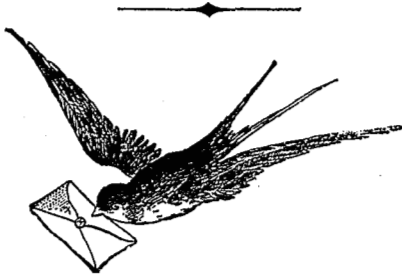


paper like that is a bit of a White Slave himself."

"The Overseer of the Slaves is walking through the wards and wants to know where her downtrodden myrmidons are," said quiet Sister, coming into the kitchen.

And the "White Slaves" trooped out to greet a kindly, pleasant Matron, who was quite apologetic for having disturbed the tea table and cosy gossip of her unemancipated serfs.

A. K.



Our Foreign Letter.

DAS KINDERHEIM IN SALZUFLEN (LIPPE).

(Continued from page 257.)

THERE were Sisters here, and helpers, girls and little boys, and among all not one sullen face—not one fretful word! But then I noticed that the games were never carried on to the point of fatigue, nor were they fatiguing and boisterous in themselves.

Who that cares for children does not know the pretty harmonious Kindergarten games? They are games that contain mild well-regulated gymnastic exercises in the form of play. There is the well-known song about the washerwoman, in which all the children's arms and hands are set to imitate every phase of that industrious person's work-day, while their feet and legs are brought into action in the chorus, which contains a funny little injunction to "Take care of your feet! Take care of your shoes!" Then there is the song of the trades, the song of the Prince receiving his subjects, who bow in rhythm; the song of the doll, in which all the children wrap up an effigy out of a corner of their aprons (the little boys rock a wisp of hay), and go through the doll's day in song and pantomime.

It was amusing here to notice the difference between girl and boy players. While the former entered heart and soul into the game, and nursed their primitive idols quite correctly, the latter were ludicrously awkward and shy. That game was evidently no favourite with *them*. Some even slunk away unrebuked at this stage, and came and sat beside us.

Then followed the game of the disobedient little bird, that flaps its wings and flies away, and comes to a sad end because of its flightiness. One mite of four stood in the centre and flapped her arms to represent the fugitive; the other children stood in a circle and beckoned in time to the refrain of "Bleib bei mir, bleib bei mir" ("Stay with me, stay with me"). The song was quite a long one, and consisted in an ani-

mated argument between the bird and its friends. In this case Sister (who played as heartily as any) had to assist the small truant a good deal.

Then the bell rang for dinner. The children formed a procession and moved in order to the house, joined by other knots of children, some of whom had been more quietly employed about the grounds.

Obedying a kind invitation from the Matron we followed too with Sister, to whom we made some remark on the good tempers of her charges.

"Yes," she said, "we don't see much of naughty children here. But then the children are never unemployed unless they are actually resting on their beds, and they are never without superintendence. The children are of course all more or less out of health, but we take no severe cases that require special surgical nursing. We have not even an operation room."

The argument is that such children are best off in a regular hospital. Their presence would deduct from the brightness and liveliness of the Home, which is especially beneficial to actual convalescents.

A wise rule exacted a short grace before a very good dinner, followed by Bible reading and a hymn. The children had been fed so well that I am sure sitting still for a while was good for them, quite apart from moral considerations.

Long tables had been set at angles, and all dined together, staff and children partaking of the same food. By the courtesy of the Matron we were her guests at this meal, and sat at her end of the table. I cannot easily recall a more enjoyable hour. There was music while we dined, for the 130 children—though perfectly well behaved—kept up a continuous cheerful chatter, which was evidently an habitual privilege.

"I hope it does not annoy you?" asked the Matron very kindly. And we replied it was delightful. The children's free-hearted and unabashed happiness was the best thing in the home.

"It is good for them," said the Matron. And truly *that* was the one great consideration among the guardians of those well-tended children.

We left that bright Home regretfully and gratefully. During the short time we had stayed there we had seen many happy faces, many patient kindly ones, and, alas, many that would have been sad in their frailty but for the comfort and peace that shed its radiance even there. Not once did we hear a note that jarred the harmony, not once witness an action that marred the spirit of that Christian Home.

LINA MOLLETT.

Inventions, Preparations, &c.

A NURSE'S OUTFIT.

To a new Probationer the question of outfit is of almost as much moment as is the trousseau to the expectant bride. How the Pro. helplessly appeals to the Matron of her intended Training School for patterns of caps and aprons and how the puzzling problems of fitting and fixing bring distraction into many a simple country home!

A visit to Messrs. Garrould, Edgware Road, London, offers the most simple solution of the whole difficulty. Why, when there is so splen-

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)