

## NURSING ECHOES.

The Queen recently paid a private visit to the new joint headquarters of the National Birthday Trust Fund for extension of maternity services, the Queen's Institute of District Nursing and the Midwives' Institute, at 57, Lower Belgrave Street.

Her Majesty made a detailed inspection of the premises, taking particular interest in the section devoted to a hostel for midwives which was recently described in these columns.

Did you in childhood ever possess a dearly loved spirited rocking-horse? A fine dapple-grey fellow with a wonderful white tail, with saddle, bridle, and stirrups complete, on risky green rockers from which it was quite easy when following the chase, to have a nasty spill, and in consequence fail to be "in at the death."

A nursery without a rocking horse is no fit place for sporting toddlers, and if you know of such a need why not remedy it this Christmas when choosing gifts for young friends? We remember such an animal for years the beloved and tireless friend in our childhood's home.

Here in a charming picture we see the Princess Elizabeth protecting her little sister, Princess Margaret Rose, on the very horse beloved by the Duchess of York in her childhood at St. Paul's, Walden Bury, the residence of their grandparents the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. These horses were usually named Dobbin, we know not why—and had to be watered, fed and groomed in orthodox fashion, with much hissing and clatter after the habit in well ordered stables. Alas! Where is poor Dobbin now? Let us hope still the beloved companion of appreciative youth!



THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AND THE PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE OF YORK. HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

On Wednesday, November 15th, the Matron-in-Chief, Miss Medforth, C.B.E., R.R.C., of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, and all Members held their Annual At Home at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W. This function is quite unique, owing to the charming appearance of the Sisters, all so bright, in their really tasteful uniform of soft grey, and scarlet capes. Of course, we had a most courteous welcome. The ball-room, full of round tables for congenial spirits, was crowded with hundreds of guests, and a sumptuous tea

was served to the strains of the Band of the Royal Artillery. Everyone was gay. We noted old friends of the Service, Mary, Countess of Minto; and a contingent of Dames—Dame Ann Beadsmore Smith, Dame Maud McCarthy and Dame Ethel Becher, and many Army medical officers—Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Miss H. Dey, Miss Littleboy, Miss Musson, Miss Dorothy Smith, Miss Cox - Davies, indeed the whole nursing world appeared to have accepted the most kind hospitality of their Military colleagues—of whose patriotic work we are all so

proud. A telegram of good wishes was received from the Dowager Countess of Airlie.

The following letter was left by Mrs. Helen Drage Little, widow of Colonel Charles Blakeway Little, C.M.G., with instructions that it should be sent to the *Times* after her death, which occurred on November 8th, from which paper we venture to quote it. In it she tells of a dream which led her to propose the restoration of the thirteenth century Five Sisters' Window in York Minster as a memorial to the women of the Empire who gave their lives in the Great War. The proposal was

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)