

use of wall windows, (2) by windows in monitor roofs, (3) by accelerating heating coils in stacks, (4) by inlet fans, (5) by outlet fans. *Air space in typical pavilions*: 2,400 cubic ft. per patient; this air can be changed five times each hour. *Heating wards*: (1) Hot water direct, (2) by warmed granolithic floors in bed space, (3) by fanning filtered air over hot-water pipes into wards.

Hospital construction is one of the numerous subjects taught to graduate nurses at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, so perhaps it also interests some of the readers of the JOURNAL. Space will not permit of my describing in detail the method of training here; it will suffice to say that it is similar to that of the Massachusetts General, for Miss Hall, the Superintendent of Nurses, is also an educationist, and that is a comprehensive term. As at that hospital, so at this, the staff includes an instructor in theory, an instructor in practice, and a dietitian. I should have mentioned previously that the Massachusetts General Hospital is both ancient and modern. A large new block is being built, and the Out-patient Building and the Operating Building are very fine indeed.

BEATRICE KENT.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"NUMBER 70, BERLIN."*

"That man knows too much."

"Do you really think he overheard?"

What he overheard forms the basis of the plot of Mr. Le Queux' latest novel.

The title of the book prepares us for the contents, which are thrilling incidents of the far-reaching ramifications of the German spy system in England. That which the confidential clerk Sainsbury heard was that Lewis Rodwell, one of the most popular and patriotic figures in London, had a secret cable that ran for three hundred miles or so beneath the black, storm-tossed waters of the North Sea to the very heart of the Imperial war-machine—"No. 70, Berlin."

Two of the company-directors of which Sainsbury was an official were discussing the question recorded above. How much had Sainsbury heard of a very inconvenient conversation.

"Of course he heard," said one. "But whether he understood is quite another thing."

Jack Sainsbury went from the office, reflecting seriously; he was the only person who knew the ghastly truth.

"These two highly patriotic men, whose praises were being sung by every newspaper up and down the country, whose charitable efforts had brought in hundreds and thousands of pounds, and hundreds of tons of comforts for our troops abroad, men who had raised their voices loudly against German barbarism and intrigue—they were traitors."

*By William Le Queux. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The reader is let into the secret of just how the spy, Lewis Rodwell, carried on his dastardly intrigue. He is allowed to follow the strange night journey in the powerful pale-grey car, till it came to a standstill a few miles from the sea on the east coast, and to accompany Rodwell in the wild night along the coast till he came to a fisherman's hut—the home of honest Tom Small and his son—typical Lincolnshire fishermen—who, father and son, had fished in the North Sea for generations.

Old Tom, some time previously to these happenings, had fallen into the hands of money lenders.

In his dilemma, he had been assisted by the wily Rodwell, and in return had allowed his hut on the shore to be used as the spy required. His subsequent misgivings were silenced by Rodwell's cynical assurance that any drawing back on his part would lead to his arrest and execution.

No one guessed that in the small, close smelling bedroom, under the wooden cover of a tailor's sewing machine, was an apparatus connected with the cable by which Rodwell transmitted to Berlin vital information connected with His Majesty's forces and the defences of the coast.

"Can't we leave this cottage, sir? can't we get away?" implored the old fellow.

"No; you can't. Any attempt to back out of your bargain will result in betraying you to your own people. You know the truth now. When Germany is at War, she doesn't fight in kid gloves—like your idiotic pigs of English."

But there was still Jack Sainsbury to be reckoned with, and the pressing need of the moment was to ensure his silence at any price.

Jack's friend, Dr. Jerrold, of Wimpole Street, who had enlisted his services to inquire into spies and espionage, committed suicide under circumstances that admitted of no explanation at the time; but it afterwards transpired that, like the old fisherman, he had years before fallen into Rodwell's hands, owing to money difficulties, and had been forced to perform a small traitorous act three years before the outbreak of the War. Nothing, therefore, was easier than for Rodwell to make the circumstance known, and to implicate Jack, who was his close companion. Jack was tried and condemned, but he held the trump card, and the information he gave to the authorities led to the discovery of the secret cable and the arrest of Rodwell.

Mr. Le Queux, in thus dealing with the spy system, throws light on the many and varied possibilities in which information to the enemy may leak out. Truth is proverbially stranger than fiction, and this story of Britain's peril leaves us thoughtful. H. H.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

The Soul shall struggle and stand

In the end swift and free

As the stars, as the wind, as the night,

As the sun, as the sea.—*Barlow.*

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