and that no member was in a position to assume its responsibility. Later, Miss Cooke was appointed Chairman of a Committee to draw up the first annual report, and in the hands of these few enthusiasts this report was turned out in the form of a tiny magazine, under the title of the "Journal of the State Nurses' Association," in August, 1904.

The outcome was the issuing in December of that same year, in permanent form, of the first copy of a quarterly magazine, "The Nurses' Journal of the Pacific Coast." Miss Cooke's little flat was the birthplace of this newcomer, and many were the happy hours that Miss Fisher, Miss McCarthy, and Miss Cooke spent together there shaping its course.

The ruling passion is strong in death—and in danger of death—and her friends relate that among the few possessions which Miss Cooke saved at the time of the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco in 1906 were the "Journal," bank and cheque books, its subscription list, and advertising contracts. Almost before the city ashes had fairly cooled she started on a hunt for the "Journal" printer, and finally located the temporary establishment in Oakland. She had equal difficulty in locating Miss Fisher and Miss McCarthy, and, when she did, neither could give time or thought to "Journal" work just then, but she went ahead, and from her temporary home brought out the June issue, only six weeks behind the scheduled time.

She was a Charter Member and Councillor at large of the California State Nurses' Association, twice President of the San Francisco County Nurses' Association, a member of the Board of Directors of "The American Journal of Nursing," and President, for two successive years, of the American Nurses' Association.

"It is truly inspiring," we read, "to peruse the editorials and articles of those years in which the 'forward looking spirit was prophetic.' Through them shines out the determination to better conditions in our training schools. In her work for the eight-hour law, and the registration of nurses, Miss Cooke was fearless in expressing the sentiment of the members; this cost us some much-needed income from the advertisements of some of our hospitals, but she valiantly continued the fight until victory was won."

Miss Cooke passed away on January 28th, and was laid to rest in the Mountain View Cemetery, many of her colleagues and friends attending the service.

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It is one of the pleasures and refreshments of the meetings of the International Council of Nurses that they bring us into personal contact with leading nurses of other nations, whose names are household words to us, as representing all that is worthiest, best and noblest in our profession, and that we discover our affinity with those not previouly known to us. As in the Alps, when one meets travellers bent on the ascent of some difficult summit, we salute them and wish them well, so we have met for a brief moment these comrades of ours, many of them bound on some difficult and honourable quest. We salute them, and each pursue our different way, never perhaps to grasp hands again, but heartened by the invigorating contact and stimulated to fresh endeavour in our common cause.

Thus it was in our contact with Miss Geneviève Cooke at the Conference in Buffalo and Paris, and since that time through occasional correspondence, and particularly through the "Pacific Coast Journal of Nursing," we have followed her work with interest and admiration.

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A private exhibition at the New Gallery, of "Dawn," the Cavell Film, to some 125 representatives of the London County Council and the Middlesex County Council, resulted in the decision to recommend to the London County Council, on Tuesday next that, subject to certain omissions, its public exhibition should be permitted.

## OLD ENGLISH HANDICRAFTS.

### BY VIOLETTA THURSTAN, R.R.C., M.M., F.B.C.N.

There may be many nurses who have not the leisure or inclination to go through technical art courses themselves, but who would like to be able to take an intelligent interest in artistic craft work for the sake of their patients. Such people would find a great stimulus in studying the peasant art in different countries. One can, of course, learn a good deal from books, but it is far better to study the actual work when it is possible.

Most nurses will only be able to study such work in our own country, and, alas! there is not much genuine peasant art left in England. There is very little real handwork of any sort. To take a small instance: How many shoemakers are there who can make a whole shoe? There is certainly a revival of handicrafts in England just now for which the evolution of the Women's Institutes is largely responsible. But that for the most part is rather an artificial revival fostered from without, not impelled by a deep, creative force, from within. Still at the different exhibitions organised by the Women's Institutes some beautiful examples of handwork may often be seen.

One of the real old English crafts is smocking. In living memory there are many country folk who have seen the old labourer or shepherd in his smock. There are many exquisite specimens of stitches in some of these beautiful old garments, which are likely soon to be relegated to the museum. Most counties had their own time-honoured patterns of smocking. There was, for example, "cartwheels" for the carters' smocks, the Rake and Rose pattern for the gardeners, the shepherd's smock with the crook, and many others.

As Miss Jekyll points out in her delightful book, "Old English Household Life," smocking arose as a necessity of construction, for neither body nor sleeves were cut into shape. The lengths of close-woven linen were left full width, and the smocking over the chest and wrists occurs where the fulness was drawn up into close gathers. The smooth, close-woven linen would turn a surprising amount of rain, and the smocked parts which gave great protection to the chest were almost impervious to wet.

Lacemaking is another beautiful old English handicraft. The study of old lace is almost a life work, and in a short article like this it is impossible to give any comprehensive account of it. Still, for those who have very little knowledge of the subject, it may be useful to say a few words.

Lace first came into fashion in Italy and Flanders about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was soon brought to England. It was first used as a trimming to linen, and was a stiff and wiry fabric. Later, it developed into a fine filmy tissue used for sleeves, veils, bed-covers, altar cloths and vestments, and gradually became very elaborate. Traditional patterns were handed down in the family, and especially in the convents, which have always been schools of most beautiful lace-making.

Every art works up to a certain point and then recedes for a time. The decline in lace began about the middle of the eighteenth century, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century lace became little more than finely meshed net, starred over with dots, sprays, leaves, or tiny blossoms. The introduction of cheap machine-made lace has done much to destroy the art altogether, but it still lingers in some counties.

Honiton, in Devon, was, and still is, one of the chief centres for pillow lace.

In Buckinghamshire the art still survives in a few of the villages, but the demand is very small. Still, workers may still be seen there with the pillows and bobbins which their great-grandmothers used.

Needle lace is still made to a small extent, chiefly in the