

## Gipsy.

A WORKER FOR THE CHILDREN'S  
SANATORIUM.

"Do you mean to tell me that after thirty years' work you still see visions and dream dreams?" said a doctor to a hospital Sister, and the answer came quickly and decisively, "I not only dream dreams but hope to live to see them become substantial reality."

So it comes to pass that Sister Marian Rumball, who for so many years has had charge of the Children's Ward at the London Homoeopathic Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C., and who is retiring at the beginning of next year, is throwing her marvellous energies into raising the funds necessary to build a sanatorium for tuberculous children on the Norfolk coast, between Holt and Cromer, where healthful breezes straight from the North Sea sweep across the open country. Life in a London hospital ward has taught Sister Marian the sore need of such an institution, for "many a young life goes out leaving a mother with a heart bitter for the thought that but for her poverty it might have been saved."

Working heart and soul for the good cause is Gipsy, the faithful friend of Sister Marian and the children. Already over £40 stands to Gipsy's credit at the bankers, and this Christmas time let us hope the account will be swelled many times over. Gipsy's mistress calculates that each brick in the sanatorium by the time it is furnished and equipped will cost five shillings. It is just for a brick or two that Gipsy begs. Can anyone resist the appeal?

Gipsy has written to many dog friends, first and

foremost to "Dog Toby" of *Punch*. Here is part of the letter:—"I am at present a beggar dog, not that I need anything for myself, but my dear mistress, whom I love (as only a dog can) is trying to start a home for consumptive children. I have written to every pet dog I know and can hear of. . . . When *Punch* was handed in to the Sisters' sitting-room this week my mistress showed me your picture and said, 'Gipsy, there is a dog who could help you, one who could appeal to every dog in England.' Dear Dog Toby, will you do it? Humans often appeal for dogs' homes, would it not be a novel idea for all British dogs to help raise the first sanatorium

in England for consumptive children? There are several in France and the States.

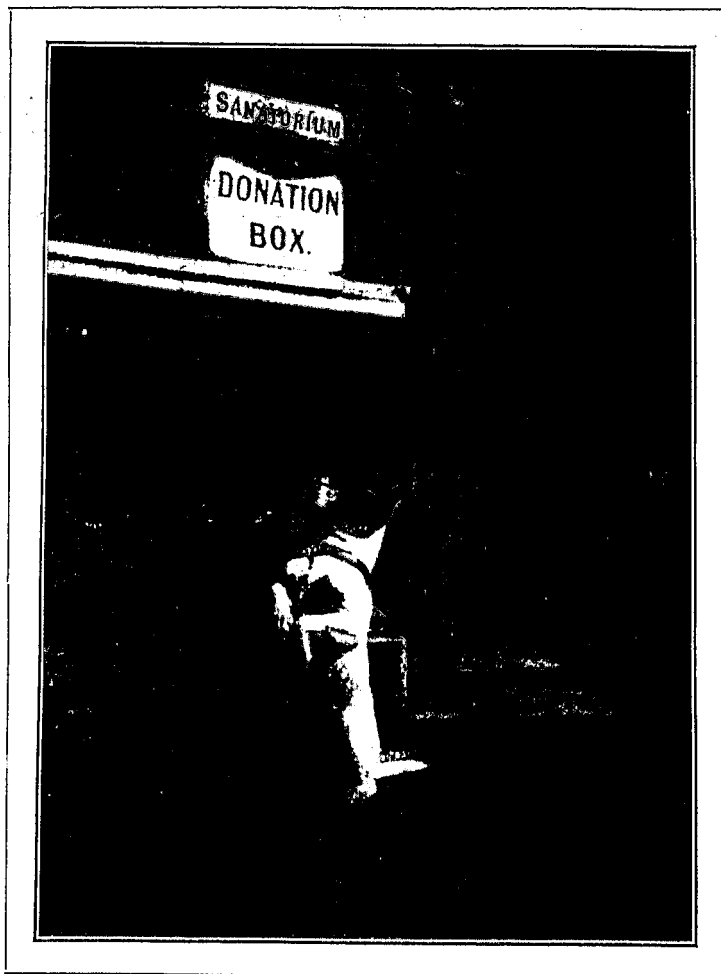
Your master has been so good to sick children that I venture to hope 'like master like dog,' so please give your good master no rest, dear Toby, until he lets you do what will bring blessings on the head of 'Dog Toby' for all time."

The letter contains a charming postscript:—"I must tell you of a compliment once paid us dogs by a child in the ward here. The children were asking riddles when one asked, 'What is the difference between a dog and a man?' Various were the answers, till one child, a girl of eight years, said, 'Why, the dog is a faithful creature, the man is not.' Some doc-

tors standing near said, 'That's nearly good enough for *Punch*.'

What could Toby do after such a letter, but send 10s. to buy two bricks. We do not think, however, he has persuaded his master to start a collection. Perhaps this will come with the new year.

Amongst the answers Gipsy has had is one from old Grannie Brne, who, with her daughter Bouncing Ball, and her two granddaughters, Grannette and



"Will you please send me a brick or two for  
The Children's Sanatorium."

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