

at regular intervals. Patient could diagnose that her sister was pregnant without the aid of a doctor, but she would like a doctor to examine her (patient) to discover the cause of the pains, because she is so nervous, if I don't think it rude of her to say so, but then I shall be a doctor one day, don't I think so?

The patient is a lady and is not the sort to vomit. If her son were present she would instruct him to show me what was what.

**Habits:**—Bowels: Patient is satisfied with her bowels, whatever their state may be. After all, her bowels are her own, not mine.

**Micturition:** Patient might experience pain during the act, and then again she might not. It all depends. It is none of my business whether patient wakes up at night to pass water. If it should please her she will get up fifty times.

**Appetite:** Patient would like to know whether all this questioning will do her appetite any good.

**Tobacco and Alcohol:** Patient would wish me to understand that she is respectable.

**Menstruation:** Patient states that if I ask one more question she will fetch me a swipe across my lug which will make me swallow my teeth without being aware of the fact. Patient is not definite as to which fact she refers—the swallowing or the swipe. Pog.

### MEDICINE.

A Dialogue in Six Episodes.

EPISODE 1. SCENE: The Common-room, Milner Park.

(Enter two Freshers, looking very bored.)

FIRST FRESHER. This is a dreary life. I do not know  
FRESHER. How one can make best use of this brief rest.

SECOND FRESHER. There is good reason for your ignorance,  
FRESHER. While fresh and green our plumage still remains.

FIRST FRESHER. That word is true. But say, how fares my friend  
FRESHER. With study of that dread Biolo~~gy~~?

SECOND FRESHER. You speak perchance of BOTANY and ZOO.,  
FRESHER. Those one-time friends now separate as the Poles.  
What recks it Moss if Fanty's burning wrath  
Consumeth Loots and Bolshies and the like?  
And Fanty—why, he'd cheerfully destroy  
All insect-eating plants and put them in  
Their proper place—I know he loves not e'en  
That his Herbivera should so demean  
This one and only science of them all.

INTERLUDE. (Enter a Student, with bowed head and drooping shoulders.)

STUDENT. Ah! Freshmen, raise your hopeful heads in prayer—  
Pray every kindly Muse that YOU succeed.  
(Exit Student).

FIRST       How now! Those gloomy looks and sad advice—  
FRESHER. I saw not there our badge of emerald hue.

SECOND.     There is good cause. This is his third attempt.  
FRESHER. To pass Payne's dreaded subject PHYS., which mocks  
Success in subjects of much greater worth.  
Now look at Loots—does he not boast as well  
HIS work is great, and yet HE lets us through?

EPISODE 2. SCENE: The Common-room, Medical School.

(Enter two Students, reeking of formalin.)

FIRST       How fares it now? What think you of the work  
STUDENT. That now confronts us in our chosen path?  
Forsooth, men said the last year was so hard,  
And then, I said so too.

SECOND STUDENT. And so did I.  
But say, what think you of Professor Dart?

FIRST       Methinks his manner's overharsh at times  
STUDENT. His voice is gruff and loud, his words profane—  
Such sounds are not for gentle ears like mine.

SECOND     The Seniors say he's not so bad at heart  
STUDENT. And means but little of the things he says.  
Again, he's burdened with histology  
That cheery Dighton thought would be his care.

FIRST       'Twere hard to say which year is worse.  
STUDENT. Those wretch'd emphibians were a slipp'hy lot,  
Though not so noxious to the nose as this.  
We'll have much cause for-joy when this work's done.

EPISODE 3. SCENE: Clinical Anatomy Room, deserted except  
for two Students busy at one table.

FIRST       This work pursues us still. I'd hoped no more  
STUDENT. To suffer from this all-pervading stench,  
Though 'twas much worse this morning at P.M.s—  
Did you attend Sir Strachan's bloody work?

SECOND     I did. How scorched his tongue like fiery flame  
STUDENT. When we unwitting roused his Scottish scorn!

FIRST       But have you noticed that when cause of death  
STUDENT. Did lack, how glibly he turned back and found  
The fault in organ free of morbid flaw?  
Why, give me BUGS., where even in exams.,  
When sputum's stained, you know with confidence  
There's T.B. there, with Becker's guarantee.

SECOND     I'm with you there. But speak no more of these—  
STUDENT. Let's think of Annie and her PARASITES.  
Why, SHE finds humour in a wriggly worm!

EPISODE 4. SCENE: Pharmacology Museum. Our friends have  
lingered on after a lecture.

FIRST This PHARM is strange. Why should we have to know  
 STUDENT. Each British dose in Metric System vile?  
 Watt knows full well the wards abhor that scheme,  
 And Chiefs wax wroth when we confuse the two.

SECOND But courtesy's a wondrous thing, and we  
 STUDENT. At least must show our gratitude for that.

EPISODE 4. SCENE: Billiard Room, Yamasoka, Mental Hospital,  
 Pretoria.

(Two Students are playing a game of fifty up.)

FIRST I can't say I know much of Politics—  
 STUDENT. Who runs this country? Nats or S.A.P.—  
 But Dunstan sure deserves a vote of thanks  
 For this most perfect happy holiday.

SECOND All perfect things do hide a cunning catch.  
 STUDENT. We've tennis, billiards, board and lodging free,  
 And while we've no cause for complaint, beneath  
 This smooth complexion lurks a constant itch—  
 His cursed exam's by far too difficult.

FIRST 'Tis difficult, I grant, and yet we know  
 STUDENT. It's not a patch on J.J.'s pampered pet—  
 FORENSIC should not be the bugbear that it si.

SECOND Aye, there's a man who's used to ride roughshod.  
 STUDENT. What cares he for convention, nor the world's  
 Opinion, be it scorn or fulsome praise?  
 Why, he'd take pleasure in these very lines  
 So long as truth is tempered well with fear.  
 We'll thank our stars if we get through this year.

EPISODE 6. SCENE: Senior Common Room, General Hospital.)

(Two Seniors are seated near the window, looking out upon  
 the hospital grounds.)

FIRST At last we've reached ambition's distant goal.  
 SENIOR. Confide in me your latest hopes and fears.

SECOND Alas! I'm greatly troubled by those arts  
 SENIOR. That G.G. seemingly so easy finds.  
 And yet I would not find these subjects hard  
 If primiparae still retained some sense!  
 Just think! If MEN this function could perform,  
 Then GYNAE. and OBSTETRICS would not be  
 The complicated studies that they are.

FIRST Enough. Your fancy carries you too far.  
 SENIOR. Is not our cup of sorrow overfull  
 Let's speak of men and matters less morose,  
 Of Ritchie and O.K.—in short of those  
 For whom we'll always keep a tender thought.—

SECOND My thoughts agree. And now let us away  
 SENIOR. And once again assume our bitter lot—  
 Let's tell the world that we are off to swot.

HORATIUS