

NURSING ECHOES.

The Queen, accompanied by the Princess Royal and attended by the Dowager Lady Airlie, visited Queen Mary's House at Fleet, Hampshire, on Tuesday. She was received by Major-General J. A. Hartigan, chairman of the house committee, and Miss C. A. Stevens, R.R.C., warden, who presented the lady residents to the Queen. After the Queen had made a close inspection of the house she visited the garden and took tea with the lady residents. Queen Mary's House, which was opened recently, was presented by her Majesty as a residence for retired members of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

How do you think little Princess Elizabeth of York looks on her seventh birthday? Just as we should like every little girl of her age to look—spine straight, head well poised, gentle and fearless gaze—a fluff of golden curls, simple frock—a happy, healthy little maid, very English in type, and no type is lovelier. We have seen her driving sedately with Majesty, dancing around in the garden, on her pony, on her tricycle, but we have never seen her in "tuck ups" paddling—playing by the sea-shore. As the grand daughter of a Sailor King, surely she would be in her element in such an environment, and our album would be the richer for a snapshot. We are all greatly indebted to "Marcus Adams" for the beautiful portrait which we are permitted to reproduce.



THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK.

Aged seven, April 21st.

No Nursing Journal in the World owes more to voluntary work than THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING, the editorial work having for the past forty years been of an entirely voluntary nature.

Others devoted to the true interests of the Nursing Profession have also given generously of their valuable time. This month we owe an additional debt of gratitude to Mrs. Ada Jessop—who has devoted hours weekly to addressing and checking wrappers for the past sixteen years—as she has presented the B.J.N. Office with a lovely new typewriter. This is indeed a welcome gift, as the clerical work in the office is for ever increasing, and with

it the cost of administration. Every reader will, we feel sure, desire to express thanks to Mrs. Jessop, whose humorous charm is so greatly appreciated by all associated with her. May the time never come when this spirit of voluntary service is eliminated from the output of the B.J.N.

An Exhibition of Historical Treasures from six counties—Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Dorset, Hampshire, Oxfordshire, and Wiltshire—is to take place at Wilton House, Salisbury, from June 26th to July 1st inclusive.

Historical treasures at Wilton include a bracelet of Florence Nightingale's hair, with her portrait in a locket attached, given to the widow of Sidney Herbert. It is to be hoped that it will be very safely secured under lock and key—as with so many nurses suffering at present time from Nightingaleiana—it might disappear! This promises to be a most fascinating exhibition. The Royal mementoes will form a most wonderful display—Charles I.'s travelling library of 65 tiny volumes. A lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair presented to Sir Philip Sidney. Painted fan used at the marriage of William and Mary. In addition to the exhibition catalogue a special guide book to Wilton House is to be published.

Punch, April 26th, under a heading "Guide to Conversation," has some sly digs (signed "E. M. P.") at the foibles of folks in the sick room—"Are not hospitals, nursing-homes and sick-rooms generally amongst the few spots on earth where conversation is at

a discount? No, they are not.

Hospitals and other places enumerated above are perfect hives of conversation all day long—and their day, moreover, begins far earlier than most—although this is not the wish of those who are so rightly called the patients. Sometimes conversation even goes on in the middle of the night too—especially in nursing homes.

As thus:—

Night Sister: Not asleep? Well, well, well! We shall have to tell Doctor about this in the morning.

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