

"Almost at Adrian's feet there rested the stretcher with its Union Jack covering the still form of his friend.

"He could not see the face he had known better than his own any more than he could hear the voice that had been with him so few hours before. They were blotted out, would no more be.

"Prayer seemed to him unsuitable to the friend who had never mentioned God but irreverently. Adrian felt that he could not for his part approach the Almighty on his friend's behalf now. Were there not others to pray for this soul's peace?

"He turned away presently, leaving the little cemetery to its habitual society of gravediggers and sparrows. He would often return; or perhaps he would never return. God knew, and perhaps after all God understood. . . ."

The book concludes with a dramatic scene at the Victory Fancy Ball, whither Rosemary comes, the victim of the cocaine habit, yet struggling to free herself—in a dress of a penitent, to ask pardon of Adrian.

The scene culminates in her death in a box at the Albert Hall.

"Oh, if only—if only you had never left me," she pleaded.

"That was the war."

"The war. Yes, *everything* was the war."

"You are young. You will live your life to the full," he said.

"No, that can't be. If I lived now, I could not be happy. But stay with me, for I am afraid."

"Afraid of what, beloved?"

"She whispered, 'Kiss me . . . as you used to . . . on the lips.'"

This is a book to read and to ponder over.

H. H.

A TOAST.

HERE'S TO THE NURSE!

Here's to the nurse whose hand
Is firm when she clasps your own—
Like a grasp of steel,
That makes you feel
You're not in the world alone.

Here's to the Nurse whose smile
Is bright, sending clouds to rout—
The nurse who's true
And kind all through
To the one who's down and out.

—From "Una."

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

The buried bulb doth know
The signals of the year,
And hails far summer with his lifted spear.

"Everyone owes some of their time to the uplifting of the profession to which they belong."

—Theodore Roosevelt.

"No good work is ever lost;
Many labourers must be content to sow;
Others will come to reap the Harvest."

—MacMullen.

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.

THE TREATMENT OF HYPERPYREXIA.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been reading Miss Ballard's paper which appeared in this week's B.J.N. on the treatment of hyperpyrexia in various diseases. My attention was particularly attracted to the treatment recommended in the Prize Paper for reducing the temperature in Rheumatic Fever. Apparently the tremendous strain the heart undergoes in this particular disease was absolutely disregarded when it was suggested that the patient is "*swung* into a cold bath at a temperature of 80 deg. F. lowered to 50 deg. F." It certainly is most extraordinary treatment, but I am happy to say, without fear of contradiction, it is *never* done by people who understand their work and profession.

I notice at the end of the paragraph it is stated that "collapse must be watched for"—but is it *good* nursing to apply treatment which is perfectly certain to cause great shock—if not complete heart failure ultimately resulting in the death of the patient?

Such an article appearing in print is open to much criticism and most certainly to the detriment of the Journal in question.

I can only hope that all who have read this article would not be so misguided as to adopt such a method of treatment in their nursing, but will regard it as I have done.

Miss M. Wilkinson is to be admired for advocating *tepid* sponging—her temperatures are far more reasonable—even so she does not recommend her *tepid* sponging in Rheumatic Fever.

Yours truly,

MARION EVERARD WYRALL.

7, Gloucester Terrace,
Hyde Park, W. 2.

[We have referred to this question on page 51. The treatment alluded to was not "recommended." Nurses carry out treatment ordered by medical practitioners.—Ed.]

COMPANIONS IN ARMS.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have just read in this week's issue of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING the letter of thanks from Miss Margaret Breay, and I, too, wish to make public acknowledgment of my gratitude to you for the great privilege of our Registration by the State, for I know full well that we owe our Act largely to your never failing watchfulness and skilful generalship.

Miss Breay ably states the reasons for her gratitude, which re-echoes in hundreds of hearts.

When I look at the beautiful Certificate of Registration I find it difficult to realise how much has been accomplished since the passing of our

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