

"How many newcomers have you had this month, Médecin-chef? They must indeed sorely have needed to be purged. Who ever heard of such a thing! An inquiry must be made. And those dogs? Why are they allowed to run all over the place?"

"They are pets."

"Pets? They must all be sent away. Dogs are filthy beasts and a menace to mankind. And those ducks? Perhaps you will tell me that the ducks, too, are pets?"

"Oh, the ducks, Monsieur l'Inspecteur—we, as you see, sit on a damp plain. We keep the ducks to eat the mosquitoes."

"Bon, bon! That is good. Prevention is better than cure. And this is the lingerie? What a strange place! It is quite a department store. Why pile things on cupboards; you have no room?"

Behind the Inspecteur's back the Gestionnaire signals to Tessac to be silent.

"Have everything taken off the cupboards. You must *make* room. To have room for everything is the soul of order. Now, for the operating room."