

strides in our knowledge of how to prevent middle-ear disease. The real treatment is to prevent them. Many a patient receives a deal of treatment which is just as satisfactory to his physician as to him, and that's mighty little. A little more time spent on the physical examination would save the patient's time and purse, and the physician's reputation. Far too little is known of the functional testing of the ear, a subject into which the authors enter fully.

M.

*Wellcome's Photographic Exposure Record and Diary, 1908.*—Wellcome's Photographic Exposure Record and Diary banishes the greatest obstacle to success in photography—that of correctly estimating exposure. The actual determination of correct exposure is made by means of an ingenious little mechanical calculator attached to the cover of the book. A single turn of a single scale is all that is necessary. This little instrument—with its accompanying tables giving the value of the light at all times of the day and year, and its list of the relative speeds of more than 180 plates and films—is alone worth more than the cost of the whole book. It certainly saves dozens of plates which would otherwise be wasted owing to errors in exposure.

*Trained Nursing a Modern Heroism Little Heralded.*—No music, flags, or cheering, but the fight is with the grimmest and most terrible of all foes. The trained nurse goes into battle encouraged by none of the blood-stirring incitements of the soldier. She is often entirely alone; her struggle must be quiet, and her antagonist is grim and terrible and ever-watchful, because it is Death itself. Suppose it is you yourself who are suddenly smitten in the midst of your life and work, says Anne O'Hagan, in the February *Delineator*. With the coming of the trained nurse you feel infinite relief and thanksgiving. You are no longer obliged to struggle alone, to watch the door alone lest that Other One enter. The nurse, calmest of warriors, least grim of sentinels, sits beside your bed and will keep the vigil for you. You transfer the battle to her. For yourself, you will lie still and think not of the combat before you, not of the turmoil behind you—that whirling, dusty conflict of the world which was so important a little while ago—but of the great, important things—earth and its greenness, the wide, white country skies on moonlight nights, the flash of bluebirds' wings in the September sunshine, all the daily miracles you had forgotten to watch when you were hurrying to those manifold appointments of yours. Now you are in the region where only "the mightier movement sounds and passes, only winds and rivers, only life and death."