

intrude itself; namely, that the life-long society of this artless maiden would have bored Laurence Rivers extremely.

It is sweet to be loved, no doubt; but the affection of the Woman with One Idea would surely prove cloying after a time, and Virginia, the up-to-date American wife, was probably the more interesting companion, however far she fell short in her estimate of wifely duty.

The curious idea is followed out with great detail and ingenuity. Whether or no it is "psychically possible" must be left to the expert. But it is unquestionably interesting! G. M. R.

### Poem.

#### THE PALACE OF PEEPY.

When the blackamoor shadows come, creepy, creepy,  
And the weary old sun lies down a-bed,  
Children may go to the Palace of Peepy,  
Up in the land which the fairies tread.  
Where the songs of the birdies are sweeter than ours  
They may wander, and gather the beautiful flowers,  
While the apples and oranges tumble in showers,  
From the trees in the garden of Peepy.

When children are weary of gathering posies,  
Up to the palace they wend their way  
By loveliest pathways, with poppies and roses  
Blossoming round them in brave array.  
In the palace are wonderful clockwork toys,  
With dolls for the girlies and guns for the boys,  
Spread out in the Hall of a Hundred Joys,  
In the wonderful Palace of Peepy.

The Hushaby Fairy will sing to them sweetly,  
The Rockaby Fairy will rock them to rest,  
The Queen of the Palace will charm them completely,  
For she is the fairy all children love best.  
And other bright fairies will hover around  
And frolic and dance, tho' their little feet sound  
Not a bit on the glittering carpeted ground  
Of the beautiful Palace of Peepy.

When the shadows go back again, creepy, creepy,  
And the lazy old sun looks up from his bed,  
Children must come from the Palace of Peepy  
Down to the earth, by the fairies led.  
And all day long, in the meadows green,  
They tell of the wonderful sights they've seen  
In the realm of the beautiful Fairy Queen,  
Up there is the Palace of Peepy.

BERNARD MALCOLM RAMSAY.

—From the *Weekly Sun*.

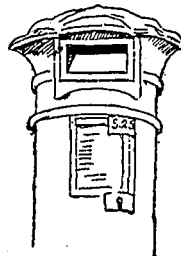
#### WHAT TO READ.

- "Oliver Cromwell and the rule of the Puritans in England." By Charles Firth, M.A.  
"America's Working People." By Charles B. Spahr.  
"European Travel for Women." By Mary Cadwalader Jones.  
"A Princess of Vascovy." By John Oxenham.  
"Eliza." By Barry Pain.  
"Agatha Webb." By Mrs. A. K. Green.  
"The Catacombs of Paris." By E. Berthet.  
"The Shadow of Quong Lung." By Dr. C. W. Doyle.

### Letters to the Editor.

#### NOTES, QUERIES, &c.

*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in any way hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.*



#### EXPLOITATION BY ABSORPTION.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I do feel so deeply in sympathy with your views on the irreparable loss to the nation by the death of that great woman, Mary Kingsley. If this long and disastrous war had cost England nothing more, her death is enough for many days of mourning. And speaking of Miss Kingsley brings prominently to mind the truth of the horrible waste of power we suffer as a nation by the suppression of the intellectual force of women. The old time-worn trashy arguments that genius will out, and that women possessing intellectual force and statesmanlike qualities are so few that the denial to them of equal opportunities as are provided for men, is immaterial, are becoming every day more wicked perversions of truth. Had Miss Kingsley been a man, it is presumable that her immense genius would have been available for the nation's benefit, as it was, we find that every two-penny half-penny clerk in the Colonial Office has more real power to control the nation's destiny than this great and brilliant woman. In the whole of our Government offices, is there a high place, entitling to power and usefulness for the benefit of the Empire for such women as Mary Kingsley? In none. Then such injustice is a shame to a so-called civilised Power—and the dozens of sapient, silly, younger sors who find a comfortable living in our various Government departments, simply because their fathers have *bought* political power, and who do not possess an original idea, or a spark of genius amongst them, are largely responsible for the glorious muddledom which is becoming proverbial amongst the nations in the management of our foreign affairs. Again, is it presumable that if one of the women who have helped to clean out the Metropolitan Hospitals' Augean stables during the past quarter of a century—institutions which, before they were tackled by educated women, were a national disgrace—had rightful responsibility in the Nursing Department of the War Office, that the calamitous *débâcle* in South African affairs, would ever had occurred? Certainly not. The nation has never had a more practical lesson of the waste I complain of in ignoring women in national government, than the sacrifice of valuable young lives from wounds and fever during the war in South Africa, simply because women, the mothers and natural nurses of the sick have been denied authority to organize an *efficient system* of military nursing. As a witty woman said to me the other day, "women, water and wind are valuable commercial assets which the British nation in its proverbial stupidity has as yet failed to utilise, when it realises that there is "money" in them no doubt companies will be formed for their exploitation."

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