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EDITORIAL.

MY WAR.

For some time past we have been squaring ourselves to meet the Budget, and now we know the worst—at least for the present. Most of us have wished to help in the present distress. Now is our opportunity. How are we preparing to meet it? What is our attitude of mind towards the whole question? A right grasp of the subject will make all the difference in our response. The fact that we are forced to pay will in no way prevent us from “acquiring merit” in this new condition of affairs.

First, we have got to realize that this is not only our war, but *my* war.

Secondly, we have to strive to comprehend its colossal demands upon the nation of which I am a responsible unit.

Over and over again, we hear recruiting officers making their desperate appeal to the vacuous young men in their audiences. “You don’t realize what you’re up against, or you’d join to a man.”

With solemn warning, financiers assert that the public generally has no grasp whatever upon the gravity of the financial outlook.

It is here that women’s responsibility comes in, for the new Budget is largely the woman’s burden.

Matrons and heads of public institutions will be confronted with the unpleasant duty of drastic reforms in expenditure. Here is the opportunity for the nurse who has stayed at home. Loyal, hearty, uncomplaining co-operation for the common good.

In private nursing, too, there will be great scope for self-sacrifice. Sickness, in many homes, means the straining of every nerve to meet the expenses of doctor and nurse. At this present time, the strain will be largely increased.

Nurses should see to it that the incidental expenditure for which they are responsible is reduced to a minimum, and show their patriotism by contentment with simple fare, and the refusal of luxuries, of which the family themselves cannot partake. What about a taxi when a bus would serve the purpose?

Luxury will die hard, but die it must, if we are to win through. Women have many hard things to say about the men who are not doing their duty, but there is quite good ground for retaliation. Do the *women* realize what they are up against?

The shopping centres are crowded to excess. The windows are full of luxurious clothes, expensive headgear, extravagant furs, frivolous frippery, luscious food and sweetmeats. It all seems heartless somehow. Of course luxury is a relative term, and what would be regarded as such by one would be almost a necessity for another, so that to try and define it from a general point of view would be a hopeless task. But the call to self-sacrifice is clear and insistent for all, and all must respond if they would be worthy daughters of the Empire.

Does it seem dull, uninteresting and galling? Let us try and picture to ourselves the horrors of warfare, and what it would be like, if we were invaded by Germany. Nothing that we can imagine could equal that grim realization. *If the Germans came.* We need, as a spur, to remind ourselves of the possibility.

The war is costing nearly five millions daily. We cannot think of millions daily, it startles and bewilders us. But the money must be found to secure victory for all we love and honour. Then, there are our dear brave lads, serving in the trenches, keeping their perilous guard on the ocean or in the air, or stretched on their beds of pain in the hospitals. Do we grudge them

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