

the risk of infection, but mothers are very human, and the invariable rule should be that a letter should be sent by the nurse—never a post card. This, we regret to learn, has been done. The poor are very sensitive to publicity and ridicule, if more or less inured to dirt.

We believe absolutely in self-help in character building, and feel sure professional begging spells professional beggary sooner or later. We have watched with great interest Miss Albinia Brodrick's valiant co-operative movement away in the County Kerry. It has been an uphill fight (in which the elements have played a sportive part), but we are glad to learn that the hospital and co-operative stores at Ballincoona have had a fairly good year on the whole. Miss Brodrick writes:—

"This past year's good fortune has, on the whole, outweighed ill fortune. True, our apple trees are gone, our cows, for want of being able to get food, gave barely two-thirds of their proper milk, and a furious gale early in 1920 carried away 400 slates and some ridge tiles from our roof breaking three skylights on their way to earth.

On the other hand, our potatoes and vegetables never gave a better crop. We are well provisioned in jam to outlast the shortage of sugar, and a generous friend sent us a supply of dried peas and beans, which have proved invaluable.

Our kitchen has again seen domestic economy classes, and classes and meetings of various kinds went on during the winter.

Our dear people have put me on the Kerry County Council. I hope that it may be possible to do good work for them there.

The Co-operative Store goes ahead famously. Motor lorries are overcoming the transport difficulties, which looked insuperable at one time, and developments are on foot.

We have now a small library for our Gaelic League members."

We know with what frugality Miss Brodrick adjusts her personal needs, where her fine work is concerned, and when last in Ireland we heard an amusing story in this connection. The Hon. Albinia deigns to dine in the houseplace with her little maid, on potatoes (and Irish potatoes hot from the pot are food for the gods). It was thus, on this humble fare, that a very important clerical big-wig was entertained when he paid a chance visit to Ballincoona, and, low be it spoken, to the surprise of his hostess, this clerical dignitary (to say nothing of his inner man) was greatly perturbed. We can imagine the scene, and the smiling and brilliant sally with which this daughter of Erin would bring home to the father in God the beauty and duty of abstinence!

## WHAT I DID TO OVERCOME THE HABIT OF WORRYING.

By ETHEL WEBB.

I suddenly realised that I had formed the habit of worrying, and I found each day I was picking up more and more to worry about until my burden was fast spoiling not only my health and life, but also the lives of others more or less intimately associated with me. I was honest enough with myself to confess that it was an unwise and ungenerous test of affection to compel my family to put up with my moods, if my cares were more or less imaginary.

I sat down with a pad and pencil and set down in black and white the things that I was worrying most about, and it proved to be a long list. Then I sorted that list and put into one group my daily anxieties; in another group, the things I was afraid might happen. I discovered the keynote to all my trouble was fear, and no matter what happened, reality was never as dreadful as my imagination and fears painted it.

I sealed the lists in two envelopes and put them away for one week, and set myself the task of forgetting my worries. I knew there must be happiness and contentment in the world and I resolved to find some. I would learn to forget all unpleasant things, for possibly my very attitude toward life was drawing these causes of unpleasantness to me; I would find out. At least I would not worry about what I could not help or hinder, and would let to-morrow's burdens wait until to-morrow.

At the end of a week I opened the envelope containing my daily worry list and found at least half the things I was bothering about had never happened; some of the things that did happen proved to be blessings; a part of the other things I had forgotten, and the rest had no power to hurt me. At the end of a year I opened the remaining envelope, but by that time I had learned to overcome my habit of worrying, for like most bad things it proved to be only a habit.

I wish to say that there is a lot of happiness in every human being if he will only give it a chance to come out. If necessary, scrub your memory every morning and start each day with a clean, white page. Don't fret over your mistakes, but learn to profit by them. Happiness must be cultivated, it is not acquired by chance or accident. If we can learn to forget all irritating things and smile, we shall not have a chance to worry.

Furthermore, worrying brings on all sorts of nervous troubles and in time will make the victim positively ill. It breeds unhappiness and discontent, and creates an atmosphere that is likely to poison one's whole life. Face life bravely, learn to smile.

"Learning to forget, and to overcome the habit of worrying," in ten lessons, would be one of the finest courses that men or women could take, and one of the most beneficial to one's health.—*American Journal of Nursing.*

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