

Journal's field shall, in the course of natural events, relinquish its management into younger hands, the seasons of anxiety and the periods of doubt and of hardship will have passed, and the Journal will be established upon a basis so firm that its professional expansion can go forward without financial restrictions."

Mother of nursing journals on a professional basis, THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING is made gloriously glad by this report. Built upon a rock—loyal to professional ethics—devoid of tyrannous commercial obligations—*The American Journal of Nursing* stands as an example of what a professional journal should be. The courage and devotion of the few has done this great service to the many, all honour to those dear "explorers."

The memorial to Susan B. Anthony, "greatest of dears and dearest of greats," as we once heard her named, which is to take the form of a woman's building for the University of Rochester—is being brought to the notice of the American nursing world. They are told that no class of women in the world are benefitted more than trained nurses by Miss Anthony's great work. It would be fitting that the members of the great nursing body should contribute to this memorial.

We want an international memorial of this "dearest of greats." This should be the work of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance.

So great says our contemporary, has been the demand for information bearing upon every side of the question of State Registration of Nurses that we have decided to begin in January a review of the whole broad subject. The Bills that are now in operation will be reprinted in such form that they can be detached for more convenient use. Miss M. M. Riddle, President of the Massachusetts State Nurses' Association, will write the first of a series of papers to appear during the first half of 1907, her subject to be "Why We Need State Registration." How to pass a Bill, the educational influences of State Registration, what it has already accomplished, defects in existing laws as demonstrated by administration, and other equally important features of the registration movement will be brought out. Among the writers already secured are Miss S. H. Cabanis (of Virginia), Miss Louie Croft Boyd (of Colorado), and Miss S. F. Palmer (of New York.) Other equally well-known leaders in the movement will contribute to the series. There will be reprints of the articles for sale, which may be had from the Journal headquarters in Philadelphia.

Aunt Hannah on Fads.

Having lived for many years on a little island, miles from everywhere, I thought it would be a pleasant change to go to England and visit my numerous relatives there; so one fine day I found myself in my brother Robert's house in London. Robert has three sons and three daughters, whose ages range from nineteen to thirty. Though they live in London they all look remarkably well, and are very nice looking—but then we—my brother and I—come of a family famous for its beauty.

I could not take my eyes off these young men and women, they seemed to be bubbling over with health and good spirits; and how they talked! Golf, tennis, cricket and a dozen other things. I went to bed feeling very glad that I had come, and dreamed that I was playing golf with a tennis racquet and cricket with a fishing rod. Next morning I was awakened by a strange sound; the longer I listened the more it puzzled me. It was like some machine at work, yet what machine would my brother be likely to have in his house? The noise continued for half-an-hour, and then ceased. At breakfast time I made inquiries.

"What was the noise like, Aunt Hannah?"

"Just a gentle thud, thud, thud. Very regular and quick."

"Ah! you must have heard one of us skipping."

"Skipping! But my dear nieces, you are much too old to skip; you are grown up!"

"You did not hear us, Aunt Hannah, it was the boys."

"The boys! What do you mean?"

"Well, Aunt, it is like this," explained Robert, junior; "We are in the city all day, and we don't get enough exercise there, so we just skip for thirty minutes every morning; it keeps us fit."

"And the girls, do they skip too?"

"Not every day, only when it is too wet to take open-air exercise."

I stayed there a month, and saw and heard many things that astonished me, but nothing astonished me so much as the skipping. I saw all six of them skipping one day, with ropes just like the little children in the street. I hear the young men at Oxford do it too. I had always heard that young men at college did wild things, but never dreamed of their skipping, like street children.

My next visit was to my youngest sister, who is married but has no children. They have a lovely place in Kent, the gardens especially being most beautiful. One thing in the garden

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