

installed. They are heated by a gas boiler fixed outside the theatre, and are a convenient, cleanly and efficient method of securing the requisite heat.

### THE POPULAR CHEMICAL DICTIONARY.

The fact that "The Popular Chemical Dictionary," by Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., first published by Messrs. Baillière, Tindall & Cox, 8, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., in 1919, has already passed into a second and enlarged edition, is proof that it has met a felt want.

The object of the book, as the author tells us in the first edition, is to give in one volume, in compendious form and in simple language, descriptions of the subjects of chemistry—its laws and processes, the chemical elements, the more important inorganic and organic compounds and their preparation or manufacture and applications, together with illustrated descriptions of chemical apparatus.

The new edition contains fuller references to a number of subjects of special present-day interest and importance, such as Enzymes and Zymogens; in brief, the author has endeavoured to make the volume a compendious encyclopædia of chemical information.

It follows that the book is intended primarily for chemists and those who have to deal with chemical articles, but chemistry is a matter which intimately touches the work of nurses. They are daily handling and administering drugs, including some of the most deadly, and it behoves them to have a working knowledge of their properties, doses, and action.

For instance, it is not long since a tragedy occurred of the deaths of patients from the administration of one of the salts of barium, in place of another preparation. Reference to the book before us would have elicited the information: "All the soluble salts of barium are poisonous." The book is one which would serve a useful purpose in Nurses' Reference Libraries, and might well find a place on their shelves. Some nurses would wish to consult it only on special points, but others who are interested in drugs, and wish to acquire all possible knowledge about them will find it a mine of information. It might also usefully find a place in those cottage hospitals where to the Matron's duties are added the highly responsible one of dispensing for the institution.

The price of the book, which is well printed and clearly arranged, is 21s.

### A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Live your life while you have it. Life is a splendid gift. There is nothing small in it. Far the greatest things grow by God's law out of the smallest. But to live your life you must discipline it. You must not fritter it away in erring act, inconstant will; but must make your thought, your words, your acts, all work to the same end, and that end not self but God. This is what we call Character."—*Florence Nightingale.*

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### TORQUIL'S SUCCESS.\*

This story is the history of a young writer who was generally known under his *nom de plume* of Torquil. His mother was of lowly birth, and his father, as far as he was concerned, was a matter of conjecture. He fondly imagined that Squire Pomfret of Ovingdale stood in that relation to him. He by nature a snob, and by inclination a climber, ignored altogether his good mother, now for many years married to a butcher of Ovingdale.

When he first appears on the pages of this book he is leading a strenuous and abstemious life in dirty lodgings at Chelsea, just completing his book.

Park Lane held a peculiar appeal to him, a part of his intimate dream of success. Here he would live when the dream came true. In a boyish mood one afternoon he had gone so far as to choose his house.

A little house in Park Lane that would shelter a great author. He saw himself writing there, at a window that watched the growth of the trees and compared them to the puny mortals strutting forth to Church Parade in all their peacock finery. Torquil would never be one of them.

His real success began when his kindly old publisher invited him down to spend a week-end with himself and his charming young wife.

Josephine was unlike, probably, any other woman that he had been in close contact with before.

How absurdly young she looked to be old Merriman's wife. His shyness made him aggressive even to the extent of mistrusting the welcome in her voice, as she stood in her lavender dress against the background of currant bushes.

The publisher's wife, for all her youth, assumed a motherly attitude to Torquil. "Poor boy," she thought, "I don't believe he's ever had any kindness shown him. At any rate, he shall find it here."

He on his part became a worshipper at her shrine, but, unhappily, he was incapable of a purely unselfish passion, and self-interest led him to play a shabby trick on her husband, just when, owing to ill-health and other business misfortunes, he most needed the support of his clients.

Prior to this desertion on his part, he had spent many weeks with these kind friends at their villa in the South of France, whither he had been invited on account of his shattered health.

He had been rather crestfallen during that period at Josephine's reluctance to appear in his next book.

"He should have guessed, she thought, that it might be awkward for her to figure in a novel—apparently as the heroine—that was issued from her husband's house. If Richard should recognise her she felt sure he would not like it.

On the other hand, Torquil seemed to consider it a graceful attention. A pity he hadn't seen more of the world. She did not like to appear

\* By Muriel Hine. John Lane, Bodley Head.

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