

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

THE PLAINT OF THE INFLUENZA MICROBE.

Under the nom de plume of "An overburdened Influenza Microbe," a writer gives the following in the *Lancet* of May 30th: I smile at salicylates and roar at sulphonal. As for aconite, I positively enjoy it, and quinine does not in the least make me feel queer. Eucalyptus is wholesome, but a fig, say I, for the pharmacopœia. You that are possessed go to bed and stay there if you want to get rid of me. Have a fire, too. I pity poor humans without one in cold or cool weather. Call in your favorite general practitioner and let him look learned, for faith is a great thing. He cannot touch me but he can bring down your temperature. Take nourishment, anorexia notwithstanding; and be not above alcohol. What I really object to is, that low spirits, suicidal feelings, and other such sickening sequelæ are unblushingly ascribed to me. Rather look for them down in the depressant depths of the apothecary's mortar I am beyond bacteriological laboratories, and Koch or any one else cannot catch me. Alas for the cultured! Whatever else is said, I do good to those that hate me; but they treat and malign me much. I mean to fertilise elsewhere, and shall soon be going away. A legacy will be left behind which will not be due entirely to my benevolence.

A PSALM OF LONG LIFE.

The lives of some of our great men, says the *New York Medical Journal* remind us of the possibility that they may continue to make foot-prints of honor and usefulness on the sands of time even long after they have passed the four-score limit. This, of course, applies chiefly to brain workers, literary octogenarians, and it applies in a special sense to O. W. Holmes and to the late Mr. Bancroft. The genial Holmes is said to be fitting himself to compose his poetic survey of long life from a personal experience of the years beyond the psalmist's allotment. He has of later years and especially in the winter season, been a close student of the

art of personal hygiene, and he confesses that he has found his account in taking scrupulous care of himself. He was never robust, but his maturer years have found him still wiry and uncomplaining. Since his eightieth birthday, in 1889, his sanitary vigilance has been incessant. Knowing that pneumonia and bronchitis are the dread enemies of old age, he has given his best attention to keeping them at a distance. His rooms are furnished with thermometers, to help him to ward off exposure to chill and cold. He governs his life by rule; everything else must yield to hygienic considerations. He has had occasion to give dietetics his personal study, and understands both the requirements and the limitations of his digestion. He has drawn up for himself a kind of private science of longevity, to which he attributes the continuance of his health and capacity for mental production. Intellectually he is still vigorous. The *British Medical Journal* comments regarding his recent essays, saying: He is still one of the most vivacious of men; age can not wither the freshness of his interest in life or deaden the cheerful sparkle of his style. Even of 'crabbed age'—and the inevitable sorrows and bereavements which it brings with it—he writes with an easy wit, quite untinged by cynicism, and brightens the dismal subject so as to make it amusing even to his fellow sufferers.

"REFORM" COTTON-WOOL UNDERCLOTHING.

This is something quite new, inexpensive and highly recommended. It is said to be "warm enough for a Canadian winter and cool enough for India." A supplement of the *London Medical Recorder* gives the following from a writer in the *Christian World*: "Tradition is in favor of flannel next to the skin; and Dr. Jaeger improved upon flannel by introducing a more porous woollen texture. I thoroughly tried Dr. Jaeger's underclothing, and was quite satisfied with the results. I carried out the principle thoroughly in all my clothing—outer as well