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choosing a profession for their daughters, and that is whether the occupation is likely to condemn a girl to celibacy. Girls away from home, working among other women solely, have no chance of marrying, unless through outside friends in the place of their employment, or unless they have long holiday periods which also include opportunities for making friendships which may ripen into matrimonial engagements.

Thus, governesses in private schools and governesses in girls' and women's colleges rarely marry, and governesses in private families are in the same position in many instances, especially when they are employed by those who, for want of a better term, are called "society people." Domestic servants, in places where only women servants are employed, and where they are far from their own homes and are living in the country, do not easily marry either. Still, making acquaintances is more easily done in that rank of life than in the higher ranks, and so they can often create a social circle for themselves.

On the other hand, it is well known that marriages between post-office employees are frequent, and school teachers often marry school teachers; doctors not infrequently marry doctors, and doctors of the male sex often marry nurses. I should think it probable that shop-assistants marry shopassistants, while I know that sometimes, at any rate, typists marry clerks in the offices where they are engaged. Fundamentally, all marriages are a question of propinquity and opportunity, so it is only to be expected that girls who have no opportunities of meeting the opposite sex should not marry, however pretty, agreeable, and good they may be. If you live in a small country town or a health resort, where there are no manufactures, and send your daughter to teach in a private school for girls, you probably condemn her to celibacy.

The right of women to vote and participate in politics has now been recognised by the German Liberal Party—very liberal indeed !

When we realise the many dangers that beset girls in London, we cannot be too thankful for such a work as is set forth in the annual report of the Young Women's Christian Association. The Association has now reached its forty-eighth anniversary, and its one endeavour throughout these years has been to meet the needs of the thousands of girls employed in business houses, workrooms, and domestic service. It has in London 117 branches, 52 of which are institutes and homes, and these would soon be multiplied if those interested in young women would support this good work. At the homes, accommodation is provided for 507 boarders, and at the institutes there are attractive social evenings, lectures and classes. The aim is to brighten the lives of our girl-toilers and to enable them to find suitable friends and companions.

The Women's Local Government Society, 17, Tothill Street, Westminster, is organising a series of meetings to protest against the further disqualification of women by the London Education Bill.

## FLOWERS OF THE SEASON, CHAPTER VI.

## JUNE.

## By Mrs. C. CARMICHAEL STOPES.

June has always been called pre-eminently the leafy month. The trees are all fully robed, the pale tinks have darkened in the abundant leaves, yet they are fresh and bright, before they have suffered the droughts and dust of summer. Though greenery may be said to be at its perfection in June, there are flowers also —many flowers, though not so notable as those of May. The delicate petals have fallen in the orchards, in showers of summer snow, and the hopes of autumn are setting. Much anxiety is felt for the fruit crops this year, because the spring was first too warm and then too cold, and then too wet, to suit fruit-blossoms. But it may be possible even yet that Nature may give us one of her happy surprises. Many of the flowers of May bloom on. Perhaps the most notable flower of the month is the Wild Rose, in all its varieties of pink and white, with its beautiful trailing stems, and frequently its delicate odour, especially in the Briar.

the month is the Wild Rose, in all its varieties of pink and white, with its beautiful trailing stems, and frequently its delicate odour, especially in the Briar. Even in its wild state the Rose is a queen among flowers. The petals fall easily when full-blown, and bouquets to carry homeward should always be gathered of the young buds that only show the colour. They come out overnight in water. They grow everywhere —hedgerows, meadow-banks, woodlands. The Queen-of-the-Meadow is another favourite of

The Queen-of-the-Meadow is another favourite of children, which blooms abundantly in damp patches by the river-beds. Its white flowers clustering at the top of their tall stems exhale a sweet, somewhat faint odour. Many varieties of Veronicas—as Field Forget, me-nots, Speedwell, the bright-blue flowers of the Veronica Bellabunga—may be seen over clean-water ditches, beside its ovate clear leaves, which, being anti-scorbutic, are often eaten when water-cress cannot be had. The little Bird's-foot Trefoil creeps over rocky mounds, beside soil that suits the Wild Thyme, so famed among drug-compounders of old, and sung of many poets. Shakespeare's song, "I know a bank whereon the wild Thyme grows," should be known to all lovers of flowers.

Many varieties of Mallow or Malva flower in June, sometimes even the true Marsh Mallow or Althæa, called so from its healing properties. From this plant is made the Marsh Mallow lozenge—called by the French Guimauve—so soothing in all throat affections, and so healing after the cutting of tonsils. Beautiful kinds of Orchis also appear. The sweetscented Orchis, with an odour like Honeysuckle and

Beautiful kinds of Orchis also appear. The sweetscented Orchis, with an odour like Honeysuckle and flowers of pale primrose, is found in some woods; the wonderful Bee Orchis, with a simulated bee on its breast; and many other varieties. But these are not common. The great Spearwort, and other kinds of Ranunculus or Buttercup, make the meadows golden; the Campions, white and red, the Bladder Campion and Ragged Robin brighten the hedge-rows, and the little Wild Pink the rocks; the great Willow Herbs grow in the woods, the small Willow Herbs on the mountains; and the purplish blue spikes of Self-Heal in pastures and waste places. This is a great month for the blooming of medicinal herbs. Bryony, both black and white, flingsits wreaths over the hedges almost like magic. It receives its name from a Greek word meaning to



