makes him secretary to Biddulph, engages him to her cousin, Lady Anne Massingham, and intends that he shall stand for Parliament as member for her husband's borough.

There is one character in the book, most subtly drawn, most typical of our age, and of a certain small section of our society. This is Horace Colquhoun, the man who lives by rendering himself necessary to Lord Cheriton. Horace desires that Lady Cheriton should divorce her husband, which she has hitherto steadily declined to do. He sees her growing interest in young Dacre. He sees, what she does not, that young Dacre is in love with her; and he starts a vile slander, locally, about "Lady Cheriton and her nomination of her Popish lover."

Poor Lady Cheriton finds out, too late, that, without in the least realising what she was doing, she has stolen Lady Anne's lover from her, and in many ways wrought incalculable mischief. At the eleventh hour she sets herself to try and undo some of what she has done.

We are left with the hope that sweet Lady Anne retrieved and forgave the erring Henry, whose sharp attack of "swelled head" was most natural under the circumstances.

The book is well written, the dialogue, without attaining brilliance, is really good, the situations natural, and never strained; and the net result of reading it is to "wind our thread of life up higher." Which is by no means to be said of all books.

G. M. R.

How Did You Die?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh! a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only—How did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's—How did you fight—and why?

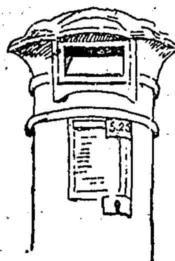
And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, The Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—How did you die?

—Edmund Vance Cooke, in the *Windsor Magazine.*

What to Read.

"Love Songs from the Greek." By Janet Minot Sedgwick.

"The Lady of the Cameo." By Tom Gallon.



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.*

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

Dear Madam,—The British Journal of Nursing always rings true, and I note with satisfaction that you insist on "tender-heartedness" as an essential qualification in the making of a good nurse. No one can ever doubt it who has had occasion to require the services of a nurse. The nurse with the "heart of Pharaoh" is an abnormality who should be improved off the face of the earth.

How is it she is allowed to exist for an hour? I often ask myself this question, and have formed some conclusions. In the first place, tender-heartedness is not a conspicuous trait in the present-day woman; it is not nurses only who are devoid of it. The modern woman expects much of others, and gives little in return. She resents it if those about her are not always unselfish, sweet-tempered, considerate, but she by no means considers it necessary to exhibit these qualities herself. What is the modern nurse but the modern woman with a special education? Again, what is the lesson of the training-schools? That much can be done to instil good nursing traditions we know by the reputation some schools have achieved for turning out nurses to whom the interests of their patients are of paramount importance. But this is by no means universal. In many hospitals we find show rather than good nursing the accepted rule. Spotless floors, pretty tables, clean show sheets—all these are good. But they are of little value if time is spent on the elaborate arrangement of flowers which should be devoted to the patients, and the immaculate top sheet covers a patient whose perfunctory washing of face and hands took place at 5 a.m. so that the nurse might "get forward" with her work, and who is keenly conscious of the discomfort of an unchanged draw-sheet, in which the crumbs of breakfast-time congregate and find out every tender spot of his back.

The responsibility of those who have not only the selection but the training of nurses is great, and it is not too much to say that the personality of Matrons and Sisters is reflected in the nurses sent out by the various schools. Let anyone who doubts it study this point.

I am, dear Madam,
Yours faithfully,
Student.

THE POETS ON STIMULANTS.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

Dear Madam,—Mrs. Stopes' survey of the Bacon-Shakespeare question is most engrossing, and I think most people will agree that she has made out a good case in support of her argument that "neither could have written the works of the other." It is interesting to note that, at a time when hard drinking was the