

NURSING MAGAZINE PAGE.

BY MISS ROUND.

(From *The American Journal of Nursing*, February.)

"WHY I AM INSPIRED TO BECOME A NURSE."

BY RADKA MANAFOVA, SCHOOL FOR NURSES, BULGARIAN RED CROSS.

IT was difficult for Miss Manafova's instructors in the Gymnasium to relinquish their ambition to make of her a Journalist even in the light of her enthusiasm for nursing. Has Bulgaria perhaps found the future editor of the infant *Sestra* which is now barely one lusty year old.—EDITOR.

Because I am disheartened, because a dark cloud has appeared on my horizon, because I find no aim in life? No! On the contrary I love life, I am young, I feel full of enthusiasm. Uplifted, I met the morning's dawn, smilingly I dispatch the sun's rays. In my soul it is joyful and bright. No, not from discouragement do I want to be a nurse. But why, why then? Behold! First because I love people, second because I love Bulgaria, and third because I love myself. I love people. I love those of my brothers who are in trouble—selfish, bad they are very often—even grasping, scheming, intolerable, and after all I love them; I believe in the beautiful which every one carries in the depths of his soul. I want to lighten the burdens, to give gladness to the most helpless, to the most unhappy of them, and, dressing the wound of their sick bodies, how I want to dress the wounds also of their thousand times mutilated sick souls—to put light in their lightless night. I want to be a nurse to love my native land. I believe in Bulgaria and in the Bulgarian spirit. The country that has borne Paeici, Rakovski, Boteff, Slaveikoff, the country for which they lived and died, is a country worthy of love and sacrifice. And I grieve at the thought of her sufferings. Why have such a great infant mortality among us? Why do so many people suffer and die from ignorance and bad hygienic conditions? Bulgaria needs sound and devoted people—who will give her them? We, her young and ready sons and daughters. I would like to see in Bulgaria, to-morrow, beautiful hospitals, thousands of nurses to carry knowledge to preserve the health of the nation, to save the lives of their fellow men. I want to be one of the builders of a bright and happy Bulgaria. And last, I want to be a nurse because I love myself.

Nursing as a profession will make it possible for me to be independent. But also I want to receive from life something more than temporary satisfaction. I want moral satisfaction from the consciousness that I have my place in the world, that I am doing something useful, that my life is necessary to somebody. I want the intoxication of the thought that I am a pioneer in a

worthy cause. And when after much strife and difficult labour, I turn to look back, I want to feel that my days have been spent in the task of making illumination in the midst of gloom, of bringing beauty to the difficult pathways.

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"NUTRITION."—"SARAH ANNE REFLECTS."

"Calories don't count on holidays!" snipped plump Sarah Anne, as she nibbled complacently at her third chunk of delicious home-made pinoche. Now remorseful Sarah Anne has ten whole pounds to remove—nearly forty thousand calories! Precipitously, she decides to cut out bread and butter. Nothing in her timely resolution about the guilty tempter, candy! Let's see—I did eat about six slices of bread—thin ones. That's 400 calories. They'd have to be half an inch thick to make 600. And butter—well, I ate a pat at each meal. That's 300. Hm-m! At this rate, how on earth will I ever get rid of those pesky obstacles to beauty?" Forty thousand divided by 700 (oh dear, I never did like mathematics), that's fifty-seven. Nearly sixty days of misery just because I have about as much spine as a jelly-fish when it comes to good eats, especially candy!" Sarah Anne tapped her dainty foot nervously. The puckers in her forehead deepened. After a thoughtful ten minutes she stepped before the mirror, examined her face intently, then glanced to the right where hung a portrait of her rotund grandfather. "February—March—then more holidays. I'm not going to be an April fool!" Head up! Chin in! Eyes front!

"QUARE WOMEN."

Here is a tale of Kentucky which might have come from the pen of Lucy Furman in her chronicles of the Southern Mountaineer. However there are "Quare Women" even in our own West. The school health nurse had sent for Ina's mother—it was not the first time she had done so; and all in vain, she had called at Ina's home many times, for Ina's little brothers and sisters were also much in need of "physical adjustment and repair." But this was one of those rare days when luck is with a school nurse for Ina's mother called just the day that the nurse was visiting the school and appealed for support. Ina has diseased tonsils and a bad case of adenoids. Won't you have them taken out as soon as you can make the necessary arrangements? Suddenly the woman was interested! "No, Sir," she exclaimed. "I aims ter bury 'em with all their parts!"

(From *The Canadian Nurse*, March 1925.)

INSULIN.

AN ADDRESS BY DR. K. A. MACKENZIE.

In a short time it is difficult to touch upon all the interesting points. I take it that you have not studied it very carefully, so I shall begin by defining what Insulin is. Insulin is a hormone which is found in that portion of the pancreas known as the Islands of Langerhaus. Over 50 years ago, Langerhaus discovered that the pancreas had a double function, and that the islands