

King's bedroom, said to have been prepared for the reception of James I, is a magnificent and ostentatious product of Restoration. It is excessively magnificent, the canopy of the immense bed reaching almost to the ceiling, decked with ostrich feathers, the hangings stiff with gold and silver thread, the coverlet and the interior of the curtains heavily embroidered with a design of pomegranates and tiger-lilies worked in silver on a coral satin ground, with the royal cipher embossed over the pillows—all this is magnificent. The set of furniture made entirely of silver: table, hanging mirror, and tripods are a somewhat florid and ostentatious product of the Restoration.

There are a surprising number of smaller silver articles in the room: sconces, ginger-jars, mirrors, fire-dogs, toilet set, rose-water sprinklers, even a silver-eye bath, but these smaller pieces have a charm of their own.

Here one passes on to the Venetian Ambassador's bedroom. Green and gold; handsome Burgundian tapestry, a rosy Persian rug. Green and pinks originally bright, now dusted and tarnished over. It is a grave and stately room, yet rather melancholy and having over all a bloom resting upon it, like that to be seen on a bunch of grapes. It seems sadly in need of habitation, more so than any other room.

The bed appears to be designed for three: it is of enormous breadth and has three pillows in a row. This is what the Italians call a *letto matrimoniale*.

In a remote corner of the house is the Chapel of the Archbishops, small and very lavishly bejewelled. The chapel is rich in colour, tapestry, oak and stained glass, reminding one of a smouldering fire.

The hand of the nineteenth century fell rather heavily on the chapel: besides painting the oak yellow and the ceiling blue with gold stars it erected a Gothic screen and a yellow organ; fortunately these are both at the entrance and you can turn your back on them and look down the little nave where Mary Queen of Scots' gifts stand under the perpendicular east window. All along the left-hand wall hangs the Gothic tapestry—scenes from the Life of Christ, the figures ungainly enough, trampling on an edging of tall irises and lilies exquisitely designed.

There used to be other tapestries in this house of Knole; there was one of the Seven Deadly Sins set, woven with gold threads, and there was another series, very early, representing the Flood and the two-by-two procession of the animals going into a weather-boarded Ark; these, alas, are now in America.

A. R. BUNCH.

Gems from the Writings of Lavinia L. Dock.

November 6th, 1949.

"Mrs. Fenwick's mind, brain, perceptions were a long way ahead of her time. She was an initiation of a new phase of evolution.

"Such persons are always disbelieved, disapproved by the ones who are satisfied with the status quo—some of them are attacked, even persecuted.

"Look back over the rolls of history. . . ."

April 14th, 1950.

"You are all so tied down with desk-work that I do not like to pick out any one of you. I am, however, hoping that I may soon hear that Mrs. Fenwick's Paper on the Memorial to Miss Nightingale may be published.

"Because, over here, three different histories are being written. . . ."

"So I am very anxious for Mrs Fenwick's paper to be printed in order that an *exact record* may be available."

A Few Kernels from Correspondents.

"I am very sorry to hear that the Nursing Press, Ltd., have decided to cease publication of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING. I shall miss it, and articles of much value. . . ."
E. C.

"I am very sorry to learn that you are discontinuing the publication of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

"May I say how much I have enjoyed reading the Journal during the past years." C. A. E.

"May we express our appreciation of this fine journal and state that we have enjoyed having it come into our institution during the years." J. M. W. (Canada).

"I am sorry I cannot attend to give you fine workers a very hearty clap for all the hard work you have put in. You (Miss A. Stewart Bryson) with Miss Angel and Miss Bowering have done splendidly. Changes must come and we look forward." E. W.

"I am really very sad to read our BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING is no more. Miss Angel will feel very sad, she worked so hard for it. I feel especially sorry for her."
E. W.

The Last Word.

Earth is crammed with Heaven,
Every common bush afire with God;
But, only he who sees takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round and pluck blackberries.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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