

### WELL EARNED DISTINCTION.

The King has conferred on Dr. Alfred Cox the Order of the British Empire and the rank of Member of the same Order on Miss Laurence.

At the Annual Representative Meeting of the British Medical Association Dr. Garstang, chairman of the Medico-Political Committee, referred to the fact that as a result of Dr. Cox's work for the Central Medical War Committee he had been honoured by the King, and proposed a vote of very hearty congratulations to Dr. Cox, and also of congratulations to Miss Laurence, whose work had been of great value to the office. This was warmly seconded by Dr. Jenner Verrall, and acknowledged by Dr. Cox.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

KAREN.\*

"I am going to Germany," I said looking up from my letters,

"What for?" said Dad. He never wasted words.

"Eugénie Gutheim is going to be married, and wants me to come to her wedding. I promised her I would if she won her bet."

"What do you mean by saying she has won her bet?"

"We had a bet together when she left school. I said she would marry a business man, and she said she would marry an officer, however difficult it was."

"Why should it be difficult?"

"Because the Gutheims are Jews. Eugénie told me that no officers visited at their house. Yet she has pulled it off."

This conversation gives the key to the eventful visit of Karen to Germany prior to the war. It was in the train between Cologne and Reichenstadt that she met the German officer that she afterwards married. There was a great gulf fixed between the vulgar Gutheims and the noble family of Karen's fiancé, and, of course, this made complications from the outset. Added to this, Oscar Strauss, upon whom Emma Gutheim had set her somewhat heavy affections, had chosen to regard Karen attentively whilst he sang, "Du bist wie eine Blume." The result was a violent outburst from Emma and the return of Karen to England. This was before her engagement to Graf Wolfram.

Karen, however, got a great deal of amusement out of the affair.

"To watch Frau Gutheim and Eugénie conduct Emma's love affairs was like watching an old-fashioned play, or reading an old-fashioned novel in which characters play their part with a simplicity we cannot achieve. I began to wonder why Herr Strauss hesitated over the word that was to make him the happiest man till Eugénie told me

he was waiting for the betrothal ring. It would arrive shortly from Reichenstadt, and at the same time there would be a moon.

"You see," she said, "one morning he will receive a sealed packet, and after supper he will suggest to Emma that it is a glorious night."

"Supposing it rains," I suggested.

"Then he will find some other plan, Oscar is highly ingenious and original."

"Did he sing 'Du bist wie eine Blume' to Emma?"

"He did at our house, about six weeks ago, it was highly exciting."

Karen's own wedding took place in England, and she returned with her husband to life in a German noble family, where we are glad to say she held her own.

The Gräfin was large, fair and dignified. The Graf stared at my maid and said in a tone of surprise:

"Who is this, then?"

"It's only Wilkins, my maid."

Wilkins was devoted to me and an excellent maid, but she had her tiresome side, and when I told her to say "Ja," as if she meant "Yes," had bridled in an irritating way and pointed out that she had been taught to consider "Yah" a vulgar expression only used by the lower classes.

"Of course, you mustn't put your tongue out and say it in a defiant tone," I explained. "You must say 'Ja,' gently and firmly when you want a thing. When you don't want it you say 'Nein.'"

"Nein," echoed Wilkins, "what a peculiar language. Why not ten?"

I told her she must expect that everything would be a little different, but she had only replied that she supposed German gentry were like gentry everywhere else and knew what was expected.

Wilkins was whole-hearted in her dislike of everything German, in which matter she showed her power of perception, even in those pre-war days.

"I had to speak to the Gräfin and explain to her that Wilkins was used to tea and bread and butter at half-past seven, porridge, tea, bacon and marmalade at nine, and a solid early dinner at one, and that she would feel faint if she were supplied with less than this.

"Then let her feel faint," said the Gräfin "such demands I will not satisfy."

So I had to wrap up this ultimatum in different language and deliver it to Wilkins as best I might.

Once more, we have brought into prominence the cruelty of the educational methods applied to German boys as exemplified in little Max. The book ends with the death of Wolfram and the escape of Karen and Wilkins from the German frontier at the outbreak of the war. Wolfram it must be admitted, had some good points; but we are glad that the concluding pages leave Karen happily married to a True Blue.

\*By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. Collins, Sons & Co. London.

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