

There is Polly Hains, evidently sketched from life, and, like all pictures in which the artist has been too near his model, not entirely successful. Then there are the sisters, Theresa and Bella Waring; lastly, there is Bill.

The action mostly passes in Ashelton, a village in the eastern counties, where sweet Theresa lives—Theresa who has married a worthless young gentleman farmer, who comes home drunk on market nights. Near by lives Gilchrist Harborough, a young Australian, who has theories about making farming pay, and does his own work as in the colonies. Then there is the village set of ladies, with Mrs. Dawson at their head, and Mr. Dane, the almost impossibly charming old rector, whose wife deserted him, in the long ago, to run away with Bill Alardy's grandfather. Then there is old Mr. Harborough, owner of an old house which is described by a hand which has real magic, where descriptions of the old, the weird and the picturesque, are in question.

The character of Gilchrist Harborough seems to have been a little bit offered up as a sacrifice by the author, in order to leave the field clear for Kit, the real hero. There is something in the working out of the story which is ineffective, which seems to miss fire; but there is much which is very charming, very fresh, very quaint. Bill's expedition to the backdoors of the neighbouring town, selling plums, and her meeting with her fiancé's friend and offering him a lift, is excellent comedy; so is his visit to the London house, when she answers the door. It is a book that certainly stands out from the ordinary run of novels, and there is a vein of real life in it which is commendable. Neither is it wholly pessimistic, for which one may now-a-days give thanks, and take courage.

G. M. R.

Verses.

UNITS.

What is the news to-day?

Always the same,

Bad or good she must seek the name.

She will not say.

Without superfluous complaint

She faces day by day the strain,

Just adding to the load of pain

The agony of self-restraint.

What is the news to-day?

Always the same,

Perennial bravery and fame

Pursue their way.

But England, when she gives their due

To those who perished by the sword,

Will have to count some women too,

Who've been through hell without a word.

Westminster Gazette.

ELEANOR ESHER.

What to Read.

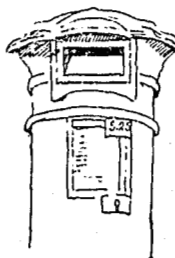
"Verses at Random." By "Thistle" M. C. Anderson.

"The Medici and the Italian Renaissance." By Oliphant Smeaton, M.A.

"The War of the Civilisations: Being the Record of a 'Foreign Devil's' Experiences with the Allies in China." By George Lynch.

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.

PENNY PAPER TREATMENT.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM.—Would you kindly give me your opinion upon the following treatment for Croup which was copied from one of the numerous penny weeklies which cater for the women of England.

CROUP.

"In cases of Croup where to make the child sick is the only thing to save life, nothing will do so quickly as a teaspoonful of camphorated oil, it acts as a disinfectant to the throat, killing the croup membrane instantly, it acts just as well in diphtheria."

Thanking you in anticipation,

I am, yours faithfully,

45, Sussex Avenue,
Ashford, Kent.

M. BURR.

January 28th, 1902.

[Miss Dock's invaluable book "Materia Medica for Nurses" states that the dose of camphor for an adult is 2-5grs. In Camphorated Oil there is 1 part of camphor to 4 parts of olive oil, therefore it is proposed to give a child, of tender years, a dose containing 12grs. of camphor, or more than double the full dose for an adult. We imagine that the prescription so lightly and carelessly given would be more likely to cause symptoms of camphor poisoning in a child than to have any local effect on membranous croup or diphtheria. These are faintness and headache, vertigo, confused ideas, burning pain in the stomach, delirium, convulsions, and insensibility. The pulse is small, sometimes slow, sometimes accelerated. The skin is pale, cold, and covered with perspiration. This condition is scarcely a desirable complication of croup or diphtheria. The antiseptic power of camphor is feeble. It is, of course, unnecessary to state in a Nurses' Journal that not an instant should be lost in obtaining medical assistance in cases both of croup and diphtheria. Nurses realize too forcibly the danger of these diseases to dare to delay, or to tamper with them by prescribing quack nostrums. We think that the editors of many of our weekly ladies' papers fail to realise their responsibilities to the public when they entrust the replies to correspondents on matters connected with medical and nursing matters to amateur hands. It is inexcusable of wealthy papers not to make use of professional knowledge on these subjects, and the gross ignorance of the public, and the consequent danger to the lives of little children, result from their ignorant and illconsidered advice. We ourselves often notice most extraordinary and dangerous advertisements week by week in many ladies' papers, and replies to questions on nursing subjects which are as misleading as they are inaccurate.—ED.]

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