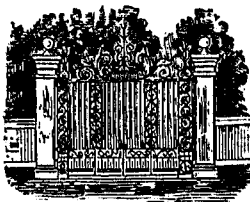


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



Arrangements are practically completed for the annual conference of the National Union of Women Workers of Great Britain and Ireland, to be held at York from November 7th to 11th. The primary object of the Union is to promote the social, civil, moral, and religious welfare of women. Among the subjects to be discussed are Hygiene, Recent Efforts to Deal with the Unemployed, Our National Responsibility, Technical Education, and the Public Work of Women.

Nurses now are happily realising the pleasure and the profit of taking their share in this National Conference. Not only do they themselves gain by the insight they obtain into the work, and the difficulties of other women, but they are also able, from their specialised knowledge, to contribute to the information of others. Among the nursing societies which will be represented at York are the Matrons' Council, the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, and the Registered Nurses' Society.

A correspondent of the *Lancet* writes:—The other day we had a play written by the wife of the Colonial Secretary—a satire upon the fashionable dressmaker and her establishment, showing that the old pathetic story of Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is as true now as it was when written. The epilogue of Mrs. Lyttelton's play was spoken in the House of Commons by the Member for Battersea (Mr. John Burns) when he said, "Let the ladies of Belgravia understand that the women who make their dresses for Ascot and for the Court are at the same time making their own shrouds." Knowledge may penetrate in this way even into the most fashionable quarters. It is not enough. We must do more: let us suppress the possibility of such practices. One of the means to this end undoubtedly will be better inspection by an increased number of lady inspectors. The Home Office is known to be sympathetic, but let us recall an old Greek proverb about lions and asses. An army of efficient inspectors is far more formidable and effective than any amount of moral suasion.

There are many, says a contemporary, to rejoice over the birth of a son to the Tsar, but no one is more jubilant than the old English nurse of the Tsarina, who lives at the Russian Court, and is in her way quite a personage, "Miss Orchard." The late Princess Alice of Hesse, before the birth of her first child, wrote to Queen Victoria and begged of her to procure her an English nurse. The Queen sent the homely and respectable Orchardson, who in time became the chosen confidante of Princess Alice, and was always addressed by her as "Orchie." The Tsarina, in the kindness of her heart, when she married, refused to leave her old nurse behind her at Darmstadt, and insisted on her accompanying her to St. Petersburg. English nurses are in great request in all Royal nurseries. The Kaiser's boys have been brought up by English nurses and governesses, and the Kaiser himself, and his brother

Henry owe their fluency in our language and their love of cold-tubbing to their nurse "Hobbes," to whom the Emperor and Empress were much attached, and who frequently reminded their sons in after-life how great was their debt of gratitude to her for all the good things she had taught them. The Dutch Queen studied under an English governess; so did the King of Spain; whilst the King of Italy's pretty little girls, as also the Tsar's quartette of daughters, have English nurses and governesses.

A most strenuous worker, and one who possessed in an unusual degree the power to attract and to hold audiences of working men, has passed away by the death of Miss Ellice Hopkins. Her book "Work amongst Working Men" should be widely known. Later, her splendid gifts were devoted to a more difficult and discouraging work—work which she performed thoroughly and nobly. The secret of her endurance is no doubt explained in her own expressed belief: "Only be sure of your duty, and there must be an infinite store of force in God which you can lay hold of to do it with, as an engineer lays hold of a force in Nature and drives his engine right through the granite bases of an Alp. If you are sure that it is God's will that you should do it, then 'I can't' must be a lie in the lips that repeat 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.'" We are glad to be able to publish a short account of her life, kindly written for us by her friend, Miss Emily Janes.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

Miss Ellice Hopkins died last month at her residence in Brighton after ten years of invalidism, which culminated last March in a positive breakdown. For forty years she had written and toiled, always with the one object of leading men and women to higher things, though the method of her work and the definiteness of her aim were ultimately due to her friendship with James Hinton, the great aural surgeon. Those who have read the "Life and Letters" of that remarkable man will have realised that the person upon whom he laid the heavy charge of fighting the degradation of women was peculiarly adapted for this most difficult task. She had poetic gifts and much culture, wonderful eloquence and great powers of persistence, and when Mr. Hinton died, "of a broken heart," Miss Hopkins for ten years gave up everything in the attempt to press home their responsibility in the matter upon men and women of all ranks. Few heard her speak without an answering emotion of horror and of pity, and the outcome of her ten years' work was seen in the White Cross movement, and in Ladies' Associations for the Care of Friendless Girls, in better protective legislation for children and young girls. It filtered down through devious channels, and reached many who were quite unaware of whence the influence came which set them to work in Girls' Clubs, in Mothers' Unions, and in many other ways of practical usefulness.

It was small wonder that the stress and strain of facing great meetings told on Miss Ellice Hopkins's small reserves of strength. After 1886 she ceased to organise committees or to hold meetings. But she never ceased to write, whenever writing was possible to her, and her book, "The Power of Womanhood," published first in 1899, which is now in its eleventh edition, sufficiently testifies to the undiminished brilliancy of her pen.

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