

## Over the Hospital Teacups.

"I SHALL be the Benefactor of the Human Race," exclaimed the first-year student ecstatically.

"A second Æsculapius come to judgment," said the cynical House Surgeon.

"But you haven't heard the brilliancy of my scheme.

"Fire away," said the sober three-year man. "Don't be afraid of wasting genius on us; it's no good keeping it for your exams. Examiners aren't a bit impressed by brilliant ideas. That's why *I* always get ploughed."

"That's because your brilliance ain't bounded by common sense. No amount of sparkle will be sufficiently bubbleous to hide from the examiners your ignorance of the dose of blue-pill and how many ounces of blood can be extracted by a leech. But to go back to my brilliant idea. What's the good of Science if it can't be brought down to daily use? What's the good of knowledge if it's to be kept bottled up in a lab. or hidden in the depths of some abstruse old Treatise? Don't keep Science up in the clouds—use it, common it, cheapen it, bring it to the door of the artisan"——

"The artisan don't want Science brought to his door. Bring him beer and pipes—that's what *he* wants."

"Prescribe Science as the potion to solve the Problem of the Unemployed. That's where *I* shall come in," cried the enthusiastic one-year-old. "What's the good——?"

"—Of anything?—why nothing," broke in an irresponsible fourth-year man, whose pretensions were great in that he *nearly* passed his second exam.

"What's the good of *talking* of the unemployed? What's the good of sorrowing over the 'submerged tenth'? What's the good of columns in the papers about cold weather, and men who've got no work to do—with starving wives and children. Wait till *I* have my say—the scene shall be changed. I enter on the stage, I wave my hand, and I *hypnotise the unemployed*. Send 'em to sleep, boys, till better times—they, and their wives, and their babies—

"Especially the squawky ones."

"Don't interrupt the Philosopher. I get them comfortably off—cold weather don't matter then. They can't be 'froze out'—bricklayers, plumbers, and all can enjoy their long sleep till they've got some work to do. I shall label my scheme the 'Periodic Hibernation of the Working Man.' The price of coals don't matter then. Old Rip Van Winkle didn't think of climate. I'm going to see Mr. Asquith—I'm going to interview Lord Rosebery about it. Just

think of the economy in clothes. Their clothes won't wear out when we hypnotise the Micawbers, the hard-up, and the unemployed. Hurrah for the new era of Science stepping in to solve the Labour Question. It'll be a nut for John Burns and old Keir-Hardie to crack. Won't they be mad? Othello's occupation gone. While I—*my* statue will be erected at every street corner by a grateful Nation of Sleepers!"

"I say, old fellow, couldn't you take *us* into your scheme. Charity begins at home. Union is strength, and all that sort of thing. What's the working man to us? How about the students who can't 'get through'? Include them in the scheme. Hypnotise the College examiners; that's the dodge! And work out a system to 'suggest' to the old boys that we've answered all their questions. Don't play to the gallery and tout for the favour of the working man. The working man's an ungrateful beggar. Form a Students' Union for the Wholesale Hypnotism of Examiners. Count me in and let's make a bonfire of our books. Down with exams. and 'cramming,' and hurrah for hypnotism put to practical purposes. Let's set——"

"Why doesn't someone invent a serum for the injection of common sense?" said the House Surgeon.

"If that's a riddle the answer is easy: Because everyone would think a dose good enough for his neighbour, but not for him, and the preparation would not be a marketable commodity. And—I say, it's time for a smoke—or some work or something. 'So long,' boys. We'll meet again to discuss these serious, scientific questions in the sweet by-and-bye."

## Inventions, Preparations, &c.

### COCOANA.

MESSRS. SCOTT & SCOTT, of Birmingham, who brought out the excellent preparation known as "Cocoana," have now made further use of the hitherto much neglected but very important fruit, the banana, and from it have produced an excellent food for invalids and infants, known as "Banana Food." It is easily digested and nutritious, and supplies a useful and agreeable change to the invalid from the many other "foods" now introduced.

### STANDARD MALT EXTRACT.

ONE of the most marked evidences of the unhealthy methods of modern living is to be found in the large percentage of patients who suffer from indigestion. They either eat their meals as they do everything else—in a hurry—or their digestion is affected by the prevailing complaint

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)