

hare lip. The tramway authorities, with the usual greed, had demanded the money, and Miss Jenkins was forced to pay it out of her own pocket. She resigned the next day. We decided to wait until a suitable piece of work offered, and put Miss Jenkins on the Reserve List.

We were just settling that Mrs. Smithers should leave Mr. Smithers and the five children to the care of her young unmarried sister, while she went north to look after the homes of two miners who have gone to France (Mrs. Smithers, I should say, was a militant suffragette in times of peace, but has very magnanimously decided to waive the question of her rights until the men come home to make it worth while) when Miss Leigh came in to tell us that tea was ready in the next room. As the business for the day was practically over, we thought we had better partake of a little refreshment. At tea Miss Jenkins asked Miss Leigh if she would care to enrol herself on our list of members. It is a great pity, but Miss Leigh cannot find time to spare even one day a week for the call of patriotism. She is teaching all day, English children—not even poor dear little Belgians, and then she knits socks in her spare moments for her three brothers at the front. It is unfortunate that she cannot afford to buy socks and so provide employment for poor women, and have time to spare for a higher call, but then, Miss Leigh has always kept aloof from us, and never been what I would call “patriotic.”

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