

passed this first examination she should be admitted for a *three* years' course of Ward work. Furthermore, that the clinical instruction should be given upon cases actually under the care of the Nurses; that every member of the staff in charge of beds—and not merely one or two of that number—should be requested to kindly give this invaluable education to their own Nurses. And, finally, that this course should be permitted to extend over the whole three years, and not be limited, as in the scheme before us, to twenty lectures. The experience of all Hospital staffs who have to work with Nurses who are educated women, is that they take the keenest interest in the details of the work; that it is a great pleasure to explain to them the why and the wherefore of the existing physical condition of their patients, the reasons for the diagnosis, the prognosis, and the treatment; and that the Nurses far more than repay, by increased usefulness, the trouble which is thus taken upon their behalf.

In brief, we are compelled to consider the only two faults of the Glasgow scheme are that the Ward training is too short, and that not only is the clinical instruction too limited, but that it is given at a time when its full usefulness can neither be acquired nor appreciated by the pupil.

#### THE "TIMES" ON "REGISTRATION."

At the present juncture, when the fate of Registration remains *sub judice*, there has been no more convincing reference to the subject than the concluding paragraph of a *Times* leader dealing with a cognate matter, "Registration of Musicians." Nothing could more clearly declare how opinion is tending, nothing could inspire supporters with more solid grounds for hope, or opponents with more certain omen of defeat. To quote without acknowledgement would be plagiarism. We acknowledge, therefore, our debt to the *Times* in paraphrasing its argument for this journal. The Registration of Musicians, says, in effect, the premier paper, will bring about an elevation of professional status, and develop a professional *esprit de corps*, of which the public will share the benefit. Not that such a Register will multiply musical genius, or exclude mediocrities and an occasional black sheep. But upon the whole it must be a protection against positive imposture, a protection which pupils on the look out for a teacher do not now enjoy. Then again, fraud in the concoction of credentials will be detected and checked. The rank and file, too, will secure a place within the pale of professional recognition, sympathy, and respectability. These are weighty words. It was never Registration that produced a Harvey or a Florence Nightingale. But Registra-

tion has organized the scattered limbs of a great profession—weak at points, shady at points perhaps; yet noble, self-respecting and self-sacrificing: where the humbler members share the glory of their famous colleagues, and where all labour, not only for the public and for themselves, but for the profession of whose honour they are jealous, and of whose progress they are proud.

#### THE CRINOLINE CRAZE.

It seems hardly credible that so hideous and preposterous an article of attire as the crinoline should be making its appearance in our midst again. And it makes one despair of women that they are so dead to grace and beauty, so inane about danger, and so ineffably silly, that they can be led into any folly and wickedness of dress and pleasure that a dress-maker's fashion-book can set before them as "the mode." Not all women—nor, after all, the most important section of them—but still a sufficient number of them to reflect discredit on all. "This is what women do." "These are the absurdities to which women lend themselves," are sayings so far true, that every woman, however blameless, is tarred with the same brush, being a woman. Many of us are looking to our beloved Princess of WALES, or Princess CHRISTIAN, to signify their disapprobation of the re-introduction of a fashion that belongs to the Dark Ages of good taste and common sense; and, apart from these, it is the duty of every woman, gentle and simple, to speak out plainly against what is a real danger, as well as a piece of unutterable folly. Stupid dull memories and tepid hearts must be theirs who can forget the tragedies wrought solely by the wearing of the crinoline in years gone by, beginning with brilliant Madame MOREAU, the bride who was burnt to death, within a fortnight of her wedding-day by her ball dress catching fire; and going on through a list including every kind of accident from fire and falling down stairs—being caught by the hoof of a horse on Putney Bridge, in a crowd on Boat Race Day—catching the steps of omnibuses, railway trains, and so on. Surely the known dangers of life that cannot be avoided are terrible enough, without creating unknown ones out of intellectual vacuity, and vanity. There is nothing good to be said for the crinoline; it made many women as unutterably selfish, and ill-mannered, as smoking makes many men. The woman with her crinoline took up the place of two people in the public vehicle, and only paid for one. She prevented you from getting to your dearest friend at a soiree, by filling up all the available passages; and when you sat by her in church, or theatre, you were incommoded in a thousand nameless ways by the expansiveness of her petticoats. It is the duty of everyone, man or woman, to make the best appearance they can as their contribution, however small, to the general beauty and fitness of things; and to hark back to a senseless, ugly, and dangerous fashion is to sin against light and knowledge. And it labels those who adopt it with its own particular trade-mark, viz., that of the clown with his cap and bells. The crinoline belongs to the dull-brained epoch of genteel, uncomfortable finery in furniture, and suites of gilt and satin, wax-flowers, lustres, "souvenirs" in gaudy bindings that had to hide the skeleton limpness and ghastliness of mealy, meagre sentiment in rhyme without reason—of narrow views of life and very foggy ideas of morality, of deadly dullness in religion and art, and of ignorance and insularity almost beyond belief to-day. Let the crinoline stay there; it fitted its surroundings and the folk who wore it, though some of the latter were good and true. Our dress is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace—or the lack of it—and the woman who puts on a crinoline to-day, in the end of the 19th century, and the man who encourages her in it, are both alike cases of atavism, and, so far, survivals of the unfit.

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