

as well as the non-Christians and we have to work against it. All of the work that American nurses find joy and satisfaction in doing is contrary to the ideas of the Indian people. As the days go by they are learning to do the tasks with more joy and will perhaps overcome the ideas that are born in them. I know the joy of working with the foreign people on our American shores and I loved the work. Many of our nurses are graduating and needing positions for experience and a livelihood, so why not lend help to the girls of India? The joy that comes from hard toil will bring its reward. We suffer from the heat of the plains, but the nights bring cool breezes and refreshing sleep so that we are ready for the new day. We begin our day with a prayer service led by one of the nurses. After the service, the night nurse reads the night report. We have no trouble with noisy shoes in an Indian hospital, for the nurses never wear shoes. The girls are gentle and quiet. The women carry water pots on their heads and a baby on their hip, which makes them very erect and stately. The Christian women are learning to carry their babies folded in their arms, covered with their sari. The sari is a piece of cloth about five yards long, draped as a skirt and brought over the head and shoulders in folds. Two years of service in India, sometimes in the villages, the dispensary and hospital have brought joy and experience that a nurse cannot get in any other way. This work brings its reward, not in money, but in real satisfaction that service has been given where it is most needed. American nurses must broaden, give time and years of service where they will count for most. To get the most out of the training that we have worked hard for, we must work where we are most needed, whether at home or abroad. India is still a dark, black country with superstition and ignorance, but the white folk with their education, advancement and high moral standards make parts of India like a beautiful garden.

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LITTLE EXPERIENCES OF A PRIVATE DUTY NURSE

DEAR EDITOR: Long before we take training and during training we anticipate the big day when we shall leave the

hospital and realize our first case. We see ourselves getting a call, grabbing a travelling bag, rushing off on a case to do our utmost for humanity, applying ice caps to feverish heads and relieving tired mothers. Surely laurels would come to such a self-sacrificing person,—almost a halo would shine around her head. But, alas! When the day comes to leave the hospital, and we try our success at private duty, then our dreams, the rainbow bubbles that they are, seem to be rising up against an army of scalpels pricking our pretty bubbles, which vanish. Occasionally one bubble out of a thousand survives. Sometimes one has a very appreciative patient who realizes that a nurse must have rest that she may do justice to him, but about two-thirds of the patients think nurses have it too easy; they are not earning their money; and the relatives of the patient want to dictate the treatment and tell you how they would do it, and insinuate little things about the time one goes off duty and the time one comes on duty,—how much sleep you get at night, and Isn't it considered an easy case? Oh! you deft people that strike off one hundred and fifty words a minute. Oh! you wizards with the adding machine,—all you great army of workers, even ye street sweepers and dish washers,—don't envy the trained nurse. Demigod though she seems, in immaculate white, with a red cross on her sleeve, in reality she has a much more significant cross of responsibility to carry, and philosophizes thus, that we must take the bitter with the sweet, entertaining reveries of the bubbles that have lived, and dreaming of the day when her name will go down in history as a great private duty nurse.

Minnesota

O. M. B.

A TRANSPORT TRIP

(Continued from page 142, November Journal.)

DEAR EDITOR: After our sightseeing trip, we visited the Navy Nurses' Quarters and concluded our visit by having dinner at their delightful home. The most interesting part of the trip, of course, was the Panama Canal where we arrived three days later. At Limon Bay, six hydroplanes came to meet us, surrounding the ship. We anchored to await our turn going through, as