturbed, by a call to take our seats. Simon de Montfort, Queen Elizabeth and the Earl drop back again into the realms of forgotten things, and our twentieth century vehicle takes us another stage of our journey—Warwick! Nothing less than the space of the whole of this JOURNAL would be sufficient for an adequate description of all the beauty, the treasures, the associated memories of this glorious old fortress; suffice it to say that we saw—some of us for the first time—the magnificent fourteenth century castle, so closely bound up in the history of our country. An expert guide showed us its treasures, and we then passed through the exquisite gardens which enhance its magnificence. Regretfully we left it all behind to partake of the mundane pleasures of the table! Nevertheless, twenty-four hungry people thoroughly enjoyed the good lunch prepared for them at the Warwick Arms, after which some paid a hurried visit to the famous "Leycester Hospital," while others dined for a few moments into the old Collegiate Church of St. Mary.

Quiet time for lingering and wondering over these revered old buildings, was not possible in a one day's excursion, so we were soon whisked away in the char-à-banc to Stratford-on-Avon—the third and last stage of the itinerary. It is surely not too much to say that the birthplace and abode of one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known, is holy ground! and it was with feelings of awe and reverence that we inspected every room of the old house and all the

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)