

seems to me, who have put in more solid and unremitting toil than any others. They are the commissariat, the railway men and the medical orderlies. Of the three, the first two are the most essential, since the war cannot proceed without food and without railways. But the third is the most laborious, and infinitely the most dangerous.

THE OUTBREAK OF ENTERIC FEVER.

The outbreak of enteric among the troops in South Africa was a calamity the magnitude of which had not been foreseen, and which even now is imperfectly appreciated. We naturally did not dwell too much upon it while the war was in progress. But it was appalling in its severity, both in quantity and quality. I know of no instance of such an epidemic in modern warfare. I have not had access to any official figures, but I believe that in one month there were from 10,000 to 12,000 men down with this, the most debilitating and lingering of continued fevers. I know that in one month 600 men were laid in the Bloemfontein Cemetery. A single day in this one town saw 40 deaths. These facts would have stiffened the resistance at Pretoria if they had been generally known. It is only now, when the worst is past, that they can be talked of.

THE HOSPITAL ORDERLY.

How was this unforeseen and unprecedented crisis grappled with? Entirely by the efforts of the medical men and by the devotion of the orderlies. When a department is confronted by a task which demands four times more men than it has, the only way of meeting it is for each man to work four times as hard. This is exactly what occurred, and the crisis was met. In some of the general hospitals orderlies were on duty for thirty-six hours in forty-eight, and what their duties were—how sordid and obscene—let those who have been through such an epidemic tell.

He is not a picturesque figure, the orderly, as we know him. We have not the trim, well-nourished army man, but we have recruited from the St. John Ambulance men, who are drawn, in this particular instance, from the mill hands of a northern town. They were not very strong to start with, and the poor fellows are ghastly now. There is none of the dash and glory of war about the sallow tired men in the dingy khaki suits—which, for the sake of the public health, we will hope may never see England again. And yet they are patriots, these men; for many of them have accepted a smaller wage in order to take on these arduous duties, and they are facing danger for twelve hours of the twenty-four,