

readers can spare themselves, or procure from others. When we remember what a large number of the patients in these hospitals are young Englishmen far away from their own homes and friends, we can well realise how a good supply of books would help to shorten their long and weary days in hospital. Books and magazines may be sent to me, addressed Mrs. D. A. Neilson, Wentbridge House, Pontefract."

Miss Goodall, one of the nurses of the Arthur Road Hospital, Bombay, has written to the *Times of India* as follows:—

SIR,—On behalf of the nurses of the Arthur Road Hospital, I write to thank you and our numerous friends who have subscribed to the "fire" fund for us.

I do not think we can ever let you know exactly how very grateful we are for all that has been done for us.

We thoroughly appreciate our many friends, and send most heartfelt thanks for their kind sympathy.

G. M. GOODALL.

A writer in the *National Hospital Record* says: "We were seniors, and of course had been instructed in the rules governing sepsis, asepsis, and antisepsis. We had been told that those specks of dust that we had seen floating about in the ray of sunlight in a darkened room, were liable to be pathogenic micro-organisms, and that wherever dust settled these germs might find a suitable place to develop and might set up lots of trouble for somebody. We had indeed advanced so far as to be able to talk quite learnedly about these microbes. The mention of micrococcus, or bacillus, or staphylococcus, or bacillicoli-communis, no longer set us to wondering. We felt we were acquainted with them and knew something of their habits and tastes. We had a vague consciousness all the time that these dreadful things were waiting to pounce on us, or on anything in sight, and, of course, understood the necessity of boiling, steaming, baking, burning, fumigating, or drowning with disinfectants, if we wished to annihilate them. We knew all this, and yet sometimes we acted as if we were not so very much afraid of germs after all. We were not exactly careless, but—we were not sufficiently careful. The lecturer in surgery happened to know this and resolved to teach us a lesson. This is how he did it.

"When we came in to class (we sat in the amphitheatre in the operating room) he had something boiling on the gas stove. Every one of our faces said as plainly as faces can say anything: 'What have you in the pot?' But he tried to appear indifferent, stroked his whiskers, and began his lecture. In the course of a half hour, he remarked that 'it must be done,' and that one of us could turn off the gas. Then he told us that he had been boiling potatoes. And still the wonder

grew. Potatoes and surgery was a combination we were not accustomed to. Then he uncovered the pot. There were two potatoes, two bowls, two knives, and two forks—beside the water. He took out one plate, one knife, one fork, one bowl, one potato, put the potato on the plate, cut it in two, and covered it up quickly with the bowl. 'Now,' he said, 'you see I have on the one hand a sterilised potato on a sterilised plate. I have cut it with a sterilised knife and covered it quickly with a sterilised bowl. On the other hand I have also a sterilised potato on a sterilised plate. I cut it with a sterilised knife, but I do not cover it with the sterilised bowl—at least not just at present. I leave it exposed to the air just as I have seen you leave sterilised instruments and dressings, for a half hour or longer, and then use them about a wound just as though they were sterile. They had been sterilised, but they were not sterile when you applied them to the wound.'

"When he finished his lecture he covered potato number two and locked both sets in his instrument case for a week. At the next lecture he uncovered them. Potato number one, which had been covered up quickly, was in an almost perfect state of preservation. There was one little speck of mould which showed that one very alert germ must have been standing around waiting for the pot to be uncovered, and was determined to get at that sterilised potato if it was in the realms of possibility. The other potato was badly discoloured, badly specked with mould, and smelled. Then the doctor proceeded with his lecture on wounds and their treatment."

A Day at Stratford-on-Avon.

Is there any English man or woman who, not having visited Stratford-on-Avon, does not desire to do so? There is an excellent opportunity for Londoners just now to acquaint themselves with the Shakespeare country, as the Great Central Railway Company, which possess the shortest and quickest route between London and Stratford-on-Avon, are issuing, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday during the season, tickets, at an inclusive fare of 12s., providing:

1. Rail journey from London (Marylebone) to Stratford-on-Avon and back.
2. Lunch at the Golden Lion Hotel (known as "Ye Peacocke Inn" in Shakespeare's time, 1613).
3. Dinner in Great Central Dining Car Express on return journey to London.

Passengers leave Marylebone Station at 10 a.m. and return from Stratford-on-Avon at 6.55 p.m., which allows ample time for luncheon and a visit to the place of interest at Stratford, Shutterly, &c.

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