

power and with beauty; but the people written about remain remote and unreal.

"Then you are lovers," says the young poet to the couple whom he is studying. "You have between you the utmost share of human beauty and human affection, that goes without saying. What then? You marry?"

"Marry? Why should we?" She flung the ardent reply to him. "We cannot love more. We are going soon to the cities to work."

"Ah, to work."

"Truly; people must work who love as Jaspar and I love."

It was quaint reasoning. "As Jaspar and I love." The words, in their quaint simplicity, haunted him. Women who spoke like that were bound to suffer, and men who know they are so loved must lose their strength. He knew already that the strength of the man was ebbing, that when he unharnessed from the stars she would have tragic disillusionings; now she was perfect. How great, his heart declared, are innocent women.

This will show how brilliantly the author can generalise. Men and women are thus, and thus, and thus. Let her now tell us what one woman, or one man, has been, thought, suffered, as an individual, not merely as a type.

G. M. R.

What to Read.

"Among the People of British Columbia: Red, White, Yellow, and Brown." By Frances E. Herring.

"The Dawn of Day." By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by Johanna Volz.

"Down the Orinoco in a Canoe." By S. Perez Triana.

"Affairs of West Africa." By Edmund D. Morell.

"With Napoleon at St. Helena: Being the Memoirs of Dr. John Stokoe, Naval Surgeon." Translated from the French of Paul Frémeaux by Edith S. Stokoe.

"The Village Problem." By George F. Millin.

"The Long Vigil." By F. Jenner Tayler.

Coming Events.

Meetings to discuss State Registration of Nurses:—

January 22nd.—Fulham Infirmary, 5 p.m.

January 27th.—Brook Fever Hospital, 3 p.m.

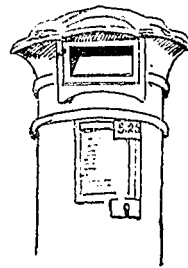
January 29th.—Fountain Fever Hospital, 2.30 p.m.

February 5th.—St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 8.30 p.m.

January 23rd.—Annual meeting of the Matrons' Council, Matrons' House, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 4 p.m.

January 30th.—Nurses' Conversazione, St. Thomas's Hospital.

February 6th.—Meeting of Executive Committee of Society for State Registration of Nurses, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, 3.30 p.m.



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.

"WHO SAID 'BOBS?'"

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

DEAR MADAM,—No one could read the unanimous burst of criticism of St. Bartholomew's Hospital without at once realising that it was all arranged to at once come down upon the Governors immediately it was announced that the Lord Mayor was going to inaugurate a Mansion House Fund in support of this City Hospital. It is a case of "Who said 'Bobs?'" "Bobs" signifying cash. A whisper—and out popped self-interest from its philanthropic shell, and the secretary of every unknown and pettifogging little hospital in London was shrieking a protest against financial support being given to the only financially sound hospital in the metropolis.

Why these tears? St. Thomas's gets half a million from the late Mr. Gassiot, St. George's quietly receives £100,000 bequeathed by the late Mr. Hugh McCalmont, and not one word is said in the Press. But because St. Bartholomew's has dared to be independent for centuries—by the businesslike management of its Trustees—that, forsooth, is a reason for the present appeal to meet an exceptional expenditure being described as "a scandal," "an atrocity," "gross injustice to more deserving charities," &c., &c.

Now, after being taken to task, advised, admonished, and threatened, I just hope the Lord Mayor will stick to his guns and that the well-wishers of splendid old "Bart's" will subscribe every penny of the £300,000 that will be needed wherever the extensions are erected. The truth is, it is time for the "London's" quinquennial appeal, and it is feared that the "Bart's" fund may injure the "London." There is no reason why it should do so, and surely the latter hospital has had its share of public money of late years. We hope Sir John Williams's sensible reply to the *Daily Mail* will be taken to heart: "Let Bart's get all it can—it will be well spent."

Yours truly,

AN ADMIRER OF RAHERE.

"TOO FUNNY."

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

DEAR MADAM,—Your letter published in to-day's issue of *Daily News* is really too funny. What an injustice it would be should such an Act ever pass! I sincerely hope, and certainly believe, it never will.

There are thousands of kind, skilful, conscientious women, quite capable (with many years' experience) of undertaking responsibilities of nursing and carrying out the doctor's orders. It is not only counterfeit nurses who have figured in police-courts, but many highly-trained, fully certificated, &c.

I know several very proficient, well-educated nurses of ten or fourteen years' experience, yet without a

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