

"Tisn't the prize," he said, "it's the dog. She was run by a man who wasn't fit to run her, a drunken fool who simply threw her away. She comes of the best stock in the county, and she can do better than that I'll lay my best heifer. She doesn't know me, but I think I can work her. She's been shamed before the whole county. Give her another chance." How Pink triumphantly availed herself of that chance is told with all the skill of an author who will go far, all the sympathy of a true dog lover. For that scene alone the book is worth reading.

The book opens tragically:

"The curse of the old place was upon it—sudden death.

"The servants crept quietly, starting when the boards creaked, clutching each other at shadows, and looking for ancestors at every turn. Upstairs, mother and betrothed, doctor and lawyer, conveyed 'Slinkin' Lyndesay to his latter end. The butler waited at the door, a curious expression on his face, neither of sorrow nor indifference; possibly the look of one assisting at an interesting experiment."

"Slinkin" Lyndesay died as he had lived—unworthily. Yet he took with him all the love of his harsh unloveable mother though "the day's tragedy had not softened by one whit the set line of her lips. You would never have guessed that she had laid her heart, as a broken flower is laid, on the breast of the slinkin' hound upstairs."

Christian, the heir, half-brother to the dead man, Deb, to whom he was engaged, despite the fact which he revealed on his death-bed of a wife living. Verity, who vigorously protested against her cutting the whole family ("Just because one berry had a grub in it, I don't see why you need burn the whole bush"), these and many more live for us as real people in the pages of the book, which is one to be commended to appreciative attention.

P. G. Y.

### VERSE.

If you and I—just you and I—  
Should laugh instead of worry,  
If we should grow—just you and I—  
Kinder and sweeter-hearted;  
Perhaps in some near by and by  
A good time might get started;  
Then what a happy world 'twould be  
For you and me—for you and me.

### A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankind, nor of the inappreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat, is the final proof of power.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

*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.*

#### A REJOINER.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—In the interests of truth, and of the many who have found immunity from indigestion by the drinking of hot water, may I beg space for a rejoinder to Miss Hunter's letter?

Personal observation inclines me to the belief that where gastric ulcer has been attributed to the drinking of hot water the cause has equally lain with the taking of other very hot fluids habitually—tea, coffee, cocoa, milk and soups. Indigestion entails a lowered vitality, and such sufferers have a natural craving for hot drinks and food which only a very strong will can resist. Most of us take food and drink at a too high temperature, and never give the matter a thought. I know many nurses who drink tea almost at scalding point.

I have known patients having had gastric ulcer and consequent chronic indigestion who have almost recovered from this by the drinking of hot water before meals, taking no other hot fluids.

With regard to bi-carbonate of soda, *verb. sap.*

Yours faithfully,

M. M. G. BIELBY.

#### THE ADVANTAGE OF POOR LAW TRAINING.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks cheque for 5s. for the Prize Competition. I thought it might interest your readers some time, but had no real thought of being awarded the prize.

Will you be good enough to place the cheque to the funds of the Society for State Registration?

I was very much interested in the excellent paper by Miss Barton in the current issue, read at the Dublin Conference.

I went through a course at a well-known infirmary, then superintended by an excellent Matron much respected in the Nursing World. It was she primarily who inspired me to stand up for all that was best in the profession, as I had stood by *her* in a very hard time.

It was my time at the Poor Law Infirmary that taught me sympathy with poor chronic sufferers, and convalescent patients. In my humble opinion they need a far more highly-trained nurse, trained and chastened in body, mind and spirit, as well as technically, than any critically ill patient. Then the nurse is all keenness in her fight with death, and the patient is too ill to mind what is done or who does it, as long as *he* does not have to do it. But let him become either chronic or convalescent the nurse is tired, the case is no

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