

**Fighting Typhoid Fever.** Although the appointment of some eminent civilian surgeons to assist the military medical officers in South Africa would seem to indicate that the latter are somewhat behind the times, and not conversant with modern practice, there is plenty of evidence forthcoming that the health of the British soldier is a matter of much concern to the government, and that nothing likely to protect him from disease is neglected. Quite recently, the Washington War Department received information to the effect that the British army officials have determined to inoculate all their troops with a newly discovered virus as a protective against typhoid fever.

Surgeon-General Sternberg has received a letter from Dr. H. S. Muir of the British Medical Service, and it is probable that the medical service of the States Army will adopt the same measure of protection. The question has been referred by General Sternberg to one of the army medical officers for investigation and report.

A private letter received by General Sternberg from Director-General Jamison of the British Medical Service says that the virus has been used already among some of the British troops with excellent results. Orders have already been issued for the inoculation of all troops in India and also those going to South Africa. The discovery is regarded as very important, the principle of which is to inoculate the patient with micro-organisms.

General Jamison, in his letter, calls General Sternberg's attention to the inoculations of Professor Wright at Bangalore. Professor Wright inoculated altogether 3,000 troops, and the medical sheets showed that more than half of this number never caught the fever, while the others who were inoculated had it only mildly.

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**The Poets** Why war should stir up all the poets of the country is not easy to understand.

**Season.** Following the example of Kipling, Conan Doyle, and a host of lesser bards, the Poet-Laureate has been trying his hand at verse-making, his theme being the reverse suffered by the British forces at Ladysmith. The papers are not treating him kindly. In fact, a Canadian critic says of the poem by Mr. Austin, "It is turgid rhetoric, worthy only of the poet's corner in a country newspaper." Why turgid rhetoric should be peculiarly suitable for a country newspaper, we are not told by this accomplished city critic.

However, we quite agree with those who are in rebellion against the modern bards. The flood of patriotic poems is calculated to make lunatics of us all. The bulk of the verses have the same deadly attractions for the unwary reader which are found in the thrilling stories concealed in patent medicine advertisements. They arrest attention with one startling line, and the rest is easy. It is not the rhyme and

metre of these poor poets that produces pain, it is the inflated bombastic style of their lucubrations. We are not wanting in patriotism, but when one of these poets of a season shouts

"To Arms! To Arms!"

we confess to an irresistible longing to supplement this very impassioned appeal by adding

"And a wooden leg."

Again, why should a poet's frantic admonition to us to remain cool and indifferent even when

"A thousand guns are pointed at our breasts."

fail to make us feel like donning an old uniform and starting for South Africa. There, at least, we would escape these war-like bards. Another long-haired laureate-seeking rhymers, whose music is much more lively than that once produced by the harp that now hangs mute in Tara's Halls, adjures us to

"Rise up! Rise up!"

His very repetition of the request betokens a desire for haste on our part, and he tries to cajole us into obedience by the assurance that we belong to

"An heroic race of warriors."

In fact, he wants us to get up, like Johnnie Riley and go along with him to a place where, the poet assures us,

"The crimson flood strains the ocean's flow,"

Lest the mention of the ocean should cause us any feeling of uneasiness, another of the same school of poets transports us at once to the Transvaal and entreats us to waive all enquiry as to reasons why and wherefore, and to

"Strike, strike for the flag."

He tells us in eleven long verses all about this flag; but the halting metre and confusing feet of each stanza encourages us to hope he will not mind if we hesitate to strike at his bidding. We want time enough to ascertain if there is any Parliamentary precedent for such a bold proceeding.

Altogether, this flood of battle songs by modern warrior bards is one of the horrors of war with which we find it hard to put up. Like Sir Joseph Porter when amazed and surprised at the swearing of Captain Corcoran,

Our pain and our distress

We find it is not easy to express.

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**Street Franchises Valuable.** Although it is somewhat too late for several large cities to profit by

experience, great corporations are beginning to realize that valuable franchises can no longer be obtained from municipalities for the mere asking. The president of a big electric railway company in the west is reported to have said that he would no more think of applying to a prosperous and growing city for street franchises without offering compensation than he would think of requesting a rolling mill to donate steel rails for a track. The people of all the large cities of the American continent now know that street railway franchises are very valuable and that they should be disposed of for the good of