

green baize an antique silver salver. All that was necessary was the knowledge of its *market value*. And Nurses will appreciate the *value* of their present expensive Nursing education when they know what it costs, but not before.

"ONE WHO HAS PAID."

Reflections

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



HER MAJESTY has been pleased to approve the honour of a Baronetcy being conferred upon Dr. J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, President of the Royal College of Physicians, and upon Mr. JOHN ERIC ERICHSEN, formerly President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

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BRIGADE - Surgeon - Lieut. - Colonel WILLIAM ROE HOOPER, of the Indian Medical Department, who has been appointed President of the India Office Medical Board, in the room of Sir JOSEPH FAYRER, retired, has been in the Indian Medical Service for over thirty-five years.

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THE Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, Mr. PECKOVER, presided at the usual quarterly Court of the Governors of Addenbrooke's Hospital, at Cambridge, held a few days ago, when a discussion arose as to the financial position and prospects of the Institution. Finding that several hundreds of pounds were needed, the President generously came forward with the gift of £1,000 to enable the Governors to start the new year with a clean sheet. Mr. PECKOVER gave £1,000 to this Hospital 12 months ago.

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LAST week the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, Marylebone Road, N.W., gave a most enjoyable entertainment to the patients, and we might add to Nurses and visitors, for they enjoyed themselves every bit as much as those for whom the pleasure primarily was designed. There was no lack of decoration. Loops of "greenery" were suspended across the windows, holly and ivy was entwined round the picture cords, and coloured paper enlivened the gas pipes. The programme began with a pretty carol, "Christmas Bells," sung by the Nurses in unison. A harp duet by Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas was beautifully rendered; Mrs. Elsie Macmillan sang "Rory O'More" with much sympathy; and Mr. W. H. Probert's Nigger Song, accompanied by the banjo, was encored. Miss Orgill sang two songs; Dr. Walter Tate, "Come into the Garden, Maud"; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Buckley gave a musical sketch. The visitors, of

whom there was a good number, expressed pleasure at seeing so many patients sufficiently recovered to enjoy the festivities. Among those present were Dr. Routh, the Hon. Mrs. and Miss Napier, Mrs. Peile, the Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Hutchons, Dr. Roberts, Mr. Doran, the Secretary and his wife. Miss Butler, the courteous Matron, had entered heartily into the spirit of the whole entertainment, and, needless to say, her hands were full attending to visitors, and marshalling those whose names were on the programme. At the conclusion, presents were distributed to every patient.

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THE same day saw the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, transfigured into veritable fairyland. The afternoon till six o'clock was given over entirely to the delights of dolls, and monkeys, and crackers, and trumpets, and all the wonderful things which grow on Christmas Trees. The children looked beautiful in their new little bed-jackets, the gift of Mrs. Murray, and the working party which she has organised. The Nurses looked beautiful, as with radiant faces they bent over a child's cot at one moment and the next hospitably entertained the visitors, who kept streaming in. The Matron looked beautiful, seeing all so happy. The visitors looked beautiful, and as if a few more such days at intervals would act like a tonic to generous impulses. But what shall we say of the wards? Their beauty is not to be compared to anything in this work-a-day world. Each Sister was given *carte blanche*, and with the help of enthusiastic Nurses carried out her own individual scheme of decoration. In one ward, ivy entwined with other suitable sprays were attached from each of the four corners of the cots, and carried up to the middle of cots, tent-fashion, and there fastened. Strung across the ceiling were rows of fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns. At the foot of the cots in another ward were sheaves of green branches. In a third, mosses were strewn on a table and interspersed with tiny glow lamps and a few flowers. A Christmas tree of huge proportions mounted sentinel in each ward. The fires danced and leaped up the chimney for joy, and every one was genuinely happy; and undoubtedly such Christmas festivities do more good to everybody concerned than a thousand homilies.

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A WORDY warfare has been taking place in the Medical Press over the disputed question of our General Hospitals admitting better-class paying patients, and thereby giving them medical treatment free. The action of the House Committee of the Great Northern Central Hospital in opening Paying Wards (the Hospital having been built and so far supported by the charitable for the benefit of the sick and destitute) has brought this

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