

CHRISTMAS, 1922.

AT THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, HACKNEY.

What a land of fairy literature presented to those who were fortunate to visit the Queen's Hospital! Having been one of the lucky ones to be invited, I duly arrived "on time," as instructed by invitation card, at 3.30 p.m., for the Christmas Tree Party, when I found each ward with its own glittering real Christmas tree. I felt it was indeed "some party," but happily there was but one Father Christmas, who gave a large parcel to each child, addressed to each one by his or her own name—a most magnificent Father Christmas, so tall and majestic was he that wherever one met him his penetrating eye could look right away, over the heads of the crowd of visitors, and straight into the little faces eagerly looking for him; not a glance had he for other folk.

In approaching a ward one met the scheme of decoration. The first I met was Tweedle-dum, and then I ran into a house, and, like "Alice," wondered if it were the "Eight Square"; and then there were the Carpenter and Walrus, in their own particular setting, and hard by the Caterpillar too, and the Mad Hatter, which lured you on through a labyrinth of folks we have learned to love belonging to our immortal Alice, all to tune us up to the inside of the ward, where each patient had a daintily decorated bed; and even the furniture of the ward was peopled, and spoke volumes of the adventures of "Alice." Very faithfully carried out, Humpty Dumpty looked so unsafe on the wall, and yet—well, I don't think you could tell his age. The whole ward was a splendid introduction of all the contents of our dear "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass."

I left this my first ward with great reluctance and found each ward carried out its ideal personality from the entrance. Thus, one was greeted with the starry heavens, and inside, on high, discovered housetops, and on their tiles, a plentiful display of our feline friends, both black and white, all blended with interior of warmth and fairy Christmas toys.

"The Carnival Ward."—A boys' ward, decked with everything suggesting Carnival, and on high an artistic display of Black Dominos, each boy in dress suggesting brightness and warmth, with very plentiful smiles all round.

"The Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe Ward."—The whole ward exquisitely filled with the episodes displayed of her history.

"The Fairy Ward."—Her Majesty the Fairy had so many fairies of every size and beauty that one felt what a poor place the world would be without them. I find it impossible to give a really faithful description; it was carried out with such art and skill, being indeed a liberal education in our fairy tales, and the story of "Alice." Certainly one must congratulate the Matron, Miss Alice M. Bushby, and the Sisters and Nurses responsible, for a very successful display, which I am sure will

go far to create a desire of many of the little people (fortunate, in their affliction, to be in hospital at this season) to read the tales for themselves.

I am personally very grateful, as also my friend, who was invited, and who shortly returns to South Africa to open the new Children's Hospital in Johannesburg, to which she has been appointed Matron. I will conclude by wishing a return to perfect health to all the patients, and many thanks to their Matron for inviting

Yours sincerely,
J. C. CHILD.

THE ST. MARYLEBONE HOSPITAL.

Among hospital festivities, View Day at the St. Marylebone Hospital, St. Charles Square, W. 10 (until recently the St. Marylebone Infirmary), is one of the happiest and prettiest functions at this season, and there is always a widespread response to the invitation of Miss M. E. Broadbent, the Chairman, and the Hospital Visiting Committee.

This year the party was held on Friday, December 29th, and one of the features, which gave immense pleasure, was that the Mayor of Marylebone, in his official robes, accompanied by Miss Broadbent (Chairman) and Miss S. J. Cockrell, R.R.C. (the Matron) visited twenty of the wards. His Worship must have been impressed, as were other visitors, by the beautiful order and cleanliness which prevailed, the charming decorations, the alertness of the nursing staff, and the manifest enjoyment and content of the patients.

The scheme of adornment varied, of course, in the different wards, pale primrose shades for the electric-light lamps were a favourite and very effective decoration, with beautiful flowers, most artistically arranged.

One of the children's wards had an "Old woman who lived in her shoe," and both the old lady and her family were delightful, as were other representatives of familiar nursery rhymes.

A favoured few were invited by the Matron to the entertainment given in the "Concert Room" in the Nurses' Home by the Nursing Staff to their friends.

It was impossible to spare a ward for this entertainment, which had been given previously on two occasions to the patients, as there was only one vacant, and consequently at any moment it might be necessary to open it for patients.

The first part of the programme consisted of country dances, songs, &c., by probationers, with the inevitable sprinkling of Christy Minstrels. The Marylebone Hospital is fortunate in its nursing staff, for the chorus was composed of bright, happy, vivacious looking girls whose simple white dresses, made on the premises, with a spray of crimson poppies passed over one shoulder, and crossing back and front, meeting under the opposite arm, and a soft green ribbon in the hair, were admirably effective *en masse*. Especially we liked the grey smocks with crimson ties worn by the "lads" in the country dances, and the dancers did credit to their teacher and to their own power of assimilating teaching, for most of it was received during the

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