

in front of my poor head, and long may it remain there."

After Caroline had been treated so for many hours (quite twelve, so she told me afterwards) there was a change which she said came as a great relief. Without a word of warning the bag of membranes preceding her, ruptured, and then Caroline discovered that her head was now through the cervical canal, it having been pulled slowly over head, while her head in its turn had been acting as a wedge, with the forewaters in front to protect it. The contractions now became longer and stronger and of a more forcing character, which made Caroline feel sure that she was on the right road for home. With her head well flexed, her arms crossed on her chest, she continued her course until she felt her head touch something firm (pelvic floor), which had a tendency to push her back again. "Get out of my way," she demanded in her usual bounciful tone.

"Come down again, my lady, and you'll see what you will get," laughed the levator ani muscle.

Down came her head again, and we can but admire her determination, and again she was sent away.

"How dare you, sir," cried Caroline, feeling very much at a disadvantage in her present position, for how could anyone show her resentment with dignity when standing on her head.

"Ha, ha, my lady, I'll have you next time," said the muscle.

And sure enough he did, and poor Caroline, with her head rotating the one-eighth of a circle, so that her occiput could hitch

under the pubic arch, felt that all was over, for her progress seemed hedged in in all directions, except in the direction that her occiput had taken, so gradually lifting her chin from her chest, her face swept over the perineum and her head was born by extension.

"A nice how-do-y'do, I don't think," she cries; "but for goodness sake let me untwist my neck."

Restitution occurred, and Caroline felt happier, then her shoulders which had been lying in one of the oblique diameters of the pelvis, rotated, the anterior shoulder hitched under the pubes, and before Caroline had time to make any more rude comments she was ushered into the world, to make it or to mar it.

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The only complaint she had to make when I saw her afterwards, tucked in her little bassinet, was that the caput succedaneum spoilt her appearance for the time being. She said she knew they'd do some damage if they weren't careful, and considering her head most obligingly diminished its size by allowing the occipital and frontal bones to slip under its two parietal bones, which in their turn had overlapped each other.

"But, there you are," she continued, trying very hard to get her thumb into her mouth, "some people are never satisfied. Well, I feel like having a good sleep now, so goodbye for the present, but before you go, just move my crib out of this draught, and don't bang the door as you go out."

Midwifery in India

In the large centres in India an effort is now being made to bring the native hereditary midwives under supervision and instruction. In Delhi, two English sisters were appointed about two years ago for this work. The dais (midwives) receive a rupee (1s. 4d.) for every case to which they call a sister. The sisters help when needed, but should the case be normal, they sit

quietly by, watching the dais' method of procedure. They then invite the dai to attend their weekly lecture, and there make a point of discussing the mistakes they noted, and showing how they might be corrected. It is appalling the amount of suffering there is, the result of the ignorance and dirty ways of these midwives.