

effectual remedy, for the legs in a moment are still, and investigations proceed to the tune of a sullen whine.

Anyone who contemplates treating children must learn to enjoy the musical remonstrances of juvenile lungs, for almost the immediate result of the doctor's touch is a loud and prolonged yell. The mildest, most inoffensive looking stethoscope is objected to, and this with so much energy, that many a mother who has been present during the "sounding" process, goes away convinced that her child has undergone a painful, if not dangerous, operation! More happy tempered children think the whole thing a game invented for their benefit. The stethoscope is looked upon as an amusing toy, and the doctor as a funny and delightful man to take such pains for their diversion. Immediately, therefore, that the wooden trumpet is conveniently applied to the chest, and the doctor's head comfortably settled for a "good listen," one fat hand grasps the instrument and forcibly disturbs the equilibrium, while its fellow pulls vigorously at the operator's hair until he is in a state of desperation, and quite unfit for public observation on account of his dishevelled locks. Perhaps this is the worst form for an infant's energy to take, so far, at least, as diagnostic investigation is concerned; for, between the gasps of yelling, it may be possible to hear breath-sounds, but the playful child completely frustrates all endeavours by his conviction that the game requires a great display of activity on his part.

A rather unaccountable fact is, that when children have to undergo any real operation they are very good patients; they will keep still, bear pain with patience, and complain very little. It is often surprising to find that a small child must have been for some considerable time suffering without a murmur, or even a mention that anything was wrong.

I once saw a little boy with deformed legs, one of which had already been set straight, brought into the surgical theatre for the other to be operated on. Remembering the pain and discomfort, the hours of lying motionless on his back with weights attached to keep the limb still, the poor little fellow, so soon as he realised what was to be done, made a piteous appeal to the surgeon in attendance. He straightened his legs and put the heels together, trying with his hands to smooth any deformity, and then, looking up with an eager light in his eyes, explained to all present that his legs were quite right, that he could walk "lovely," and begged that nothing should be done. With all the infantile logic at his command he became quite eloquent in his eagerness, attempting to prove that what had been done to the other limb had cured both. Poor little fellow! He was as in the midst of enemies, for, although every one was affected, he could not find a friend to stand by him, the surgical fiat had gone forth and was not to be overruled by his childish reasoning. With a despairing burst of tears he then laid his head on the pillow and quietly took the merciful chloroform. One sees very sad sights in a children's hospital, not the least of which is the patient endurance and uncomplaining with which these little ones suffer in silence. The courage they display is often wonderful, and puts us mortals of larger growth to shame.

Here is a queer little urchin in this out-patient room. He is a bright merry little chap, and his appearance rather gives rise to wonder that he should be here at all. His mother introduces him, and eyeing him with some distrust as if he were "uncanny," makes a long statement to the effect that his

general health is good, that he "ails nothing," but for the last two years, whenever he drinks a glass of hot milk, a bright red rash comes out on his face. Here at once is a physical phenomenon dear to the medical mind, and immediately a consultation is called in order that no one shall miss an opportunity of seeing this wonderful occurrence. All gather round and view him with lively interest, of which the boy thinks himself well worthy; in fact, he wears a chronic look of self-admiration, as he has doubtless been an object of attention in his neighbourhood for months past. His mother again details his history, but does not appear to view it in the same light as he himself does. On the contrary, she considers it a discreditable trait in his character, and one which reflects on his parentage.

With a tearful voice she assures the gentleman that it isn't her fault, he comes of a most respectable family, "which works hard for its living, which has always kept fowls, and wouldn't tread on a worm!" Though it is easy enough to see that the humane principle involved in the dislike of treading on worms is somewhat of a credit, it requires much reasoning power to trace the connection between keeping fowls and respectability. The only possible explanation is that she means to claim an elevating interest in natural history as a characteristic of the family. Those present do not, however, evince much interest in the antecedents of her relatives, but anxiously await the rash. A glass of hot milk has been swallowed by the boy, and, in his haste to air his accomplishment, he drank it so hot that his eyes now stream with tears.

Presently to the watchers some one announces a commencing redness, which gradually deepens into an elevated scarlet eruption, and the phenomenal event develops and departs. As after watching an eclipse, there is a general sigh of satisfaction, and full notes of the boy's idiosyncrasy having been taken, he is dismissed, and the doctors settle down to dull and less startling routine work. Here a mother dilates on the horrors of vaccination, displaying as proof of her assertions a wretched-looking infant, whom she describes as a "beautiful baby born, thriving like a chicken," until the vaccine inoculation took place. In vain the doctor points out that nothing further is required to explain the child's illness than the diet with which it has been victimised, for the woman has boasted loudly that at the age of four months "baby sat at the table and ate like the rest of them!"

Breakfasting on cold ham or a sausage with a drink of coffee or beer, he passed the interval between his morning and midday meal in sucking a sugar rag. Dinner time found him despatching pork and onions with an accompanying slice of cold suet puddings washing all down with a drink of mother's porter. Before going to bed pickled whelks and winkles with a bit of cheese "to relish," were the order of the evening, and then some thought was taken to supply him with baby's natural food, a bottle of milk forming the companion of his cot.

On being informed that without teeth it was impossible for anyone to bring the above substantial articles of diet into a condition for digestion, the mother assured us she had left that to the stomach, as she knew (her husband being a butcher) this organ to be like a sausage machine, quite able to reduce the toughest material to a pulpy condition. Such good and wholesome nourishment must have brought him on if it hadn't been for that "nasty vaccination which disagreed with his liver," and so on, and so on.

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