

Child Assault. We all know how unsatisfactory legislation is, and how impossible it appears to secure adequate punishment for this horrible crime.

Ten years ago with glowing indignation we wrote the tragic story of "Little Cuckoo Flower," the story of a lovely little peasant child, the very core of her widowed mother's heart. How she was ravished, how she died; how the mother's stern demand for just punishment failed. How this distracted mother took the law into her own hands. How these maternal hands were stained crimson with the blood of the offender—an undiscovered crime. This story was read to women, who feel strongly with us that the conscience of the administrators of the law must be awakened to a sense of duty where criminal assaults on children are concerned, and they expressed the opinion that the story of Little Cuckoo Flower, if filmed, might arouse the public conscience on the question, and with this end in view it has been adapted for the screen with necessary alteration, and is now ready to use for propaganda purposes. This film was recently presented privately at the American Theatre in Wardour Street, and met with an enthusiastic reception from an audience chiefly composed of nurses, and we hope it may be released at an early date. The pictures are very effective, the scenery lovely, and the acting of Miss Mina Grey as "Martha," the mother, and of charming little Myrtle Peters as "Little Cuckoo Flower," most touching. We were gratified to find some of the audience in tears. Let us hope the story may touch not only the hearts of the public, but the conscience of administrators of the law, so that Martha's plea, "It ain't vengeance as I call for, but justice," may do something towards attaining a higher standard of morality where the ravishing of children is concerned.

Trained nurses come up against this horror. We want our Social Service Nurses to help to stamp it out.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

### THE PRINCE AND SICK CHILDREN.

The Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, was *en fete* on November 23rd, when the Prince of Wales, in a happy little speech, opened the Princess Mary Home and new physio-therapy department.

Following the opening ceremony, the Prince attended a Nurses' Bazaar, which was held in another part of the Hospital, and which was largely attended, and where, as usual, he "played the game" and won golden opinions.

### OUTSIDE THE GATES.

#### THE ELECTION IN OUR VILLAGE.

The campaign opened, as far as I was concerned, by a visit from the sexton, to ask me to take the chair for the Conservative candidate the following evening at the village school. This I gladly agreed to do, as I knew that the candidate had been "sound" on our Nurses' Registration Act.

When the time arrived, I found to my pleasure that the R.B.N.A. were well represented, as Doctor Domville was also speaking for our candidate. After considerable experience in the chair at nurses' meetings in the past, I flattered myself I knew my job, although the men on the platform were quite obviously a little doubtful. However, after having introduced our man, I was more than pleased to find he had scribbled me a little note asking me to speak for him for the rest of the campaign. This I did, and never failed to tell the chairman and the electors that I was a Registered nurse and what it meant!

Now for some canvassing stories: One dear old body, on being asked for her vote, replied: "I've worked 'ard all me life, and allus kept myself respectable, and I ain't going to vote for no one now"! Another "regretted exceedingly she did not see her way to vote, but she did not consider the vote at all ladylike"! Another: "What! vote for 'im; not much. I be going to put a cross agin his name." (We hoped she would, as it was our man). Another house, where there were four opposition votes: "If they folks comes a-bothering us any more, we won't vote for ne'er a one of 'em." This family were visited t.d.s. and did not vote. And so on.

One of our staunchest supporters had had the misfortune to have all her teeth extracted on the very day of our local meeting, so I suggested a week after she should come with me, together with a few "doubtfuls," to another meeting at a much larger place; and during the whole time she kept up a continued stream of comments and remarks, ending up with—after the opposition candidate had spoken—"There, now, we've all heard what the farmer says; we'll go home and vote for the other chap." I am wondering, if she had had her teeth, where she would have stopped!

Then came the great day of the poll. I took on the job of running round on a bicycle and seeing that all those who wanted fetching were ready, &c. Found one dear lady afraid to go in case her baby might arrive *en route*. I begged her to rely on me, that it would *not* do so; but she refused to be convinced. However, when her husband returned to dinner and found she had not been to poll he ordered her to go at once, which she did, with no bad results. The following day some of us were lucky enough to get to the County Hall to hear the declaration of the poll, and the joy of hearing and seeing that "our man" was in again with a thumping majority was well worth the two hours' wait in the good-humoured and orderly crowd. Then the rush to the post-

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)