

kindly," so to speak. The love of the ayah to her little white-faced charge is the theme of many a charming Anglo-Indian story; the love of the foster-mother for the blue-eyed cherub she once nursed is unconquerable, and there is always a welcome for the whilom baby in the cottage home, even after many years have passed away; whilst many and many a faithful old Nurse has lived all her life "in the family," and is the recipient of her young ladies' love troubles as she was of their childish woes. The servant question is the serious subject of the day with ladies, and particularly is this the case with regard to Nurses. Nursing is not a popular branch of the servant profession; and, on the other hand, a mistress can put up with many things in a housemaid or cook she cannot for her children's sake allow in a Nurse. Early impressions are ever indelible, and everyone knows stories of how children have been frightened by ghostly nursery tales, or their sense of justice injured by the hasty unmerited slap from the hand of an uneducated and careless domestic. It is said that a baby's mouth can and does catch the expression of those attending to it, and the unconscious mimic smiles or frowns in imitation of the face bent over it. I should not care to swear to this, but certain it is that a child's character is formed much earlier than most people suppose; also, the soft, tender skin needs refined and gentle handling. This, then, is the question: Why should not ladies—ladies by birth and education—take the situation of a Nurse? Many a lady, not clever or pushing enough to succeed as a journalist, as a compositor, as a bookbinder, could nurse well and happily a baby; whilst the mother's heart would be at rest, for while out or busy she knows baby is in safe hands, and carefully guarded from harm. Then to the practical question of £ s. d. A Nurse's wages are from £15 to £25 a year—far more than is paid to a lady-help or companion. As to the loss of position in society, there are many lady Monthly Nurses; why, therefore, should not a lady "take the baby from the month," as the phrase runs? Class prejudice can be lived down, as one time it was considered *infra dig.* to be a Sick Nurse. Again, a Nurse has a far more certain position in the house than either the lady-help or companion, and her meals are served in the nursery, so she need not mix with the other servants. Also, in most houses, especially if the children multiply, a Nursemaid is kept who does the rougher work. Her kingdom the nursery, is this an undesirable position for any woman who loves children? Then of an evening, if baby sleeps, why should she not descend to the drawing-room for a little music and conversation about baby, ever a welcome

subject to any mother? A Nurse-companion—the idea sounds fascinating, not only to the employer, but the employed; and even if hard work and broken rest be sometimes entailed, is it possible to earn one's bread by idleness? There are ladies needing employment, and here is an opening; so, ladies, let me introduce you to the babies.

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YOUNG ladies, whether rightly or wrongly, are supposed to have ever an eye to matrimony. The other day a rich Russian nobleman married his former Nurse—she who had nursed him on her knee, she whom he had learned first to love, whose kisses had brought peace to his baby soul. "What has happened may happen," says an old proverb. However I plead guilty to the fact that this little *affaire du cœur* may be pointed to as one of those exceptions which prove the rule. By-the-bye, the above article is not original with regard to ideas, for the experiment of lady Nurses for infants has been tried successfully in isolated cases. In theory it sounds charming, but theory and practice are two different things, as General Booth will find. Of course there are mistresses and mistresses, but anyway there would not be such constant friction as with lady helps and companions, and any one who despised a lady for being in such a position as Nurse holds is—well, not worth thinking about.

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PHOTOGRAPHY, amateur and otherwise, is quite the fashion for ladies just now. It is said that H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is a very successful amateur at taking sun pictures, and that much merriment has been caused by her experiments with the camera on members of the Royal Family, some of whom she has taken "wading in the sea." Even Her Majesty herself has allowed her daughter-in-law to practise on her, but let us hope not with a Demon camera. These little cameras well deserve their name, for they take you unawares. Just think of the feelings of an engaged couple if the young lady's mischievous brother possesses one. What with phonographs to recall one's own words, and Demon cameras to reflect for ever our foolish attitudes, our tender kisses, it were surely better not to fall in love during this tremendously enlightened nineteenth century.

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THE clever artist, Miss Meyrick, has gone further a field than Egypt this year, even to India itself, in search of subjects for her pencil. She is sure to charm us later as the result of this Eastern visit with some picturesque canvas scenes of Eastern life as lived in that ancient land, so different from our own country as regards race, climate, character, and life altogether, yet boast-

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