

wise); they sign the official certificate of the hospital with other authorities, and the danger of these documents, is their permanency; they are not recoverable however much a nurse may deteriorate. There is a superabundance of nurses at present; it is the quality of such nurses of which there is just complaints, and no one need fear that the supply will not meet the demand where conditions of work and remuneration are just. But exhausting hours of labour, such as still exists in some institutions, and in country parishes, miserable surroundings, and wretched remuneration, will not command good service; and any form of legislation which makes "nurse sweating" in these particulars impossible will be legislation which will be good for the community as a whole. It is the duty of women to see that such legislation is speedily effected.

But the lack of intelligent sympathy of the average woman in this country with the organisation of women's work and their higher education is the everlasting clog on the wheel of progress—we must not blame our legislators, but our own sex. Whilst hundreds of medical *men* have come forward to support the demand of trained nurses for just conditions of work, only one medical *woman* of any importance has used her influence for the protection of the public and trained nurses from a condition of affairs in the nursing world, which is not far short of scandalous.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

Registration news as gathered from the *American Journal of Nursing* shows the nurses up and doing; but great sympathy will be felt with those of the State of Illinois. As reported, their Bill passed the Senate and the House, but has again been vetoed by the Governor of the State, a most arbitrary proceeding, as our sister *Journal* remarks:—

"It would appear that the Illinois nurses must follow the directions in the ancient cook-book for roasting a hare, "first catch your hare." With the veto of two Governors they will certainly need to first elect the right Governor."

The Michigan Bill for the State Registration of Nurses passed the Senate by a unanimous vote, but owing to the feeling in the House, which manifested itself strongly on this occasion against class legislation, the Bill was totally defeated.

"When the merits of the Bill are more clearly and definitely understood no opposition is anticipated."

The Washington State nurses have also failed to have their Bill passed.

On the other hand, in the nine States where registration is in force good progress is being made all the time, and many more States are being agitated by the Registration movement.

Reading.

"Nothing enlarges the mind," said Coote, "like Travel and Books. . . . And they're so easy nowadays, and so cheap!"

"I've often wanted to 'ave a good go-in at reading," Kipps replies.

"You'd hardly believe," Coote says, "how much you can get out of books. You ought to make it a rule, Kipps, and read one Serious Book a week. Of course we can learn even from novels—naive Novels, that is—but it isn't the same thing as serious reading. I make a rule, One Serious Book and One Novel—no more. There's some of the serious books I've been reading lately—'Sartor Resartus,' Mrs. Twaddleton's 'Pond Life,' 'The Scottish Chiefs,' 'Life and Letters of Dean Farrar.' . . ."—*Contemporary Serial*.

Can't you see them? Poor Kipps longing for a wider outlook, and his mentor, the earnest student of culture, ye gods and little fishes, recommending a choice medley of improving literature. Some wise man has said—I forget the words—that when Art becomes useful and didactic she ceases to be Art; she may, of course, be many excellent things, but not Art, which is merely the uncontrolled effort to express the highest beauty, not utility. In the same way to me reading, which is one of the greatest of human pleasures, ceases to be so altogether when lurking at the back of one's head is the idea that one is "improving one's mind." It reminds me of those advertisements that lure you on to read some astonishing and charming little anecdote snippet, and wind up with Mother Siegel's syrup; all your interest at once dries up and you say "bother." But there are, I know, people, one of whose pleasures in reading is to think that they are thereby doing themselves good, and in the fact that they have waded through, say, "Sartor Resartus," which in their heart of hearts (and small blame to them) they find exceedingly dull, they have performed a meritorious action. To the true, the genuine booklover, the real reader, such an attitude is deplorable.

You sit down and open your book, and it begins to speak to you; maybe it argues with you, or it amuses you, or it fires you, or it interests you. It may do anything but bore you, and if it does that, away with it. You have to bear with too many bores in real life, you do not want them in the realms of happiness.

Let your book speak to you of the things you love, or let it wrangle with you over points you love to dispute; let it introduce you to the people you want to know; but don't let it talk to you about topics to which you are indifferent, about controversies in which you are not in the least interested, or introduce you to people you *don't* want to know. Read according to your own tastes, not according to those of other people. I am, personally, very fond of caviare, but I have met very many estimable people who think it extremely nasty.

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