

THE LATE SIR VICTOR HORSLEY.

The *British Medical Journal* published the following letter received from a correspondent at Amara, dated Sunday evening, July 16th:—

"I have just been to the Rawal Pindi Hospital, where Sir Victor Horsley was lying ill, to find that he passed away a few minutes ago—at 8.45 p.m.

"He had only three days ago returned to Amara from the front and seemed to be in his usual health and spirits. Only yesterday (Saturday morning) I had some conversation with him on a subject which was interesting him—the provision of hospitals with laboratories; and he then set out to walk back to his camp, which was about a mile and a half away across the Tigris bridge and over the open plain. The shade temperature was over 110° and the atmosphere humid. When he got to his tent he heard there was a sick officer he knew, about half a mile further on; he went on to see him and examined him carefully. He complained of headache later in the afternoon and was admitted to the Rawal Pindi Hospital on Saturday evening about seven o'clock. His temperature rose, he had a rather restless night, and in the morning seemed worse. His temperature rose all day and finally reached nearly 110° F. He became comatose in the afternoon and passed away after little more than twenty-four hours' illness. The cause of death appeared to be heat-stroke, a condition which carries off many people nowadays in Mesopotamia.

"The news of his death has been received with the greatest sorrow and regret even in these days when the loss of friends is almost our daily portion, and it will be a large and representative following he will have to his last resting place to-morrow in the Amara Cemetery.

"It will ill become one who has only known him personally within the last few months to write of his many and great achievements in the past, but I can speak of his untiring energy and the loyal devotion and singleness of purpose shown in his every action up to a few hours ago. Those who have met him recently are aware that he had framed a very severe indictment against those he believed were responsible for the mismanagement which he thought characterised some aspects of the campaign. It is only three days since he returned from the front, and he was about to return to India for a spell to prepare his report.

"He had been urged time and time again to curb his extraordinary energy and not to put too severe a strain on his physical capacity, but it appears that he underestimated the baneful effects of the severe climatic conditions existing just now in Mesopotamia. It would have been easy for him to have pleaded the heat or his increasing years, but he refused to take things easily, and has sacrificed himself to his zeal for bettering the conditions of the soldier, and has died for a cause which almost justified even so great a loss to his friends and to the ideals of the medical profession of which he was so devoted a champion."

VISITING-DAY IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL.
VISITORS WELCOME OR OTHERWISE.

BY A WARD SISTER.

Visiting days are generally disliked by Ward Sisters, and this hospital is no exception to the general rule. For this reason—it is so seldom that a soldier's visitors are his own relations.

One always welcomes the patients' own people—the poor old father and mother, or the wife—anxiously looking round the ward, afraid of what they may see—wondering in what condition of mind and body they will find their loved one. We always try to comfort them, and make them as comfortable as it is in our power to do.

But the majority of the people thronging in and out, we would willingly dispense with.

At the beginning of the War, when it was a novelty to have train-loads of wounded soldiers coming into the town, and before the announcement of their arrival had dwindled from a column and a half in the daily press to two lines, there used to be published in the newspapers the day after a convoy came in a full list of the new comers, their regiments, regimental numbers, &c. It was extremely difficult for outsiders to gain admittance to the hospital, and the sentries had strict orders not to allow visitors to come through the gates without written passes; but it was extraordinary to note the numbers of gaily-dressed girls and women who presented themselves at the gates, saying they had come a long distance to see so-and-so (number and regiment quoted), who had just returned from the Front.

Allowed, under the circumstances, to enter, they roamed at will in the hospital grounds, accosted the first likely-looking man, and struck up an acquaintance. The new friend was always requested to ask his ward-sister for a visiting pass, with his name on it, which he was to send to the girl's address. So that next visiting-day, she had not to claim an imaginary relationship with some unknown patient, but could complacently produce her pass and sail into the hospital.

Arrived in any special ward, she could—and did—make friends with the young man in the next bed (the older men were left severely alone, as a rule). Another pass was requested from him for two lady friends, who, in their turn, managed to get a fresh one as soon as the old one expired. So the circle began, which, it has been found, is impossible to break—and visiting-day brings with it a procession of giddy, badly-behaved, flashily dressed women and girls—talking to every man they meet, and full of morbid, vulgar curiosity, which prompts them to watch their opportunity—Sister's back being turned—to dart behind screens or open doors plainly placarded "No Admission," always anxious, by some means or other, to see what it is that is being kept from their sight.

We have often wondered what has become of the modesty and self-restraint of English girls since the War. Soldiers belonging to well-known and attractive regiments—Scotch preferred—

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