

that Nursing is the hardest and most responsible work which women can undertake, and that it is the worst remunerated of any skilled calling now followed. Space prevents any attempt at explanation of what is, nevertheless, an undoubted fact, that, despite all its hardships, all its drawbacks, all its disappointments; despite its onerous toil and its scanty pay, there is something so deeply attractive about Nursing, about its immense possibilities of helping and aiding suffering humanity, about the scientific advances of the grand profession of Medicine with which it is so intimately associated, and in whose work it so closely shares, that one is compelled to believe that Nursing will always, as now, have its enthusiasts and its devotees, and, moreover, will, as time goes on, be ever more and more adopted by the best of womankind as the best, the highest, the most beneficent, the most womanly of all professions."

I AM glad to hear that at the recent final examination for Probationers at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Nurses Megginson and Wilson were bracketed together as equal for the gold medal. At the preliminary examination for Probationers, I hear that Nurse Rolleston, who is I believe a daughter of the well known Professor of that name, has gained the prize for the first place. I warmly congratulate all these ladies on their well-deserved honours.

I HAVE received from the publisher of that well-edited periodical called *Babyhood*, issued monthly at 92, Fleet Street, one of each of a series of four most charming little Nursery Health Tracts. The first is "Scarlet Fever"; second, "Diet for Young Children"; third, "Diphtheria"; fourth, "Sound Teeth for Children"; each of which is well written by a competent authority. I predict a large sale for these exceedingly useful little publications, which are retailed at only two-pence each.

MIGHT I be allowed to suggest to our very excellent and enterprising friends of the B.N.A. that the *next* annual report should have its title printed on the back edge, so that when the book is placed upon a shelf, one can know what it is without having to lift it down in order to see? As I, like many others, am constantly referring to it, this suggestion I make, if carried out, would save much labour and time.

OUT of not less than forty-two candidates I learn that Miss F. M. Thomassen has been appointed Matron of Boscombe Hospital, Bournemouth, and have much pleasure in chronicling such appoint-

ment. Miss Thomassen has had nearly seven years' Nursing experience, having been trained at the Preston (Lancashire) Infirmary (an excellent provincial school, by the way), afterwards becoming a member of the Sheffield Nursing Institute. Miss Thomassen then had charge of a Male Surgical Ward in the Bristol Infirmary, and in October last acted as the Matron's *locum tenens* at the Boscombe Hospital; and holds a very excellent testimonial from Sir Joseph Lister. Miss Thomassen is a Member of the British Nurses' Association.

I am glad to be able to note that Sisters Clara and Mary have transferred their "Home of Rest for Nurses and Invalids" from Herne Bay to Folkestone, having secured a most suitable house, pleasantly situated, facing due south, and near to the "Lees" and Radnor Park Station, and I have no doubt their enterprise will meet with every success, as it thoroughly deserves. I am sure that "jaded" Nurses will only be too pleased to know where they can be nursed up, and made quite at home, for a moderate inclusive payment; and Folkestone, or rather "Pavilionstone," as Charles Dickens has it, is almost an ideal place in respect to bracing and fresh air.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

YOUNG LADIES AND COOKERY.

THE other day a well-known authoress gave to the question, "how to keep a husband at home," the laconic, straightforward, if rather vulgar answer, "Feed the brute." Certainly a good dinner has a wonderful charm on the spirits, as philosophers even acknowledge, though they cannot explain it, save that it lies in the strange connection between mind and matter, matter and mind. After all, the why and the wherefore does not either mind or matter, for we have only to deal with facts. In France, in Germany, in Italy, the daughters of the land can all cook, *i.e.*, can turn an untempting looking vegetable or a piece of coarse meat into a tempting meal, into some tasty potage, into some mouth-watering dish. Even the highest of the land understand culinary accomplishments, and can therefore direct their domestics aright through the mazy groves of cookery. Somehow or other in England, until within the last few years, cooking has been deemed degrading, and the young ladies turned up their noses at it, and preferred studying algebra, the stars, and even novels; whilst the daughters of the poor followed the example of their betters, and wouldn't learn to boil even a potato, unless they were going into service as cook. The immediate result was cold mutton and the club, burnt steak

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