

Round the fountain.

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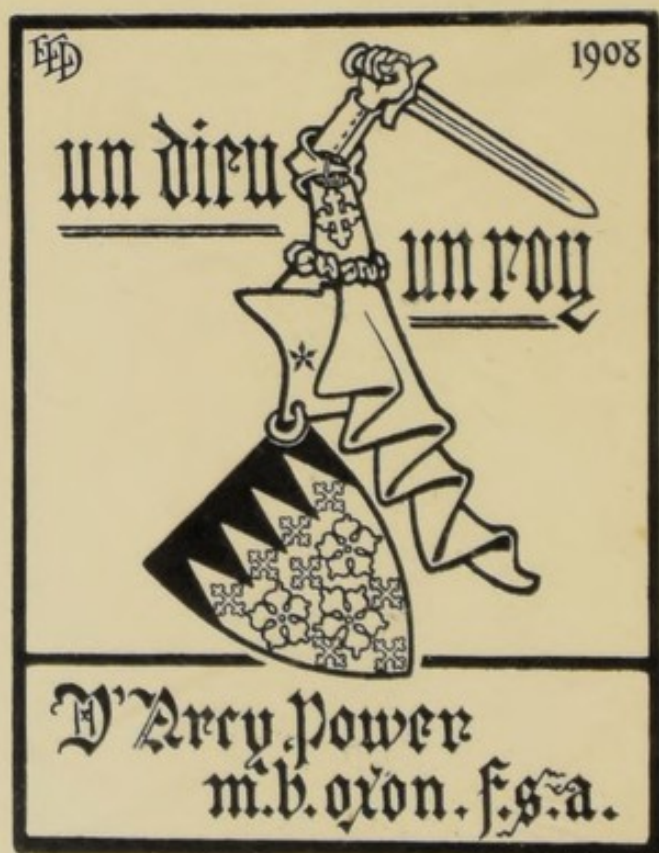
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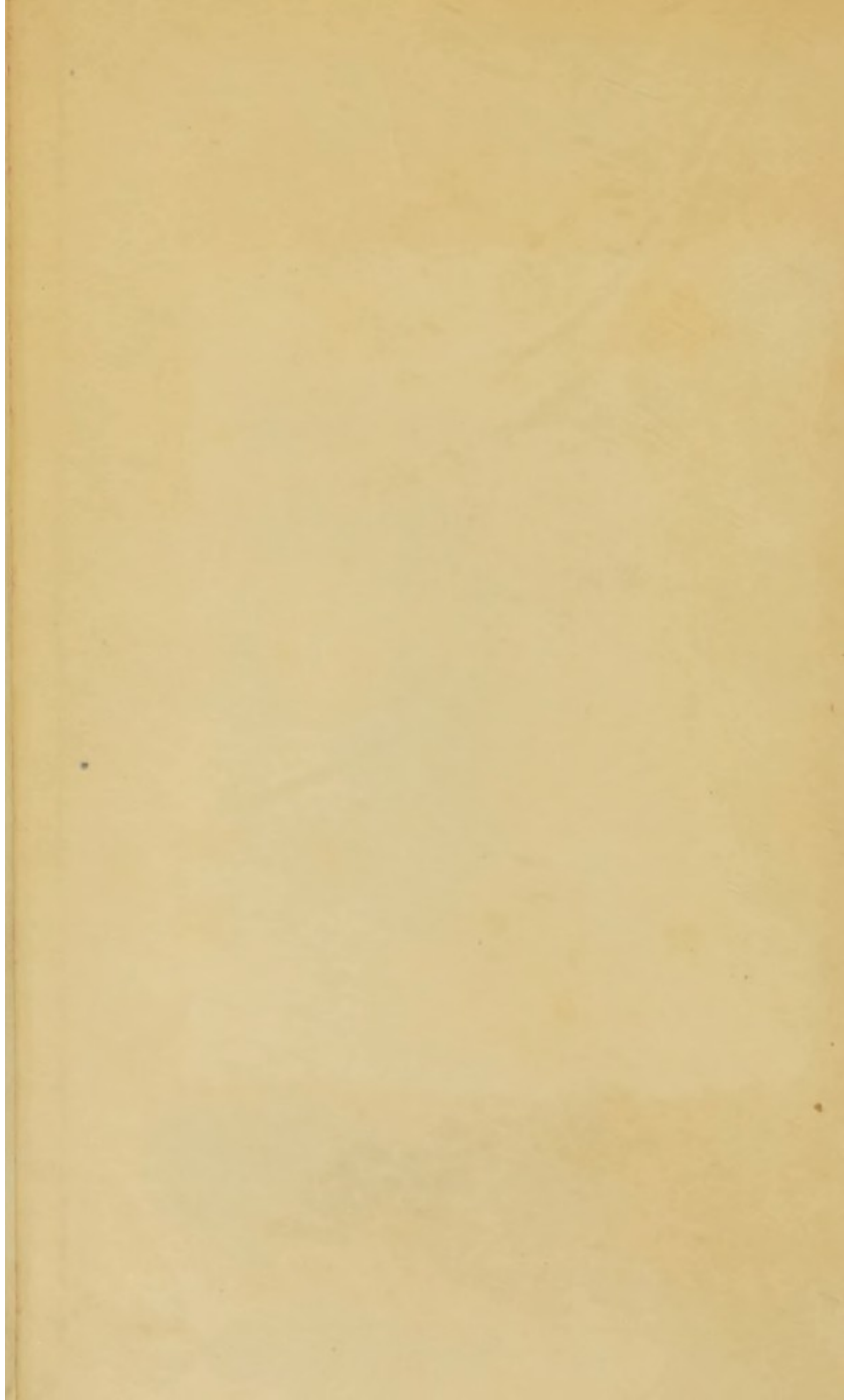
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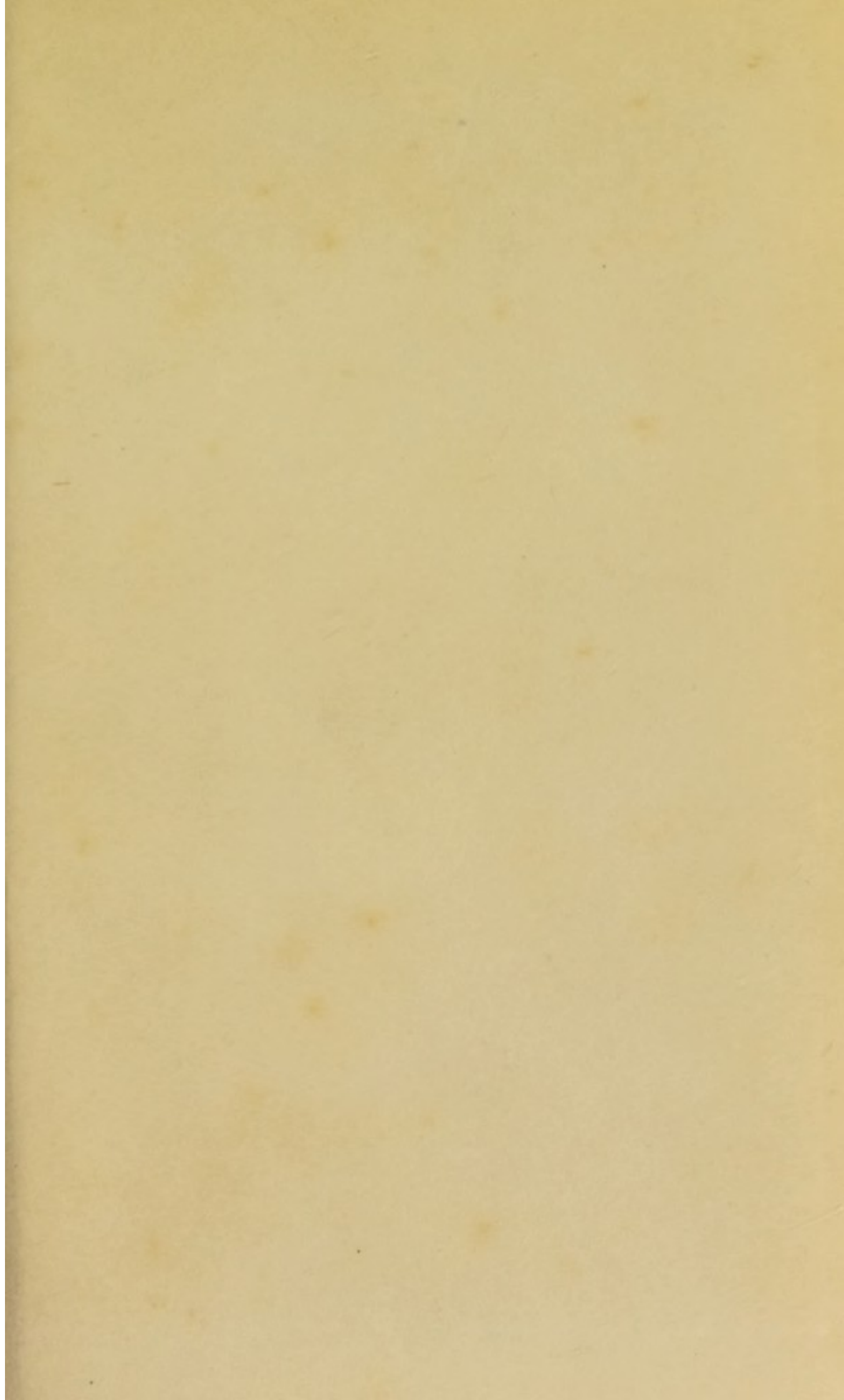
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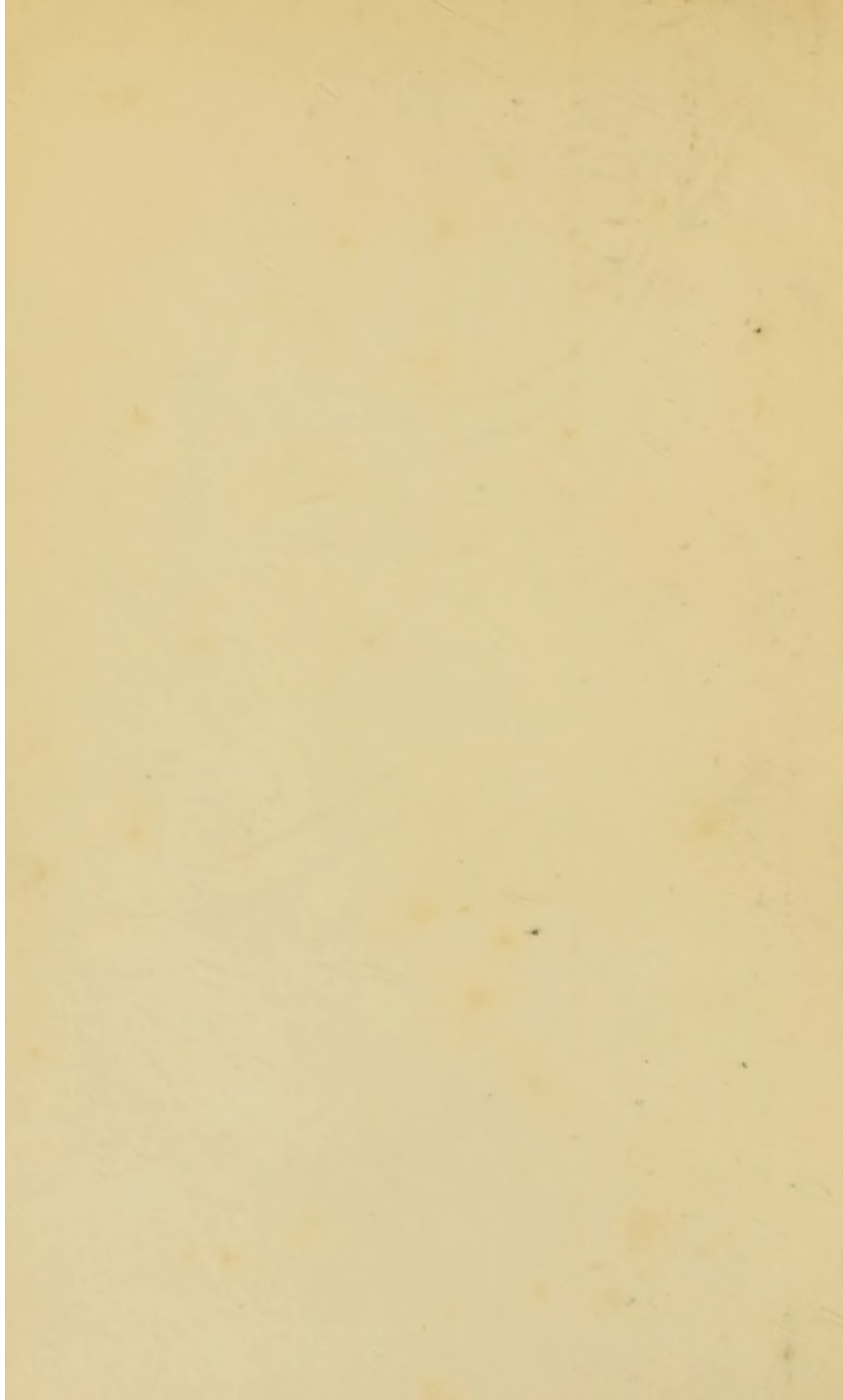


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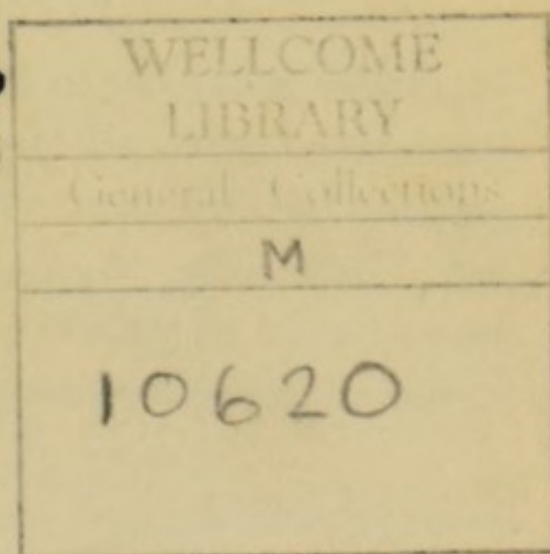


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—
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PREFACE.

THE selection which forms the substance of the present volume has been made from the large number of verses and sketches that have from time to time appeared in the pages of the *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*, or have formed part of various private collections.

Our thanks are due to the various authors, who have so kindly allowed us to reproduce their work, and we are indebted to the following editors, who have been responsible for the publication of the *Journal* since its inauguration in 1893 :— F. A. Bainbridge, W. M. Borchers, W. Langdon Brown, R. C. Elmslie, A. H. Hogarth, T. J. Horder, N. G. Horner, H. B. Meakin, J. A. Nixon, K. Pretty, R. B. Price, H. Pritchard, E. Talbot.

We have been unable, in spite of strenuous efforts, to trace the authorship of a few of the older anonymous contributions ; and we can only trust that in rescuing these from " the decent seclusion of office files " and making use of them in aid of so worthy an object as we have in view, we shall incur no penalty under the law of copyright.

The profits from the sale of this book will be devoted to the fund for the new " Nurses' Home."

THE EDITORS.

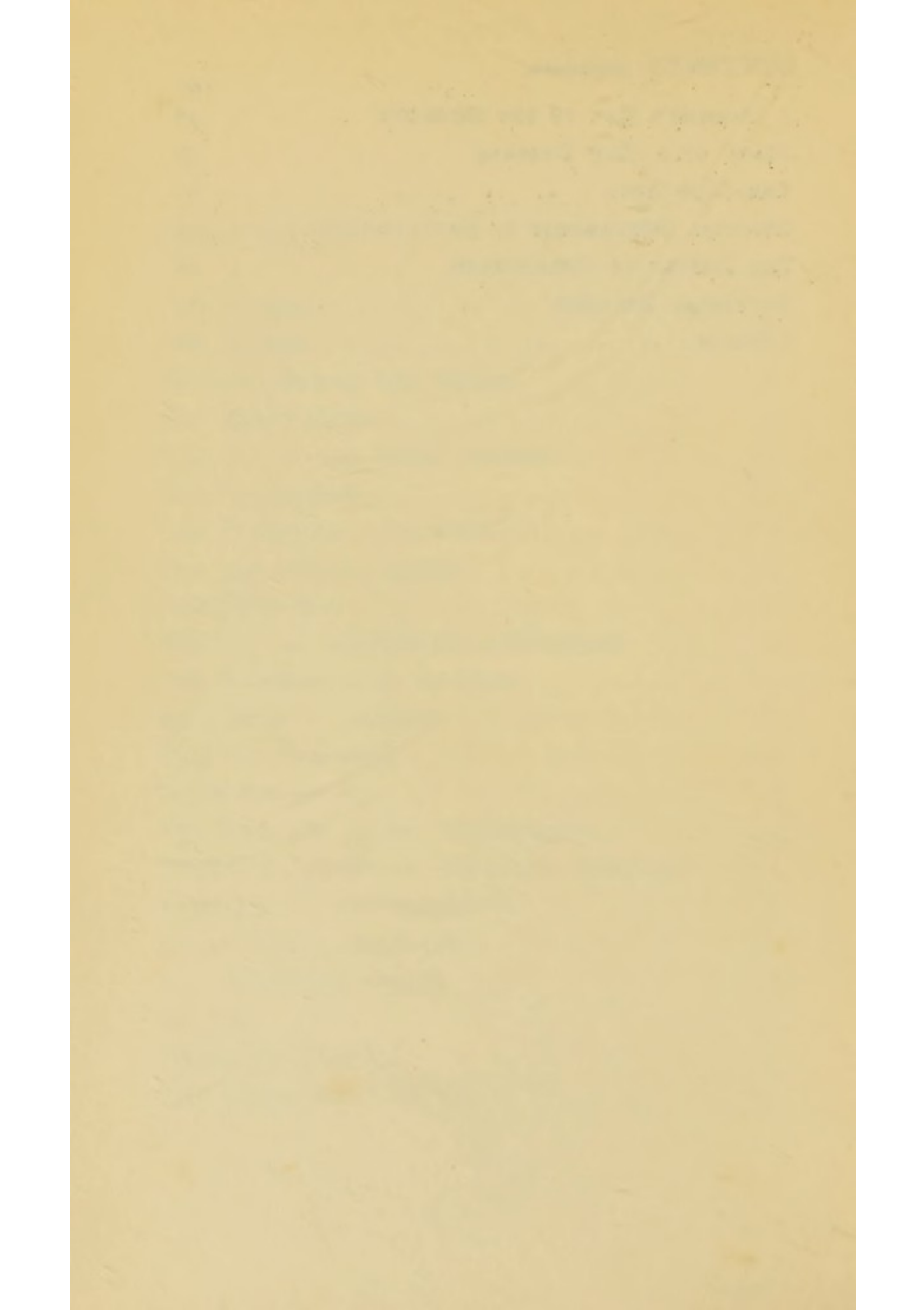
St. Bartholomew's Hospital,
November, 1909.

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ROUND THE FOUNTAIN.

OLD VERSES.

SHADES of Galen and Celsus departed
Far from the troubles and worries of life,
Say! Can ye tell me the reason I started
Reading so hard for a Medical Life?

Visions of glory, crude dreams of ambition
Haunted my cerebrum many a day ;
I thought to dissect out a name and position
By means of a scalpel and tips from a Gray.

Gaily the corpuscles, fibrin, and serum
Leapt through my veins at the prospect of fame,
Onward I looked to the time I should hear one
Tack the whole alphabet on to my name.

Now I sit mute in despair and in sorrow,
Erichsen's writings no longer allure,
"Bitterly," truly "I think on the morrow,"
Like the poor fellows who buried John Moore.

Tanner and Druit I hate most sincerely,
Curses on Holden and Taylor and Gray !
Churchill and Meadows I've read till I really
Had to ask someone to take them away.

So I sit picking my teeth with a bistoury,
Whittling my nails with a hernia knife,
Striving to solve the inscrutable mystery—
Why did I enter the Medical Life?

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, Nov., 1904.

THE DOCTOR.

A DOCTOR is a man who is everybody's man—
He never seems to have a moment's rest.
His system often feels the want of several meals ;
He's forgotten how to get undressed.
He's out about all day, and he's up full half the night,
He's supposed to know all things beneath the sun,
He's a " Whiteley " and a " Quain,"
With an automatic brain,
And a British Museum in one—
In one ;
A universal everything in one.

Chorus.

Send for the Doctor, dearest !
Don't be a bit afraid—
We shan't get his bill till Christmas-time,
When he probably won't get paid,
My dear !
Send for the Doctor, dearest !
Tell him to come here straight ;
We shall *have* to pay the baker,
And perhaps the bonnet-maker ;
But the Doctor can very well wait,
My dear !
I've a notion he'll have to wait.

He's supposed to give advice
On the ways of catching mice,
The pathology of whooping-cough and mumps ;
And the kind of paint to use,
And the day they ought to choose
For painting up the parish pumps !
Then he gets a cordial greeting
At the local science meeting,
He's unanimously put into the chair,
He's expected to assist 'em
To discuss the Solar System,
And enumerate the microbes in the air—
In the air !
He must show a close acquaintance with the air.

Chorus.—Send for the Doctor, etc.

And the pitfalls to be found
In his usual daily round !
There's the maiden aunt who says she's growing thin ;
She's the last of his relations,
And he has some expectations,
So he dare not say, " It's owing to the gin ! "
And the squire who tells him that
He is growing far too fat ;
But the Doctor cannot bring himself to say
That the squire would grow much thinner
If he modified his dinner,
And took a few less lunches in the day—
In the day !
And confined himself to *two*, p'r'aps, in the day.

Chorus.—Send for the Doctor, etc.

When he crawls into his bed
To rest his weary head,
There comes a furious ringing at the bell.
“ If you please, sir, missus says,
Won't you come along at once?
She's afraid the baby's going to be unwell.”
And he picks up from her tattle,
That the baby's lost his rattle,
“ And he swallowed it,” she thinks the missus said.
And the doctor tramps a mile,
And he's met with such a smile,
And he hears they've found the rattle 'neath the bed—
 'Neath the bed ;
They're sorry, but they found it 'neath the bed.

Chorus.—Send for the Doctor, etc.

F. W. G. *S.B.H.J.*, Sept., 1900.

MORNING BEHIND THE SCENES.

OUTSIDE it is dark. The sky is deep blue-black, but above the dark outline of the balustrades atop of the Post Office he who knows how London's day breaks, sees the light is coming.

Within, the shaded ward lamp hangs low over the ward table ; some beams from it seem peering out below the shade to stare at its opposite neighbour, the ward fire, that has been winking cheerfully in turn.

There are sounds from the ward kitchen—the dull clatter of the breakfast mugs jostling one another, and the sound of the quiet activity of people talking in whispers.

The clocks begin to strike. They are ill-mannered clocks, for though they have lived together these many years, they have never yet agreed to strike all at once, nor in any decent order : they strike six.

In comes the tray of jostling mugs ; one by one up go the locker lids, and the steaming mug stands witness that day has come.

“ Gmornorl ” echoes like a word of command from No. 11, who is a quick waker ; “ Gmornorl ” murmur several others in various degrees of sleepiness ; “ Goomorninorl ” comes from Charlie in the cot, who has not learned to mould his morning welcome into two syllables.

With breakfast the talk spreads, as the hot tea and the growing light sweep away the sleepy cobwebs.

Outside, the day is waking too, the windows are no longer blue-black, and the rain-washed stone of the other blocks begins to show white round the half-awakened Square. The sparrows start such a chattering; they must surely be all telling their dreams, and none listening.

The big mugs are empty; 11 and 7, who are convalescent, are up and helping to clear away, and the nurses are bringing round the big tin washing bowls.

The talk stops, and the sound of water and of washing comes from behind the drawn curtains.

The washing is over, and the bowls are gone.

The clocks betray their ill-breeding once more, and interrupt each other to say that it is seven.

The day nurses arrive, and bed-making begins. No. 10 sits on his locker—did ever patient tumble his bed so!—but soon the sheets are smooth, and he is back and covered with a creaseless counterpane. Daddy 6 and Mr. 9 lie abed while the toilet is performed, and so round till the ward stands a double row of symmetry—a very picture-book of bed-makery.

Then come “glasses;” pulses are counted, and duly noted in the nurse’s book.

The night nurse writes her notes, and as the day wakes gives in her report to sister, and creeps off to her “evening” meal.

The ward maid has come, and is busy raking at the fire; the plantigrade scrubber is crawling round beneath the beds; the nurses, assisted by 7 and 11, are cleaning and polishing; the ward is full of work.

Everybody is awake, especially Charlie in the cot, exchanging insults with "young ginger" who is grown up enough to have a bed.

The paper boy arrives, and there is a general grovel in the lockers for the coin that is to buy the news of the big world outside, or rejoice its owner with a "comic."

Then prayers, and sister comes round with the medicines.

The clocks clatter again, and it is nine.

7 and 11 bring round lunch to the ward world within, whilst perhaps the big world without is but at its breakfast.

The papers are now almost absorbed, and their contents discussed—the football, the murders, the King and Queen; but the *Morning Leader* man does not quarrel with the *Daily Mail* man—that is all left to the big world outside.

The clocks have quarrelled over the hour of ten, half an hour back, and the house physician and attendant satellites armed with stethoscopes arrive.

The curtain has gone up.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, January, 1904.

THE NIGHT NURSE.

Who is it comes—a perfect pest—
At six a.m. to break my rest,
Disturbing me in my warm nest?
The Night Nurse.

Who draws my locker to my bed,
And puts thereon both tea and bread,
And says, “Wake up! you sleepy head”?
The Night Nurse.

Who to remove superfluous dirt
A basin brings with orders curt,
“Sit up and wash—take off your shirt”?
The Night Nurse.

Who bustles round till half past eight,
Dusting at a terrific rate,
And scolding if the least bit late?
The Night Nurse.

Who goes when things are all put right,
And leaves me grinning with delight,
But dreading still the coming night?
The Night Nurse.

ANON.

THE LAY OF THE NIGHT DRESSER.

OFT in the chilly morn
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Porters, with much delight,
Have come along and found me.
With deep disgust how have I cussed !
What words of wrath then spoken !
How patients blamed for getting lamed !
My night's repose was broken !

I yawn, I groan, I tread alone
The Surgery deserted,
My chief in bed, the patient fled,
And all but I departed.
Then in the chilly morn
Back in my couch I've found me,
And, grumbling, tucked in tight
The blankets all around me.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, May, 1894.

THE MALINGERER.

Now wot oi sez is this, sez oi, as 'orspitals is rotten,
And doctors aint no bloomin' kind of good ;
Oh yus oi does, you bet oi does, oi knows a bit abaht
'em !

And oi'd show 'em up, so 'elp me, if oi could.
Oi goes into 'em reglar, when the rhino ain't so ready,
They're 'andy institootions for *that* gime.
But, Lord, it ain't no lavender, they makes you keep so
steady,

There ain't no fun, it's all so bloomin' taime.
It's all very well when a feller's *really* bad,
But when a bloke wants nothing but a rest,
'E don't want stoodints messin'
All arahnd 'im wiv their dressin'
And a 'ammerin' and a bangin' ov 'is chest.

The diseases that oi've 'ad, well, it's a wonder oi ain't
dead,

Oi've tiken all their physics every ways ;
The safest thing oi've struck as yet's a toomer in the
'ead ;

Them paralytic fikes most always pays.
Oi remember once oi tried a bloomin' toomer in the chest,
But you bet your life oi don't try *that* no more ;
They said oi'd got a 'rism and oi needed puffect rest,
When oi thinks of 'ow they starved me, oi feels sore.

It's all very well when you're aht and abaht,
You can get yer bit ov 'addick on the sloi,
But when they keeps you quoiety,
And yer lives on Tufnell's doiet,
It fairly makes a feller want ter doi.

Then another thing abaht them rotten 'orspitals, yer
know,

They're much too free a messin' with the soap ;
When us fellers gets the management of London—well,
we'll show

Them 'orspitals a thing or two, I 'ope.
It's a dahnright degredation to the 'onest workin' man
For to go and troy to foind 'is buried shirt ;
Oi don't 'old wiv this yer washin'—Oi 'ates the water
can,

It's me mark of 'onest laibour is the dirt.

It's all very well when a feller *needs* a wash
(Though washin' ain't so 'ealthy as they say),
But to take and put 'im in it
Every other bloomin' minut'—
Yer gets nothin' but the shivers all the day.

F. W. G. *S.H.B.J.*, October, 1899.

THE PASSING OF "MACKENZIE'S."

OH, weep with me, mothers of Smithfield,
Great sorrow has come in our day ;
What has served us through numberless ages
Is doomed to neglect and decay.

For the pitiless Council condemns it,
That noble old house in the Square,
The home of the midnight physician,
The pride and the joy of Cloth Fair.

So weep with me, mothers of Smithfield,
Let ours be the chief mourner's gloom ;
" Mackenzie's " is sold to the builder,
The Council has sanctioned its doom.

But when the housebreaker has finished,
Then gather your numberless brood,
And show 'mid the sad desolation
The place where " Mackenzie's " once stood.

No more shall the tortured piano
Resound to an endless refrain,
No more shall the heavy-eyed sleeper
Respond to the bell in the lane,

No more shall the voice of the singer
Essay to unparalleled height,
No more shall the thundering chorus
Pierce the slumbering vaults of the night.

Oh, weep with me, mothers of Smithfield,
For a life that is ebbing out fast ;
The life of the ancient " Mackenzie's,"
A life of a glorious past.

K. M. W. *S.B.H.J.*, November, 1905.

THE LEUCOCYTE'S LAMENT.

THE leucocyte was in a gland,
With inflammation red ;
He grasped a comrade by the hand,
And with a sob he said :—

“ 'Mid solitary follicles
I wend my weary way,
Deep down in crypts of Lieberkühn,
Far, far from light of day.

“ Alas ! this aching nucleus
Can ne'er be free from pain,
While tissues hide the beauteous bride
I ne'er shall see again.

“ A rosy-red corpuscle she,
The pride of all the spleen,
Her like in this dark gland I fear
Will never more be seen.

“ A fierce bacillus captured her,
And reft her from my side,
Carbolic oil his plans did foil,
But ah ! it slew my bride.

“ With pseudopodia feebly bent,
And broken nucleus, I
Must turn to pus.” And speaking thus
He wandered forth to die.

* * *

Oh ! lightly they'll talk of that leucocyte true,
As they label, and mount, and degrade him ;
But little he'll reck, when with aniline blue
They have stained and in Canada laid him !

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, April, 1894.

THE KEEN MAN.

THERE be two kinds of keen men. The one keepeth his keenness unto himself, and publisheth it not upon the roof tops ; him do we admire and emulate. The other striveth ever to be in the front row, and taketh copious notes therein ; the scratching of his pen is a burden unto the lecturer. He stealeth teeth from the surgery patient while yet the lawful dresser tarryeth over the Unna pot, and at lunch time he eateth buns in a white garment, so that they who pass may say : " This man is no longer an inhabitant of the rooms." He carryeth not his stethoscope by stealth, neither doth it shame him that he talketh shop in strident tones to his brethren in the public places of the city. Regard him closer ; from his fancy vesting protrude his scissors, his drug book, and his Scott's Emulsion Diary ; thus may ye know him. He feareth not the scowls of the clerks, but burroweth himself ever into the foremost rank, whence he cocketh his head at the physician, saying : " Yea, yea, verily it is præ systolic." Of the surgeon he asketh intelligent questions, while yet he already knoweth the answer. He runneth up to the moribund patient, and bangeth him upon the chest, so that he spitteth blood at him. He taketh off the dust from the library shelves, and depositeth it upon the cloak-room towels. And when he hath diplomated he goeth forth crying : " Of a verity am I out of touch with the student lads."

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, September, 1905.

THE LAY OF THE PRIMARY FELLOWSHIP.

BILL SAVORY of Bartholomew's,
By Galen's soul he swore,
Of five and twenty candidates
I will pluck twenty-four ;
By Galen's soul he swore it,
And set aside a day,
When men should come from every town,
And, having paid their five quid down,
Be plucked, and go away.

Lane of St. Mary's Hospital,
To Savory quoth he—
Lo ! I will stand at thy right hand
And spin the men with thee.
Then out spake Dicky Partridge,
From King's, I ween, came he,
I will abide at thy left side
And plough the men with thee.

Bright was the first of April,
E'en Lincoln's Inn looked gay,
And rosy Phoebus shone to greet
The groups of students in the street ;
It was an All Fools day.
Dixon, Benson, Ilott too,
With many others stood,
And chattered gaily of the glands,
And nerves supplied to feet and hands,
And of the salts of blood.

Apart from these strode Jackson,
Flushed with the flowing bowl,
The pectoralis major was
The weight upon his soul ;
And from his teeth clenched tightly
The words came fast and thick,
Sternum and costal cartilage,
And tendon of oblique.

Savory, Lane, and Partridge,
Their solemn oath they kept,
And on that spring-tide evening
Full many a student wept.
But there was one occurrence,
Which, although strange, was true,
That Jackson of Bartholomew's
Did actually get through.

Struck by his martial bearing,
And wondering at the grace
Of unobtrusive piety
Shown in his manly face,
Their souls were filled with pity,
Said they, The man's no ass,
We've plucked our four and twenty,
So we'll let the beggar pass.

April, 1871. F. E. JACKSON. *S.B.H.J., June, 1904.*

THE GLORIOUS DAYS TO COME.

OF the days to come I'm going to sing,
Of "Looking Backwards"—and that kind of thing,
And of the great joys the millenium will bring

In the glorious days to come.

There'll be no love, no greed, no hate,
We shall all be equal, and all sedate,
And be washed once a week at the expense of the State,

In the glorious days to come.

Well, I may have ridiculous taste,

But I'll give you my sentiments free !

That the world just at present is quite good enough,
And no worse than it ought to be.

We shall all be alike, in the same style dressed,
All efforts at culture will be sternly suppressed,
You won't be allowed to know more than the rest,

In the glorious days to come !

If a man any symptom of brain power should show,
They'll trephine him and take out a lobe or so,
They'll whittle him down to the level below,

In the glorious days to come.

Well, I may have ridiculous taste,

But I'll give you my sentiments free,

No Act ever passed can make a fool wise,
For he always a fool will be.

How nice when we all quite equal shall be,
All have the same breakfast, and dinner, and tea,
And get whisky served out once a fortnight free !

In the glorious days to come.
There'll be a few taxes, but no more bills,
And nobody's soap, and nobody's pills
Will disfigure the valleys and blot out the hills,

In the glorious days to come.
Well, I may have ridiculous taste,
Of my sentiments there is but one,
That a few things, perhaps, may be better arranged,
In the glorious days to come.

Some frivolous folk will think it tame,
When women and men are dressed the same,
And you're known by a number instead of a name,

In the glorious days to come.
There'll be no such thing as the wise or great,
Our corns and hair will be cut by the State,
We shall all eat out of a common plate,

In the glorious days to come.
Well, I daresay it's all very well,
And may seem a nice prospect to some,
But I'm thankful to say *I* shall not be alive

In the glorious days to come.

F. W. G. *S.B.H.J., Aug., 1894.*

TO A BABY IN AUTUMN.

BABY, who with monstrous eyes
Gazeth at the autumn skies,
Or, perchance, above the head
Of thy sickly little bed,
At the notes which I have made,
Wondering what it is I've said.
Now the summer season's past
Surely thou wilt be the last ;
For in truth it striketh me
I am tired of D. and V.

J. R. R. T. *Oct., 1905.*

H. S. (Co.) REQUIRED.

'Twas the voice of the porter—I hear him with pain—
No sooner to bed than I'm wanted again.
It's acutely malignant when tired out to hear—
“ There's a case in the surgery waiting you, sir.”
The day had been heavy and weary, and then
Two emergency “ ops.” in the theatre since ten ;
And the sleep of exhaustion was easy to woo
As I staggered to bed at a quarter to two ;
But relentless necessity gives one no rest,
And with muttered anathema soon I was dressed.
Yet it gave me a start, though I'd no time to pause,
When I noticed my jacket was cyanide gauze.
Still, I waived all objections to texture and tint,
Though my boots were of strapping, my trousers of
 lint ;
And adopting my medical manner with pride,
I hurried downstairs with a long spastic stride.
Now I'm bound to admit I was filled with amaze
At the horrible sight that encountered my gaze ;
On the couch in the back room was seated a beast,
(He defied any other description at least)
But the look of his face—like one hunted and wronged—
Proved the Coelomate group unto which he belonged.
With the wrath of a night dresser roused from his lair,
I asked automatically why he was there.

With harsh borborygmi he answered and said—
“ Oh, doctor, I really do wish I was dead,
I’m all of a tremble whatever I do ;
I heard of your fame so I come to see you.”
His clothes were all shabby, and ragged, and torn,
His “ general condition ” was wretched, forlorn.
But what pleased me most—“ which I blush to relate ”—
Was his hopeless, malformed, and incurable state.
He’d a large fissured fracture from vertex to base,
And lupus vulgaris emblazoned his face ;
Impetiginous eczema matted his hair,
And his eyes had a wicked protruberant stare.
I told him to strip, and beheld with surprise
The horrible sight that then greeted my eyes ;
His chest was transparent—’twas evident quite
No common-place case was before me that night—
His sternum was bifid, the organs transposed,
His neural canal had not properly closed.
His lungs, all cavernous, gave physical signs
Of splendidly typical bruits d’airain(s),
On his body were ulcers that never would heal,
He’d a painful untappable hæmatocele,
There were pulsating growths all over his head,
And his foetal lanugo but partially shed,
Carcinomatous nodules embellished his skin,
His hand was a retrograde pectoral fin,
He’d a Naegele pelvis, the palsy of Bell,
His ductus venosus was patent as well,
He’d a double aorta—kyphosis and tic,
And pediculi crawling all over him thick,
His joints were distended the size of your head,
He’d classical symptoms of poisoning by lead,

He'd Harrison's Sulcus, a rickety chest,
(The "strumous diathesis" also I guessed)
He'd pleuritic effusion added to these,
With peritonitis and Hodgkin's disease ;
To sum up the list of his sufferings and woes,
He'd œdematous legs and gangrenous toes.
His case was unique, and a puzzle to me,
So I sent the night porter to fetch the H. P.,
Who quickly appeared, and together we tried
Infusions, tobacco, potassium bromide,
Thyroid extract, hot bottles, and hospital "phizz,"
Till the whole of the surgery seemed in a whizz.

But the jeers grew very loud
From the fastly gathering crowd
Of nurses and of porters all around,
And I felt a sense of wrong
From the carping of the throng,
For the students they were thick upon the ground ;
And one said, " Give him beer,
Just his dying thoughts to cheer ;"
And some said, " Give him brandy," " Give him gin ; "
But I turned him upside down,
His awful groans to drown,
And pricked him well all over with a pin.
The Warden standing by
Tried the reflex of his eye,
And he said, " It's no good doing any more ;
I much object to force,
But as a last resource,
We'll roll him sideways up and down the floor."

Now the crowd had disappeared
With a silence that was weird,
And the darkness made it difficult to see ;
But I thought of all the cases
I had seen seen in different places,
And I put an aspirator in his knee.
The man was sinking fast,
And I knew he couldn't last,
So I shook him very roughly though he bled ;
But he caught me such a crack
That he laid me on my back,
And I woke to find I'd tumbled out of bed.

* * *

And the waiter's raucous tones were the dying patient's
groans,
And the London sun was struggling hard to shine ;
And the man politely said, as I scrambled back to bed,
" Good morning, sir ; it's just gone half past nine."

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, April, 1899.

RUDE RUBÁIYÁT.

AWAKE ! for Sister, standing on a Chair,
Says, " Nine o'clock ; no talking over there ! "

And Mr. Watkins' eagle Eye has marked
The absent Dresser dawdling in the Square.

Here with a Scrap of Lint, cut two-fold thick ;
A Flask of Stuff, and " One, two, three," from Dick,
Beside me, watching the Phenomena ;
And lo ! the Patient's under in a Tick !

The Pill no Question makes of Eyes or Nose,
But Right or Left, as twists the Colon, goes ;
And what's the Fizzy Drink to take next Morn ?
I know its name, *you* know—Eno's, Eno's.

And thou, delightful Draught, whose soft caress
Relieves the Old Wives' flatulent Distress ;
Ah ! Gent. cum Rheo, comforting and brown,
Your Pæans rise to Heaven, t.d.s. !

There was a Dream of Doctor's Gown some Day ;
There was a Hope of F.R.C.S., say ;
Some little Talk at Home of Me, M.B.
There seemed—and then (with Luck) an L.S.A.

N. G. H. *S.B.H.J.*, December, 1906.

THE ROMANCE OF THE STREPTOCOCCI.

(*Editor's Note.*—The irresponsible effusion which we print below seems intended for a burlesque on the Horace Dobell Lecture recently delivered by Dr. Andrewes at the College of Physicians on "The Evolution of the Streptococci." We hope that our pathologist will not be hurt by the publishing of this skit, which, after all, not unfairly represents the views he has publicly expressed.)

ONCE upon a time there was a primordial streptococcus—the grandfather of all the streptococci. This was a long time ago, when life first appeared upon the earth. He subsisted exclusively on mineral food, because there was no other food for him to subsist on. He belonged to the Established Church, and was very strict in his religious observances, staining by Gram's method. His chief tenet was that you must always divide in one plane, and this was why he was called a streptococcus. There were other Dissenting cocci who were not so particular about the planes in which they divided, so that they assumed unconventional attitudes ; but this was abhorrent to the streptococcus, and by strict obedience to the rubric he always grew in a chain. And herein he had his reward, for he thus became the ancestor of all the bacilli, which also belong to the Established Church, and divide in one plane only, which is dull but highly orthodox ; all but a few schismatics who took to branching, and thereby became the parents of the mycelial fungi.

Now, after the lapse of long years, other forms of vegetable and animal life were evolved, and by their death and decay furnished a supply of organic matter. Hitherto the streptococcus had maintained a precarious subsistence on mineral food ; it wasn't very appetising, but he was a Spartan sort of chap, and managed to get along on it, laboriously building up his own proteid from simple nitrates and ammonium salts. But one day an exceptionally intelligent streptococcus heard that you could save yourself this trouble by feeding on dead organic matter. He tried the diet and found that it agreed with him. He was warned that it would undermine his constitution and give him migraine, but he said he didn't mind about exogenous purin bodies, and he persuaded some friends to join him, and soon the new cult grew, until a streptococcus which still fed on mineral food found itself behind the times. By and by the habit of mineral feeding was quite lost, so that no streptococcus could digest mineral food at all, and they were all saprophytes. But they continued to divide only in one plane.

So more years rolled by, and the higher animals and plants appeared upon the scene ; but they did not compete with the streptococcus, who still filled his humble place in nature, undisturbed by the march of evolution. And again there arose one day an exceptionally intelligent streptococcus who was by chance swallowed by a warm-blooded animal. When he got inside and gazed around he soon realised that he was in the promised land. Here was food in unheard of abundance, a menu of entrancing variety—warmth and shelter such as streptococci had never known. His

lucky descendants, escaping with the fæces, spread the news—those, that is, which were strong enough to survive desiccation ; so this new mode of life became all the vogue, and soon the alimentary canal of animals was the chosen abiding place of all well-informed streptococci. By-and-by there were none to be found anywhere else, except, of course, the dried up stragglers who had been voided by their host, and had to trust to their powers of resisting desiccation till they were swallowed anew by another suitable animal. This is why most streptococci can resist drying so well.

Now, in these new conditions, the streptococci were bathed in all sorts of delicious food-stuffs. They hadn't time to eat them all ; some fancied one diet and some another, and it was part of their religion that everyone should eat what he liked. They had got a chance which they had never had before, and they held a meeting and decided to become a dominant genus. Let us specialise, they said, in metabolic powers, and so grow great and multiply ; and they did so, each following his natural inclinations. Of course there were some foods, such as albumoses and peptones, and the monosaccharides, which were so pleasant and easy to digest that everyone ate them ; but the more complex carbohydrates, glucosides, and higher alcohols afforded a wide field for adventurous tastes. So they gratified these appetites by inventing enzymes to break up the more complex and resistant food-stuffs, and some produced one enzyme and some another, so that there arose cliques and parties among them. Their offspring inherited their various tastes, and gradually there arose family groups, distinguished by the special diets they selected from the abundant

choice around them. They didn't quarrel about it, but lived together in peace and amity ; but you couldn't well invite a friend to dinner unless he agreed with you on general principles, and so the lines of cleavage tended to grow till there were perhaps five or six such family groups. It was really only general principles which separated them ; even in the same group there were little differences in the *hors d'œuvres* and savouries, though the joint and pudding were the same. Latitude was given even to individual tastes, and when a streptococcus felt unwell he was quite at liberty to stop in bed and alter his enzymes within such reasonable limits as the family rule prescribed. And so the streptococci flourished and abounded ; the wish of their hearts was fulfilled, and they became a dominant genus, and in all the alimentary canal, from mouth to anus, none were so blithe and fruitful as they.

There was, however, one thing which was a subject of dispute amongst them—namely, the length of their chains. Most of them argued that it was handier to grow in short chains. For daily wear, they said, it was ridiculous to go about in such long chains that you got tied up into knots or tripped over your own tail. Some went so far as to declare that it was unhygienic to sweep up tubercle bacilli with your skirts. But there were others, and these amongst the most aristocratic, who said that appearances ought to be kept up, even at some little inconvenience. What, they argued, was the use of always dividing in one plane unless you had a respectable chain to show for your trouble? So they went about in long chains, even on week days. Thus there came to be long-chained sects and short-chained sects, even within the limits of a single tribal group, while there were

some which sat on the fence in chains of medium length. After all it didn't much matter, because even the strictest long-chainers could easily snap in pieces on bank holidays, or whenever they got twisted into too tight a knot. Still, the matter was rather a point of honour in some circles, and a few streptococci carried their scruples so far that they contorted their chains into tight balls, and neglected to pay due attention to transverse division, whereby they ran a serious risk of turning into bacilli.

Now you might suppose that no streptococcus could wish for a happier life than this, and yet there were some amongst them who chafed under the restricted conditions of existence in the alimentary canal. They had been told of wondrous tissues outside—of calm limpid lymphatics and roaring scarlet blood-streams—of great serous cavities, in which whoso bathed should have his strength increased tenfold. Now and again such an ardent soul would contrive to escape through an abrasion in the mucous membrane, or to smuggle himself into a lacteal under the friendly shelter of a fat globule. None of these ever returned to tell his tale of adventure, and dark rumours were current of the dire fates that befel such wanderers. It was said that in the old times such journeys had been undertaken in safety, but that nowadays all this had changed, and that the tissues outside had armed themselves against intruding bacteria, so that it was death to trespass. There were stories of aggressive ferments which rent cocci limb from limb, and of horrid fetters, which some called amboceptors or immune bodies, which seized intruders and chained them to the ferments for their destruction. Worse still, it was said that in the jungles outside were phagocytes

which swallowed cocci whole—polynuclear police which lurked in every capillary—and it was even whispered that an obscene tribe of opsonins pandered to the phagocytes, and cooked their victims for them.

But in spite of these terrifying legends, there were still some discontented streptococci who longed for fresh fields to conquer ; and, indeed, they had multiplied so at home that it seemed almost necessary to find some outlet for the superfluous population. So they held a meeting and ventilated theories of Imperialism. Various plans were advocated for counteracting the adverse influences which could be brought against them ; but the chief hope expressed was that they might catch the enemy unawares, at a time when they were busy about something else. They swore a great oath by the chains of their forefathers to strive again and again till they succeeded. Short-chained, hardy chaps they were, ready for almost any diet, and trained to resist desiccation for months. Band after band went forth and perished, but at length success was achieved. A chance perforation of the intestine furnished the opportunity, and an exceptionally resourceful group of streptococci, plunging into the peritoneum, succeeded, thanks to the effects of shock, in carrying all before them, and had the intense satisfaction of setting up a fatal peritonitis. Another small band, soon afterwards, were equally successful, though in a different way ; they caught the body in a weakened condition after a grievous illness, and, gaining access to the blood stream, they contrived to set up a terminal septicæmia. One private explorer penetrated on another occasion to the blood stream, and had almost given up all hope of life, when he was carried by chance against a diseased heart

valve, to which he clung with the agony of despair. To his surprise he found the situation not so bad as he had thought ; he made good his foothold, and managed to multiply a bit, and soon he found that he had set up a malignant endocarditis.

Now the news of all this, carried back to the alimentary canal, created great excitement in the streptococcal world. The long-chained sorts got to hear about it, and were rather annoyed that the common short-chained ones should have got the start of them in this new school of adventure. They had a lot of quiet talk amongst themselves, and at last decided to have a symposium at the Junior Athenæum, where there was a streptococcus who was said to have some very original views. He was an active young fellow, with a moderately long chain, and he had thought very deeply on the emigration problem. The short-chained proletariat, he said, had evidently achieved a temporary success of sorts by luck rather than judgment. But if any lasting success were to be obtained they must go to work in quite a different way. It was no good trusting to luck ; what they needed were weapons of active offence, and he had got a plan for brewing toxins which should so weaken the enemy that the victory of the streptococci would be assured. He said he had already made a number of experiments, though he had not as yet published anything. He had not hitherto succeeded with extra cellular toxins, but he showed them some intra-cellular ones of which he had great hopes. He spoke too of hæmolysins, pointing out how important oxygen was to the tissues of the enemy, whereas we, he justly added, in virtue of our long residence in the alimentary canal, have adapted ourselves very fairly

to anaerobic conditions. The older streptococci shook their heads at this wild talk, but not a few of the younger bloods, fired by the prospects held up before them, vowed then and there to become pathogenic, and put themselves under the tutelage of the new reformer.

Thus was founded the Society of Pathogenic Streptococci, formed mainly from the long-chained aristocracy. They swaggered around in a militant spirit, and practised toxic and hæmolytic drill. By-and-by an occasion arose for testing their powers. It was a casual tonsillitis set up by some noisy short-chained forms, but some members of the Pathogenic Society who were practising manœuvres in the neighbourhood seized the chance to penetrate into a lymphatic channel. It was easy going at first, and in single file they threaded the sinuous passage till it opened suddenly into a cervical gland. Here they were baffled and knew not which way to turn ; as they debated what course they should next pursue, the scene changed. Foes swept in upon them on every side, the blood-vessels dilated, and out came fierce polynuclears attracted from afar by the chemiotactic aroma of their prey. Enmeshed by opsonins and threatened by bactericidal ferments their case was hopeless. It ended in a shocking suppuration, and every streptococcus ultimately perished. But as their staining powers disappeared in the vacuoles of the phagocytes, the stricken warriors glowed with pride at the thought that they were the pioneers of pyogenesis.

This was an historic occasion, but the example was followed. Many new devices had, however, to be learned before the streptococci came to their full pathogenic powers. Some specialised in rapid marches along the lymphatics, and became notorious in setting up

erysipelas and lymphangitis. Some learned to multiply in the blood, and to spread themselves far and wide in general septicæmias. It was a merry life, and though many a swash-buckler came to an untimely end he always felt that he had a run for his money. So fascinating was the excitement to many that they practically gave up the old humdrum life in the alimentary canal, and lived only for the delights of pathogenesis. One sort in particular, which came to be known as *Streptococcus pyogenes*, trained itself on a rigid diet, abandoned alcohol and clotting milk, and gained great fame as a warrior caste.

Some of the short-chained streptococci strove at times to emulate the exploits of these pathogenic varieties, but without the training in arms which the latter had enjoyed they never attained the same measure of success, though they often enough boasted a terminal septicæmia or a malignant endocarditis to their credit.

When I last heard it was an open question whether some of the pathogenic forms had not specialised further, as they had long intended, and established themselves as the causes of scarlet fever. This, however, is rather a rumour than a proven fact.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, December, 1906.

RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOSPITALS.

(In the sincerest form of flattery of a gifted contemporary—"Punch.")

ONE small D. and V. this season
Gave me such a horrid shock—
Died, for no apparent reason,
In its bath at six o'clock ;
Who can tell? Perhaps it may be
I forgot to feed the baby.

Jones and I were up together
For our finals at the College ;
I was rather doubtful whether
Jones had *quite* sufficient knowledge ;
Yet—would you believe it true?—
I was ploughed and Jones got through.

Willie, coming home from chapel,
Swallowed quite a large-sized apple ;
Someone, noticing him choking,
Got it out—oh, most provoking !
In another moment he
Would have been a B.I.D.

When I cut poor Smith's carotid
I was very calm indeed ;
I had heard that vessels clotted
If you only let them bleed.
Surely I deserve no censure ;
It was " Death from Misadventure."

Jim mistook an aneurysm
For an abscess of the skin ;
I, with well meant altruism,
Helped him stick a scalpel in.
Some spectator rescued Jim :
Fortunately I could swim.

Some days ago I did my best
(Although he looked a bit splenetic),
To aspirate a navvy's chest
Without a local anæsthetic—
Well—yes, there *was* a trifling row,
But I am convalescent now.

R. B. P.

A BALLAD OF THE SURGERY.

"You shall attend daily at the Surgery at 9 o'clock, and under the direction of the Casualty Physicians you shall treat all patients referred to you by those officers." Extract from the Charge of the Junior House Physician.

THE fleas were hopping merrily, hopping with all their
might,
They did their very level best the patients' legs to bite,
And this was easy, for they were packed very, very tight.

The air was rising steamily, because the early sun
Was shining hot as hot could be, though day had just
begun ;
Before those crowds could melt away full many hours
must run.

The steps were thronged as thronged could be, the doors
were open wide,
They could not all find room, because there was no room
inside.
It was no use to say them nay—they would not be
denied.

The H.P. and the Casualty were walking close at hand ;
They swore like anything to see the Surgery so crammed ;
" If these were only cleared away," said they, " it would
be grand."

“ If seven porters bribed the mob with seven jugs of
beer,
Do you suppose,” the H.P. said, “that that would make
them clear? ”
“ I doubt it,” said the Casualty, “ and—liquor’s very
dear.”

“ Oh ! patients, come and talk with us,” the H.P. did
beseech ;
“ A pleasant talk, but short as will suffice your wants
to reach ;
Two at a time come in, and we will hear the tale of
each.”

The oldest patient looked at him, but not a word he
said ;
The oldest patient closed his eyes, and drooped his
heavy head,
Because he drank too much last night, and had not been
to bed.

Then one sad patient hurried in the Casualty to greet ;
His face was worn, his trousers torn, his waistcoat
would not meet,
And this was odd, because he’d not had very much to
eat.

Another patient followed him within that open door ;
And thick and fast they came at last, and more and more
and more :
The porter very kindly poured Carbolic on the floor.

The H.P. and the Casualty worked hard an hour or so,
And still the crowds became no less, but rather seemed
to grow—

A dozen rows to get through yet, and fifteen in a row.

“The time has come,” the H.P. said, “to tell of all
your woes ;

Of fits, and pains, and chickenpox, and bleeding at the
nose,

Of measles, accidents, and burns, and how each symptom
grows.”

“My baby wastes,” a mother said, “though food he’s
always at ;

He’s crammed with pickles, whelks, and cheese, and yet
he’s far from fat.”

“No wonder ! ” said the Casualty—she looked surprised
at that.

“A pill or two,” the H.P. said, “is what you chiefly
need ;

Cough drops and liniment besides are very good indeed.
Take this three times a day, and *please* be careful how
you feed ! ”

“But can’t you cure me ? ” one exclaimed, turning a
little blue ;

“After six months’ attendance that would seem the
thing to do ! ”

“I’m busy now,” the H.P. said, “please, Nurse, another
two.”

“ It was so good of you to come and ask for my advice,”
The Casualty looked in and said, “ We’re getting on quite
nice ;
Clear off that row in front, and we shall finish in a trice.”

“ It seems a shame,” the H.P. said, “ to trot them out
so quick,
When they have waited here so long, and say they are
so sick.”
The Casualty said nothing but “ The atmosphere’s too
thick ! ”

“ I weep for you,” the H.P. said, “ I deeply sympathise,”
With sobs and sighs he handed out brown tickets* all
one size.
“ You’ll be surprised,” he said, “ how soon your indigestion
flies.”

“ Oh ! patients,” said the Casualty, “ now so much
work is done,
“ I can attend your wants quite well.” But answer
came there none ;
And this was scarcely odd, because they’d packed off
every one.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, August, 1895.

* Haust. Gent. cum Rheo.

HAUST. GENT. CUM RHEO.

A LAUDATORY STRETCH OF IMAGINATION.

O POTENT draught ! mysterious mistura !

Fearsome but fairly palatable tonic,
House surgeon's help, invaluable curer
Of ailments chronic——

Here in my verse all honour I ascribe thee,

Though I, the bard, as usual out of tune am,
Still will I praise, and still will I prescribe thee,
Unciam unam.

Rhubarb, Bicarbonate of Sodium, and Gentian——

World-wide your fame, O wonder-working trio !
Is there a spot where people never mention
Haust. Gent. c̄ Rheo ?

No ! on this globe, whatever part you fare to,

Haust. Gent. c̄ Rheo holds its place assured——
There we find all the ills that flesh is heir to
Rapidly cured.

Though you embark and right across the sea go,

Haust. Gent. c̄. Rheo's found in every clime ;
Wild men in far Tierra del Fuego
Think it sublime.

Nothing gives relish to their missionaries
Like Gent. c̄ Rheo taken ante cib.
Cannibals who reside in the Canaries
Take it *ad lib.*

Nor only lands which long have in the dark lain,
Far from the white man's civilizing view,
Love it, for half the millionaires of Park Lane
Dote on it too.

Wherefore I urge thee, O thou young physician,
Use well this draught for every trifling ill ;
So mayst thou too obtain wide recognition
For healing skill.

R. B. P. *S.B.H.J.*, May, 1909.

THE AFTERNOON ROUND.

SCENE—*Arethusa Ward.* TIME—I.45 p.m.

(Enter DR. KINO, followed by his H.P. and eight new clerks bristling with stethoscopes.)

(DR. KINO deposits his hat upon a letter which SISTER ARETHUSA has just been writing and has omitted to blot, and goes to Bed 1.

DR. KINO (*looking round*).—Ah! Who is taking care of this case?

NEW CLERK (*endeavouring unsuccessfully to appear at ease*).—I am, sir.

DR. KINO.—Let me see, I forget your name for the moment.

NEW CLERK.—Robinson, sir.

DR. KINO.—Oh! ah! Yes—well—er—er—Smith, how is the bronchophony?

NEW CLERK (*who has never heard of it before, but does not wish to appear ignorant*).—She does not complain of it now, sir.

DR. KINO (*with surprise*).—Indeed! (*Listens.*) (*To Patient*) Say ninety-nine.

PATIENT.—Nointy-noine.

DR. KINO (*to NEW CLERK*).—Would you mind just listening here?

(NEW CLERK listens and tries to call to mind some of the terms he has heard used in connection with the chest.)

DR. KINO.—Well! What do you hear?

NEW CLERK.—I fancy that I noticed a syllabus, sir ; but I was not quite sure.

DR. KINO (*appearing amused*).—Well, never mind ; you will get more used to it soon. Have you got a note?

NEW CLERK.—Yes, sir.

DR. KINO.—Well, let's have it, then.

NEW CLERK (*producing a book about the size of Quain's Anatomy Plates—reads*).—Sleeps well, takes well, pulse good, temperature normal.

DR. KINO.—Is that all?

NEW CLERK.—Yes, sir.

DR. KINO.—Not a very elaborate note, is it? (*Laughs.*)

NEW CLERK (*wishing to conciliate the great man, laughs immediately*).—Ha ! ha ! ha !

DR. KINO.—What on earth is the matter?

NEW CLERK (*trying to make it appear that he was only coughing*).—Nothing, sir.

DR. KINO.—Humph ! (*To H.P.*) Do you think that the arsenic is doing her any good, Morrison?

H. P.—No, sir ! I don't think that it is.

DR. KINO.—Well, suppose we give her something else. (*Hands the blue board to NEW CLERK*) Will you give her, please—Dimethyloxychinolin, two drachms.

NEW CLERK (*making a plunge for it, writes*).—Oxy-hydrogen crinoline, Oiss.

DR. KINO (*looking over his shoulder*).—I am afraid that is not quite correct, and I said one drachm—not a pint and a half (*corrects and hands board back—continues*).

Extracti cocæ liq. two ounces.

Codeinæ, six grains.

Glycerinam et aquam ad, four ounces.

(*To CLERK*) Have you got that down?

NEW CLERK (*who has got nothing down bearing the remotest resemblance to these drugs*).—Yes, sir.

DR. KINO (*continuing*).—Fiat mistura, cujus capiat cochleareum unum minimum ex cyatho vinario aquæ quater in die post cibos. (*Seeing that CLERK is helpless*) Why don't you write it down?

NEW CLERK (*who is not in the habit of conversing in the Latin language*).—I am afraid I did not quite follow you, sir.

DR. KINO (*kindly*).—Well, never mind—bit strange at first, I suppose (*takes board*). I will write it for you. (*To SISTER*) Will you give me another paper, please, Sister. I am afraid that the dispensers, being ignorant persons, might possibly be misled by Mr. ——'s hieroglyphics. (*To NEW CLERK*) Have you tested the urine?

NEW CLERK (*who has dipped a piece of litmus paper in the glass and gone off to lunch*).—Yes, sir.

DR. KINO.—Any albumen?

NEW CLERK.—It was rather uncertain, sir.

DR. KINO (*going to window, takes test tube and boils a sample of urine, which instantly solidifies. To NEW CLERK*).—Did you boil it?

NEW CLERK.—No, sir——I only applied the guaiacum test.

DR. KINO.—Well, that is an unfortunate selection, as it does not happen to be a test for albumen. (*CLERKS laugh.*)

(*DR. KINO goes to the next bed, while the NEW CLERK retires into the background to remove the perspiration from his forehead.*)

ANON. S.B.H.J.

TO T. B.

SLENDER, yet strongly pugnacious bacillus,
What though your size is but 3 or 4 μ ,
Yet you attack and courageously kill us—
Us, many million times bigger than you.

Still do I feel some remorse to have slain you
By methods that must have been painful to you,
Feel it unsportsmanlike still when I stain you
With hot Carbol Fuchsin and Methylene Blue.

Valour and virulence, perfectly blending,
Should in some noble achievement have died,
Rather than meet an inglorious ending
Mounted and stained on a microscope slide.

You must have had many strenuous tussles—
Lived in a state of perpetual strife,
Struggling with fierce phagocytic corpuscles,
Barely escaping perhaps with your life,

Grappled with murderous opsonins, striving
Cruelly to catch you and cook you entire ;
Death in a thousand fierce conflicts surviving,
Only at length on a film to expire.

Had you but died in the lung you invaded,
Fighting, outnumbered by leucocyte foes,
Battling with giant-cells, lonely, unaided—
This would have been a more glorious close.

Then had the foes you so stoutly resisted
Buried you there with the honours of war ;
Lying in tough fibrous tissue encysted,
Still might your corse fill young blood-cells with awe.

Yet in your downfall to tears you provoke us ;
Even your carcase, in death lying prone,
(Wait half a tick while I get it in focus—
There !) has a delicate grace of its own !

What though no flaunting flagella adorn you,
What though for speed you were never designed,
Let not the motile bacteria scorn you,
Yours is a beauty more staid and refined.

Slender, yet strongly pugnacious bacillus,
As to your beauty we may disagree,
But as to your power to maim and to kill us—
Well—no one would challenge a fight with T. B.

R. B. P. *S.B.H.J.*, January, 1908.

HOBBIOSIS HOMINUM.

The scanty facts which follow comprise all that is known of an interesting condition, the presence of which in any person is manifested by the possession of a "hobby":—

Ætiology. Since von Würst published the discovery, in his laboratory at Oberammergau, on May 1st, 1906, of the *Equinococcus hobbiosis*, no one has confirmed his observation. It is very probable that we have to look elsewhere for the causative agent of *Hobbiosis hominum*. The disease is highly contagious. Males are somewhat more often attacked than females. The incidence is greatest in childhood, but the acute form is then the rule. Very young infants show a remarkable immunity. In schools the disorder appears in epidemics, with a percentage of 99·9 of those exposed. After puberty it often becomes chronic, and the chance of this termination increases as age advances.

The incubation period varies from a few hours to as many weeks. It is shorter in young persons.

Morbid Anatomy. As the disease is only indirectly fatal, as when, for example, a quarrel arising over a rare postage stamp leads to murder, or excessive devotion to the cornet causes a rupture of the thoracic wall, opportunities for studying the morbid anatomy are not frequent. No distinctive lesions were found in the few post-mortems that have been recorded.

The Symptoms are remarkably protean in details, but certain broad rules apply to nearly all types. The onset is marked by excitement, only rarely accompanied by a rise of temperature. This is followed by an interference with the ordinary functions, leading, in severe cases, to a disinclination for work, and to the exhibition of various eccentricities. The hæmorrhagic type may simulate acute mania. Even here there may be no physical signs, except in cases which collect 'bus tickets. Milder cases do their work with little inconvenience, and some authors even hold that the daily routine is better carried out by such subjects. Defervescence is shown by a lessening interest in objects, which in the earlier stages would have induced a paroxysm.

Complications. The heart may hypertrophy in the athletic type. Fractures of long bones are not unknown in explorers and birds'-nesters. Zoophilists have fallen victims to their own pets (*e.g.*, Acteon and Cleopatra), while more modern "zoophilists" suffer from a form of pseudolalia which may end in delusional insanity of the "Browne-Dogg" variety. It is stated, on insufficient authority, that pseudolalia also accompanies the fishing, while coprolalia undoubtedly complicates the golfing type of *Hobbiosis*.

The diagnosis is usually obvious.

Prognosis. In young subjects the attack may clear up in 48 hours. The more severe the initial symptoms the greater the chance of complete recovery. With increasing age the prognosis is correspondingly grave. As an American authority* says of lying, "Once the disease gets familiar with a man, nothing but death

* Josh Billings.

can put an end to his sufferings." One form of the disorder exercises a restricting influence on another. Death usually occurs from some intercurrent condition, and the end may be indefinitely delayed.

Treatment is chiefly directed to maintaining the general health, and preventing an undue strain being thrown on the patient's resources. Many cases do not suffer enough to make interference justifiable, but their friends do. Careful nursing in the acute stage may save the patient. In chronic cases inoculation with a less virulent strain may turn the disease into a less distressing channel.

J. E. H. S.B.H.J., *January, 1907.*

THE POETASTER'S PROTEST.

CL*Y* SH*W, your knowledge of the sane condition
I would not for a moment seem to doubt,
But there's one point, which, with your kind permission,
I'd like to have a talk with you about.
It cannot, I feel sure, be your intention
To vex the poet's mind at any time,
But as a sign of lunacy you mention
The tendency to write and speak in rhyme.

The thing has been remarked before, I know it ;
I think 'twas Shakespeare first observed the fact—
"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
"Are of imagination all compact ;"
But this was never seriously intended,
For Will would always have his little joke !
And I, on whom his mantle has descended,
Cannot admit the truth of what he spoke.

The attitude of friends is not consoling,
They take your view of matters in the main ;
They see my "eye in a fine frenzy rolling,"
And put it down to Water on the Brain ;

And when I seek to give "to airy nothings
"A local habitation and a name,"
They see my spirit's agonising frothings,
And think Delirium Tremens is to blame.

Sometimes I rise to heights of inspiration,
To noble thought in lofty language dressed,
'Tis then I hear the base insinuation,
Which says my upper centres are depressed ;
My verse, which is in spite of all detraction,
Quite unsurpassed by Shakespeare in his prime,
Is all attributed to Reflex Action,
Which makes the poetaster write in rhyme.

If fired with righteous wrath I ever venture
Sublime in thundering periods to rage,
I'm told I suffer from acute dementia—
The late maniacal expansive stage ;
Or if "a woeful ballad," fraught with passion,
Made to my "mistress' eyebrows," I relate,
Since your remarks, it seems to be the fashion
To say I'm in the melancholic state.

The accuracy of your observation
In this respect I totally deny !
My brain shows no advanced degeneration,
No softening of the cortex cerebri ;
My history of potus must be ?,
Of morphia I've never had a grain,
Nor do I think that any toxic theory
This morbid state of rhyming will explain.

Cl*y* Sh*w, I hope I've spoken quite discreetly ;
This talk will not have been a waste of time,
If you will only modify completely
Your views on the Pathology of Rhyme ;
For rhymes are not produced by lower centres,
The " upper platforms " being out of joint,
They need the subtle brains of skilled inventors—
These verses prove conclusively that point.

R. B. P. S.B.H.J., *July*, 1907.

A SUMMER'S DAY IN THE SURGERY.

I AM a dresser, and I'll tell you all
The curious things which chanced to befall,
While patiently waiting duty's call

On a summer's day in the Surgery.
It's usually somewhat close and warm,
With a lingering hint of Iodoform,
And the fleas are up to their fittest form
On a summer's day in the Surgery.

My first was a swell, in a nice white shirt,
With a ring on each finger (and a good deal of dirt),
Who said he'd injured his foot—and it hurt,

On that summer's day in the Surgery.
I looked at his foot in a manner uncouth,
And he seemed to be somewhat surprised at my youth.
I could find nothing wrong—so I took out a tooth,
On that summer's day in the Surgery.

My next was a butcher, who'd injured his hand,
He was covered with sawdust, meatjuice, and sand,
He was really much more than a fellow could stand

On a summer's day in the Surgery.
So I called in the porter, and gave him a wink,
And said, " You must call the House Surgeon, I think,"
Then I quietly slipped out and indulged in a drink
On that summer's day in the Surgery.

My next was a coalheaver, burly and stout,
I said, " I'm not deaf," as he started to shout,
He asked, " What the—— I was talking about,"

On that summer's day in the Surgery.
I said, " You've an abscess, I'll open it—So ! "
I've a faint recollection of seeing a toe—
The rest was a blank for an hour or so

On that summer's day in the Surgery.

F. W .G. S.B.H.J., *June*, 1894.

DIARY OF A NEW DRESSER.

OCTOBER 1st.—A somewhat trying day; 9 a.m. till 6 p.m. is not quite the life I have been brought up to. Tending the sick poor has theoretical beauties, but in practice it seems to lose some of its glamour when it entails going without lunch. I think I'll try the effect of a luncheon basket if this sort of thing is going on. I made several bold efforts to get lunch this morning, but was unfortunate enough to run into the H.S. every time, and he always brought me back "just to see if the duty room was clear." It never looked like being. I suspect the H.S. He's always "got to go and see a case in the wards," but for my part I haven't yet found a way to the wards by way of the Abernethian room; also *Punch* and the *Sketch* came out yesterday.

We had some operations this morning. The first man was given gas, and as it seemed interesting I went and had a look; but the man with the gas-bag was quite short about it when I began to talk to him, and said, "I've beentryingtodotwothingsatoncefortwentyyearsandit can'tbedoneGotoyourendMoregas," just as if it was one word. So I went, and opened an abscess all over the H.S., who made remarks. Incidentally I cut the superficial circumflex iliac artery, but nobody seemed

interested when I told them so. I always understood that the essence of good surgery lay in knowing the tissues that you cut, but the H.S. only growled about "using a scalpel like a carving knife."

I tried a little prescribing to-day. I'd looked up all the funny little squiggles and what the various letters meant, so I thought I couldn't go far wrong. I wrote :

Oct. 1st, 1908.—Hydrarg. Perchlor. grs.v, s.o.s.
and gave it to the man. I told him to come back in a week, but he came back much sooner, and a dispenser man with him, grinning rather idiotically I thought. He and the H.S. agreed that they hadn't at present met the occasion for which five-grain doses of Hydrarg. Perchlor. were suitable. I think that the dispenser might show a little more judgment and initiative ; my meaning was clear enough.

There was a man brought in to-day splendidly drunk ; he fought quite pluckily in spite of three policemen. I thought that against such odds submission would have been quite justifiable. A porter came in with a battery, and the H.S. said he'd "try and quieten him." The result was not quite according to anticipation. The policemen seemed suddenly to grow tired and let go, while the "votary of Bacchus" picked off the H.S. with considerable precision on the angle of the jaw. The H.S. has a wonderful command of language for an emergency. I smothered my mirth in a hot fomentation. The manifold uses to which these last may be put is really surprising.

Afterwards there was more ambulance, policemen, and a stretcher, and a man looking rather more drunk than the man before, and breathing like a Marathon

winner. As the battery was still handy I asked if we should use it again, hoping to have the pleasure of seeing the H.S. made symmetrical. I considered his remarks about the necessity of experience in the differential diagnosis of intoxication and intracranial disease a little uncalled for. Experience did not seem to have taught *him* much about calculating the relative strength of three constables and one drunk man under the stimulus of the common battery ; but, wisely I think, I kept this reflection to myself. While, as for experience, the market price of that Junior H.S. is sixteen pence per diem and feed yourself. Why, a charwoman gets at least two shillings and her dinner given in !

Late on in the afternoon, when more fortunate mortals might have been indulging in tea, we had an "emergency." This necessitates the presence of one Visiting Surgeon, one House Surgeon (senior, at four and six a day), one sister, three nurses, two porters, and a man to "do ligatures," which last position fell to myself. Threading a needle is not easy at the best of times, neither is it a manly pursuit, but clothed in rubber gloves, in size suitable for an elephant, the element of luck becomes very much too prominent. The same element of luck plays no small part when dealing out instruments whose existence has not been imagined in one's wildest dreams. In the present instance my efforts to persuade my revered surgeon to make an incision with a Volkmann's spoon, and to sew with a pair of scissors, proved unavailing ; but I may have more fortune another time.

There are rumours of hardy individuals who spend their evenings reading in a text-book of the cases seen that

day. As I calculate to have seen this day many hundreds of cases, and know not the name of so much as one, I prefer rather to squander my wealth on an alarum clock, by whose aid I may reach the Hospital at the unhallowed hour of nine ; also a convenient packet of meat lozenges, so as to soothe the pangs of hunger.

K. P. S.B.H.J., *October, 1908.*

THE LOST NOTE.

I WAS seated one day at the bedside,
I was weary and needing rest,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the patient's chest ;
I had mapped out the cardiac dulness,
And was gently percussing the lung,
When I struck one note that resounded
Like a song from an angel's tongue.

It may have been up at the apex,
It may have been down at the base,
But the source of that note that thrilled me
I have never been able to trace ;
It wasn't exactly skodaic,
It certainly wasn't dull,
But it fell on my jaded spirit
With a kind of infinite lull.

It wasn't dilated stomach,
For the gastric resonance smote
On my ear like a horrible discord
After this heavenly note ;
I don't think 'twas over the sternum,
It can't have been over the spine,
Yet it came from the chest of that patient,
And hit me full in mine.

I've percussed every inch of the patient
In a frenzy of hope and fear,
But that breath of heavenly music
Has never soothed my ear ;
I have thumped him with sledge-hammer violence,
I have stroked him with sylph-like touch,
But never again have I heard it—
That note I admired so much.

It may be with some new patient,
It may be in some fresh ward,
I shall strike once more that glorious note
Which my soul will always hoard ;
And I know that I shall recall it,
Though I miss each Physical Sign—
That note from the chest of the patient,
That hit me full in mine.

So day by day at the bedside
You may see me pursue my quest,
And day by day you may watch me
Percussing some likely chest ;
If I perish without having heard it—
That note that I love so well—
I trust I shall hear it in Heaven,
Or forget it for ever in Hell.

R. B. P. *S.B.H.J.*, Dec., 1908.

ORIGINAL RESEARCHES IN BACTERIOLOGY.

LECTURE.

FOR some years I have been engaged in studying the various bacteria and micrococci which abound in, and infest the Royal and Ancient Hospital of St. Bartholomew. I divide these germs roughly into three great divisions :—

1. *Bacillus noscomii communis*, very common.
2. *Shcocci*, fairly numerous.
3. Saprophytes and parasites.

I will first tell you of my researches, successes, and failures with regard to the *B. noscomii*.

There are three varieties of this class, but I believe them to be higher growths of one another. The lowest, or primary, form is known as the *B. dresserius*, and is neither virulent nor pyogenous. I have found it quite easy to obtain cultures, and they grow best on a medium of kindness. They are found in great numbers in the so-called surgical wards. They develop slowly, but are capable of attaining a fine growth.

Under observation their movements are slow, but they can be excited into quicker motion by the introduction of a *Sistococcus*.

When grown in large quantities these bacilli have a distinctly blue tinge, but at the beginning of their

career are green in appearance and habits. They have a strong reaction to work, grow in pairs, strings, and clusters, and are very thickly collected around the fountain.

A more developed growth of this bacillus is the *B. housesurgeonensis* or *B. housephysicianicus*. These are very interesting from a pathological point of view, as illustrating the progress of self-assertion. I find that these bacilli grow rapidly on a culture medium of firmness and respect, 1—20. It is apt to grow too large for its surroundings, and has not the timidity of *B. dresserius*. It has a distinct reaction to sarcasm, and is of nocturnal habits. These bacilli are apt to conceal themselves on very slight provocation, and it is then tedious to unearth them.

I now propose to bring to your notice the highest of these growths, the *B. staffius*. It is rarer than the foregoing, and is difficult to cultivate owing to its isolated and arrogant habits. It is rapid and erratic in its movements, and grows in an atmosphere of servility. There is one of these bacilli which is very amenable, and is large and slow in its movements. Another is very virulent, and has an acid reaction on the two inferior bacilli. This moves rapidly, and is difficult to observe. Others are short and blunt.

I purpose, next, to demonstrate upon the *Shecocci*, with the varieties of this class. It is one of the most difficult to study owing to its elusive nature and uncertain habits.

Its lowest or primary form is the *Prococcus*, which is difficult to grow except on a culture medium of pure kindness and tact. It is apt to set up local annoyance, but as a rule it is a rapidly moving creature. It is

found in the regions of sinks and brasses, and does not flourish in the Square.

The Striptococcus is a more advanced growth, and is difficult to cultivate owing to its wary habits. I have grown it without difficulty on a medium of frontwardz, but was most unsuccessful when I endeavoured to grow it on examtime.

The Bluebeltococcus is the glorified growth of the Striptococcus. It has an affinity for the Prococcus, and may be seen darting hither and thither in search of the latter. It is capable of becoming virulent, and must be treated carefully. It grows in an atmosphere of respect, and develops dignity with rapidity. As a rule it grows in pairs. It is found in the theatre in a more sterile setting, and appears to thrive.

The Sistococcus is a large, sometimes virulent, germ which grows on a culture medium of diplomacy. It is a rare germ, and, as a rule, one only is found in each ward. It has an irritating effect on B. dresserius and pursues it rapidly. Its effect on the Prococcus varies; one very virulent species reduces the Prococcus to liquefaction. It is of a deep blue colour and hides in cells off the ward. It is then difficult to dislodge.

Lastly, I intend to give you a short description of the various Bacteria which come under the title of Saprophytes and Parasites. These are of many classes, but first and foremost comes the B. patiens. It is found freely all over the Hospital, and grows best on good dirt. It does well on D.C., but, if perfect specimens are required, it must be grown on beer or gin. These germs vary in size and movements, and are of the male and female sex. Their habits are

not pleasing to the eye, but are of great interest pathologically. They shun soap and water in every form, and have a decided reaction to fresh air. They do not ever show any desire to emigrate to the "theatres," and at times it is difficult to collect them there.

The *B. scrubberosus* is a virulent pyogenous bacillus, and is fortunately not indigenous to the Hospital. It grows on leavings and old garments, and has an uncleanly appearance. I grew one very good isolated specimen on a culture medium of gin. It is a remote germ, and opens up a new field of exploration. It is never found until fully developed and fairly aged. It does not appear to have been seen by anyone in its primary stages, but I have no doubt whatever that more searching and systematic examinations of slum tissues will in time reveal the presence of these Bacteria in their primary stages.

The *B. portierii* is one of the most useful of these organisms, and is quite easily obtained for culture. It has an unusual appearance, there being divers bright shining spots on its outer surface. Doubtless these are spores.

There are many other germs, but I will not enter into any details about them, as I have not enough material at hand.

To obtain any of these bacilli for culture requires thorough care and tact, as they are all more or less troublesome if not treated properly.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, July, 1904.

THE BATTLE OF FURUNCULUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR TWENTY-ONE OF THE
CONSTITUTION.

STAPHYLOCOCCUS Aureus,
By Gram and Koch he swore
He would invade new regions
Unconquered heretofore—
By Gram and Koch he swore it,
To take a patient's life,
And called the Cocci, young and old,
From all his colonies of gold
To aid him in the strife.

Loud rang the warning toxins
And flashed the summons forth
On the distant slopes of Agar
And the turbid seas of Broth ;
The Cocci clustered thickly
From far off lands and labs.,
Cocci of ancient culture came—
To come by Tube they thought no shame—
But others of a fiercer fame
Drove up in acne scabs.

The septic hosts of Cocci
Advanced in serried ranks,
They marched upon the Blood Stream,
And camped upon its banks ;

Forth flew the watchful blood-cells
Crying in wild turmoil :
" Staphylococcus Aureus
" Has come and raised a boil ! "

Far down the purple current
Was born the direful strain ;
The Polymorpho-nuclears
Came hurrying up amain ;
Shame on the Eosinophile,
Who lingers in his lair
When Polymorphs and Lymphocytes
Go forth to do and dare !

And fiercely raged the conflict,
And thick lay strewn the dead—
The Battle of Furunculus
Was coming to a head !
The pale and lifeless pus cells
In scores were borne away,
But not a single Coccus
Survived that bloody fray !

And still at festive seasons,
When the blood is really stirred,
Before the full post-prandial rise
Of white cells has occurred,
When the Phagocytes sit waiting
With platelets undersized
For the evening meal of microbes,
Which is being opsonised ;

When the trembling Eosinophile,
That wrought the deed of shame,
Comes forth to boast of daring feats,
Which should have earned him fame,
Young blood cells sit in rouleaux round
To hear the tale retold
Of the battle of Furunculus
In the brave days of old.

R. B. P. *S.B.H.J.*, October, 1909.

BACTERIAL BALANCE.*

WHEN the May and the June baby had got well acquainted, they exchanged confidences.

"My milk comes from a certified cow," said the May baby.

"So does mine," said the June baby.

"It is milked by a man in a white suit, with sterilized hands, through absorbent cotton wool, and kept at a temperature of 45 degrees."

"So is mine."

"It is brought to me in a prophylactic wagon, drawn by a modified horse."

"So is mine."

"Then how in thunder do you manage to be so fat and well?"

The June baby winked slyly.

"I chew old paper and the corners of rugs and anything I can find that is dirty, and in that way I manage to maintain the bacterial balance which is essential to health," he said, chuckling.

The May baby laughed loud and long.

"So do I," said he.

*We make no apology for reproducing this story at third hand, but express our indebtedness to the *Medical Standard* and the *British Journal of Nursing*.—Editor.

L'ENVOI.

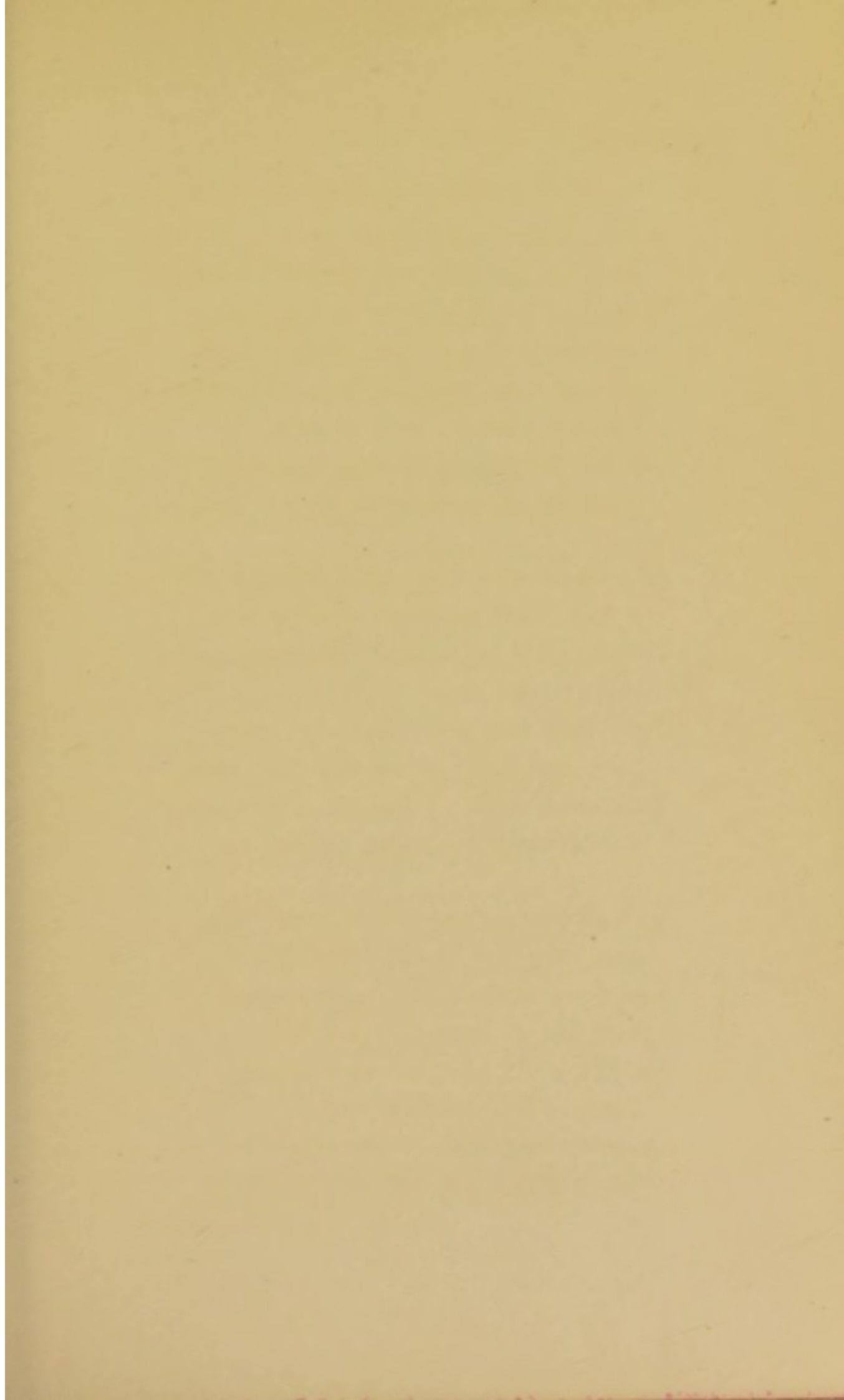
(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

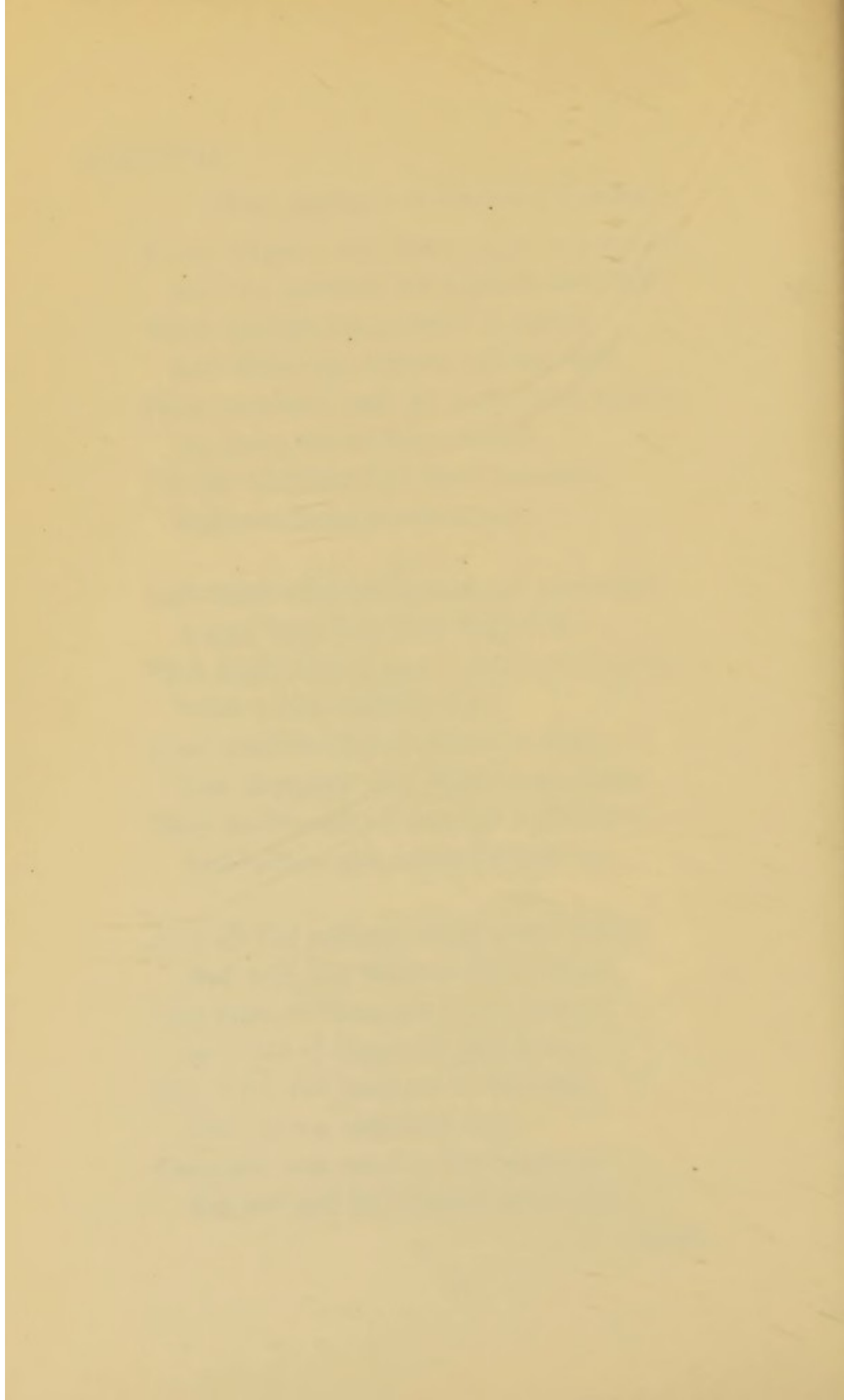
WHEN Nurse's last brass work is polished,
And the patients are washed and right,
When the last bit of work is ended,
And Sister has turned out the light,
They may rest, and, by Jove, they need it,
Lie down for an hour or two,
Till the Matron of all Bart.'s nurses
Shall set them to work anew.

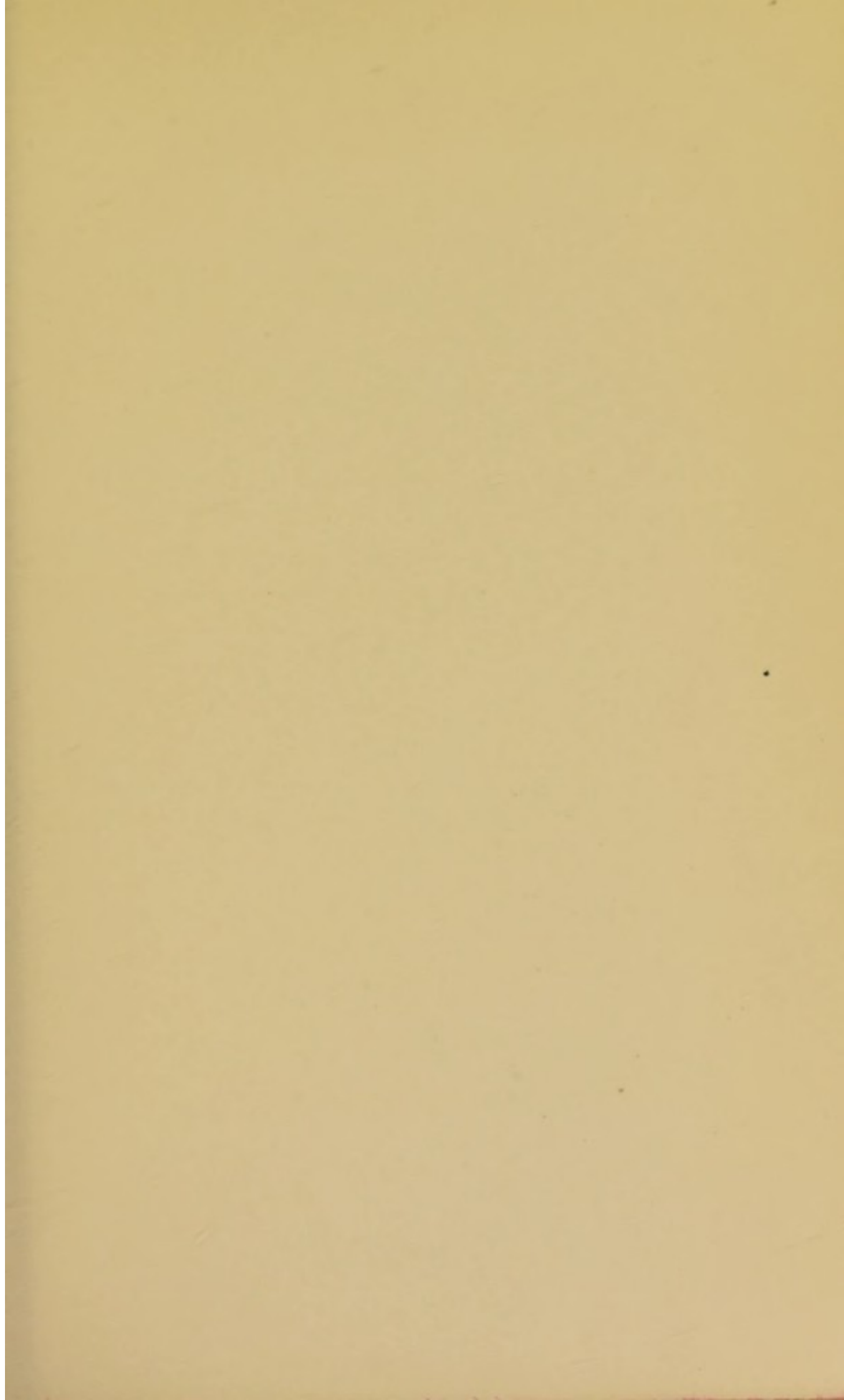
And those who work hard get rewarded,
A neat blue belt they shall wear ;
They shall order a pro. " fetch and carry,"
With a fine superior air ;
They shall find good sisters to copy,
Like Matthew and Henry and John ;
They shall work all day for a pittance,
And seldom get much further on.

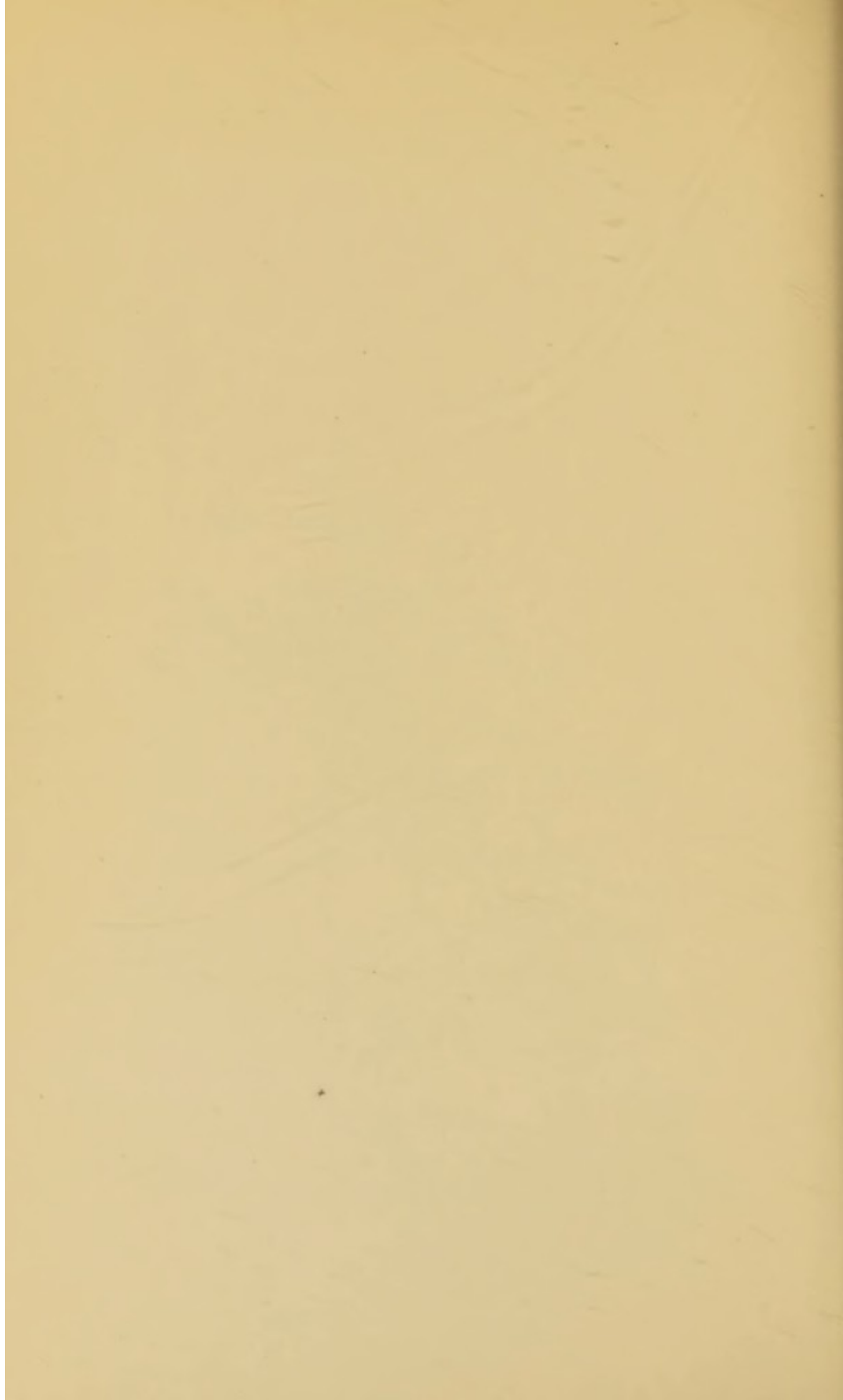
And all the patients shall praise them,
And only the Matron shall blame,
And none of them get much money,
And few of them get any fame ;
But if for the pleasure of working,
Each in her different way,
Does her own task as she ought to,
She will get her reward some day.

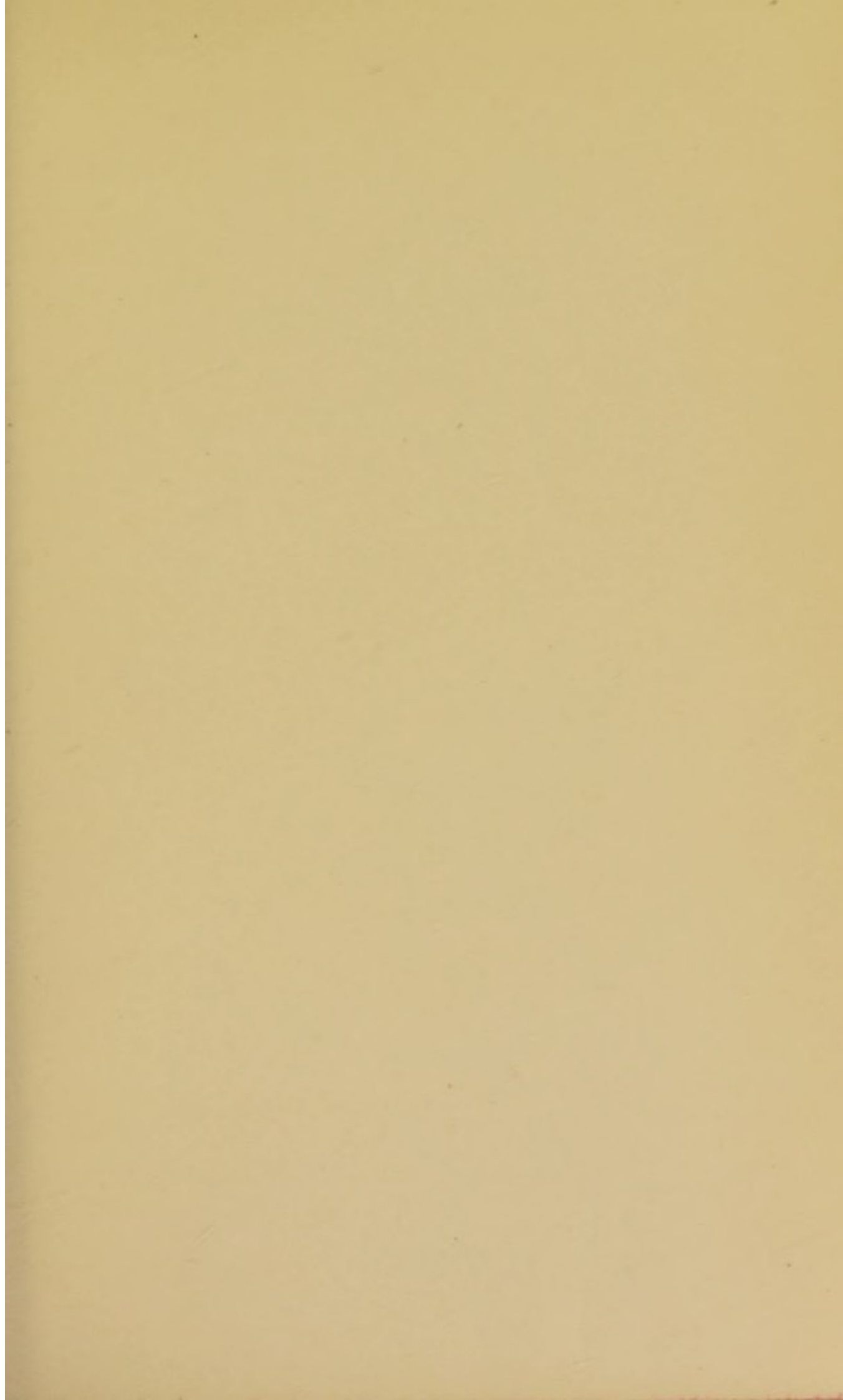
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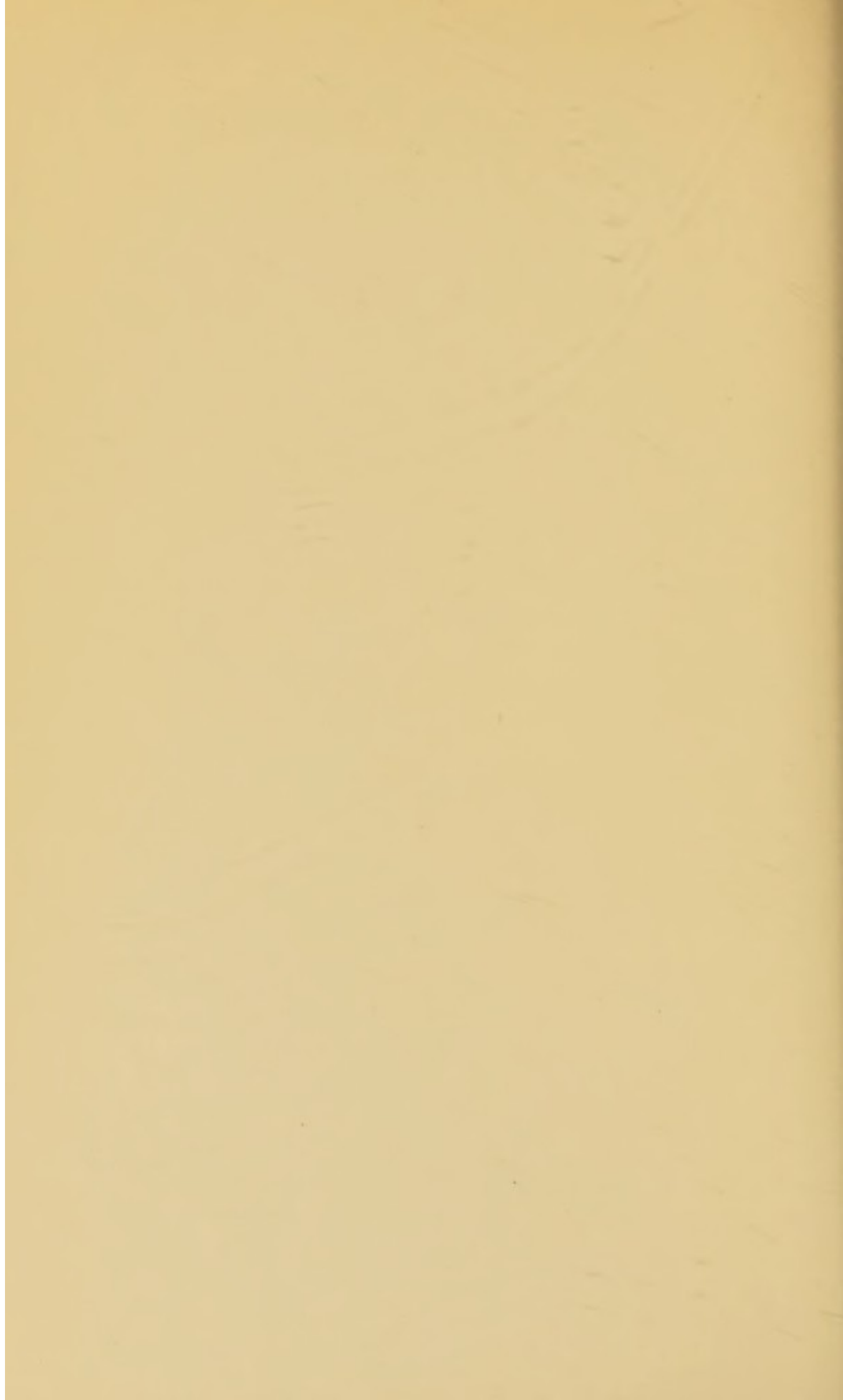


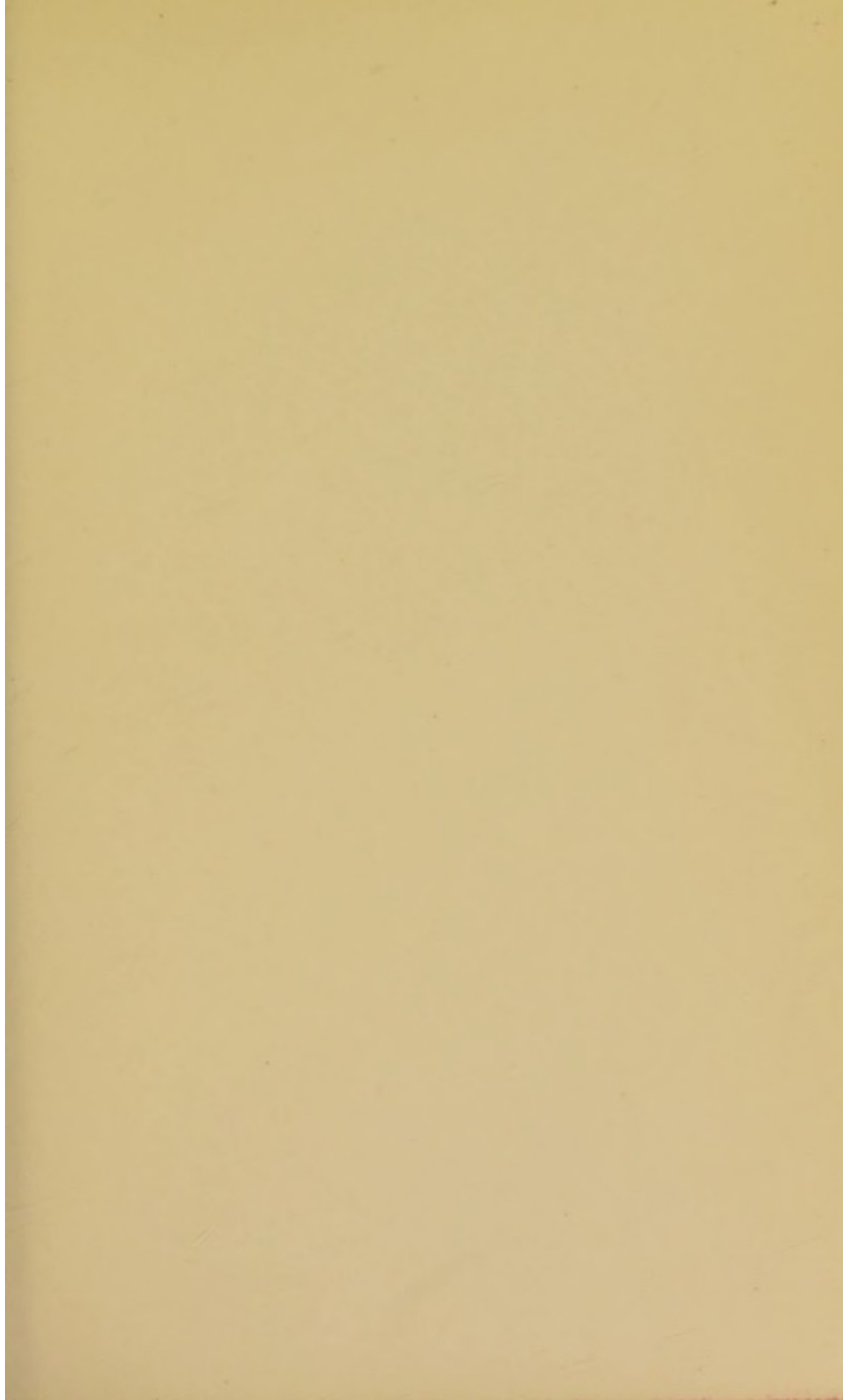


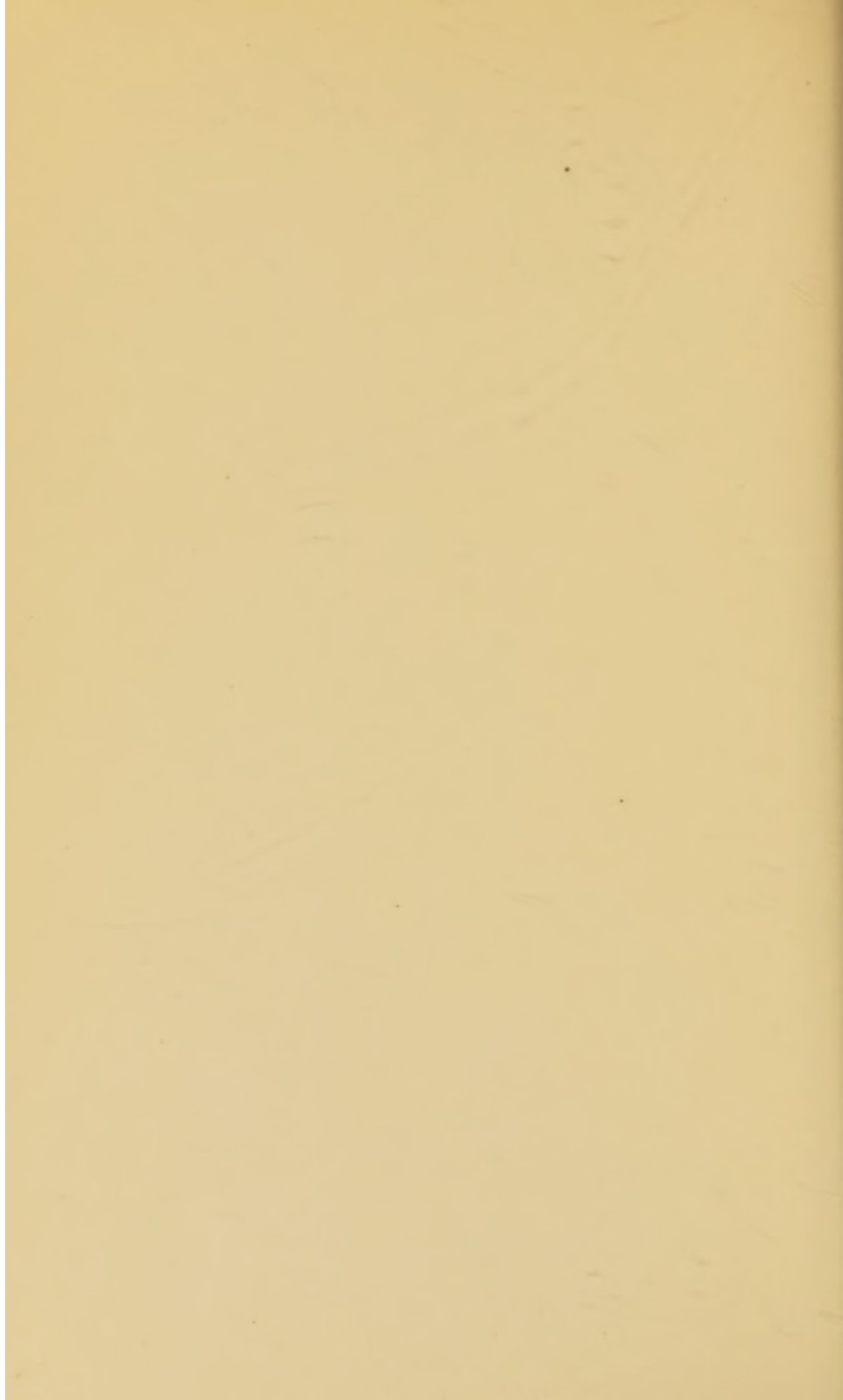


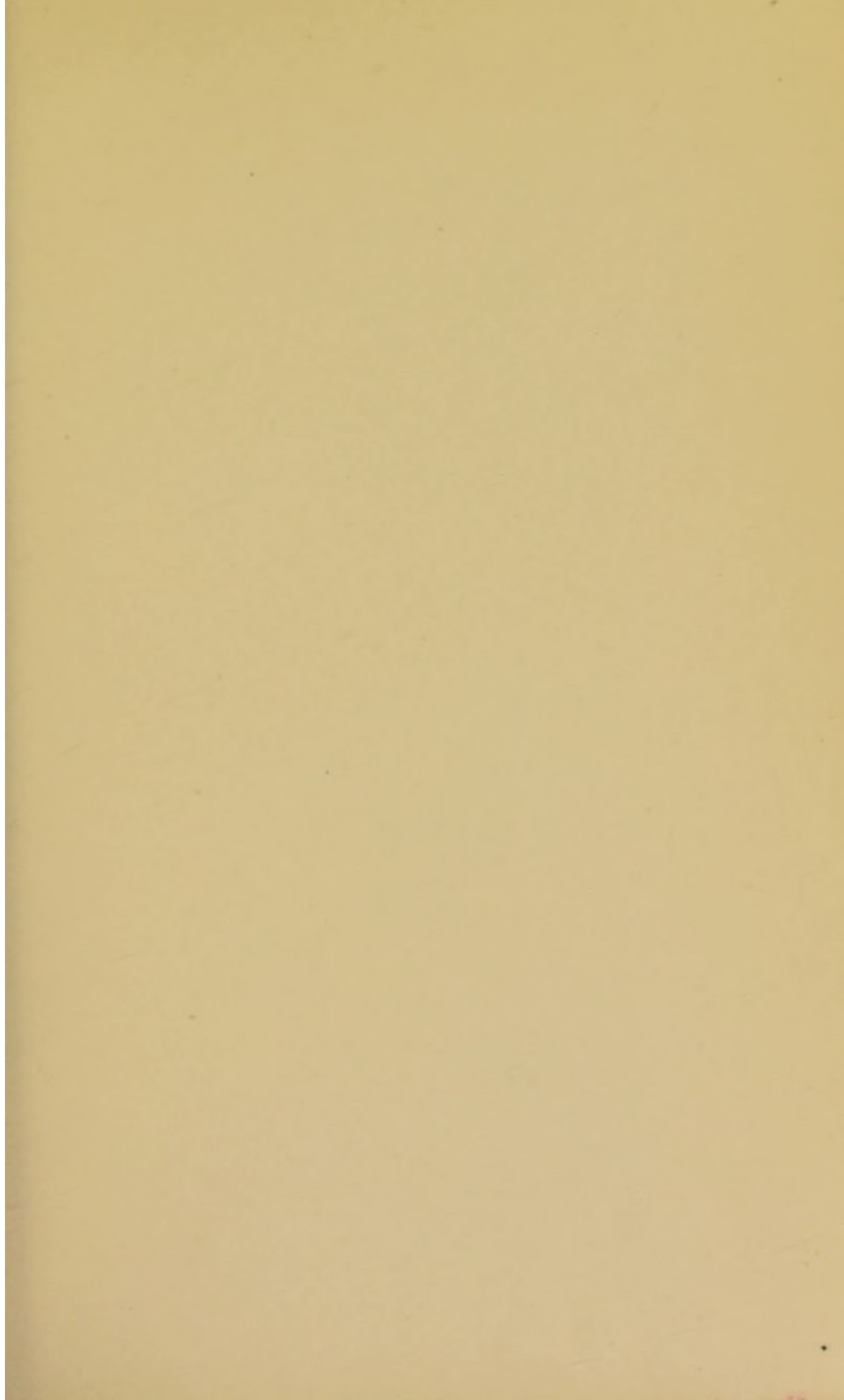


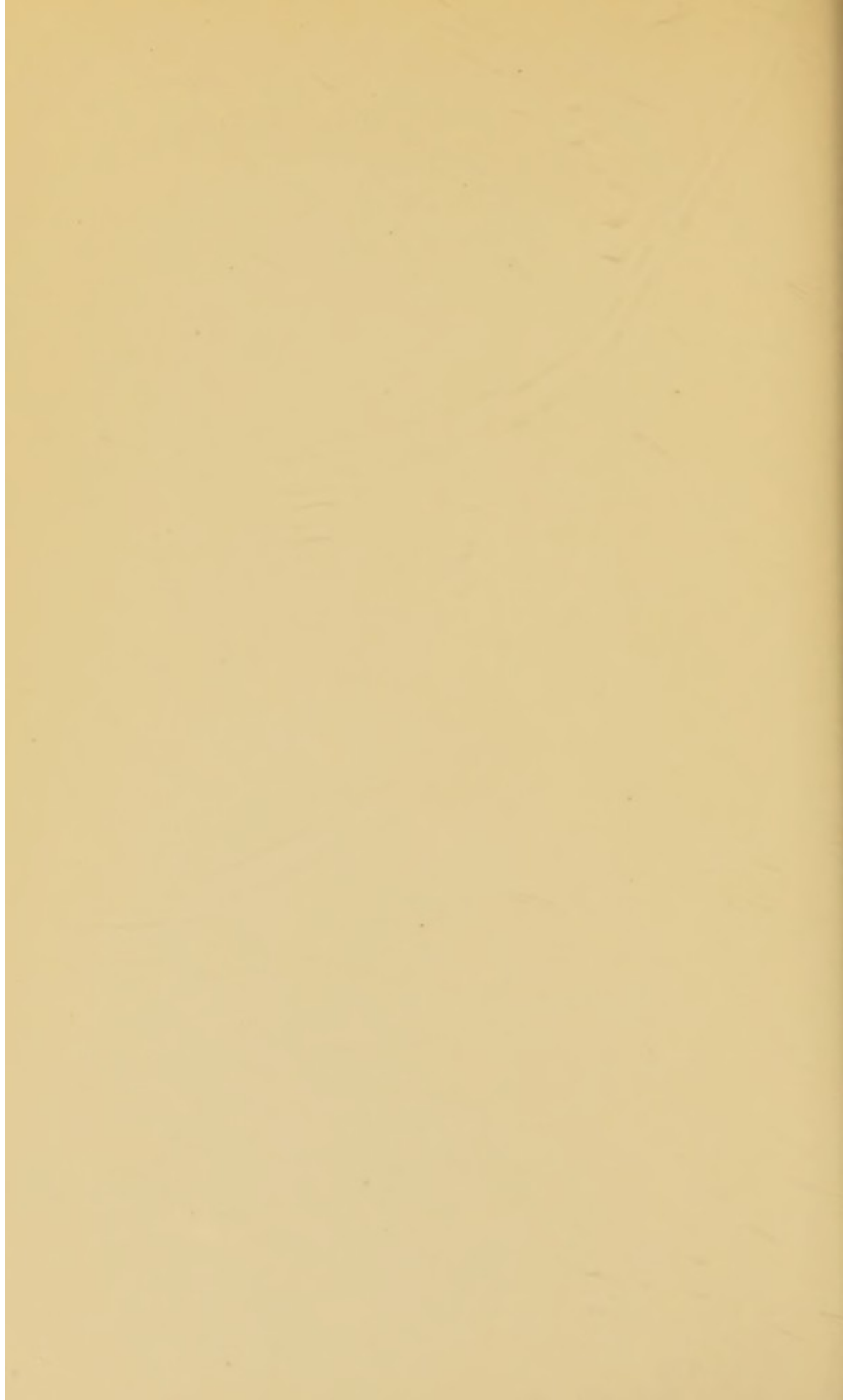


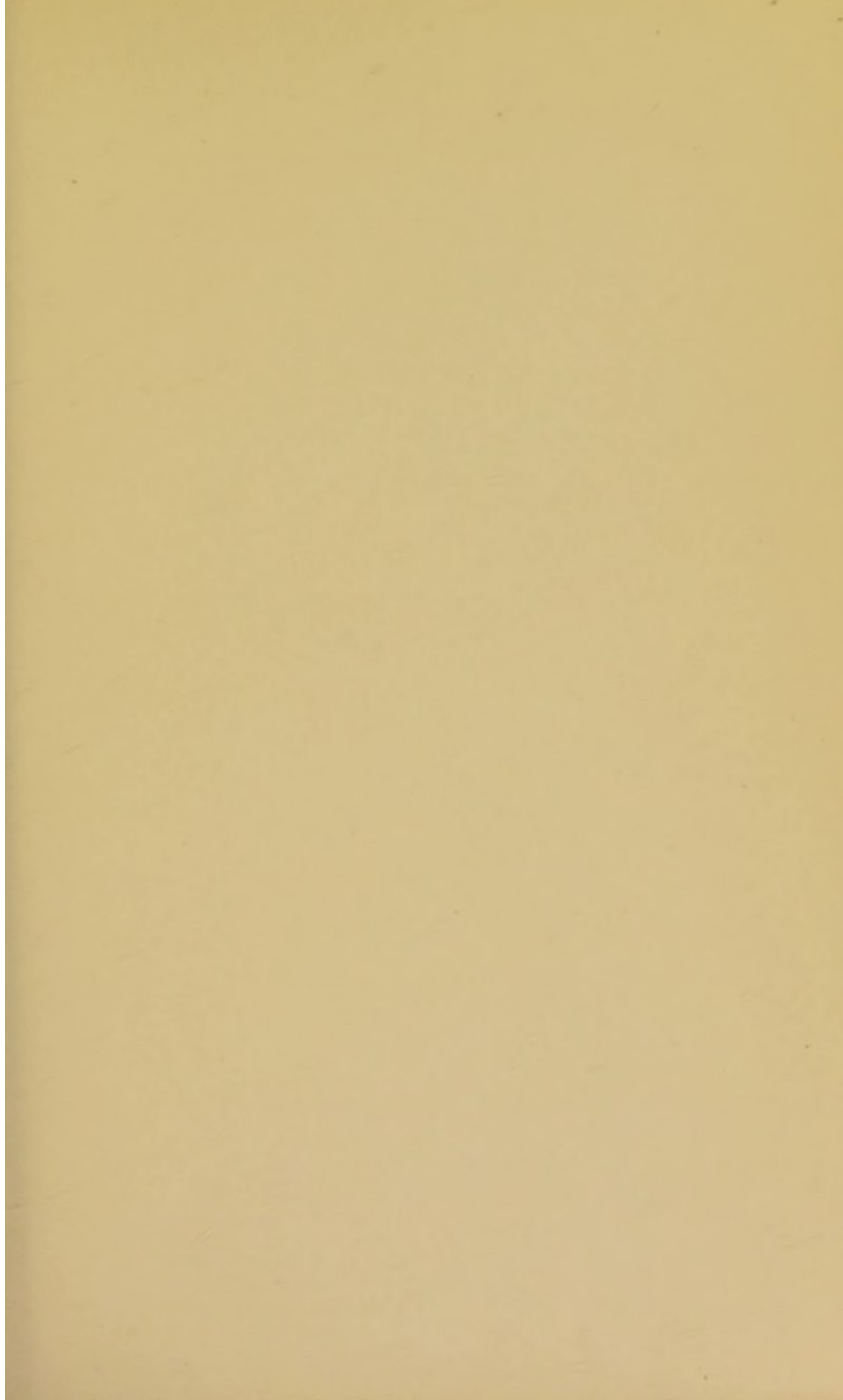


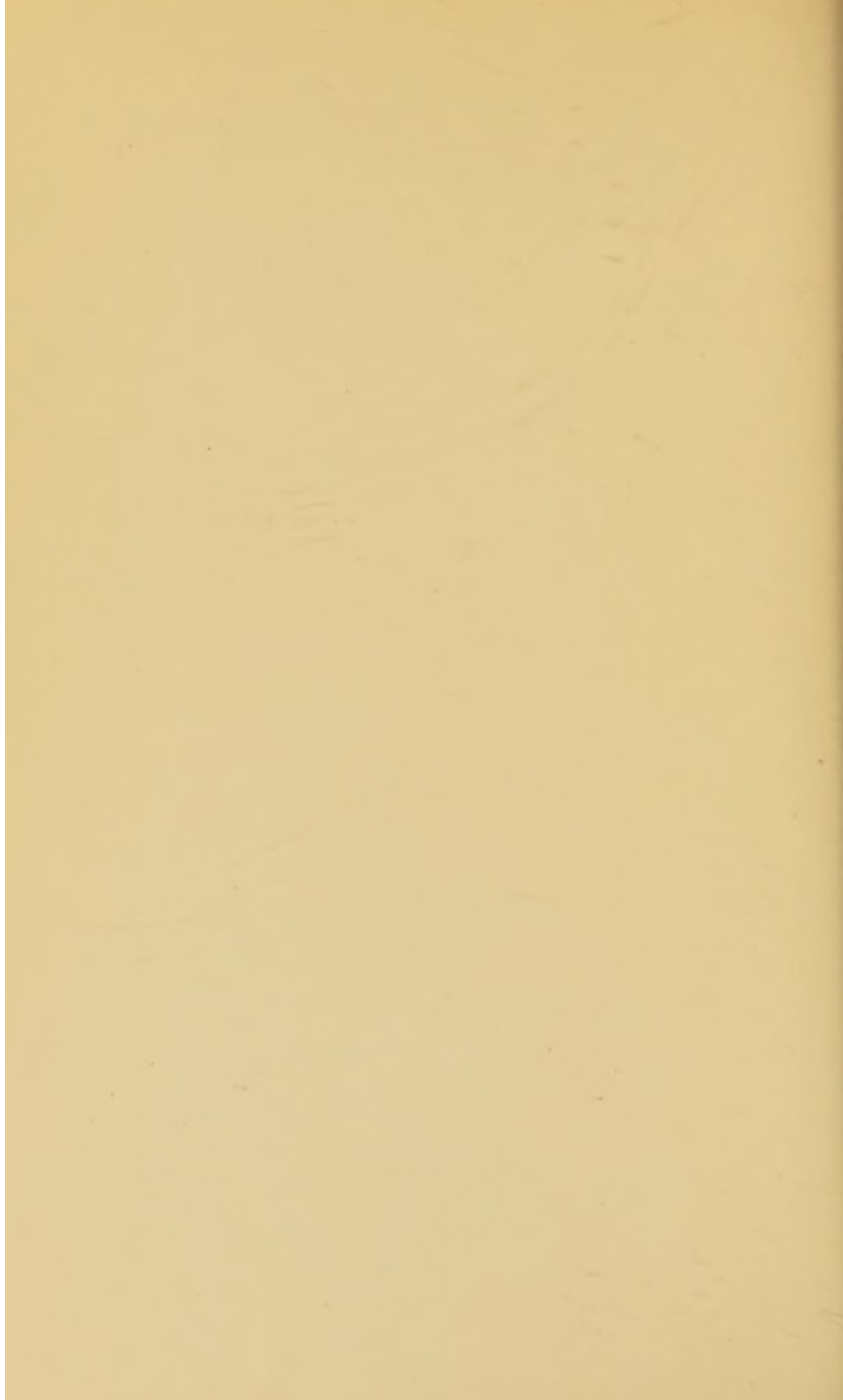


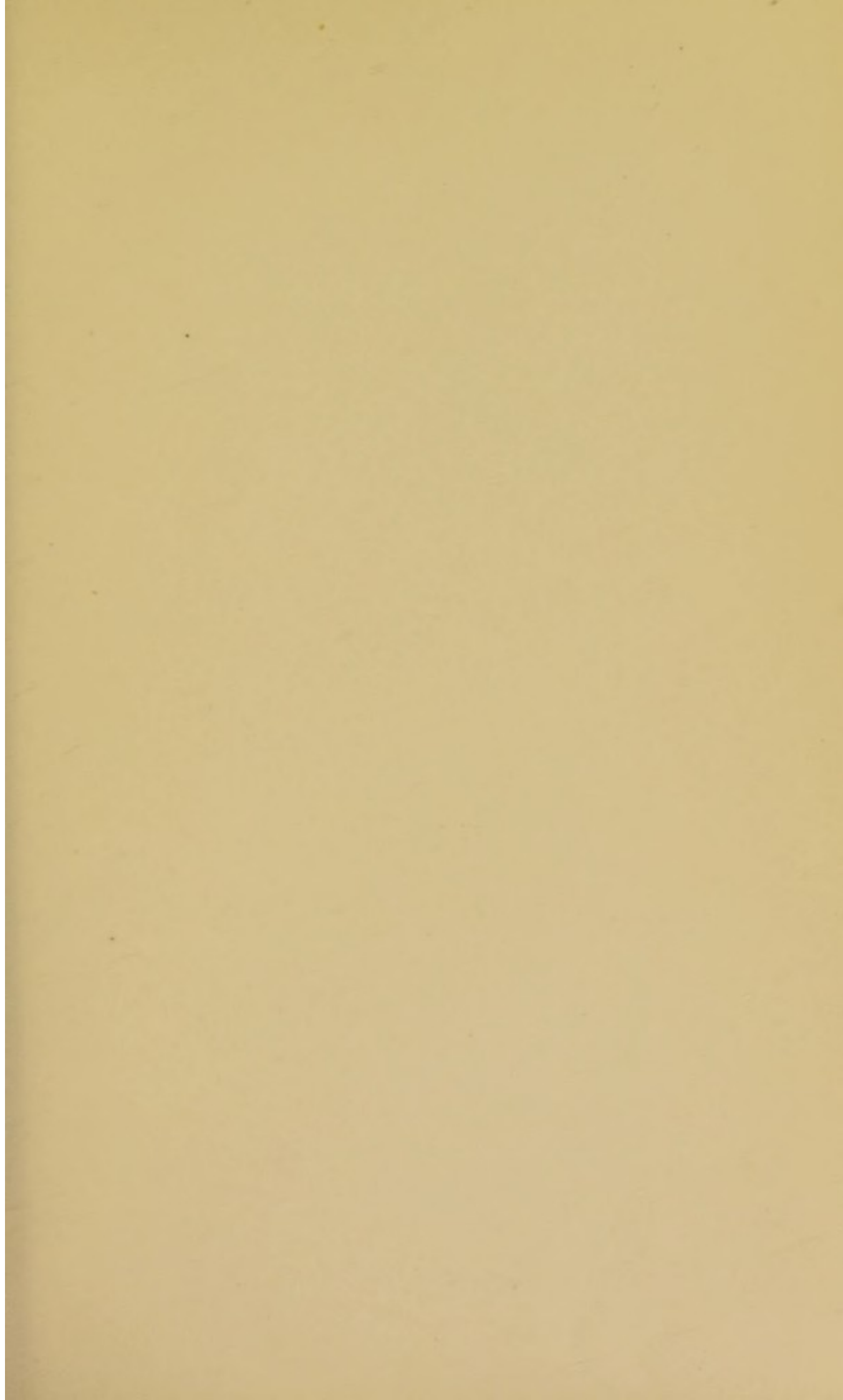


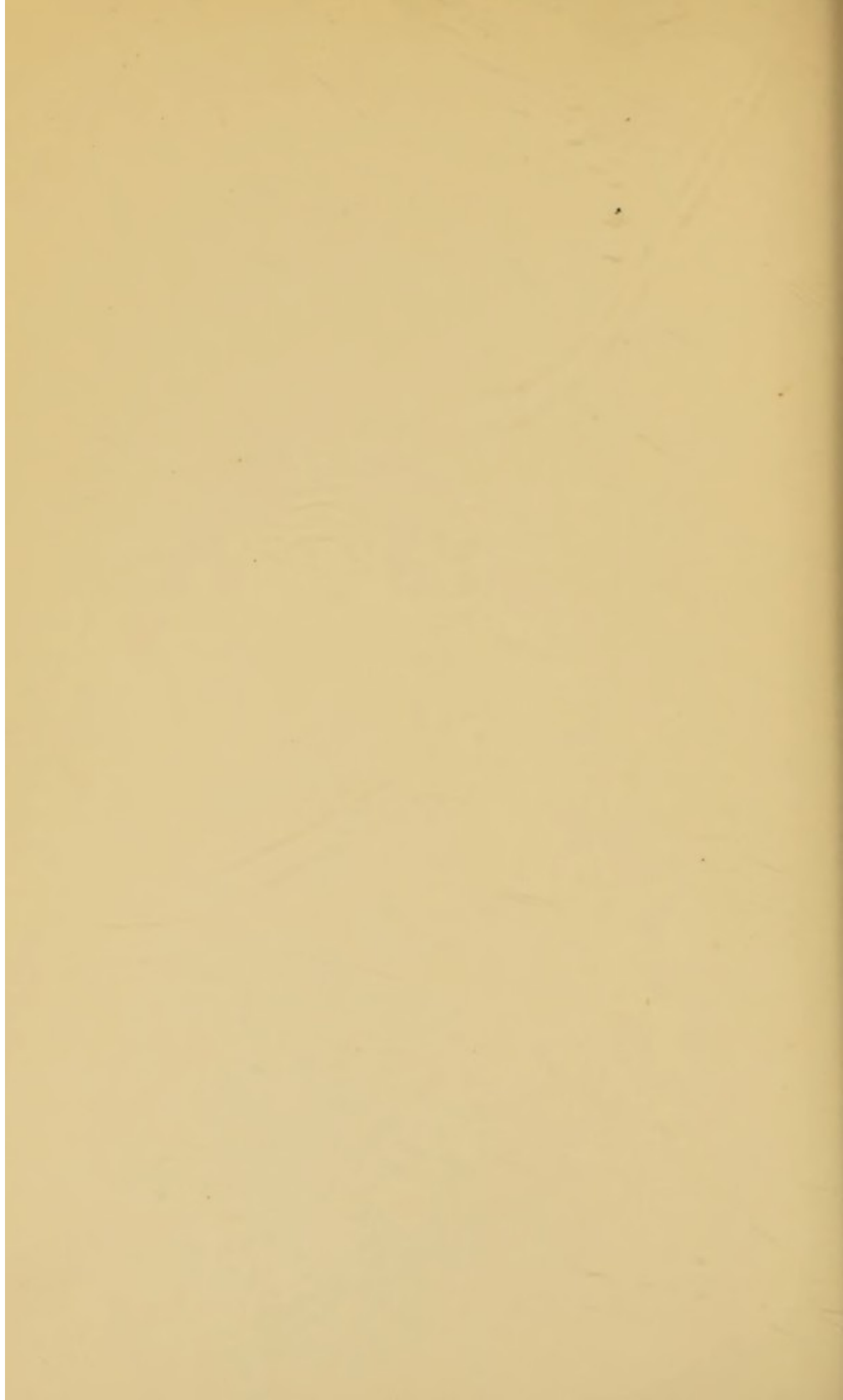


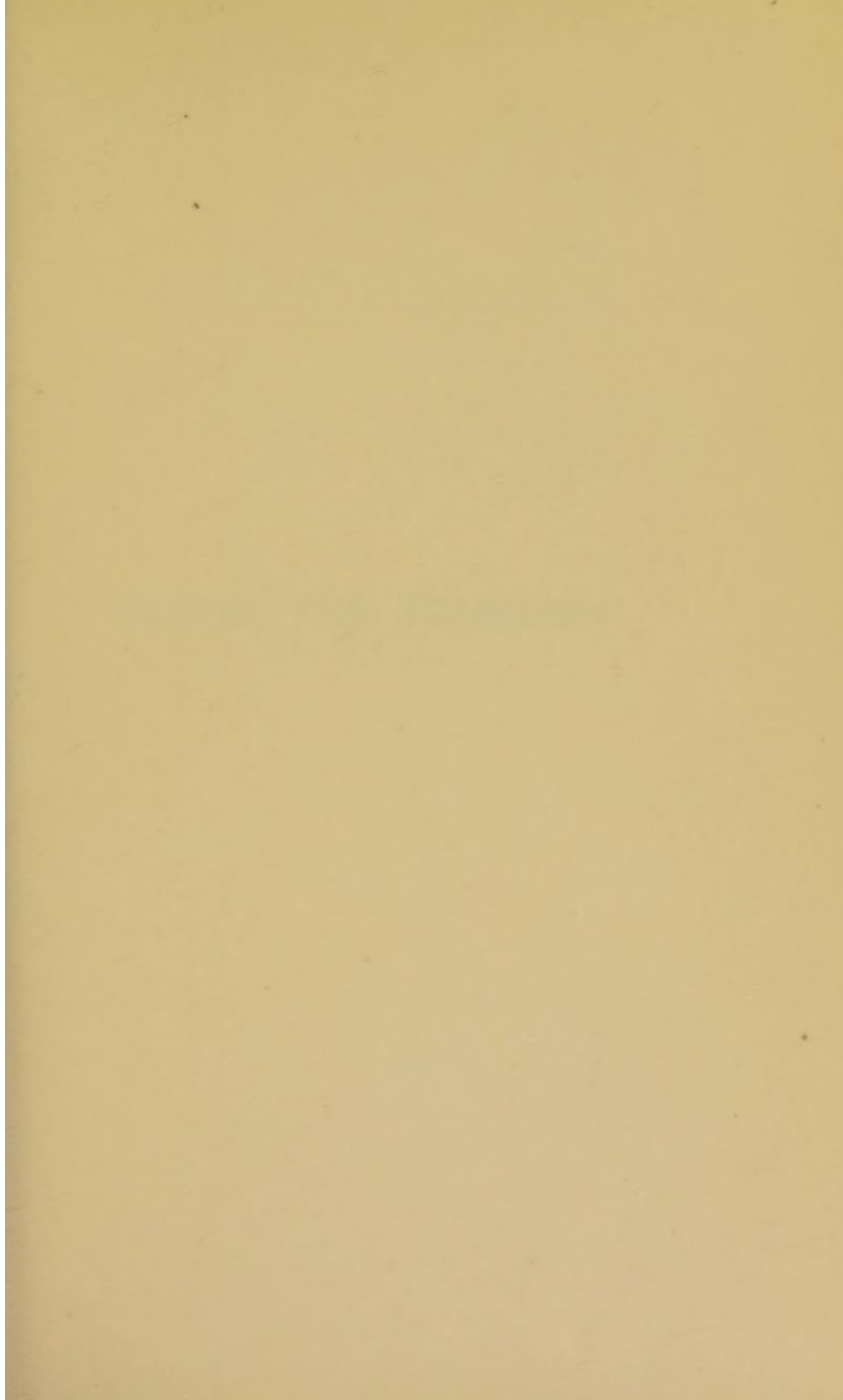


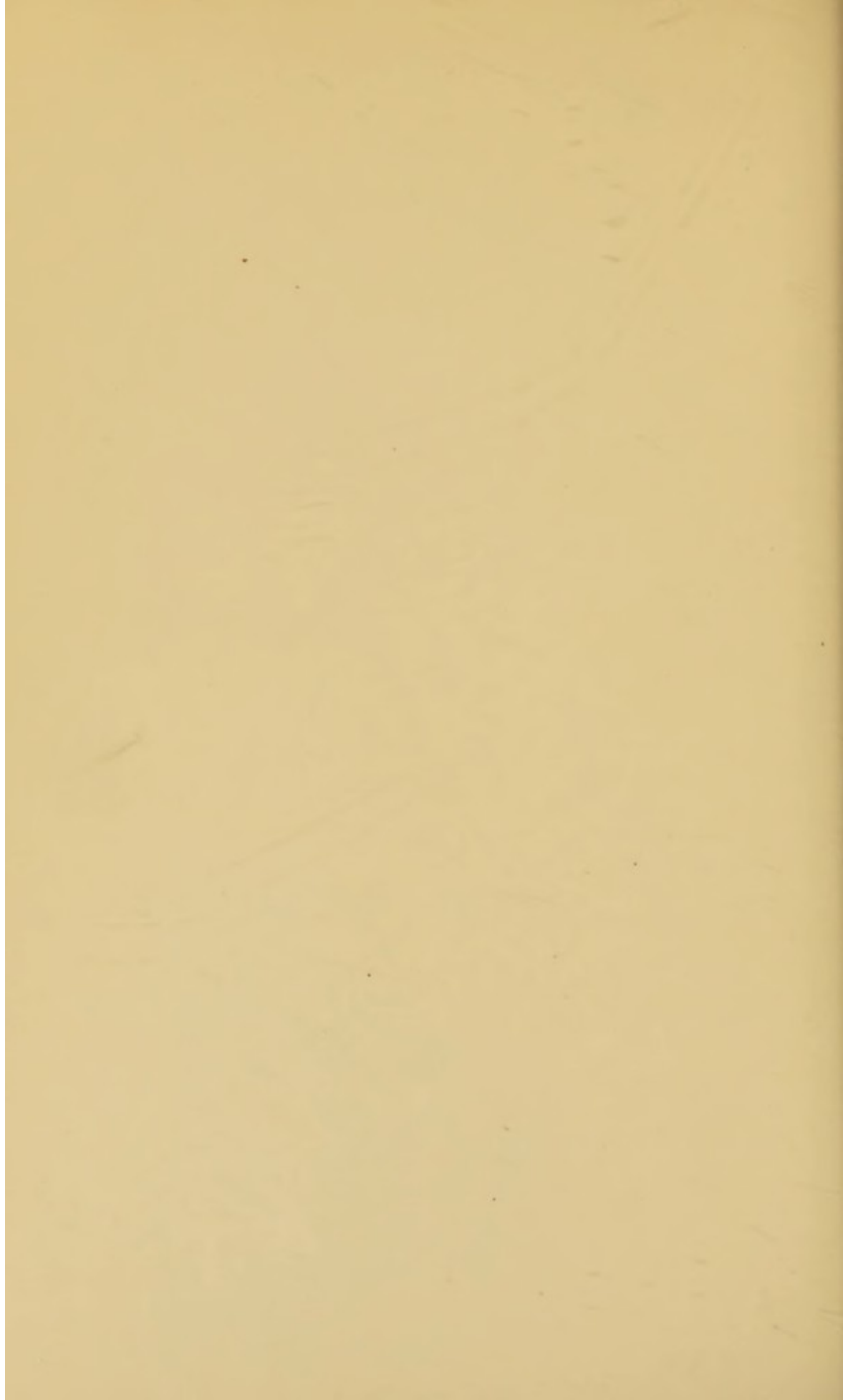








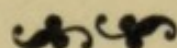




ROUND THE FOUNTAIN.

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ROUND THE FOUNTAIN



PUBLISHED
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—
1912.

ROUND THE

WATNUGH

PREFACE (1st Edition).

THE selection which forms the substance of the present volume has been made from the large number of verses and sketches that have from time to time appeared in the pages of the *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*, or have formed part of various private collections.

Our thanks are due to the various authors who have so kindly allowed us to reproduce their work, and we are indebted to the following editors who have been responsible for the publication of the *Journal* since its inauguration in 1893:—F. A. Bainbridge, W. M. Borchers, W. Langdon Brown, R. C. Elmslie, A. H. Hogarth, T. J. Horder, N. G. Horner, H. B. Meakin, J. A. Nixon, K. Pretty, R. B. Price, H. Pritchard, E. Talbot.

We have been unable, in spite of strenuous efforts, to trace the authorship of a few of the older anonymous contributions; and we can only trust that in rescuing these from "the decent seclusion of office files" and making use of them in aid of so worthy an object as we have in view, we shall incur no penalty under the law of copyright.

The profits from the sale of this book will be devoted to the fund for the new "Nurses' Home."

THE EDITORS.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital,
November, 1909.

PREFACE (2nd Edition).

THE First Edition of this book was exhausted within six months of publication. The profits, amounting to some £29, were handed over to the Hospital authorities for the Nurses' Home Re-building Fund. The profits from this edition will likewise be given to this fund.

We have received many requests for a new edition, and in reprinting we have taken the opportunity of somewhat enlarging the selection.

THE EDITORS.

*St. Bartholomew's Hospital,
May, 1912.*

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ROUND THE FOUNTAIN.

OLD VERSES.

SHADES of Galen and Celsus departed
Far from the troubles and worries of life,
Say ! Can ye tell me the reason I started
Reading so hard for a Medical Life ?

Visions of glory, crude dreams of ambition
Haunted my cerebrum many a day ;
I thought to dissect out a name and position
By means of a scalpel and tips from a Gray.

Gaily the corpuscles, fibrin, and serum
Leapt through my veins at the prospect of fame,
Onward I looked to the time I should hear 'em
Tack the whole alphabet on to my name.

Now I sit mute in despair and in sorrow,
Erichsen's writings no longer allure,
" Bitterly," truly " I think on the morrow,"
Like the poor fellows who buried John Moore.

Tanner and Druit I hate most sincerely,
Curses on Holden and Taylor and Gray!
Churchill and Meadows I've read till I nearly
Had to ask someone to take them away.

So I sit picking my teeth with a bistoury,
Whittling my nails with a hernia knife,
Striving to solve the inscrutable mystery—
Why did I enter the Medical Life?

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, Nov., 1904.

THE FIRST CHRONICLE OF CHRISTOPHER.

I DRESS FOR MR. CUTLER.

“ Who are you coming on to dress for ? ”

I gulped down the solecism (after all a friend is a friend, and Lascelles is a very old friend), and stated civilly enough that I had decided to honour Mr. Cutler with my services for the next six months.

“ You’ll ”—but no, I will not offend your eyes with the vulgar phraseology of my informer. Suffice it to say that he gave me clearly to understand that during the next six months, although their might be beer days, and even occasional champagne nights, yet (emphatically) my life was not going to be *entirely* beer and skittles.

I followed my new master round the wards the day before my duties began to acquire local colour, so to speak. I must admit that I began to believe a little more in what Lascelles had said. I admired Mr. Cutler’s sartorial excellences equally with his rapidity of diagnosis and concision of language, yet I was impressed by what to me appeared frequent irrelevancies *sub specie logicæ*: and no matter how far scientific exactitude is to be applauded, yet, to fall foul of your dresser over a decimal point in a temperature struck me as exceeding the limit.

On the following day I was introduced to patients of my own, and, in accordance with regulations, I attended in the theatre to perform “such duties as might be allotted to me.” These did not appear to be of a very exacting nature, and I did not find that I was remarkably

useful. In fact, I chiefly distinguished myself by getting in the surgeon's way, and being unceremoniously bundled on one side to reflect upon the eccentricities of the great.

I did not meet Mr. Cutler again until the following Monday. It was "full-day" in Augusta, and number one was occupied by a patient of mine, a sweet young lady, who had parted with her appendix, and who, to my inexperienced eyes, seemed amazingly fit.

"Who's her doctor? Let's see, you are?—Mr. ? Chatterton? Chatterfield? Ah! Chesterfield—Well, Mr. Chesterfield, what's happened to this patient since her operation?"

"The patient seems to have stood the operation remarkably well," said I sententiously.

The great man frowned: "I will not have slang in my wards; you may keep *that* for your Mayfair duchesses."

My heart warmed to him. At last! at last, I had met a man who would appreciate my epeolatry, and hastily I searched in my mind for something appropriate, sadly realising that one's extempore utterances are ever so much better for a little preparation. Nevertheless, it was not long before I opened fire.

"As regards——" "Do speak up," he interrupted. "I'm getting old, and all animals when they get old get deaf; you fellows speak as if you were paid for the sound you make, and don't get a good price for it."

It is very exasperating to get well off the mark and then be hauled back for a fresh start, and to be compelled to "speak up" discounts the effect of your carefully modulated accents. I scowled, and resumed, *fortissimo*:

"As regards the sequelæ of the operation, I am gratified to inform you that nothing undesirable appears to have supervened."

* * * * *

Reader, you have doubtless known what it is like to tread upon stairs which are not in existence ; to find your pockets empty at a particularly critical moment ; to slap old familiar friends enthusiastically upon the back and find that they have evolved into furious protesting strangers—you know the specific epigastric sensations to which I allude ; well, add them all up, and you may grasp some idea of my feelings as I watched the effect of my speech. Mr. Cutler's face ran the gamut of all the emotions, and finally assumed the appearance of a composite photograph taken from persons in various stages of sorrow and scorn.

And then he gave tongue.

I do not profess to remember all that he said to me ; nay, I did not hear all of it. I only know that through his speech ran a *leit motif* of reproach, from which I could disentangle such words as "gas" and "pulpit rhetoric." It is years since that afternoon, but there are moments even now when I hear that voice. I have heard it, lying awake under skies of all countries ; I have paused half-way up the Matterhorn more clearly to catch the accents ; I have tossed in my bunk in the throes of *mal de mer* of the worst kind, indifferent to everything, even to the spectacle of members of the crew ostentatiously girt in sea-belts, but not indifferent to the recollection of that afternoon. I hear that voice,

and I believe I shall hear it so long as this clay endures.

I cast a veil over the rest of the afternoon. Shattered and broken I staggered round the wards displaying abysmal ignorance about every one of my patients.

It is not too much to say that for the next month we never met without having a row. Looking back at those days, I can well imagine that we must have caused no little amusement to the onlookers, and our encounters, no doubt, resembled contests between a very active bantam and a powerful good-natured heavy-weight. The former's activity enabled him to get in a light smack occasionally ; one whack from his opponent and he took the floor for the rest of the afternoon.

But gradually we grew towards one another. There was something about my frank assertiveness which evidently pleased him. He would call me "the scholar," and pay me ostentatious deference as a final appeal on most matters of lore.

"Category" was a word he once used. "Do they say 'cat'egory' or 'cat-e'-gory' at Cambridge, Mr. Chesterfield"? he asked. I answered instantly that I could not assume the responsibility of expressing the opinion of an entire University, but that my personal predilections were in favour of "cat'egory."

And, again, in the theatre one day, he asked me some elementary anatomical question, which I answered. "You're not sure," he challenged, "your voice wobbled." "If it wobbled, sir," I retorted, "it shook, not with uncertainty, but with the emotion of righteous indignation at being asked so simple a question."

If he grew to like me, I, on my side, grew to worship

him. I realised that if he called me a fool, he was right ninety-nine times out of a hundred, and the hundredth didn't matter. And when he was kind, oh, he *was* kind ! When I was ill and warded, there was no mistaking the sincerity of his solicitude.

In my eyes he was infallible. And his memory ! He would spot old patients and tell them the minutest details about their cases : not merely whence they came, but the name of the doctor who sent them up ; not only the most exact circumstances of their diseases and operations, but the numbers of the beds they had previously occupied. I remember one very stupid patient who came from a county which, without further specifying, I will call the Bœotia of England. Mr. Cutler looked at her. " You were here with gastric ulcer four years ago," said he, " in number three bed in the front ward of Dora ; you are a dairymaid, and your mistress's name is Mrs. Pentwhistle." And the patient thought nothing of this ; and why ? Because in the meantime she had changed her mistress and her occupation, and had graduated through the stage of stillroom-maid to become a cook, and she evidently thought that as Mr. Cutler had known the rest he ought to have known all this as well !

* * * * *

Did I emerge from my six months' dressing chastened and less self-opinionated ? Rather not ; I was puffed up with overweening conceit at having worked under such a man !

A.A.A. S.B.H.J., *June, 1911.*

INTENSITY FADES.

With the usual apologies.

When first as a dresser to work I began
 (Said I to myself, said I),
I will work on this great philosophical plan
 (Said I to myself, said I) :
I will never assume on a Saturday night
That a cut on the scalp has been due to a fight,
But regard the affair in a lenient light
 (Said I to myself, said I).

I will never use probes which are not sterilised
 (Said I to myself, said I),
Or proceed with a case until duly advised
 (Said I to myself, said I),
Or assume that because there are seventy-two
New cases outside we should hurry them through,
A selfish and most inconsiderate view
 (Said I to myself, said I).

Ere I go round the wards I will read my notes through
 (Said I to myself, said I),
I will look up each case in a text-book or two
 (Said I to myself, said I) ;
I will question my surgeon on matters obscure,
And discuss any details of which I'm not sure,
Such as Number 3's chances of permanent cure
 (Said I to myself, said I).

But when I had dressed for a week and a day
 (Said I to myself, said I),
This keenness of mine is all right in a way
 (Said I to myself, said I) ;
Asepsis *et cetera* is all very fine,
But it takes up a lot of my valuable time,
So I'll drop it, and come at a quarter-past nine
 (Said I to myself, said I).

A. B. P. S. S.B.H.J., Dec., 1910.

THE DOCTOR.

A DOCTOR is a man who is everybody's man—

He never seems to have a moment's rest.

His system often feels the want of several meals ;

He's forgotten how to get undressed.

He's out about all day, and he's up full half the night,

He's supposed to know all things beneath the sun,

He's a " Whiteley " and a " Quain,"

With an automatic brain,

And a British Museum in one—

In one ;

A universal everything in one.

Chorus.

Send for the Doctor, dearest !

Don't be a bit afraid—

We shan't get his bill till Christmas-time,

When he probably won't get paid,

My dear !

Send for the Doctor, dearest !

Tell him to come here straight ;

We shall *have* to pay the baker,

And perhaps the bonnet-maker ;

But the Doctor can very well wait,

My dear !

I've a notion he'll have to wait.

He's supposed to give advice
On the ways of catching mice,
The pathology of whooping-cough and mumps ;
And the kind of paint to use,
And the day they ought to choose
For painting up the parish pumps !
Then he gets a cordial greeting
At the local science meeting,
He's unanimously put into the chair,
He's expected to assist 'em
To discuss the Solar System,
And enumerate the microbes in the air—

In the air !

He must show a close acquaintance with the air.

Chorus.—Send for the Doctor, etc.

And the pitfalls to be found
In his usual daily round !
There's the maiden aunt who says she's growing thin ;
She's the last of his relations,
And he has some expectations,
So he dare not say, " It's owing to the gin ! "
And the squire who tells him that
He is growing far too fat ;
But the Doctor cannot bring himself to say
That the squire would grow much thinner
If he modified his dinner,
And took a few less lunches in the day—

In the day !

And confined himself to *two*, p'r'aps, in the day.

Chorus.—Send for the Doctor, etc.

When he crawls into his bed
To rest his weary head,
There comes a furious ringing at the bell.
“ If you please, sir, missus says,
Won't you come along at once ?
She's afraid the baby's going to be unwell.”
And he picks up from her tattle
That the baby's lost his rattle,
“ And he swallowed it, she thinks,” the missus said.
And the doctor tramps a mile,
And he's met with such a smile,
And he hears they've found the rattle 'neath the bed—
'Neath the bed ;
They're sorry, but they found it 'neath the bed.

Chorus.—Send for the Doctor, etc.

F. W. G. *S.B.H.J.*, Sept., 1900.

MORNING BEHIND THE SCENES.

OUTSIDE it is dark. The sky is deep blue-black, but above the dark outline of the balustrades atop of the Post Office he who knows how London's day breaks, sees the light is coming.

Within, the shaded ward lamp hangs low over the ward table ; some beams from it seem peering out below the shade to stare at its opposite neighbour, the ward fire, that has been winking cheerfully in turn.

There are sounds from the ward kitchen—the dull clatter of the breakfast mugs jostling one another, and the sound of the quiet activity of people talking in whispers.

The clocks begin to strike. They are ill-mannered clocks, for though they have lived together these many years, they have never yet agreed to strike all at once, nor in any decent order : they strike six.

In comes the tray of jostling mugs ; one by one up go the locker lids, and the steaming mug stands witness that day has come.

“ Gmornorl ” echoes like a word of command from No. 11, who is a quick waker ; “ Gmornorl ” murmur several others in various degrees of sleepiness ; “ Goo-morninorl ” comes from Charlie in the cot, who has not learned to mould his morning welcome into two syllables.

With breakfast the talk spreads, as the hot tea and the growing light sweep away the sleepy cobwebs.

Outside, the day is waking too, the windows are no longer blue-black, and the rain-washed stone of the other blocks begins to show white round the half-awakened Square. The sparrows start such a chattering ; they must surely be all telling their dreams, and none listening.

The big mugs are empty ; 11 and 7, who are convalescent, are up and helping to clear away, and the nurses are bringing round the big tin washing bowls.

The talk stops, and the sound of water and of washing comes from behind the drawn curtains.

The washing is over, and the bowls are gone.

The clocks betray their ill-breeding once more, and interrupt each other to say that it is seven.

The day nurses arrive, and bed-making begins. No. 10 sits on his locker—did ever patient tumble his bed so !—but soon the sheets are smooth, and he is back and covered with a creaseless counterpane. Daddy 6 and Mr. 9 lie abed while the toilet is performed, and so round till the ward stands a double row of symmetry—a very picture-book of bed-makery.

Then come “ glasses ; ” pulses are counted, and duly noted in the nurse’s book.

The night nurse writes her notes, and as the day wakes gives in her report to sister, and creeps off to her “ evening ” meal.

The ward maid has come, and is busy raking at the fire ; the plantigrade scrubber is crawling round beneath the beds ; the nurses, assisted by 7 and 11, are cleaning and polishing ; the ward is full of work.

Everybody is awake, especially Charlie in the cot, exchanging insults with "young ginger" who is grown up enough to have a bed.

The paper boy arrives, and there is a general grovel in the lockers for the coin that is to buy the news of the big world outside, or rejoice its owner with a "comic."

Then prayers, and sister comes round with the medicines.

The clocks clatter again, and it is nine.

7 and 11 bring round lunch to the ward world within, whilst perhaps the big world without is but at its breakfast.

The papers are now almost absorbed, and their contents discussed, the football, the murders, the King and Queen; but the *Morning Leader* man does not quarrel with the *Daily Mail* man—that is all left to the big world outside.

The clocks have quarrelled over the hour of ten, half an hour back, and the house physician and attendant satellites armed with stethoscopes arrive.

The curtain has gone up.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, January, 1904.

THE NIGHT NURSE

Who is it comes—a perfect pest—
At six a.m. to break my rest,
Disturbing me in my warm nest ?
The Night Nurse.

Who draws my locker to my bed,
And puts thereon both tea and bread,
And says, “ Wake up ! you sleepy head ” ?
The Night Nurse.

Who to remove superfluous dirt
A basin brings with orders curt,
“ Sit up and wash—take off your shirt ” ?
The Night Nurse.

Who bustles round till half past eight,
Dusting at a terrific rate,
And scolding if the least bit late ?
The Night Nurse.

Who goes when things are all put right,
And leaves me grinning with delight,
But dreading still the coming night ?
The Night Nurse.

ANON.

THE LAY OF THE NIGHT DRESSER.

OFT in the chilly morn
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Porters, with much delight,
Have come along and found me.
With deep disgust how have I cussed !
What words of wrath then spoken !
How patients blamed for getting lamed !
My night's repose was broken !

I yawn, I groan, I tread alone
The Surgery deserted,
My chief in bed, the patient fled,
And all but I departed.
Then in the chilly morn
Back in my couch I've found me,
And, grumbling, tucked in tight
The blankets all around me.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, May, 1894.

THE MALINGERER.

Now wot oi sez is this, sez oi, as 'orspitals is rotten,
And doctors aint no bloomin' kind of good ;
Oh yus oi does, you bet oi does, oi knows a bit abaht
'em !

And oi'd show 'em up, so 'elp me, if oi could.
Oi goes into 'em regular, when the rhino ain't so ready,
They're 'andy institoosions for *that* gime,
But, Lord, it ain't no lavender, they makes you keep so
steady,

There ain't no fun, it's all so bloomin' taimé.
It's all very well when a feller's *really* bad,
But when a bloke wants nothing but a rest,
'E don't want stoodints messin'
All arahnd 'im wiv their dressin'
And a 'ammerin' and a bangin' ov 'is chest.

The diseases that oi've 'ad, well, it's a wonder oi ain't
dead,

Oi've tiken all their physics every ways ;
The safest thing oi've struck as yet's a toomer in the
'ead ;

Them paralytic fikes most always pays.
Oi remember once oi tried a bloomin' toomer in the chest,
But you bet your life oi don't try *that* no more ;
They said oi'd got a 'rism and oi needed puffect rest,
When oi thinks of 'ow they starved me, oi feels sore.
It's all very well when you're aht and abaht,

You can get yer bit ov 'addick on the sloi,
 But when they keeps you quoiety,
 And yer lives on Tufnell's doiet,
 It fairly makes a feller want ter doi.
 Then another thing abaht them rotten 'orspitals, yer
 know,
 They're much too free a messin' with the soap ;
 When us fellers gets the management of London—well,
 we'll show
 Them 'orspitals a thing or two, I 'ope.
 It's a dahnright degredation to the 'onest workin' man
 For to go and troy to foind 'is buried shirt ;
 Oi don't 'old wiv this yer washin'—Oi 'ates the water
 can,
 It's me mark of 'onest laibour is the dirt.
 It's all very well when a feller *needs* a wash
 (Though washin' ain't so 'ealthy as they say),
 But to take and put 'im in it
 Every other bloomin' minut'—
 Yer gets nothin' but the shivers all the day.

F. W. G. *S.B.H.J.*, October, 1899.

THE SECOND CHRONICLE OF CHRISTOPHER.

ON EXAMINATIONS.

It is a platitude to assert that by the time we have reached our Finals we have had our fill of examinations : the butt of our own foolish aspirations, the sport of fond, ambitious, but ill-calculating parents, we have run the gamut of various examining bodies up and up in the scale of University and medical mile-stones, until when we have reached the highest note we are too weary to appreciate it.*

There are many features relating to examinations, but avoiding as well as I can the chronicle of my own petty doings I will confine myself to a discussion of examiners and examinees. It has often been done before, for I, myself, have read "examiners upon examinees" and "examinees upon examiners," but without any intention of plagiarising I mean to string together a few of my own observations.

What strikes one most in a hospital is the existence of so many varieties of examinees. That there are good and bad examinees is a very elementary reflection, but the degree to which goodness and badness can extend is really remarkable. Let us consider the bad examinees first. At the very bottom of the series are a few unfortunates who appear to be congenitally incapable of passing an examination. It is not easy to say why, but whatever their knowledge it is always below par, or

* This metaphor is a trifle mixed, but we think we understand what is meant.—ED.

perhaps it is more charitable to conclude that they fail, not from want of knowledge or intelligence, but simply because they approach the subject from an entirely different point of view. In fact, when one realises the existence of students who, still unqualified, can boast (if boast is the correct term to use) of being contemporaries of some members of the senior surgical staff, what one wonders at is not that they take so long to qualify as that they ever get qualified at all.

The average type shows a few failures during his student career, which is increased about 50 per cent. in duration, but there is one type which I have observed with much interest—the man who by some strange fatalism never passes an examination (no matter its nature or difficulty) at the first attempt. He starts for an examination obsessed by this ruling idea, and he never feels satisfactorily settled until the orthodox failure has been accomplished.

Take now the other end of the series—the born examinees. In this hospital there are not a few gentlemen who have never failed in an examination. Furthermore there are, here and there, awe-inspiring individuals in whom by no stretch of imagination could one expect failure at any examination, not even the Final Fellowship. I have often wondered whether there can really be something specific about these gifted examinees which enables them to pass, or if it is entirely their super-excellence.

I put it this way because I have heard it stated that “there is a way to pass examinations,” and I can quite believe it. I have a friend who was up for his Final at

one of the Universities. He was told to look at a disc, and as he had never seen one in his life he picked up the ophthalmoscope in despair, and applied it to his eye *secundum artem* hoping against hope that something would be revealed to him. He saw just as much as he expected to see, and with courage born of desperation gave expression to a long-drawn out whew of amazement. "Yes," said Mr. Examiner, approvingly, "it is a large retinal detachment, isn't it?" It may be that this was the turning-point of the examination, it may be that he had done so well that this trifle could not make much difference; at all events it is in support of the contention that some examinees may be good because they know how to pass.

Let me now turn to discuss the relation of examiner and examinee. The usual attitude of the examinee is that the examiner is a deadly foe, whose very worst is to be expected, a sentiment which is expressed, of course, by the common phraseology: they "ploughed" me, "plucked" me, "spun" me, "biffed" me, "bumped" me. At the same time the examinee frankly admits that regarding as he does the examiner as a foe pure and simple, he on his side is prepared to use any methods, fair or foul, in what he regards definitely as a battle, and the triumphant expression "I biffed them" is comprehensively suggestive. The only sportsmanlike term in current use is when a man says, "I came down," from which I surmise he is using the metaphor of hurdling and regards the examination as a fair obstacle he is called upon to negotiate, and, continuing the

metaphor, concludes that his failure is due to his own fault.

I have often wondered at the etymology of some of these examination phrases : " to biff " and " to bump " are clearly slang expressions ; " to pluck " is a logical (more or less) extension ; but why " to plough " or " to spin " ? I came across two ingenious comparisons recently. Examiners were said to be either vultures or husbandmen, because a vulture is defined as a rapacious and filthy bird which destroys its prey by plucking it ; and a husbandman is a man in a low condition of life who supports himself by the use of the plough.

The examinee, on the eve of announcement of the result, is an interesting if undignified object. Let us suppose that he has been a candidate for the Natural Sciences Tripos at Cambridge. Despair is a wretchedly inadequate term to describe his appearance. Of course he is hopelessly " biffed " ; he won't even get an " ordinary " ; if he is allowed " the General " he will be lucky ; old Greasy (his affectionate sobriquet for his revered tutor) was quite right two years ago when he advised him to chuck Honours and read for " the General," and so on.

To-morrow comes, and he has got a Second. His self-complacency is disgusting. He explains now how but for a weak Chemistry practical he would have got a First. He relates with much unction how he met old Greasy in " the K.P." and told him how glad he was that he hadn't taken his advice two years ago. Oh, these " hopelessly biffed " men make me cynical ! You can meet them about the Hospital after any exam-

ination. They "haven't the remotest chance of getting through," they say ; well then you are justified in asking them to lay you odds of fifty to one. You will very soon find that their idea of the odds is actually about five to four on.

My final reflection is upon examination results. In the course of my career I have sampled all methods of obtaining the result. I have fought in a crowd outside a door upon which a list was nailed, and by dodging one elbow I have caught sight of the Honours list and discovered that my name was not there ; squeezing up between two others I have then been enabled to gain similar information about the First Class, and then I have grinned and borne it until the Second Class came into view. I have known what it is like to tear open a letter with nerveless fingers, and I have experienced the same sensations in a more acute but less prolonged form with a telegram. I have even tried the method of despatching a friend to the seat of war subsequently to have an opportunity of studying the emotions as expressed in gait and mannerisms. Now that my examination days are over I regret that two methods of communication were missed—I was never informed by telephone nor did I ever hear my name read out in a pass list. Which method of reaching the end is the best I cannot persuade myself to conclude, but I have no hesitation in selecting as the worst that barbarous relic of mediævalism which obtains at the Colleges. Can anything be more unnecessarily brutal than that twenty minutes' imprisonment vainly endeavouring to comfort oneself and others whilst realising

how futile such proceeding is? To wait breathless as the numbers are called and then to march to one's fate when your own number is reached with a jaunty air as if an attitude of strong assurance could now be of any avail? To listen to the obsequious perfunctory condolence of the janitor as he hands out a pink return-ticket available for three months, or in the case of specially favoured individuals for six? To walk out upon the Embankment and then—for some of us may be just a little over-wrought—to gaze drearily into the dark river below, pondering upon the responsibilities of existence?

A. A. A. *S.B.H.J.*, Dec., 1911.

THE LAY OF THE PRIMARY FELLOWSHIP.

BILL SAVORY of Bartholomew's,
By Scarpa's scalp he swore—
Of five and twenty candidates
I will pluck twenty-four ;
By Galen's soul he swore it,
And set aside a day,
When men should come from every town,
And, having paid their five quid down,
Be plucked, and go away.

Lane of St. Mary's Hospital,
To Savory quoth he—
Lo ! I will stand at thy right hand
And spin the men with thee.
Then out spake Dicky Partridge,
From King's, I ween, came he—
I will abide at thy left side
And plough the men with thee.

Bright was the first of April,
E'en Lincoln's Inn looked gay,
And rosy Phoebus shone to greet
The groups of students in the street ;
It was an All Fools' day.
Dixon, Benson, Ilott too,
With many others stood,
And chattered gaily of the glands,
And nerves supplied to feet and hands,
And of the salts of blood.

Apart from these strode Jackson,
Flushed with the flowing bowl,
The pectoralis major was
The weight upon his soul ;
And from his teeth clenched tightly
The words came fast and thick,
Sternum and costal cartilage,
And tendon of oblique.

Savory, Lane, and Partridge,
Their solemn oath they kept,
And on that spring-tide evening
Full many a student wept.
But there was one occurrence,
Which, although strange, was true,
That Jackson of Bartholomew's
Did actually get through.

Struck by his martial bearing,
And wondering at the grace
Of unobtrusive piety
Shown in his manly face,
Their souls were filled with pity,
Said they, 'The man's no ass,
We've plucked our four and twenty,
So we'll let the beggar pass.

April, 1871. F. E. JACKSON. S.B.H.J., June, 1904.

THE PASSING OF "MACKENZIE'S."

OH, weep with me, mothers of Smithfield,
Great sorrow has come in our day ;
What has served us through numberless ages
Is doomed to neglect and decay.

For the pitiless Council condemns it,
That noble old house in the Square,
The home of the midnight physician,
The pride and the joy of Cloth Fair.

So weep with me, mothers of Smithfield,
Let ours be the chief mourner's gloom ;
" Mackenzie's " is sold to the builder,
The Council has sanctioned its doom.

But when the housebreaker has finished,
Then gather your numberless brood,
And show 'mid the sad desolation
The place where " Mackenzie's " once stood.

No more shall the tortured piano
Resound to an endless refrain,
No more shall the heavy-eyed sleeper
Respond to the bell in the lane.

No more shall the voice of the singer
Essay to unparalleled height,
Nor more shall the thundering chorus
Pierce the slumbering vaults of the night.

Oh, weep with me, mothers of Smithfield,
For a life that is ebbing out fast ;
The life of the ancient " Mackenzie's,"
A life of a glorious past.

K. M. W. S.B.H.J., November, 1905.

THE LEUCOCYTE'S LAMENT.

THE leucocyte was in a gland,
With inflammation red ;
He grasped a comrade by the hand,
And with a sob he said :—

“ 'Mid solitary follicles
I wend my weary way,
Deep down in crypts of Lieberkühn,
Far, far from light of day.

“ Alas ! this aching nucleus
Can ne'er be free from pain,
While tissues hide the beauteous bride
I ne'er shall see again.

“ A rosy-red corpuscle she,
The pride of all the spleen,
Her like in this dark gland I fear
Will never more be seen.

“ A fierce bacillus captured her,
And reft her from my side,
Carbolic oil his plans did foil,
But ah ! it slew my bride.

" With pseudopodia feebly bent,
And broken nucleus, I
Must turn to pus." And speaking thus
He wandered forth to die.

* * *

Oh ! lightly they'll talk of that leucocyte true,
As they label, and mount, and degrade him ;
But little he'll reck, when with aniline blue
They have stained and in Canada laid him !

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, April, 1894.

THE KEEN MAN.

THERE be two kinds of keen men. The one keepeth his keenness unto himself, and publisheth it not upon the roof tops ; him do we admire and emulate. The other striveth ever to be in the front row, and taketh copious notes therein ; the scratching of his pen is a burden unto the lecturer. He stealeth teeth from the surgery patient while yet the lawful dresser tarryeth over the Unna pot, and at lunch time he eateth buns in a white garment, so that they who pass may say : “ This man is no longer an inhabitant of the rooms.” He carryeth not his stethoscope by stealth, neither doth it shame him that he talketh shop in strident tones to his brethren in the public places of the city. Regard him closer ; from his fancy vesting protrude his scissors, his drug book, and his Scott’s Emulsion Diary ; thus may ye know him. He feareth not the scowls of the clerks, but burroweth himself ever into the foremost rank, whence he cocketh his head at the physician, saying : “ Yea, yea, verily it is præ systolic.” Of the surgeon he asketh intelligent questions, while yet he already knoweth the answer. He runneth up to the moribund patient, and bangeth him upon the chest, so that he spitteth blood at him. He taketh off the dust from the library shelves, and depositeth it upon the cloak-room towels. And when he hath diplomated he goeth forth crying : “ Of a verity am I out of touch with the student lads.”

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, September, 1905.

THE GLORIOUS DAYS TO COME.

OF the days to come I'm going to sing,
Of " Looking Backwards "—and that kind of thing,
And of the great joys the millennium will bring
 In the glorious days to come.
There'll be no love, no greed, no hate,
We shall all be equal, and all sedate,
And be washed once a week at the expense of the State,
 In the glorious days to come.
Well, I may have ridiculous taste,
 But I'll give you my sentiments free !
That the world just at present is quite good enough,
 And no worse than it ought to be.

We shall all be alike, in the same style dressed,
All efforts at culture will be sternly suppressed,
You won't be allowed to know more than the rest,
 In the glorious days to come !
If a man any symptom of brain power should show,
They'll trephine him and take out a lobe or so,
They'll whittle him down to the level below,
 In the glorious days to come.
Well, I may have ridiculous taste,
 But I'll give you my sentiments free,
No Act ever passed can make a fool wise,
 For he always a fool will be.

How nice when we all quite equal shall be,
All have the same breakfast, and dinner, and tea,
And get whisky served out once a fortnight free !

In the glorious days to come.
There'll be a few taxes, but no more bills,
And nobody's soap, and nobody's pills
Will disfigure the valleys and blot out the hills,
In the glorious days to come.

Well, I may have ridiculous taste,
Of my sentiments there is but one,
That a few things, perhaps, may be better arranged,
In the glorious days to come.

Some frivolous folk will think it tame
When women and men are dressed the same,
And you're known by a number instead of a name,
In the glorious days to come.

There'll be no such thing as the wise or great,
Our corns and hair will be cut by the State,
We shall all eat out of a common plate,
In the glorious days to come.

Well, I daresay it's all very well,
And may seem a nice prospect to some,
But I'm thankful to say *I* shall not be alive
In the glorious days to come.

F. W. G. *S.B.H.J.*, Aug., 1894.

TO A BABY IN AUTUMN.

BABY, who with monstrous eyes
Gazeth at the autumn skies,
Or, perchance, above the head
Of thy sickly little bed,
At the notes which I have made,
Wondering what it is I've said.
Now the summer season's past
Surely thou wilt be the last ;
For in truth it striketh me
I am tired of D. and V.

J. R. R. T. *Oct.*, 1905.

THE TALE OF THE CUTTER.

“ But I wonder how it got there—this is really interesting ! ”

So I said, as so I found it in the bottom of a jar,
Jar of xylol, clear and lucid, there incontinently
resting ;

“ Oh mysterious piece of tissue, how I wonder what you
are.”

Then a word there came and whispered, in a whisper
thrice repeated,

“ Take it up from out the vessel, hence ! and put it
down the drain.”

Then another fleeting voice there came, and said before
it fled :

“ Go ! in paraffin embed it, cut and subsequently stain.”

So I did, and so I stained it ; and behold, a purple
wonder !

Through a microscope I saw it, such as never was before,
Like some new malignant tumour, or a ghastly foetal
blunder,

Rods of Corti, cells of cancer, with a mesoblastic core.

Then I took it to the experts, men of might and understanding ;
These it baffled, and in wonder left amazed ; how *could*
they know
What I now had just remembered—how that in the
xylol standing
I had left a cigarette end, just about a week ago ?

A. B. P. S. *S.B.H.J.*, Nov., 1910.

THE ROMANCE OF THE STREPTOCOCCI.

[*Editor's Note.*—The irresponsible effusion which we print below seems intended for a burlesque on the Horace Dobell Lecture recently delivered by Dr. Andrewes at the College of Physicians on "The Evolution of the Streptococci." We hope that our pathologist will not be hurt by the publishing of this skit, which, after all, not unfairly represents the views he has publicly expressed.]

ONCE upon a time there was a primordial streptococcus—the grandfather of all the streptococci. This was a long time ago, when life first appeared upon the earth. He subsisted exclusively on mineral food, because there was no other food for him to subsist on. He belonged to the Established Church, and was very strict in his religious observances, staining by Gram's method. His chief tenet was that you must always divide in one plane, and this was why he was called a streptococcus. There were other Dissenting cocci who were not so particular about the planes in which they divided, so that they assumed unconventional attitudes ; but this was abhorrent to the streptococcus, and by strict obedience to the rubric he always grew in a chain. And herein he had his reward, for he thus became the ancestor of all the bacilli, which also belong to the Established Church, and divide in one plane only, which is dull but highly orthodox ; all but a few schismatics who took to branching, and thereby became the parents of the mycelial fungi.

Now, after the lapse of long years, other forms of vegetable and animal life were evolved, and by their death and decay furnished a supply of organic matter. Hitherto the streptococcus had maintained a precarious subsistence on mineral food ; it wasn't very appetising, but he was a Spartan sort of chap, and managed to get along on it, laboriously building up his own proteid from simple nitrates and ammonium salts. But one day an exceptionally intelligent streptococcus heard that you could save yourself this trouble by feeding on dead organic matter. He tried the diet and found that it agreed with him. He was warned that it would undermine his constitution and give him migraine, but he said he didn't mind about exogenous purin bodies, and he persuaded some friends to join him, and soon the new cult grew, until a streptococcus which still fed on mineral food found itself behind the times. By-and-by the habit of mineral feeding was quite lost, so that no streptococcus could digest mineral food at all, and they were all saprophytes. But they continued to divide only in one plane.

So more years rolled by, and the higher animals and plants appeared upon the scene ; but they did not compete with the streptococcus, who still filled his humble place in nature, undisturbed by the march of evolution. And again there arose one day an exceptionally intelligent streptococcus who was by chance swallowed by a warm-blooded animal. When he got inside and gazed around he soon realised that he was in the promised land. Here was food in unheard of abundance, a menu of entrancing variety—warmth and

shelter such as streptococci had never known. His lucky descendants, escaping with the fæces, spread the news—those, that is, which were strong enough to survive desiccation ; so this new mode of life became all the vogue, and soon the alimentary canal of animals was the chosen abiding place of all well-informed streptococci. By-and-by there were none to be found anywhere else, except, of course, the dried-up stragglers who had been voided by their host, and had to trust to their powers of resisting desiccation till they were swallowed anew by another suitable animal. This is why most streptococci can resist drying so well.

Now, in these new conditions, the streptococci were bathed in all sorts of delicious food-stuffs. They hadn't time to eat them all ; some fancied one diet and some another, and it was part of their religion that everyone should eat what he liked. They had got a chance which they had never had before, and they held a meeting and decided to become a dominant genus. Let us specialise, they said, in metabolic powers, and so grow great and multiply ; and they did so, each following his natural inclinations. Of course there were some foods, such as albumoses and peptones, and the monosaccharides, which were so pleasant and easy to digest that everyone ate them ; but the more complex carbohydrates, glucosides, and higher alcohols afforded a wide field for adventurous tastes. So they gratified these appetites by inventing enzymes to break up the more complex and resistant food-stuffs, and some produced one enzyme and some another, so that there arose cliques and parties among them. Their offspring inherited their various tastes,

and gradually there arose family groups, distinguished by the special diets they selected from the abundant choice around them. They didn't quarrel about it, but lived together in peace and amity; but you couldn't well invite a friend to dinner unless he agreed with you on general principles, and so the lines of cleavage tended to grow till there were perhaps five or six such family groups. It was really only general principles which separated them; even in the same group there were little differences in the *hors d'œuvres* and savouries, though the joint and pudding were the same. Latitude was given even to individual tastes, and when a streptococcus felt unwell he was quite at liberty to stop in bed and alter his enzymes within such reasonable limits as the family rule prescribed. And so the streptococci flourished and abounded; the wish of their hearts was fulfilled, and they became a dominant genus, and in all the alimentary canal, from mouth to anus, none were so blithe and fruitful as they.

There was, however, one thing which was a subject of dispute amongst them—namely, the length of their chains. Most of them argued that it was handier to grow in short chains. For daily wear, they said, it was ridiculous to go about in such long chains that you got tied up into knots or tripped over your own tail. Some went so far as to declare that it was unhygienic to sweep up tubercle bacilli with your skirts. But there were others, and these amongst the most aristocratic, who said that appearances ought to be kept up, even at some little inconvenience. What, they argued, was the use of always dividing in one plane unless you had a respect-

able chain to show for your trouble? So they went about in long chains, even on week days. Thus there came to be long-chained sects and short-chained sects, even within the limits of a single tribal group, while there were some which sat on the fence in chains of medium length. After all it didn't much matter, because even the strictest long-chainers could easily snap in pieces on bank holidays, or whenever they got twisted into too tight a knot. Still, the matter was rather a point of honour in some circles, and a few streptococci carried their scruples so far that they contorted their chains into tight balls, and neglected to pay due attention to transverse division, whereby they ran a serious risk of turning into bacilli.

Now you might suppose that no streptococcus could wish for a happier life than this, and yet there were some amongst them who chafed under the restricted conditions of existence in the alimentary canal. They had been told of wondrous tissues outside—of calm limpid lymphatics and roaring scarlet blood-streams—of great serous cavities, in which whoso bathed should have his strength increased tenfold. Now and again such an ardent soul would contrive to escape through an abrasion in the mucous membrane, or to smuggle himself into a lacteal under the friendly shelter of a fat globule. None of these ever returned to tell his tale of adventure, and dark rumours were current of the dire fates that befel such wanderers. It was said that in the old times such journeys had been undertaken in safety, but that nowadays all this had changed, and that the tissues outside had armed themselves against intruding bacteria, so

that it was death to trespass. There were stories of aggressive ferments which rent cocci limb from limb, and of horrid fetters, which some called amboceptors or immune bodies, which seized intruders and chained them to the ferments for their destruction. Worse still, it was said that in the jungles outside were phagocytes which swallowed cocci whole—polynuclear police which lurked in every capillary—and it was even whispered that an obscene tribe of opsonins pandered to the phagocytes, and cooked their victims for them.

But in spite of these terrifying legends, there were still some discontented streptococci who longed for fresh fields to conquer ; and, indeed, they had multiplied so at home that it seemed almost necessary to find some outlet for the superfluous population. So they held a meeting and ventilated theories of Imperialism. Various plans were advocated for counteracting the adverse influences which could be brought against them ; but the chief hope expressed was that they might catch the enemy unawares, at a time when they were busy about something else. They swore a great oath by the chains of their forefathers to strive again and again till they succeeded. Short-chained, hardy chaps they were, ready for almost any diet, and trained to resist desiccation for months. Band after band went forth and perished, but at length success was achieved. A chance perforation of the intestine furnished the opportunity, and an exceptionally resourceful group of streptococci, plunging into the peritoneum, succeeded, thanks to the effects of shock, in carrying all before them, and had the intense satisfaction of setting up a fatal peri-

tonitis. Another small band, soon afterwards, were equally successful, though in a different way ; they caught the body in a weakened condition after a grievous illness, and, gaining access to the blood stream, they contrived to set up a terminal septicæmia. One private explorer penetrated on another occasion to the blood stream, and had almost given up all hope of life, when he was carried by chance against a diseased heart valve, to which he clung with the agony of despair. To his surprise he found the situation not so bad as he had thought ; he made good his foothold, and managed to multiply a bit, and soon he found that he had set up a malignant endocarditis.

Now the news of all this, carried back to the alimentary canal, created great excitement in the streptococcal world. The long-chained sorts got to hear about it, and were rather annoyed that the common short-chained ones should have got the start of them in this new school of adventure. They had a lot of quiet talk amongst themselves, and at last decided to have a symposium at the Junior Athenæum, where there was a streptococcus who was said to have some very original views. He was an active young fellow, with a moderately long chain, and he had thought very deeply on the emigration problem. The short-chained proletariat, he said, had evidently achieved a temporary success of sorts by luck rather than judgment. But if any lasting success were to be obtained they must go to work in quite a different way. It was no good trusting to luck ; what they needed were weapons of active offence, and he had got a plan for brewing toxins which should so weaken

the enemy that the victory of the streptococci would be assured. He said he had already made a number of experiments, though he had not as yet published anything. He had not hitherto succeeded with extra-cellular toxins, but he showed them some intra-cellular ones of which he had great hopes. He spoke too of hæmolysins, pointing out how important oxygen was to the tissues of the enemy, whereas we, he justly added, in virtue of our long residence in the alimentary canal, have adapted ourselves very fairly to anaerobic conditions. The older streptococci shook their heads at this wild talk, but not a few of the younger bloods, fired by the prospects held up before them, vowed then and there to become pathogenic, and put themselves under the tutelage of the new reformer.

Thus was founded the Society of Pathogenic Streptococci, formed mainly from the long-chained aristocracy. They swaggered around in a militant spirit, and practised toxic and hæmolytic drill. By-and-by an occasion arose for testing their powers. It was a casual tonsillitis set up by some noisy short-chained forms, but some members of the Pathogenic Society who were practising manœuvres in the neighbourhood seized the chance to penetrate into a lymphatic channel. It was easy going at first, and in single file they threaded the sinuous passage till it opened suddenly into a cervical gland. Here they were baffled and knew not which way to turn ; as they debated what course they should next pursue, the scene changed. Foes swept in upon them on every side, the blood-vessels dilated, and out came fierce polynuclears attracted from afar by the chemiotactic aroma of their

prey. Enmeshed by opsonins and threatened by bactericidal ferments their case was hopeless. It ended in a shocking suppuration, and every streptococcus ultimately perished. But as their staining powers disappeared in the vacuoles of the phagocytes, the stricken warriors glowed with pride at the thought that they were the pioneers of pyogenesis.

This was an historic occasion, but the example was followed. Many new devices had, however, to be learned before the streptococci came to their full pathogenic powers. Some specialised in rapid marches along the lymphatics, and became notorious in setting up erysipelas and lymphangitis. Some learned to multiply in the blood, and to spread themselves far and wide in general septicæmias. It was a merry life, and though many a swash-buckler came to an untimely end he always felt that he had a run for his money. So fascinating was the excitement to many that they practically gave up the old humdrum life in the alimentary canal, and lived only for the delights of pathogenesis. One sort in particular, which came to be known as *Streptococcus pyogenes*, trained itself on a rigid diet, abandoned alcohol and clotting milk, and gained great fame as a warrior caste.

Some of the short-chained streptococci strove at times to emulate the exploits of these pathogenic varieties, but without the training in arms which the latter had enjoyed they never attained the same measure of success, though they often enough boasted a terminal septicæmia or a malignant endocarditis to their credit.

When I last heard it was an open question whether

some of the pathogenic forms had not specialised further, as they had long intended, and established themselves as the causes of scarlet fever. This, however, is rather a rumour than a proven fact.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, December, 1906.

RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOSPITALS.

(In the sincerest form of flattery of a gifted contemporary—*Punch*).

ONE small D. and V. this season
Gave me such a horrid shock—
Died, for no apparent reason,
In its bath at six o'clock ;
Who can tell ? Perhaps it may be
I forgot to feed the baby.

Jones and I were up together
For our finals at the College ;
I was rather doubtful whether
Jones had *quite* sufficient knowledge ;
Yet—would you believe it true ?—
I was ploughed and Jones got through.

Willie, coming home from chapel,
Swallowed quite a large-sized apple ;
Someone, noticing him choking,
Got it out—oh, most provoking !
In another moment he
Would have been a B.I.D.

When I cut poor Smith's carotid
I was very calm indeed ;
I had heard that vessels clotted
If you only let them bleed.
Surely I deserve no censure ;
It was " Death from Misadventure."

Jim mistook an aneurism
For an abscess of the skin ;
I, with well-meant altruism,
Helped him stick a scalpel in.
Some spectator rescued Jim :
Fortunately I could swim.

Some days ago I did my best
(Although he looked a bit splenetic),
To aspirate a navvy's chest
Without a local anæsthetic—
Well—yes, there *was* a trifling row,
But I am convalescent now.

Uncle who imbibed " per os,"
" Rough on rats," instead of whiskey,
Died in opisthotonos,
Oh, it *did* make Uncle frisky !

Slasher having operated
With the usual precautions,
His incision suppurated
Like the curate's egg, " in portions."
How these surgeons love to shock us !
Slasher grew a streptococcus.

Auntie, who was ill in bed,
Suddenly went off her head ;
Leaping from the window she
Fractured several vertebræ.
Yes, her death was such a blow !
I was standing down below.

R. B. P.

A STRANGE CASE.

"T'WAS the voice of the porter—I hear him with pain—
No sooner to bed than I'm wanted again.
It's acutely malignant when tired out to hear—
"There's a case in the surgery waiting you, sir."
The day had been heavy and weary, and then
Two emergency "ops." in the theatre since ten;
And the sleep of exhaustion was easy to woo
As I staggered to bed at a quarter to two;
But relentless necessity gives one no rest,
And with muttered anathema soon I was dressed.
Yet it gave me a start, though I'd no time to pause,
When I noticed my jacket was cyanide gauze.
Still, I waived all objections to texture and tint,
Though my boots were of strapping, my trousers of
 lint;
And adopting my medical manner with pride,
I hurried downstairs with a long spastic stride.
Now I'm bound to admit I was filled with amaze
At the horrible sight that encountered my gaze;
On the couch in the back room was seated a beast
(He defied any other description at least),
But the look of his face—like one hunted and wronged—
Proved the Coelomate group unto which he belonged.
With the wrath of a night-dresser roused from his lair,
I asked automatically why he was there.
With harsh borborygmi he answered and said—

" Oh, doctor, I really do wish I was dead,
 I'm all of a tremble whatever I do ;
 I heard of your fame so I come to see you."
 His clothes were all shabby, and ragged, and torn,
 His " general condition " was wretched, forlorn.
 But what pleased me most—" which I blush to relate "—
 Was his hopeless, malformed, and incurable state.
 He'd a large fissured fracture from vertex to base,
 And lupus vulgaris emblazoned his face ;
 Impetiginous eczema matted his hair,
 And his eyes had a wicked protruberant stare.
 I told him to strip, and beheld with surprise
 The horrible sight that then greeted my eyes ;
 His chest was transparent—'twas evident quite
 No common-place case was before me that night—
 His sternum was bifid, the organs transposed,
 His neural canal had not properly closed.
 His lungs, all cavernous, gave physical signs
 Of splendidly typical bruits d'airain(s),
 On his body were ulcers that never would heal,
 He'd a painful untappable hæmatocele,
 There were pulsating growths all over his head,
 And his foetal lanugo but partially shed,
 Carcinomatous nodules embellished his skin,
 His hand was a retrograde pectoral fin,
 He'd a Naegele pelvis, the palsy of Bell,
 His ductus venosus was patent as well,
 He'd a double aorta—kyphosis and tic,
 And pediculi crawling all over him thick,
 His joints were distended the size of your head,
 He'd classical symptoms of poisoning by lead,

He'd Harrison's Sulcus, a rickety chest,
(The "strumous diathesis" also I guessed)
He'd pleuritic effusion added to these,
With peritonitis and Hodgkin's disease ;
To sum up the list of his sufferings and woes,
He'd œdematous legs and gangrenous toes.
His case was unique, and a puzzle to me,
So I sent the night porter to fetch the H. P.,
Who quickly appeared, and together we tried
Infusions, tobacco, potassium bromide,
Thyroid extract, hot bottles, and hospital "phizz,"
Till the whole of the surgery seemed in a whizz.

But the jeers grew very loud
From the fastly gathering crowd
Of nurses and of porters all around,
And I felt a sense of wrong
From the carping of the throng,
For the students they were thick upon the ground ;
And one said, "Give him beer,
Just his dying thoughts to cheer ;"
And some said, "Give him brandy," "Give him gin ;"
But I turned him upside down,
His awful groans to drown,
And pricked him well all over with a pin.
The Warden standing by
Tried the reflex of his eye,
And he said, "It's no good doing any more ;
I much object to force,
But as a last resource,
We'll roll him sideways up and down the floor."

Now the crowd had disappeared
With a silence that was weird,
And the darkness made it difficult to see ;
But I thought of all the cases
I had seen in different places,
And I put an aspirator in his knee.
The man was sinking fast,
And I knew he couldn't last,
So I shook him very roughly though he bled ;
But he caught me such a crack,
That he laid me on my back,
And I woke to find I'd tumbled out of bed.

* * *

And the waiter's raucous tones were the dying patient's
groans,
And the London sun was struggling hard to shine ;
And the man politely said, as I scrambled back to bed,
" Good morning, sir ; it's just gone half past nine."

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, April, 1899.

THE THIRD CHRONICLE OF CHRISTOPHER.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

WIMSHURST, my Junior H.S., had found a book of tickets for Switzerland. With the swift determination which characterised most of his actions he packed up his traps in half an hour and started for *Winter-sport*, scribbling a postcard in the train to me informing me what he had done, and that he had wired to Blenkinsop in Sheffield asking him to do a *locum* for a fortnight. It was just after Christmas, and we went on duty at 9 a.m. Blenkinsop could not arrive for some hours even if he came at all, so I turned into the Surgery to do Junior as well as Senior. I spent the morning dodging backwards and forwards between the wards and the Surgery, and that is how it happened.

One of my dressers asked me to look at a rash on a man's legs ; it certainly was curious, and I fired in all sorts of questions in the hope that one might hit the mark. His occupation I found was that of an undertaker's assistant, which did not throw much light upon his complaint. I had been long enough in the profession to have learned the wisdom of procrastination—so I procrastinated.

Immediately after this, H.P./D. asked me to look at a belly. A man of the costermonger type with a very

flushed face was lying huddled up on the stretcher. As occupation sometimes plays its part in acute abdominal cases, I asked him, mainly as a matter of form, what his work was : " Hundertiker's assistant," was the reply.

* * *

In the course of my career I have come across many curious occupations, from " wooden-dummy maker " to " worm-eater," but I had never until that day encountered an undertaker's assistant. And now here were two consecutive cases with this ominous occupation! What could it mean? Was there some peculiar association of Christmastide with disturbance in metabolism of those engaged in undertaking? But then doubt crossed my mind: the first man with the purpuric eruption on his legs looked the part to the life—face, dress, manner; this second patient was of entirely different appearance. Eagerly I questioned him again. " Hundertiker's assistant, guvnor; yus, hundertiker's assistant."

I had a sudden inspiration and bolted into the Abernethian room. I remembered that Douglas on the morning of his final Colleges had noticed that a horse named Diploma was in for some race or other that day. He had backed it and the horse got second, and Trevor had got three months in both Surgery and Medicine, but as he philosophically observed, if he had got through probably the horse would have won and the omen would have been vindicated. I know nothing about horses and horse-racing, but I scrutinised the lists of animals in the *Sportsman*, utterly bewildered by the technical

phraseology. But what association could possibly exist between undertaking and such names as Battaglia, Helen of Troy, Isvolsky or Whistling Rufus? By a stretch of imagination it might be said to apply to Eternity, but he was not running until March, and the only other horse with the slightest approach to consecutiveness was Query, and I could not understand from the paper what he was in for or was supposed to be going to do.

So I abandoned that project, but for the rest of the day I was nervous and anxious. By way of insuring myself I told everybody I met of the coincidence, and feverishly I questioned every new patient as to his occupation. It is hardly too much to say that the whole Hospital shared my fever, and time after time I had to answer the eager question "Has the third turned up?" with a sad negative, each repetition of which intensified my gloom. But gradually I transferred anxiety regarding myself to anxiety regarding the second undertaker's assistant. Could the omen be for him? In a cynical sense, of course, we are all undertakers' assistants, so a third was easily supplied. I could see that he had an acute attack of appendicitis and that operation was certainly indicated. At last I persuaded him to be opened up and I telephoned to our Chief on duty.

* * *

But before he came the patient's wife arrived. If he looked little enough like an undertaker's assistant, she certainly looked a good deal less like an undertaker's assistant's spouse. "Hoperation, no blooming fear," said she, and the patient was perfectly satisfied to allow

her to be the sole judge and arbiter of his fate. I raved and stormed—"Can't you understand that your husband is desperately ill, and that he may die if he isn't operated on?" "Well," she replied deliberately, "if the Lord means to take him, He'll take him." I am not often beaten for retort, but I threw up the sponge this time.

So there was nothing for it but to explain to Mr. Golding, to express my regret, and let him return to his dinner table.

* * *

It was at midnight, and on my night-round Sister Surgery had something of great importance to impart. A very nice old clergyman had been to see our patient (who was, or ought to have been, one of his parishioners), and had informed Sister that the "hundertiker's assistant" was a good-for-nothing scamp, who never did any work of any description. The load on my mind might speedily be removed, and I rushed upstairs to tackle this "hundertiker's assistant." Employing some powerful similes and reproaches, the feebleness of which was balanced by their ferocity, I cursed him for thus misleading doctors by lying about his occupation. He was greatly indignant. "Yer go and arsk Muster Biker, the hundertiker at Ball's Pond Road; the larst job of work I done was for 'im." "When was that?" "'Bout two year ago." "And you've done nothing since?" "No"—indignantly and emphatically.

I turned away satisfied; not by the most extravagant exaggeration, not even for the unexact requirements

of an oracle could he have been termed an "undertaker's assistant."

* * *

The "undertaker's assistant" survived his refusal to undergo an operation.

* * *

I have never met another undertaker's assistant.

A.A.A. S.B.H.J., *January, 1912.*

TO T. B.

SLENDER, yet strongly pugnacious bacillus,
What though your size is but 3 or 4 μ ,
Yet you attack and courageously kill us—
Us, many million times bigger than you.

Still do I feel some remorse to have slain you
By methods that must have been painful to you,
Feel it unsportsmanlike still when I stain you
With hot Carbol Fuchsin and Methylene Blue.

Valour and virulence, perfectly blending,
Should in some noble achievement have died,
Rather than meet an inglorious ending
Mounted and stained on a microscope slide.

You must have had many strenuous tussles—
Lived in a state of perpetual strife,
Struggling with fierce phagocytic corpuscles,
Barely escaping perhaps with your life.

Grappled with murderous opsonins, striving
Cruelly to catch you and cook you entire ;
Death in a thousand fierce conflicts surviving,
Only at length on a film to expire.

Had you but died in the lung you invaded,
Fighting, outnumbered by leucocyte foes,
Battling with giant-cells, lonely, unaided—
This would have been a more glorious close.

Then had the foes you so stoutly resisted
Buried you there with the honours of war ;
Lying in tough fibrous tissue encysted,
Still might your corse fill young blood-cells with
awe.

Yet in your downfall to tears you provoke us ;
Even your carcase, in death lying prone,
(Wait half a tick while I get it in focus—
There !) has a delicate grace of its own !

What though no flaunting flagella adorn you,
What though for speed you were never designed,
Let not the motile bacteria scorn you,
Yours is a beauty more staid and refined.

Slender, yet strongly pugnacious bacillus,
As to your beauty we may disagree,
But as to your power to maim and to kill us—
Well—no one would challenge a fight with T. B.

R. B. P. *S.B.H.J.*, January, 1908.

A BALLAD OF THE SURGERY.

"You shall attend daily at the Surgery at 9 o'clock, and under the direction of the Casualty Physicians you shall treat all patients referred to you by those officers."—*Extract from the Charge of the Junior House Physician.*

THE fleas were hopping merrily, hopping with all their
might,
They did their very level best the patients' legs to bite,
And this was easy, for they were packed very, very tight.

The air was rising steamily, because the early sun
Was shining hot as hot could be, though day had just
begun ;
Before those crowds could melt away full many hours
must run.

The steps were thronged as thronged could be, the doors
were open wide,
They could not all find room, because there was no room
inside.
It was no use to say them nay—they would not be
denied.

The H.P. and the Casualty were walking close at hand ;
They swore like anything to see the Surgery so crammed ;
"If these were only cleared away," said they, "it would
be grand."

“ If seven porters bribed the mob with seven jugs of
beer,
Do you suppose,” the H.P. said, “ that that would make
them clear ? ”
“ I doubt it,” said the Casualty, “ and—liquor’s very
dear.”

“ Oh ! patients, come and talk with us,” the H.P. did
beseech ;
“ A pleasant talk, but short as will suffice your wants
to reach ;
Two at a time come in, and we will hear the tale of
each.”

The oldest patient looked at him, but not a word he
said ;
The oldest patient closed his eyes, and drooped his
heavy head,
Because he drank too much last night, and had not been
to bed.

Then one sad patient hurried in the Casualty to greet ;
His face was worn, his trousers torn, his waistcoat
would not meet,
And this was odd, because he’d not had very much to
eat.

Another patient followed him within that open door ;
And thick and fast they came at last, and more and more
and more ;
The porter very kindly poured Carbolic on the floor.

The H.P. and the Casualty worked hard an hour or so,
And still the crowds became no less, but rather seemed
to grow—

A dozen rows to get through yet, and fifteen in a row.

“ ‘The time has come,’ ” the H.P. said, “ to tell of all
your woes ;
Of fits, and pains, and chickenpox, and bleeding at the
nose,
Of measles, accidents, and burns, and how each symptom
grows.”

“ My baby wastes,” a mother said, “ though food he’s
always at ;
He’s crammed with pickles, whelks, and cheese, and yet
he’s far from fat.”

“ No wonder ! ” said the Casualty— she looked surprised
at that.

“ A pill or two,” the H.P. said, “ is what you chiefly
need ;
Cough drops and liniment besides are very good indeed.
Take this three times a day, and *please* be careful how
you feed ! ”

“ But can’t you cure me ? ” one exclaimed, turning a
little blue ;

“ After six month’s attendance that would seem the
thing to do ! ”

“ I’m busy now,” the H.P. said ; “ please, Nurse, another
two.”

"It was so good of you to come and ask for my advice,"
The Casualty looked in and said, "We're getting on quite
nice ;

Clear off that row in front, and we shall finish in a trice."

"It seems a shame," the H.P. said, "to trot them out
so quick,

When they have waited here so long, and say they are
so sick.'

The Casualty said nothing but "The atmosphere's too
thick ! "

"I weep for you," the H.P. said, "I deeply sympathise,"
With sobs and sighs he handed out brown tickets* all
one size.

"You'll be surprised," he said, "how soon your indi-
gestion flies."

"Oh ! patients," said the Casualty, "now so much
work is done,

"I can attend your wants quite well." But answer
came there none ;

And this was scarcely odd, because they'd packed off
every one.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, August, 1895.

* *Haust. Gent. cum Rheo.*

HAUST. GENT. CUM RHEO.

A LAUDATORY STRETCH OF IMAGINATION.

O POTENT draught ! mysterious mistura !
Fearsome but fairly palatable tonic,
House surgeon's help, invaluable curer
Of ailments chronic——

Here in my verse all honour I ascribe thee,
Though I, the bard, as usual out of tune am,
Still will I praise, and still will I prescribe thee,
Unciam unam.

Rhubarb, Bicarbonate of Sodium, and Gentian—
World-wide your fame, O wonder-working trio !
Is there a spot where people never mention
Haust. Gent. cum Rheo ?

No ! on this globe, whatever part you fare to,
Haust. Gent. cum Rheo holds its place assured—
There we find all the ills that flesh is heir to
Rapidly cured.

Though you embark and right across the sea go,
Haust. Gent. cum Rheo's found in every clime ;
Wild men in far 'Tierra del Fuego
Think it sublime.

Nothing gives relish to their missionaries
Like Gent. cum Rheo taken ante cib.
Cannibals who reside in the Canaries
Take it *ad lib.*

Nor only lands which long have in the dark lain,
Far from the white man's civilizing view,
Love it, for half the millionaires of Park Lane
Dote on it too.

Wherefore I urge thee, O thou young physician,
Use well this draught for every trifling ill ;
So mayst thou too obtain wide recognition
For healing skill.

If on the charts of patients who are sickly
Nought should be writ in that part labelled B.O.,
Then take thy pen at once and write down quickly
Haust. Gent. cum Rheo.

R. B. P. S.B.H.J., May, 1909.

THE FOURTH CHRONICLE OF CHRISTOPHER.

ON DRESSERS.

RICHARDSON, who was doing H.S. at "the Met.," came in to dinner one evening, and expressed very freely his opinion of the difficulty of his job in comparison with ours. His chief grumble, it appeared, was the absence of helots in the shape of dressers "to do the dirty work." But Sinclair was on duty, West-Muir had just been up before the Governors for something his dresser ought to have done, and I had enjoyed a similar experience on account of something my dresser ought not to have done ; so between the three of us we pretty soon persuaded Richardson that dressers, as he himself put it, were not an unmixed blessing.

To speak paradoxically, my first experience of dressers was to have none at all. April 1st came, and I had to go on duty without a dresser of any description. And well I remember that first morning, particularly when a frantic telephone message came from Sister Holborn to Mr. Chesterton "to please send up some of his dressers to do the dressings." I could not avoid the malicious question in reply, "How many would she like?" But she was proof against sarcasm.

That first fortnight was pretty awful, but on the fifteenth day two dressers arrived. One informed me that he had just returned from a holiday—his ratio I subsequently discovered to be three days' work and fourteen days' rest. The other appeared to have taken the fortnight to find his way to the Surgery. In a very

short time I was led to the conclusion that fourteen days was a very moderate estimate of his latent period.

It took me three weeks to teach that second dresser why there were five different colours of papers in the Surgery ; the distinctive uses of " ordinary " and " casualty " papers I never brought home to him. And as soon as he had mastered this colossal fact he utilised it with much cunning to deal out to duty patients papers of every colour except ours. I need not describe the howl of execration at our firm throughout the Surgery.

Yet with only two dressers we were a marvellous firm ; our polyglotism as was astounding. Between us we could speak or understand English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Hebrew, Yiddish, American, and Czech. Lorenzo, the cunning dresser to whom I have alluded, had great artistic ability, and was said to be a genius at lots of things ; but in medicine he was painfully slow. I was on duty one afternoon, and Lorenzo tramped up three flights of stairs to inform me that " dere vos a boy in de Surgery who had a stone trown at him " (he was the best linguist of us all, but English was his weak suit). " Well," I asked, pertinently I thought, " did it hit him ? " He solemnly turned and tramped down the three flights of stairs and up again. " He says it hit him." " Where did it hit him ? " seemed the inevitable query, but I saved time and went downstairs.

I well remember one big dresser I had, the laziest and strongest I ever knew. One day I contemplated a " plaster " in the Surgery and thus soliloquised, knowing he was well within ear-shot. " Nice job for some-

body, a good hour's grind." Harlneck (that was his name) criticised the time—"An hour? Why I could do it in ten minutes." And he did! After that I would stimulate him to remove plasters by encouraging him to put up a new record. It was indeed a spectacle to watch him remove a plaster spinal-jacket in twelve minutes. He disdained implements and ripped it off with the good hands with which Nature had provided him. But even the conquest of records palls after a time, and Harlneck got sick of it. I eventually found him advising patients with fractured femurs, returning from their country residence near Swanley, to soak off the plaster in a hot bath, and walk up to the Hospital the next morning to show us the result. In this way we established quite a reputation throughout the Hospital for progressive methods of treatment; and the senior members of our firm got plenty of practice in wiring and plating.

There was one three months when I lived perpetually on the edge of a precipice. My dressers would keep patients with chronic hydroceles they had had for fourteen years waiting hours in the Surgery to show me; but I had only to turn my back for five minutes and they would fire out the most acute things or horrible compound fractures of the arm hastily splinted, and with instructions to come up in a fortnight. I had hourly visits to the Dispensary, as the C.C.C. of my signature was easily forged, to explain prescriptions I could not even read; to hint that "Sandhurst mouth-wash" probably meant "Sanitas mouth-wash," and that minims were meant, not drachms, when tinct. nux vomic.

had been prescribed. But the climax was reached when one clever dresser, finding a patient with three dirty "old papers," comprising innumerable prescriptions, relieved him of them, tore them up, and despatched him to the dispensary with a nice clean paper bearing the single inscription, "Rep."

Yes, I've had dressers of all kinds. I once had seven dressers all falling over each other to work, and five at least were as good as house-surgeons; and, as I've already said, once I had no dressers at all. I've had dressers who *looked* young enough to be my sons and dressers who *were* old enough to be my father; dressers who would insist on calling me "sir," and who could not, even by violence, be deterred from taking off their hats to me in the Square, and dressers who treated me as one man of the world treats another, and who would invite me to dine at their clubs; dressers who cringed to me and dressers who patronised me, as—"I say, Chesterton, old chap, you might just explain all about auscultation and percussion when you've got three minutes to spare."

Yes, I've had every variety, and the most curious of them all was a dresser who never framed a sentence without including the word "practically," and who woke me at 3 a.m. with the request to go down and see a case, for "the man is awfully ill; I—er—think he's practically dead."

Good luck to you all, though, as Richardson put it, you are not unmixed blessings. Poetic justice will be meted out to some of you—for some of you will become house-surgeons.

A.A.A. S.B.H.J., Feb., 1912

THE POET ALL AT SEA.

(Our tame poet is seeking a cure for rhymorrhoea in a sea voyage, apparently with little success.)

WHEN from out their sounding caverns
Jove unlocks each straining breeze,
When they sweep in wild confusion
O'er the seas.

When upon the whirl of waters
Rides the shrieking hurricane,
Dragging chaos and destruction
In its train,

When across our noble vessel
Blinding spray is driving thick—
Then in that ecstatic moment—
I am sick.

When a fine poetic frenzy
Seizes on me standing there,
All is spoilt by this confounded
Mal de mer.

When amid the howling tempest,
Drawing inspiration from it,
Thoughts and words crowd thick upon me—
Then I vomit.

Though I strive to give expression
To the thoughts that fill my soul,
I can only faintly murmur :
“ Pass that bowl ! ”

Thus my spirit groans in travail,
Undeterred by each vain trial,
But so far the net result is
Only bile.

R. B. P. *S.B.H.J.*, Jan., 1912.

A SUMMER'S DAY IN THE SURGERY.

I AM a dresser, and I'll tell you all
The curious things which chanced to befall,
While patiently waiting duty's call

On a summer's day in the Surgery.
It's usually somewhat close and warm,
With a lingering hint of Iodoform,
And the fleas are up to their fittest form
On a summer's day in the Surgery.

My first was a swell, in a nice white shirt,
With a ring on each finger (and a good deal of dirt),
Who said he'd injured his foot—and it hurt,

On that summer's day in the Surgery.
I looked at his foot in a manner uncouth,
And he seemed to be somewhat surprised at my youth.
I could find nothing wrong—so I took out a tooth,
On that summer's day in the Surgery.

My next was a butcher, who'd injured his hand,
He was covered with sawdust, meat juice, and sand,
He was really much more than a fellow could stand

On a summer's day in the Surgery.
So I called in the porter, and gave him a wink,
And said, "You must call the House Surgeon, I think,"
Then I quietly slipped out and indulged in a drink
On that summer's day in the Surgery.

My next was a coalheaver, burly and stout,
I said, " I'm not deaf," as he started to shout.
He asked, " What the —— I was talking about,"

On that summer's day in the Surgery.
I said, " You've an abscess, I'll open it—So ! "
I've a faint recollection of seeing a toe—
The rest was a blank for an hour or so

On that summer's day in the Surgery.

F. W. G. *S.B.H.J.*, June, 1894.

HOBBIOSIS HOMINUM.

The scanty facts which follow comprise all that is known of an interesting condition, the presence of which in any person is manifested by the possession of a "hobby."

Ætiology. Since von Wüerst published the discovery, in his laboratory at Oberammergau, on May 1st, 1906, of the *Equinococcus hobbiosis*, no one has confirmed his observation. It is very probable that we have to look elsewhere for the causative agent of *Hobbiosis hominum*. The disease is highly contagious. Males are somewhat more often attacked than females. The incidence is greatest in childhood, but the acute form is then the rule. Very young infants show a remarkable immunity. In schools the disorder appears in epidemics, with a percentage of 99.9 of those exposed. After puberty it often becomes chronic, and the chance of this termination increases as age advances.

The incubation period varies from a few hours to as many weeks. It is shorter in young persons.

Morbid Anatomy. As the disease is only indirectly fatal, as when, for example, a quarrel arising over a rare postage stamp leads to murder, or excessive devotion to the cornet causes a rupture of the thoracic wall, opportunities for studying the morbid anatomy are not frequent. No distinctive lesions were found in the few post-mortems that have been recorded.

The Symptoms are remarkably protean in details, but certain broad rules apply to nearly all types. The onset is marked by excitement, only rarely accompanied by a rise of temperature. This is followed by an interference with the ordinary functions, leading, in severe cases, to a disinclination for work, and to the exhibition of various eccentricities. The hæmorrhagic type may simulate acute mania. Even here there may be no physical signs, except in cases which collect 'bus tickets. Milder cases do their work with little inconvenience, and some authors even hold that the daily routine is better carried out by such subjects. Defervescence is shown by a lessening interest in objects, which in the earlier stages would have induced a paroxysm.

Complications. The heart may hypertrophy in the athletic type. Fractures of long bones are not unknown in explorers and birds'-nesters. Zoophilists have fallen victims to their own pets (*e.g.*, Acteon and Cleopatra), while more modern "zoophilists" suffer from a form of pseudolalia which may end in delusional insanity of the "Browne-Dogg" variety. It is stated, on insufficient authority, that pseudolalia also accompanies the fishing, while coprolalia undoubtedly complicates the golfing type of *Hobbiosis*.

The diagnosis is usually obvious.

Prognosis. In young subjects the attack may clear up in 48 hours. The more severe the initial symptoms the greater the chance of complete recovery. With increasing age the prognosis is correspondingly grave. As an American authority* says of lying, "Once the

* Josh Billings.

disease gets familiar with a man, nothing but death can put an end to his sufferings." One form of the disorder exercises a restricting influence on another. Death usually occurs from some intercurrent condition, and the end may be indefinitely delayed.

Treatment is chiefly directed to maintaining the general health, and preventing an undue strain being thrown on the patient's resources. Many cases do not suffer enough to make interference justifiable, but their friends do. Careful nursing in the acute stage may save the patient. In chronic cases inoculation with a less virulent strain may turn the disease into a less distressing channel.

J. E. H. S.B.H.J., *January*, 1907.

THE LOST NOTE.

I WAS seated one day at the bedside,
I was weary and needing rest,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the patient's chest ;
I had mapped out the cardiac dulness,
And was gently percussing the lung,
When I struck one note that resounded
Like a song from an angel's tongue.

It may have been up at the apex,
It may have been down at the base,
But the source of that note that thrilled me
I have never been able to trace ;
It wasn't exactly skodaic,
It certainly wasn't dull,
But it fell on my jaded spirit
With a kind of infinite lull.

It wasn't dilated stomach,
For the gastric resonance smote
On my ear like a horrible discord
After this heavenly note ;
I don't think 'twas over the sternum,
It can't have been over the spine,
Yet it came from the chest of that patient,
And hit me full in mine.

I've percussed every inch of the patient
In a frenzy of hope and fear,
But that breath of heavenly music
Has never soothed my ear ;
I have thumped him with sledge-hammer violence,
I have stroked him with sylph-like touch,
But never again have I heard it—
That note I admired so much.

It may be with some new patient,
It may be in some fresh ward,
I shall strike once more that glorious note
Which my soul will always hoard ;
And I know that I shall recall it,
Though I miss each Physical Sign—
That note from the chest of the patient
That hit me full in mine.

So day by day at the bedside
You may see me pursue my quest,
And day by day you may watch me
Percussing some likely chest ;
If I perish without having heard it—
That note that I love so well—
I trust I shall hear it in Heaven,
Or forget it for ever in Hell.

R. B. P. *S.B.H.J.*, Dec., 1908.

"THE AMPUTEE": A FORECAST. *Circ. A.D.*
1970.

The surgery was empty, and the dresser had begun
To believe at last his arduous and daily task was done ;
When the gloomy portals opened and a case was carried in
On a stretcher ; and the porter woke the dresser with a
pin.

Then they who bore the stretcher in the dresser thus
addressed :

" Fell off, sir, of an aerobus as was aflyin' west
An' 'it a gyro-tram, sir, in the middle o' the Strand,
Wot sent 'im through a winder, an' we think 'e's 'urt 'is
'and."

And the dresser answered, "*That* I can entirely under-
stand."

Examination showed a dislocated finger ;———and
A fracture of the cranium, extending to the base
From the vertex, and complete obliteration of the face ;
Embedded in the sternum were the patient's upper teeth,
And the lower jaw was afterwards discovered underneath ;
One femur was impacted in the corresponding lung,
But was happily unbroken as the man was fairly young ;
But the fact that struck the dressers was that several
vertebræ

Were inextricably mingled with what once had been a
knee.

I should mention too in passing the aorta could be seen
At the bottom of a hollow where the stomach should
have been ;

The heart was palpitating with a diastolic " knock,"
And the patient was concluded to be suffering from shock.
They summoned up in haste Sir John McHernia Perowne,
Who was readily accessible by wireless telephone.

(He has made his reputation on excision of the heart,
And on pons varoliotomy was first to make a start.)
The surgeon at this point arrived, the same Sir John
Perowne,

Whose skill and fame already I have partially shown ;
So it took him little time to turn it over in his mind
And decide on amputation of a complicated kind.
On the details of this piece of work I cannot enter now,
Nor the technical description of the " wherefore " and
the " how."

Six hours the operation took, the final stitch was sewn,
And he rested from his labour, did McHernia Perowne ;
And the patient opened up the conversation with a groan.
Now amputations hitherto had left it fairly clear,
And to casual observers it must obvious appear
That it's easy to distinguish which is A, the patient, and
Which is B, the part removed from him, an arm, or leg,
or hand ;

But a singular dilemma now confronted Dr. P. ;
He was really not quite certain which was A and which
was B.

For B, or what he thought was B, had horrified Perowne
By indulging in a totally inexplicable groan ;

While A, or what he thought was A, seemed very like to die.

Its pulse was four a minute, and its temperature high ;

Its breathing was a raucous gasp, that ended in a sigh.

Then said Sir John McHernia, the great Perowne quoth he,

“ Please put the patient *both* to bed, and then, perhaps, we'll see

Which is the amputated part and which the amputee.”

* * * * *

Some say that A. was first to die and some say it was B.

A. B. P. S. S.B.H.J., March, 1910.

THE FIFTH CHRONICLE OF CHRISTOPHER.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE THEATRE.

It has often struck me that the depressing influence of theatre-work might be greatly relieved by a more generous application to brilliant conversation than usually obtains. Modern aseptic methods involve the use of a mask of such material and size that conversation could be carried on without any risk to the patient. Unfortunately the art of conversation, if not actually dead, is admittedly moribund, and one hardly hopes nowadays to hear a bright intellectual general conversation carried on. Failing that, a spirited dialogue would do, or even a past-master in monologue will stimulate the flagging spirits of an audience during a tiring afternoon. Some years ago a reporter from the *Daily Ananias* visited the Hospital and saw an operation in Theatre X. From his shorthand notes he contributed an article to his paper, which I reproduce now as a suggestion to other surgeons to follow. And I hope to hear that a new era of brightness will characterise work throughout the theatres.

* * *

“Is she ready, Grylls? Right oh.

“Funny thing happened to me to-day [now then, wake up, young man, and sponge]. I saw a patient who had consulted me about something or other [sponge] five or six years ago, and who had been to see about a

dozen doctors in the meantime for what they called rheumatoid arthritis [*will* you sponge?]. You young gentlemen may be surprised to hear what a lot patients nowadays know about their diseases [it would help so much if you condescended to sponge every now and again.] Why, an old lady the other day cross-examined me for nearly twenty minutes on vaccine-treatment [sponge].

“ Well, about this patient this morning. [I want a yard of silk.] The silly asses had been treating her for the last six months [Did you ever see such a fool? I asked for a yard of silk and this is what he gives me ; I don't know what you fellows are coming to] for the last six months on slops and soda-water. So I said to her [Sponge, if you have no conscientious objection], ‘ Look here, you go on port-wine and champagne for the next six months and come and see me again.’ The fact is the old girl was half-starved. So she said, ‘ Doctor, I came to you ’ [give me a needle threaded with No. 00 silk] ‘ on Lord B.'s recommendation. He had a similar trouble to my own six months ago and you put him on the treatment ’ [What's the use of giving me a great hunk of rope like that? What d'ye say? It's marked No. 00? What's the use of believing such dissemblers as instrument makers and dealers in surgical appliances?] What was I saying? Oh yes, the old girl said Lord B. had had the same treatment and had got as right as rain.

“ Now then, young man, wake up and sponge ; that is, assuming, of course, you have no religious objection. Have you been to that play ‘ An Englishman's Home ’

yet, Grylls? [A piece of gauze, a piece of gauze, a piece of gauze. I want it this afternoon, please; not next year, nor next month, not even next week, but now.]

"I'll come round and take you there this evening [give me a needle threaded with No. 1 silk]; you'll enjoy yourself. [Did you ever see anything so slow? Wake up, the Germans are after you. While you chaps are educating your hind legs instead of your head the country's going to the dogs. What game did you play at Cambridge, Mr. Green—eh? Was it spillikins?]

"I say, what are you chaps going to do about that letter on Hospital treatment in the *Times*? [Phew! what a beastly atmosphere, it makes me feel quite ill]. Are you going to take it lying down? [Mind your eye; I won't take any responsibility.] I think [take it off] I know who wrote it [take it off].

"What do you say? There's another bleeding point? All right, I'm not entirely blind yet. Now, then, keep over your own side of the table: it ain't etiquette to shove me.

"I say, Grylls, that last case must have pretty nearly bust up the Medical Defence [*will* you sponge; and I said *sponge*, not rub; you ain't in a Turkish baths]. That chap what's his name ought to be shot. Another yard of silk—come on, come on; life is short and art is devilish long. Over the portals of your medical school—am I going to get that silk to-day? Come on, give me the needle, I'll thread it myself: I'm old, I'm presbyopic, I've got one foot in the grave, and dash it, I can give you fellows a start.

" I say, Grylls, that was a funny case we were at in Widmouth last Thursday, wasn't it ? [now, then, don't lean on the patient's chest, it isn't an essential part of the entertainment]. Did you notice when the old dame tackled me about her daughter ? [take it off]. She said to me, ' Oh, we're so anxious about dear Jemima, her temperature's 102 to-day.' I said [give me a piece of silk, I'm going to sew up now], ' Madame, I should get anxious if her temperature *wasn't* 102.' You poor young gentlemen think it's easy to manage patients. Don't under-rate your opponents. My goodness, if you knew what you were in for you'd go away and cut your little throats.

" Have you got any eyes at all ? Can't you see the hole I've got to stitch, and you give me a piece of silk like that. What do you say ? I can't hear you. . . . What a beautiful speech ! Why don't you go into Parliament ?

" Now I'll put on the bandage. Lift her up. Of course, don't try to lift her up by the pelvis. You may lift the patient by the hair, by the toe-nails, by the eye-lashes, by the pressure-forceps, but never by the pelvis."

[Long-suffering H.S. revolts. " If we get our hands in the proper position, sir, you say we're in the way of your bandaging, and if we get out of your way we can't lift the patient by the pelvis."]

" If you fellows wasted less time making up excuses you'd do your work better. What's the next case ? "

A.A.A. S.B.H.J., March, 1912.

B. SUBTILIS.

A certain bacillus, who dines upon hay,
Has quite a remarkable humorous way—
With mirth he will frequently fill us ;
It's not of the kind that loud laughter provokes,
The boisterous jest, or the practical hoax,
It's not always easy to follow his jokes—
He is such a subtle bacillus.

The first prize for subtlety—so we are told—
Was given at first to that tempter of old,
The tales of whose cunning still thrill us ;
But the serpent, most subtil of beasts of the field,
Had he known what the microscope since has
revealed,
Would have hastened at once to this rival to yield—
He is such a subtle bacillus.

He's not pathogenic, pathologists say,
His subtlety doesn't affect him that way,
He's no wish to harm or to kill us ;
He did once do harm of a very mild sort—
A conjunctivitis the text books report—
He must have been pulling their leg just for sport,
He is such a subtle bacillus.

He doesn't do much in the blood-curdling line,
He lets the bacillus cadaveris shine

In deeds which unman us and chill us :
Such methods a cheap popularity buy ;
It's not on sensations like that he'll rely ;
No, jests such as follow are more what he'll try,
He is such a subtle bacillus.

The candidates in an exam. he'll confuse
By hiding himself in the cultures they use—

They say : " This will certainly pill us,
We've never seen anything like it before ;
We'll call it an anthrax without any spore ! "
So they do—and are pilled for their pains by the
score.

He is such a subtle bacillus.

And then he will waggishly go and invade
A virulent culture which someone has made
Of germs that attack us and kill us,
And when one makes films, and has stained them
with Gram,

He'll appear on the slide and say : " Guess who I
am ! "

And the bacteriologist *sometimes* * says " Damn !
It's that devilish subtle bacillus."

R. B. P. S.B.H.J., April, 1912.

[*Oh, surely never!—ED.]

"SPLENDIDE MENDAX."

*(On reading accounts of some new remedies
in the medical journals.)*

ANANIAS once was held
Of unrivalled reputation,
As an artist who excelled
In polite prevarication ;
But these published cases bid
Fair to show that moderns lie as
Splendidly as ever did
Ananias !

R. B. P.

DISPENSING WITH A CROWD.

Dispenser.—" Whose paper is this ? "

Very small boy.—" My muvver's."

Disp.—" When she did get it ? "

V.S.B.—" This morning."

Disp.—" Why didn't she come and get her medicine at the proper time, instead of waiting till seven o'clock this evening ? "

V.S.B.—" 'Cause there was such a crowd, so she went home."

Disp.—" Yes, but what do you suppose would happen if everyone did that ? "

V.S.B.—" My muvver would be able to get her medicine in the morning." [He got his medicine.]

S.B.H.J., Feb., 1910.

DIARY OF A NEW DRESSER.

OCTOBER 1st.—A somewhat trying day ; 9 a.m. till 6 p.m. is not quite the life I have been brought up to: Tending the sick poor has theoretical beauties, but in practice it seems to lose some of its glamour when it entails going without lunch. I think I'll try the effect of a luncheon basket if this sort of thing is going on. I made several bold efforts to get lunch this morning, but was unfortunate enough to run into the H.S. every time, and he always brought me back "just to see if the duty room was clear." It never looked like being. I suspect the H.S. He's always "got to go and see a case in the wards," but for my part I haven't yet found a way to the wards by way of the Abernethian room ; also *Punch* and the *Sketch* came out yesterday.

We had some operations this morning. The first man was given gas, and as it seemed interesting I went and had a look ; but the man with the gas-bag was quite short about it when I began to talk to him, and said, "I've beentryingtodotwothingsatoncefortwentyyearsand itcan'tbedoneGotoyourendMoregas," just as if it was one word. So I went, and opened an abscess all over the H.S., who made remarks. Incidentally I cut the super-

ficial circumflex iliac artery, but nobody seemed interested when I told them so. I always understood that the essence of good surgery lay in knowing the tissues that you cut, but the H.S. only growled about "using a scalpel like a carving knife."

I tried a little prescribing to-day. I'd looked up all the funny little squiggles and what the various letters meant, so I thought I couldn't go far wrong. I wrote :

Oct. 1st, 1908.—Hydrarg. Perchlor. grs.v, s.o.s.
and gave it to the man. I told him to come back in a week, but he came back much sooner, and a dispenser man with him, grinning rather idiotically I thought. He and the H.S. agreed that they hadn't at present met the occasion for which five-grain doses of Hydrarg. Perchlor. were suitable. I think that the dispenser might show a little more judgment and initiative ; my meaning was clear enough.

There was a man brought in to-day splendidly drunk ; he fought quite pluckily in spite of three policemen. I thought that against such odds submission would have been quite justifiable. A porter came in with a battery, and the H.S. said he'd "try and quieten him." The result was not quite according to anticipation. The policemen seemed suddenly to grow tired and let go, while the "votary of Bacchus" picked off the H.S. with considerable precision on the angle of the jaw. The H.S. has a wonderful command of language for an emergency. I smothered my mirth in a hot fomentation. The manifold uses to which these last may be put is really surprising.

Afterwards there was more ambulance, policemen,

and a stretcher, and a man looking rather more drunk than the man before, and breathing like a Marathon winner. As the battery was still handy I asked if we should use it again, hoping to have the pleasure of seeing the H.S. made symmetrical. I considered his remarks about the necessity of experience in the differential diagnosis of intoxication and intracranial disease a little uncalled for. Experience did not seem to have taught *him* much about calculating the relative strength of three constables and one drunk man under the stimulus of the common battery ; but, wisely I think, I kept this reflection to myself. While, as for experience, the market price of that Junior H.S. is sixteen pence per diem and feed yourself. Why, a charwoman gets at least two shillings and her dinner given in !

Late on in the afternoon, when more fortunate mortals might have been indulging in tea, we had an " emergency." This necessitates the presence of one Visiting Surgeon, one House Surgeon (senior, at four and six a day), one sister, three nurses, two porters, and a man to " do ligatures," which last position fell to myself. Threading a needle is not easy at the best of times, neither is it a manly pursuit, but clothed in rubber gloves, in size suitable for an elephant, the element of luck becomes very much too prominent. The same element of luck plays no small part when dealing out instruments whose existence has not been imagined in one's wildest dreams. In the present instance my efforts to persuade my revered surgeon to make an incision with a Volkmann's spoon, and to sew with a pair of

scissors, proved unavailing ; but I may have more fortune another time.

There are rumours of hardy individuals who spend their evenings reading in a text-book of the cases seen that day. As I calculate to have seen this day many hundreds of cases, and know not the name of so much as one, I prefer rather to squander my wealth on an alarum clock, by whose aid I may reach the Hospital at the unhallowed hour of nine ; also a convenient packet of meat lozenges, so as to soothe the pangs of hunger.

K. P. *S.B.H.J.*, *October*, 1908.

THE BATTLE OF FURUNCULUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR TWENTY-ONE OF THE
CONSTITUTION.

STAPHYLOCOCCUS Aureus,
By Gram and Koch he swore
He would invade new regions
Unconquered heretofore,
By Gram and Koch he swore it—
To take a patient's life,
And called the Cocci, young and old,
From all his colonies of gold
To aid him in the strife.

Loud rang the warning toxins,
And flashed the summons forth
On the distant slopes of Agar
And the turbid seas of Broth ;
The Cocci clustered thickly
From far off lands and labs.,
Cocci of ancient culture came,
To come by Tube they thought no shame,
But others of a fiercer fame
Drove up in acne scabs.

The septic hosts of Cocci
Advanced in serried ranks,
They marched upon the Blood Stream,
And camped upon its banks ;
Forth flew the watchful blood-cells
Crying in wild turmoil :
“ Staphylococcus Aureus
“ Has come and raised a boil ! ”

Far down the purple current
Was borne the direful shout—
The polymorpho-nuclears
And lymphocytes rush out ;
Shame on the Eosinophile,
Who comes not forth to foil
The deadly Golden Coccus
At the Battle of the Boil !

And fiercely raged the conflict,
And thick lay strewn the dead ;
The Battle of Furunculus
Was coming to a head !
The pale and lifeless pus cells
In scores were borne away,
But not a single Coccus
Survived that bloody fray.

Staphylococcus Aureus
Still wields his golden chain,
Where falling in the central slough
His friends around lie slain ;

Surrounded and outnumbered
Still valiantly he fights—
He sees his tawny hosts grow less,
He sees the battle's hopelessness,
Yet ever through the Yellow Press
Defies the leucocytes.

Staphylococcus Aureus
Has fallen in the fray,
Upon a martial coverslip
They bore his corpse away—
Lying in state in Canada
Embalmed he long remained,
For though he dyed Gram positive
His honour was unstained.

And still at festive seasons,
When the blood is really stirred,
Before the full post-prandial rise
Of white cells has occurred,
When the phagocytes sit waiting
With platelets undersized
For the evening meal of microbes
Which is being opsonized ;

When the trembling Eosinophile
That wrought the deed of shame,
Immune from fresh invasion
Comes forth his share to claim,

And talks of Staphylococcus,
And mocks his ancient fame
(For now the Yellow Peril
Is nothing but a name).

Some old and hoary leucocyte.
Who finds he's in the vein,
Will tell the well-known story
Of his battles once again ;
While blood cells sit in rouleaux round
To hear the tale re-told
Of the battle of Furunculus
In the brave days of old.

R.B.P. S.B.H.J., Oct., 1909.

BACTERIAL BALANCE.*

WHEN the May and the June baby had got well acquainted, they exchanged confidences.

"My milk comes from a certified cow," said the May baby.

"So does mine," said the June baby.

"It is milked by a man in a white suit, with sterilized hands, through absorbent cotton wool, and kept at a temperature of 45 degrees."

"So is mine."

"It is brought to me in a prophylactic wagon, drawn by a modified horse."

"So is mine."

"Then how in thunder do you manage to be so fat and well?"

The June baby winked slyly.

"I chew old paper and the corners of rugs and anything I can find that is dirty, and in that way I manage to maintain the bacterial balance which is essential to health," he said, chuckling.

The May baby laughed loud and long.

"So do I," said he.

* We make no apology for reproducing this story at third hand, but express our indebtedness to the *Medical Standard* and the *British Journal of Nursing*.—EDITOR.

THE ADVANCE OF ALCHEMY.

IN TWO STAGES.

ANCIENT.

For to cure ye Scurvy.

*Tayke of ye hayre of a redde-tayled hound,
Eye of a ratte yt is three weekes drown'd;
Juice of ye hellebore pickt in June
By a one-legged man in ye light of ye moone;
Leaf of ye henbane, eare of a bat,
Foote of a toade from a dead man's hatte;
Halfe of an eartheworwe, tayle of a snayke
Kill'd in ye darke with a greene elm stake:
Seethe in a cauldron cleane and brighte,
Boyle for an hour on a Friday nighte,
Stir with a stick from a churchyard yew
Yt has beaten ye back of a three-toothed Jew.
To be drunke a' midnichte with ye lefte hande;
herein is eno' for xii persons.*

AND

MODERN.

The Przmbgnzanszki-Zut Reaction.

Take 10 ccs. of the serum of a Greenland whale, which has been harpooned by a Scotchman, and heat to

32.65°C. at a pressure of 32 lbs. to sq. in. To this add 10,000,000 lymphocytes of a tubercular frog. Incubate for 48 hours at 37°C. Prepare a second tube containing 5ccs. of the cerebro-spinal fluid of a cab-horse from Northern Hackney, which has had repeated injections (m. v) of hydroxy-amino-ethyl-diamido-ortho- β -phenyl-oxybutyric acid. Incubate under similar conditions with .5 ccs. of a suspension of *B. coli* from a pneumonic rat.

Mix the contents of the two tubes and add the serum of the patient to be investigated. A positive reaction, *i.e.*, agglutination of the *B. coli* and the formation of a green fluorescent ring of Barium oxy-butyl-ortho-phenate, will indicate the presence of pseudo-fibrillary enlargement of the pituitary body.

A. B. P. S., *Aug.*, 1911.

ORIGINAL RESEARCHES IN BACTERIOLOGY.

LECTURE.

FOR some years I have been engaged in studying the various bacteria and micrococci which abound in, and infest the Royal and Ancient Hospital of St. Bartholomew. I divide these germs roughly into three great divisions :—

1. *Bacillus noscomii communis*, very common.
2. *Shecocci*, fairly numerous.
3. *Saprophytes* and *parasites*.

I will first tell you of my researches, successes, and failures with regard to the *B. noscomii*.

There are three varieties of this class, but I believe them to be higher growths of one another. The lowest, or primary, form is known as the *B. dresseri*, and is neither virulent nor pyogenous. I have found it quite easy to obtain cultures, and they grow best on a medium of kindness. They are found in great numbers in the so-called surgical wards. They develop slowly, but are capable of attaining a fine growth.

Under observation their movements are slow, but they can be excited into quicker motion by the introduction of a *Sistococcus*.

When grown in large quantities these bacilli have a distinctly blue tinge, but at the beginning of their career are green in appearance and habits. They have a strong reaction to work, grow in pairs, strings, and

clusters, and are very thickly collected around the fountain.

A more developed growth of this bacillus is the *B. housesurgeonensis* or *B. housephysicianicus*. These are very interesting from a pathological point of view, as illustrating the progress of self-assertion. I find that these bacilli grow rapidly on a culture medium of firmness and respect, 1—20. It is apt to grow too large for its surroundings, and has not the timidity of *B. dresserius*. It has a distinct reaction to sarcasm, and is of nocturnal habits. These bacilli are apt to conceal themselves on very slight provocation, and it is then tedious to unearth them.

I now propose to bring to your notice the highest of these growths, the *B. staffius*. It is rarer than the foregoing, and is difficult to cultivate owing to its isolated and arrogant habits. It is rapid and erratic in its movements, and grows in an atmosphere of servility. There is one of these bacilli which is very amenable, and is large and slow in its movements. Another is very virulent, and has an acid reaction on the two inferior bacilli. This moves rapidly, and is difficult to observe. Others are short and blunt.

I purpose, next, to demonstrate upon the *Shcocci*, with the varieties of this class. It is one of the most difficult to study owing to its elusive nature and uncertain habits.

Its lowest or primary form is the *Prococcus*, which is difficult to grow except on a culture medium of pure kindness and tact. It is apt to set up local annoyance, but as a rule it is a rapidly moving creature. It is

found in the regions of sinks and brasses, and does not flourish in the Square.

The *Striptococcus* is a more advanced growth, and is difficult to cultivate owing to its wary habits. I have grown it without difficulty on a medium of frontwardz, but was most unsuccessful when I endeavoured to grow it on examtime.

The *Bluebeltococcus* is the glorified growth of the *Striptococcus*. It has an affinity for the *Prococcus*, and may be seen darting hither and thither in search of the latter. It is capable of becoming virulent, and must be treated carefully. It grows in an atmosphere of respect, and develops dignity with rapidity. As a rule it grows in pairs. It is found in the theatre in a more sterile setting, and appears to thrive.

The *Sistococcus* is a large, sometimes virulent, germ which grows on a culture medium of diplomacy. It is a rare germ, and, as a rule, one only is found in each ward. It has an irritating effect on *B. dresserius* and pursues it rapidly. Its effect on the *Prococcus* varies, one very virulent species reduces the *Prococcus* to liquefaction. It is of a deep blue colour and hides in cells off the ward. It is then difficult to dislodge.

Lastly, I intend to give you a short description of the various Bacteria which come under the title of Saprophytes and Parasites. These are of many classes, but first and foremost comes the *B. patiens*. It is found freely all over the Hospital, and grows best on good dirt. It does well on D.C., but, if perfect specimens are required, it must be grown on beer or gin. These germs vary in size and movements, and are of the

male and female sex. Their habits are not pleasing to the eye, but are of great interest pathologically. They shun soap and water in every form, and have a decided reaction to fresh air. They do not ever show any desire to emigrate to the "theatres," and at times it is difficult to collect them there.

The *B. scrubberosus* is a virulent pyogenous bacillus, and is fortunately not indigenous to the Hospital. It grows on leavings and old garments, and has an uncleanly appearance. I grew one very good isolated specimen on a culture medium of gin. It is a remote germ, and opens up a new field of exploration. It is never found until fully developed and fairly aged. It does not appear to have been seen by anyone in its primary stages, but I have no doubt whatever that more searching and systematic examinations of slum tissues will in time reveal the presence of these Bacteria in their primary stages.

The *B. porterius* is one of the most useful of these organisms, and is quite easily obtained for culture. It has an unusual appearance, there being divers bright shining spots on its outer surface. Doubtless these are spores.

There are many other germs, but I will not enter into any details about them, as I have not enough material at hand.

To obtain any of these bacilli for culture requires thorough care and tact, as they are all more or less troublesome if not treated properly.

ANON. *S.B.H.J.*, July, 1904.

RUDE RUBÁIYÁT

AWAKE ! for Sister, standing on a Chair,
Says, " Nine o'clock ; no talking over there ! "

And Mr. Watkins' eagle Eye has marked
The absent Dresser dawdling in the Square.

Here with a Scrap of Lint, cut two-fold thick ;
A Flask of Stuff, and " One, two, three," from Dick,
Beside me, watching the Phenomena ;
And lo ! the Patient's under in a Tick !

The Pill no Question makes of Eyes or Nose,
But Right or Left, as twists the Colon, goes ;
And what's the Fizzy Drink to take next Morn ?
I know its name, *you* know—Eno's, Eno's.

And thou, delightful Draught, whose soft caress
Relieves the Old Wives' flatulent Distress ;
Ah ! Gent. cum Rheo, comforting and brown,
Your Pæans rise to Heaven, t.d.s. !

There was a Dream of Doctor's Gown some Day ;
There was a Hope of F.R.C.S., say ;
Some little Talk at Home of Me, M.B.
There seemed—and then (with Luck) an L.S.A.

N. G. H. S.B.H.J., *December*, 1906.

THE POETASTER'S PROTEST.

[Dr. CL*y* SH*w, the eminent lunacy expert, in a lecture at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, stated that writing in rhyme may be a sign of incipient insanity.]

CL*y* SH*w, your knowledge of the sane condition
I would not for a moment seem to doubt,
But there's one point, which, with your kind permission,
I'd like to have a talk with you about.
It cannot, I feel sure, be your intention
To vex the poet's mind at any time,
But as a sign of lunacy you mention
The tendency to write and speak in rhyme.

The thing has been remarked before, I know it ;
I think 'twas Shakespeare first observed the fact—
" The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
" Are of imagination all compact ; "
But this was never seriously intended,
For Will would always have his little joke !
And I, on whom his mantle has descended,
Cannot admit the truth of what he spoke.

The attitude of friends is not consoling,
They take your view of matters in the main ;
They see my " eye in a fine frenzy rolling,"
And put it down to Water on the Brain ;

And when I seek to give "to airy nothings
"A local habitation and a name,"
They see my spirit's agonising frothings,
And think Delirium Tremens is to blame.

Sometimes I rise to heights of inspiration,
To noble thought in lofty language dressed,
'Tis then I hear the base insinuation,
Which says my upper centres are depressed ;
My verse which is, in spite of all detraction,
Quite unsurpassed by Shakespeare in his prime,
Is all attributed to Reflex Action,
Which makes the poetaster write in rhyme.

If fired with righteous wrath I ever venture
Sublime in thundering periods to rage,
I'm told I suffer from acute dementia—
The late maniacal expansive stage ;
Or if "a woeful ballad," fraught with passion,
Made to my "mistress' eyebrows," I relate,
Since your remarks, it seems to be the fashion
To say I'm in the melancholic state.

The accuracy of your observation
In this respect I totally deny !
My brain shows no advanced degeneration,
No softening of the cortex cerebri ;
My history of potus must be ?,
Of morphia I've never had a grain,
Nor do I think that any toxic theory
This morbid state of rhyming will explain.

Cl*y* Sh*w, I hope I've spoken quite discreetly ;
This talk will not have been a waste of time,
If you will only modify completely
Your views on the Pathology of Rhyme ;
For rhymes are not produced by lower centres,
The " upper platforms " being out of joint,
They need the subtle brains of skilled inventors—
These verses prove conclusively that point.

R. B. P. *S.B.H.J.*, July, 1907.

THE SIXTH CHRONICLE OF CHRISTOPHER.

ON HYGIENE.

THE constant, monotonous and unrelieved contemplation of diseased humanity is liable to engender an undesirable morbidity in medical students, which I have always advised to be counteracted as much as possible by application to secular interests in their leisure hours. Accordingly, as Philbrick and I lounged in the Square at about 1.30, basking in the unaccustomed luxury of a half-holiday (our chief had abandoned his "full-day" for a professional visit into the country), we debated the rival attractions of a stroll up West, a visit to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a *matinée* at the Gaiety.

The god out of the machine to decide our discussion turned out to be the then senior surgeon of the Hospital picking his way elegantly across the Square to his wards, followed by his little band of zealots. With remarkably swift determination we agreed to take a bus-man's holiday and we joined his train.

We were charmed with our new friend. He had not the preciseness of our own chief, nor his wealth of anecdote and aphorism, but the practical aspect of all his teachings we very soon learnt to admire. He had shown us how to floor a malingering chauffeur; at my special request he had described in detail his method for performing an operation upon a region of the body for which

he had required an international reputation ; and then, after gazing for some minutes apparently into space, he retired to the fire-place, as we had now discovered was his wont, and remained buried in reverie. We remained silent and at a respectful distance.

“ Why does a bird go to sleep with its head under its wing ? ”

With this extraordinary and apparently irrelevant question the surgeon broke the silence.

As soon as we had recovered from our surprise we occupied ourselves in elaborating answers which should be satisfactory, or, failing that, specious. The big man in the Hawks' tie opened fire. He said that he had no doubt it adopted this precaution to keep its head warm. I did not like this explanation. I remembered that my maternal grandfather (he was not a doctor, but nevertheless a man of great sagacity) had very early in my life impressed upon me the importance of keeping your feet warm and your head cool in bed ; and although avian requirements might not necessarily correspond to grand-paternal prejudices, I thought I was quite safe to demolish the hypothesis of the big man in the Hawks' tie. As an alternative I suggested that it was to keep out the light and not the cold, which determined the phenomenon to which Mr. Gruyys had referred. Other explanations given were so unsatisfactory that I need not mention them.

Mr. Gruyys smiled and nodded his head, but did not appear satisfied. “ I was stimulated to ask that question by a contemplation of the baby asleep in the cot over there,” he said at last. “ You will observe that

he has his little head tucked well in under the bed-clothes, quite apart from any prejudices which Sister or the nurses may have to the contrary. Regarding, I think legitimately, a baby as representing the human being as nearly as possible in the primitive animal condition, I am reminded that he is only following the lead of other animals in Nature—a bird when it sleeps tucks its head under its wing, a dog similarly stuffs its head between its hind-legs ; and I think they all do so, not to keep the head warm, nor to exclude the light, but, being natural and sensible, to exclude the air.

“ It has often seemed to me that our modern ideas of hygiene may not be directed along the right lines, may not be in the best interests of the race, and that some of our degeneracy may be a direct consequence of this mistake masquerading under the guise of science. Go into the country and you will find that in the bedrooms not only are the windows kept permanently fastened, but that if there is the smallest cranny through which air might pass it is stuffed up with an old stocking or something of the sort ; in fact, every opening, hole, chink, cleft, or fissure which might admit air is rigidly occluded. And the inhabitants live to a good old age. You may remember that your grandparents [Was not this a poetic retort unconsciously applied to me ?], wise in their generation, when they retired to rest not only bolted the door and windows, but pulled around themselves a pair of heavy curtains still further to exclude the air.

“ We talk a lot about the value of fresh air and oxygen, but what does it mean ? You sleep at night with win-

dows wide open and you wake up fresh and think you must be better ; but are you better ? You take some champagne and it bucks you up, but actually you are no better for it. In the day time, breathe in all the air you can, but at night let your metabolism be slowed down by excluding the oxygen which is burning you up, and you may thus have many more years of life—but you mustn't tell your examiners all this."

" Mr. Gruyps, Mr. Gruyps," I cried, " but we keep consumptives perpetually in the open air ; we hope by this means to combat the fell disease. How does this consort with your theory ? "

He turned upon me like a flash, but he replied very slowly. " I am no monster," said he, " nor have I any desire to appear as such ; but does it not appeal to you that the phthisical may be undesirable members of the community, and we adopt this means to exterminate them ? "

I was beaten, but I had one shaft left. " Mr. Gruyps," I asked, " do *you* sleep with your windows open ? "

His lips trembled for a moment, but he did not speak. He smiled—what might be termed a cryptic smile—and passed on.

A.A.A. S.B.H.J., *October*, 1911.

VALE

To find a new subject for writing a dirge on
Has cost me no end of poetical throes,
But now that we're losing our Senior Surgeon—
Here goes.

Oh, would I could warble like Signor Caruso,
To celebrate him in a sonorous chant,
But as I'm entirely unable to do so—
I shan't.

Oh! had I the silvery tongue of an Asquith,
To trot out my tribute in trumpet-like tone!
For eloquence is an impossible task with
My own.

The rhyming facility, too, of an Austin,
How sadly I feel that I need it sometimes ;
At present I fear that my meaning gets lost in
My rhymes.

Some surgical skill in the writer's possession
Is almost, I think, a necessity too,
In dealing with one who adorns that profession.
Don't you ?

Now I, for my self shouldn't dream of aspiring
The whole of these qualifications to claim,
Nor is there a chance of my ever acquiring
The same.

So I'll give up my project of writing a dirge on
His leaving, admitting for once that I'm stuck,
And merely will say to our Senior Surgeon—
Good luck !

R. B. P.

[An apology, or at least an explanation, may be expected for the inclusion of the following in a publication in the lighter vein. It appeared as an original contribution in the *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal* some nine years ago. So many requests have been made from time to time that it should be reprinted that we are glad to take this opportunity of making it public once more.]

MORSQUE MINUS POENAE, QUAM MORA
MORTIS, HABET.

(EPISTLE OF ARIADNE TO THESEUS.)

Friend and physician in yon little case,
So poorly hidden in your palm, abides
That sweet and sleepy essence of the East,
The master-key of Peace, the which who wields
Is lord of death ; yet, incompassionate,
Though angry Pity, vocal in your eyes,
Cry " shame " upon your halting, yet you halt,
For fear 't should bate my span of years one hour !
An hour of pangs, an hour whose every tick,
Here in my valley of the shadow, marks
An age of death lived out ! Oh ! you are hard
To see me thus, and leave me still denied !

Behold the price of Reason, Will, and all
Our vaunted barriers 'twixt the beast and man,
That I must pray, and beat my breast in vain,
For what creation's every meanest child
Were granted unbesought ! Had you a dog,
So ground beneath this burden of the flesh,

Your ready hand would yield, I dare be sworn,
The boon unasked ; but I must writhe and pant,
And see my candle slowly guttered out,
For that I am a man ! 'Twere better then
To want this god-like empery of speech,
And turn to brute again.

Heard I aright ?

“ A greater risk ! ” There is no danger, friend,
When what we risk lacks, manifold, the price
Of seaside pebbles idly tossed away.
Talk not of risk. Is not my life mine own ?
Say it be God's, at least 'twere given me ;
And shall a man continue on his hand
The ring that eats his altered finger through,
Because 'twas given him ?

O fearful soul,

Think which were better, that I go to God
Lapped up in happy memories and peace,
Or, like a felon damned, agape to curse
This monstrous interval 'twixt doom and death.

TERTIUS. *S.B.H.J., June, 1903.*

L'ENVOI.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

WHEN Nurse's last brass work is polished,
And the patients are washed and right,
When the last bit of work is ended,
And Sister has turned out the light,
They may rest, and, by Jove, they need it,
Lie down for an hour or two,
Till the Matron of all Bart.'s nurses
Shall set them to work anew.

And those who work hard get rewarded,
A neat blue belt they shall wear ;
They shall order a pro. " fetch and carry,"
With a fine superior air ;
They shall find good sisters to copy,
Like Matthew and Henry and John ;
They shall work all day for a pittance,
And seldom get much further on.

And all the patients shall praise them,
And only the Matron shall blame,
And none of them get much money,
And few of them get any fame ;
But if for the pleasure of working,
Each in her different way
Does her own task as she ought to,
She will get her reward some day.

ANON.

