

interest. Surely he begins his wholesome neglect course a little too soon, and carries it on too long and too rigorously to be quite human. One must conclude either that he was not in love, or that his feelings were of so gelid a description that pity for him would be wasted.

But the success of the book is the character of Christian Witt, the musician. This is a character that could only have been drawn by one understanding the German people thoroughly. Christian, one feels, could never have been guilty of the blunders which the congealed temperament of Dacre led him into. The girlish infatuation of Rosamund, and the way in which Witt plays with edged tools till it is almost too late, is admirably done. But when the sharp jealousy of Betty reveals to the man the precipice on whose brink he stands, he does not by any means lose his head, and precipitate himself into a marriage with a child who, as he knows full well, would never be happy with him, because she could never hold him. He sees clearly enough that Rosamund is not the wife for him; the more clearly perhaps because he has already had a glimpse of the woman who might be all in all, who might supplant the whole cloud of flirtations, the whole body of worshippers, who have buzzed about Christian ever since he grew to man's estate.

The way in which the jealous Betty brings about his ultimate marriage, the thing she least of all wished or intended, is one of Mrs. Sidgwick's most delicate pieces of construction. Her art is usually largely the art which conceals itself. Her style is so simple and straightforward that one does not see the underlying structure of subtlety. The story seems to jog along its way, much in the fashion that life jogs along in reality, when suddenly, without warning, one finds oneself on the verge of a complication to which, on looking back, one sees that everything has been tending for a long while.

Poor little Rosamund's *début* at the Freemason's Ball is perhaps the most captivating episode in the book. But the whole of the German part is quite admirable.

G. M. R.

Coming Events.

November 29th.—Presentation to Miss Pauline Peter, late General Superintendent Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses, at the Windsor Hotel, Victoria Street, S.W.

December 1st.—Opening of the new Hammersmith Workhouse Infirmary by Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg.

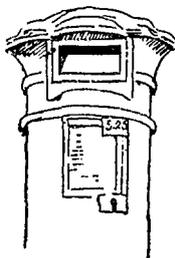
December 2nd.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses' Winter Social Gathering, Medical School Library, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 4 to 6.30 p.m. Guests of the League, The Provisional Committee of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland.

December 2nd.—Irish Nurses' Association. Lecture by Dr. Peacocke on "Some Therapeutic Measures and their Methods of Administration," 86, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.

December 7th.—Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg opens Grand Shakespearian Bazaar, Portman Rooms, 2.30.

Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES, &c.



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.

INSECTS AND MICRO-ORGANISMS.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I read with great interest the article you published last week on Insects and Micro-Organisms. Personally, I do not think that the common fly is regarded with nearly enough seriousness as a possible conveyer of disease. We know that it settles with avidity on every kind of impurity, and it is difficult to understand how we can with such equanimity see it walk over the food which we subsequently consume. I have lived in a tropical town where the drainage is nil, and where rubbish of all kinds is deposited wherever it seems good to the inhabitants; and I have seen food on the table, more especially jam and sweets of all kinds *black*, literally, with the flies which have settled upon it—great gross creatures, who look as if they fed upon every kind of offal. But their presence did not in the least prevent those who assembled round the table from temporarily dislodging them, and consuming the delicacies upon which they had been battenning.

As for ants, which apparently are capable of conveying such diseases as plague, they are consumed readily *alive* by old inhabitants with the ordinary food, to which it is asserted they give merely a slightly bitter flavour, rather pleasant than otherwise when one has once acquired the taste for it. I cannot speak personally, as I declined to eat ant-infested food, and was regarded as somewhat fastidious in consequence.

Now that we know how easily disease is conveyed by insects, and, indeed, that most, if not all, tropical diseases are due to the agency of parasites, the majority of people will surely be more careful to avoid consuming them, or food tainted by them.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

EMILY MARTIN.

THE GERMAN NURSES' JOURNAL.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I was very pleased to see in the Journal last week that the German nurses are to have a Journal of their own. It shows their determination and courage. Also every journal written by nurses for nurses contributes to the well-being of the nursing profession all over the world. The new journal will, I am sure, have a hearty welcome from all who care for nursing organisation and progress.

I am, dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

"A GERMAN NURSE IN LONDON."

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