

was explained to the gunners of No. 99 Company of the Royal Garrison Artillery, many of them came forward voluntarily and offered to submit to experiment. Had it not been for their intelligence and self-sacrificing courage, which paid no heed to their own sufferings, the inquiry into the origin and causation of Pym's fever would have remained barren.

Experiments were made with infected sandflies, which showed that the *Phlebotomus papatasi* (the Malta species) can convey the virus, and that the bite of one fly only is sufficient for the purpose; also that the sandflies are infective seven to ten days after sucking virulent blood.

Sandfly fever is prevalent throughout the Mediterranean area, and it is now located in Egypt and India.

PREVENTION.

For the prevention of the disease isolation of the patient during the first forty-eight hours only of his illness in sandfly-proof nets is required. Doerr has shown that the blood is avirulent after the end of the second day.

Captain Marett's discovery of the pupæ and larvæ in the crannies of sun-parched walls, coupled with the fact that the sandfly months are the rainless months in every part of the world, suggests that moisture is inimical to them. It seems probable that their numbers might be lessened by spraying their haunts with sea water in the maritime areas where sandfly fever is epidemic.

The Twentieth Century Matron.

The Lecture given by the late Miss Isla Stewart before the Matrons' Council in 1905 on "The Twentieth Century Matron" has been issued in pamphlet form, reprinted from this Journal. This inspiring paper has already been translated into several foreign languages, and has appeared in many nursing papers, but its matter is yet fresh and of sterling quality. It is full of the mellow thought of experience—it hankers after noble ideals—and it is a very human document. It is written "Let us begin with loyalty." Would that we could have loyalty all the way! "Nothing hurts a Matron so much deep down in her soul as to find that her nurses are not loyal to her." How all important therefore that a Matron should herself be true to the finest ethics of her profession. It would be well for every Matron to keep by her this little pamphlet. "It must be because it is right" is its keynote.

The pamphlet can be obtained, price 6d., from Miss Ethelle Campbell, Matron, Parkwood, Swanley, Kent.

Ninety-Nine, or Life in a Sanatorium.

BY "ONE WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH IT."

"Say ninety-nine."

"Ninety-nine!"

"Again."

"Ninety-nine!"

"Now cough."

I coughed.

"Again."

Again I coughed. Anything to oblige! At the Doctor's bidding I had said ninety-nine dozens of times, and coughed till I was blue in the face. The examination had commenced with my pulse being felt, and my being searched all over by the keen eye of an expert; it was continued by knocking at every portion of my chest, and listening to all kinds of sounds interesting no doubt to the physician—in heart and lungs; and had wound up by my being invited to say ninety-nine and cough *ad lib.* This kind of thing was no novelty for me, as I had already obliged four other doctors by saying ninety-nine. However, the profession has an arduous and often gloomy time of it, and far be it from me to deny them any little pleasure they may extract from hearing their patients say these magic words (though what virtue there can be in that particular number, I cannot imagine). During these performances, often conducted by two or three medical luminaries, I generally experienced a feeling more or less like a pullet being tested for the pot. However, perhaps unlike a pullet, I used to feel a bit bored, and took rather an impersonal interest in what was going on.

"Well, that will do now. Put on your clothes."

"How do you think I am, Doctor?"

"Oh, you'll do all right—Nothing much wrong—E'm!—Your system wants toning up. A little rest will soon set you up again." All this said in the most genial and reassuring manner possible. So much so indeed, that had I not been well used to the *genus medicus* I might have thought that all this fuss of going to a celebrated London physician was a regular farce.

I left the consulting room, so that my father and the Doctor could have an unembarrassed *tête-à-tête*. After an hour, my father emerged looking rather solemn.

"Well?" I said.

"Oh—ah—"

"You may as well tell me the truth. Is it phthisical?" I asked.

"Oh, well. Everything seems to be more or

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