to get in. Just as modern knowledge is leading us to concentrate our efforts on obtaining a pure milk supply which can be safely consumed unboiled, rather than relying on boiling, by which means the bacteria are killed, and so consumed dead instead of living, the lesser of two evils certainly, but by no means an ideal condition.

The illustrations, reproduced from the book by the kindness of the publisher, are (1) a sneeze plate culture, illustrating the way in which tubercle bacilli may be transmitted by the act of coughing or sneezing. In sneezing a veritable spray may be sent forth for several feet in the air, containing fully virulent tubercle bacilli. This fine spray floats for a considerable time in the air, and may be breathed in by others.

"It is thus clear that both safety and decency require that in coughing and sneezing the handkerchief, or at need the hand, should be held before the mouth and nose. This obvious rule of propriety is also a counsel of security under all circumstances, since the mouth and nose of many persons not tuberculous, and not even themselves ill, contain infective organisms which, gaining a foothold upon more vulnerable individuals, may lead to serious disease."

In typhoid fever it has been proved that flies which have access to typhoid discharges may carry and deposit upon human food to which they next address their industries, virulent typhoid bacilli, as well as those of dysentery, in large numbers. If the fly which favours us with his addresses has come, as is most likely the case, from a revel in simple filth, he is just a nuisance, if from infective filth he is also a menace. Flies are fond of milk, and usually fall in. Before they scramble out again a few odd thousands of living bacteria are transferred to the milk. Most bacteria, including the typhoid bacilli, grow excellently in milk, and again and again typhoid epidemics have started through the intervention of the domestic fly.

Our second illustration shows the tracks of a wandering house-fly, dipped first in sewage water and then set to walk over a Petrie plate for a moment. The plate was covered and set aside for three days, when it was found that bacteria had grown wherever the fly's feet had touched the gelatine or his body dragged. We have no space to quote more, but advise our readers to study the book for themselves. M. B.

THE PASSING BELL.

We regret to record the death, which took place last week, of Mr. William John Nixon, aged 90 years, at Brighton. Mr. Nixon was a very prominent worker in the hospital world for many years as a House Governor of the London Hospital, a position he resigned in 1892, after being connected with the institution for 46 years. A most kindly man, of liberal mind, and of the highest probity, the well-being of the hospital (according to the lights of those days) was his unceasing care—and many an old "London" sister can recall his invariable consideration in all that concerned their personal relations. A just and generous man—would there were more such!

Our Foreign Letter.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN INDIA.

When a telegram arrived asking for two Nursing Sisters to be sent down to Z—— to nurse the Maharajah's small daughter it caused quite a little excitement among us. My special friend, a charming Irish girl, was first on the list, and I came next. We were delighted at the prospect of nursing a case together—and such a case! We rarely had the entré into a native State, at least not into the sacred precincts of the Zenana.

We had first to wire to the Chief Lady Superintendent of our Association for permission to go to a native State, and then we set about making our preparations for the journey.

In India, where telegrams are often delayed, we were fortunate in getting our answer just in time to catch the evening train at the railway station at the foot of the hill, nine miles distant. The Lady Superintendent's telegram said, "If the Sisters volunteered" we could go. We needed no urging, and, having got our luggage ready while waiting for the necessary permission, we wired back to the lady missionary doctor at Z—— to say we were on our way, and set off in rickshaws drawn by coolies, who simply flew down the hill, round sharp corners, and across ravines bridged by narrow bridges that scarcely looked wide enough in the fading light of a glorious September evening. A young moon lighted us sufficiently for our coolies to find their way through the bazaars, where the stalls were dimly lighted with nasty smelling oil lamps during the latter part of our rickshaw ride, which brought us to the railway, which comes to meet the traveller and bear him away across the vast plains of India.

This was only the first stage of our journey, and later, when we had dined at the railway refreshment room and arranged our beds in a very comfortable first-class railway carriage, we covered our heads with motor veils and settled off to sleep, knowing we should not be disturbed till the following morning. When we awoke the sun was rising over a flat sandy plain, and this we realised better when we discovered that we, and everything in our carriage, was covered with sand. We had started on our way across the desert—the part of the journey we had rather dreaded—and we still had to pass another day in that close, hot carriage. Thirty-six hours of continuous railway travelling brought us to our destination, where the lady missionary doctor met us at the station and drove us to the Pearl Palace, set up on a hill in the midst of the native city.

In passing, I will add that our modest luggage

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