

**A LAMENT FROM THE THEATRE.**

Silently he climbs the narrow stairs and enters the theatre gallery. Gloomily he seats himself on the cold cement seat and casts a dispassionate eye on the scene before him. A stertorous patient is grudgingly relinquishing his last grim hold on consciousness, and a bored anaesthetist is settling down for a quiet doze. A half dozen nurses are busying themselves at diverse tasks, and maintaining an incessant hum of conversation.

A surgeon and his houseman enter, and behind them, very humbly and apologetically, a student, of the same ilk as he of the gallery. The surgeon stands on the right of the patient, the houseman on the left, the staff-nurse takes up her position next to the surgeon, and the clerk seeks a quiet haven at the anaesthetist's elbow. The operation commences. The gallery occupant droops listlessly against the railing, and his gaze turns dully in the direction of the field of the operation. Hurriedly a waiting nurse takes up her position, and effectively screens from him the desired view.

Sight denied him, the student of surgery develops an hyperacuity of hearing, but nothing breaks the silence thereafter but the grating and the click of forceps clamping home on pumping arteries. From force of habit, his eyes turn up to the ultimate resort, the mirror, but at the foot of the table stands yet another nurse, acuated by even stronger desires; for in time to come, with promotion to staff-nurse-ship, will not she be called upon to assist in perhaps just such an operation? The knowledge is invaluable, and therefore an active interest now is essential. In her eagerness she leans still farther forward, and in so doing leaves the mirrored view unobstructed to the patiently-waiting gallery . . . a truly magnificent reflection of the tops of the surgeons' heads. How cool and collected they seem! How infallible! To think that they need not fear these all-powerful Amazons, but could command them—yea, even ignore them. The forceps slips, and a muttered curse from the chief is clearly audible. A light of admiration, tinged with awe, shines in the student's eyes. Well, who knows, perhaps in a decade or two he may be in just such an enviable position—but no, such presumption, such assurance—it is impossible . . .

The heads disappear from the mirror—the operation must be over. A glance downwards confirms this. The next case is his, and he commences the long and devious way to the front entrance of the theatre—woe betide him who dares to shorten the journey via the gallery railings. Silently the brothers in affliction change places, and the scene repeats.

TOBIAS.

**TREATISE ON GONORRHŒA.**

[Based on observations made in our hospitals.]

DEFINITION.—An unfortunate accident.

TYPES.—The condition is classified on an aetiological basis into two types: (a) Royal; (b) Traumatic.

The former type is so rare as not to merit further consideration. Statistics show that out of 14,297,385 cases only 6 were contracted in the Royal way. All of these 6 cases were mentally abnormal.

TRAUMATIC TYPE.—This is by far the commonest variety and observations in our hospital go to show that it is the only variety. Whilst it is possible that the disease may be contracted apart from any injury, there has always been, in each and every one of our cases, a definite history of trauma of one form or another.