

THE "LITTLE FOLKS" HOME, BEXHILL.

It is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast than the slums of East London—where children born and bred in homes and tenements with insufficient air space, grow up predisposed to all manner of diseases, when nature intended them to be healthy and sound of limb—and beautiful, breezy Bexhill, where, by the kindness of the Committee of the Queen's Hospital, Hackney Road, E., I recently had the pleasure of visiting the "Little Folks'" Home, with the Matron of the Hospital, Miss A. M. Bushby.

The Home is not only peopled by little folks, but largely also maintained by them—an example of what can be done by organisation and the co-operation of a magazine and its readers. Beginning

Home at Little Common, Bexhill, was opened, with 30 beds. To these, six more have been added, as shelters purchased for open air treatment in summer have now been brought into use throughout the year, and during the past year 295 cases were received. It must be a joy indeed, and an influence for good on mind as well as body to numberless children, to spend some weeks during the impressionable years of their lives at this Home, where the air space at their command is limited only by the horizon beyond the glorious downs overlooking the Weald of Sussex, or where the sun sets in a glory of crimson and gold at the back of beyond the tumbling, tossing waves, at the edge of which the children play and paddle. Their anæmic little bodies respond to the influence of the life-giving breezes, the good wholesome food,



THE "LITTLE FOLKS" HOME, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, BRANCH OF THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, HACKNEY ROAD, LONDON.

in 1899 with an appeal from the Editor of *Little Folks* to his readers to endow one or more beds in the Queen's (then the North-Eastern) Hospital, the fund grew and prospered, so that by 1905 £3,000 had been collected to endow a ward. But not only hospital treatment is necessary for East-End children seriously ill. As they recover, or in preparation for operations in the future, plenty of oxygen is needed for the blood cells which have never had enough, plenty of nourishing food for bodies so often underfed, plenty of sunshine in which, like flowers, most young things flourish apace. So little folks were asked to tackle a bigger problem than even the endowment of a ward, and in July, 1911, the "Little Folks'"

plain—but the best procurable—and the kind and skilful care of the Sister-in-Charge, Miss R. K. Sharp, and the nursing staff, so that they become, in many instances, sturdy, and rosy, and strong.

Our illustration gives some idea of the charm of the creeper-clad Home, with the wide loggia in front of the Sister's sitting-room to the left of the front door, and the dining-room with a hatch opening into the kitchen on the right. At the back, on the ground-floor, are the big playroom with a troop of rocking horses besides swing-boats, toys, and dolls' houses, and the "Splint" ward for children in splints or otherwise needing special attention, with furniture suited to the size of the occupants—both with windows opening to the

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