

restriction in the rotundity of the average American male—his figure is by no means a model worthy of imitation, and we don't believe for a moment American girls will approximate to it without a struggle.

Play of the Week.

GHOSTS.

We are a strange nation, which is probably the reason why we submit to the presentation of much on the stage which were better excised while a play such as Ibsen's "Ghosts" comes under the ban of the Censor, albeit, as Mr. William Archer states, "it has probably done more than any other single play to enlarge and exalt our conception of the possibilities of modern dramatic art."

The Censor notwithstanding, the play was produced at the Ramblers Club, for one night last week, and everyone who saw it must have recognised it as one of the most powerful sermons on the subject of moral purity which it is possible to preach. The characters are Mrs. Helen Alving, widow of Captain Alving, late Chamberlain to the King, finely played by Miss Janet Achurch; Oswald, her son, a painter (Mr. Courtenay Thorpe), Pastor Manders (Mr. Charles Charrington), Jacob Engstrand, a carpenter (Mr. Norreys Connell), and Regina Engstrand, Mrs. Alving's maid (Miss Alice Crawford). The action takes place in Norway.

The story is that of the marriage of a woman to a man of dissolute life, who, when death severs the detestable bond, devotes the whole of his fortune, which she refuses to touch, to the foundation of an orphanage. She has sent her only son away from home, to be out of the reach of his father's evil influence, and he has made some reputation as a painter in Paris, but when the play opens, has returned home for a visit to his mother's great delight. Tragedy once more encompasses her life, when Oswald confesses to her, "I'm not down-right ill; not what is commonly called 'ill.' Mother, my mind is broken down—ruined—I shall never be able to work again! . . . Never!—never! A living death! Mother, can you imagine anything so horrible?" His mother inquires how this horrible thing has come upon him, and he says, "That's just what I cannot possibly grasp or understand. I have never led a dissipated life—never in any respect. You mustn't believe that of me, mother. I've never done that." He then describes how at first he thought his illness nothing but the ordinary headache he had been so plagued with while he was growing up, but "my powers seemed to fail me, all my strength was crippled. At last I sent for a doctor—and from him I learned the truth. 'There has been something worm-eaten in you from your birth. . . . The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.' . . . I very nearly struck him in the face—of course I assured him that such a thing was out of the question. But do you think he gave in? No, he stuck to it; and it was only when I produced

your letters and translated the passages relating to father . . . he had to admit that he was on the wrong track; and so I learned the truth—the incomprehensible truth! I had brought it on myself. No other explanation was possible, he said. That's the awful part of it. Incurably ruined for life—by my own heedlessness! All that I meant to have done in the world—I never dare think of it again."

And the mother, to ease the anguish of her boy, tells him that she is going to take the burden off his mind, "all the gnawing remorse and self reproach" he has spoken of. She does it at the expense of his father: "Your father was a broken-down man before you were born."

The crisis comes when the artist finds he is going blind; and when he says to his mother, "I never asked you for life, what sort of a life have you given me? I will not have it!" her cup of anguish is full.

Perhaps the best comment on the play is that of a mother on leaving the hall: "I wish my boy could see it." Is that the drama which we can afford to taboo?

P. G. Y.

COMING EVENTS.

January 24th.—The Women Writers' Suffrage League "At Home," Little Theatre, John Street, Adelphi. Musical and Dramatic Entertainment, "Before Sunrise," by Bessie Hatton. Admission, 2s. 3 to 5 p.m.

January 25th.—Quarterly Meeting of the Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4.30 p.m.

February 3rd and 4th.—Provincial Sessional Meeting of Royal Sanitary Institute, at Bradford.

February 6th.—Lyceum Club, Piccadilly, W. "Evolution of Trained Nursing" Dinner. 7.30 p.m.

February 8th.—Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. Lecture on "Food and Feeding," by Dr. Chalmers Watson. All trained nurses cordially invited. Extra Mural Medical Theatre, 4.30 p.m.

REGISTRATION REUNION.

February 18th.—A Reunion in support of the Bill for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, under the authority of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland, will take place in the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., 8 p.m. to 12. Reception, 8 p.m.

A Nursing Masque of the Evolution of Trained Nursing will be presented at 8.30 p.m.

Music and Refreshments.

Tickets on sale at 431, Oxford Street, London, W. Reserved seats (limited), 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; unreserved, 5s.; Nurses' tickets, 3s. 6d.; Performers, 2s. 6d. To be obtained from Pageant Secretary.

Nurses' Tickets, 3s. 6d., at the office, BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING (first floor), 11, Adam Street, Strand, W.C.; and from Matrons who offer to have them on sale or return.

WORD FOR THE WEEK

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

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