

social problems may seem an incongruous background for a picture of youth. Happily, its gaiety is not easily suppressed, and comforting reassurance lies in the fact that recreation has ever for the young its strong and legitimate appeal; that art and music carry their message, and that the public conscience which recognizes the requirements of youth is reflected in the increasing provision for its pleasures. 'Wider use of school buildings,' 'recreation directors,' 'social centres,' 'municipal dances,' are new terms that have crept into our vocabularies."

In connection with the social life of the workers "Public balls are," says Miss Wald, "the most common way of making money for a desired end. Sometimes ephemeral organizations are created to 'run' them and divide the profits that may accrue.

"At other times, like the fashionable 'Charity' balls, the object is to raise money for a beneficent purpose. It required some readjustment of the ordinary association of ideas to purchase without comment the tickets offered at the door of the Settlement for a 'grand ball,' the proceeds of which were to provide a tombstone for a departed friend."

In an interesting chapter on "Friends of Russian Freedom," Miss Wald writes: "If spiritual force implies the power to lift the individual out of the contemplation of his own interests into something great and of ultimate value to the men and women of this, and the generations to come, and if, so lifted, sacrifices are freely offered on the altar of the cause, it may truly be said that the Russian Revolution is a spiritual force on the East side of New York."

"A long procession of saints and martyrs, sympathisers and supporters have crossed the threshold of the 'House on Henry Street' and stirred deep feeling there." Prominent among them—Katharine Breshkovsky (Babuschka, little grandmother) the story of whose life and work must be read in detail. The chapters on social forces are also illuminating, and lastly, that on "New Americans and our Policies," which tells of the influx of immigrant life through the gates of Ellis Island. Who can doubt that the little party in the charming picture here reproduced have gifts of value to bring in exchange for the hospitality and sympathy of freedom-loving America?  
M. B.

#### LEGAL MATTERS.

Sister Eliza Maud Bacon, proprietress of a children's nursing home at Bournemouth, and formerly a Sister of Mercy of the Wantage Sisters, who is charged with the manslaughter of a child named Doris Irene Wetherall, has been committed for trial to Hants Assizes by the Borough Coroner in consequence of a verdict that the child Wetherall died from broncho-pneumonia accelerated by inattention and neglect. A coroner's jury at Poole have also found that another child named Norah Towner has died through inattention and neglect. It was stated that 12 young children were kept in the home, which was unregistered.

#### TRAINING FOR PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE.

Courses of Training for men and women for work in connection with the Public Health Service of the Country have been arranged by the Royal Sanitary Institute, Buckingham Palace Road.

The Course for Sanitary Inspectors, which is open to women as well as men, begins on Monday, February 7th. The Course for Health Visitors, on Monday, February 21st. These courses are in preparation for the Standard Examinations, which are now recognised as a necessary qualification for the offices referred to.

#### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

##### "JULIA PAGE."\*

A tale of San Francisco, in a district known as the Mission. Julia's story from her infancy to well on in her married life is traced step by step, and very interesting reading it is. She, in fact, begins at the lowest social rung of the ladder and works her way by the sheer force of her personality to somewhere near the top. In her extreme youth her parents had matrimonial differences, and consequently separated. Julia was dragged up by her mother in a fifth-rate theatrical circle, and learned neither tidiness nor method. Afterwards we learn that more important morality was neglected. She was beautiful, and she loved subconsciously beautiful things. In time she came to hate her life and its tawdry excitements. The real turning point in it was when she became acquainted with the Tolands, which acquaintance came about in consequence of her taking part in a charity performance of theatricals. It was in their house that the contrast with her own sordid surroundings came home to her: the dainty, luxurious home, and the ill-kept, slatternly apartments which were all the home the girl knew.

She confides in Mark, her handsome young Jew lover, who is urging her to marry him.

"I don't know what I want myself, and of course I don't know what I want my husband to be like, d'ye see, Mark. I—I feel as if I didn't know *anything*. I don't know what's good and what's just common. My mother never told me about things," she burst out, incoherently, "about how to talk, and taking baths—and not using Cologne."

Julia's chance comes, when Miss Toland suggested that the girl should assist her with the social work in a settlement house.

"Live here!" stammered Julia. She looked again at the fresh white bed, the rug, the bureau.

It was here that the rising young surgeon Jim Studdiforth met her and fell in love with her. So far from his being ashamed of her humble origin he tells her that when he considers what "you have made of yourself I could get down and worship you. I've always had all the money that I could spend, and you, you game little thing,

\* By Kathleen Norris. John Murray, London.

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