

Royal Commission is appointed to enquire into the management of Trentham Camp, but no woman is on that Commission. Why? We wonder was it because "someone had blundered," and no woman could have been trusted to hear the evidence and then not divulge to the public the name of that "someone."

### A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Some of our soldiers during their stay in Egypt succumbed to the temptations of vicious personal propensities, with the result that they contracted venereal disease, which rendered them unfit for the purpose for which they enlisted.

They have, therefore, been returned in a diseased state to New Zealand. The horrible dangers of these diseases make these men a menace to the community. A number of our Unions have therefore protested against these men being let loose to spread such disease, and have urged that the authorities should detain them until at least the most contagious of these apparently ineradicable diseases has passed. A few of our members have hesitated in supporting such a protest because it seemed inconsistent with our protest against inflicting anything like a Contagious Diseases Act on our people. We have held that the two protests are not inconsistent. The evils and injustices which the C.D. Acts would impose on innocent people, while the ease with which the truly guilty would escape, are well-known to our readers. But the case of these soldiers is quite different.

The military authorities have given liberty to these men to indulge in vice, and have brought them back while under detention.

The military and health authorities have ample power to detain them still further without any new legislation. As Mr Herdman, the Attorney-General, recently stated to a representative of the "Dominion," "the Defence Authorities and the Public Health Department are the custodians of the returned soldier until he gets his formal official release from the army.

We have every right to ask that these men shall not be released while they are a danger to the community.

### WOMEN ON LOCAL BODIES.

The following will be of interest to our readers. At the municipal elections last April, in Gisborne, one of our members (Mrs Walker) stood for the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board. Though there were seven contestants (all strong men and popular citizens) for the four Borough seats, the lady polled well, coming fifth on the list, less than 100 votes behind Dr. Porter, who since has had to resign his seat owing to his departure for the Old Country. The Borough Council, which in the event of a vacancy occurring, has the power to appoint another member to the Board, at their first meeting after the vacancy was declared, by a majority of one appointed Mrs Walker. However, at the end of this meeting a notice of motion to rescind this appointment was tabled by a Councillor, who is a strong opponent of women being on these Boards. At the next meeting of the Council, the Mayor being absent from the district, the notice of motion was withdrawn in favour of another that the matter should be left over till his return, when the Council was evenly divided on the matter, and both sides standing firm, the Mayor gave his casting vote in favour of his own election to the Board. A notice of motion to rescind this was, however, tabled by Mrs Walker's supporters, who deserve our best thanks for the strong stand they are taking in the woman's cause, the seat having been offered to each one of them if they would accept nomination. This, however, they have all declined to do, though some of them were tempted to do so in the interests of the Friendly Societies for whom they did not wish to lose the seat, but they are supporting the principle of women representation on these bodies, and also consider that the people's vote should not be set aside unless there is any very good reason to the contrary. An interesting incident in connection with the contest took place at the last meeting of the Council, when 16 W.C.T.U. ladies, with their W.R. badges much in evidence, invaded the Council Chambers, and occupying the front row of the chairs placed for the public, sat patient and attentive listeners through the somewhat lengthy proceedings, the notice of motion having

been placed at the very bottom of the order paper. Further developments are being awaited with interest.

### BRAVO!

Kitchener sat in his London den,  
Silent, and grim, and grey,  
Making his plans with an iron pen,  
Just in Kitchener's way.  
And he saw where the clouds rose  
dark and dun,  
And all that it meant, he knew:  
"We shall want every man who can  
shoulder a gun  
To carry this thing right  
through."  
Bravo, Kitchener! Say what you want,  
No one shall say you nay!  
And the world shall know, where our  
bugles blow,  
We've a Man at the head—to day.

Jellicoe rides on the grey North Seas,  
Watching the enemy's lines,  
Where the Lord High Admirals skulk  
at ease,  
Inside of their hellish mines.  
They have drunk too deep to the  
boasted fight,  
They have vowed too mad a vow!  
What do they think, on the watch to-  
night  
What toast are they drinking—now?  
Brave, Jellicoe! Call them again,  
And whenever they take the call,  
Show them the Way, give them their  
"Day!"  
And settle it, once for all!

And French is facing the enemy's  
front,  
Stubbornly, day by day,  
Taking the odds and bearing the  
brunt,  
Just in the Britisher's way.  
And he hears the message, that makes  
him glad,  
Ring thro' the smoke and flame:  
"Fight on, Tommy! Stick to them,  
lad!  
Jack's at the same old game!"  
Bravo, Tommy! Stand as you've  
stood,  
And, whether you win or fall,  
Show them you fight as gentlemen  
should,  
And die like gentlemen all!

So Kitchener plans in London town,  
French is standing at bay,  
Jellicoe's ships ride up and down,  
Holding the sea's highway.  
And you, that loaf where the skies are  
blue,  
And play by a petticoat hem,  
These are the men who are fighting  
for you,  
What are you doing for them?  
Bravo! then, for the men who fight!  
To hell with the men who play!  
It's a fight to the end, for honour and  
friend,  
It's a fight for our lives to-day.  
—Fred. E. Weatherly, in the "Daily  
Mail," Sept., 1914.