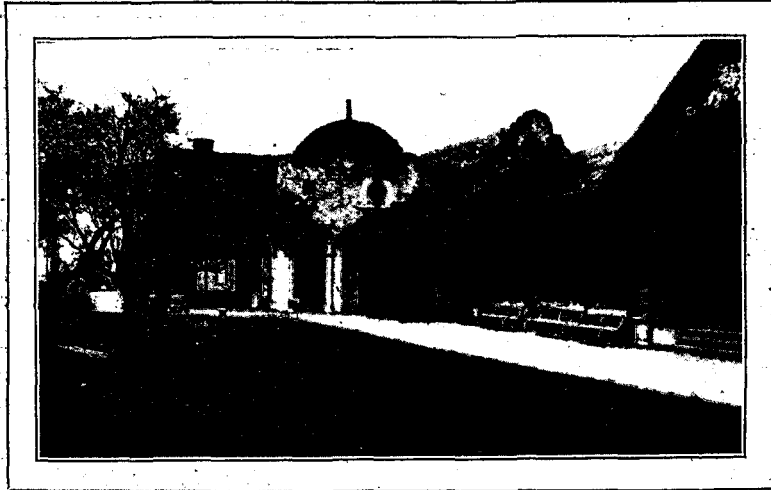


A "CITY OF REFUGE."

Those who have visited the popular Exhibition at Earl's Court, in search of amusement, would scarcely recognise it in its present transformation, which demonstrates effectively the genius of



THE WELCOME CLUB AT EARL'S COURT.
Now the Hospital.

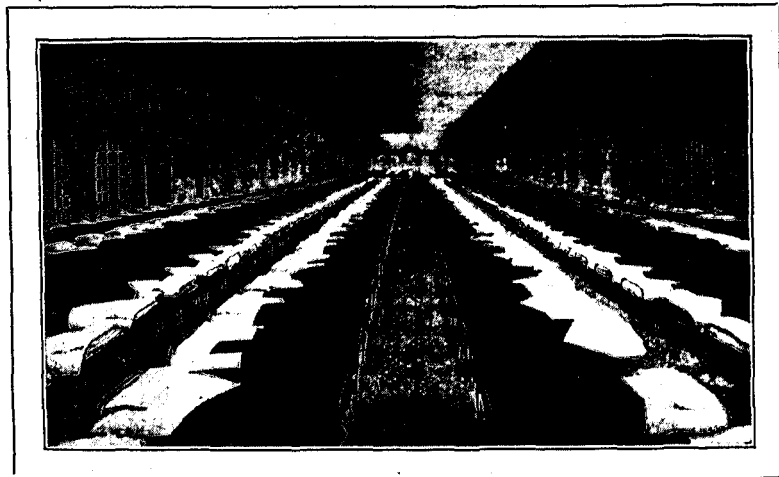
organisation. Entering by the Warwick Street gate simultaneously with a company of newly-arrived refugees, carrying diverse bundles on their backs, I threaded my way through them to the Crèche, which is not the least important division of the wonderful encampment in this "City of Refuge." Indeed, a Crèche—to those who think fundamentally—represents the future race, and, as such, is of supreme importance.

A spacious and lofty hall, supported by columns—with green walls and a white dado, formerly the "Queen's Restaurant"—it serves its new purpose admirably, and accommodates a large number of tiny folk, who fortunately know nothing of the adversity which has made their parents refugees. Every morning the babies are brought to the Crèche to be bathed and fed, and may remain all day either with or without their mothers, under the care of a nurse. Rows of little brown cradles provide for their sleeping accommodation, and toys for their waking hours. It is open to all children up to the age of six years, until the evening, when the mothers take them away to their own sleeping quarters. As a Crèche, it is a boon to the babies, but as a school for mothers—which purpose it also serves—it is, perhaps, of

even greater value. I was informed that the mothers are very ignorant and some of them extremely stupid! Perhaps the horrors of the war have addled their brains, poor things. If they wisely make use of their present opportunities of instruction, however, they will in time realize that the war has not been wholly a disaster.

When this great camp was in the making, it was visited by a representative of this JOURNAL, and a report of it was published, but the finished product—including the Crèche, which did not then exist—is so admirable, from the points of view of organisation, administration, adjustment and comfort, that a further description of it as such may prove not only of interest, but will serve to show what can be done by capable women in times of emergency. By the courtesy of the Matron (Miss Morgan), I was enabled to see every department of it. Although probably one of the busiest women in London just now, she very kindly conducted me herself over most of it, and did all in her power to make my visit as interesting as

possible. It is under the control of the Metropolitan Asylums Board—the Medical Superintendent being Dr. Bruce. The nursing staff consists of the Matron; her Assistant, Miss Woodman; and eleven nurses—Misses Wickham, Shaw, Cottell, Brown, Creek, Burchill, Keenan, Goldring, Westeral, Carter and



WITH THE BELGIAN REFUGEES AT EARL'S COURT.
The Queen's Palace Dormitory.

Roberts. There are besides two lady interpreters. The Director is Mr. G. A. Powell.

What was formerly known as the Queen's Palace has been converted into two huge dormitories for women, each containing 450 beds. The great theatre presents a remarkable appearance. In

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