

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

HONOURABLE ADVANCEMENT FOR MY OWN SOUL.

"I am now no longer untried. Two weeks' action in a great battle is to my credit, and if my faith in the wisdom of my course or my enthusiasm for the cause had been due to fail it would have done so during that time. But it has only become stronger. I find myself a soldier among millions of others in the great Allied armies fighting for all I believe right and civilised and humane against a power which is evil and which threatens the existence of all the right we prize and the freedom we enjoy.

"It may seem to you that for me this is all quite uncalled for, that it can only mean either the supreme sacrifice for nothing, or at best some of the best years of my life wasted; but I tell you that not only am I willing to give my life to this enterprise (for that is comparatively easy except when I think of you), but that I firmly believe—if I live through it to spend a useful lifetime with you—that never will I have an opportunity to gain so much honourable advancement for my own soul or to do so much for the cause of the world's progress, as I have here—daily defending the liberty that mankind has so far gained against the attack of an enemy who would deprive us of it and set the world back some centuries, if he could have his way. I think less of myself than I did, less of the heights of personal success I aspired to climb, and more of the service that each of us must render in payment for the right to live, and by virtue of which only we can progress.

"Yes, my dearest folks, we are indeed doing the world's work over here, and I am in it to the finish."

—Letter from the late Harry Butters, R.F.A., to "my dearest folks."

COME!

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick
alarming drum.

Let me of my heart take counsel:
"War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!

Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the
solemn-sounding drum.

—Bret Harte.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR COMBATING VENEREAL DISEASES.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

MADAM,—As some misunderstanding seems to have arisen in regard to the attitude of the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases towards the question of compulsory notification of venereal disease, we desire to point out that we are determined to adhere strictly to the recommendations of the Royal Commission. That body carefully considered this question, and arrived at the conclusion that notification at the present time was impracticable and might be detrimental to the operation of the measures it advocated.

A great mass of evidence was taken, and the balance was strongly opposed to compulsory methods of this nature. The Commissioners, however, recognised that, when public opinion became more enlightened and adequate facilities for treatment had been provided, "the question of notification should then be further considered." They added that, when these conditions have been fulfilled, it is "possible" that "... notification in some form will be demanded."

We are convinced that this view is sound, and the National Council will, therefore, lend no support to any proposals having for their object the establishment of compulsory notification—proposals which would necessarily lead to controversy at a time when unanimity of effort is essential.

We are, Madam,
Yours obediently,

SYDENHAM, President.

THOMAS BARLOW,
HUBERT M. SOUTHWARK } Vice-Presidents.

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Kingsway, W.C.

DO NURSES STAND TOO MUCH?

DEAR MADAM,—In my experience, the one time that the nurses in a ward do sit down is when the visiting physician or surgeon is expected. The ward is all tidied up, spick and span; and ward work (cleaning, tidying cupboard, &c., that is to say) cannot be begun until the afternoon round is over. Therefore the waiting time is usually occupied in preparing dressings and so on—work which is easily covered up and left when the ward door opens and the staff appears. Indeed, this is so usual, that after I had left my training school and had been appointed Matron of a hospital where a member of the former was also visiting surgeon, he one day asked me at which the nurses worked the harder. I replied that

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