

## Mr. D. N. Wadia.

MR. D. N. WADIA, who has just retired after a distinguished service in the Geological Survey of India, proceeds to join his new appointment in Ceylon towards the end of this month. The extensive knowledge and experience of Mr. D. N. Wadia which he has patiently accumulated during his scientific career in India, will be of inestimable value in his



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exploratory work in Ceylon which presents a virgin field for investigations. The Geology of this southern island must present the most fascinating problems, and we look forward to the report which Mr. Wadia will draw up on the conclusion of his field researches.

We wish Mr. Wadia success in his new sphere of activity for which he brings a fresh outlook.

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 Nursing Profession.

AMONG the proposals contained in the Madras Government Communique, recognising this branch of the medical service, suggestion is made that men nurses, as they become available, should be employed in the male wards in the future. As an administrative scheme, this is unimpeachable. But as a service expedient it is undoubtedly a daring experiment. The long and exclusive association of women with this important profession had led grammarians to treat the word "nurse" as a feminine gender. We consider that nursing is part of suckling. The whole problem is essentially biological. Is man physically and emotionally fit for this delicate and fundamentally soft profession? Will he not threaten the patients with dire consequences

if they refuse to swallow medicine and nutriment? Does he know how to smile and coax the refractory patients? Can he caress them with becoming feelings of sympathy? We think that man as a nurse must be a new type of *Homo*, who must first learn how to suckle and bring up the new born young babies, before he can be a sweet and smiling angel. If man had the innate gifts surely Scott would not have written his famous apostrophe to woman:

"O Woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made,  
But when pain and anguish wring  
the brow,  
A ministering angel thou—"