

PRACTICAL EXHIBITS.

A very interesting exhibit at the Nursing and Midwifery Exhibition was that organised by *Nursing Notes* and the *Queen's Nurses' Magazine*, on the first floor. The first model, on entering the door, was one arranged by Miss du Sautoy, showing, in two sections, a cottage lying-in case, before the days of the district midwife, and after. Amongst the exhibits were an improvised bed-slipper (an ordinary enamelled pie-dish), sent by the Hammersmith and Fulham District Nursing Association; a carrying-chair, made of roller-towelling and two poles; an expedient for keeping mackintosh tight round a bed with poles inserted and straps buttoned underneath—sent by the Dutch Nurses' Association. A simple dust and fog-screen, which filters the air as it enters the room—sent by the Metropolitan Nursing Association. The Midwives' Institute sent, amongst other things, examples of their teaching apparatus and anatomical specimens; there was also a very perfect specimen of a caul; a copy of "English Midwives: Their History and Prospects," by Dr. J. H. Aveling, showing Mrs. Cellier—a noted midwife—in the pillory. The Home for Mothers and Babies, at Woolwich, sent a home-made incubator, and a cheap hammock cot; the General Lying-in Hospital, a specimen of case-taking, entitled "Notes of Pregnancy," and an electric incubator; and Dr. Clement Godson, most interesting specimens of votive offerings to Æsculapius, B.C. 293, and some Roman votive offerings discovered on excavating a temple of maternity near Capua, probable date 200–300 A.D.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND IMPROVEMENT.

A most instructive exhibit was organised in two rooms, by the above Society. In a Baby Clothes' Competition, prizes were awarded as follows: *First Prize*: Manchester School of Mothers; *Second Prize*, Reading Health Society; *Third Prize*, Miss Featherstone.

The Pictorial Health Posters, of great educative value, useful for lecturing purposes, and most attractive, created great interest. Prizes were awarded as follows: *First Prize*: £5 5s., awarded to Miss Louise Jacobs, for a poster in three sections—"A bad way, a better way, the best way," showing the danger of hand-feeding with contaminated milk, a mother holding the right kind of bottle, and natural, regular, feeding. *Second Prize*: £3 3s., Miss L. D. Symington, showing the funeral of a tubercle bacillus exposed to direct sunlight. *Third Prize*: £1 1s., J. Reynolds Sykes, pointing the moral "Feed Baby Yourself." Other posters by Miss Evelyn Nickels and Miss Mabel Heelas won well-deserved commendation.

Prizes were also given for photographs, illustrating the work of Health Societies, and were gained by (1) Miss M. Jessie Lloyd (Birmingham Infants' Health Society); (2) Miss M. Quillian (Bournemouth Health Association); and (3) Miss M. Williams (St. Pancras School for Mothers).

LITTLE CUCKOO FLOWER.

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CHAPTER II.

The poor can seldom afford the luxury of woe.—The day after Jesse's funeral his widow awoke to the fact that he would not be there on Saturday to hand her his weekly wage of fifteen shillings to provide for their material needs. But there was nothing of the parasite about Martha. Whatever her fine, strong hand found to do, was well done, and she had always supplemented the family income. She had been a laundry maid before marriage, and her getting up of fine linen was a marvel. No one else could satisfy the parson in the clear starching of his surplice—now that he had discarded his old black gown. So taking little Cuckoo Flower by the hand, Martha made so bold as to call on "t'ode squoire," and with courtly curtesy to petition that she might still rent the little cottage by the wood—at the cost of two shillings weekly. This she was permitted to do, and there for the next four years she worked hard, and made a happy home for her charming child.

For it was just that; the child had charm, that magnetic gift, which can never be acquired. As she grew from infancy to childhood this grace became more apparent—the creature had a gracious soul. The old realised it—as when willowly sprite she would help them over stony places. The animals knew it—they knew that no one could speak and understand their language, or enter into their joys and sorrows, like little Cuckoo Flower. Indeed Martha had been reproved for refusing to keep a pig.

"You see," she had replied, "little Cuckoo Flower, she does so love a pig, she can't abear to have it killed—it just breaks her 'eart—and she won't eat a mouthful not if it was ever so."

"The truth is you let the child be Mester," said Betty Brown testily, and she spoke further on the matter, ending with the question, "You agree with what I'm asaying, don't yer, Martha?"

"Begging of yer pardon, Betty, I wasn't alistening," replied Martha Martin.

That was it. Why waste time listening? Who could teach her anything about little Cuckoo Flower she did not know? Not even parson's wife, who adored the child and who was "larning her to be a scholar."

Thus the years passed. Year in year out made but little difference in those far off days to the

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