

**PROFESSIONAL PROPAGANDA.**

**A FATEFUL MEETING.**

The most live subject discussed at the recent Conference on Nursing of the National Council of Nurses was that on "Professional Propaganda" presented by Miss M. F. Hughes, of Leicester, which we hope to insert in due course.

We took part in the discussion and informed the audience that after ten years' active hospital work we had devoted half a century to "professional propaganda" principally as Editor of this JOURNAL, the value of which work could be estimated in the printed word available in the 86 volumes of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING—which alone reports the founding and organisation of international and national nursing.

We are of opinion that Nursing Exhibitions organised by nurses are one of the most effective methods of teaching the public the extent and skill of practical nursing.

**The World's Fair, 1893.**

As a member of the Women's Committee of the British Royal Commission for the organisation of women's work at the World's Fair which was held in Chicago in 1893, we first realised the value of professional propaganda and together with the late Dame Millicent Fawcett, by request of our Chairman the late Princess Christian, we induced the Commission to grant us £5,000 with which to finance our work on a creditable basis.

**A Lovely Propagandist.**

In 1892 we were invited by the then Lord and Lady Aberdeen to meet at Dinner Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer from Chicago, who were visiting Europe to make known the coming wonders of the World's Fair to be held at Chicago overlooking the glorious Lake Michigan in the following year, in commemoration of the advent of Cristóval Colon (Christopher Columbus) to the Western hemisphere.

Lord Aberdeen took into Dinner a perfectly lovely lady who sat with him at the head of the table so that we could all behold her glorious beauty, Parisian gown, exquisite jewels and Southern smile.

We sat between a shadow of a man who took us into dinner and a live diplomatic wire.

Presently, after a lengthy silence, my emaciated neighbour whispered in my ear:

"Well, what do you think of Mrs. Bertha Honoré Potter Palmer?"

"A vision of beauty," we replied.

A sigh of satisfaction from Mr. P. P.

"Pearls of the finest orient," he said, alluding to the ropes of pearls around her throat—"do you possess pearls?"

"Just a string of Roman beads," we replied. Then we told him of the romance of these baubles found on the death of a celebrated peeress to have been copied from a family heirloom, sold by her to pay urgent debts, and worn by her for a quarter of a century.

"Oh! Mrs. Bertha Honoré Potter Palmer will only wear pearls of the finest orient, of that I assure you."

We could well believe it.

Later in the drawing-room we listened to Exhibition propaganda. What an advocate!

We visualised the blue Michigan, the glory of the Peristyle, the splendour of the Woman's Building and there and then we accepted an invitation to trip over to Chicago in the autumn, meet the Board of Lady Managers, of which body Mrs. Potter Palmer was Chairman, and organise the first and finest Nursing Exhibition ever held, and which still remains so.

An Exhibition which aroused a keen interest in our great vocation from one end of the U.S.A. to its utmost limits and procured for us the high commendation of the President of the United States, and two Diplomas for "Scientific Exhibits" from the American Commission, every item of which was bought by Museums and Nursing Schools in the States for propaganda purposes.

**AN HISTORIC MEETING.**

Few now alive will remember the great fire in the last century which consumed the rising city of Chicago right down to the lake shore front.

Mr. Potter Palmer, as a young man, contemplated the desolation and realised its potentialities. He acquired land and wreckage facing the waters, and

developed the beautiful Lake-shore Drive, facing which magnificent mansions of every type of architecture soon arose, and where later the great Southern beauty, Miss Bertha Honoré, led Chicago society as the wife of the millionaire, Mr. Potter Palmer.

Little did we realise that our meeting with these interesting people in London was to lead, at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore in 1892 to friendship with Isabel Hampton and Lavinia Dock, and that as the result of these friendships the International Council of Nurses was to inspire the national organisation of the Nursing Profession throughout the world.

The sequence of events in this connection forces us to realise the guiding hand of fate, and how true are the words: "There's a divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

E. G. F.



MRS. POTTER PALMER.

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