

coccus infection rapidly recovered, including one case of puerperal peritonitis. In the cases in which no benefit was apparent bacteriologic investigation showed that the infection was due solely to the colon bacillus or pneumonia germ.—*Wiener Wochenschrift, in Jour. Amer. Med. Asso.*

THE DOCTOR IN POETRY.

AIR. "SOLDIER AN' SAILOR, 'TOO."

(*With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling*)

As I was agoing 'ome to bed, through a muddy country lane,
I seen a man in a oilskin cape, atrudgin' through the rain,
'E 'adn't a match, an' 's pipe was out, as' I ses to 'im, "'Oo are you !"
An' 'e ses, "'I'm a doctor, the country doctor, surgeon an' midwife too !"
Now 'e never gets paid for 'arf 'e does, an' 'e does the work of two,
An' 'e isn't one of the gentlefolks, 'an' 'e ain't like me nor you,
'E's a sort of a bloomin' chameleotype, surgeon an' midwife too.

An' I seen 'im again all over the shop, aplayin' all sorts of rags,
Like settin' a fractured collar-bone with a couple of touch-line flags,
An' the parsons owe 'im money, for their wives give 'im work to do.
Though 'e's only the doctor, the country doctor, surgeon an' midwife too.
An' the Poor Law Board they sits on 'im, an' tries to dock 's screw,
Though 'e 'as 's bread and cheese to git the same as me or you,
They think 'e's a 'aughty philanthocrat, surgeon an' midwife too.

An' I seen 'im again with a knife an' things, and the sweat was on 'is brow.
'E was trying to mend the guts of a bloke as 'ad spiked 'isself in a row ;
'Twas late at night an' 'e 'adn't no light, to see what 'e 'ad to do,
An' 'is pal was a doctor, a country doctor, surgeon an' midwife too.
'E 'adn't got far with 'is little job, 'e wasn't but 'alfway through,
When the bloke sits up an' asks for a drink, the same as it might be you ;
Ho ! they ain't no special anesthetutes, surgeon and midwife too.

But there wasn't a call to do as you done when you 'ad the gout in yer toe,
And you fetched 'im out in the dead of night, an' 'e 'ad six miles to go,
For you've 'ad it before, and you'll have it again, and you know just what
to do.

You don't want the pore old country 'doc,' dispenser an' staff nurse too.
You pays 'im ? What ! Yes, tuppence a week, an' you're earnin' "thirty-
two."

An' 'e 'as to subscribe to your football club, which you're too mean to do,
Because 'e's the doctor, the country doctor, surgeon an' midwife too.

Now I never believes in them specialist thieves, what stammer, an' grunt,
an' blow,

As 'll watch yer die with a winkin' eye for a 'undred pound or so ;
An' when it's "Checks?" an' "'Oose turn next?"—which I 'opes it won't
be you !—

Let's stick to the doctor, the country doctor, surgeon an' midwife too.

An' when you come to the Bar of Gawd, an' 'E says "'Oo passed you
through ?"

(For 'e 'ates Peculiar People an' the Christian Science crew)

Just mention the doctor, the country doctor, surgeon and midwife too.—

E. G. B. A., in *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*.