

at it, and in fact with a twitch of an eyebrow they suggest "take it away." Now, I paid £52 10s. for that same bit of parchment and it is beginning to slowly dawn upon my inner consciousness that "a fool and his money is soon parted." Anyway, as they say in the north, "I'm no forrader," and I find I must begin all over again and sign a three years' agreement if I am to be received for training into any Nursing School worth entering. If you can expose this system, so popular amongst the committees of little country Hospitals, of deluding young women into paying a high fee for training they never receive in the wards, I, for one, shall feel a certain sense of satisfaction. No Britisher likes to be "done."

Yours,
"ONE YEAR'S CERTIFICATE."

NURSES' WAISTS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—I should be very sorry that the correspondence on the above interesting question should cease before we have had some more views from the Nurses themselves. It is of no use appealing to medical men to help us, because I always notice that while they seriously condemn small waists when they are in a professional attitude, in social life the medicos secretly worship at the shrine of their wives' and lady friends' limitation of waist-line. One of the first objections always raised to the absence of a torturing constriction of the feminine waist is this—"How hideous a woman looks without stays." It is true, Nature is played out and proved to be a failure. I had always thought that Nature made for grace and beauty in every living thing. The lavishness with which beauty is showered on plants, and trees, and vegetable life, proves that Nature *does* make for everything which is artistic and graceful. When our taste is bad we must not lay the blame on Nature. Centuries of tightened waists have so distorted our eyes that we proclaim the woman's figure *au naturelle* as "a hideous thing," and I notice one of your correspondents describes a stayless woman as looking "like a sack of potatoes with a string round the middle." But is not this as graceful and infinitely more healthy than the hour-glass appearance presented by the average woman both in and out of Hospital?

"Why does a woman look old sooner than a man?" We are used to seeing this conundrum at railway stations and on street hoardings, and we are accustomed to associate the answer with reference to a popular soap. My answer is "*Because she wears stays.*" And I make this assertion as the result of years of observation of stays and their effect on health. And I affirm that stays—worn with any degree of tightness—are the death of beauty. We speak of a woman "going off" at thirty. Look at her waist. We say "How old and worn Miss So-and-so is beginning to look." Take a tape and measure her waist. Here is the secret. It is rather a bold statement to make, and on so delicate a subject as comparison of beauty it is impossible to give statistics and detail names, but I have all my data, the result of which is that I find, with one or two notable exceptions, that the most beautiful women I have ever known, and those whose beauty wore twenty years beyond that of other women, have been the ones who resolutely set their minds against succumbing to the temptation of "small waists." If any of your readers wish to retain their health, their complexions, and beauty, and to look a good ten years younger than they are in reality, let them abjure stays altogether or lace them with elastic—a very effectual preventive of tightness. Even after the criticism offered on me by one of the Nurses in "Over the Hospital Teacups," I have the courage to subscribe myself "Another Large-Waisted Woman," and would remark that I am *not* the gruesome object their imaginations conjured up. Indeed, I am sometimes considered quite attractive!

Yours,
ANOTHER LARGE-WAISTED WOMAN.

PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—Can you give me any explanation of the reason that the termination *itis* in connection with medical terms, such as phlebitis, gastritis, enteritis, &c., should be so universally pronounced *etis* by the medical profession of the United States?

While working as a Nurse at home, I had, of course, been accustomed to the English pronunciation, and it was somewhat astonishing to hear, when I first entered a hospital in the United States, the familiar enteritis pronounced *enteretis*, and so on with all the words ending in *itis*. Can you give the reason?

Faithfully yours,
PUZZLED NURSE.

[The answer is that for some reason which cannot be satisfactorily explained, the American medical profession prefer to employ the Continental vocalisation, and convert the *i* into *e*. There has been some little revolt against it, and the straightforward English pronunciation will possibly soon prevail.—ED.]

"A POUND OF FLESH."

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

MADAM,—I am in no way connected with the Nursing profession, but I am a constant reader of the NURSING RECORD, because I am in full accord with regard to the position it takes on the Woman Question, and indeed on all questions of social purity and moral advancement. I am very glad you write so plainly on the damage that has been done to the purity cause by the undoing of the good work done in the fight against the Empire Theatre. And I think it a matter for the deepest regret that the ground gained should be so lost. To any thoughtful woman the condition of our London streets must be a source of heartburning and misery. To see the thousands of women congregating in our West-end streets, with corruption on their faces and greed in their eyes, and to see their male counterparts in their thousands, ever on the watch for opportunities of betrayal and dishonour, is enough to make the stoutest-hearted and strongest-minded among us somewhat faint in spirit. But the "traffic" of the streets is one thing and the "traffic" of places of public amusement another. In the streets the individuals make their own market, and they arrange their transactions on their own responsibility. But these vicious music halls are no more or less than so many Stock Exchanges, where the licence to traffic in women's morals is given by the London citizens themselves. And the "middlemen" of the transactions are the shareholders of these places, and as is the custom of "middlemen," it is they who reap the profit. Usury is the order of things among them, and they clamor for their 70 per cent. What is it to them that this represents the shame, dishonour and downfall of thousands of human men and women? They are Shylocks, and demand their pound of flesh. One practical protest against this horrible traffic in humanity that should be made is a determination on the part of all decent-minded women to "boycott" these so-called "places of amusement," but which, in reality, are grim enough graves of all that is amusing in life. I have actually seen Nurses in uniform at such places, and I have been astonished that serious women, who see so much of the horrible accompaniments and results of prostitution, should lend a countenance to places whose whole existence depends on a low moral standard.

I subscribe myself,
A WORKER IN THE CAUSE OF MORALITY.

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