

the best, but the cheapest closet supply yet invented. On account of the check it puts upon all unnecessary waste of water, there can be no doubt but that all water-work companies will fully appreciate the great saving of water it will effect wherever it is introduced, and should endeavor to bring it into general use.

In concluding our remarks upon this subject, we commend our readers to peruse the following leading article from the *London Builder* on the "Encouragement of Typhoid Fever."

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF TYPHOID FEVER.

Happily the youthful Duke of Cornwall, as the usual courtesy that regulates the descent of hereditary dignities would teach us to describe the heir of the Prince of Wales, is now reported to be out of danger. The utmost reserve was maintained, as far as possible, as to the fact that a life so important to the country had been actually exposed to serious danger. We need not dwell on any of those reasons which, at the present moment, especially render the health and well-doing of this branch of the Royal Family of unusual importance. We may content ourselves with stating the bare and naked facts, and with asking whether they are not utterly disgraceful to—we will not say merely our civilization—but our sanity? Three generations of princes—lives of which it is impossible to estimate the value (from any point of view in which one life differs from another), have been perilled, in the very palaces of the Sovereign and the Heir to the Throne, by a cause of mischief which, though subtle, is at once detectible. Whatever may or may not be yet ascertained as to the laws of propagation of disease generally, the circumstances which cause an access of typhoid fever are, at all events, known. To say that they can be, and ought to be, prevented, is merely to repeat what the conductor of this journal, and other of his fellow labourers, have been saying for more than a quarter of a century. What kind of comment on the text is furnished by the extracts from the *Lancet*, which tell us of the youthful Prince's convalescence?

When the country was stirred to its very heart by the serious illness of the Prince of Wales, and when all shades and hues of political opinion were forgotten in the general thanksgiving for his recovery, it was our hope, and that of those who cared for the public health, that the result would be a legislation of that plain, direct, efficient kind that would lead to the stamping out of preventible disease. We need not now refer to the mode in which that opportunity was wasted. But it cannot be too distinctly recorded that hesitation at that time was not on the part of the country. Neither public opinion nor Parliament would have recoiled from root and branch work at that moment. Nor can it be denied that, although the most serious danger is happily past before it was admitted to exist, there is at least as much ground at the present moment for public inquietude as was the case in December, 1871. As much! Is there not more? Do we not find that, in spite of all the exertions of those interested in sanitary reform, the unimpressionability of those who should be held responsible for neglect has allowed the Royal Palaces, the War Office, and other places which might be specified, to be preserves and breeding grounds for typhoid fever? Have we not seen the guardian of the health of the navy poisoned in the water which was his temperate beverage? Have we not seen that neither the untimely death of, perhaps, the best and wisest prince in Europe, nor the almost miraculous escape, from the same cause of evil, of his son, has been enough to make people bestir themselves; but that his grandson should have been as much exposed to attack as if typhoid fever were some mysterious disturbance beyond human cognizance as to its origin,—unexpected, unpreventible, and unpreventible?

This dead weight of heedlessness is in itself sadly discouraging. What can be said, what new considerations urged, what sense of personal interest appealed to, that shall be new? There is indeed, one aspect of the case which has not hitherto been thoroughly exhausted. If we refer to that, it is with no wish to throw blame where it is not due, or to insinuate it where we do not openly proclaim it. But it is from the sense that one only course seems to us to promise any rational expectation of a change, without the effecting of which we must be content to see the very cream and pick of our country mowed down at discretion by preventible disease, that we now speak.

We refer to the homely wisdom taught in the fable of the lark

and her young ones. Parliament has been invoked, and has promised to come to the aid of the sanitary reformer. Local Boards have been invented, and certainly have shown abundant vitality, in so far as the increase of local taxation is concerned. Yet, season after season, the harvest of public safety remains unsecured. It remains that those who are responsible for the crop should take it in hand themselves.

Who are the people to do this? The question, indeed, concerns every one of us. Unfortunately the proverb comes in here, that what is everybody's business is nobody's business; and as matter of practical experience, we cannot believe that the urging of the householders at large to protect the lives of themselves, their wives, and their children, is likely to have much more effect during the ensuing decade, or quarter of a century, than it has had during the last. There are many reasons for this, but the chief of them is this. The knowledge, not as a theoretical assent to a scientific proposition, but as an intimate conviction, regulating the activity of each day's life, of the requisites and conditions of health, is a specialty. It is confined to the expert. You may write about it, print about it, lecture about it, fill the newspapers, even get a word of aid from the pulpit; but all this is of little avail as a means of giving medical knowledge to the medically uneducated. The merchant, or banker, or tradesman, or private gentleman, hears all you have to say, and goes away and does nothing. If he is moved very strongly by some disastrous death or lingering illness that has come to his knowledge, and recalls the warnings and the counsel of his doctor, or his surveyor, or of some disinterested and anxious friend, he may go so far as to say, "Dear me, how sad it is that Mr. A. should have neglected his drains! The state of the War Office is absolutely unpardonable. Somebody or other ought to be punished—the Commander-in-Chief impeached, or the contractor hanged." This is in the unusual case of interest being really awakened. But if you go a step further and say, "My dear Mr. B., have you any idea what is the state of your own drains?"—"I," is the reply—or more probably "me,"—"you don't suppose that I understand that sort of things. My people are not pigs, sir. I pay my sanitary rate, and a pretty round one it is. I pay my doctor; and if every patient has as long a bill as I find comes in at Christmas, all I can say is that no wonder doctors keep their carriages. I go to the city as soon as breakfast is over, and when I come home do you think that I am going to spoil my appetite for dinner, and to make my servants give warning, by pottering about the house-drains? No, no, my good sir, neglect in such things, I quite admit, is entirely inexcusable. I am sure we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to you, and to all those excellent men who are so disinterested as to sanitary reform; and it is a matter of the sincerest satisfaction to be told that we cannot catch cholera, or typhus, or any of those horrid diseases with Latin and Greek names, except by our own fault. But I should just like to see the face of my cook if the butler were to say,—'Master is coming to look at the sink in the back kitchen.'"

We put it to any of our readers whether this is an imaginary or exaggerated case? How is such a block to be got over? And we are taking the most favourable example, that of the reasonable man, who hears all that you have to say, who is grateful for your advice, and who really, as far as his light is concerned, agrees with you. What is the case with the majority of persons? Will not the officious friend be told, with more or less circumlocution, according to the plane of social life in which the interlocutor moves, to mind his own business? "My house infected," says Dives, "a pretty puppy you must be to say so. There is the hall door, sir, and the sooner you are outside it the better I shall be pleased." Put the thing strongly to him. Say, "My dear Mr. Dives, as I passed your back-door I perceived such an odour that I am convinced, as having some acquaintance with the subject, that you are exposed to imminent danger of typhoid fever. Besides, you cannot fail to observe how pale Master and Miss Dives are looking. Believe me, my dear sir, you are in danger,—in imminent danger." Say this, and suppose that you are a person of too much gravity and importance to be summarily characterized as a puppy, what will be the reply? Will it not be that there are no servants so cleanly, no housekeeper so particular, no lady so apt to take the slightest hint of want of sweetness in the atmosphere as those of Mr. Dives' family? That no children are more healthy, and that Mr. Alderman Dives himself nowhere enjoys so excellent an appetite as in that very house of which you are attempting to depreciate the monetary residential value?

If this is the case with persons of a grade and position in society to which the sanitary reformer looks for recruits and support in his most holy crusade, what is the case as we descend the