

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"WHAT I FOUND OUT IN THE HOUSE OF A GERMAN PRINCE."*

If the English nation needed any further proof to convince them of the perfidy of Germany, and the long and far-reaching plotting which have led up to the present crisis, this book ought to remove any lingering doubt.

It is really an amazing confirmation of the now familiar assertion that for many years Germany has made preparations for our destruction.

Listen! In 1909, the writer, as she herself tells us, was engaged as governess to some little German Princes. Her first introduction to her young charges was by Frau Z. "In the opinion of this lady the boys were not old enough to need a governess in addition to a nurse, and she resented my appearance even more than Herr Leutnant von X, a sort of military governor, whose business it was to teach the elder Princes to be soldierly in mind as well as body.

"The boys worship the Herr Leutnant already," said Frau Z, "although he has only been with them a week. He has been a pupil of Count Zeppelin, and he has brought for them a game which the Count invented and ordered to be made for the Princes. We shall find the children playing it now. They begged to finish destroying London before supper." How does that sound?

"One small, golden-headed boy looked on. An older, dark-haired laddie and an excited young officer in uniform each manipulated a miniature airship over the threatened city.

"Worse than ever!" cried the lieutenant. 'You drop too many and always in the wrong places. Now watch again how I do it. I'm over Westminster Abbey —'

"Now I had come close to the toy town I could see that the principal buildings were recognisably modelled after those they intended to represent.

"The Herr Leutnant graciously explained that the governess would never be expected to play when London was being destroyed. 'You can come into the game when we are at work on St. Petersburg.'

"Good gracious! You have St. Petersburg as well?"

"Yes, and Paris too, as well," the elder of the Princes added proudly."

The writer says that one of the most interesting things that happened to her in her first year was a visit with the Princess to the house of Herr and Frau Krupp von Bohlen, near Essen. Bertha Krupp, the "Cannon Queen," the richest German heiress in Germany, if not in the world, had been married to the south German diplomatist Gustav von Bohlen. Here she met General von Bernhardt, who was considered a great soldier and had been the first officer to ride into Paris in 1871. "In the meantime I had been talking about him with the Countess and had learned what a great military expert he was considered. She had said,

* By an English Governess. Chapman & Hall.

as if it were a good joke, that 'he was now almost ready for the long-awaited-for war on England.' That was why he was at Essen, to see how the new 'surprise' big guns were getting along. (This five years ago.)

"After reading von Bernhardt's book I often asked Leutnant von X, what he thought about the future of Germany. I do not think he in the least suspected that I had any motive except 'intelligent interest.' He admitted that the German army, as well as the navy, prayed for 'The Day.' He thought that Germany could walk through France. . . . As for England, she might be a tougher job, but 'it would have to come.' England had been a stupid head not to copy the Zeppelins as well as she could."

The cleverness which in 1911 induced the writer to introduce Elsa Mermann, the spy, to her uncle, an army coach at Portsmouth, is one of the most interesting of her experiences, and causes one to think furiously.

Later, when the serious import of a conversation is forced upon her she decides to write concerning her suspicions to the British Ambassador. Her letter was intercepted and in August, 1914, she found herself interned in a German castle.

How she made her escape we must leave to our readers to discover. Indeed, we have only briefly indicated a few incidents of this absorbing book, which all should read, whose duty it is to realise the science of espionage as in practice by the German Empire. H. H.

UNBORN.

Little body I would hold,
Little feet my hands enfold,
Little head my tears have blessed,
Little mouth that seeks my breast,
Little shining soul that cries
From the worship of his eyes,
I must wait that I may be
Great enough to mother thee.

Irene Rutherford McLeod.

COMING EVENTS.

June 13th.—Hospital Sunday.

June 17th.—Society for State Registration of Trained Nurses. Annual Meeting. Medical Society's Rooms, 11, Chandos Street, W. 11 a.m.

June 17th.—National Council of Trained Nurses. Conference Day.

Morning Session: "The Need for a Trained Nurses Economic League." Miss Henrietta J. Hawkins, P.L.G. 12 noon.

Afternoon Session: "The Place of the Imperial Mother in Peace and War." 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. 3 to 5.30.

June 20th to 26th.—Nursing Convention, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.: Meetings—International Council of Nurses, American Nurses' Association, National League of Nursing Education, National Organization of Public Health Nursing.

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