

and it was entirely owing to a keen sense of justice upon the part of my night nurse that it was restored to its cosy contour and laid by in tissue paper for a future occasion.

Having decided to give this matronly bit of millinery another chance of furthering my fortunes, I that night slept the sleep of the just.

By eight o'clock next morning, dressed as no self-respecting great-grandmother would appear to-day, I set forth to conquer fate.

It was a sweet day. Spring was upon us. The spacious, airy Whitechapel Road appeared to me a delightful promenade. The busy people with their kind faces and poor clothes were all friends. These were the people who filled our wards, and taught us nurses lovely lessons every day of patience and gratitude. Long suffering, noble people, they all seemed to smile on me—as I on them.

But time was precious. Soon the right 'bus came along, and in half-an-hour I was in Smithfield, had passed through Henry VIII.'s Gateway at Bart's, and mounted the steps of the Treasurer's House.

I hesitated to ring the bell, and when mechanically I had done so, I yet hoped for a reprieve.

But no. Sir Sydney Waterlow was within, and without further ado I was ushered into a little room on the right of the hall, where the arbiter of my fate was seated writing at his desk.

He glanced at my card, and then at the clock (it was ten to nine), and said brusquely, waiving me to a chair, "I'm due at a meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel at nine."

I sat down.

"I hear that your Matron has resigned," I began.

"Yes, she has," he interrupted, "but we are not going to look for another for some weeks to come."

I nipped into the conversation again.

"I came to ask you one question. Will my age be an insuperable obstacle to my applying for the post. I am twenty-four."

Sir Sydney turned in his chair, and looked keenly at me; then he said slowly:

"I do not say that it will be an insuperable difficulty, but I do say it will take a very great deal of getting over."

Crossing to the desk, I handed him an envelope containing my testimonials.

"I must not detain you another minute," said I. "May I leave you my testimonials? You will hear from me again."

At this Sir Sydney smiled, and it was a very charming smile. He rose, we shook

hands, and in half a minute I was out in the Square.

The clock told five to nine.

Let us hope Sir Sydney was not late for his meeting.

When I reached my ward I put my little bonnet tenderly away in its tissue paper. It was forgiven. It *might* be required on another occasion.

It was.

(To be continued.)

Private Nursing in Germany.*

BY FRAULEIN ELLEN SCHÖPWINKEL.

In Germany the religious institutions have, for a great period, done private nursing. The less, however, the number of their nurses sufficed for their various tasks, the more they were obliged to give up that branch of nursing.

This, to be sure, was done very reluctantly as the income from private nursing was a very welcome help to their charitable endeavours, for which there has never been enough money in any part of the world.

In the private nursing in capitals, and in private hospitals, the first sisters who separated from the mother houses, found a materially satisfactory activity, which enabled them to fulfill their family duties, often enough the latter had been the reason of leaving their mother house, or which made it possible for them to provide for their future.

The need of private nursing has enormously increased during the last few decades; unfortunately, however, the quality of the plentiful supply of sisters for the same, does not, by any means, meet just requirements. Twenty years ago it was the mother houses' point of view that a probationer, who was just beginning to have comprehension of the doctor's aims, would be more suitable to carry out his instructions in a private house than the patient's relations, who, in face of severe illness, are often so alarmed as to be at their wit's end.

As long as mother houses did private nursing as a duty to help in any case of necessity, nothing could be said against this standpoint, and very likely many a young probationer did less harm and made fewer mistakes than inexperienced relations would have done; and if she was a born nurse and had been trained in a good school, perhaps she was even of great use.

But now private nursing has become an independent branch of our profession, and one of the best paid, since the people of large towns

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