

Hence it is possible to receive a scratch with a fang without any venom being injected, just as one may be scratched by the tip of a syringe without having the contents of the syringe injected. The syringe must be pushed home into the tissue, and the piston forced down. Similarly the fang must be driven into the flesh and the gland compressed for a bite to be effective. Hence scratches and some bites do not inject venom.

Of the cobra and the Russell's viper bites, it is understood that if cured of a cobra bite you really are cured—but effects of a viper bite may supervene years after the cure—and cause blindness, and if the potency of snake venom were noted, it would range something like this:—Cobra venom 100 per cent potency, the krait 200 per cent and the Russell's viper 50 per cent. In other words, the cobra is deadly, the krait is twice as deadly, the Russell's viper is half as deadly. Sea snakes are more deadly even than kraits.

It is generally believed that the tongue of the snake is poisonous. This is an error. The tongue in snakes is harmless. The tongue is used as a sort of feeler, to receive vibrations, like a beetle's antennae or a cat's whiskers. There seems to be some kind of additional sense. By means of its tongue, the snake somehow apprehends danger and investigates and satisfies itself whether all is well.

E. A. WORBY, S.R.N.

THE IDEAL DENTIST

BY RUTH GILBERTSEN

'Mummy, Jean won't let me play at being a tooth doctor', Dorothy called out from the back seat of the car when we were out for a drive yesterday. Without looking round to see what was the matter I said 'Oh! play nicely together, dears.' During the next few minutes we heard a series of chuckles and apparently all was going well. Presently there was a squeal and Jean called out 'Don't put it right into my mouth, Dorthy, I don't like it.' I slowed down and looked round to see what was wrong. Jean, aged three, was lying on her back, her mouth wide open. Dorothy, aged five, had one of the iron rods used for the side-curtains, was holding it perilously near Jean's mouth and was twisting it round and round. 'Whatever are you doing?' I asked, and both of them laughed heartily on being discovered.

'I'm playing at being a tooth-doctor,' said Dorothy, 'and I'm making Jean's teeth nice'. 'Look, they are beautiful, now,' and to prove it Jean opened her mouth wide and said 'See, Mummy, they are "booful" now. "Dorthy" did "dem".'

'What is that in your hand?' I asked.

'It is the tooth machine. Don't you know?' she answered.

This new game was a sequel to a series of visits to the dentist.

As Health Visitor and Infant Welfare Sister in a large town in the Midlands for a number of years, I met several dentists and formed my own opinion as to what an ideal dentist should be. When I became a mother and, in due course, wished to take my small daughter to visit the dentist, I was more than ever anxious to find the ideal dentist. I wished for Alladin's lamp so that I might call him up.



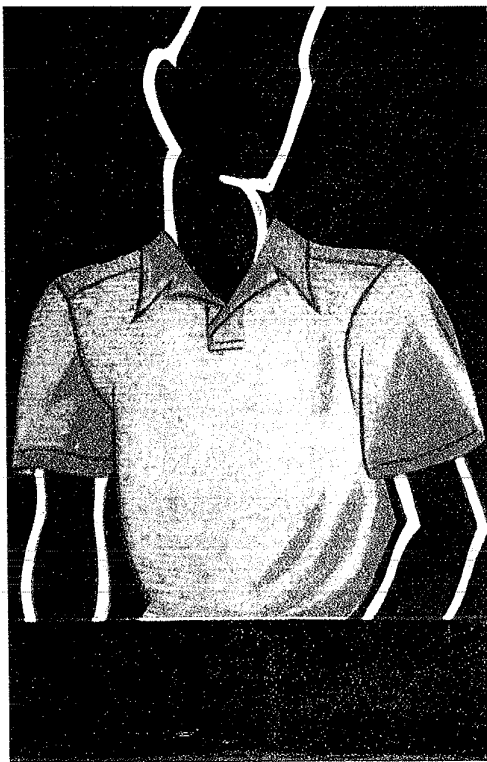
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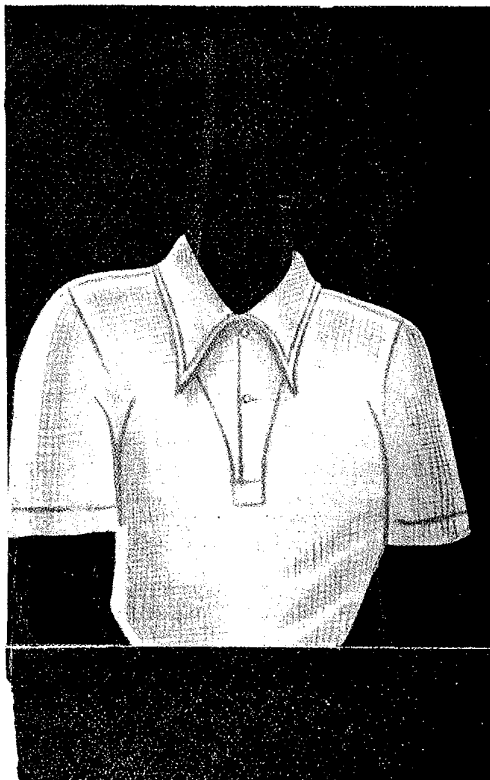
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ASSOCIATED PRINTERS, MADRAS.

Here in India our nearest dentist lives a hundred miles away. There are only two trains a day to take us to the town where he lives. A visit means travelling from midnight to 6 a.m. in the train and returning at midnight the next night. For this and other reasons it had been impossible to visit him, but during our stay on the Hills in the hot season we were glad to find him there, holding a weekly dispensary. So Dorothy and I went along.

The dentist had been told Dorothy was coming and the story can best be told by reproducing the conversations she and the dentist had together.

Dentist.—'Good morning, Dorothy. What have you come for,'

Dorothy.—'I've come with Mummy and I am going to watch you make her teeth nice.'

Mummy sat in the chair and Dorothy stood by watching with great interest while the dentist performed all the various operations necessary to filling a tooth. When he had finished he turned to Dorothy and said 'Have you ever seen a crocodile, Dorothy?'

Dorothy.—'No.'

Dentist.—'I was once out shooting and came to a river which I thought was shallow enough to wade across. I was just going to step into the water when I saw what I thought was a big tree trunk floating down the river. But as I looked a head came up and the "tree" began to come towards me. A man with me shouted "Shoot, it's a crocodile". Quick as a flash and as if it heard, the crocodile opened its mouth so wide'. Suiting the action to his words he placed his hands together and opened them wide like a crocodile's mouth. Dorothy's eyes too became wider and wider and she called out excitedly 'Did you shoot him?'

Dentist.—'Yes, I shot him and he rolled over dead. We got him out of the water and later I had a suitcase made out of his skin for myself and an attaché case for my little girl. You can't open *your* mouth as wide as the crocodile.'

Dorothy.—'I can. I'll show you.'

That was the end of the first consultation but the dentist had found out she needed three tiny fillings, and he and Dorothy had become firm friends.

Second visit a week later

Dentist.—'Have you seen my "busy bee", Dorothy?'

He held in his hand the tiny revolving brush fitted on to the drilling machine, and placed it ever so lightly on to the back of her hand. She was very interested and full of questions concerning its use.

Dentist.—'It goes bu - - - - - z. Shall we try it on your tooth?'

He replaced that one with a sterile one.

'Now show me how wide the crocodile opened its mouth.'

Then cleaning operations began. Every now and then Dorothy looked across at Mummy and smiled as the dentist kept reminding her she was a crocodile.

Dentist.—'You won't bite my hand, will you, crocodile?'

Dorothy.—'It's just like a bee going bu - - - - z in my mouth. What has it been doing?'

With a little mirror she was allowed to inspect her mouth, much to her satisfaction.

Dorothy.—'Have we to come again?'

Dentist.—'Yes, come next week, and I'll show you something else I can fit into my spinning wheel.'

Third visit.

As we entered the surgery the dentist stood just inside the doorway, laughing, and with his hands imitating the working of a crocodile's mouth,

Dentist.—' Good morning, Crocodile. Are you going to tell me a story this morning? '

Dorothy.—' Hasn't the dentist got a funny face, Mummy? It's a laughing face, just like daddy's. Turning to the dentist, 'Where's your " busy bee " ? '

Dentist.—' Come over here and I'll show you.'

He took her to the sterilizer and showed her various instruments, answered her questions concerning their use in simple straightforward language, but always with that ' laughing face ' which gave her confidence.

Dentist.—' Do you know some bad fairies have been busy in your mouth and spoiled three of your lovely teeth? We must make them right again. After the busy bee has done a little more work we are going to put this in.'

He put into her hands a tiny drill.

Dorothy.—' What will this do ? '

She turned it round and round.

Dentist.—' That will make a noise like the busy bee, but it will scrape out all the nasty part of your tooth which is no use.'

Mummy sat in the dentist's raised chair and said 'Oh! what a comfy chair. See how nicely my head rests in it. I think I could go to sleep here.'

Dorothy.—' Come out Mummy, that's mine.'

Before very long the drill had done its work.

Dentist.—' You have been a very good patient. If you come next week I'll let you help me do some cooking.'

During the next few days Dorothy asked several times if it were the day for the dentist.

When the day did come round she was impatient to start and insisted she should not be late.

Fourth visit.

Dentist.—' Good morning Dorothy. Have you come to see my stove? I have a frying pan too.'

He took her by the hand and allowed her to watch the preparation of a filling.

Dorothy.—' This is just like a doll's stove. Why do you boil silver? '

Dentist.—' I am going to make your teeth just like Mummy's and then the bad fairies won't eat them any more.'

Dorothy.—' Oh! am I going to have a silver tooth? How lovely! I'll show daddy and Jean when we get home.'

When the tooth was filled she asked for a mirror to look inside her mouth, shrieked with delight on seeing the newly filled tooth, and said ' Goodbye '. She ran all the way home to display her new possession to all in the house. ' Look, ' she cried ' the tooth doctor has put me a silver tooth in, just like Mummy's. I'm going again next week.'

Fifth visit.

Dentist.—' Good morning, Dorothy. See what I've got for you to-day.'

He produced a story book with beautiful illustrations and turned to a picture of three rabbits in a boat, then asked her if she could find a crocodile in the water.

Dentist.—' I don't think I want to see my crocodile to-day.'

Dorothy.—' What about my silver tooth? Look! It's still in. My daddy hasn't got one like me. Jean hasn't either. Where is your dolly's stove? Aren't you going to do any boiling to-day? '

Dentist.—' Shall we? '

Dorothy.—' Yes please, ' and in less time than it takes to tell two more tiny fillings were in their places.

Dorothy.—' Must we come again? '

Dentist.—'Not for a while unless your teeth hurt you. Ask Mummy to bring you to see me again in three or four months. Then you can tell me the bunny story. Goodbye, I've told all my friends you are the best little patient I've ever had.'

Dorothy.—'Goodbye. Thank you for my book, I'll come again.'
Mummy had decided she had found the ideal dentist.

RUTH GILBERTSON.

NURSING AND DIETETICS IN AN ELEPHANT'S CAMP

BY MISS V. K. PITMAN.

If you go by bus from Mysore to Ootacamund, you will pass through Teppakadu, and if you are observant you may see a notice 'To the Elephant Camp'.

In order to have a really interesting time there, you need to be able to stay after 5 o'clock in the afternoon, or to get there before 7 a.m. This is a working camp, under the Forest Department and from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. the working elephants are out carting wood, or clearing the jungle.

We were fortunate for we arrived about 1 o'clock and camped there until 10 a.m. the next day, sleeping in tents with fires and lamps outside to protect us from the wild beasts of the jungle, or from inquisitive tamed elephants, which are allowed to wander in the jungle at night.

In the centre of the camp are large cage-like wooden structures in which the elephants are kept prisoners until they are sufficiently tamed to be let out, fastened to the leader of the herd Cæsar, who is a fine specimen of elephant sagacity.

About six weeks before our visit, five elephants had been captured. Large pits with sloping sides are dug in the forest and covered with branches and leaves, through which the elephants fall and find that they cannot climb out again. Then the trained team of working elephants drag them out of the pit and lead them into captivity.

The elephant being a herd animal has learned the discipline of the herd in its youth, and so can be quickly trained to accept the discipline of the new herd into which it is admitted.

In the early morning and evening the keepers with infinite patience and resourcefulness, and with the help of sugarcane train these animals in their wooden cages or kraals to kneel down, move to this side or that, in fact, to obey any desire of the keeper.

Then comes the day when the elephant is considered sufficiently tamed to be led out and taken down to the river to bathe. Such a day dawned for 'Kesari', a half grown elephant, the morning we were in camp. Loud were her trumpetings and great her objections to the rope noose round her neck, the other end of which was round Cæsar's body, but mightily did she enjoy her bathe in the cool waters of the river.

Some of these recently captured elephants had wounded themselves when they were captured, or by dashing themselves against the bars of their kraals in their efforts to regain freedom. Such a one was Tara, who had torn the side of his mouth and injured his ear. We watched his wounds being most carefully tended by the Forest Ranger, an apparatus similar to a foot pump for blowing up motor tires being used as a syringe for a normal saline irrigation, which Tara seemed to appreciate.

Later we saw him groomed, and sprayed with lysol solution to keep away the flies. The kraals were kept beautifully clean, and there was hardly