

for example, enjoys when he leaps up on deck and breathes the free air of the open sea after four hours' sleep in the stifling fo'c's'le.

So it seems to come to this—that if you are a civilized man, living in a civilized country, your risk of death from consumption is immeasurably greater than if you were a savage living in savagery. It seems to come to this also—that if you are at the age when life is most heavily burdened by anxieties, and you are of most use to your country, you are especially liable to the attacks of this terrible pestilence. But the evil which civilization has created it is the duty of civilization to remove, and in the presence of the appalling statistics of consumption which I have hastily summarized, it is at least the right of every citizen to demand of the State that its subjects shall be better housed and, as far as may be, better fed.

The second of the conclusions which the non-scientific mind is reluctantly compelled to draw from the facts laid before him by scientific inquirers is that consumption is (what Sir William Broadbent called it) "the poor man's disease." The rich man may contract it, and among the most pathetic of my recent experiences is that the ravages of consumption are just as pitiless in their human aspect (if that can be divorced from their economic aspect) when they visit the rich man's house as when they enter the house of the poor. Indeed, they have an element of cruel irony in the one case that is absent from the other. I was once driving in Cumberland past a beautiful house, which sat high on the side of a hill, with trees behind it, and sloping lawns and a blue river in front, and with the sun flooding the place with soft autumn light. It was like a glimpse of the Garden of Eden, and yet I was told that the only child of the family, a young and beautiful girl, had died that day of consumption. Not in all cases can the greatest wealth or the utmost resources of science save the life that is threatened by this appalling plague, but beyond question the perils of infection and the difficulties of cure are enormously increased by the conditions of life which poverty must impose.

For instance, the poor man who lives in the sunless rooms of narrow streets and works in overerowed chambers, perhaps

with work-fellows who are already infected, runs by that circumstance alone a thousand risks to one as compared with the rich man in his pleasant house and garden. Then the poor man's food is neither so good nor so plentiful as that of the rich man, and if he keeps his windows closed from the fresh air which would help to destroy the deadly germs it is partly because he cannot afford fuel for fire, and partly, perhaps, because he knows of long and better experience that cold stimulates the hunger which he cannot appease.

Having taken the contagion, too, the poor man's chances of recovery are immeasurably less than those of the rich man. He cannot go off to the Engadine and bask in the winter sun, with the clear, dry frosty air in his nostrils, or take his yacht and sail leisurely down the Mediterranean, or hire a dahabeah and float lazily down the Nile. He cannot even get out of the city once a week (if he lives there). He cannot afford to rest, which is one way of helping the defensive policemen of the body to expel the hordes of the enemy that are invading it. He must go on with his work as long as he can stand up to it, thereby reducing his chances of recovery and continually infecting the family he cannot afford to leave.

When the crisis comes and he is compelled to go into the infirmary, he does his best to escape from it before his cure is complete, lest his wife and children, who are probably unprovided for, may be compelled to go into the workhouse. And when death overtakes him at length, as it nearly always does, with utterly disproportionate rapidity, he leaves his death-room, laden with the dried particules of his expectoration, to infect other poor people who will follow him in the same place.

The third and last of the conclusions the non-scientific mind is compelled to come to, after examination of the statistics of scientific inquirers, is that consumption is a malady which attacks with its fiercest virulence the finest types of the human race. It would appear natural that this white plague, which is always lying in wait for the vulnerable soil that is peculiarly fitted for its propagation, should assail with especial and relentless force the rare and noble beings whose bodies are constantly being consumed by the splendid activity of their souls. What this