

see the point of this. By degrees, the inhabitants of the town shun the doctor and cease to employ him; and he and his wife are left, at the end of the story, in a state of social ostracism.

Then comes the "Blue Hotel," a sordid record of low life in the country districts of America, ending with a murder, of an unprovoked description. Nothing but the extreme talent of the technique could save this tale from being gratuitously revolting.

The last story, an "Illusion in red and white," has no such extenuating circumstance. It is frankly sickening.

It seems a pity that such a mind as Mr. Stephen Crane's should have moved, for preference, so far from all beauty, external or moral. His talent is unquestioned. Take this, as a master-piece of the horrible.

"Johnson had fallen with his head at the base of an old-fashioned desk. There was a row of jars at the top of this desk. For the most part they were silent among this rioting, but there was one which seemed to hold a scintillating and writhing serpent.

"Suddenly the glass splintered, and a ruby-red, snake-like thing poured its thick length out upon the top of the old desk. It coiled and hesitated, and then began to swim in a languorous way down the mahogany slant. At the angle it waved its sizzling molten head to and fro over the closed eyes of the man beneath it. Then, in a moment, with a mystic impulse, it moved again, and the red snake flowed directly down into Johnson's upturned face.

"Afterwards the trail of this creature seemed to reek, and amid flames and low explosions drops like red-hot jewels pattered softly down it at leisurely intervals."

G. M. R.

Verse.

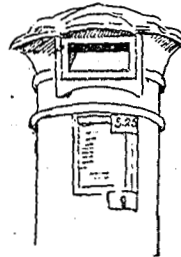
Overhead the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath my feet;
There was naught below me, naught above
That my childhood had not learned to love.
For what are the voices of birds—
Ay, and of beasts, but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet.
The knowledge of this with my life begun,
And I had so near made out your sun
And counted your stars, the seven and one,
Like the fingers of my hand—
Nay I could almost understand
Wherefor through heaven the white moon ranges,
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face could overlook me—
Suddenly God took me.

What to Read.

- "Poems." By James Thompson. Edited with an Introduction, by William Bayne.
- "Ephemera Critica; or, Plain Truths about Current Literature." By John Churton Collins.
- "The Siege of Kumassi." By Lady Hodgson.
- "Modern Abyssinia." By A. B. Wylde.
- "Mount Omi and Beyond." A Record of Travel on the Thibetan Border. By Archibald John Little F.R.G.S.
- "Anne Mainwaring." By Alice Ridley.
- "Mary Ward: a Foundress of the Seventeenth Century." With an Introduction by the Bishop of Newport. By Mother M. Salome.
- "In the Name of a Woman." By Arthur W. Marchmont

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.

"QUITE SO."

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—Unless you already know it, I think you may be interested to learn that the boycotting of opinions on nursing matters is not confined to the lay press. For some weeks past a correspondence has been appearing in the *Hospital Nursing Mirror* on the question of nurses sleeping in their patients' rooms; also on the rule in hotels that nurses shall take their meals with the upper servants of the establishment. Most of these letters were characterised by the absence of a "self-respecting sense of justice" on the part of the writers. On February 4th I wrote to the Editor my opinions on both subjects. I was especially glad to seize the opportunity of doing so on the hotel-nursing point, as last summer the friend who lives with me had a very trying experience in having to take all her meals for two months in the society of the men, maids, and nursemaids of the visitors at the Langham Hotel. She was even asked by the house-keeper to remove her cap and apron before going down to meals, so as to look like the nursemaids, and so avoid attracting attention on the stairs! My letter was temperate in tone, and I did not state any names, and enclosed my card, but it has been completely ignored by the Editor. Moreover, he, in the "Notes on Nursing News" in the *Nursing Mirror* for February 16th, makes a statement on this latter subject, in answer to another correspondent, which, in view of the fact of my letter to him, is a wilful misrepresentation of the matter.

I think you will like to know that several non-professional friends of mine take the *NURSING RECORD* regularly, and say they look forward with great interest to its weekly appearance.

With my deepest respect and admiration for your splendid work to right the wrong.

I am, Dear Madam,

Yours truly,

MENA BIELBY.

115, Marylebone Road, N.W.

February 22nd, 1901.

BELOW THE SALT.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I shall be obliged if you will give me your opinion on the following points:—(1) Has a superintendent of a trained nurses' co-operation the right, upon the request of a client, to waive a printed regulation, under which a trained nurse becomes a member of the society, and (2) in refusing to be

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)