

undergo the discipline of railway companies. It was a strange emigration scene. The tramps, travellers, and gipsies took to the life quite easily and naturally, but the Cockney revealed qualities unknown to those who have met him in London. To see the London labourer, his wife the scrubber, Bill, and Carrots his sister down in the country, sleeping in tattered military tents (frequently shared by a couple of other families), their bed of loose straw, making themselves happy and comfortable in green fields, sometimes steeped in sunshine, but just as often in sopping wet grass, was indeed surprising.

In the evenings the sight grew stranger and more impressive. Hop picking over, they all got back to the camps allotted to them by the growers who employed them. The perambulators, wheelbarrows, or any other sort of case with wheels to it were again packed with the infants and other baggage, and the hoppers returned home for the night. Fires were made up from sticks from the woods, the pails swung over them on poles, and the evening tea got ready. As usual, the women, who had worked all day, had to do the hard work, while the majority of men sat around the fires singing, cursing, and joking, and when the babies were put to bed on the straw they frequently withdrew to the public-houses, and transferred their day's earnings to the pockets of the publicans, who, after a few years' profits, become growers themselves and hard masters.

It is here that the spiritual side of the mission and all the voluntary lay workers' efforts become useful. The tents in which they work and provide music, magic lanterns, refreshments, and tables for letter writing or reading are obviously counteracting influences to the public-houses, and meet the problem of what men and young people are to do with themselves for recreation, after a day's work from dawn to sunset.

Apart from the Church of England Mission, both the Salvation Army and the Roman Catholic priests and sisters work zealously, and there can be no doubt but that their efforts have good result, however discouraging and useless the work may appear at times. There are fewer riots, less drunkenness, no murders, and half the number of policemen are now required, sufficient proof to show that none need withdraw subscriptions or services.

With regard to the value of the nurses' work, there can be no question. Our work there is that of the Good Samaritan—that of binding the wounds and giving the friendly helping hand to the fallen traveller. We need ask no questions; we enter into no religious questions; we do not inquire why they fell or were wounded. The fact that they need us is sufficient, but that is not enough.

Now that I know what the work is like, let me beg those who intend to offer themselves next year not to imagine that anything will do for the hop pickers or that it is a holiday, as some have stated. Those who offer themselves must be fully trained nurses—young, strong, adaptable, and full of resources.

Fifteen of the thirty parishes in the mission require nurses, ranging from one to six in number. The work, as will be understood, has to be organised promptly, owing to the sudden influx of immigrants. In some villages they have impromptu hospitals, while in others surgeries are erected either in tents or in some building, such as the school or village hall. In others, again, only a district nurse is employed.

Nurses must be prepared for anything from births to deaths, from cut fingers to bad accidents, and should be able to distinguish simple eruptions and eczema from serious infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever. They may have to attend to out-patients in a tent, schoolroom, or back kitchen, to do night duty in a hospital, or be sent off to a camp to a woman in labour. If there is time, the patient is sent to the Union; if not, the nurse has to deliver her. The staff in one village may be shorthanded, work may be slack in another, and a nurse is liable to be packed off suddenly in a trap to fill up the gap.

Sometimes a hospital is slack, and out-patients increase, or the camp visiting nurse has more than she can get through; this necessitates fresh organisation. If the nurses available are not capable of turning a hand to anything, if they are not willing to "give and take," and to take their share of night duty, then the work suffers, and both the influence of the individual nurse and the honour of the profession are affected.

It fell to my lot to organise the work at East Peckham, where the full complement is four nurses and two lay workers, who have their meals with the nurses but work under the vicar. The school-house and teacher's cottage formed our headquarters, but the children's hospital, which was arranged in the annexe of the village hall, was five minutes' walk from us. Only two of us slept in the main, or administrative, cottage, where there was a common dining-room and sitting-room. The others slept in cottages close by. We all had clean rooms and comfortable beds, the food was wholesome and excellently cooked by a dear, good soul who did all in her power to make us happy. The table linen was always as spotless as was everything we ate off. We were spoilt by gifts of choice fruits, fresh vegetables, and beautiful flowers from Miss Wood (one of the earliest Suffragists with a degree), Miss Wheeler, and others. The Vicar and Mrs. Wood, with their unostentatious kindness, gave up their entire time to the hop pickers and workers, and words can hardly convey the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Black, who not only devoted themselves, their time, and earthly goods to the work, but opened their charming house with its beautiful garden and grounds to us; added to this, they sent us fruits and flowers, and put their bathroom at our disposal, and not to mention the drives in the car would indeed be ingratitude.

Thus it will be seen that it was not all work and no play. We got a lot of fun out of the "tea-hawker," who has had several years' experience at the "business." To see her clean out her tea-cart twice a day and get it ready, to see her in

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