

village would enter the house, even the driver refused. By the time they were both got to the workhouse it was 4 p.m., and Nurse H. had done wonders in getting things ship-shape. It looked quite like an ordinary ward, even to the doctor's jug and basin. We had to put George in a corner and screen him off. Then nurse and I arranged about day and night duty, and we settled down to regular routine work, with, to me, the added interest of living in a workhouse infirmary, which is full of pathos.

All our patients made a good recovery. George and little Mabel had a severe attack, but they were all suffering from semi-starvation also. The medical officer who attended at the workhouse gave us carte blanche when the time came when we could feed them up.

In all our dealings with the Master and Matron, we met with unfailing courtesy and kindness; they did all in their power to make us and our patients comfortable under the circumstances. The Superintendent Nurse, we subsequently learnt, had trained in 1872 at a maternity hospital; she was a rough, coarse specimen to live with, though, so far as we were concerned, she soon became friendly and amiable.

The Chaplain of the workhouse used to always visit the children, and at times very kindly brought them books and cards.

My delightful patient sent them a very delightful parcel. I was only sorry she could not see the great joy the contents gave the children, especially little Mabel, who was too ill to be interested in it when it arrived, so her toys, a frock, a red jersey, red Tam-o'-Shanter, and red knitted gloves, were put aside for her when well enough to be shown them. The child just grabbed the gloves, and lay and hugged them. She had never possessed a pair before, and red ones, too. Nothing would do after that, but she must be dressed in her jersey, Tam, and gloves, and there she lay, a wan, white, thin little thing, with her gloved hands folded on the sheet, and such thin little arms protruding from the jersey, quite happy, and smiling now and again at her gloves.

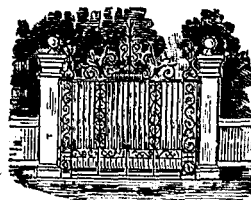
When we left, all the children were sent to the House, and I do not know what further became of them. I shortly after left that part of England, but I think some of the lady guardians were going to interest themselves in them.

We did hear that their father had been told to look for another house, as theirs had been condemned by the sanitary authorities.

E. A. BRANDER.

## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN



Conservative and Unionist Women have formed a Women's Franchise Association to work on what are called constitutional lines. Leaflets and pamphlets on the subject will be circulated,

and every effort made to have a large and representative body of Conservatives and Unionists pledged to assist their leader, and to influence the Conservative Party to extend the franchise to duly qualified women. Lady Knightley of Fawsley is President, and the following ladies have consented to act as Vice-Presidents:—The Countess of Meath, Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, the Viscountess Middleton, Lady Betty Balfour, Lady Robert Cecil, Lady Rayleigh, Lady Penrose Fitzgerald, Lady Strachey, Lady Lockyer, Miss Balfour, Miss E. Constance Jones (Girton College), Miss Tuke (Bedford College), Miss Louisa Twining, and Miss Hutchinson Wright. Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Gilbert Samuel, 34, North Audley Street, London, W. This is all to the good, and will neutralise the aristocratic Anti-Suffrage League run by Mrs. Humphry-Ward.

Mrs. J. R. Green has been elected President of the Society of Women Journalists. She is known to fame as a historian, and her recent book on the Irish people is a very brilliant work. English people should study this book, it would do them good.

Mrs. Pankhurst has petitioned from Holloway Gaol to be allowed pen and paper to do literary work, but this was refused until the doctor said he would not be answerable for the consequences unless she were allowed to employ her mind. Finally he obtained permission for her to translate a French book into English, but she was not allowed to choose her own work. It is quite refreshing to hear that women have minds.

In the meanwhile it transpires that one towel a week for cell use, and one for bathing, and one pocket-handkerchief, are considered a sufficient supply. Imagine using the same pocket-handkerchief for seven successive days—a disgusting, insanitary provision. How about the poor women prisoners who are compelled to wash these filthy rags? It is to be hoped they are well soaked in an antiseptic solution before they are handled even by criminal fingers.

A letter has been addressed by the Women's Labour League to the Prime Minister to bring to his notice in writing, as he was unable to receive a proposed deputation, the importance of securing to unemployed women the fullest possible

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