

REVIEW.

A TEXT-BOOK ON THE NURSING AND DISEASES OF SICK CHILDREN.*

Fourth Edition. By various authors. Edited by ALAN. A. MONCRIEFF. M.D., B.S., F.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

One almost feels crushed when one attempts to review this classic on Children's Diseases. It is a monumental work by devoted writers who obviously have the care and well-being of children so close to their hearts. The students in children's and general hospitals will find an answer to every question relating to Children's Diseases and the nursing and medical care of babies. It is a complete guide and reference and we thoroughly recommend copies of it for every professional library in the land.

It is beautifully produced on a fine-quality paper and the photographs and diagrams are most explicit and clear. Newer nursing procedures have been introduced and the latest knowledge of penicillin treatment is incorporated. The chapters on tuberculosis in children have been completely rewritten and much that is new in orthopaedics has been added. Chapters IV and V on "The Sick Child" are unique and every nurse ought to have the benefit of reading them, for they contain much basic information generally required for nursing young children intelligently.

Its brilliant and famous Editor, Dr. Alan Moncrieff, known and respected in medical and nursing circles throughout the world, has personally written three most interesting chapters himself on Diseases of the Nervous System, which are intensely absorbing.

Other well-known and famous children's specialists have also embellished the book with chapters dealing with their own branches of medicine and surgery, e.g., Mr. J. H. Doggart, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Eye Specialist), Mr. R. T. Brain, M.D., F.R.C.P. (Skin Specialist) and Mr. Eric I. Lloyd, M.A., M.B., B.C.H., F.R.C.S. (Orthopaedic Surgeon), and many others. The Sister-Tutor of the Nurse-Training School, Miss K. Biggin, S.R.N., (Diploma-in-Nursing Lond. University) has also written invaluable chapters on the actual nursing procedures for sick children and they are also "specialist" of their kind.

We are lost in admiration at the work of some of the best brains which has gone into the production of this book, and we sincerely advise every Nurse and library to obtain their copies whilst they are to be procured.

G. M. H.

* H. K. Lewis & Co., Ltd., 136, Gower St., London, W.C.1. 30s. net.

PRESTON ROYAL INFIRMARY LEAGUE JOURNAL.

We offer our sincere congratulations to the Editor and staff of the "League Journal" of the Preston Royal Infirmary.

It is a beautiful little magazine, with its stout cover portraying, in colour, the badge of the Royal Infirmary and its deckled-edged leaves of a good-quality paper, is most professionally arranged.

The literary standard of the contributed articles and letters is very high, and it is obvious to "outsiders" that Preston Royal Infirmary is a happy and much loved training school. Its past Nurses write "home" with real nostalgia, particularly those resident abroad, and Miss Livesey, the new Matron of the P. R. I., fully realises the greatness of her position.

She has succeeded to a worthy inheritance and we wish her happiness and success and all the good things of life in her arduous tasks.

THE CONVERSION OF BARNEY.

Barney was an adorable U.S. mongrel of one year. I met him in Fox Chase, Philadelphia. He had a sorrowful look on his intelligent face, but the wicked twinkle in his soft brown eyes put one immediately on the defensive. His legs were long and spindly, and his tail slightly longer than necessary, and his nice, clean-looking brown and white coat fitted him to perfection. His short ears were cocked at a rakish angle and he always appeared to be at "the alert."

When I first met Barney he was in dire disgrace. He was whining pitifully out in the rain, chained to his kennel, and around his neck, oh horrors! was the carcass of a chicken! So Barney was a killer! I put on my coat and approached his kennel. Barney was overcome with remorse and tried to tell me how sorry he was for all his wickedness, and if only I would set him free and remove the stinking chicken from around his neck, he would be a paragon of a dog! I patted his smooth wet head, gave him a drink and encouraged him into his kennel out of the pouring rain, and promised to visit his master and ask for a pardon.

Alas, his master was adamant. Barney had killed three chickens, and if he was to be allowed to live he would have to realise that chickens must live also and must be taboo to little dogs.

I slunk away in defeat without Barney seeing me. Next morning his whinings awakened me early, and as it was a glorious morning I arose and dressed and went to visit my canine friend. He leapt in joy to meet me and gave me two doggie licks, and quietly I took him on his lead for a walk in a near-by lane. There I set him free for a while, whilst he gambolled in the grasses and meadow. He looked lovely in his youth, dashing and leaping here and there in high spirits, chasing butterflies and bits of fluff from flowers. When he had thoroughly exercised I lead him back home, tied on his chicken and he slyly went back into his little wooden home.

Again, the same evening I went to visit him. I took him a little meal and told him to be a good boy and I would try again to get him set free. His master was so surprised at Barney's good behaviour all day that he promised his early release on the following morning if all went well. I crept back and told Barney, and sure enough next morning found him free as air. He looked for me and when he found me, gave me his doggie thanks and inveigled me into taking him for another "run."

He walked sedately past the chickens, with an air of innocence and slight disgust. His manner said plainly "Stinking little things; whoever wants to touch a chicken—not me!" And off he went for a most glorious walk in his beloved fields and chased butterflies instead of maddening chickens with much less trouble for himself. I have learned from Philadelphia recently that Barney's conversion is being maintained and that chickens no longer interest him.

G. M. H.

WHAT TO READ.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

"The Roosevelt I knew." Frances Perkins.

FICTION

"Laughing House." Warwick Deeping.
 "They Won't Believe Me." Gordon McDonnell.
 "First Love." Viola Meynell.
 "Yesterday." Robert Hichens.
 "On Some Fair Morning." Catherine Hutter.
 "The Pear Tree." Elissa Landi.

TRAVEL

"The Cruel Way." Ella K. Maillart.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)