

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

NURSES AND THEIR VOTES.

The vagaries of Registration Officers, judges and others in interpreting who may, and who may not, vote under the new Reform Act are so irreconcilable that it is time Nurses had a test case and fought it out. In one district hospital, nurses living in are denied a vote, whilst under exactly identical circumstances in another hospital they are granted the privilege.

At the recent quarterly Court of Governors at the London Hospital, in presenting the report of the House Committee, the House Governor stated that "they had been informed by the Registration Officer of the District that the nurses, as they occupied each a separate bedroom, were entitled to have their names entered on the Register and to vote both in Borough and Parliamentary elections. They therefore had to supply full returns of the nursing staff who fulfilled the conditions as to age and length of residence. They also had to supply returns of their resident medical officers."

This is definite and most satisfactory, as the rule for Whitechapel should hold good in each constituency.

We hope, therefore, the Matrons are compiling a list of eligible Sisters and Nurses in every hospital and asylum, and seeing that through the right authority their claims are put forward and their votes made secure. Bart's nurses of progressive proclivities should have quite an amusing time if the same old gentlemen stand again for the City. The Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour always ignored their petitions for Registration Reform, and did not vote for their Bill in 1914, and Sir F. Banbury, Bart., as a professional blocker did not only help to block their Bill for years but was amongst the negligible minority who voted against it in 1914.

It is time the City of London was represented by young, liberal-minded men. Why should not the women put up a candidate of their own choice?

One can imagine how all the nurses in St. George's, Hanover Square, would flock to his banner should the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes consent to stand for that constituency.

The Vote is doing a real national service in arousing public opinion on the iniquitous prosecutions under Regulation 40 D. Some more just method of dealing with venereal infection in the Army must be devised. Women voters have to tackle this question and save the health of both sexes. Such terrible tragedies we hear on all sides.

A TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL.

Young Wife of Officer : "Tell me the truth."

Medical Woman : "You are infected and need treatment."

Young Wife : "Oh ! I know what to do."

She did.

She went home and poisoned herself !

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE PENDULUM."*

"If I was in my own country I'd be as good as a lord, and my wife would be Lady Saere ; and if that d——d piece behind the bar there dared serve anyone else before us there'd be trouble, and of a very peculiar sort I can tell you." The speaker nodded his head portentously, darkling at the barmaid.

It was Morris Saere who spoke, the son of Lord Saere of County Clare, long since dead ; and how he came to be drunk in a low public-house near the Surrey Docks on the night in question needs explanation.

One point to be emphasised is that this was not an isolated occasion ; it had come to be his habitual haunt, and the company he found there had come to be adopted as his own class.

Neither his wife nor his children knew anything definite as to his origin. They knew him as Jim Saere, and paid little attention to his boastful vaunts when he was in liquor.

Mrs. Saere is a creation worthy of note.

A homely woman of the working class with a beautiful soul and a practical nature, calm and firm in the ruling of her difficult family. Her character shines out brightly, pervading and sweetening the whole history of her family.

A picture is given of her reception of her husband on his return on the night referred to, from the public-house in charge of little Michael.

"Mrs. Saere was ironing. The little kitchen was full of the warm, sweet scent of it, while a folding horse, covered with homely garments, stood in front of the fire.

Mrs. Saere had just taken an iron from the fire as her husband entered, and was holding it to her cheek to test the warmth ; but she put it down and stood motionless with her broad hands spread out on the table, her steady eyes lowered.

"Well, and how's her ladyship this evening ?"

She had waited his first words to gauge his mood. This was the mood she hated and dreaded above all else.

"I hate to see a woman for ever toiling and moiling. If I had my rights, and you had your rights, old girl, you'd never as much as soil your little finger," he went on, regardless of the fact that she was unlacing his boots as he spoke.

"Very well, Jim, very well," she spoke soothingly. Her children would not venture to sneer at their father. For all her quiet she had a sure and heavy hand.

It was with the boy Michael that the story is chiefly concerned. Michael, whose "finicky ways" were a throwback to his father's lineage, the strange intermingling of which with his sordid upbringing is the standpoint from which the story is written. Michael was the adored and the adorer of his lowly born mother. She had innumerable other offspring, and she was an admirable mother to all, but Michael was the apple of her eye.

* By Elinor Mordaunt. Cassell & Co., London.

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