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**Editorial.**

THE HOLIDAYS.

To every one, even the most strenuous worker, comes a time when it is not only desirable but necessary to take some rest and recreation, if work is to be efficiently continued, and to no one does the holiday season appeal more, and by none is it more needed, than by the trained nurse. Whether she works in hospital, in asylums, is engaged in district nursing, or in one of the many other branches now opening up to her in all directions, the claims upon her are exacting, the demands upon her physical, mental, and moral force incessant. There is the daily routine, necessitating the punctual and exact performance of duty. Hospital nurses "work by the clock," each hour brings its special task, which must be done to time, for to let it slide in the hope of overtaking it later on is to introduce confusion into a machine which is perfectly adjusted for its special purpose, and which only works smoothly when its mechanism is evenly regulated. So as the nurse moves up and down the ward evolving order by the magic of her touch, attending to patients so that freshness and comfort follow in her train, speaking a kindly and encouraging word as she methodically washes the helpless and makes beds with the swiftness and precision only attainable in a hospital, all the time her brain is at attention. Her sense of the need for haste must not communicate itself to her patient; for the time being he must be made to feel that his welfare is the one important thing, but for the nurse, under the outer calm is always the sense of urgency, the "next thing" compelling attention if it is to be fitted in with the day's work.

A life of routine has many charms--it

supports while it insists, it enables the greatest amount of work to be accomplished in the least possible time, but none the less does the worker tend to become merely a depressed machine if she never escapes its clutches, and this is especially true of the nurse whose life has two aspects--on the one side she is in the grip of the relentless machine of routine; on the other she must always keep her sympathies warm and glowing, and her human, sensitive side turned towards the sick. For the sick are human and very sensitive also, and a machine, however perfectly developed, is a poor substitute for the living, pulsating human being; although hidden under the humanity, the perfect machine must be there. It is the combination of the two, in the right proportions, which produces the ideal nurse.

The ideal nurse must be always at her best, and the time comes when she herself needs consideration, the constant demands upon her of day and night work, the giving out of her own vital force to those whose vitality is low, all has told upon her, the machinery shows signs of flagging, her work needs more effort than usual. Every nurse, every hard worker, indeed, knows the feeling well. She needs a holiday, she has earned it, and she will enjoy it as only the hard worker can. Not to work by the clock, to go where one likes, do what one likes, as one likes, and when one likes, to relax the constant tension, these are the joys which reward a year of busy thought for others. And the object of a holiday--whatever form it may take as individual taste directs--is the same: to set the machine in perfect order once more, and to renew vitality, so that the worker may take up her life's task with renewed energy, glad that there is a niche in the world, where she has the right to work.

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