

organization of the W.A.A.C. so greatly that they are asking whether it cannot be adopted in the French Army.

Dr. Lister, a medical officer at the Women's Hospital, Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, read a very interesting paper on the work there, but, as we have recently described the hospital in this Journal, we have devoted the space at our disposal to Mrs. Andrews' address.

The social gathering, for which Miss Janet Stewart always sends a cake, was held in the sitting-room of the Nurses' Home.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD.*

Those of our readers who enjoy supping on horrors, mystery and intrigue will have their appetites satisfied in this book of short stories.

"The Clock" tells of a foul murder done by one Archie Cranfield on his guest, of whom he had always been jealous on account of his superior achievements and success in life. In a letter to a friend he confesses his guilt, and also how, by some weird trick of a clock, he is able to prove an alibi on the night of the murder.

It is a fantastic idea that the clock suspended, time for this man.

"The clock had given me fourteen full minutes, which it denied to all the world besides. Time had stood still for me."

Describing his jealousy of Braydon, he says, "At school I was never more than second, he always the first; had I been fourth or fifth, I think I should not have minded. After I left the Army, and I lost sight of him, the flame burnt low. I believed it extinguished when I invited him to stay with me; but he had not been in the house an hour before it blazed up within me. The very sound of his footsteps sickened me. The clock suddenly ceased. I slipped from the room. I was quite leisurely. I had time. I was back in my chair again before seven minutes had passed."

"The Crystal Trench" is perhaps the most uncanny of all this collection of uncanny stories. It tells of two young inexperienced men who climbed the Weisshorn, one of the known difficult climbs of the Alps.

"They would not hear of guides. They had climbed from Wasdale Head, in the Snowdon Range. The Alpine Club was a body of old fogies. They did not think much of the Alps."

One of them was left behind there, his dead body lashed to a splinter of the rock, and his young wife in the inn below was widowed while yet a bride.

She, all unconscious of her husband's fate, had joined the dancing in the big drawing room.

"Frobisher's widow was dancing. She was dancing with all the supple grace of her nineteen years, her face flushed and smiling, whilst up

there, fourteen thousand feet high, on the storm-swept ridge, her dead husband bestrode the snow, and nodded and swayed to the gale."

Young Challoner, hitherto a stranger, had to break the terrible news to her, and touched by her grief he undertakes to recover her husband's body and bring it to her for burial.

With eight experienced guides he set out on his grim adventure, and, up to a point, succeeded, but the lashing of the rope got loose as they dragged the body down the glacier, "and it slid swiftly past them down a slope of ice, and disappeared into a crevasse."

After many months, Challoner begs the young widow to marry him, but she refuses.

"I shall tell you why," she said. "Do you know Professor Kersley? I told him about the accident on the Weisshorn. He promised to make a calculation." Now, her voice broke. "On July 21st, twenty-four years from now, Mark's body will come out of the ice at the snout of the Holicht glacier."

Twenty-four years later the faithful Challoner, on the appointed day, visited the scene of the tragedy, accompanied by Mark's widow.

"Under the ice Frobisher lay quietly like a youth asleep. The twenty-four years had cut not a line about his mouth, not a wrinkle about his eyes. The years had taken no toll of him. And over him bent his wife—a woman worn, lined, old.

They cut the ice carefully away. The air of Heaven beat upon Mark Frobisher. From head to foot, the youth crumbled into dust and was not. All that was left was a locket on a thin gold chain." Challoner stooped, picked it up and opened it. A face stared boldly up at him. The face of a girl, pretty and quite vulgar, and strange to him.

He looked up to see Stella's white face watching him with brooding eyes.

"What is that?" she asked.

"A portrait of you," said Challoner.

"He had no locket with a portrait of me," said Stella Frobisher. H. H.

COMING EVENTS.

January 25th.—Meeting of the Matrons' Council. 431, Oxford Street, W. 4 p.m.

January 30th.—Royal Sanitary Institute. Course of Lectures for Women Health Visitors, Tuberculosis Visitors, School Nurses, and School Teachers commences. Subject: Personal Hygiene, Importance of Cleanliness. 90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 6 p.m.

February 7th.—Royal British Nurses' Association. Lecture: "The Royal Observatory, Greenwich," illustrated by lantern views. Sir Frank Dyson, Astronomer Royal. 11, Chandos Street, W., 2.45 p.m.

February 7th.—League of St. John's House Nurses: General Meeting. 12, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C. 3 p.m.

*By A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)