

scrubbing them thoroughly with soap, water and brush. Let the family see you taking all these precautions. It is one of the valuable lessons that you are there to teach. Explain that infection follows careless contact of attendant's hands or clothing with person and bedding of patient. Urge the member of the family who is caring for the patient to wear a garment of some kind that covers her ordinary clothing. Teach her to wear this in the sick room only. Teach her to sweep with a damp broom and dust with a cloth wrung out of disinfectant. If possible see that anyone suffering from a contagious disease is in a room where they can get fresh air and sunlight, as these are important germicides.

See that the patient is having the proper nourishment, as in many contagious cases there is no one to provide this, the member of the family attending the patient is also cooking for the rest of the family. In this country a way can always be found for a supply of food from the outside.

Our nurses can perform a very wonderful service to the members of a community quarantined for any communicable disease by feeling responsible for them in every way. In all but the very poor homes an intelligent method of caring for a patient can be carried out, if the family is earnest and unselfish, and if the nurse will plan a daily routine, which so many households lack. Teach the need of teamwork and courage. Always make helpful and positive suggestion and maintain an intelligent, helpful interest in the family as long as they require your aid.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

The Annual Council Meeting and Conference of the National Council of Women will be held at Cambridge from September 25th to 29th. Some very interesting Papers and Speakers are already announced in the Preliminary Programme.

We must now all begin to read up Finland. It has a very gallant national history. We advise internationalists to read "Through Finland in Carts," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

"If you have two loaves," said the Greek philosopher, "sell one and buy lilies. For it is as needful that the soul as that the body should be fed."

COMING EVENTS.

June 9th.—Meeting Matrons' Council, Royal British Nurses' Association Club, 194, Queen's Gate, S.W. Miss H. L. Pearse and Miss J. C. Child will speak on the International Council of Nurses' Meeting at Copenhagen. 3 p.m.

June 30th.—Royal British Nurses' Association. Annual Meeting. Her Royal Highness, Princess Christian, the President, will preside. 194, Queen's Gate, S.W. 5.30 p.m.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE DESERT OF WHEAT."*

This stirring story gives an account of wheat farming on the banks of the Columbia River, and very interesting reading it makes, for it is told by one who has evidently first-hand knowledge of the cultivation of wheat on an immense scale. Like all books that are descriptive of an industry, it is very informing, and the interest and romance of wheat farming gets home.

There are many theatres of interest in this book, which starts with agriculture and finishes with the battlefield.

Kurt Dorn, the young farmer, at the period when America "came in" to the war, was working with his father on his farm. Old Chris Dorn, a German, owed thirty thousand dollars to Anderson, a wealthy rancher, who though he had been lenient and kind was, on the day the story opened, coming to look over Chris's wheatfield with a view to the settlement of the debt. Kurt had long since realised that his father was illiterate, hard, grasping, and growing worse with the burden of years. Also Kurt bitterly resented his German nationality. If only the rain would come, then Kurt could pay the debt that hung so heavily on his neck.

The rancher Anderson deals with the young man considerably, when Kurt tells him, "We have had three bad years. If the wheat fails this summer, we lose the land; that is all."

"Are you an American?" queried Anderson, treading on dangerous ground.

"I am," snapped Kurt. "My mother was American; she's dead. Father is German. He's old. He's rabid since the President declared war. He'll never change."

"That's bad. What're going to do if your country calls you?"

"Go," said Kurt, with flashing eye.

Anderson had brought with him on this visit of inspection his pretty daughter, Lenore, who was destined to play a large part in Kurt's life. With him it was love at first sight, and he found in her a kindred spirit, for she, like himself, was a wheat enthusiast.

Anderson's keen eyes swept from near at hand to far away down the gentle billowing slope and up the far hillside. The wheat was two feet high, beginning to be thick and heavy at the head, as if struggling to burst. A fragrant, dry, wheaty smell mingled with dust came on the soft summer breeze, and a faint silken rustle. The greenish almost blue colour near at hand gradually in the distance grew lighter, and finally took on a tinge of gold. There was a living spirit in that vast wheatfield.

The girl gazed with dreamy eyes across the undulating sea. Dorn watched her.

"We have a ranch, thousands of acres, but not like this," she said. "Isn't my desert beautiful?"

"No," she tells him. It has a sameness, a monotony that would drive me mad.

Kurt tries to explain to her a little of his love for the land.

* By Zane Grey. (Hodder & Stoughton).

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