

appear in the published lists and reports. Everyone so circumstanced is invited to send her name, with a brief statement of the facts, to the Treasurer, St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, London, S.E."

HAVING tea with a friend, this week, whose name is synonymous with courage and reform in all things Nursing, I asked her what she thought of this latest move? "Typical of the yard-wand," was her significant reply.

"THE whole question of Nursing Reform has been put into a nut-shell," she continued. "What the certificated and educated Nurse demands, is *professional* status, *professional* co-operation, and *professional* control. We have been ruled by the yard-wand quite long enough!"

"You mean to infer," I questioned, "that at present Nurses are so much human merchandise?" "I mean to *infer* nothing," she answered, decidedly. "I mean to *state* that many of our Nursing Schools are controlled by tradesmen, and in the majority the commercial instinct has proved irresistible. We are fighting for *professional* liberty, and we mean to have it."

THE annual meeting of the officers, subscribers, and friends of the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children, Vincent Square, Westminster, will be held at St. Peter's Institute, Buckingham Palace Road, on Wednesday next, May 11, at four p.m. The Right Hon. the EARL OF LATHOM will preside.

IN the mention of the appointment of Miss ROSE PRICE last week, it should have been the G.W.R. (Great Western Railway), not G.N.R., as we had it.

S. G.

Inventions, Preparations, &c.

SAFETY MILK BOILER (Patentee, Mr. Haworth, 243, Pentonville Road, King's Cross, N.)—This is a simple but ingenious arrangement, by which milk is effectually prevented from boiling over if left for a moment unattended. It is really a tin float, perforated, and having in the centre a kind of chimney through which the boiling milk passes and is then discharged again into the pan. These only cost one shilling each, and can be had from any ironmonger, or direct from Mr. Haworth, as above—plus postage, of course.

DISPOSE OF THE DEAD AS NATURE DIRECTS.—Everyone interested in the reform of funeral abuses should read the brochure published by the London Necropolis Company. It can be had gratis of the Secretary, 2, Lancaster Place, Strand, or 188, Westminster Bridge Road.

Woman's Work.

BY LINA MOLLETT.

(Continued from page 342.)

IN Redbank, New Jersey, dwells a medical man, who besides being a clever Physician, is an experienced herbalist. He owns a large garden, in which he grows a great variety of herbs, useful in pharmacy. His daughter has charge of a rose garden, adjoining his pharmaceutical plantation. He pays her one dollar (four shillings) for every pound of well-dried rose-leaves.

In Germany I made the acquaintance of four ladies—a mother and three daughters, who made a profit out of their rose garden. They also collected rose-leaves for sale. The most marketable rose-leaves were those obtained from the old-fashioned pink cabbage-rose. I think in some country places it is called "Maiden's Blush." As an ornamental flower it seems to be well-nigh crowded off the market of the Metropolis by an invasion of French flowers.

The price these ladies obtained for their dried rose-leaves was not nearly as generous as that paid by the American Physician to his daughter.

The lady horticulturists did a good deal of grafting. They sold young rose plants and some cut flowers. The rose plants that were most valued were, to my mind, ugly little enormities. A small, all but *black* rose, only redeemed from entirely resembling an *undertaker's* rosette by a faint carnation flush, which, in the eyes of its Nurses, was its one fault, a tiny green rose, like a pale and bilious Brussel-sprout among the darker foliage, and a small orange-coloured rose, recalling a double king-cup without its gloss. These floral aristocrats had a corner of the garden to themselves, fared delicately, and were sheltered from every blast and every parasite with the tenderest solicitude. May they long retain their exclusiveness!

II.—DRESSING AND TALKING.

We dress to talk and talk to dress. Actors, clergymen, lawyers, doctors (to a great extent), rhetoricians, and elocutionists, earn their garments by talking. Sometimes we talk dress and dress-up talk, as anyone knows in any station of life who is familiar with five o'clock teas.

Old ecclesiastical chronicles sometimes solicit our admiration for St. Thomas or St. Somebody

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