

What a lifelike and convincing sketch is that of Polly coming through the wheatfields in the evening with her boisterous and undesirable companions!

She was singing "He shall feed His Flock," her head flung back. There was no thought of faith or religious fervour in the way she sang. Had she sung a ragtime she would have sung it with the same fine quality of ecstasy. The wheatfield had suggested it to her irresponsible mind. Through the surging sea of its glory she sang—as though she were the only person the globe had been made for. Then came Adam Wild, the young farmer, with his indignation at the trespass and his cowardly kissing of the girl, "sacrilege for sacrilege."

"Now get out o' my field," he said, thunderingly, and placing both hands on her sob-shaken shoulders, thrust her out.

"If there was only a man an' a monkey on th' earth," she told him, "an' you were the man, I'd take the monkey."

"Get out o' my field," said the contemptuous masculine bass.

"Wait till my granny comes to tell your dad," she said, with a childishness that made him smile.

Her voice was retreating.

Perhaps that gave it its forlorn sound.

It was on her return from this encounter that she heard of her father's accident.

Cherry's fight against his untoward fate is a great piece of character delineation.

"He hated the people who were sorry for him. Some men would have enjoyed it. He hadn't been built for a cripple. Now, if he had been made like the chap in the next bed to him, when in hospital—the chap who didn't want to go home because he was tucked up six times a day by a pretty nurse and fed and washed like a big baby—how much easier it would have been."

But Cherry triumphed, and they moved from the squalor into a pretty cottage and set up a pedlar business and succeeded, and Nan found religion in the Salvation Army and began to show a softer side with the advent of little Rob, the nurse child.

Rob's mother looked at the woman who she had been told wanted a child to nurse.

"You'll not hit him, will you, missus?" she asked, pleadingly; "I've never hit him in my life."

Nan answered with her usual blasphemy. "What do you take me for?" But she had winced.

At this period also Nan accepted a partnership in the business.

"She would work at the sewing machine with furious vigour, hours at a stretch without food, where another woman would have fainted. She might have discovered a North Pole by her single virtue of savage persistency. But she was built all wrong for a little house, the mothering of a foolish girl and—the coddling of a broken man."

The removal of Rob threw her out of gear again

and there were more upheavals; and then there was a quite untrue scandal circulated about childish Polly, and she being young and sensitive ran away.

Nan was "dressed up."

"The lass has gone an' done summat," she said to granny; "an' now I'm goin' to that Martha Jay—to give her a hidin' first of all—an' then—I'm goin' to seek our Polly."

Granny stared. "Vengeance is Mine," Nan, she quoted.

"I were told to go an' see her an' hide her," said Nan, calmly; "an' I'm goin'."

She went.

It was Adam who found and eventually married charming Polly, with her babyish habit of saying "Oooh!" at anything that pleased or surprised her.

"If ever he doesn't do right by thee, I'll kill him as dead as a herring," said Nan, her high colouring ebbing, her eyes ablaze.

And Polly giggled and dabbed her eyes, and said, "Well, I'll have to go now, I suppose."

A book that will linger in the memory long after it has been laid aside. H. H.

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

Viscountess Rhondda has been appointed Chairman of the General Health Consultative Council in connection with the Ministry of Health, and is therefore resigning the position of Chair of the Women's Health Watching Council. It is probable that the latter organisation will now be dissolved, as it costs much more to maintain than the Federated Women's Organisations pay.

The Nurses, Midwives and Sanitary Inspectors who are classed as allied services with medicine, fell between two stools, not having been given representation on the Medical Advisory Council, as expected. They were not nominated for representation on the General Health Consultative Council, so that Nurses and Midwives are the only classes excluded from representation in this National Health Advisory Scheme. Let us hope this serious omission may be remedied at an early date.

If, however, the General Nursing Council is truly representative of nursing opinion, it will be able to express expert opinion so far as Nursing is concerned with National Health, should the Minister of Health need advice.

Mrs. C. Ashby, vice chairman of the Wandsworth Board of Guardians, has been adopted as prospective Liberal candidate for the Richmond Parliamentary borough.

## COMING EVENT.

March 19th.—Professional Union of Trained Nurses. Mass Meeting. Scottish Nurses' Club, 205, Bath Street, Glasgow. 7.30 p.m.

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