

St. Mary's Hospital Bazaar.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the NURSING RECORD recently paid a visit to St. Mary's Hospital, to gather details regarding the Grand Bazaar which is to be held on Thursday, June 27, and the two following days at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, W., and of which the Queen has graciously become Patron.

In passing through an ante-room which leads to the Matron's room, there was seen a wonderful collection of packing cases, some lidless, others empty, some with bits of bright ribbon peeping out at the top, a gaudy decoration here, a bit of tinsel there, all evidencing the store of fineries and furbelows with which it is proposed to augment the funds of this excellent charity.

Before one has time to recover from the bewilderment of Japanese fans, and decorative works of art on which fair philanthropic fingers have been busy. Miss Medill comes in smiling, and most ready to give details of the bazaar in which she and the Nursing Staff are so much interested.

"Two of the stalls are to be entirely under the charge of the Staff," she says, "and the Sisters and Nurses have been busy for months. We have had some lovely things sent to us. And we are so glad to find such useful articles as gloves and perfumes, because they are so saleable. And please tell your readers we are going to be very moderate in our prices, and have ticketed our articles at shop prices. It will not be at all more expensive to make purchases at our stalls than it would be to buy the samethings in Regent Street, or Bond Street."

"And have the patients done anything to help?"

"Indeed they have," said Miss Medill, "and I think at such a time the help from the patients is the best kind of tribute to our work. We have had some marvellous wool-mats, and beaded things from the patients, which might not be termed quite true to art, but we shall be proud to put them on our stalls. Some grateful country folks who have been patients, are sending us fruit and flowers, and even home-made butter. Through the summer we have baskets of flowers sent regularly from old patients, even from so far off a county as Cornwall."

"What class of patients do you chiefly get?"

"From among the very poorest. Although so near the Park we are surrounded by a very poor population and we take in all the Lisson Grove people, and all the Great Western accident cases. Our Hospital is very badly off and we hope this bazaar will add very much to our General Funds, which badly need helping."

Miss Medill is, I believe, the only Irish Matron in London, which is a loss to London, if she may be

taken to represent a type. She has worked for ten years at St. Mary's Hospital, and holds very high ideals on the standards of Nursing and Nurses. She regards a Matronship of a large Hospital as a liberal education from the insight it necessarily gives into the different phases of human nature. Miss Medill's charming personality and sympathy are a ready answer to that oft asked question: "Does Nursing harden a woman?" There are a good many Irish-women on the staff of St. Mary's, but it is entirely accidental, as Miss Medill has not shown any preference for her countrywomen, though one may easily believe that they have been attracted to her.

"Will you come up and see some of the Sisters, especially Sister Victoria and Sister Manvers, who are working indefatigably for the bazaar," Miss Medill says presently. And so we are transported lift-wards to the top of the building. I was specially interested in seeing Sister Victoria, who, it will be remembered,

was one of the Nurses chosen by Sir Wm. Broadbent to nurse the Duke of York through typhoid fever, and who subsequently had the sad task of nursing the late Duke of Clarence in his last illness.

As we step out of the lift Sister Victoria comes out carrying a large basket of bazaar things, which she deposits with much satisfaction on the lift which is to take the precious consignment to "Matron's room."

Sister Victoria is bright, cheery and helpful, and readily shows us her ward. The Duke of York will doubtless give a hearty welcome to his Nurse, when he and the Duchess attend the bazaar on Thursday, in time to receive the Princess of Wales, who is to arrive and open the sale at 1 p.m. Sister Victoria will head one of the stalls at the bazaar, assisted by Nurses, and Miss Medill will take charge of another.

"Are any distinctive costumes or badges to be worn?" I ask.

And someone laughingly says "No, but there was a suggestion that *all* the ladies at the Bazaar should be dressed as Nurses. But they declined; they didn't think they would feel comfortable in other people's caps and aprons."

"What are the students going to do? Are they going to constitute banjo solos or negro minstrel entertainments?"

"No. The entertainments have kindly been undertaken by Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mrs. Hannen and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, and will be splendidly done. If all the entertainment tickets are sold the handsome sum of £542 will be added to the Funds. But the students are going to help us by acting as stewards and by bringing their friends."

In passing through the Manvers ward we find a patient dressing a doll in Welsh costume. "Why you are making the clothing as beautifully as if it were for a baby" says someone and the patient smilingly



MISS MEDILL,
Matron of St. Mary's Hospital.

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