

statistics of adult cases treated in the London Hospital Skin Clinic during 1913 shewed that thirteen per cent., both in the case of men and women, were suffering from obvious syphilis of the skin and mucous membranes. In the case of the women the proportion in the primary and secondary stages was smaller than in the case of the men, and this he attributed to the fact that a larger number of women were unaware that they were affected with the disease.

He gave a number of instances of innocent syphilis and said that in his hospital experience he found that a larger number of women were infected during their married life. With regard to the use of salvarsan and neo-salvarsan he was confident as a result of his experience of a large number of cases that these remedies provided a most powerful means of influencing the disease. He was, however, of the opinion that it was necessary to combine salvarsan and neo-salvarsan treatment with the use of mercury.

By prompt treatment the risk of the spread of infection could be enormously diminished.

Dr. Sequeira was not in favour of compulsory notification of syphilis as he thought it would result in many people seeking advice from quacks. On the other hand he thought there were conditions in which a medical man should be armed with some power to prevent the spread of infection, and he should be held to be immune from any penalties in the exercise of his duty.

Dr. Sequeira insisted strongly on the need for increasing the accommodation available in general hospitals. There should, he said, be no hindrance whatever to any patient receiving treatment, and the fact of his or her suffering from the disease should be the sole indication for admission.

TRUE TALES WITH A MORAL.

Le Dernier Ressort.

SCENE, Maternity Hospital, Scotland; two pupil nurses (both widows) in conversation. Widow No. 1 has just confided to No. 2 that she has "Three wee weans at hame."

NO. 2: "Good gracious! What possessed you to come here if you have three children of your own?"

NO. 1: "A weel, ye see, ma man left some sillar, an' a wanted a paper shope, but ma brither he says, 'Na, na, a paper shope needs a heed; gang ye tae the nurs'n!'"

A Visit cut Short.

HEALTH VISITOR AT COTTAGE DOOR: "Does Mrs. A—live here; I want to see her."

HUSBAND: "I am sorry, ma'am, it is not convenient; my wife is not well."

HEALTH VISITOR: "I know all about that; let me pass upstairs, please."

HUSBAND: "I cannot, madam; my wife is seeing no strangers."

HEALTH VISITOR (rudely): "I suppose she is not clean."

HUSBAND growls inarticulately.

HEALTH VISITOR (tartly): "Are you married?"

Enraged husband ejects Health Visitor.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE FORTUNATE YOUTH."*

"Yer hadn't a seat to yer breeches then, and now you've a seat in Parliament."

A terse epitome of the career of the Fortunate Youth.

The closing words of the book are questions asked by Barney Bill: "Haven't yer got the great things yer believed yer wer born to? Ain't yer rich? Ain't yer famous? Ain't yer a Member of Parliament? Ain't yer going to marry a Royal Princess? What more d' yer want?"

"Nothing in the wide world," laughed Paul.

A very satisfactory conclusion! but if one reflects upon the state of his nether garments at the outset, it is apparent that the intervening period must have been full of incident—it was!

To begin at the beginning. "Paul Keyworthy lived with his mother, Mrs. Button, his stepfather, Mr. Button, and six little Buttons. When Mr. Button was sober, Mrs. Button chastised little Paul. She would have done so when Mr. Button was drunk, but she hadn't time."

Paul's absurd beauty of person was his chief asset all through his career, at that time his only one.

It all began at the Sunday School treat, whither Paul had escaped in defiance of Mrs. Button. He was the only child who appeared in his week-day grime and tatterdemalion outfit.

Maisie Shepherd, a slip of a girl of nineteen, who was staying at the vicarage, was Paul's first vision splendid. "If you imagine that little Paul Keyworthy formulated his thoughts as would the angel choir boy in the pictures, you are mistaken. The baby language of Bludston would petrify the foc'sle of a tramp steamer." But this lovely lady, who smelt so sweet, and who spoke so pretty, aroused his homage.

"He is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen," he heard her say laughingly. "He is a fairy prince, and one day he'll come into his kingdom. I am sure no one but a princess could be Paul Keyworthy's mother."

Paul went to bed that night, aching from Mrs. Button's "learning him," and supperless—but tearless. What cared he for stripes or kicks or curses with the vision splendid glowing before his eyes?

The first step on his gradual ascent was his escape from home with Barney Bill, who travelled with a van selling brooms and what not, and of whom, to Paul's credit, he was never ashamed in after life.

He was a shrewd, delightful old man who humoured young Paul's new-born belief in his aristocratic parentage. But he knew better! "I wouldn't be starved and beaten by Sam and Polly Button, not me. D' ye think yer aforesaid 'igh born parents are going to dive down, down into this stinkin' suburb to find yer out? You

* By William J. Locke. John Lane, London.

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