

We are of opinion that every penny subscribed by women should be given to a Special Fund raised by the United Societies for the Enfranchisement of Women; to further legislation for extending the Parliamentary Franchise to women. That the subscriptions of those who are opposed to this just reform could not be spent for a better purpose than for providing efficient nursing for the sick poor in their own homes, we think most people will agree.

A Book of the Week.

"THE SEVEN SEAS." *

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S new volume of verse is undoubtedly *the* book of this week. It was published on November 5th, and I was so eager to obtain an early copy that I journeyed down into the city in order to acquire the book, as early as feasible, on the day of its appearance, for the pleasure of reading and reviewing it in these pages at the quickest possible date.

Kipling is nothing if not original, and one of the poems in "The Seven Seas" sings with an inspiring lilt the glories of—steam engines. The verses are entitled "M'Andrews' Hymn." A young "Viscount-loom" asks the chief engineer on board the ship in which he is crossing the ocean if he does not think "steam spoils romance at sea?" upon which M'Andrews chants a pæan of triumph, in which all the attributes of his "purring dynamos" are related, and the most cranky and difficult technical words are forced to take their part in the "rollicking rhyme."

"Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate of speed,
Fra skylight lift to furnace bars, backed, bolted, traced,
an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are
made.

Now a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs and
mine,
Law, Order, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedience, Disci-
pline!"

The above lines are surely an achievement in the art of verse-making, which will add yet another leaf to Mr. Kipling's crown of laurels.

The first poem in the book, "A Song of the English," is a little disappointing, it is involved, and just a trifle wearisome, and this and "The First and Last Chantey" are not either of them specimens of the poet at his best, but the "Song of the Banjo" with its beguiling and variable refrain is in its peculiar way inimitable, and is sure to be quoted wherever that "Prophet of the utterly Absurd" is twanged and strummed. The "Mary Gloster" is a powerful ballad, and relates the story of the industrial successes of one Sir Anthony Gloster, baronite, and the bitterness that was in his heart when he lay a-dying, and realised the poor quality of his son, whom his hard-earned wealth had educated at "Harrer and Trinity College," and who did not even succeed in blessing his old father with the longed-for grandchild. The end of this ballad is gruesome enough to have been worthy of the pen of that adroit manufacturer of horrors, Edgar Allen Poe.

* "The Seven Seas," by Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Methuen & Co. 1896.)

The second part of the volume is filled with barrack-room ballads. Here are two verses from the prologue, which are specimens of true "Kiplingese."

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

* * *
They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed;
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!"

"Back to the Army Again," "Cholera Camp," the Song for the Marines, entitled "Soldier an' Sailor too," are vigorous, and are written in a resonant metre that is sure to "catch on" to all readers and hearers, especially *hearers*, because Kipling's ballads should be read aloud to be adequately appreciated. The captious critic, after reading this volume, feels that Kipling has in some of his pages strained his peculiar vein of originality to the verge (and over) of brutality. Swear-words are to be found in every verse, and adjectives such as "bloomin'," "d—d," &c. are freely sprinkled on every page. Now the captious critic is not prudish, and rather enjoys the introduction of a good-sounding exclamation now and then, but when such words appear in every third or fourth line they become wearisome, instead of being startlingly effective. It is to be regretted that the introduction of such verses as "The Ladies," and "The Sergeant's Wedding," will prevent the prudent mother leaving the book on the family reading table. No one would wish literature to be cramped by being always fitted for the reading of maidens, but the poems above mentioned are not sufficiently clever or powerful to redeem their almost insufferable coarseness.

A. M. G.

Review.

IT is a long time since such a valuable and interesting book for Nurses has been published as is "A Course of Lectures on Medicine to Nurses," by Dr. Herbert Cuff.*

Dr. Cuff shows a keen sympathy with the work of Nurses, and such a pleasant sense of the co-operation and comradeship of Nurse and doctor, that all his readers must feel at once that his book is the outcome of a real desire to help and enlighten Nurses. This he succeeds admirably in doing, and we hope his volume will have the large circulation its merits call for. It would make a little Christmas offering most acceptable to every Nurse fortunate enough to be its recipient.

And now, after so pleasantly sugar-coating the pill of criticism, we will try to find some defects! But these are so few that Dr. Cuff can well afford that we should point out that the average healthy baby requires more food than, in his section on the Feeding of Infants, he would allow. A child of ten months, for instance, should not be left foodless, as is recommended, from 11 p.m. till the following 8 a.m., especially when he has had only a tea-cup of warm milk, with an added tea-spoon of baked flour for his tea at 5 p.m., and another tea-cup of warm milk at 11 p.m. An interval of *six*

* Published by J. and A. Churchill, 7, Great Marlborough Street, W.

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