

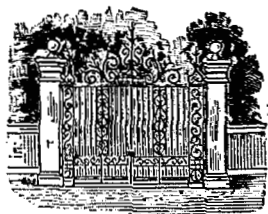
Altogether, the vast Hospital of Eppendorf left the impression of military neatness. I heard that many improvements, especially among the Nurses, are comparatively recent. Among the latter, Eppendorf may, no doubt, look for still further improvements in an immediate future.

NOTE.—As some question has arisen as to length of training *generally* among German Nurses, I append a note bearing on that subject. The length of training among German Nurses is as various as among English. The Sisters of the Red Cross do not receive their full diplomas until they have had *three years'* Nursing experience. The Deaconesses are not acknowledged as "Sisters" of their order until they have served three or four years. In other Institutions the length of training varies. As in Eppendorf, many Hospitals only train for one year, others for two, others for eighteen months. German Nurses working in general Hospitals, and belonging to no acknowledged order or guild, are seldom recruited from the educated classes.

L. MOLLETT.

— Outside the Gates. —

WOMEN.



January 25th, the birthday of the poet Burns, has become quite a National Institution in Scotland. Last Friday, "the land o' cakes" rose up with one accord to do honour to the memory of that great poet whose genius has shed for all time a lustre over his native land. At a festival dinner, given by the Edinburgh Burns' Clubs, 100 gentlemen sat down. The toast, "The Lasses," was merely a patch upon their ungraciousness. Very apropos then was the telegram, one of thirty-four received, which suggested the propriety of admitting ladies to these gatherings. And why not? If ever there was a man who loved and admired the lasses with all the warmth and ardour of his nature, that man was Burns. What does he say?

"The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye.
Ilk honest birkie swears."

An interesting lecture was given, last week, in connection with the Society of Women Journalists, on Musical Criticism, by Mr. Thompson, musical critic of the *Star*. "Sisters in Arms," said he "what you require, besides emotional temperament and literary ability, is technical knowledge; that is, you should have an intimate acquaintance with all music from the time that the morning stars first sang their hymns to the time when the evening *Star* sang its stately song, 'All the Winners.'"

Proselytising is not a particularly pleasant work to be engaged in. The persons who undertake it, undertake a great responsibility. And, worse, are sure to call down upon their devoted heads the wrath of the dignitaries of the Church whose flock are being led away. Another proof has just been afforded of this. Last Friday, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin laid the foundation stone of the new buildings to enlarge the Sacred Heart Home for poor, homeless, starving children. In his speech he stigmatised in strong terms the "infamous traffic in souls" carried on by a number of proselytising Protestants in regard to these poor children, the degradation of whose parents gave them a chance they would not otherwise have. Needless to say, the Sacred Heart Home is an important Irish Institution.

Lady Henry Somerset will, it is expected, return to England from America about the middle of March.

The greatest sympathy is being felt for the aged Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, whose promising son, Lord Randolph Churchill—the cut branch "that might have grown full straight"—was buried last Monday. At the Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey, this old lady, "his broken-hearted mother," was wheeled in a bath-chair into the choir, being accompanied by her daughters, Lady Wimborne, Lady de Ramsey, Lady Tweedmouth, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Sarah Wilson.

At a Conference, held last Saturday, in Dublin, under the auspices of the Women's Suffrage Society, some sixty ladies and a dozen gentlemen being present, Miss Blackburn (whose name has been many times mentioned in these columns) read a Paper on "The History of the Suffrage Movement," the inception of which she dated from the time of the Reform Bill of 1832. In the discussion which followed, the Rev. Canon Carmichael declared the "new woman" to be an obstacle to the Movement, a remark which sounds like a contradiction in terms, seeing that the new woman of the age is its most promising fruit. Sir Charles Cameron parodying, so to speak, the illustration of the monster in the distance and the man in close vicinity, said, at the present day, one saw in the distance a man approaching; but when he came nearer one found it was a woman. There should be distinction between the sexes.

However, the divided skirt of the present day is a vast improvement upon the ugly Bloomer costume which appeared above the horizon for a short time some forty years ago. By the way, Mrs. Bloomer, the lady who gave it its name, lately passed away at the ripe age of seventy-six.

Science Notes.

ILLUMINATING GAS.

Ordinary coal gas, as the householder knows (sometimes to his cost), is of variable composition. That is to say, it is a mixture of different chemical compounds and elements, and on its composition depends its illuminating power and also its greater or less injurious effects on animal and vegetable life.

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