

taken down, for reasons he had given at the commencement of the Meeting.

The Chairman refused to take that course, and then put the original Resolution proposed by Mr. Fardon to the Meeting, and declared it carried.

Dr. Fenwick again demanded that the names should be taken, and was again refused.

Mr. FARDON then proposed: "That if the new Bye-Laws passed by the Meeting are approved by the Privy Council, then, as from the date of such approval, the existing Bye-Laws be annulled."

Mrs. OKELL rose and asked whether a number of letters had been addressed to this Meeting by Members unable to be present, and in that case she desired to know why those letters had been kept back from the Meeting.

After some delay a number of letters were produced and given to the Chairman, who asked the Meeting if they desired to have these read. He declared that the Meeting voted in the negative. He put the second Resolution to the Meeting and declared it carried.

The Meeting then broke up in the utmost disorder, without even the customary vote of thanks to the Chairman or to Her Royal Highness being proposed.

### Well Earned Honours.

THE Queen has conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross upon the Queen of Greece and the Crown Princess of Greece.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to sanction the following appointments to the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England:— Ladies of Justice (Honorary).

Her Majesty the Queen of the Hellenes.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Sparta.

Her Royal Highness Princess Marie Madeline of Greece.

The conspicuous services rendered to the cause of nursing by these royal ladies during the late Græco-Turkish war will not soon be forgotten, and all those who had the pleasure of working in the Greek Hospitals at that time will rejoice at the distinction which has been conferred upon them by Her Majesty.

### Appointments.

MISS LUCY AGNES HARRISON and Miss L. B. Stowell proceed next week to Zomba, capital of the British Central African Protectorate, to take charge of the small hospital now in course of construction, and to nurse the officials stationed in the various forts scattered over the Protectorate. The appointments have been made by the Foreign Office and are worth £135 each per annum, with uniform, house, and free passage out and back at the end of two years. Miss Harrison was trained at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where she was gold medallist of her year, and has lately held the post of Assistant Matron at the Royal South Hants Infirmary, Southampton. Miss Stowell was trained at Guy's Hospital, where she was also Sister of the Patience Ward.

### Nursing Echoes.

\* \* \* *All communications must be duly authenticated with name and address, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith, and should be addressed to the Editor, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.*



CHRISTMAS is again upon us, and whatever may be our private joys or sorrows, if our work lies in the wards of a hospital, at least our patients must be made as happy as circumstances will admit. Christmas in a hospital! It sounds terrible, and yet those who have once passed a Christmas there are unanimous in saying that never have they spent a more enjoyable one, although the nurses, when at

length they go off duty, are on the whole glad that there is not more than one Christmas in a twelve-month.

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For weeks before Christmas Day, busy fingers are preparing to do honour to the Christ-child whose birthday we celebrate at this time. Deft fingers of bed-ridden patients, even those of the quite small children, are employed cutting out the letters which the nurses, with the willing aid of convalescents, afterwards form into Christmas mottoes on strips of turkey twill, edged with greenery; whilst old patients have a knack of turning up about Christmas time to see if "sister" wants a handy man or so, to hang festoons to the beams which are out of reach, and to do the hundred-and-one things which require attention at such times.

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THEN comes Christmas Eve, and sisters and day nurses, regardless of the weather and quite oblivious of fog, snow, or rain, as the case may be, turn out at five o'clock in the morning and make for Covent Garden. Of course they do. Why, that is part of the fun of the season. Who would miss the wonderful sight of the market, crowded with plants and flowers, crowded also with nurses intent upon bargains wherewith to adorn the prettiest ward in the hospital later on! But bargains, alas! are hard to come by. If it were not for the glamour of the scene, the opportunity of meeting acquaintances whom one rarely sees, and the tradition that it is the correct thing to do, one might certainly stay comfortably in bed and make one's purchases—at least so far as plants are concerned—in High Street, Shoreditch, or Whitechapel Road, on the preceding Saturday. A uniform is fair game to the denizens of Covent Garden, and prices, we feel sure, steadily go up as one is seen approaching. Still, custom demands, and inclination prompts, that we should pay a half-yearly visit to Covent Garden at Christmas and

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