

elementals in the game of life at their real value. Probably the busy private nurse comes into contact with, and influences more of her fellow creatures than her sister in hospital.

In private work the hours may be longer than in hospital, still duty is less strenuous and conditions less tense, and the triumph of one's personal devotion and skill is something more realistic than one ever experiences in hospital, where results are corporate rather than individual.

It cannot be forgotten, however, that the life of a private nurse is one of peculiar self-denial, in so far as she is an inhabitant of every town and has a home in none. All that the little word "home" stands for she forfeits to a greater degree than the hospital nurse, sometimes not without some pangs of regret; but her compensation lies in being the servant of humanity, and a still small voice whispers, "Seekest thou great things for thyself: seek them not!"

Private nursing would not appeal at all to a type of mind whose happiness depends on having her "household gods" about her, or one who could not readily adapt herself to a life of change. Nor would it appeal to those who are unwilling to accept great responsibility. To the nurse, however, who seeks a sphere of wider influence and greater scope for her power and ambition, and who is willing to put personal comfort on one side, private nursing holds opportunities of service and avenues of usefulness unknown and undreamt of in institution life.

One dark, wintry night we drive up to the door of a house. Without, the dreary wind and snow spread desolation; within, all is gloom and sadness. The only and much-loved daughter is dangerously ill, and her parents are distraught in an agony of apprehension and fear. Somehow they think with the coming of the nurse their loved one has a chance of life! At any rate, there is comfort in having someone who knows what to do and how to do it. The first twenty-four hours pass in anxious watching and waiting: a precious life is in the balance, and the nurse never leaves her charge. Gradually, or perchance suddenly, the crisis passes, and anxiety gives place to hope. The invalid is better, and although there may still be many days and nights of watching and working, until the disease has run its course, the atmosphere of the sick room is vibrating now with the assurance of victory. The ominous symptoms abate, and slowly the invalid ascends the weary hill of convalescence, reaching its summit by and by, when the nurse's services are no longer needed. There's a tear in the mother's eye at parting, and the father grips her hand as in a vice. She knows she has helped those dear people and asks no greater reward.

"'Tis worth it! aye, 'tis worth it!" she murmurs as she takes up her travelling traps again and passes on.

A. E. M.

To be the centre of one's universe is misery.
To have one's universe centred in God is peace.

THE NURSES' CO-OPERATION CONTROVERSY.

We have received addressed to us personally and not in our capacity of Editor of this journal, an abusive letter from a nurse on the staff of the Nurses' Co-operation, 22 Langham Street, W., who apparently disapproves of the attitude of this journal concerning the recent, very discreditable proceedings of its Committee of Management. This lady sent an anonymous letter for publication in support of the policy of the Committee and its treatment of certain of her colleagues, presumably for daring to express opinions concerning their own affairs, which we did not publish, as we had previously given notice that all letters on this controversy (soon to be fought out in a Court of Law) must be signed, and we advised our irate correspondent that she must have the courage to sign her name to any letter which she wished to appear in this journal. So far we have received no signed communication for publication. We must warn our correspondent however, that any further communication such as that addressed to us personally will be made public.

PROFESSIONAL UNION OF TRAINED NURSES.

We are informed officially that "at the request of the Ministry of Labour the Professional Union of Trained Nurses has drawn up, and forwarded to the Minister, a scheme under which it may be possible to include Nurses in the 'Forty-eight Hours Bill.'

The College of Nursing, Ltd., also has been asked to draw up a scheme. As the P.U.T.N. is composed of working Nurses who govern themselves, their scheme no doubt will be from the point of view of the working nurse—"the toad beneath the harrow knows exactly where each tooth-print goes." The College of Nursing, Ltd., is more in the position of 'the butterfly upon the road' as it has only one working nurse (or at the very outside two) on its Council of Thirty-seven.

The great strength of the P.U.T.N., however, lies in the fact that it is no isolated unit, but has the power, not only of the Professional Union behind it, but also of organised labour."

TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL.

(Two Nurses at tea in a ward kitchen.)

Tomkins to Mackay: "Do drop that crackling newspaper—and talk."

Mackay to Tomkins: "Do you know it is 4 p.m., and we don't know if the world is dead or alive? I'll tell you what has happened outside the gates in a minute."

Tomkins to Mackay: "What happens inside the gates is all I want to know."

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