

The husband who is preparing to relieve himself of his wife declaims:—

"The marriage law of the new dispensation shall be: 'Thou shalt not be unfaithful—to thyself.'"

We have two stories on the same subject. In the first—"The Other Two"—we have the man who has married a woman who has divorced two previous husbands. He finds himself inevitably mixed up with "The Other Two," one of whom is the father of the child, and is by the law allowed access to her; the other is connected with his firm in business. We leave the wife dispensing tea to her three husbands. The Sadducees held that such a situation would be embarrassing in the world to come. One would be inclined to believe that *ici-bas*, the only word to describe it, would be intolerable.

In "The Reckoning" we have the wife's weapon turned against herself. The husband leaves the wife for a woman he prefers, just as she left her husband for him.

There are other tales, of varying merit, including a very poor ghost story. I have selected these two because they illustrate one or two aspects in the practical working of a state of things which some of us would be inclined to welcome. The writer is not aggressive in pointing her moral. There is no need to underline the obvious. G. M. R.

### Verse.

Don't look on life through a smoky glass;  
The world is much as you take it;  
'Twill yield you back a gleam of light,  
Or a glow of warmth if you make it.  
However fortune may seem to frown,  
However may scorn the scorers,  
Still face your fate with a fearless eye  
And a mouth curved up at the corners.

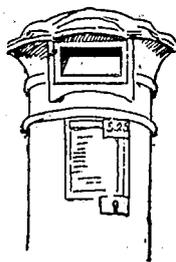
### A Wood Dream.

Here in the sunlit silence of the woods  
The world is banished far, and farther still  
The tumult of the heart-deep peace doth kill  
Its surging arguments; these solitudes  
Are like the soul's shut house, where none intrudes.  
Here haunting breezes sweet with th' tang of fern—  
Drawn from far lands our eyes cannot discern—  
Are singing preludes to more perfect moods.  
Here in dusk-chambers, by the woodland screened,  
The heart finds sanctuaries, mystic, fair,  
Wherein to break the precious vase of prayer,  
And hear such music as the soul ne'er dreamed.  
The vibrant woods! God's unspoiled gift to men,  
Placed by His hand, are Nature's diadem!

MINNIE FERRIS HAUSENSTEIN.

### What to Read.

- "Japan." By W. Petrie Watson.
- "A Unique History of the Military Career of Napoleon." By Theodore A. Dodge.
- "Perronelle." By Valentia Hawtrey.
- "The Tyrants of North Hyben." By Frank Dilnot.
- "The Scarlet Clue." By Silas A. Hocking.
- "The Lord of Creation." By T. W. H. Crosland.



### Letters to the Editor. NOTES, QUERIES, &c.

*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.*

#### THE MULTIPLICATION OF NURSING HOMES. *To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."*

DEAR MADAM,—I have by chance noticed in the last issue of your interesting journal the protest of certain residents in Marylebone against the increase of Nursing Homes.

A lengthy residence in that parish, and an acquaintance with many of its inhabitants, enable me to confirm what is stated in support of the arguments against the multiplication of those nursing institutions. The unhealthy and depressing influence of the latter has been such that I know that many private families have quitted the parish—in fact, to so unreasonable an extent have Nursing Homes increased within a radius of a mile of Harley Street, that a grocer's shop has for some time had such an institution over its premises.

The objections of the residents appear to be well-founded, for I have seen straw left lying in the thoroughfares known as "nursing streets" for so long that it has appeared little better than a pestilent swamp. As regards the alleged admission of infectious cases, I could name a house that treated a case of diphtheria, although, in fairness to other Nursing Homes, it should be stated that this house had as Lady Superintendent a woman who had never had any medical training. Whilst on the subject of untrained nurses, it seems germane to the question to mention that there are certainly in the parish nursing institutions that employ as "nurses" women who have never had any hospital experience whatever.

It has frequently been said that these congeries of Nursing Homes must be in close proximity to Harley Street. I think the best answer to this is that, years ago, when these institutions could be counted by units only, and when they were not an annoyance to private residents, Harley Street still existed, and was as renowned as it is still for its physicians and surgeons.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

MARYLEBONE.

Bank Chambers, 20, Bow Street, W.C.

#### THE INEVITABLE OUTCOME.

*To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."*

DEAR MADAM,—I note with pleasure in last week's issue of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING the excellent curriculum for probationers at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, which has always held a high position in the nursing world. But, in all seriousness, I ask what inducement is there at present to girls to pay for this thorough training, when, at its conclusion, they are in no better position than the woman with a smattering of knowledge gained in a special hospital. I hope the Matron of Addenbrooke's Hospital—who, I note, is against State Registration—will come

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)