

needle in the bite of a needle holder, and the double thread was always tied. Whatever may be the capacities of German women in this respect, I am well convinced that no American woman could encyst, absorb, or otherwise dispose of the quantity of silk I saw left in that woman's peritoneum. She, however, was doing well next day and for at least a day or two later. The sponges, too, would horrify an English or American surgeon. The other operation was a simple ovariectomy.

Dr. August Martin, son of the late celebrated Eduard Martin, is a privat-docent in gynæcology in the University of Berlin. He is an enormous man, who receives his visitors with great courtesy and kindness. He has a private hospital with forty beds, and a large out-patient clinic. Here, every day in the week, some operations may be seen. The hospital is in charge of Frau Horn, a remarkable woman, who assists at all operations, and who, I am well convinced, could do an ovariectomy nearly as well as the master himself. I have seen her more than once, when one of the assistants was doing some minor operation, take the curette or other instrument from his hands and show him how, in her opinion, it ought to be used, an interference which, however, none of them seemed to resent. I saw Martin do two laparotomies and three total vaginal extirpations of the uterus. He is a rapid and most dexterous operator, although I cannot possibly approve of some of his methods. The abdominal sections here, as in the case of each of the other Berlin surgeons I have mentioned, are done in a room used for no other purpose. Spray before, but not during the operation. The hour, that which is most convenient; on one occasion half-past 8 a.m., the other at half-past 11. The table, a low, short, iron structure. The patient's legs hang over the table, and Dr. Martin sits between her thighs. The spectators are instructed to take a bath, and before being admitted to the room, each must take off his coat, waistcoat, collar and necktie, and suspenders. The operator is clad in a white linen suit, and wears rubber galoches. The latter precaution is soon seen to be necessary, as the floor of the room is swimming with solutions from the fingers, ovarian fluid, or whatever may happen to fall thereon. In all cases, however simple, the Berlin men make a long, slashing cut through the