

Professional Reviews.**HOME NURSING.**

We have received from the Macmillan Company, Limited, New York and London, a copy of "Home Nursing," Modern Scientific Methods for the care of the Sick, by Eveleen Harrison. The book is daintily got up, being bound in red ribbed cloth, with back of brown calf. It is intended to be of use to home nurses in cases of slight illness where the services of a trained nurse are not required, or when they cannot be afforded.

The book contains many useful hints to amateurs, such, for instance, as the choice and arrangement of the sick room, and its ventilation and order. How to make the bed and change sheets and nightdresses are also described, and though there is no doubt that a little practical teaching is worth more than the most lucid theoretical description, yet those who are thrown on their own resources, and would fain do their best, may glean something as to methods and management by studying such a book. We are glad that the author emphasises the danger of the amateur prescription of drugs. As a rule the light-heartedness with which even dangerous drugs are prescribed is proportionate to the ignorance of the prescriber—at least, this is our experience of amateur dosing. For instance, anti-pyrin is a drug which the public feels quite competent to administer indiscriminately, and yet most trained nurses could testify to cases in which its effects were alarming even when given with due consideration under medical prescription. The chapter on the observation of symptoms is good, and the one on the preparation of food will be useful to many. We should not recommend anyone to make a poultice with a spoon. Failing a spatula, a knife is the only satisfactory implement. Nor do we think it advisable to suggest the application of arnica to a sprain. Arnica by no means suits everyone, and it should at any rate be applied under medical direction. Plugging the nose should also be done under medical orders. While making these criticisms, however, we must say that the book appears to us to be carefully compiled, and on the whole likely to be of much use to the class for whom it is intended.

THE NURSE'S REPORT BOOK.

We have received from the publisher, Mr. Henry J. Glaisher, of 57, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, W., a copy of "The Nurse's Report Book," by K. H. The Report Book should be useful to private nurses. Space is allotted to the name, age, address and disease of the patient, the date of the case, and the name of the medical practitioner in attendance, with remarks, at the beginning of the book. It is ruled to show a record of the nourishment and stimulants taken by the patient, the temperature, pulse, respiration, amount of urine passed, of the stools, and the amount of sleep, with the time in each case, with a column on each page for remarks. It is not quite apparent why the pages should be divided into sections of three lines each, each page containing five spaces. If each space is intended for a day we do not think a three-times-a-day record of pulse and temperature, or indeed of food and stimulants is sufficient, and we should like to suggest that in future issues the book is arranged to admit of a four-hourly, or even two hourly record being kept. We feel sure this plan would add greatly to its usefulness.

Outside the Gates.**THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1900.***(Continued from page 386.)*

Of the portraits—always excepting the Sargent—there is nothing that is comparable with Henrietta Rae's superb picture of Lady Newton, the Lady Mayoress. In colouring, drawing, and above all, in sympathetic rendering of a noble and yet tender soul, it stands alone, and the smirking, vapid inanities of Fildes and Constant, and the ruck of the portrait painters look like ridiculous rag dolls beside it. It is somewhat in the Italian style, grand and with an effect of simplicity, albeit both costume and background are of the richest possible fabrics, nothing could be more harmonised than the exquisite blue of the velvets, the grey-browns of the sables, and the grey-blue and palely gold of the background. The use made of the modes of the day is of the kind demonstrated in the portraits of Moroni, very different to the fashion-plates perpetrated by our popular portraitists. It is a great example of what a portrait should be, to be loved and admired in the present and to be passed on to the centuries of the future with a reverent pride.

"Blue" is still the stumbling-block of the painters. There are on the walls great patches of Reckitt's "Stone Blue," "Best Cerulean," and other mixtures, which, on close examination, resolve themselves into attempting to render sky and atmosphere that really scratch your eye, and give a terrible "poster" effect to the show, and an air of *raw vulgarity* that is fatal to all things in the vicinity, moreover. Yet there are two or three exceptions that are very grateful. "The Ebb," by Herbert Draper, a very unusual but very true effect, showing a dark blue green sea, sullenly retiring and leaving bare great yellowish rocks, is a notable instance and perhaps it gains from being hung below the fearful canvas of the Hon. John Collier—poor man. What a picture is the billiard players! Let us "drop the tear of sensibility and retire leaning on our faithful Betty" as Miss Austin says, indeed we require support at this juncture.

The sculpture show is not large this year, which is not to be wondered at, considering that nothing is being bought in that line except "War Lord's" testimonials, and those only go to the favoured few. Probably sculpting will die out altogether in England of inanition. The tomb of Leighton is good.—the figure of the late P.R.A.—good too, the whole good, but not so good as the numerous tombs on which this one is modelled that may be seen in San Marco, San Miniato, San everybody else in the churches about Fiorenze and other Italian cities fulfilled of mediæval art; but it is better than most of our tombs—if that is any particular praise.

The rigidly ascetic bust, made of ivory and bronze combined, is named with a remarkable ineptness, "Lamia." Anything more unlike a "Lamia" it would be difficult to imagine, although there is a something of ghastly and weird in the dead white face in the grey setting; but it is the ghostliness of the nun, not the smoulder and lurid flame of the repressed half-human serpent.

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