

True, until we determine the specific cause of the disease, we are not in a position to say with exactness, that isolation, in its truest term, will eradicate the disease, or to stamp out with a specific, scarlatina, as diphtheria is being stamped out, and as small-pox has been stamped out. But it is at present our best, our only remedy for the spread of a disease whose mortality is heavy enough, in all conscience, and whose sequelae are appalling in their seriousness; and so we unconsciously find ourselves wondering whether there be not some fault with the isolation, or with the method of isolation, or with the completeness of isolation, or with the efficacy of disinfection *after* isolation, and with the pertinacity with which an idea will recur at unwonted moments, it gains weight, and you sit down, gentle reader, and reason the thing between puffs, and come to the conclusion that isolation *is* at fault, both in itself and in its method, in its completeness; and that disinfection, as practised to-day, is the most expensive, screaming farce which has ever disgraced a civilized community, numbering progressive physicians among its citizens, or ever levied a death toll on our babies as the price of its existence. Let us, dear reader, if I do not bore you, just glance for a moment at isolation as it is generally attempted to be carried out; as I have, and you have, too, often seen it carried out. The mother refuses to let the child go to the hospital, and is directed to carry out the usual precautions, and the next visit is paid in a little hope that your orders have been carried out (N. B.—This is based on a small remnant of faith in human nature, which, for some unaccountable reason, occasionally lingers in the breast of the medical attendant), but with a substratum of conviction, based on stern experience, that what has been done is this: Nothing in the bedroom has been touched—chest of drawers, trunks, boxes, all containing more or less clothing of the household; wardrobes or clothes-closets hung around with dresses, hats, bonnets, etc.; carpet still reposing peacefully in its original calmness and dust; children not yet down, running about, and maybe dressed, washed and fed by the mother, who thinks, or pretends to, that in crossing the threshold of the sick room, all infection drops from her, only to be resumed on her next entry; dishes, glasses, cups, spoons, remains of milk, coffee or tea carried out into the kitchen and left to the tender mercies of the other youngsters, or