The Speculum

THE JOURNAL OF THE
MELBOURNE MEDICAL STUDENTS' SOCIETY.

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and at 281 George Street, Sydney.
A review of the progress made during the last few years towards a more satisfactory state of affairs in the Medical Course, shows that much can be done by the students themselves, in securing what have been to them for a long time, obvious and necessary changes. And, while we have the help and far-sighted sympathy of Professor Allen, it shows what can be done in the future.

The eternal prejudice against the alteration of even the most glaringly stupid arrangements, seems, unfortunately, to be particularly prevalent among those who have the management of Hospital matters. The academical atmosphere is choked with the dust of hoary traditions. And while the Medical Course must of necessity be more progressive than others on the classical side, those who have fought for the new curriculum are to be congratulated on having overcome this conservative obstacle. There is a black-and-white by Norman Lindsay which should be hung in every University Board room. It shows a man being hounded down by a crowd of ghostly figures with hands reaching for his coat-tails. It is called "My Ancestors." Without much stretching of imagination, it might be taken to represent the relation of established custom, which "has done well enough for twenty years," to progress, so far as Universities are concerned.
For what has been done, and to those who have done it, we are thankful. The new conditions should prove as far in advance of the old as antiseptic surgery does to the methods of the time when instruments not showing the stains of previous work, were thought to be the sign of a beginner.

It is particularly gratifying to know that these changes have come largely through the students. Those who do a course should be given credit for wanting to make it offer the facilities for an efficient training; and their suggestions should be treated seriously. In the future it is from them that most is to be hoped. Things do not end with improvement, and a progressive policy should make the Melbourne course one of the finest in the world.

In regard to the question of the need of improvement in the general part of our clinical work, we must admit that in spite of the recognition by the Faculty of St. Vincent's and the Alfred, there is still much that ought to be done. We have spent much energy in the past in attempting to incite Honorary to take up a regular and efficient system of bedside instruction, with only limited success. In this direction our hands are largely tied. Whether or not our Honorary realises his responsibility to his students, is more or less a matter of his individuality. But in another direction it is to be hoped that our efforts may produce more gratifying results. We refer to the proposal to establish a system of student residencies in the general hospitals, much as obtains at the Women's. Three weeks' residence at a general hospital, for the purpose of attending to emergency work, would do much towards making a now almost neglected section of our studies rest on a rational and practical basis. Fractures, dislocations and the like would largely cease to be the nightmare of the fifth year man; and the training obtained would be a very valuable asset in after practice.

But nothing in this or any other direction will be done without the co-operation and determination of the students.

The old still waters ran very deep—into a groove.

"Le roi est mort, vive le roi."

In a magazine such as the Speculum it must necessarily occur that the Editor goes and another takes his place; and this is as it should be, for only one who is living the student life can appreciate the student difficulties and catch the student tone. But we cater for the larger circle of life-students of medicine, and it is necessary to remind them at this opportune juncture of two facts.
First, that many of the "re-hatches" of which they complain are as new to the vast majority of our readers to-day as they were when they appeared under the guise of "new" twenty years ago. And secondly, that the past-students of to-day do practically nothing to enhance the magazine which some of them criticise. We know their time is of value—their contributions would be correspondingly appreciated. But what are we to say to the apathetic body of students doing their course now? Why do they persist in withholding their contributions? Says one man when "stuck-up" for an article: "Oh, I've nothing to write about." Just observe that same man at lunch time recounting to a whole table-full of fellows the humorous events of the morning's histology class.

"Oh, but," he continues, "I can't put it into decent language!"

Well, my dear chap, the sooner you learn to write what you think and know in such form as will best appeal to at least one reader, the sooner you will pass your exams., and the better preparation you will have for that monologue or treatise which is the ambition of many a graduate who too often bemoans his neglected opportunities years after, when it is too late. Go into the Medical section of our own or any Public Library and pick up most of the books on "Specials." How often will you find your author, capable and well-informed, but so diffuse, involved, and almost illiterate, that the book displeases and even disgusts you, and you lay it down as being waste of time?

"Morituri te salutamus;" and in departing we wish to thank those who have so loyally helped us, few though they be, as well as though who have so cheerfully borne with us, and their name is legion. May we venture to hope that our successor will meet with so much more encouragement, especially from the junior years, that the Speculum may be able to maintain and even surpass the honourable reputation it has maintained in the past.

E. L. Giblin.

Notes and Comments.

The M.S.S. has decided to spend £75 on the establishment of the beginnings of hospital libraries. £40 is to go to the Melbourne, £20 to St. Vincent's, and £15 to the Alfred. Some of the books for St. Vincent's are already bought; and those for the others will be as soon as the respective committees can
be stirred up to provide the necessary accommodation. Honoraries, and others with more spare cash than we have, are not debarred from donating either books or money towards this project.

We have to thank Drs. Lewers, McArthur, and Murray Morton for especially liberal gifts of books to the St. Vincent's library.

Once upon a time we asked the Melbourne Hospital people to provide us with a gas-ring for the benefit of those who have their lunch in the students' room. The request was "received." Then there was a special meeting called, who submitted the matter to a sub-committee, who wrote much babble and wasted more gas than would have been needed to keep the ring alight for six months. Finally, they decided we didn't want the ring for boiling water, but only to throw at each other or something of the kind. Comment seems superfluous.

We congratulate the new Residents at the three hospitals on the winning of their positions, and wish them all success. We are also glad to have Drs. Newton and Hurley back with us at the Melbourne. Between them they should solve all this registrar humbug that has been so conscientiously bothering us for so long.

It's good-bye to Dr. "Billy" Wilson. Soon, we suppose, it will be good-bye to another member of the staff, who happens to be of the female persuasion.

While we are on the subject of our "sweet sorrows," we wish Colonel Ryan a first-rate holiday and a not-too-long-delayed return. It is semi-officially stated that the Colonel, in his capacity of Consul, represents his Imperial Nibs the great Panjandrum of Turkey, will investigate the inner workings of the harem skirt while away.

In this issue we publish a copy of the rules of the M.S.S. as recently revised and made to suit present requirements. These will be read by some and taken for granted by others. We would, however, specially recommend to the notice of members rules 13 and 14, which contrary to precedent, your Committee intends to carry into effect in future.

The present view of the Faculty as to the relative importance to us of Eye and Ear and Children's work appears to emanate from a hypertrophied opinion of the value of the former. From the standpoint of an efficient training, child-
ren's work is, without doubt, of only secondary consequence to the General and Women's branches; while Eye and Ear affections have long, and rightly, passed into the hands of specialists. Admitting that a working knowledge of Eye and Ear diseases is an asset to a general practitioner, we still find it impossible to see the raison d'être of the existing conditions. We are forced to make twelve attendances, extending over a period of twelve weeks at the Eye and Ear Hospital; while we have only the opportunity of attending twice a week for six weeks at the Children's Hospital, for tutorial instruction.

It is often impossible to apply the principles of general medicine to children's disorders, and we are strongly of opinion that the course is deficient in this respect. Feeling that the students are unanimous in the desire for a re-adjustment, so that we shall in the future have twice the amount of children's and half the amount of Eye and Ear work now prescribed in the regulations, we can only hope that the Faculty will give every consideration to the proposed change.

There's good and bad in all countries, is an old saying, which was admirably exemplified in the hiring of the lorries for the students' procession.

The original contractor made out he was doing the Alfred Hospital a favour when he agreed with the Hospital Secretary to supply lorries at over a pound a-piece. Very definite orders were given for in all seventeen lorries to be at certain places at various times. None were up to time, and some lorries ordered for 9 a.m. did not arrive till 5.45 p.m. Three were sent back as being no use, and more 'would have been similarly treated if the M.S.S. Committee could have got them as they arrived.

The other side of the affair was the direct opposite. Mr. George Stuckey, a once noted cricketer, sent of his own accord a lorry at about 4 p.m., to know if it would be any use. It was grabbed like a street urchin grabs the dropped sprat and immediately a group was at work putting up a tableau. In desperation when the other lorries were not arriving, the Committee rang up Mr. Stuckey and told him how they were situated. His reply was prompt. "There's a lorry unloading wood at Trinity. You'll get that if you hurry. I'll also go up to the stables and see what else I can do." He managed to have in all four lorries, and thus saved the situation. These lorries, with what were hired off the street from hawkers, etc., enabled the medical students to turn out the biggest
number of tableaux—ten in all—that has ever come from the Medical School in any fancy dress procession. Mr. Stuckey deserves the sincerest thanks, not only of the M.S.S., but of all directly or indirectly concerned in the procession.

---

**Springy.**

Och, Springy, an’ shure ye’ve a wonderful way wid ye, All the old chronics are anxious to stay wid ye, Even "the Colony" bromides to play wid ye, Ye've such a way wid ye, Springy avick!

Here’s a hilth to ye, Springy, an’ thin— Clinic an’ clinic an’ clinic agin, Use the monaural an’ dose ‘em wid chloral, An’ tickle extremities up wid a pin!

Divil a bit do ye care when the lads an’ all Come with their radical changes an’ fads an’ all, Ye were the dochter who physiced their dads an’ all— To Hell wid their fads an’ all, Springy, ye say.

Here’s a health to ye, Springy, an’ here’s To Koch’s old syringe an’ its twenty odd years, Thruel an’ it leaks a bit, splutters an’ squeaks a bit, But ye’ll wait till the day when its rival appears.

Shure they’ll be makin’ ye any fine day for us Professor, begorra, an’ thin they can say for us— Hiven defend us an’ all the saints pray for us!— No traps he’ll lay for us, Springy, bedad.

An’ here’s a hilth to ye, Springy, an’ whin Ye’re a Professor we’ll drink it agin, Faith, but we’ll celebrate, Springy, an’ get in late, Ivery one of us full to the chin.

Ach, ye’ve a wonderful scheme of “ub-ip,” arrah! (Nothin’ to do with the vulgar “pip-pip,” arrah!) Niver a one of us doubts ye, hip, hip, hoorah! But who hears “ub-ip”? arrah, niver a one!

But here’s a hilth to ye, Springy, an’ if A double heart murmur ye hear as “fuff-iff,” Any young Divil can snicker an’ snivel, An’ most of us drivel; so don’t let us tiff!

*The Wan Smile.*
Notice in Regard to Payment of M.S.S. Subscriptions.

The attention of first year students is more particularly directed to the following:

The annual subscription to the Society is five shillings. The advantage of membership are briefly mentioned in the Revised Rules. They include the right to use the rooms, library, Hospital libraries and other property of the Society; with the issue of a copy of the Speculum in May, August, and November of each year.

Of more importance is the fact that in the arrangement of groups for the Special Hospitals during the fourth and fifth years, preference will always be given to financial members; and no student who has not paid his subscriptions in each of the preceding years will be allowed to attend at special hospital work until all financial members have completed the same. Further, in regard to extern midwifery work, which is arranged entirely by the M.S.S., no unfinancial member will be allowed the privilege of the practice and experience gained in this department.

Any student wishing to become a financial member during the later years of his course will be required to pay all arrears of subscriptions before the privileges of the Society may be extended to him.

First year men are therefore urged for their own sakes to join at once. Every man standing out from membership represents so much less efficiency in the working of the Society.

Five shillings now will save five years of trouble.

For the Committee.

The Editor.

A Rubaiyat of Dissection.

Awake! Arise! Arouse, you budding med.,
The morn long broken finds you still abed;
The milkman long has passed the garden gate,
And you should be ere this among the dead.

The corpse upstairs upon the table waits,
His soul ere this has jumped the golden gates;
Still you adorn your stomach with a meal,
While his old meat grows colder on the slates.
I did agree with someone when he said,  
"The corpse grows fat that gets its daily "bread";  
I ponder on the problem of to-day—  
Why does the man who dies continue dead?  

Oh, stop the yap! what boots it to repeat,  
We are no other than the things we eat;  
I still can add a word to this debate?  
The body dead is for dissection meet.  

This bloke is dead; his body as a whole  
Is now dismembered; he is up the pole;  
His heart's no longer in the counter-lunch—  
We keep it here securely in a bowl.  

The pulse that once bumped out its sixty-nine  
Is stumped at last, as will be yours and mine;  
The hand that turned the "wrong 'un" from the off  
Now yields a smell of formalin and brine.  

He keeps his eyes no longer on the calf  
Of that fair lass whose biped distal half  
Will rouse the curiosity of man,  
And wear the trouser skirts to make him laugh.  

Instead his eyes are here upon the floor;  
He ne'er again will see you to the door;  
His palm still shapes as if to catch the bob  
That greets the greasy waiter, _Au revoir._  

Dudley—the Gynaecologist, no relation to our sporting Gov-
ernor—states that he places ½ a grain of calomel on the back  
of the tongue, every ½ hour, till the bowels open.  
Like a penny in the slot musical box, isn't it?  

Also, in the treatment of shock he _throws_ a pint of saline  
into the bowel every 4 hours.  

_Vide_ Mr. Heath Robinson's "Little Games for the Holidays,"  
No. I, "Bouncing the Beecham."  

We suggest as additions:—Pitching the Pint, Shying the  
Saline, and Shifting the Shock.
An Interview with the "Kernel."

The warm firelight vied with the incandescent gas in producing weird shadows of the many trophies adorning the "Kernel's" sanctum as we awaited his entry. Trophies of travel as well as of travail, for his career was a very chequered one before it was chequed.

"Arma virumque," we unconsciously muttered, as the cheery voice—audible hundreds of feet away—greeted the maid's information that the Speculum interviewer had arrived.

His massive face and kindly eye lit up as he shook our hands.

"No," he heplied, "not busy to-night. I have an amputation at the hip and a hysterectomy at 8.30, but nothing important. This is my off night, if you understand me."

Settling himself comfortably in an arm-chair, he pulled out his pipe, for he is a conservative in all things but surgery, and smiling encouragingly at us, inquired in his detonating manner,

"My good fellow, what can I do for you?"

"A few reminiscences of early days would be acceptable, Doctor," we ventured to suggest.

"Call me Cherlie, or call me Ryan, but Doctor be——!"

Pulling his military moustaches violently for a few seconds as though to see if they were coming out, he began:

"The fact that I am an Irishman is evident more from what I say than from how I say it, and being so fortunately born in Australia, only my worst enemies forget it."
In all probability I had measles, mumps and molasses in my childhood, as most kids of the time did.

Two facts, as I say, only stand out clear in those dim and early days, the raptures of my family over my first pair of pants, and the maternal joy when the family phrenologist, examining my fossa obicularis, gravely remarked that I would make, if you understand me, either a dramatist or a doctor. Need I say that I have been both?

"You are one of the early products of the dear old shop?" we inquired.

"Not a finished product," he replied. "In three years Melbourne had taught me all she could, and I went to Edinboro' town to be polished off."

"Did you do well?" we inquired.

"Did I do everybody!" he replied with a double-barreled flash under his shaggy eyebrows. "Those were the times when cirrhosis of the liver was only a dimly suspected fact, and atheroma an afterthought. Good old days," he murmured appreciatively; "Good old Scotch oats—well sown and widely."

"Behold me, then," he continued, "at 21, anxious to exchange my money for anything that came. I learnt to fish in Norway, and did a little research work on the extent of the blush-reflex amongst the fair maids of Sweden. In Paris, as I say, I crammed French life and letters into my association layers for four months. The Quartier Latin of Du Maurier was an actuality in those days, and Pasteur had not broached his alarming germ theories to spoil the students' gaities.

"At Bonn Professor Busch took me under his ægis, but good wine needs no—— forgive me," he hurriedly interjected; "I forgot I was not at dinner. At anyrate, as I say, the German Beer was very good."

"Is it a fact that you studied art in Vienna and Rome, Colonel?"

"Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!" he laughed, and it was good to hear. "Damme, No, sir. Art? Why, your Corôt may be a carrot as far as I am concerned. Art?? Heavens, No!"

"In Rome I made the acquaintance of Dr. the Duke of Lutto. He was a great man, family physician to the Prince of Monte Veno, the gambling hell. He had an immense fund of story—an immense fund."

"For instance," we suggested.

He meditated for a moment.

"I should have to follow Bocaccio's example and tell you most of them in Italian, but the following, which exemplifies
the hardships of physicians and factotums in Rome, will perhaps serve.

"The doctor was called in once to an obscure so-called neurasthenic case—a maid-servant of a nobleman, who with no obvious symptoms declared herself unable to leave her bed. Her examined her minutely, and at last in despair began, 'My good woman, tell me yourself what is the matter.' 'Matter enough,' she replied; 'the master owes me 150 centimes wages, and I am going to stay here till he pays me!' On hearing this the doctor raised his hands in ecstacy; 'Corpo di Baccho!' he exclaimed, 'make room for me beside you—he owes me 150 livres.'"

"It is a pretty story, and well—Si non é vero ben trovato."

"Is it a fact that you served in the Turko-Russian War?"

"Indeed," he replied, "If it had not been for my side boards and mutton chops I might have been a duke myself, and harem-skirts less a novelty to me than they seem to be in Collins-st. to-day."

"You were appointed Honorary at the Children's, were you not?"

"Yes," he remarked. "I have always loved children. Possibly I was the first surgeon ever to enter a Turkish harem, but you know a diagnosis of secondary arterio-sclerosis from the mere sight of a ring finger is difficult, and—well, I was hardly a success on that occasion."

"You must be a great linguist."
"Hoiti-toiti," he replied, "which being translated from the Arabic means 'Go to my father!' I have no fragments of the Blarney Stone amongst my relics."

"To come to more modern days," we reminded him, "your hand has not lost its cunning?"

"Well, no," he smiled. "My practice, as I say, in amputations amongst the Turks has stood me in good stead. I have probably amputated more legs than all the Williamson Companies have ever shown in Melbourne. Give me a good old gangrene and a sharp scalpel—nature does the rest."

"What was your most interesting operation?" we inquired.

He paused, lost in thought.

"Amongst the many thousands, one is hardly more prominent than another. I once did a gastrectomy, by mistake, and sutured the oesophagus on to the descending colon. We kept the patient on liquid diet, and couldn't understand why he vomited the nutrient enemata for several days, but the p.m. was a most interesting one—most interesting indeed!

"But, as I say, with my large and long experience of perineal surgery, I could tell you of some very interesting cases; but I'll tell you, gentlemen, of a horticultural patient who had many complete perineal fistulae through a misadventure. And, as I say, this patient took advantage of nature's gifts, and applied himself, if you understand me, after the manner of the proverbial watering can.

"But this poor man," he hastily reassured us, is not going to die; and is now leading a useful existence."

"Could you give our readers a few hints in regard to successful surgery?"

"I don't know what the books say, but I tell you what I do. Speed, Savoy and Certainty are amongst my favorite maxims. Make haste while the sun shines, as my quondam mentor Busch used to say, 'Eile mit Beile'—Hurry up with the hatchet. Don't be afraid to make a big incision; don't be afraid to use your fingers; remember nature made nails before knives, and finally to know what you've done is better than to know what you meant to do. Most of the new-fangled operations are no better than they ought to be, and many of the new-fangled operators not as good. I don't hold with your 'grid-iron' incisions or your dilatable stricture bougies; give me a good old uretome and plenty of blood, with a local anaesthetic. The Skald's saga which I heard sung at its best in a little inn near the head of Härnford, in Norway, expresses to a Tee or Teetotaler my views on the question.
“Could you tell us some of it, Colonel?” we cautiously inquired.

“I will do more; I will sing you a portion of it,” he replied, directing his intermittent attention once more to the laryngeal lubricator before him.

Long will the picture remain fixed in our cortical retina. The vast shining forehead, the shaggy eyebrow, the radiantly benevolent pupils somewhat dilated by the frequent applications of non-methylated antiseptics during the last half-hour or so; the craggy features obeying the tonic stimuli flowing ever along their owner’s seventh cranial. The hand raised in commanding mastery, gesticulating, anon sweeping a whole mantelpiece full of priceless relics to the regardless carpet below. The body swaying with ecstacy and energy—tireless and affection inspiring at every turn.

In a voice reminding us of Rack-a-rock, or Raphael, he began:

“Bring us the carver,
Bring us the hewer,
Bring the pitch pine board;
Set them in order,
Drag in the victim,
Drug him with vapours;
Odin has ordered,
Thor seems to threaten,
Loki is laughing;
See the stone shaking,
See the blood spurting,
Spurting on victim,
Spurting on altar;
See the cord loosens,
See the sac opens,
See the silk sutures are
Sinking to rest.”

Panting, he wiped the symptoms of free diaphoresis from his brow.

“That, as I say, is what I mean. The old Vikings who were our ancestors often knew more about a man’s inside than they did about his outside—they were skilled anatomists—bold dissectionists—successful surgeons, and, if you understand me, I don’t think they ever put off their operations because the Caulfield Cup happened to appeal to their appetites. And if they resorted to the horn too often, or truckled to the Skalds, well, we must pardon that, for surgeons of to-day are not above public dinners, or boards of health.”
As his voice sank into its slow, clear semi-quiet tones once more, our minds wandered, and a rapid succession of bioscopic pictures passed before us, conjured up by the man and his surroundings.

We saw the gay student crying "Hoch! Hoch!" with the Burschen in Bonn; dancing with gay demoiselles in the vivid night-light at Versailles; we saw the grim surgeon surrounded with scores of mangled and mutilated remnants of humanity groaning in dim candle light outside Plevna, while he deftly pruned, patched and plastered them back to manhood, a cheery word for each. We saw the cautious Consul hobnobbing with princes, dukes, and duchesses, finessing with diplomatic judgment; and we realised that this was our "Charley," born to be a man and a leader of men; our good old "Kernel."

An Appreciation.

In the daily press we read of a proposal to brand criminals for future identification by means of a subcutaneous injection of paraffin, which causes to be developed a lump, bump, or tuberosity, the terminology varying with the locality. A brainy notion, truly, for as matters now stand we may hob nob with hymen or window smashers and be no wiser.

Vaccination is a necessary evil for the prevention of disease, but it also carries an ugly disfigurement, which is permanent.

A lady is not vaccinated on the arm lest the absence of clothing on the upper extremity, say during the dancing season, lay bare the scar on the lily white skin.

For a similar reason the paraffin bump would in a feminine case be relegated to a more distal portion, where it could with greater difficulty be discovered.

Its presence in such a locality would add greatly to the efficiency of a garter, and could only be seen by very intimate friends. This would serve its purpose, and yet be a stumbling block in the path of impropriety.

What more does this lump need to recommend it? This alone is sufficient, but there is more, much more.

The injection could be made on the back of the neck and serve for a collar fastener; hollows under the eyes could be remedied by its timely application.

It may be the social salvation of the once common Biblical unfortunates; the joy of the man whose hat won't fit, and perhaps the long-sought remedy for the disfigurement which Adam alone avoided.
May, 1911.  

THE SPECULUM. 

Let us be up and doing. This may be the discovery of a lifetime; the eclipse of 606. A bump in time may save the nation.  

ANTICAV. 

Mr. Dooley on Surgery. 

"Did ye see be th' papers, Hinnissy, that me frind Ryan's 'ad his stummick removed?"

"I didn't that, Dooley," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Shure it's the truth indeed, and the wonder is he don't miss it, fer he's eatin' well, Hinnissy. Ye've heard, me frind, that men've had their appendix shifted, and that's part uv the stummick, and all the toime their food suits 'em well s'if only the taste of food counted. Moind ye now, Hinnissy, it's a small thing's th' appendix, but what makes it big's havin' it cut off. There's several things that's no size at all till ye want 'em, then they make me ferget the twelfth of July, they do.

"Frum the shape of th' appendix and the little worruk it does which is none, seein' as how we don't want it, ye'd think it was only there in case we swallowed a nail.

"Be the toime we've had all the diseases they're invintin, we'll be full uv hollers and hills enough to hide foive quids' wurruth uv opium frum a customs officer.

"I see I've come away frum tellin' ye about Ryan's stummick, which as I said, he's had removed.

"Well, ye see, the docther said his mucus coat was worn out frum his havin' a gasthric trouble, and ye see his contraction muscles was wurrukiing overtime, so they took his stummick out and sewed him up agin.

"To see Ryan now, ye'd think he was an army sargent, with his chest stickin' out uike a pouter pigeon; which it's only since his stummick's taken out that he's a chest at all.

"Hinnissy, me man, I've seen men make money frum having an ailment, which doesn't say it's right, though times is when it's handy as a bank note. Wasn't it Ryan himself 'd've given foive bob fer a cold 'n th' head when he had ter shift the cow 't died 'n his garden?

"A stummick is a useful organ when it's wurrukiin' well, but it's better to have it out like a tooth than have a surgeon proddin' yer vitals with a long knife to cure it, and you knowin' all the time ye can do with it missing, and not lose a fine taste fer ale and pertaters."
"It's a great thing, is surgery, Hinnissy, but when yer stummick's gone and ye get the same complaint again, what'll they do but take what's lift of it till ye'll have little or no stummick at all, whin ye'll have to tell yerself a bun and honey's a square meal.

Alice at the Women's.

Alice had been looking at the picture of the bunny hole which had the familiar initials D.deC.B. in the corner.

"I wonder what it feels like?" she said. She had addressed her remarks to a gnat who was pulling his moustache thoughtfully with one hand while he curetted his left nostril with the other.

The gnat looked at her, and, scenting a chance of advertisement, said,

"Why not go and see?"

"They wouldn't let me in," she replied.

"Oh, but—" he began, "I am one of the honoured-aries and will give you a late pass," and he produced one, but as he wrote in French, Alice couldn't read what was on it. She turned it over. In addition to the letters P.P.H., P.V., V.R., in the corners there was a little verse,

\[
\text{Je voudrais bien} \\
\text{Je serais plein} \\
\text{De l'amour et du vin},
\]

which he crossed out and wrote,

J. H. Gnat, M.D., B.S.

in its place.

"This will give you admission anywhere," he said, and patting her gently pointed out the red brick building and left her.

Alice timidly rang the bell.

She was instantly admitted, and shown to a little room furnished tastefully with a table, two chairs, a screen and a bed.

"Only," said Alice, "I would have to be much bigger before I could use that bed, it's so high."

"Of course you would," said Sister Dora, eyeing her, "much bigger. You must be N.I.L."

"I know what that means," said Alice indignantly, "and I should like you to know I'm not 'nothing' at all!" For she was proud of her Latin and remembered Nil desperandum from her copy books.

"When did you last see anything?" continued Sister.
"How silly you are!" returned Alice. "Why, I am seeing something now!"

Dora hastily looked at her apron and re-adjusted her glasses.

"We are both too young to understand, dear," she replied.

"Why did you come?"

"Oh," began Alice gleefully. "I wanted to see the bunnies!"

and she produced the card the gnat had given her.

Sister Dora took it and read it.

"Ah," she said, "P.P.H.: now I understand. Have you been plugged?"

"My younger brother used to plug me when I took his apples," began Alice, "but I don't think-

"Then you shouldn't speak," said Dora, sharply. "Follow me," and she led her across to a door marked L.W.

"What does that mean?" said Alice, pointing to the mystic letters.

"Lovely Woman," replied Dora, with a smile.

They entered, and found the room apparently empty, but a series of giggles from an adjoining pantry bespoke occupants who soon showed themselves. One was a pretty podgy little blonde, talking to a dark student.

"This is Kitty, our Cheshire puss," began Dora, "and she shall take you to the V.R." and Dora went off to administer spanks to a foetal student whose breath was not in the right condition.

"Cheshire Puss," began Alice, "I like your face—please tell me where we are?"

"This," replied the Puss, is the place where we cut our cords, not capers," she added: "they are in the mutton every Thursday, to remind us of the bunnies. We cut cord after cord," she continued.

"Oh," said Alice, "that's what they call hard labour, I suppose; you must have plenty of wood if you all spend your time cutting cords.

The Puss took no notice of her for a moment, and continued to talk to herself.

"Talk about cords," she said, "talk about cords, they're not in it."

"I can tie knots in cords," said Alice.

"I dare say you can," said the Cheshire Puss with a little "niff" of her nose, "but not the Gnat-tras knot—that is possible only to the Gnat himself."

"But come along, or the White Queen will catch you. See," she continued, "there she is!"
“Oh, what a darling baby!” said Alice, “let me nurse it.”
“Take care,” said the White Queen, with a smile and a pat for the baby; “hold it carefully.”
The baby was covered with encomiums, for it had just committed a breech of presentation.
“It was an R.S.P.,” murmured the Lizard, happening to stroll by, stroking her tail as she went.
“Ah,” said Alice, I know what that means, “only you left out the V.”
“There isn’t a V after these events,” said the Lizard; “it’s all ‘stitch, stitch, stitch’; that’s why the silkworms are so busy. The Caterpillar especially, he always looks so worried except on Sunday; you should see him when the new groups come on, he burroughs after their welcome guineas like a ground worm.”
“Poor worm!” said Alice. “And does he like it?”
“Well, he gets henpicked by the Committee if he doesn’t,” said the White Queen, and, as a noise of groaning came from the far bed, bundled Alice out.
Alice felt a smile over her shoulder, and, looking around, saw the Walrus, who began deftly fumbling in her pockets.
“Nothing there,” said Alice, hastily pulling his hands out, “not even linings.”
“I was looking for beer,” he began, in a thick voice. “The Red Queen insists on no beer, although Tweedledum says he doesn’t mind it after 10 p.m., and you needn’t have been so smart. Wait till you get to the other side; I’ll do you without gloves, I will.”
Alice shuddered. “I don’t want to be done. I’ve been taken in too often by the Whale, to try taking others in.”
The Walrus, who was very poddy himself, and looked bulkier even than the Buc-caneer, whispered to Alice,
“Have you got your stethoscope?”
Alice produced it, and he applied it to the region of his hypogastrium.
“Count the beats,” he said, “and tell me how far gone I am.”
“Dead beat, or about the tenth bottle, I should think,” said Alice.
“Hush!” he whispered, “or the Buc-caneer will write an apology to the Committee, and that will be more disgusting than Christmas day after dinner.”
“What was that?” said Alice; “do tell me; I love stories.”
“This was true,” said the Walrus.
“Was it mistletoe?” said Alice.
“It was mizzle everywhere—everyone was misled, especially the P.N.’s.”
"That's a growth, isn't it?" said Alice, who had often been to the Central Mission—"did they all get it?"

"No," said the Walrus, "one of them got cocoa, and the other one hunted with the Shark under his bed—he was sent home in disgrace—I mean in his motor-car."

At this moment the matronly face of the Red Queen was observed peering at them from afar.

"I must leave you," began the Walrus; "I've got my puerps to do."

"What are they?" said Alice.

"Oh, everything that begins with a "p," such as pads and pumps and putrefaction; ask the S.O.P.—she knows, or used to; she's gone now, alas!"

And the Walrus hurried off to join the Buc-caneer on his way to the baker's arms, which wanted attending to badly.

Alice saw a bevy of beautiful girls under a gigantic Fig tree, and approached them.

"How like Eden," she murmured, looking at the damsels and the fig leaves lying about.

The Duchess led her to the nurses. She had a little bundle wrapped in cotton-wool.

"Isn't it the sweetest?" she murmured, as she unwrapped it and handed its face to Alice to kiss.

"I've tasted sweeter," said Alice, drawing her absorbent across her lips with a wry face. "It's like olive oil and other things."

"It hasn't been washed yet," confided the Duchess. "You see it's six weeks underdone—but look, the Red Queen is watching us; you mustn't talk to the nurses, or she will roast them."

"How terrible," said Alice; "does she really? Why is that?"

"I can't exactly say," said the Duchess, "but some people say she is nervous. You see she can't get away from the fact that when she goes into her room there is always a Mann there, and so she stays out of it day and night."

"Do the Committee know?" asked Alice, anxiously, for she had been taught deportment and "come-eel-foe" at Merton—but before the Duchess could answer the Red Queen had hurried up.

"Students are not allowed to speak to nurses," she began.

"Are you a student?"

"I can't say that I am," began Alice.

"Do not, then! Are you a patient?"

"I'm not sure what that is," Alice went on, thinking, "Dear me, what a lot she wants to know."
"Then in that case your guinea is forfeited, and I will suspend you under Rule IV."

"Shall I be able to get down?" said Alice, wondering if Rule IV. was shady, for the Hospital was a very hot place.

But the Red Queen had her eye on Roy, who was talking to a sweet little thing with a very dapper manner.

"This is a contravention of Rule XLVII.," she began, and hurried off to suspend the unfortunate nurse.

The doormouse who happened to be passing nodded to her hurriedly, and would have gone, but Alice began, "Could you please say — ?"

The doormouse looked furtively around and said, "I can only say poetry; shall I say you a piece?"

Before Alice could answer, she began in a ten o'clock tea voice:

"Mary tried each student lamb
In passages at night,
Till one in speaking called her ' Dam,'
And Mary got a fright."

"It goes different each time I try to say it," said the Doormouse; "in the Perth P.H. it was quite different."

"It's the result of the different groups," said the Mad Hatter, who came up to them at this moment. "Casey, the March Hare, and I have been arguing about it over at the house. He wrote it in Autograph books—eighteen I think, and each was different."

"Where are you going?" said Alice, pointing at a camera he carried.

"To take the Red Queen's photo," he replied. "I always do what I have to in a different position every day."

"I should think that would be difficult," began Alice.

"I don't mean what you mean," said the Hatter in an austere voice, and went off to write the further Adventures of Jonah and the Whale in the ward book.

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Customer: "I want a penny-worth of cotton wool."

Chemist: "Don't sell a pennyworth; least we can sell is six-pennyworth."

Customer: "Can't afford it. Will let the matter drop."

Heard at the Labour Rally: "I deny the allegation and defy the alligator."
Progress.

Pyorrhoea Alveolaris.—This condition is attracting much attention, but there is perhaps a tendency to exaggerate its possible consequences to health. All types of diseases of the alimentary canal, various suppurations and inflammation of joints and many of the anaemias are attributed to it. Various organisms such as the pyogenic cocci, pneumococci and the micrococcus catarrhalis have been isolated as most concerned with its production. In the treatment, extraction is the safest method, failing which scaling and cleansing with citric acid in 1 in 40 carbolic acid to every minutest recess should be adopted. The use of hydrogen peroxide does not find much favour. Vaccine therapy is strongly advocate, and excellent results have been recorded by its use.

Salvarsan, .6o6.—A recent observation made by one after using the above drug in a series of 200 cases “In nearly all cases in which visible symptoms are present, these undergo resolution and disappear in a dumbfounding manner. Primary sores disappear in a few days, and spirochaetes are absent from condylomata at the end of 24 hours; macular and papular syphilides subside and become simple pigment spots; hard glands become soft and gummata lose their painfulness; tertiary ulcers clean in a week or so and rapidly cicatrise, paralytic symptoms and pain in cerebral syphilis diminish during the course of a few hours or days at the most.” When administered intravenously much more satisfactory results have been obtained than when given subcutaneously or intramuscularly. The general secondary effects, such as vomiting, shivering and rise of temperature only last a few hours and no injurious effects have been observed on the kidneys, heart, or nervous system. As regards the toxic effects, those produced are mainly retention of urine, rectal tenesmus, and diminution of the patellar reflex. No authentic case of optic atrophy, which occurred now and again with Soamin, has been reported, while in the fatal cases post mortem examination has revealed chronic disease of heart, liver or kidneys, in which conditions it shows the drug is clearly contra-indicated.

Arteriosclerosis.—Considerable investigation has been actively carried on of late in reference to this now too common condition. Osler describes its causation as due to “time, tension, and toxins.” Particular stress has been laid on the abdominal manifestations, a point which is most often overlooked. The characteristic features in such a condition are paroxysms of pain, either epigastric or umbilical, and meteorism. The
attacks are increased on lying down, but they are quite independent of food. Constipation is nearly always present, and in some cases there may be hæmorrhage from the bowels. If such a condition be recognised it is best treated by warm, moist applications to the abdomen; morphia in cautious doses is valuable.

Vaccine Treatment of Gonorrhoea.—Speaking of this subject, a German observer stated that he did not believe phagocytosis plays a very small part in the treatment of gonorrhœa of mucous membranes. He thinks the real action of gonococcal vaccine is to call forth a specific response in gonococcic tissue by the production of antigen and antibodies. It therefore acts in shut off encapsuled parts. Hence its use in arthritis salpingitis, etc. Good results may follow a stock vaccine, but it is most important to determine the specific organism, isolate it and make a culture, and from this preparing fresh vaccine every three weeks. In acute cases it is advised to commence with small doses of 10 millions, gradually increased up to 100 millions at intervals of 3 or 4 days. In chronic cases give at intervals of 5 to 7 days, and increase the dose up to 500 millions. It has also been demonstrated that cases of gonorrhœal vulvo-vaginitis of young children respond much more quickly under the influence of vaccines than under irrigation with antiseptics.

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The Wail of the First Year Med.

Oh! This is the wail of the undergrad.,
The wail of a first year med.,
Whose murdered frog of the day before
Crawls over his restless bed.

* * * *

We don't go buzzing around the Block,
Or doing the Esplanades;
We ain't the devils those second years are,
Who wink at the slavey maids.

But this is the way we always are:
We ain't no truck at all,
For a first year med. don't count for much,
With the tarts at the Ormond ball.

The way of the world is a hard one still,
And harder it's going to be:
For there ain't no seat in the front row stalls
For the likes of you and me.

So out in the cold we stand and freeze,
While the fifth and fourth and third,
And second year blokes with tarts go by,
With the first year howl unheard.

We work right on in the afternoon,
With a countenance merry and bright,
And after dinner again we graft,
By the glim of a candle light.

But the good nights come, as they always do,
When the Shop's in the final four,
And the first year med. will gladly shout
For the first year arts and law.

We all of us lead a first year life,
We're all in the first year troop,
The clubhouse ain't for the first year men,
There's flies in the first year soup.

We're all of us keeping our peckers up,
For there's balmy days ahead;
When we'll look with scorn as others do
On that worm of a first year med.

* * *

For this is the wail of the undergrad.,
The wail of a first year med.,
Whose murdered frog of the day before,
Crawls over his restless bed.

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Cases for Commentary.

MEDICINE.

G.B., male, æt. 45. Single. Occupation, Cook on steamer. Present History.—Was admitted to hospital on the 5th day of illness. Four days previously his illness commenced with generalised pains over body—legs, arms, and headache. Felt feverish and had several definite shivering attacks. Vomited twice on the 2nd day. Nothing characteristic about vomited material. Bowels not open for last 4 days.

Slight cough and expectoration since onset.
Urinary and nervous systems.—Nothing abnormal in history.
While under observation in the ward, had several rigors, and ran a remittent temperature (104—98 degrees). Profuse sweats.
Past.—In hospital twice before with somewhat similar symptoms; last occasion, three years ago.
Operated on 18 years ago for renal calculus. Denies venereal. Has been at sea all his life as cook on steamships.
Dysentery (twice) while in Tropics. Rheumatism as young man.
On Exam.—Tongue.—Thickly coated, moist.
Chest.—Apex beat in nipple line in 5th space. Systolic murmur somewhat rough in character, audible at all areas—loudest at aortic area, and conducted up towards neck. No evidence of increase in cardiac dulness, nor of cardiac displacement.
Lungs.—Anteriorly—Clear. Posteriorly—In region of R. Base some dulness on percussion from a point half inch below scapula to the extreme base, and to a corresponding degree in the lower R. axilla merging into the liver dulness. Over this area the breath sounds were diminished and V.R. and V.F. also diminished. No adventitia audible. Tender on percussion over lower ribs posteriorly.
Abdomen.—Not distended. Spleen not palpable. No spots. No increase in liver dulness downwards. Some tenderness and rigidity over R. Hypochondrium and also extending outwards towards the lumbar region and R. Ribs posteriorly. No jaundice.
Urine.—Normal.
Leucocytes—26,000.

SURGERY.

Complains of abdominal pain which commenced 7 weeks ago in region of umbilicus. Pain came on suddenly and was generalised, except that during the last few days it has been chiefly in region of left hypochondrium. Pain varies in severity—on some days severe—on others not marked. Since commencement of illness has vomited 7 times—in each case after meals—nothing characteristic about vomit.
Bowels have been freely open during the last 7 weeks—sometimes three times a day, and at most eight times a day. Watery stools; no slime; no blood. Bowels constipated last three days—only open once.


MIDWIFERY AND GYNAECOLOGY.

L.H., female, æt. 38, multip. Ad. 24/9/10. Complains that 14 days ago was seized with abdominal pains (not like labour pains) and vomiting. Pains worse after food, and are relieved by vomiting. No vaginal discharge, or bleeding. Urinary.—Clear. Bowels.—Very constipated—only open with enema. Has suffered from indigestion for about six months. Previous to this good health. Obstetric.—9 months amenorrhoea. Says she feels movements very plainly. Examination.—More or less tender over whole abdomen. Some distension of bowel in upper abdomen. Large hard tumor lying transversely in lower abdomen, reaching as high as the umbilicus, and laterally well out into iliac regions. The tumor is of hard consistence and irregular
in outline on left side. The foetal heart can be heard below and to the right of the umbilicus.

_Vaginal Exam._—Cervix.—Os soft, not patulous. No presenting part to be made out.
Bony pelvis presents nothing extraordinary.


**Progress.**—1/10/10.—Foetal heart no longer to be made out. There are no labour pains.
6/10/10.—Complaining of pain in back and abdomen. Some blood-stained discharge from vagina.

_Vag. Exam._—Cervix not taken up. No dilatation.
7/10/10.—No pain to-day. Still losing a little.
5/11/10.—Laminaria tent introduced into cervix.

R. Quinin. gr. v. 4 tis horis.

**Result.**—No pains. No change in cervix.
24/11/10.—Temperature rising. Ranges between 101.4 at night and 98.8 in morning, till 16/12/10. Pulse, 100—112.

Very tender over lower abdomen. Tumor still present.

Cervix.—Same as on admission.

Give Diagnosis.—What further steps might be taken to confirm it?

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**A Voyage Round My Room.**

Here am I imprisoned for an hour at least, for have I not earned a rest and a quiet smoke while the oration of my able friend the Professor goes on without me?

I'm in the sanctuary of the medical students, that room so handy, so maternal, whose very name brings back a host of legends and whose carpet bears the marks of a thousand tobacco burns and expectorations.

What shall I do with this hour I have to spare? Will I sit me down on this battered couch and gaze across at the view from the opposite window? Will I go to sleep on the couch? No, I will do neither. I will go over to the other side and view the room from there.

On my way, I pass the mantelpiece, I brush my hair at the mirror, and scrutinise the letter rack. There is a letter for me from an old friend whom I have not seen for years. She says she will be in town for a few days. I go again to the mirror and try to recall what I looked like when I sat beside her in the childhood schoolroom.
May, 1911.

THE SPECULUM.

She was a pretty lass and given to larks, for did I not fight a big boy to defend her honour? She will, of course, be in long dresses. At school they were ver yshort indeed, but then I was very young; still I will see her.

I retire to the couch for further contemplation. This contemplation satisfactorily terminated, I journey across the room by way of the side wall, encountering on my way the cast iron and consequently unbreakable spittoon with my foot, and with my eye the Bulletin. I read the latter for a while, but I am restless. My pipe has gone out, and I have no more tobacco. Will nobody come in?

I survey the room from here, and it is a pleasant aspect. The scene varies from dextro to laevo rotatory as you view it from side to side or vice versa. It is a pleasant aspect indeed. It is not half-past eleven yet, and I am still alone. How these fellows do graft!

I throw one leg over the corner of the table, and expectorate towards the fender. My direction is good, but elevation faulty. I will not try again. I will leave it there.

There is writing on the wall, and it proves interesting. I see the name of a cup winner, an organic formula, also various heights and signatures. I add mine. The list is now complete. I will come back in after years and look for my name and perhaps point it out with pride. It's just possible I'll have an eldest boy. Will this girl prove interesting this evening? I hope she will.

I turn to the left to that fair corner by the window and behold another couch. What luxury! I have now the window on my left and the fireplace on my right, and my hat on. An advertisement catches my eye. "A Clinical Atlas of Anatomy." Will I buy one? No; I think I'll buy a Students' Song Book instead. My mind is made up, and I am inflexible.

I take a chair before the fire, for it is cold. The poker is handy. Will I burn my name on the floor with the others? I ponder over this, but decide that the company is not good. I stir the fire with the poker and fall to musing.

It is nearly twelve, and I will soon be free. How slowly goes the time! I cannot read the dailies, as they are badly torn. A magazine, perhaps; but a page is missing from a pretty story. I am doomed to disappointment. My watch says it is twelve. Ha! There goes the bell—Liberty!

From a recent Catalogue: "Anus—see Rectum."

A good view will thus be obtained.
Jan. 24th.—Am feeling much better this evening. Schnüffles is still very bad and will be, probably, for some time yet. I had a few words with him after last night’s little affair at the Anatomical Society.

Jan. 29th.—Reached Dresden this morning. Shall have a haircut the first warm day. Schnüffles still indisposed. Several of my fellow anatomists are staying at our boarding-house.

Jan. 31st.—Had a haircut yesterday; slight chill resulted; feeling much better to-day. Did Dresden this morning: China is not what it is cracked up to be.

Feb. 1st.—Wrote to Dr. Anderson this morning, telling him he might drop the B.N.A., as I find (from my two lodging-house colleagues) that leading anatomists here do not consider it seriously at all. Also sent a list of next year’s professors. I have decided that one girl shall be admitted to keep things in order, provide afternoon tea and look after the general well-being of the chosen few.

Feb. 3rd.—Visited Medical School at University. It compares unfavourably with my own. The subjects are very “classy,” however. They are decently injected, formalin alone being regarded as antiquated and barbarous to both subject and student. Hot water, clean towels, dressing rooms, and respectable stools are provided for students. On my return to Melbourne I shall institute the same in my own school, perhaps. I will see.

Feb. 10th.—Conference opened this morning. I wore my grey suit and blue tie with white spots. Looked very “nutty.” On entering the hall I procured a front seat, but was informed that these were reserved. I had to take a back seat, next to a consolidated-looking German who reminded me of Schnüffles, with his submental lipomatous hypertrophy and his well-developed masseters. We conversed in German (I had learnt a smattering of German before leaving, from my ethereal colleague). The first words he said were, “Did you hear Schnüffles was dead?” “Thank-er, perhaps it is for the best,” I said.

I did not get a chance to speak this morning; I did not understand proceedings too clearly. The papers read dealt chiefly with the ethics of anatomy and the abnormalities of the epitrochlear gland.
Feb. 12th.—Read my paper to-day upon sectional anatomy. Unfortunately I could not finish it, as it was a 60 minute paper, and the president could only allow me five minutes. He said, however, that he might find me another five minutes later on. Eleven papers were read by eminent anatomists on the variations in size and shape of the infraorbital foramen and their relations to the general intelligence of the subject. Other papers were also read and discussed.

Feb. 21st.—Attended closing day of Conference yesterday. President’s closing address was warmly received, and after a parting farewell we broke up. My work was concluded. I spent the rest of the day and evening visiting the haunts I used to frequent on the occasions of my week-ends in Saxony when a student. Arriving home somewhat run down through my day’s work, I slept soundly and woke up this morning with a nasty headache. Had an argument with Mrs. B., who made some spiteful remarks, saying I was getting too old for this sort of thing, and was a bad example to the twins, and a lot more which I have forgotten. Finally, with a “Richard, don’t let this occur again,” she made it up with me.

Feb. 22nd.—After yesterday’s affair I think it would be the wisest course to close this diary. If it should fall into another’s hands I fear the consequences. My future doings shall never be recorded.

Richard II.

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The Procession.

If there’s one thing that upsets the ordinary routine more than a torchlight procession, it’s a race meeting, but the two combined mean chaos.

In the yard of the Medical School, from almost dawn, students were hard at work constructing their various contrivances which were designed not only to amuse but also to enlighten the crowd outside as to our daily occupations.

From the window overlooking this activity various females, who would not countenance the business by taking part, probably because they would be taken for men dressed up, derived amusement from the various impromptu portions executed by the artists.

The coronation, the chef d’ouvre of the third year, was probably the most conspicuous on account of the disturbance created by the general willingness of each one to assume the rôle of King, who was to be anointed both in and out with beer.
The Talbot Milk only lacked a little spirit to make it an unqualified success, but, as it was, the good old 4% C₂H₆O did its best, and many a face was bright after a laborious afternoon.

The first year discussed the comparative merits of praying and card playing through a keyhole, the latter occupying the horsey end of the lorry and all the available feminine underwear. The wowsers were repulsed with great loss and persuaded to reconsider their attitude and come inside.

The church that was built in a night excited loud applause from the gallery above mentioned, who could not keep their eyes off it. As placard succeeded placard, louder grew the merriment, till somebody burst a garter and then they retired to put things together in caucus.

The building of this edifice was the work of the second year, who paid particular attention to the roof, which was very life like. A seat was provided for the architect in its interior, but being more or less incomplete, as such seats are, he nearly made a rapid descent through a trapdoor thoughtfully provided at the back for the rubbish man.

An effort was made to raffle the building, but as most people had one at home just like it, or else used the one next door, the sale was limited.

The Sirens of the Surf aired their limbs in the vaudeville style, and really matters were so well arranged that they looked the real thing. It’s wonderful what two bath buns and a bit of bed curtain can do.

Some nurses, as it were, demonstrated the correct way to snare a young doctor by being sympathetic and smart, but the operation was capably performed by the said doctor on his own, consisting as it did in removing a foreign body, to wit, a cork.

Dr. Mawson’s anticipated discovery of the South Pole was vividly represented, with its sufferings and snow and ice and bears. The whole look of it was enough to give you a cold. Anyhow, the Arcadians on the next evening developed colds, but perhaps it was due to having uncovered that which is not usually uncovered.

The injection of that now famous oxygen compo. 606 into the referenda may have had some effect on the polls, but somehow the dose didn’t seem to be quite strong enough.

Following the procession was the usual vivandières, and all were comfortably installed at the Exhibition, where the preparations for the great race meeting were in progress.
Entries for this were received up till midnight, and the Zoo claimed the distinction of having the most entries, though it did mean that the lions got no tea that night.

The races were as follows:

**WHITEHOUSE HUNDRED.**
A handicap of 10 bottles of tomato sauce. Six furlongs.
No horse to be allowed a rest during the race on penalty of an extra jockey.
The horses must not be pushed to start them, as this is not a bicycle race.

**WAIT FOR AGE.**

Prof. Allen's Freak, pedigree unknown. (Pud. Macky.)
Paddy Moran's Cancer, Scalpel-Duodenum. (Salome Brent.)
Harry Griffith's Flossie, Arcadian—Merry Widow. (Fonty England.)
Abe Rubinoewich's Unredeemed Pledge, Uncle—Pop It. (Levensky.)
Gus Green's Melody, Great Effort—Larynx. (Harry McCooey.)
Hock Keyes' Aroma, Sebaceous—Axilla. (Sam. Crivelli.)
Jock Andy's Mammary, Bath Bun—P.D. (Mum Whitehead.)

**HYMEN HURDLE.**
20 gall stones, with a long beer added.

Germo. Hartkopf's Dollar, Logic—Miser. (Curly Doig.)
Wally Fielder's Frawg, Lager—Stomach. (Town Hall.)
Henry Leahy's Edifice, One Night—Sewerage. (Jack Shanassy.)
Prof. Berry's Cadaver, Charlie Ryan—Small Incision. (Preston.)
Dummy Clarke's Forensic, Dammit—Next Time. (Martin Ratz.)
Ted Crookston's Speculum, Censor—Nutty. (C. Stephens.)
Erie Glassford's Donkey, Tired—Piles. (Vin. Hayes.)

**THE MAG. SULPH. TROT.**
Go as you please, but don't delay.
A Handicap Sweepstakes of Doubtful Value.

Prof. Ossy's Experiment, Won't Work—Miscue. (McCaw.)
Frank Boynton's Osteoma, Syme—Left Leg. (Joe Dunstan.)
George Elliott's Dash, Halfback—Leave it to me. (Bert Hurrey.)
Mr. Gladesh's Foolscap, Loafer—Library. (Jerry Thomas.)
Swigger Evan’s Furunculosis, Staphylococcus—Carbuncle.  
(George Rennie.)
Maurice McKenna’s Irish Blight, Colic—Oh, Dee-aar.  
(Dan McArthur.)
Brendan O’Sullivan’s Wild Irishman, Deaf and Dumb—Eternal Silence.  
(Kev. McCarthy.)
Joe Davis’s Hell-of-a-lep, Alarm Clock—Bed.  
(Cranston.)
Joe Fogarty’s Sinovitis, Dam Nuisance—Can’t Play.  
(Bronco Forrest.)
Tommy Burns’ Rash, Be Careful—606.  
(Arthur Wilson.)
Speilers, Bookmakers, Whisperers, Welshers, Touts, Guns and Gentlemen will receive surgical and police attention from the various pubs after the programme is concluded.
Mr. Burns’ Rash and Jock Andy’s Mammary have been scratched.

Sports’ Clubs.

ROWING.

Springy’s Cor. Bovinum must have puff-piffed a treat as Queen’s and Trinity came up the straight, racing neck and neck. About 150 yards from the post the 4 year old Queen’s crew were about half a length ahead; but Cresswell called on his men, and they spat on their hands and hitched up their pants and rose to the occasion like—like medical students; and gained inch by inch till the judge’s pistol went off by accident. But the doctor had made his diagnosis in favour of Queen’s by a few centimetres.
All the same, it was a jolly fine race, and the congratulations were handed round equally between Queen’s and Trinity. Ormond haven’t been quite the same since Jum Good left.

ATHLETICS.

The Varsity athletes simply romped home at the Victorian Amateur meeting, winning the banner in the most approved style. Success was due to the very excellent and consistent way in which Les Davis, Greenham and Brake leaped off their hind legs, these three jumpists accounting for about three-quarters of the total points. Davis annexed the 120 yds hurdles, the 440 ditto, and the long jump; while Snowy Greenham performed valiantly and made fearsome faces which were sufficient to scare all competitors bar Davis. Brake, when he wasn’t competing against these two, amused himself by winning the pole vault and jumping the best part of two yards up in the air. German Hartkopt was reckoned a good thing for...
the two furlong sprint, and sure enough he lobbed it out in pretty slick time.

The ladies on the stand simply loved Mr. Morgan's legs in the walk, and were all disappointed when he only ran into second place. Various others gathered in points to a greater or less degree—mostly less; and if this form can be reproduced in Adelaide we like our chance in the Inter-Varsity Sports.

CRICKET.

The University Cricket Team went for its biennial holiday trip to Sydney, under the care of Bennie Lewers. Somehow or other the mixed bathing at Manly did not agree with the cricket, and Darby was the only one to do anything in the batting line. On top of this some rather bad bowling by our trundlers, or perhaps some tip-top batting by the Sydney men, resulted in Sydney regaining the ashes.

In the Pennant matches the Shop finished up in the middle of the list; and to German's credit stands the best performance of the year—a score of 160 odd against Melbourne. Rumour hath it that German is sighing for new worlds to conquer; and next year we may see him challenging Prof. Berry to a contest in the use of German cuss words, or throwing down the gauntlet to Sacco Homan for a bun-eating competition.

FOOTBALL.

The only amateur team in the League has once more started on the climb to the Premiership. It's too early to tip the finals, but we don't intend to be far from the final tip. Good luck to our boys, and a safe run through the blighters and bruisers of Collingwood, Richmond and South Melbourne!

An M.D. diagnosed a fractured rib in Arthur Wilson after the first match, but Arthur didn't agree with him. It's much safer, even for M.D.s, to deal with the laity.

RUGBY.

Last year's premiers will once again endeavour to murder their opponents according to the rules of the Victorian Rugby Union, and incidentally to retain possession of that thirst-suggesting ornament called the Dewar Shield.

New players are being enrolled between meals. Anybody with a dangerous turn of mind is requested to hand his name to the secretary, and leave the counter lunch alone.

This season is expected to be a meteoric procession of victories, and all the devotees of this "amusement" called Rugby football, are at present picking quarrels in the leading city hotels in the endeavour to get into training.
Ted Ahern, last year's captain, has left, but his ladylike example on the field, combined with Mike Macky's vocabulary, should be of wonderful assistance to the team this year.

A long person named Fay, from the Meds., and sundry other Scotchmen from Ormond and elsewhere have been eating nails for some time, and now are expected to be very well on the appointed day.

Tuck the ball under your arm and run like hell. If you can't kick a goal, kick the man that wouldn't let you, and don't take any lip from the referee.

It's a grand old game, but scarcely a front parlor pastime. 'Tis a militant example of the versatility of University sport, notwithstanding its calumniators, and is quite healthy. Good luck!

**Answers to Correspondents.**

"Possum" (M.H.).—No, we don't think much of your "Treatment of Aortic Stenosis of Remote Rheumatic Origin by Haust; Sodi: Sal:" Your article on the same fell with a bump to the bottom of the basket that catches the rejects from the casualty column. Also you are not the earth, even if you think you are. B. Pil; Ridicule: qs. To be taken in increasing doses tds., till the swelling of the head decreases.

E. L. Giblin (Sydney).—Thanks. There is always room for your stuff. Send some more.

"Anxious."—Never mind. It may be a case of Pseudocyesis, or Love's Labour Lost.

"C.H.K."—Quite right. "Hints on How to Get On" received. Why not change the title to "How to Butt In," or something like that, catchy and modern? You should help your Honorary all you can; but give him a look at the case occasionally.

"A.G."—Yes; the needle has been extracted. It was the worst tear we ever read about.

"Jocky" (M.H.).—Sorry we cannot find room for your article on "Salvarsan"; Truth would be glad of same.

"Jack."—You might certainly have found a more comfortable place to spend the night in. However, as you say, a little house is better than none.

Leo. D. (St. V.H.)—No doubt your Honoraries are much helped by the recounting of your extensive experience; but the other fellows would rather hear them clinic than you. Any way, you are a bit previous.
First Year."—If you pay your back subs. in your fourth year, you may be admitted to full privileges at the discretion of the Committee. But all members who have paid year by year will take preference. Besides, why pay the same amount for two years' membership as you would otherwise pay for

Spicula.

Three wool buyers were coming in from Longreach by train, and it was very hot indeed; so hot that the whisky felt warm. A brilliant idea led one of them to ask the guard if by chance he had any ice, and he had. O temperature! O mores! Ice was in constant demand even until 11 a.m. of the morrow, when Clermont was reached with the weather still very hot indeed.

"Ho! good guard. More ice!"

"Can't give you any more, sir, or the corpse won't keep till we get to Rockhampton."

* * * *

He took a room at one of the city hotels, noted the number, and nothing to do, felt well, and went out for the evening. About 2 a.m. came a healthy ring on the night porter's bell and our friend stumbled in very game still, but very unsteady. "Porter—hic—room nine, top floor—hic."

The porter saw him safely up and had just fallen asleep again when another ring awoke him very much. The door was opened and in came a man also very unsteady, who asked to be seen to his room, number nine, top floor.

"I can't put you in there," said the porter. "I've just put a man in there."

"Thassorieht; s'me. I fell out the—winder."

* * * *

Unclassified Advertisement: "Wanted, Sleeping Partner, with £1600."—Probably Matrimonial.

* * * *

Professor (during lecture): "Can't you make less noise, young man? See how quiet that gentleman is, reading the paper."

* * * *

An up-country parson at a wedding: "Men usually do the talking and the women the work. The cock crows and the hen lays the eggs."

* * * *

Heard in the "City": "I'm not drunk, but I have."
From the Dailies: "Explosion in a City Hotel. Barmaid blown out of bed. Young man badly injured."

The young devil!

It was a very hot day in Cairns, Q., and the Court had just adjourned.

The judge, a choleric gentleman, was suffering from diarrhoea, and the adjournment gave him the long desired opportunity of seeking a convenience.

Meeting the janitor, he asked the way to the convenience.

"The urinal, sir?" asked the janitor.

"No, damn you; the arsenal."

Charles Lamb was a man who hated prudery in any form. One day he was sitting on the beach talking to a lady close to where some children were bathing in their birthday costumes only.

"Don't you think it dreadful, Mr. Lamb, that those young girls should be allowed to bathe without garments?"

"Well," replied Lamb, "I really was not sure whether they were boys or girls till you called my attention to it."

Dr. B. was discussing with Harris, the representative of the firm of medical instrument makers, the merits of Jones, the traveller for the rival firm.

"Pooh," said Harris. "You'll never get any satisfaction out of dealing from him. Instruments that he has never heard of, he will swear he has in stock. Now, doctor, I assure you that if you ring Jones up and ask him if he has a 'Gonoscope,' he will reply in the affirmative."

The idea seemed to please the doctor, and he started to put it into effect.

"Hullo! Hullo! That Jones? How are you? Say! I want to know if you have a gonoscope in stock," said the doctor.

"Oh, yes," replied Jones.

"What shall I say now?" whispered the doctor to Harris in a tone that just enabled Jones to hear it.

"Ask him what it's like," said Harris. But Jones heard this also, and recognised the voice as belonging to his rival.

"What is it like?" asked the man of medicine.

"Well," replied Jones promptly, "It is made up of a catheter and a stethoscope."

"How is it used?" was Dr. B.'s next inquiry.
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SYDNEY.
"It is very simple," came the answer. "You merely insert the catheter half way and attach the stethoscope to the outer end of it. The other end of the stethoscope you place to your ears in the usual manner. Then—you wait patiently for a minute or two—until—you hear the Clap!"

Exit doctor!

A certain lady was safely installed at the Women's, and married at the bedside just in time.

Upon leaving the hospital, she was asked how she had been treated.

"Oh, very well," she replied; "but you know it is not nice being in there among so many unmarried women."

Master of the House (to servant): "Can you tell me anything of my wife's whereabouts?"

Servant: "Well, sir, I'm not sure, but I think they're at the wash."

On Dit.

That "He thought it was Huxley who had said that the Latin of the ordinary medical man would make a Pompeian apothecary turn in his grave."—Dr. Barrett on compulsory Latin.

That Tommy Burns bought the Bazaar out of beer tickets and has also called tenders for the construction of a nursery.

That the lady with the varicose legs evidently suspected Uther, a man with a "mo" like he has, too.

That the word "virgin" is derived from "vir" a man, and "gin" a trap.

That the way some of the fifth year meds. turn into pubs puts Lot's wife in the shade for good.

That Goldie is confined to his bed at the Women's.

That "the urine should be collected in a tall, cylindrical vessel."—Lecture notes. What's wrong with the old utensil?

That Charles I. was quite as efficient a king as the last of the Stewarts is a sergeant.

That "the water should be got rid of before mounting a specimen."—Lecture notes.

That there is a shortage of stools in the dissecting room.

That "Snocker" Graham alone among the meds. declined a beer ticket.

That the Wally versus Jaggers debate has yet to be concluded.
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Dissolve promptly and thoroughly. Test one by the watch. Drop the tablet into Syringe half-filled with lukewarm water. Shake vigorously. In five seconds (or less) it will have dissolved completely. There is no Delay, no Uncertainty.

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We also stock All-glass Syringes.

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W. RAMSAY, 80 Swanston St., Melbourne.
That the second year edifice “panned” out well.
That it wasn’t “Wise” to “McAdam” look silly, but perhaps ninepence wasn’t enough.
That German meant a lamp glass and not a test tube.
That Maurice is working hard for his M.B., Ballarat.
That “He didn’t have to learn as much when he was a student as we do now.”—Prof. Berry on Anatomy. Will this be an excuse if we flop?
That the new bed at the Alfred is to be called the “Bob Douglas.” Still the Children’s is much nearer.
That “maiden” is a term of contempt used by barmaids and actresses.
That “Shan’s” very careful gait is the result of riding the pony bareback. Rumours to the contrary are unfounded.
That a beer in the hand is worth two in the system.
That the Prof. will have the corpse lift oiled when it becomes a bit more audible.
That there is much “Noyes” about the new formula for salt.
It now reads NaCl.
That everybody is glad to see Harry Cordner at the head of the “Shop” eighteen once more.
That Eric Giblin’s departure is a great loss to the Speculum.
That 606 is a much used number at the M.H.
That circumcision alters cases.
That too many rooks spoil the fourth.—Old proverb.

Old Boys.

John Avery—Roma, Queensland. McShane—Investigating Ty. outbreak on the Karoola. On a good wicket.
Dil Lemon—Ballarat Hospital. Senior. Is he following Tom and Dick’s example?
Dick Ebsworth—Bought a motor. The N.E. must be a good district.
Peggy—Kyneton Hospital.
Tiny Tynms—Looking for a house.
Joe Grant—Auckland Hospital. Rode the winner in the Whitehouse Hundred on the 27th.
Don Bennett—Ballarat Hospital.
Jim Rowan—Assistant at Dunolly.
Moke Jacobs—Doing gastroenterostomies at the Geelong Hospital.
Felton, Grimwade & Co.,

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with Prof. Watty.
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Hughie Bourke—Often sees Billie Bourke.
Dunc. Buchanan—In steady work at Cooliman, N.S.W.
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Crowther—Taking the Moravian to England.
Scotchy Malcolm—Engaged. Such a dear little nurse.
Frank Keane—Doing his best. Vide above.
Mat. Robinson—Taken his bulldog to Tassy.
Jack Campbell—Back to Warwick and Ty.
Tom Brennan—Driving a car in S.A.
Rogerson, Watkins, Shelton—A.M.P.
T. P. unhill—Abdominal complications spoiling his trip. Mal-
de-mer himself. Urgent appendix vice-regal suite.
Bill Sawyers—Assistant at Clunes.
Teddy White, Gordon Shaw, Jock D Anderson, Charlie Mc-
Laren—All M.D.s. The last engaged. Evidently on the
strength of it.
Hughie Devine—Junior in-patient surgeon at St. Vincent’s.
Saving up.
Harry Cordner—At the Infectious. Training hard. Also
captain of Shop team.
Jim McDonald never made a mistake at Kilmore.
Milligan—At Women’s.
Ike Jones—Remains tutor at Trinity. We scent M.D.s.
Rupert Downes—At Ormond with his eye on the Children’s,
very much!
Hurley and Newton—New Registrars at M.H.
Sid. Sewell—To take Ossy’s place in the dog slaughtering
department.
Grant Shelton—Looking well again.
Chuck Dane—Married and “settled down” in Ballarat.
Tom Hutchings—A proud father. Congrats. to Tom and
Maggie.
Jim Craig—Married. Thinking of buying a motor car.
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Snowy Yule—Perth Public Hospital.

NOTES FROM OLD BOYS IN LONDON.
Fay Maclure—one of the best—writes from London:—
Marshall, Pinnock, Kennedy and self living at 60 Gower-st.,
London, W.C.—the first studying M.R.C.S., the second has
obtained the M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and the third and fourth
studying for the F.R.C.S. Also Chuck Shaw studying F.R.C.S.
Good arrived last night.
Miss Sweet—Eye and Ear.
Tom Roberts—Left Kids.

Editorial Notices.
A few subscribers did not receive copies of the last edition of the SPECULUM. They will be supplied on communication with the Business Manager—P. Little, Esq., St. Vincent's Hospital.
The Committee has decided to make the Commentary Column more useful than it has been in the past. Commentaries will be set in Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, and Gynaecology; and in the succeeding issue the solutions and differential diagnoses will be announced. The examiners are to be asked to hand in for publication the solutions of commentaries set in exams.—after the event, of course.
All contributions to the SPECULUM should be handed in either to the Editor, or to one of the Committee, as early in the term as possible. The work of actual publication cannot be done in a day or two; and early contributions will secure an early issue.
An M.H. Honorary once remarked that we dealt too exclusively in "beer and cuddle." While admitting that these are necessary and stimulating things, we should not forget that the SPECULUM is the official organ of the Society, and may be used for the furtherance of such schemes as are deemed desirable. Your help is needed in both sections of the paper.
The SPECULUM Committee consists this year of the following:—A. H. G. Leahy and C. Stephens (Sub-Editors). P. A. Stevens, A. Rubinowich, A. M. Wilson, P. Little (Business Manager), R. O. Douglas (ex officio) and R. M. Crookston (Editor).
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Our Advertisers.

The advertisements in the Speculum are one of our chief sources of revenue. Students should therefore recognise the fact that those who advertise in our journal should have first call on us. This would also ultimately be to our advantage and enhance the value of our advertising columns.

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