

take a very wise step if it decided to place its organisation upon this broad and just basis. Wise, not only because it would be just, but because it would by this means, still more effectually weld its members together. The *Nurses' Journal* has done much, the Badge will do more, to effect this end, but this proposal to give every individual Member an active interest and voice in its management, will, unless we are much misinformed, do more than either to strengthen and enlarge the Association. Nurses are so scattered and so disunited, that it has, we learn, been very difficult for many of them to keep in touch with, or, indeed, to realise that they were members of their professional Union. To effect this, the *Conversazione* and the Annual Meeting must have been, to a limited extent, most valuable. The *Journal* as a bond of communication, and the Badge as an outward symbol of union, we have, for the same reason, regarded as invaluable adjuncts, and believe that their joint influence will be found to be most powerful in advancing and consolidating the strength of the Association. But even with these, the organisation must necessarily have been weak in that it rested in the hands only of some three hundred members. To give direct representation to every Member will place it upon the widest and strongest basis.

#### NURSES IN UNIFORM.

THE Nurse in uniform—as she appears to the superficial observer, when she takes her walks abroad—is worthy of a little attention, for she has, within the last ten years or so, become a very distinct feature of London pavements and omnibus roofs. An elderly gentleman, who had not been to town for many years, was much struck with her ubiquitousness. No matter where he went, he was sure to see a Nurse, until at last he remarked that he “hadn't noticed them much ten years ago.” One characteristic is common to nearly all Nurses in outdoor uniform, however much they may differ on other points—to wit, a certain air of perfect self-possession, which occasionally develops into a decided air of conscious superiority, which, perhaps, is not altogether free from objection. An Englishman abroad is very often said to walk along a pavement as if it were his private property; but some ladies in uniform go a little farther, and promenade most haughtily. Another habit, generally indulged in by those who are easily recognised by the practised eye as young Probationers, is that of talking to one another in a cheerful and ringing voice, on the top of an omnibus and other suitable spots, about their Wards, Surgeons, and patients; a trifling sketch of some thrilling operation being occasionally thrown in. We have seen a sturdy man descend hastily from the roof of a Road Car to escape

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the further details of a highly-interesting tracheotomy case which were being discussed with much earnestness by two very young Nurses behind him. There is one thing which is, however, unfortunately anything but common to all Nurses, and that is, a really neat and tidy outdoor uniform; there are numerous types, and some of them very well defined and easily recognised. There is the æsthetic Nurse, though she is not so common as she was some years ago, whose frizzy hair forms a kind of halo under her bonnet with the flying veil, whose cloak is picturesquely flung back from her shoulders, and who either wears no gloves, or carries them in a *déagé* manner in her hand. Then there is the highly-dressed Nurse, who rather reminds one of the *vivandiere*, with her ornamental belt, and her richly chased chatelaine, from which jingles enough instruments to stock a small operating theatre; her cloak is of the newest cut, her bonnet of the most becoming shape. Although too heavily armoured, she is certainly always spruce and neat, and a pleasanter object, therefore, to look at than the Nurse who takes her walks abroad with a dirty apron, covering a print dress often frayed round the bottom, a cloak from which the mud-splashes of her last walk have never been removed, a crumpled cap-front, crooked bonnet-strings, and a pair of scissors stuck in her belt. Such a Nurse is a very distressing sight; but if the casual observer only looks closer he will generally see that she looks pale, fagged, and worn out, and may charitably suppose that she comes from some over-worked, under-nursed Hospital, and is too utterly worn out to care even for her personal appearance as she takes her brief distasteful “constitutional.” But, tidy or untidy, the Nurses are decidedly a special feature of the London streets of to-day, and highly characteristic of the age. —

#### MAD DOGS.

ACCORDING to *The British Medical Journal*, rabies is distinctly on the increase in the British Isles. Several people have lately been bitten by dogs proved to be mad, and have either died or have had to be sent at a great expense to the Pasteur Institute for treatment. Considering how generally hydrophobia is dreaded it seems curious that the law restraining dogs should be so lax, and that the public should not insist more strongly on radical measures being taken to stamp out such a terrible danger to human life. Even *Punch* can laugh at the muzzling Act, when he makes the two ladies remove their “poor dear's muzzle” as they pass the Kent and Surrey boundary line. However, Mr. Justice Wright has at all events given a sensible decision, which is a step in the right direction. He condemned the owner of three young mastiffs, who had attacked and bitten a lad, to pay a heavy fine—though the dogs had not before shown themselves ferocious—on the ground that mastiffs are naturally ferocious dogs, and the master should have considered their hereditary disposition and kept them under proper control. So he was fined £15. A few more similar fines would be almost as useful as the Pasteur Institute in checking hydrophobia.

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