

Among the Microbes

Thinking a few notes upon the Pathological Dept. might be of interest to readers, I recently went down and interviewed my friend the burly corporal in charge. As I entered he was seated at a table deep in some abstract calculation, and without looking up he asked "Name?" I gave it. "Was a man"? He questioned. Now I objected to this, and asked him what right he had to think that I had severed my connection with Genus Homo—gender masculine. This brought him to, and he assured me that he had merely mentioned the name of a pet treatment of his. I told him I was after copy for the paper, and he proceeded to show me round and expatiate upon the work of the department.

Being dense and short of memory I have got things mixed slightly, but here are my impressions of what I saw and heard. Take them for what they are worth.

The first thing that caught my eye was a still. Water is placed in one side, boiled, cooled again, and comes out the other side—just water! Deplorable waste of energy, it seemed to me. It might come out, well,—but it isn't that kind of still.

Nearby was an affair like a Jack Johnson shell. I don't know what it was for, but it cost twenty five pounds, so it must be very important.

The burly corporal then explained the art of blood testing. The patient is tapped and some of his vital fluid drawn off. Then they fish in the pool till they hook a microbe, and by examining him carefully they can tell whether the patient has measles or dyspepsia. Mr. Microbe is then frozen to death and pickled in saline, brine, or salted water, and when well salted he is pumped back into the patient. The other microbes (cannibals all) consume him, and consequently die of thirst, the patient thus being cured by a hair of the dog that bit him.

I was then shewn a culture of germs—almost as horrible as the Kultur of Germ—ans we so often read about—millions of the little beggars in a glass tube, all bursting to get inside of somebody and raise Kane with his internal arrangements.

"Now," said the burly corporal, "I will show you how we give healthful injections. Take off your tunic." "Time I left," said I, "Good-bye," and I never stopped till I was safe in my quarters. KRITICOS.

Anaesthetic

Breathe! Breathe deeply!"
My heaving lungs, scorched with the sickening fumes
Mutiny: whilst the white-clad figures draw
To a dim perspective; still a quiet voice
Reiterates, "Breath deeply—count with me,
One, two, three, four, five—"
See! the rooms dancing in madness
I fall!
Falling—miles, miles, millions of miles:
God! what a crash when I strike the rocks.
Swifter yet! Down—down—dow—

* * * * *

"One more kiss, lass, come!
What a damned row those guns are making!
Get off my leg will you, I—who's speaking?
What's all over? Oh! How sick I feel!
Who's that?—Sister? Yes, I'll go to sleep.
I'm tired, I—I feel much better, thanks."

H. S. S.

We should like to know who posted the "Do Actresses Make Good Wives" bill at the canteen. Is he thinking of—?

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:::

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