COMING EVENTS.

League of Fever Nurses.

June 20th. Annual Meeting, the Aldwych Corner Restaurant, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, 3 p.m.

British College of Nurses.

Meeting of Council. A meeting of the Council will be held on July 9th, at 19, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7, at 2.30 p.m.

THE FUTURE.

When I'm a man I'd like to be a soldier;

But Uncle winked a wink

And said: "Before you take the plunge, young Roger,

You'd better stop to think.

The Army says, 'Stand at attention, ready
To do as you are told,

Polish your boots and keep your buttons shining Like eighteen-carat gold.'

And when the red-faced sergeant comes to drill you

And looks you down with scorn, Why, don't appear as if you really minded Wishing you'd not been born.

So now I think I will not join the Army, Although it did sound fine

When Uncle said his boy was now in barracks— A soldier in the line.

Instead, I'll go to be a fortune-hunter In some big foreign land,

And then come back as rich as Mr. Crossus,

Famous, and tall, and grand. But Father said, "You're on the wrong track, laddie, Seeking for fame and pelf;

You'd better grow up thinking of your duty And not about yourself."

So I've decided I will be a doctor,

Making up pills and balms, Or, better still, I'll be a famous surgeon And cut off legs and arms.

A. M. M.

WHAT TO READ.

MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.

"The Bridgewater Millions." Bernard Falk.
"Savage Landor." Malcolm Edwin.
"This for Remembrance." Julia Neilson.
"Mr. Wu Looks Back." Matheson Lang.
"Ægean Memories." Compton Mackenzie.

FICTION.

"Dark Duet." Peter Cheney.
"The Body in the Library." Agatha Christie.
"Curses Come Home." E. Charles Vivian.
"Scottish Mist." B. Montague Scott.
"The Hour of the Angel." Jane Oliver.
"Together and Alone." Mary Lutyens.
"The Farm by the Lake." Crichton Porteous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Charles de Gaulle." Philippe Barres.
"One Pair of Feet." Monica Dickens. (Study of hospital life in war time.)
"Russian Newsreel." Charlotte Haldane.
"Winged Squadrons." Cecil Beaton.

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.

A GENEROUS GIFT.

We have received a generous gift of £5 and the following very kind letter from a Member of the British College of Nurses, who wishes to remain anonymous, and to whom we

have sent very sincere thanks.
"Dear Mrs. Bedford Fenwick,—I enclose as promised. a small donation towards the publication fund of The British Journal of Nursing—in appreciation of this nursing journal, which is to me, and must be to countless other Registered Nurses, a source of inspiration and encouragement.

Yours sincerely, etc."

[The cheque for £5 is a most generous gift in these hard times, but we value the letter more than we can say.—ED.]

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE,

Cannot be Happy Without It.

Old Subscriber writes: "In these hard times, I have tried to do without my British Journal of Nursing, but as I have read every word of it for 20 years, the habit is so confirmed that I cannot be happy without it, so have cut off a new pair of shoes which I greatly need."

Why Confuse Friends with Enemies?

Fairplay writes: "It is most unfair on our very valiant triends the Chinese to be treated with contempt in public, owing to being mistaken by an ignorant, though no doubt patriotic man for Japanese, the contemptuous and somewhat threatening attitude towards two Chinese ladies in a train is no doubt the result of the liberty permitted to Japanese nationals in this country—can nothing be done to stop it?" [Write to your Member of Parliament on the matter.—ED.]

"Our Hearts are in the Trim."

An Army Matron writes: "You and I belong to the Old school and appreciate the benefit of discipline, which, alas! is so resented by the present age. But in reference to 'Army Sister's' objection to 'the hideous baggy garments' of our modern soldiers may I quote 'King Henry V.'?:

"'We are but warriors for the working day; our gayness and our gilt are all besmurch'd with rainy marching in the painful field. There's not a piece of feather in our

host.'

"(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly.) And time has worn us into slovenry; but by the mass, our hearts are in the trim."

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THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

We regret that no Prize Paper of sufficient merit has been received for publication.

PRIZE COMPETITION QUESTION FOR JULY,

What are the Causes of Acute Diarrhœa? Describe the Nursing Care.

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