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EDITORIAL.

HONOUR BRIGHT!

Honour is the word that is emblazoned on the escutcheon of the nation. Never in its history has it stood forth in such shining letters as it does to-day. For the fair honour of their country, in deeds of splendid heroism, men and women have written it anew in letters of blood and agony which will stand indelible through the future ages of its history. No sacrifice has been deemed too great to sustain it. Time, money, ease, the best beloved, life itself, have been offered with both hands and with magnificent generosity. Already we are moved to the heart by the spectacle in our streets of young men in their prime maimed for life. The tears are in our eyes; in theirs, the sublime consciousness of duty nobly done. They hold their heads high, grudging not at all. Was it not for honour's sake?

The now well-known picture of "The Great Sacrifice" but represents thousands of gallant young lives laid down. They have obtained instead a long life "crowned with glory and honour." The sublimity of it all!

Along with the strong appeal it makes to us, we feel discontented and conscious of our own littleness; every fit man worthy of the name is in khaki or otherwise serving his country. Thousands of women are bringing all their powers to the service of the State. Thousands more are envying them their opportunity and asking like the little midy on the torpedoed boat "What can I do, Sir?" Well, after all, for many it must be "Business as usual," and it is with "Nursing as usual" that we are most concerned. Civilians are still grievously sick. The dying cannot postpone that tremendous ordeal till after the war. The Home Defence must be kept. Honour from within must be cherished. Instead of

grudging our sisters and brothers their opportunities, let us see to it that we make the most of our own by faithful service.

From some cause or another, honour has come to be considered an almost exclusively male attribute, and it is to be regretted that many women are content that it should be so.

As the individual is, so is the nation, and if we can play no great part in the making of present history, we can at least make the contribution that is in the reach of all—to keep our personal honour intact. Call it by what other name you will, honesty, integrity, truth, uprightness—and then let us measure our standards against it. Many nurses in their eagerness to go "to the front" have broken their business contracts, others have done so abroad. It was within the past few weeks that we heard of a duly qualified nurse who applied for a post near London, from away up in the North. The authorities agreed to pay her fare on the taking up of her appointment. Within four days she obtained another appointment and sent in her resignation. Such conduct, we hope, is confined to a small minority, yet it is by no means an isolated occurrence.

An overcharged cab-fare, a petty trickery in expenses (perhaps towards those who can ill afford it), small and contemptible as it is in itself, stains irreparably the character. A great preacher once commenting on such actions said in tones that gripped. "Yes, you've gained tuppence, but you've lost your honour."

A high working standard of personal honour is an essential part of a nurse's character. In no other profession is the lack of it more apparent, or its consequences more disastrous.

The mean soul will never achieve true greatness, and honour once tarnished is difficult of restoration, and colours all that is said or done. Once we are satisfied with

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