

the more varied the better. The successful private nurse must train herself to a certain amount of broken sleep, for she has often charge of her patient by night and day, and if she is unable to sleep at once upon returning to bed, she will soon break down.

Miss Emma H. L. Dowd says:—

Carry out all orders thoroughly, no matter how minute, and be as careful as though the Matron was at your heels. Whilst assuming a certain amount of authority, do not be dictatorial, allow the patient and household to feel that you are *ever* at hand, but *never* in the way.

Try to live up to a high standard of nursing, and rest assured that if you *do* doctors will not fail to give you good and constant work. Faithful, conscientious service is required in private nursing where you are often wholly responsible for carrying out intelligently the medical directions. How needful is State Registration when this is the case, and a patient's life is in the balance!

The Happiest Hour in my Life.

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Miss Mary Harvey sends the following:—

I overheard some grown-ups say there was 5s. knocking about for a description of a happy hour, and as I want a new Teddy bear that will growl, I thought I would have a shot at it. My Governor keeps me very short of cash, or I would not do it, for writing is a most awful fag. I don't write myself. I get one of my servants to do it. I only dictate, so here goes. You perhaps ought to know I've just cut my two bottom front teeth, beastly horrid bore. Well, up to the time they started rampaging I had a nice quiet dull time of it. I was always fed at regular times, was always kept beautifully clean and warm, taken out every day, wind and weather permitting, had lots of nice clean toys to play with, and everybody I knew always wanting to play with me; but the time of my life was last week; it rained. I have noticed it does rain sometimes for hours together. My mother played with me, and we had a real good time and just before bedtime my Governor came in, nice sort of fellow always smells more or less of tobacco, is a bit short-sighted, and a bit forgetful. When he came in my mother said, "I'll let you play with Tiny Tim for a few minutes. I want to get things ready for putting him to bed." That was all right; he played with me for a bit, let me try to walk, and whistled to me, then he remembered he wanted to write a note, so put me on the floor. I said he was short-sighted,

didn't I? He was so short-sighted he put me near the coal-box, and so forgetful that once seated at his desk he forgot all about me, so I had a gay time; coal does not taste as nice as I thought it would, but it's a change, and that's something for which to be thankful; when I got tired of it I managed to wriggle as far as the work basket. "Mum" is knitting me some vests, and I managed to get hold of the one that is nearly finished. I always did enjoy chewing new woolly things, and since I've got these two teeth it's more fun still; somehow that vest got unaccountably black, and the pins came out, and then "Mum" came in saying she was sorry she had been so long, and then she said other things. My word, she was cross, you have no idea, and then Dad said he was very sorry, but thought I was all right as I seemed to be quite happy, and did not cry, and so I was; I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life; can't think why she was cross. Grown-ups are puzzling sort of things.

Mrs. Amy Drew writes:—

Happiness is a fleeting and often a sacred thing, but it is a mistake to imagine that human beings know it not. Are not the majority of women mothers? and every mother has many a happy hour.

But the hour in which a mother knows that the first-born is a perfect child is hard to beat. No pain can keep back the question:—

"Is he all right, nurse?"

"A lovely boy, sound in wind and limb."

Then you take a peep at him.

"Oh! the crinkly lobster!"

That is a glorious hour.

It was my happiest.

The Nurses' Registration Bill.

The Right Hon. R. C. Munro Ferguson, M.P., has again kindly consented to introduce the Nurses' Registration Bill—drafted by the Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses—into the House of Commons this Session.

The Bill has received the support of Members of all parties and nationalities in the House and is backed by Sir James P. Gibson, Bart., K.C., Sir Luke White, Dr. Addison, Dr. Rainy, and Mr. Annan Bryce (Liberals); Viscount Morpeth, the Right Hon. Charles Scott Dickson, K.C., Mr. Remnant, and Mr. George Younger (Unionists), Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald (Labour), and Mr. Field (Nationalist).

The Bill has the support of the eight influential societies of medical practitioners and trained nurses affiliated together in the Central Committee, with Lord Ampthill as Chairman.

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