

vultures. Each particular limb, head or other part was most religiously wrapped up in rags and kept wet, save for the immediate part being operated upon. Two corpses lay at the other end, silently awaiting mutilation at the hands of these ghouls. If but the hundreds of unclaimed bodies that have been dismembered within these four white-washed walls could but speak, what a grim tragedy of folly, sin and shame would come to light! That young woman lying there so quiet and still as she was taken from the river Thames, at one time had a loving mother, even though her face is bloated by dissipation and submersion. The hands are small and delicate, and betoken that she came from a good home, where every member of the family did not have to toil unceasing for their daily bread.

MICROBE HATCHING

May never be such a rural and popular pastime as chicken raising; nevertheless, within a small building flanking the lawn, this study goes on unceasing. If the professor and his class can only get a new variety of germs of some fearful scourge they go into transports. Imagine a small 25x12 foot room, full of tables, test-tubes and the usual paraphernalia connected with a laboratory,—not omitting the smell, only it is of a new variety, and you have the place. At the northeast corner of this room is situated, apparently, a small 12x20 inch box; this is the incubator. Within that small area are the bacillus of enough diseases under the sun to decimate the earth, provided they were given a fair start in life, in succession. I held in my hands test-tubes containing thousands of germs of such well-known scourges as the Indian plague cholera, smallpox and other cheerful decimators. As the tubes had cotton batten stuffed in the open end I still live to tell the tale. The greatest precautions are taken to avoid mishaps; and, up to date, nothing has ever gone wrong, save with the cats and dogs that have been experimented upon. But for choice I prefer a box of matches and a stick of giant powder for playthings.

Adjacent to this building stands the dental college, with no less than forty-two operating chairs in one room. That is another cheerful spot to visit.

Near at hand also is the laboratory of the public analyst, who in private life is a most benign old gentleman, until he is sent the contents of the stomach of some individual who has been suspected of being poisoned. Then he becomes absolutely lost to the world, and promptly shuts himself up in his laboratory and juggles with chemicals the live long day, until he finds out the particular poison, as the case may be. If the suspected person is acquitted, this respectable old gentleman raves around for days, with a bloodthirsty air, murmuring something regarding "a gross miscarriage of justice."

Just across the square is to be found the new school that was opened with becoming ceremony last month, by the prince of Wales. Therein are to be found all the latest appliances, laboratories, and a fine lecture theatre, which is much larger and a great improvement upon the old one. Both of them resemble the gallery of a modern theatre; the seats rising in tiers in a semi-circle from floor to ceiling; whilst immediately below stands a blackboard and demonstrating table, etc. The old theatre is

full of associations; every inch of woodwork being honeycombed with initials of students, performed with a knife. The initials of many now leading lights of the medical world are to be found there. Further; love-sick students seem to have had a great penchant for cutting their best girl's names upon the benches. The favorite pastime amongst the students during lecture hours, seems to be crowding and squeezing the end man until he resembles a blade of a knife. From the top row to the floor (some twenty-five feet), one man, named Ball, made his historic jump, that is known to this day as "Ball's leap." Squeezed past endurance, by his sinful comrades, he jumped into the arena below, smashing the blackboard and overturning the lecturer in his descent.

We are now in the original Guy's, with its last century windows and low ceilings. We cannot leave the hospital without mentioning the out-patients, who daily, from 10 a. m. till 4 p. m., await treatment. Here they sit in a low, long hall, each awaiting his or her turn, upon benches. It is a fearful evil-smelling place; full of misery and suffering. In the center sit some dozen patients awaiting their turn to be ushered into that dreadful operating room, whilst the remaining six hundred or so, are there for medicine, that is given gratis. They have to bring their own bottles. If they haven't any, they buy them from an old woman behind a little counter, who makes a living retailing her miscellaneous collection, that ranges from the plebian beer to a scent bottle, at 500 per cent profit. There is another class of out-patients who are attended at their homes (save the mark), by the advanced students—those who are in absolute poverty and are about to become mothers,—the radius is within one mile of the hospital. The students attended 3,500 cases last year! Before leaving the noble charitable institution, we pass the accident ward. But we have had enough horrors for one day. However let us brace our nerves and follow

A TYPICAL CASE.

Before starting it is only fair to state that my knowledge of surgery is limited, hence I have to draw from the "Luji gazette" for technical terms:

"Bill was born of poor but dishonest parents.

"Bill was not a good boy, he used to swear and never went to Sunday school.

"But when Bill reached man's estate he had only been in prison seven times.

"Bill was a 'lounger' and hated work, one day he struck a piece of luck. An inebriated cabby gave him half a sovereign by mistake for sixpence for holding his horse. Did Bill return it and an old gentleman passing by, struck with his honesty give him a good job in his office and make him an ornament to society? Oh no, that is only found in good story books and not on the Borough. No Bill lit out ere the mistake could be discovered and calling together his pals they proceeded to indulge in arl and arl ad libitum. At 'chucking out time' Bill was beastly drunk. So were his pals. One of them particularly, he (not Bill) was a married man, or rather he lived with a woman whom the law gave him licence to maltreat providing he did not go too far.

"When this noble band of British workmen got outside the pub, there stood a barefooted shivering girl, who

timidly approached the married man. 'Come 'ome father, mother's h'orifully h'll and wants yer.' 'Go to 'ell' replied the fond parent, which was his playful way of telling her to go home. 'Go to ell' echoed Bill at the same time making a drunken rush for the girl whom he followed into the street. Bill did not see a heavy load of vegetables bound for Spitalfields market approaching. Neither did the sleepy driver—who was expected by his employer to cut and load cabbage all day and then take the load twenty miles to market for the magnificent stipend of fifteen shilling a week—see Bill. Bill fetched the girl a cuff that sent her sprawling for several feet but saved her life. The next minute with a smothered curse Bill was down and the wheels of the heavy wagon passed over his legs with a sickening scrunch. The usual crowd even although it was 10 o'clock in the morning. The usual police and ambulance. The usual parade to guys hospital that drew up in front of the steps. 'W'ats h'up?' said the uniformed porter as he sleepily rolled out of his den beside the entrance. As is usual with porters, he was portly, wore a fifty inch belt, and as he descended the steps, the massive structure of guy's seemed to tip up behind him. A brief explanation 'oh double compound fracture I suppose' remarked the porter, with a blasé air fitted to so great a degree of surgical intuition. 'I'll let y'er in.' Whereupon the stretcher is lifted off and carried into the surgery 'H'accident, Sir' says the policeman by way of explanation, to a very young man in shirtsleeves who advances to meet the invasion. The burden is put down in front of the fire, the cover removed from the stretcher and the straps unfastened."

The young man before mentioned with his vest bristling with an array of safety pins, a pair of scissors projecting from his watch pocket is the Surgical Ward Clerk, just fresh from the dreary blanks of anatomy and physiology. He is permeated with the bloodthirsty desire to sew no scalp wounds and open abscesses. As yet for the next three months his duties consist in writing out in full the reports of cases, plying the thermometer and using his eyes. He sees that this is beyond his jurisdiction so telephones over to the club where the dressers and house surgeon are having a quiet hand at whist. There are four or five gangs so-to speak attached to the surgical department at Guy's, viz: The house-surgeon who is responsible for the occupants of sixty beds. 2nd, six dressers and 3rd, three Ward clerks, this constitutes a single gang which presently congregates in the operating theatre, chatting about the latest scores in cricket. The dresser and H. S. (house surgeon) in the meantime have made all preparations in the theatre, the electric light has been switched on, sundry knives, saws, scissors, hammers, chisels, forceps and needles thrown into the boiling pan of water at hand. The operating table warmed and these virtuous and conscientious individuals are now engaged in preparing cat gut, silk, and salmon gut for sutures. In come the sister and nurses of the Accident Ward laden with sheets, blankets, and oil skins. In comes Bill upon a litter, pale and insensible. The H. S. ranges himself alongside and plys the ether bottle and celluloid face piece, while the patient is rapidly anaesthetised. Two dressers wash their hands, put on long macintosh