

plates. Listen! The rustle in the bracken is the fierce Pict on the other side. He is waiting, waiting until his turn shall come when Rome is no more.

Ah! here is the village. Remember we are very small, we cannot see above the tall hawthorn hedge, but presently the green will lie before us with its geese and ducks and hens and dogs all basking in the sun.

The hoarse squeak, squeak of the village pump vibrates through the air; a woman in a flapping sunbonnet, fills her pail for tea. By that same spring of water, under that glorious sycamore tree stood the Friars of Lanercort, preaching to the peasant folk, binding their sores, feeding the hungry. Can't you see their great ungainly figures in the flapping cassock rolling along the "Waingate"? To-day it keeps its ancient name Friars Waingate. The same glorious view of fell and wood and river meets you as it greeted them. Down in St. Mary's Vale lies Lanercort, a jewel of beauty, built out of remorse by a ruthless Cumbrian noble. The very stones once helped to form the wall. Legend and mystery clings to it still. Come, let us sit on the steps of the Dacre Hall and the grand old white bearded vicar will tell us such tales about it.

Can't you see the predicted "cow" enter the holy place, entangle its horns in the bell rope, and pull the bell? Years ago this was foretold, Naworth shall burn; the cow is but the instrument of fate. And burn it did. How the flames must have glowed and crackled; what a bonfire for all the countryside to see. How the branches of the famous oak, on whose arms so many men were hanged, must have swayed and chuckled. One can hear their bones rattling, those poor wretched skeletons. No wonder the wood is haunted.

But that is ancient history. Hark! The clang of horses' hoofs; a great army comes clattering through the yard. Its leader no less than Edward, who started out to subdue the Scots and died on Solway Moss.

History again. The very hedgerows ooze it between their stones.

How splendid to belong to such a country! Our forbears saw all this; helped with it, wondered at it, passed on tradition to us. They stood beneath the walls of Askerlin and watched Cromwell's soldiers on the flat roof, scanning the country side for Bewcastle. That glorious Runic cross, headless, yet exquisite in design and workmanship, looked down upon them as it does on us.

Come, do not hesitate, seek and find for yourself!

M. K. S.

REVIEW OF "A HISTORY OF NURSING."

Dr Henry M. Hurd, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, at Baltimore, in reviewing "The History of Nursing," in the "Alumnæ Magazine," writes: The appearance of the third and fourth volumes of this monumental work is a source of sincere congratulation to those who have been familiar with the first and second volumes. The present volumes are full of vital interest to all nurses,

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

WOMEN.

The Secretary of the Ulster Unionist Council has informed the Ulster Women's Unionist Association that the draft articles of provisional government, already approved by that council, include the franchise for women on the basis of the register for local government purposes.

The Minister of Justice at Rome is preparing a measure which will institute a radical reform in the existing law regarding civil rights. His object is to accord to women the same civil rights as are now possessed by men. It is expected that the Bill will be introduced in the Chamber in November.

At the opening of the Dutch Parliament last week by Queen Wilhelmina, the Speech from the Throne announced Bills for manhood suffrage, with the possible inclusion of women, old-age pensions, and other social reforms.

The unworthy attempt of our anti-suffrage papers to stir up trouble for Mrs. Pankhurst when she arrives on her lecturing tour, in New York, and have her detained at Ellis Island, as an undesirable and criminal alien, is arousing the greatest indignation amongst American Suffragists, says the *London Budget*.

Mrs. Harriet M. Johnstone Wood, the Suffragist lawyer, says:—

"To refuse Mrs. Pankhurst entry would be to hold up America to scorn and ridicule. Mrs. Pankhurst is in the same class with our revolutionary heroes, with Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln."

Miss Mary Coleman, also a lawyer, declares that if Mrs. Pankhurst is detained at Ellis Island she will secure her immediate release by a writ of habeas corpus.

"The Queenie Gerald Case: White Slavery in a Piccadilly Flat" has been compiled and issued in pamphlet form by Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., and can be obtained from the National Labour Press, London and Manchester, price one penny. The determined manner in which this scandal was hushed up in Court, and in Parliament—the escape of criminals associated with this procuress in her infamous trade—one of whom, "Nurse Betty," was dressed in nursing uniform, has aroused a deep sense of outrage in the minds of those who desire to see the Criminal Law honestly administered.

Mr. Keir Hardie demands that this woman shall be put upon her trial for procuration, and reminds us that there are 350,000 "fallen" women, "all of them somebody's lassies," on the streets of Great Britain, and five hundred thousand fresh cases of venereal disease every year.

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