ment. Quinine was continued. Improvement was evident in the evening, and in two days the patient had quite recovered; four days later he returned to duty.

The man's own story was that he set out from Dum Dum for a walk in the evening, and knew no more till he found himself in hospital at Calcutta: this statement was accepted with reserve.

A point of interest is the small number of parasites found. We all know, of course, that a single negative result in malaria is not conclusive, and that the few parasites seen in the peripheral blood are not always a key to the extent of their prevalence in the deeper parts of the body—within we are apt to forget these facts.

It might be suggested, of course, that this man was malingering to escape the consequences of misdeeds, and that the malaria was merely coincidental. As a matter of fact this idea also was in our mind when examining the man, a sharp cockney youth, who certainly made misleading statements after his recovery. The case would still be interesting if the above suggestion really met the case, for the malaria was genuine enough. The high temperature would not have been noticed so soon as it was if it had not been for the vigilance of the nursing sister on duty. It will be seen from the notes on the case that the discomforts attendant on the investigation of the case must have been considerable if the man were really conscious; moreover, being very young he would have been extremely hungry, whereas it was only by putting spoonfuls of fluid at the back of his throat that any nourishment could be given to him, and that in small amount. The after-recovery stories were of the sensational weekly newspaper order, one being that he had, when in England, suffered from lapses of memory as to his own name and whereabouts. He probably wanted to join a home-going party of invalids and was quick-witted enough to seize the occasion of his recent indisposition.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.
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It is surely generally accepted now that the average man eats a great deal more than is necessary for his sustenance or desirable for his well-being, and—it is submitted with diffidence—that the Army officer living in a mess eats more than the average man. The pathological effects of this consistent over-engorgement of the stomach are well described in Manson's "Tropical Diseases" in a chapter on "Tropical Liver," and less well on the advertisement pages of the Sunday papers under various headings. These effects must be responsible for a large amount of pessimism and mental lethargy among middle-aged officers, especially those who have spent a large amount of their time in India, where short
drinks and malaria are added to the white man's burden. It is the mess dinner which is almost entirely responsible for this state of affairs.

The mess parade as a rule lasts from an hour to an hour and a half, and it requires a great deal more strength of mind than is possessed by the average human unit to sit and watch others eating dishes especially prepared to tempt a palate which would refuse simpler viands. The constant eating to excess produces in addition a craving for food quite analogous to the craving for drink, not so noticeable merely because it is almost universal and because its deleterious effects are not so immediately apparent. The number of officers who frequently take purgatives of one kind or another is enormous, and the fact that men who live such otherwise healthy and active lives should have recourse to an artificial means of ridding themselves of their surplus ingesta indicates that they constantly overtax the capacity of their natural functions.

The loss of physical and mental energy in men who are below "par" from this cause alone must annually entail an enormous loss to the State (it is necessary, I believe, to claim this in any up-to-date reform); in any case it must be a lively cause of loss of efficiency.

The deadly evening meal is probably the greatest, though unrecognized, factor in producing a shortage of officers. The man with a congested liver is essentially a discontented man, and there are more than enough congested livers in the Army to make any service unpopular. It is conceivable that the supply of officers might be shown to vary inversely as the amount of uric acid in the blood of those already in the Service. The best men among combatant officers are frequently those who take most exercise, i.e., those who have sufficient physical energy to work off the deleterious influences of last night's orgy; they even are not nearly as useful as they might be, giving up, as they do, a large portion of the week to exercise which under happier physical conditions would be spent in the pursuit of their profession.

How that terrible anachronism the evening meal parade, founded by greed and continued by dyspepsia, assumed its sway is a mystery to one who has lived nine years in messes, and has ceased to care, but to the young subaltern who wants to get married the kindest advice is "Do." Bread and cheese and kisses form an infinitely more hygienic diet than the eight or ten absurdities, and the glass of port, which make up the indiscretions of an average mess dinner, and are much more likely to lead to that optimistic outlook on life which should be man's most cherished possession.

Can we as an intelligent corps, casting off the trammels of hide-bound tradition, earn the undying gratitude of the rising generation of officers who have not yet acquired the habit of over-engorgement? The answer is, I think, in the affirmative. The subaltern's choice at present lies between the fire of uric acid and the frying-pan of matrimony.