

at desks and armed with pen, ink and paper, await their questions, which they draw in turn out of a basket placed on a central table. The questions, three in number, are on chemistry, natural history, and pharmacy, for example:

No. 1, Chemistry. "Write an essay on Sulphides."

No. 2, Natural History. "Write an essay on Leeches."

No. 3, Pharmacy. "Write an essay on the Distilled Waters."

It lies, then, with each competitor to write to the full extent of his knowledge on each of these three subjects, to speak of the leeches' suckers, their eleven stomachs, three jaws, each with sixty microscopical V-shaped teeth, etc. The contest is almost as to who shall write quickest and cover the most paper. Four hours are conceded for the development of these three questions, at the end of which time one has to give in one's work, pack up, and move out. If the truth must be told, it must be confessed that many candidates go out before the end of the allotted time, having only managed to cover a few meagre pages of foolscap. As for them, their fortune is easily told—they will remain at the gate of Paradise! The next and subsequent days the authors of the various theses read their scientific and pharmaceutical literature in public before the assembled examiners, who award the marks. The good and bad marks obtained in the four trials are calculated, and the places awarded accordingly. Then, at a special convocation, the successful students are proclaimed "Internes en Pharmacie" in order of merit, and receive each one a "carte d'interne," which the proud and happy recipient piously guards as does the triumphant soldier who sees shining on his breast the medal which his courage and bravery have obtained for him.

DUTIES OF INTERNES.

We have seen how the title of "Interne" may be won; let us now glance at the duties which pertain to the office. Each morning about seven or eight o'clock the doctor's rounds take place, at which time each "interne" must report himself to his medical chief, who, with his "interne en médecine" accompanying him, as well as several medical students and even doctors desirous of attending the chief's lectures, begins his visiting round of the patients' cots. He stops longer at the interesting cases, examines, sounds, and questions and prescribes this

or that medicine. The interne en pharmacie, note-book in hand, writes down the doctor's orders, and, when the medical visit terminates, hastens back to the pharmacy, where he rapidly dispenses the potions, pills, and other medicines ordered. The bottles, provided with numbers corresponding with those of the patients' beds, are carried to the wards by the male attendants or the sisters. At eleven or twelve noon all work is finished; then comes "lunch."

The internes leaving the pharmacy assemble in their own private dining-room, which in common with the pharmacy, "salle de garde" and bedrooms, is generally in a building somewhat removed from that occupied by the patients. Their cook, whom they pay out of their own pocket, has prepared for them, also at their own expense, an appetizing spread. They eat, drink, make merry, and engage in animated converse, and what with a constant stream of jokes, and wine running in unison, gaiety reigns supreme, and the poor patients, their pains and misery, are forgotten. They talk politics, literature, fine art, philosophy, even socialism. At that happy age of twenty summers at what does one hesitate? "*Homo sum, et nihil humanum a me alienum puto!*" But time goes on, the afternoon arrives, they leave the table and the hospital, for every afternoon the internes are free, with the exception of the one on duty, who must not quit the premises. An electric bell connects him with the pharmacy, and he must be ready day and night to execute any urgent prescriptions delivered to him by the "Interne en Médecine." The "internes" are on duty according to the roster. In the afternoon some attend the lectures of the School of Pharmacy, others visit the Botanical Gardens or the Library, and others again do none of these, but drink beer and smoke their pipes in the "Brasseries." There are a few who shut themselves up at home, surrounded by their favorite books, and read hard ("*potassent ferme!*") for future examinations. In the evening there is dinner about seven o'clock, after which more conversation, philosophical, scientific, or otherwise. When the finances are flourishing a visit may be paid to the theatre, concert, or to the boulevards, the rich often paying for the poor, and as each student passes through alternations of opulence and poverty, according to whether he is more or less removed from the time of his receipt of the paternal re-

mittance, there springs up a kind of collective republic, one paying for the other, each in his turn. Neither the German Karl Marx, nor the Frenchman Jaurès, nor the English socialists themselves have as yet been able to establish similar practical socialism in modern society.

But as the date of the examinations at the School of Pharmacy draws near, pleasure and feasting are banished, at any rate, by the real students. These latter shut themselves up in their dens, and until early morning struggle manfully with their chemistry. They soon believe themselves serious rivals of Berthelot or Attfield. In botany they would pit themselves against the great Linnæus himself, and would have discovered Attwood's machine during their course of physics if he had not saved them the trouble by forestalling them, and they fall asleep pondering upon the invention of a motor for a navigable balloon!

Happy age that! and happy the life of an *Interne en Pharmacie*! His emolument is scanty—only forty francs a month and lodging—but his hope and faith in the future are immense. He knows not the disenchantments of life nor the deceptions experienced at a riper age. A free good fellowship—a lasting friendship—grows up between these seven or eight youths living together day by day in close association, having the same tastes, the same occupations, and the same hopes. Perfect equality exists between them. What more can be desired than this, to be really happy? As a result this good fellowship begun during the *Internat* endures for a life-time, and it is a red-letter day for each one when these "ex-internes" meet in after life. All cherish a happy remembrance of the years passed in the *Internat*. Happy years of a happy youth gone never to return!

Ferro-Somatosé.—An organic combination of somatose and iron. It appears as a brown, insipid, odorless powder, easily soluble in warm water, and in aqueous liquids generally. It is recommended in anemia, chlorosis, etc., and in all conditions where iron is indicated.

Ozone solutions for medicinal purposes are prepared, according to a recent patent, by saturating ethereal oils, either pure or in solution, particularly oil of lemon, with ozone. (Ph. Post.)

Crotoglobulin and Crotonalbumin.—Two new, highly toxic albuminoids derived from the seeds of *Croton Tiglium*.