

This curious woman, overcome by the baby beauty of Ellen, deliberately steals her, and keeps her until the little one gives her the slip. Ellen, with a notion of her parent's probable feelings towards the person who has meditated such a crime, completely refuses to say where she has passed the time during which she has been absent.

Then comes the story of Ellen's school life, among the young future shoe operatives, male and female; and then the sequel, falling so strangely on English ears, in which she is beloved by, and marries the owner of the shoe factory, and becomes niece to Miss Cynthia Lennox. Nobody seems to feel it any thing out of the common that this should occur, though the fusion of classes would seem to us infinitely greater than if a man should marry his mother's housemaid. Ellen herself works in Robert Lloyd's shoe factory, and incites the men to go out on strike, she, Ellen, holding those curious economic views which seem to be common in America, but of which we must own that the writer of the book seems to see the fallacy. The scene in which Robert starts out to convince Ellen that it would be an altogether unsound trade principle for him to continue to run the mill at a loss, is one of the best in the book. It never seems to occur to her that, if he did so, they would all be pauperized—be living actually on the charity of the man from whom she will not accept the slightest favour.

Ellen is a delightful person, yet we feel throughout that she was brought up by Fanny Loud, and horrible suspicions that she might want to decorate her walls with "immoral" plates made of postage stamps, with a ribbon run through the rim, or have a glass shade with a wreath of painted flowers on her lamp, will assail the no doubt unduly squeamish English reader.

The book is pervaded by the intense reality which animates all Miss Wilkin's work.

G. M. R.

### Verses.

Behold,

The time is now! Bring back, bring back  
Thy flocks of fancies, wild of whim,  
Oh, lead them from the mountain-track—  
Thy frolic thoughts untold.  
Oh, bring them in—the fields grow dim—  
And let me be the fold.

Behold,

The time is now! Call in, O call  
Thy pasturing kisses gone astray  
For scattered sweets, Gather them all  
To shelter from the cold,  
Throng them together, close and gay,  
And let me be the fold.

ALICE MEYNELL

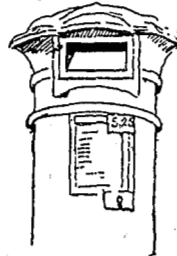
From "Later Poems."

### What to Read.

- "Britain and the British Seas." H. J. Mackinder, M.A.
- "Napoleon's Letters to Josephine, 1796-1812. Translated by Henry Foljambe Hall, F. R. Hist. S.
- "The 'Festering Sore' in South Africa as viewed by a Surgeon." By John Shaw, M.D.
- "Hilda's Diary of a Cape Housekeeper." Hilda-gonda J. Duckitt.
- "The Real Latin Quarter." By F. Berkeley Smith.

## 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.*

### OUR GUINEA PRIZE.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record,"  
123, New Bond Street,  
London, W.

January 10th, 1902.

Miss L. Wills begs to thank the Editor of THE NURSING RECORD for the cheque for £1 is. awarded to her as winner of the December prize.

### A VERY REAL DANGER.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—In the NURSING RECORD last week you touched upon one evil connected with the Holt-Ockley system of "nursing"—namely, the injustice to thoroughly trained nurses of underselling them by supplying the "gentry" who subscribe ten shillings per annum to certain Rural Nursing Associations with so-called nurses when they are ill. But this, bad as it is, is not, to my mind, the worst feature of this kind of nursing. The Association binds itself to supply nurses at a certain rate of payment to all subscribers who may need one. Thus cottagers, who earn up to, and less than, sixteen shillings a week, by subscribing two shillings a year may claim to be supplied with a nurse at the same rate per week. Now just consider what this means. The cottager who only earns this amount, and has a family to bring up upon it, can only afford the barest pittance for rent he certainly has no "spare room" to put at the disposal of the nurse, and the fact that one member of the family is ill already puts further pressure upon the very inadequate bedroom accommodation. A young girl, who may not even have had the regulation three or six months' "training"—for only the most promising candidates receive this, the arrangement is that they come on trial and learn on their cases—is turned in to "do for" the sick person. Do the well meaning ladies of the committees of rural nursing Associations understand what this implies? Into a household disorganized by sickness an inexperienced working class girl is sent to sleep, to share a bedroom with various members of the family of all ages, and both sexes. How is it possible if she originally possesses any refinement that she should keep it under these circumstances. But there are even graver dangers, bad enough as this is. Think of the low standard of morals prevalent in many rural districts—drunkenness, and worse things, are all too common—things that the excellent ladies on the committees would not think it "nice" even to know about. But they have no hesitation in sending young girls right into the midst of temptation. The mother of the family is laid aside—dying, maybe, and the nurse of the same class is thrown into the most intimate relations with the husband and grown up sons

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