

1903. The drafting of a Registration Bill for Great Britain and Ireland sanctioned by the general meeting of members of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses. After eight years' bitter opposition to the Principle of State Registration of Nurses, the Royal British Nurses' Association again adopted its original policy in favour of Registration.

DIRECT REPRESENTATIVES.

1904. A Bill for the State Registration of Trained Nurses introduced into the House of Commons on behalf of the Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses, by Dr. Farquharson, providing for ten Direct Representatives of Sisters and Nurses on the Governing Body: England six, Scotland two, Ireland two. A Bill providing for the Registration of Nurses and Nursing Homes, promoted by the Royal British Nurses' Association, introduced into the House of Commons, providing for seven Direct Representatives of Sisters and Nurses on the Governing Body: five England and Wales, one Scotland, one Ireland.
1905. A Bill "To regulate the qualifications of Trained Nurses and to provide for their Registration," introduced into the House of Commons on behalf of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, by Mr. R. C. Munro Ferguson—Eight Direct Representatives provided for. Royal British Nurses' Association's Bill again introduced.
1906. The Executive Committee of the R.B.N.A. have re-drafted their Bill and actually propose that the Governing Body shall be composed of *fourteen* persons on which the Sisters and nurses of the United Kingdom shall only have *one* representative. They have eliminated *six* of the *seven* representatives voted for by the members in general meeting assembled in 1904.

A Special General Meeting of Members of the R.B.N.A. is to be held on the 17th inst., at 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, at 3 p.m., and it will be interesting to see if the nurse members will protest against this most unjust recommendation. Whatever they do one thing is certain, that the influential Societies of Trained Nurses, now well organised in England and Ireland, will take care to safeguard the professional interests of the nurses at large by providing in their Bill for a just measure of direct representation on the Central Nursing Council, the governing body of the nursing profession.

Mrs. Strong, Matron of the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, has recently joined the R.B.N.A. Bills Sub-Committee, and Miss Kelly, Lady Superintendent of Steevens' Hospital, is Lady Consul for Dublin; it is presumable, therefore, that both these ladies will attend the meeting and protest against the direct representatives of Scottish and Irish nurses having been unceremoniously swept out of the Bill.

The Humours of Life.

(AS SEEN BY A DISTRICT NURSE.)

All of the following little stories are true, and have come within the experience of the district nurse in her rounds among the patients. These little incidents have done much to lessen the tension of difficult days, and to brighten those which seemed rather too full of the sufferings of these "district people." In all cases the humour was unconscious on the part of the people themselves, and therein lies its greatest charm—the quaint and ingenious manner of thinking and feeling, with which it is the nurse's privilege to come closely in contact and to appreciate.

"Big Aleck" was a fine old negro of the old type. He and his sister, Aunt Mary Lizzie, lived together in a tumbledown little house in ——— Alley, which house was ornamented with old junk of all sorts, trophies of the chase, gleaned in the pursuit of his profession, a rag dealer. One day the nurse asked Aleck his age, and the old man hesitated and scratched his head in a puzzled way before replying. The grey wool above his ears was stuffed full of matches, as being a more convenient place than pockets to keep them in, and he removed a match and lit his pipe while "studying" over the difficult problem. Finally he answered: "I don' know 'm, I wuz bo'n in slavery, but once when our church got afire, 'bout twenty years ago, ma age done got burnt up."

Old Aunt Mary Lizzie was sitting one day on the doorstep smoking her clay pipe, and as she saw the district nurse turn into the alley she rose to welcome her dear "doctor lady." On leading the way into the little front room, the floor of which was on a level with the street, the one chair, a large upholstered rocker, was found occupied by two chickens, a hen and a rooster, whom the old woman unceremoniously turned out with many expressions of rage. "Bill an' Annie," she exclaimed, "git right down and give de lady dat cheer! Aint you got *no* manners?" Then as she watched the late occupants wander in an unconcerned way towards the kitchen she turned to the nurse and explained apologetically: "Miss, you'll jes' have to 'scuse dem two, dat Bill an' Annie. Dey's plumb ignorant. I tries to teach 'em—I does my bes' to try an' teach 'em, but dey jes' natchelly aint mammary."

Mrs. Small had listened patiently to all the nurse had to say on the subject of tuberculosis, its cause and cure. From time to time she nodded her head in acquiescence and understanding as one by one the horrors and dangers of the disease were disclosed to her, and finally towards the end of the disquisition she broke in with: "Yes, I know, I know! A person can't ever be too careful about it, for yuse never know at just what minute yuse are going to inherit it!"

ELLEN N. LA MOTTE.

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