

The funeral service, at which only immediate relatives were present, took place at Chenies Church on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 10th, and, at the same time, memorial services were held at St. Margaret's, Westminster, St. Paul's, Bedford, and at St. Mary's, Oakley, which was attended by the villagers and by members of the domestic staff from Oakley House.

Nothing could have demonstrated more notably the honour in which Lord Ampthill was held than the representative character of the congregation which assembled in St. Margaret's, Westminster. It was no formal service. The atmosphere of the great church, under the shadow of the Houses of Parliament, in which the voice of the dead statesman had been heard so often and effectively, was instinct with sorrow.

The King he had served so loyally was represented by Viscount Gage, the Prince of Wales by Canon Morris, the Duke of Connaught by Prince Arthur of Connaught.

Many prominent statesmen—Members of both Houses of Parliament—were present, a very large number of representatives of the various lodges of Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland, many representatives of the National Fire Brigade Association and members of all classes of society. Noticeable was the plain white sari worn by an Indian lady, calling to mind the Indian Empire where he won such high distinction.

Members of the Nursing Profession present were Miss Beatrice Cutler, S.R.N., Nurse Honorary Secretary and Miss Macdonald, S.R.N., Secretary, of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and Miss Margaret Brey, S.R.N., Vice-President of the British College of Nurses, representing the President, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, who was abroad.

The officiating clergy were Canon Carnegie, Canon Curtis and the Rev. L. N. de Burgh, and the lesson was read by the Bishop of Buckingham.

Well chosen were the words chanted by the choir :

Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle : or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill ?

Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life : and doeth the thing that is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

As we passed out of the church into the brilliant sunshine, we thanked God for the fine example of a noble life and breathed once more the aspiration so beautifully expressed during the service : " O Lord we pray Thee, give us of Thy strength that we may live more bravely and faithfully for the sake of those who are no longer with us here upon earth."

The British College of Nurses forwarded to Chenies a chaplet of laurel leaves, and crimson and other carnations, bearing the following inscription :—

To the honoured memory of the Right Hon. the Lord Ampthill, from Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, President, and the members of the British College of Nurses.

In ever-grateful remembrance of his altruistic championship in the House of Lords of the plea of trained nurses for registration by the State.

With sorrow.

Flowers were also sent by the Royal British Nurses' Association.

From far and near, by great and simple, Lord Ampthill is mourned ; by none more sincerely than by Registered Nurses to whom, in a time of need, he proved so true a friend.

THE HOUSE FLY (MUSCA DOMESTICA)

BY

DR. W. A. BROWNE, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (Eng.).

2nd Resident Surgeon, Presidency General Hospital, Calcutta.

The following paper will be read with interest by nurses who are aware of the deadly peril of the common house fly, as a bearer of disease, especially in the hot season.

The house fly is intimately connected with sanitation, or rather insanitation, and after you have read something about it, you will no doubt agree as to the important rôle it plays in the lives of everyone of us. The fly has been with us through all the ages. It figures largely in Biblical history. This loathsome, and voracious insect is found everywhere, in all countries and in all climes. It is an enemy to mankind—an emissary of Satan. Like other noxious insects, no one can ascribe any reason for its creation.

The house fly is responsible for more deaths in the world than all the wars put together. It possesses, or appears to possess, remarkable intelligence, and is endowed with extraordinary eyesight. Wherever there may be food, the fly discovers it, and tries to get at it. It is a pity that this intelligence does not restrain it from falling into, and bathing in bowls of milk.

There is, however, one redeeming feature—flies are inactive during the dark hours. If it were not so, the damage they could do would be trebled, there being no agencies to inhibit their activities at night.

Exterminate the fly, prevent its breeding, and a tremendous stride would be made towards the extirpation of disease.

There is not much mystery in the life history of flies, which haunt our homes, unless it be the mystery why we tolerate them.

The flies which invade our houses are not born there, but are reared in corruption and horror, in dung-hills, and in deadly disease-breeding dumps.

It is there the adult female lays her eggs ; the fly bursts through its pupal case, and has to crawl through filth till it sees the light of day. Its feet and its hairy body bring with them myriads of deadly microbes straight to the food, and milk, thus grossly infecting them, and causing fatal illnesses to babies, sickness and possibly death to adults. A large number of the abominations which poison our food and make our lives melancholy, and brief, are being swept away by modern sanitation, yet the fly, deadly as any, is still suffered, through ignorance and indifference. The fly carries living corruption about its body—it carries corruption with the food it has eaten, and when it meets a more attractive diet, it ejects this poison in the fresh food in order to enjoy a more alluring diet—especially so is this the case when it finds a supply of milk. Into this goes the poison which will kill a baby, which every September—the fly month of the year—slays infants wholesale.

The house fly keeps the germ of typhoid alive in its body for 28 days—the typhoid germ retains its life and

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