

Gardens, Surrey, constructs these shelters and will supply particulars for a fee of one guinea.

Any one reading this account will miss an essential accessory. In most dispensaries some provision is made in the shape of a dark cupboard or closet or, as in the specially built dispensary at Liverpool, of a special room set apart for the examination of the throat.

To sum up. The following are necessary components of a tuberculosis dispensary :—

A waiting room for the patients.

Two dressing rooms. One for men and the other for women and children.

Where this cannot be arranged men and women must be seen on different days.

One consulting room for each medical officer at work.

A small closet or room for throat work.

A dispensary.

Two separate lavatories for men and women respectively.

A laboratory.

An office.

Two lavatories for the staff.

Caretaker's quarters.

All walls are distempered or painted so that they can be cleansed and disinfected, and, for the same reason, it is advisable that the floors should be of polished wood or covered with linoleum. This statement must not be taken as committing me to any expression of opinion as to what floors should be made of.

(To be continued.)

AGGRESSIVE CHEERFULNESS.

BY DR. A. E. MOORE.

I HAVE a little book in my possession; charity behoves that it should be small, for it contains a list of the people I can't stand. Among the earlier entries is Mrs. Hickey, a landlady I met in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury. She suffered from "spazzums" so called, and punctuated her conversation with a series of explosions, exclaiming at the same moment, "manners!" Besides which she had a defunct called 'Enery whose chief claim to fame seems to have been that he had on several occasions been mistaken for the late King Edward. She also claimed a certain royal connection in that she had on one occasion been the recipient of the Queen's Bounty. Another entry brings to mind a weedy youth who lived mostly on apple pips and oatmeal biscuits. I went to a vegetarian restaurant with him once and enjoyed a good lunch at Frascati's in Oxford street an hour afterwards. He used to explain that he first became a vegetarian, then a fruitarian. After much deep thought engendered by such high living he came to the conclusion that to eat the pulp of fruit was a needless tax on the digestive system. In the pip was the germ of life. Hence his present diet. He died of appendicitis, poor chap!

I seem to have met quite a number of objectionable people, but there was one man who annoyed me more than most. He came to my consulting room and asked for an appointment to bring a jockey who was suffering from a certain trouble that prevented his riding in a forthcoming race. I made an appointment to see him next day. The conversation naturally turned on racing topics, a subject of which I was profoundly ignorant. My visitor regretted that I took such little interest in the noble sport, for he was in a position to give me inside knowledge, in fact, a "dead cert." He wouldn't do it for everyone, but I had seemed to take such an interest in his protege's case that if I cared to put half a sovereign on Jacko Napes who was running to-morrow at 20 to 1 against,—well, he didn't want to press it, but there it was. I meekly handed over the coin. As he left the room I noticed that his trousers were considerably frayed and I said goodbye to my half sovereign. I was not greatly disappointed therefore to search in vain next day for any racing fixture whatsoever, and I changed the appointment I had made for a round of golf.

I started out to write about aggressive cheerfulness, for there is none so deserving a place of honour in my little book as the man with the Roosevelt smile or the woman with the determined grin which always reminds me of the six little lozenges that marked the resting place of Pip's little brothers and sisters described in "Great Expectations." I prefer Mrs. Gummidge to Mark Tapley. You can't live with a Mark Tapley. He would drive one mad. Imagine such a gentleman coming to you when a sandstorm has wrapped you in your mosquito net, or the temperature is 120 in the shade, or a patient has removed the dressing after a cataract operation to rub it because it irritates, imagine under such circumstances any one coming to you and remarking cheerfully, rubbing his hands with glee. "It's a credit to be jolly under the circumstances"!

I remember the story of a curate who was asked by his vicar to administer comfort to a bereaved parishioner who was just leaving the churchyard. The poor curate, absurdly nervous could only remember one well worn formula, so he said, "We are filling up nicely now, aren't we"!

People suffering from aggressive cheerfulness have no tact. When they see that you are enjoying a good old fit of the dumps, they crack unseemly jokes about your face being the length of a fiddle, or make such remarks as "It will be all the same a hundred years hence," or "I think the world such a delightful place to live in that I never get the blues." Worst of all they will persist in asking you questions or telling you long stories that you don't want to hear. The best plan I have found is to go to sleep.

Aggressive cheerfulness may be misplaced as the following story shows.

A tramp was passing through the streets of London together with a small boy. They were singing to attract the attention and practical sympathies of the passers-by. After a while they lapsed into silence, since singing at the top of the voice is a tiring work. Presently the boy began to whistle. The tramp cuffing his ear, remarked with a growl "Nah then, stop that whistlin' people'll think you're 'appy."