

In conclusion, I must say that a nurse can halve the X-ray specialist's work, but it will mean hard work and a patient attention to detail. One of the best handbooks for the beginner is that of "A Textbook of Radiology" by E. R. Morton and it is published by Henry Kimpton of London for 7s. 6d., and any nurse who is going to seriously help in a X-ray department would do well to get that book and absorb its contents.

Those nurses who do take up Radiology will find an interest in the subject, which, like a good X-ray plate, will be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

AFTER "CROCS."

By Dr. A. E. MOORE.

"MUGGAR" shooting I've heard it called. The first time I heard the term I was rather mystified. A well-known sportsman and a certain member of the fair sex would make periodic disappearances from the station, and those in the know would intimate with the least little flickering of the eyelid that they had gone "muggar" shooting. Well—the haunt of the crocodile isn't overcrowded. We started off—that is, my chum and I, masculine gender, at about 9 a.m. in the car. We had borrowed the Nawab's elephant and sent him on with the kit and the tiffin. Our destination was the Jumna, ten miles off. I don't think kaccha roads are good for cars and we had six miles of it. About two miles from our destination a small jhil barred the way, so we left the car with the cleaner, waded across the jhil and trudged onwards to the river, commandeering two small boys to carry guns and ammunition. The river in this part of its course is in places only a few yards wide and in one or two spots is fordable. However, we did not want to cross just yet. The side of our approach was high, and across the river were low lying banks reaching up to a thick jungle of reeds. Cautiously we approached the banks, for the crocodile is a wily bird. To our joy we saw a fine fat fellow lying with his head away from the water, on the opposite side. He had been out some time for his colour was dead white, as the mud on him had dried in the sun. He was some 25 yards away, an ugly looking brute, I suppose about 13 or 14 feet long. Apparently he was asleep, for as a rule as soon as one approaches the crocodile flashes into the water with incredible swiftness for so bulky a reptile. Warning the boys with us to keep out of sight in the bushes, we lay down on the edge and took a careful sight. As I had a Martini Henry .450 bore and my companion only a .310 Sherwood I took the shot, for it takes more than a pop-gun to kill a crocodile, and even with a powerful rifle, you have got to hit him in the neck, or he slips into the water and you lose him. Then I fired. The huge beast writhed, opened his mouth wide and began to squirm towards the water. I fired again and missed. Tragedy of tragedies, I had no more rounds with me! Wildly I shouted to the boys to bring me some cartridges—no reply! Slowly the beast neared the edge. I fairly danced with rage

using all the gali in my vocabulary until the boys came sauntering up with a wicked smile—for we had commandeered them unwillingly—just as the crocodile slid gently down and was lost to sight. Badly wounded as he was, he had escaped us. I could have wept. We sat us down and waited to see if he would come up to die, but apparently he had no intention of obliging us. So at last disconsolately we picked up our guns and set off to where the elephant and tiffin were awaiting us, under a shady tree. Refreshed and strengthened and having regained something of our first optimism, we set off down the river to search for others. We had not far to go, for about a mile down we came across five of them, lying in various attitudes on the opposite bank. Two slid in at our approach, but the others remained. I filled my pockets with ammunition. I was taking no risks this time. Cautiously approaching on hands and knees, I reached the edge unobserved. Again I carefully sighted and fired. This time Mr. Crocodile didn't move, except to open and close his mouth with a bored kind of air. I fired again, and his mouth closed with a snap, and he lay still—and from that moment our troubles began. We took the elephant a mile up the river where it was fordable, and so crossed and came back towards our prey. Two or three men went in front, for the sand is often treacherous, and an elephant is no light weight. After reaching the jungle it was plain sailing so far, and at last we reached a point opposite the edge where the crocodile lay about 200 yards away. On experiment we found the intervening sand and mud too soft to allow of the elephant's nearer approach. There was nothing to do but seek to drag the reptile up to the elephant. "If the mountain will not go to Mahomet. . . ." But we had reckoned without our host. We found that five of us could not drag the crocodile a yard, let alone 200. It was $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and by its size, a great grand-father. Of course what we should have done would have been to have brought skinning knife and salt, and finished the necessary business then and there—but we hadn't, and wisdom after the event is stale and unprofitable at the time. The only thing that suggested itself was to go to the nearest village and get a bail-gari. So off we set with the elephant, crossed the river and eventually arrived at a village nearly a mile away. Nobody seemed to have any bail-garis and nobody seemed very interested in the fact that we had shot a crocodile and wanted a conveyance. After kicking our heels seated on a charpoy in the middle of the village for half an hour, we determined to go and explore. We discovered what we sought sprinting furtively up a side alley—sprinting is perhaps a misnomer—and forthwith commandeered it. Reaching the river again, we decided that the best thing to do was to unyoke the oxen, take them across, and hitch them to the croc and so drag him up to the ford and there hoist him on the elephant. So far, so good. The mahout, a keen shikaree, went across with the owner of the oxen and left the elephant in charge of a small boy and we squatted down to await developments. We were not disappointed. One could not call the oxen robust, but we certainly did expect more of them. After dragging their load for ten yards (on his ventral surface incidentally and so spoiling the skin) they both lay down, and in spite of the choicest language and the sweetest persuasion they refused to budge an inch.

Meanwhile the elephant getting bored, began to make his way homeward taking foot chains and small boy with him. Things seemed fairly hopeless, and it was getting dusk. Still, we meant to secure that crocodile. Recalling the mahout, we sent him after the elephant. About an hour later he arrived, and once more we set off across the river. It saw now moonlight. Someone suggested that we should empty the beast as far as possible and so lighten the load. So my driver, a bit of a shikaree began to saw into him with a table knife. Whereupon the crocodile giving a huge wriggle sent him sprawling into the mud! It takes a lot to kill a crocodile, so I presented him with another bullet at point-blank range. Fortunately by this time one or two other men had come up, and at last with many a heave and strain the beast was hoisted up to where the elephant was waiting and eventually on to his back. Weary and hungry, we set off through the dark bush to where the car awaited us, and so home at 10-30 p.m. to a wife nearly dead with anxiety. Well, it was a pleasant day, but next time I shall certainly take skinning knife and salt.

PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT AND ORGANISATION.

By the kind courtesy of the "British Journal of Nursing." From a Paper by MISS BRODERICK, at the Conference of the National Union of Trained Nurses held in London.

MISS BRODERICK said in part :—

MADAM PRESIDENT, COMRADES,

I have been asked to take as our subject to-day, "Professional Development and Organisation." This subject is of immense importance to us all, reaching down to causes and the root of our profession.

The keynotes of our talk to-day are Democracy, Comradeship, Organisation. For there are summed up the whole policy of our National Union of Trained Nurses, and of that future policy which shall, in days to come—when the awful din of battles has died away, by the mercy of God—govern our beloved profession throughout the world.

DEMOCRACY.

No student of English history of the nineteenth and the few years of the present century can fail to be struck with the significant changes which have taken place in Government (its passage from the hands of autocracy to those of the aristocracy, this in its turn being captured by the plutocracy), and now their turn has also come, they, too, must give way to the forceful power of the Democracy, the Will of the People.

As in the Government of the State, so also in our profession the day is passing when the rich and the titled and the amateur will hold sway and grind, as they have ground in the past, the face of the majority. For, as nurses, there is nothing to fear from the people. We have known them in their getting up and in their lying down, at the beginning and the ending of this little life