

Secretary of the Hostel, and who has been working there for some weeks, is now to be promoted to succeed as Lady Superintendent, so, as a correspondent says, "no alterations are likely to take place to displease the former officials, and they may sail away around the world on their Christian Mission to the St. Barnabas Guild, with a sense of satisfaction that they have done all in their power to injure an innocent woman, the slur they have cast upon her professional character being irradicable—truly a Christ-like action."

The spirit which apparently animated the directors at this meeting does not inspire one with hope that they will voluntarily do justice to Miss Hulme.

As an eminent woman in the nursing world remarked upon discussing this question—"There are only three offences which could make their action justifiable—Drunkenness, Immorality, and Theft." We hope Miss Hulme's solicitor realises the gravity of the case. A professional woman's good name is her all.

Princess Christian Day Nursery (Hammersmith).

H.R.H. Princess Christian presided at a public meeting held at the Hammersmith Town Hall, on February 7th of this year. On October 4th the inaugural meeting took place at the Wesleyan Chapel (opposite the crèche), the nursery having already been started for several weeks.

I call this very quick work! To understand and fully realise the cause of this rapid success one had simply to attend the meeting, and to see the faces of real enthusiasm and energy of the Patrons and Committee.

In these days of quick action it does not do to let the grass grow under our feet. We must be spurred by the holiness of our cause and fired by the sincerity of our motives, or we accomplish nothing. The fable of the hare and tortoise must be reversed in these days, the hare gets to the goal, while the tortoise is still crawling behind.

I seem to be digressing, but, in reality I am not. I went to this meeting in the capacity of an amateur journalist in the most indifferent of moods. Whilst I was there I was moved to tears and by the time I had come away, I had so forgotten a pet scheme of my own that I promised various members of the Committee that I would write, steal, beg and borrow to help their work on.

The Chapel was crowded to the uttermost by hundreds of charming, beautiful and young ladies, whilst the platform, which was charmingly decorated with flowers, flowering plants and graceful palms, was filled with the speakers, members of the committee, and the Mayor and Mayoress.

Sir W. Bull, the Member for Hammersmith, opened the meeting by explaining the *raison d'être* of the crèche, after which the Duchess of Somerset, who had arrived that morning expressly from Scotland, addressed the audience.

She spoke about the "power of small things," she

entreated all those who had put their hands into this work not to withdraw them, once their first zeal had abated. She said there was nothing more touching and piteous than the tears of a child—nothing more blessed than the work of relieving the suffering of children—she herself had worked for eighteen years in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; there was so much work to be done, so many children crippled, so many burnt, so many deaths, resulting from neglect. She had come to fill a gap, as the President, Princess Christian, was unable to be present, through a motor accident.

After this a procession was made and all the ladies came up to the platform and handed over to the Committee pound parcels containing provisions of all sorts, which were to help the upkeep of the staff and children of the crèche.

And then Lady Henry Somerset rose, and with her sweet, deep, mellow voice, her wonderful gift of speech, and her face so full of true charity and goodness, told us that, though she had worked for eighteen years for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, her experience had been that, in the majority of cases, cruelty was not intentional, for women had frequently to work by day and night to support their children, and yet be mothers. People do not throw their imagination sufficiently into the lives of others, and if we judge others it is because we do not realise their circumstances, and not because we really mean to be *unkind* and *cruel* in our remarks and judgments. And then she told us the following two stories:—

She went one day to look for a woman and by mistake got into the wrong door. The woman was sitting at a machine stitching, stitching; there were three babies in the room, the eldest of which was three years old, the youngest an infant, and they were all lying on their backs; the eldest child was paralysed for the mother had never had the time to teach it how to walk.

This widow, by working 15 hours a day for 7 days out of every week, earned 12s. 6d., and all her earnings went in rent and food, and she had no time to be a mother to her children. Scores of women were in the same circumstances. Are these crèches not a boon to them, and was this woman to blame that her children were growing up to be cripples?

And then, to show how we judge because we do not understand, she told us of how she was struck by an incident which occurred when she was travelling in the West of America in the Pacific train. A gentleman who was so disturbed and exasperated by the constant cries of a baby which never seemed to cease for two days by day and night, called the attendant and remonstrated with him, saying he could bear it no longer. The attendant's answer was: "I am afraid I cannot prevent it, but perhaps if you come with me you may do something yourself." The gentleman, in great rage, followed the attendant and bursting the door open, cried out: "I can bear this no longer." A young man with a sad and worn out face, rocking a baby on his knees, looked up and said: "I cannot help it. My wife is dead, and she is in the wagon with the luggage."

The gentleman stretched out both his hands and

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