

NURSING ECHOES.

How we should love to see the whole world within vision under a foot of lovely, glistening, newly fallen snow, when we peep out of the window on Christmas Day! Then, of course, one must not be in foggy London town, but somewhere *quite* in the country, where its purity remains till it all melts away. The change of the Yuletide season since childhood makes one doubt if those lovely times were not a dream, like so many other joyous memories! Christmas Day in a country village sixty years ago would read like a romance in these material times, and would have many lessons of how to be generous and cheerful and forgetful of self, and thus enjoy the happiest of happy times. But frost and snow, and glistening stars, and blazing fires, and real old English fare, kissing "boos" and carols and wit, fun and the spirit of youth let loose, all combined to make Christmas a glorious time in days of old. "Kick up your heels and over the hurdles; it's your neck, so don't blame me" was just the parental attitude which made the fun fast and furious, and, whatever mishap, it was all part of the game. Old and young made merry together, and kindness was the keynote of the music.

We note that many Matrons are inviting help through the press towards the Patients' Christmas Dinner, as the expenses necessarily involved in providing extras is a serious problem at the present time. Chickens, turkeys and geese are specially asked for, together with gifts of fruit, vegetables, flowers, plants, mince pies, sweets, cakes, crackers, coffee, cigarettes, good tobacco and toys. Will everyone who can, by a little self-sacrifice, contribute by sending a gift to the local hospital, where any such will be sure to be appreciated? We hear that the Nurses' Christmas Dinner, in several hospitals, is to be a somewhat chastened feast this year. "Chickens and turkeys are quite out of the question" we were told by one Home Sister. We do hope a few of these dainties will find their way on to the Sisters' and Nurses' tables.

Many of us know the fine statue of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children, to be found in the alabaster and marble memorial erected by the late Lord Astor to the memory of his little daughter, Gwendoline, at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, but all do not know that "Santa Claus" is but a garbled form of Sanctus Nicholas. The story goes that the good saint once saved three little girls from slavery by dropping in through the

windows of their cottage three bags of gold, comprising his entire fortune, and ever after he has been regarded as the special protector of children and the bringer of good things at Christmas-time.

Anyway, let us whisper to Santa Claus that if he is coming with gifts for us at an early date, please will he be careful not to bring us toys made in Germany—touched, maybe, by bloodstained hands—but good, honest English toys made by our own people. If the kind saint could find time to visit the greedy and unpatriotic shopkeepers who are stocking German toys, and, because they are dumped here unmarked, fobbing them off as home-made, and tell them what orphan Betty and John think of their avarice, it might do them good. Anyway, may we invite our readers to insist upon a guarantee from salesmen that toys sold are not of German manufacture, and perhaps made by the hands which murdered "father." We should like to make a bonfire of the whole consignment.

A Christmas Reunion of the B.R.C. and the O. St. J.J. Matrons, Sisters and Nurses who served overseas is to be held at The Manhattan Teashop and Bazaar, 13, Kensington High Street (opposite the Empress Rooms), on December 21st, from 8 to 11 p.m.; tickets can be procured from Miss Carr, R.R.C., Hon. Sec., 44, Kensington Gardens, S.W., price 3s. 6d., and for gentlemen, 3s.

"The Manhattan," as our readers are aware, is a charming teashop, organised by Miss Nora Fletcher, R.R.C., late Matron-in-Chief in France, Joint War Committee B.R.C., which we hope she is making a success. It is not often a trained Matron gets out of her professional groove, and it is certainly a sign of our democratic times that one, after holding high office, should venture into business.

The Imperial Nurses' Club, 137, Ebury Street, S.W., was *en fête* the whole of last week. A musical programme for six consecutive days, both morning and afternoon, would have been a formidable task to undertake if such kind artistes as Miss Lena Ashwell, Madame Adami, Miss Ida Pearson and Mr. E. T. Cook, Mus. Bac., had not generously made themselves responsible for certain days. On these days, as well as on those when other highly gifted friends made music, members of the Nursing Profession had the opportunity of seeing round the premises and of inspecting the new Lounge opened on the 29th ult., the

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