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23-13

The Medical Pickwick

A Monthly Literary Magazine of
Wit and Wisdom

Noxon Toomey, M. D., Editor

1922
Volume VIII

Saint Louis, Missouri
U. S. A.

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The Medical Pickwick

January, 1922

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Supplied in 5-grain capsules, bottles of fifty. DOSE: For adults, one to two capsules three times a day. Children require less in proportion to their age.

Supplied in bottles of 16 ounces. DOSE: For adults, one tablespoonful three times a day after meals; for children, one to three teaspoonfuls three times a day.

Two Effective Vitamine Preparations

METAGEN

All the known vitamines are present in Metagen, and this fact is demonstrated by physiologic tests on animals.

Metagen contains:

Vitamine A (antirachitic)—the fat-soluble vitamine normally present in milk, butter, cod-liver oil and certain plants.

Vitamine B (antineuritic)—a water-soluble vitamine found abundantly in yeast, nuts and the pericarp and germ of grains.

Vitamine C (antiscorbutic)—a water-soluble vitamine of citrus fruits and certain vegetables.

Prescribe Metagen in all cases of vitamine deficiency—rickets, scurvy, malnutrition, marasmus and other disorders of metabolism. It is a valuable adjuvant in the dietetic treatment of tuberculosis, anemia, and the asthenia incident to the convalescence from acute infections.

EMULSION METAGEN AND COD-LIVER OIL

This product exhibits not only the native fat-soluble vitamine of the finest Norwegian oil, but also Metagen—the fat-soluble vitamine from vegetable sources, as well as the water-soluble vitamines.

Considering the pathogenesis of rickets, no available medicament more clearly meets the therapeutic indications than Emulsion Metagen and Cod-Liver Oil—a powerful tonic and metabolic stimulant, containing active concentrates of *all* the vitamines and an augmented supply of the antirachitic vitamine.

The Emulsion naturally suggests itself as a suitable prescription also in cases of malnutrition, scurvy, and other conditions due to vitamine impoverishment.

Parke, Davis & Company

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40% GLUTEN
Guaranteed to comply in all respects to standard requirements of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.
Manufactured by
FARWELL & RHINES
Watertown, N. Y.

Circumstantial Evidence

The Bingville board of selectmen had held many sessions and finally formulated a set of auto laws that was the pride of the county. So the constable felt no worriment when he stopped a motorist.

"Ye're pinched for violatin' the auto laws," he pronounced.

"Which one?" inquired the traveler.

"Durned if I know, but ye certainly hain't come all the way down Main Street without bustin' one of them."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

A Single Atom

Auntie Dubb gave Baby Sue
A dose of $HgCl^2$.
Sue is with the angels now
And Auntie still is wondering how
A single atom of Cl
Can make such change in calomel
—*American Druggist.*

MORE people die from pneumonia than any other disease.

Approximately 25 out of every 100 cases end fatally. Dr. Gustav Goldman has demonstrated that at least twenty of these twenty-five deaths may be prevented by employing Bacterial Vaccines.

Why delay and chance a fatal termination?

Dr. Gustav Goldman's article appeared in American Medicine, March, 1921

Bacteriological Laboratories of
G. H. SHERMAN, M.D.
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Does It Pay to be Born?

Major Leonard Darwin, son of Charles the famous one, was one of the talkers at the interesting Congress of Eugenics here last month and showed anxiety about the progress of the human race. He thought there was too much bad stuff reproduced in it, as, no doubt, there is. He was for sterilizing criminals and for drives to induce superior people to raise larger families. Racial deterioration, he said, seems evident among all highly civilized peoples, because of the thinning out of the descendants of highly endowed stock and the multiplication of those of inferior endowment.

But why should the son of the Darwin who argued that man came up from monkeys be worried about this incorrigible progressive human stock? If we came up from monkeys and stone-age men and all those tough and questionable characters, we certainly can take our chances with our own disreputable stock. It seems to be part of the regular program of life that the superior people shall be less productive than the inferior people and that good stocks in time shall run out. That is quite in keeping with the theory that this world is the nursery of souls and that when the souls become far enough advanced they side-step it. None of the artificial means to increase the reproductive efforts of superior people look promising at all, nor do the suggestions for inducing the inferior people not to reproduce look any better. When children pay, they will be born. When they do not pay, they won't. They may pay in work or they may pay in pleasure, but people won't have many of them unless there is a profit in it.

More promising than any of the suggestions of the Eugenics Congress is the assertion of a man who lives in Kansas City that he took a moron, a boy with a five-year-old mind, and by means that he knows about taught and developed him so that he is making a living wiring houses.—*Life.*

LL.D.

Tommy: What does LL.D. after a man's name mean?

Limmy: I guess it means that he's a lung and liver doctor.—*Boston Transcript.*

GONOSAN
"RIEDEL"

To ALLEVIATE PAIN, to PROMOTE DIURESIS and to PROTECT the membrane of the urethra, especially THE POSTERIOR PORTION—these are the important objects of the treatment of acute cases of gonococcal urethritis.

The entire urinary tract should be influenced by means of proper internal medication. Local injections alone will not be sufficient.

This is the rationale of GONOSAN.

RIEDEL & CO., Inc.
87 35th Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Not Profitable

"So you've lost that family you've been attending for several years," said one doctor to the other.

"Yes," he replied, "they've changed over to Dr. Green. But I'm just as pleased."

"Weren't they good pay?"

"Oh, they paid their little bill regularly enough, but there wasn't one among 'em who would ever consent to having an operation."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Heat vs. Cold
IN PNEUMONIA

The application of cold packs to the thoracic wall as a remedial agent in the treatment of pneumonia is rapidly being discarded by practitioners.

The application of heat is again in favor and physicians in every part of the country are now convinced that the logical, safe and sane method of treating pneumonia includes the application of prolonged moist heat over the entire thoracic wall.

Antiphlogistine
TRADE MARK

not only offers the best known method of continuously applying moist heat of equable temperature for a long period, together with the advantages attendant upon its physical properties, hygroscopy, exosmosis and endosmosis, but it offers the pneumonic patient exactly what he absolutely requires—EASE and REST. When Antiphlogistine is once applied it can advantageously remain in place for a long period, usually from twelve to twenty-four hours, all the time performing its soothing and effective service.

THE DENVER CHEMICAL MFG. COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

A Brown Mixture

There were two Browns in the village, both fishermen. One lost his wife and the other lost his boat at about the same time.

The Vicar's wife called, as she supposed, on the widower, but really upon the Brown whose boat had gone down.

"I am sorry to hear of your great loss," she said.

"Oh, it ain't much matter," was the philosophical reply; "she wasn't up to much."

"Indeed!" said the surprised lady.

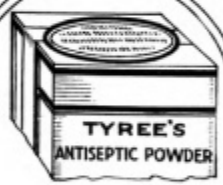
"Yes," continued Brown, "she was a rickety old thing. I offered her to my mate, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time."

And the outraged woman fled.—*The Doctor.*

Unnecessary

Hotel Clerk: Would you like a room with a bath, sir?

Ezra Dimbleby: No, thanks. Jist a room. I took a good wash afore I left home last week.



A SPECIFIC
in the
Treatment of Leucorrhoea

It not only cleanses but renders the tissues an unfit media for the development of pathogenic bacteria.

Used daily as a douche, it prevents germ invasion and infection. It does not affect the mucosa and is a most satisfactory remedy in either specific or non-specific discharges.

Dr. W. M. Gray, Microscopist to the Army Medical Museum, Washington, D. C., states:

"This is to certify that the exact antiseptic strength of Tyree's Pulv. Antiseptic Comp. is one part of the powder to fifty of water (1:50). Test tubes containing peptonized beef broth were charged with Tyree's Antiseptic Powder. The solutions were then inoculated with the anthrax bacillus, and with the staphylococci of pus, and the tubes placed in the incubator for 48 hours at a temperature of 390° C. On removing the tubes from the incubator, it was found that in the solutions of one in ten to one in fifty, there was no development of bacteria."

J. S. TYREE, Chemist, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

Man-Power

—and a quick way to increase your own.

Put a quart of gasoline into an empty barrel and it evaporates—DISAPPEARS, accomplishing nothing.

BUT—put this same gasoline into the tank of an automobile and immediately it is available for POWER.

QUARTERS and dollars in your pockets likewise quickly disappear, adding little to your permanent welfare. But—

by INVESTING some of them regularly in *United States Treasury Savings Securities* you build a permanent asset, a reserve power—thus increasing your *man-power.*

Outward success is generally the measure of one's man-power. *Your* man-power will be directly increased by the feeling of security that financial independence will give you.

Post offices sell Treasury Savings Securities—25c, $1, $5, $25, $100.

Thrift is fundamentally an economic application of the law of self-preservation.

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Edison's Defense of His Questionnaire

Scoffing at Edison's list of test questions has become quite general. In the face of somewhat acidulous criticism, however, he has gone on using them in the selection of his own employees, and professes that he is quite satisfied with the result. In *The Scientific American* (New York) he tells, in the form of an interview with the editor, just what his idea was in setting the questions, and why it has worked so well. This is said to be Edison's first authorized statement, in extended form, of his views on these matters. In the first place, he says, trying a man out on a job is too wasteful. Some kind of preliminary test is necessary, and he decided to frame it in such a way as to bring out ability to produce data and frame decisions without delay of any kind. This seemed to him to involve an exceptional memory—an absolute necessity, he believes, in a competent executive, although, of course, memory alone will qualify no one. His explanation runs, in part:

The only way I know to test a man's memory is to find out how much he has remembered and how much he has forgotten. Of course I don't care directly whether a man knows the capital of Nevada, or the source of mahogany, or the location of Timbuctoo. Of course I don't care whether he knows who Dermoulins and Pascal and Kit Carson were. But if he ever knew any of these things and doesn't know them now, I *do* very much care about that in connection with giving him a job. For the assumption is that if he has forgotten these things he will forget something else that has direct bearing on his job.

If I tell you something that interests you exceedingly, it is mighty strange if that doesn't stick. But that is not the kind of memory that counts. Don't come here for a job and tell me that you can remember anything you want to, anything you consider worth remembering. Out of every thousand facts that present themselves to you, I should think at least 990 come unobtrusively, without the slightest indication whether they are to be of any subsequent importance to you or not. If your memory is a success, it will reproduce—within the proper limits of human fallibility, of course—any one of these items, when and where you want it.

Of course if I ask you 150 questions at random, I am going to strike some low spots in your knowledge. I am going to ask you some things that you never have known at all. No two people have precisely the same background of facts. But I do not expect anybody to answer every one of my questions. They are selected with the thought that they shall deal with things taught in schools and colleges—things that we have all had opportunity to learn, facts to which we have all been exposed during the course of our education and by our ordinary reading. Their subject matter is of no importance—they must merely be things that my applicants may fairly be assumed to have been taught at some time. Everybody must necessarily have been exposed to a very large majority of them.

A man who has not got 90 per cent. of these facts at his command is deficient either in memory, as discussed already, or in the power of acquiring facts. And either deficiency is fatal for my purposes.—*Literary Digest.*

Portrait of the man who lives on the fat of the land.

IN INTESTINAL STASIS

the prime object is to restore the tonicity of the bowel, and to accomplish this

PRUNOIDS

are of unique value. Absolutely free from irritating effect, this ideal laxative never gives rise to griping or excessive peristalsis, but through its stimulation of natural processes, produces as near to normal—or physiologic—evacuations, as can be brought about by drug action.

Dose: 1 to 3 tablets at bedtime.

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Maltose and Dextrins

are the carbohydrates in

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Protein

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together with the salts in wheat and barley are the inorganic constituents of

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Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

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This has been used with success in Europe for more than two years past. Silver-Salvarsan is in clinical use in the following New York hospitals and clinics:

VANDERBILT CLINIC
(Service of Dr. Fordyce)

SKIN AND CANCER
(Service of Dr. Stetson)

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(Service of Dr. Parounagian)

VOLUNTEER
(Service of Dr. Baketel)

The physicians who are administering the product are well satisfied with the results obtained. Silver-Salvarsan effects a more rapid disappearance of the contagious lesions than the other forms of Salvarsan and practically no reaction follows its administration.

SILVER-SALVARSAN
is now ready for general distribution to the medical profession.

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An Itemized Statement

Here is the modern way for making out an obstetrical bill after reading the plumber's bill, for services rendered:

Installing one baby	$50.00
Wiping joints and surface	1.50
Waste	.10
Tying cord	2.75
One cord tie	.35
Ag NO3	.40
Dressing cord	1.50
1 gauze gasket	.27
Nipple	.15
Delivering placenta	8.31
Twisting membrane	2.20
1 dram ergot	.87
3 sutures	15.00
Catgut	.65
2 Pituitrin	3.75
2 car fares	.16
3 Chloroform	1.20
Overtime	1.00
	$90.16

—H. J., in *Medical World.*

Health in Harmony

The best of all cures is the music cure. For instance, Wagner is good for the liver.—*Musical Mem.*

Music, so the adage tells us,
Tends to soothe the savage breast,
Now we learn it soothes our livers,
Stomach, kidneys, lungs and chest!

If you're feeling rather seedy,
Not up to your usual mark,
You can banish all your megrims
With a little bit of Bach!

Wagner for a sluggish liver,
Richard Strauss for heart disease,
Chopin's good for scarlet fever,
Sullivan for housemaid's knees!

Yet I doubt this latest cure-all—
All my pain I freely own,
I owe to a piece of music—
"Wedding March" by Mendelssohn!

—La Touche Hancock in *Judge.*

An Expert on Substitutes

"Neurasthenia," said Miss Biggums to her cook, "I think we will have some chicken croquettes today out of that left-over pork and calves' liver."

"Yes'm," said Neurasthenia, called "Teeny" for short. "An' we got a little bread dressing what went wid the pork, mum. Shall I make apple sauce out'n hit, mum?"—*The Lo-Be-Te News.*

Doctor: You need a rest—I'm going to prescribe a trip of four months to South America.

Patient: But, Doctor, that's impossible. I can't leave my business.

Doctor: Tut, tut; it's your wife and mother-in-law who are to take the trip.

Sheer Luck

Pat: Say, Mike, did yez hear about that big fiddler dying? He thought so much of his violin he had it buried with him.

Mike: No, yez don't mane it? It's a dom good thing he didn't play the piano.—*Life.*

Tongaline
MELLIER
ANTI-RHEUMATIC
ANTI-NEURALGIC

POSSESSES

The anodyne and anti-neuralgic action of Tonga;
The anti-spasmodic and sedative action of Cimicifuga;
The cathartic, diuretic and anti-rheumatic action of Colchicum;
The diaphoretic action of Pilocarpin;
The anti-rheumatic, antiseptic and hepatic action of Salicylic Acid.

Tongaline Liquid Tongaline Tablets
Tongaline and Lithia Tablets
Tongaline and Quinine Tablets

MELLIER DRUG COMPANY SAINT LOUIS

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Fine Points in English

The man had just informed the Pullman agent that he wanted a Pullman berth.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?" asked the man.

"A difference of fifty cents in this case," replied the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of it being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

But the poor man had fainted!—*The Epworth Herald.*

Pursuits

Why be busy pursuing health?
The healthiest man I ever saw
Couldn't read or write,
And his chief delight
Was to toss his clothes in a heap at night,
And sink to rest on a pile of straw.

Why be hurrying after wealth?
The wealthiest man I ever knew
Lived a wretched life
With a jealous wife,
Who made him glad to escape from strife
When he closed his account at fifty-two.

Why be sighing for happiness?
Of all the men I have ever seen
The happiest one
Was a tinker's son
Who thought he was Napoleon,
And the nurse who guarded him Josephine!

—J. Milo Curci, in *Judge.*

Mankind has progressed because of the instinct of laying by for the future—of piling up resources today against tomorrow's opportunities and requirements.

Enough Said

A Lacashire tackler, who was noted as a bit of a bully at the mill, once went to Blackpool for the week-end, where he met one of his weavers. After having a drink, they decided to have a bath, but the tackler soon got into difficulties, and the weaver went to his assistance, and managed to get him safely to the shore.

"Tha's saved my life," remarked the tackler, "what can aw gi'e thee?"

"Say nowt abowt it," replied the weaver, "becos' if t'other weavers gets to know aw pulled thi awt they'll chuck me in."—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Manager: Why did your last employer dispense with your services?

Applicant for Position: Well, I guess it was because he was a dispensing chemist.

Now Is the Time to Prescribe

The Original

—for Typhoid cases and to your other patients suffering from fevers and diseases frequent at this season.
It is very acceptable to the sick, helps maintain strength and stimulate the reparative forces of the organism.

AVOID IMITATIONS—the record of over ¼ of a century is back of "Horlick's" reliability

Send for new printed matter and for samples

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The Prevention of Weak, Tender Feet

is one of the notable benefits that logically result from wearing

O'Sullivan's Heels

It is a well known fact that abnormal conditions of the foot structures are often brought about by shoes with hard, rigid heels, and lacking in flexibility. Free movement of the muscles is prevented, muscular tone is lost, and sagging of the arch naturally tends to follow.

O'Sullivan's Heels, however, by reason of their elasticity and springiness assure a greater latitude of muscular action. The foot muscles thus receive more exercise, the local circulation is increased and the foot structures are kept in a nearer normal condition.

The use of O'Sullivan's Heels, therefore, is a simple but exceedingly effective means of promoting the health and strength of the feet.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Inc.
New York City

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Nervous debility, nervous exhaustion, and all asthenic affections of the nervous system, so prevalent to-day, will respond to treatment which will replenish the reduced mineral reserves of the system and supply the necessary phosphorus to restore degenerated nerve cells

FELLOWS' SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES,

"The Standard Tonic for over fifty years,"

contains the basic elements to ensure normal metabolism, together with the dynamic agents, quinine and strychnine, which make it a true stabilizer of shaken nerves

Samples and Literature sent upon request.

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26 Christopher Street **New York, N. Y.**

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES

For Fifty Years

eminent physicians all over the country have prescribed and endorsed our well-known and reliable disinfectant. The constant use of it in the home will prevent the spread of any disease germ that lurks in the darkest corner.

Safety First

Don't wait until sickness comes. Insure yourself against it, and protect your health by the immediate use of the absolutely odorless, strong and effective

Platt's Chlorides

The Odorless Disinfectant

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The lesson in thrift one reads on the page of current history should be taken in a personal way by every citizen of America. The man who is employed or is in comfortable circumstances today should bear in mind that the days of adversity may come to him as they have come to many others.

Life is made up of sunshine and rain, of success and failure. No man is too rich or too prosperous or too independent to be above the need of investing a certain amount each week or month in Government savings securities. It is a fundamental of correct living. He is helping his country and at the same time helping himself.

Every Liberty Bond is a pledge of the people of the United States to pay a certain sum of money at a certain time, with interest on it until maturity. It is a mortgage on the resources of the country and the energy and productivity of the people.

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Instruments stamped E. S. I Co. are designed by eminent physicians and are important aids in accurate diagnostic work.

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This outfit weighs 4½ pounds and measures 3½x7x15 inches. All our instruments may be operated upon battery or by means of a socket current controller. It is compact and easily carried.

Illustrated and descriptive catalog sent on request. Be sure of exact name.

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The Medical Pickwick

Vol. VIII JANUARY, 1922 No. 1.

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DOCTOR SANGRADO.

I stayed three months with the Licentiate Sedillo, without complaining of bad nights. At the end of that time he fell sick. The distemper was a fever and it inflamed the gout. For the first time in his life, which had been long, he called in a physician. Doctor Sangrado was sent for; the Hippocrates of Valladolid. . . . A tall, withered, wan executioner of the sisters three, who had done all their justice for at least these forty years! This learned forerunner of the undertaker had an aspect suited to his office: his words were weighed to a scruple; and his jargon sounded grand in the ears of the uninitiated. His arguments were mathematical demonstrations: and his opinions had the merit of originality.

After studying my master's symptoms, he began with medical solemnity. The question here is to remedy an obstructed perspiration. Ordinary practitioners, in this case, would follow the old routine of salines, diuretics, volatile salts, sulphur and mercury, but purges and sudorifics are a deadly practice! Chemical preparations are edged tools in the hands of the ignorant. My methods are more simple, and more efficacious. What is your diet? I live pretty much upon soups, replied the canon, and eat my meat with a good deal of gravy. Soups and gravy! exclaimed the petrified doctor. Upon my word, it is no wonder you are ill. High living is a poisoned bait; a trap set by sensuality to cut short the days of wretched man. We must have done with pampering our appetites: the more insipid, the more wholesome. The human blood is not a gravy! Why then you must give it such a nourishment, as will assimilate with the particles of which it is composed. You drink wine, I warrant you? Yes, said the licentiate, but diluted. Oh! finely diluted, I dare say, rejoined the physician. This is licentiousness with a vengeance! A frightful course of feeding! Why you ought to have died years ago. How old are you? I am in my sixty-ninth year, replied the canon. So I thought, quoth the practitioner, a premature old age is always the consequence of intemperance. If you had only drank clear water all your life, and had been contented with plain food, boiled apples for instance, you would not have been a martyr to the gout, and your limbs would have performed their functions with lubricity. But I do not despair of setting you on your legs again, provided you give yourself up to my management. The licentiate promised to be upon his good behavior.

Sangrado then sent me for a surgeon of his own choosing, and took from him six good porringers of blood, by way of a beginning, to remedy this obstinate obstruction. He then said to the surgeon: Master Martin Onez, you will take as much more three hours hence, and tomorrow you will repeat the operation. It is a mere vulgar error, that the blood is of any use in the system; the faster you draw it off, the better. A patient has nothing to do but keep himself quiet; with him to live is merely not to die; he has no more occasion for blood than a man in a trance; in both cases life consists exclusively in pulsation and respiration. When the doctor had ordered these frequent and copious bleedings, he added a drench of warm water at very short intervals, maintaining that water in sufficient quantities was the grand secret in materia medica. He then took his leave, telling Dame Jacintha and me with an air of confidence, that he would answer for the patient's life, if his system was fairly pursued. The housekeeper, though protesting secretly against this new practice, bowed to his superior authority. In fact, we set on the kettles in a hurry; and, as the physician had desired us above all things to give him enough, we began by pouring down two or three pints at as many gulps. An hour after, we beset him again; then, returning to the attack time after time, we fairly poured a deluge into his poor stomach. The surgeon, on the other hand, taking out the blood as we put in the water, we reduced the old canon to death's door in less than two days.—*Alain René Le Sage. Gil Blas. Bk. II, Ch. 2.*

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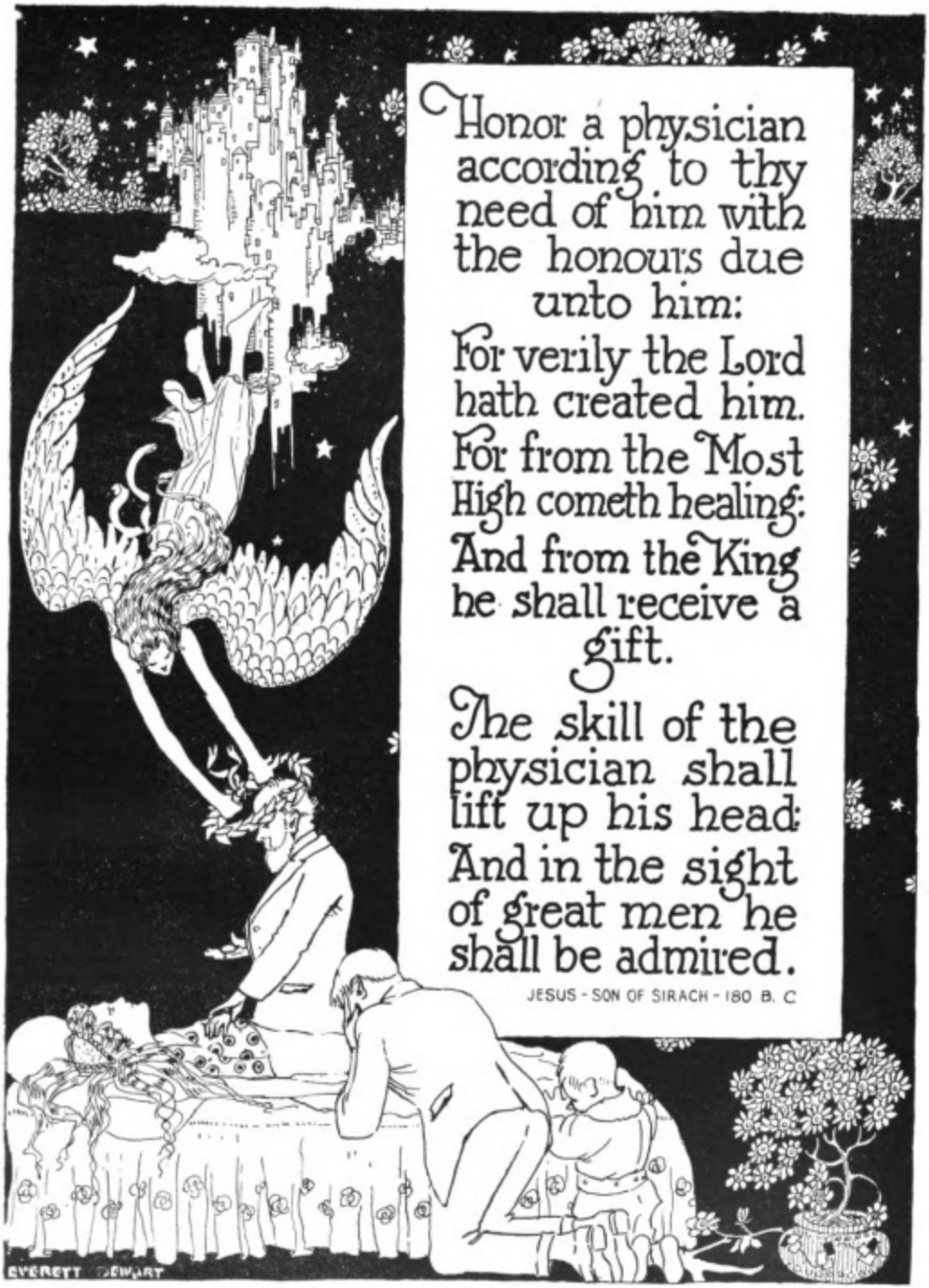

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JAUNTING IN JAMAICA

By H. Elliott Bates, M. D., New York City.

WE were discussing our annual vacation. The Mrs. said, "Why not take a jaunt to Jamaica?" At which I looked at her frankly dumfounded. "I mean Jamaica, the Island, not Jamaica, Long Island," she explained.

Visions of cocoanut groves, banana trees and picturesque blacks floated before my mind's eye, and I said, "Good idea, let's investigate!"

As a result we left the United Fruit Company's office with a collection of various folders, considerable information and a booklet describing the features of "The Pearl of the Carribean." We decided to take the trip.

Passage and stateroom were easily secured. The usual red tape attended the getting of a passport and its visee. After considerable annoyance the necessary income tax clearance was gotten, and sailing day found us eager to be off.

We dropped down the harbor, put the pilot over side and watched the Jersey coast fade into the clouds that lay in the west. There was a jewel of a deck steward on board. We sat at table with the ship's doctor and a size-up of our fellow passengers promised interesting possibilities. There was a South American diplomat, for example, who speedily made a hit with most of the ladies, especially the younger ones. There was also an elderly reverend gentleman of color and his dusky and youthful bride, their mutual absorption affording quiet amusement to the cynical among us. A Jamaica physician, who by the way was one of the best informed gentlemen I ever met, proved not only interesting, but of the greatest value to us because of the suggestions he offered as to how best to see the Island and its many features. There was another party of four, New England people, whose plans and intentions, it soon appeared, fitted in exactly with our own. And also we met a most affable and charming gentleman, the proud owner of a four-thousand-acre cocoanut plantation, whom I soon accused of being a Jamaica "fan," and he justified the term, for in his eyes Jamaica was indeed the "Blessed Isle," and he exemplified perfectly the spontaneous and generous spirit of hospitality that marks the attitude of the true Jamaican towards the visitor from "the States."

We spent five days at sea, out of sight of land and for the most part, without a sail or a steamer in view. Verily those were days of dolce far niente. Flying fish we saw and of porpoises a few. It is an ideal way to rest. In fact, there is nothing else to do. The United Fruit Company takes good care of its patrons. The boat was well appointed, our stateroom large and comfortable, the service excellent. We broke fast at 7:30, lunched at half after noon, and dined at seven. At eleven the deck steward brought us bouillon and biscuits and at five there was tea, iced or hot, and cake. Fruit was found in the stateroom at bedtime.

One soon lost track of time or date. A Marconi bulletin containing the principal news items was posted daily but few read it. Who cared what was going on in the world? Our world comprised but sea and sky.

We approached Kingston, Jamaica, our port of rest, late on Sunday evening. The pilot, swarthy of complexion and answering to the hail of Moskuit, came out to us over a rough sea in a long canoe or dug-out, fashioned from a single tree trunk, and manned by dark-skinned rowers. Soon we anchored off Port Royal to await inspection by the Health Officer, which was set for 6:30 Monday morning.

Item: One hears much of vaccination from the time one leaves until one gets off the boat, and while nothing is said about this at the ticket office, it would save many an annoyance to be vaccinated shortly before taking such a trip and thus be able to show a fresh scar.

Health inspection over, we proceeded to enter Kingston Harbor, which is a beautiful sight. The town of Kingston, with its white houses, many with red roofs, hidden here and there beneath groups of tropical foliage, lies at the base of a mountain range which serves as an effective background. The highest peak, Blue Mountain, rises some two hundred and seventy feet above sea level, and there are numerous peaks of evident volcanic origin, all of which are covered with varying shades of dark green foliage.

Arrived at the docks and having passed the customs, which is a mere formality, we were immediately surrounded by an eager, jostling crowd of negroes of all shades of complexion. I found an automobile, and upon asking the cost of transportation of our party of six to the hotel, was quoted the price of three dollars. For

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comparison I asked another driver, who condescended to take us for seven dollars and a half. Then I fell back upon what was afterward our most popular conveyance, the Jamaica "bus," and found that the dusky driver was eager to take us to our destination for a shilling. Later on I found that this was an overcharge, and that the proper rate was six pence.

Our hotel, the Earlscourt, was selected because we wished for a small place where we could get native food and "atmosphere." It proved to be a delightful place, with broad piazzas running around all four sides and beset with a veritable jungle of tropical growth. The dining room was open on three sides and not even screened, because there were no flies or mosquitos during our stay there. It is true that lizards were much in evidence; one found them on the floor and, alas, sometimes on the bed. They climbed about the vines which screened the porch. But they are perfectly harmless, very picturesque, and even the ladies in the party soon become accustomed to their presence. The meals were good, daintily served, and we made the acquaintance of most of the native vegetables and fruits.

Kingston itself is quaint in the extreme. Its streets are narrow, and its houses are not over two stories high on account of the hurricanes which are of annual occurrence. The Jamaican likes to live secluded. In front of and about his house he has built a wall, generally of brick, and on top of this a very fine grill or grating, behind which one catches a glimpse of a cool and shady piazza and wonderful growths of palms, ferns and other tropical plants.

Except in the business part of town, Kingston boasts no sidewalks. Everybody walks in the road; that is to say nobody walks very far except the blacks. In the first place it is hot, and in the second place transportation is cheap. There are trolley cars, but after one trial we selected the "bus" which is an institution very much to be commended. The horses are small and chronically tired. The driver makes a great show with whip and voice, which the horse seems to take for granted.

A trip at night through Jamaica streets in the "bus" is an experience. Lights are few and far between and shine like a good deed in a naughty world. The "bus" proceeds at a snail's pace and its progress is announced by the frequent ringing of a gong or bell.

Our first day was spent in exploring the town. We visited the market and a number of the shops and found to our increasing joy that our American money was very much at a premium. For every five dollars that I used I received twenty-six shillings and sixpence, and in no instance was there the slightest objection on the part of anyone to pay the difference in exchange.

Everywhere I went the natives called me "doctor," and as I am not of particularly Esculapian appearance I marvelled thereat, until I learned that every tourist is welcomed with the same salutation. We had been warned to expect to suffer from the heat, but we were pleasurably disappointed. Kingston is hot, but it is a dry heat that causes one to perspire profusely, and though I mind hot weather, I was more comfortable by far in Jamaica than I was in New York after my return.

It seems strange that there is no twilight. Daylight drops into darkness as one pulls down a curtain. The market is well worth seeing, and the ladies of our party figuratively went wild when they saw the basket display, with the result that we parted with some of the coin of the realm.

We met with universal courtesy and more. For instance, a gentleman with whom we had some business to transact insisted upon escorting us to the Myrtlebank Hotel, which is modern in every respect, and introduced the ladies of the party to a lemon squash. The writer he conducted with some mystery to another part of the hotel, where I was introduced to a dark-skinned artist, who stood behind a piece of polished mahogany, and by this personage I was made acquainted with one of the most celebrated productions of Jamaica, Planters' Punch! It is seductive; it is satisfying; and it only costs two shillings a shot!

It had been impressed upon us while on the boat that to spend all of our time in Kingston would be to fail utterly to see Jamaica and its features. With this advice went the information that automobiles could be had for an enormous price, that gas cost one dollar a gallon and oil two dollars a quart. Perturbed but not wholly daunted I set forth to visit some of the garages and fortune favored me. After explaining that we wished to hire a car and driver for a trip around the Island, I was given a flat rate of one shilling tenpence per mile, which covered all expenses except the driver's keep, which proved to be negligible. The bargain was soon struck and the next morning we set out for Newcastle, located several thousand feet above the sea and reached by a road that is composed mostly not of curves but of corners. We drove for miles up the mountain side, most of the time in second gear, twisting and creeping about sharp corners, sometimes meeting a mule team at the most unexpected places and passing a stream of natives going hither and yon, every one of whom bore a burden upon the head.

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The native Jamaican seems to have lost the use of the hands to carry things with. Anything from a bundle of lumber or a can of water to a slate is carried on the head and carried easily and gracefully. The natives do not live for the most part in villages, but in thatched huts scattered here and there over the mountain side, for the Island is practically all mountains.

It was interesting to watch the natives as we met them along the road. They are of all shades of color, and for the most part entirely unlike the colored people that we have in the States. I saw few good looking women, but I did not see an ungraceful one. It seemed odd to see them carry a piece of tinder with them, for matches are apparently not used. And it was also interesting to see here and there along the way a little fireplace built on a few stones, containing a fire of a few sticks, over which the native was complacently roasting bread fruit.

It might be possible to describe the views and scenic features of Jamaica, but I shall not attempt it. It has to be seen to be appreciated. On our way back from Newcastle we drove through the famous Hope Gardens where we saw, I think, every kind of tropical or semi-tropical plant, including a number of orchids.

The next day we set out to circle the Island, going through Spanish Town, a very quaint old settlement where there is a wonderful cathedral, the floor of which is covered with inscriptions on great slabs of stone that cover the vaults beneath. We climbed Mount Diablo, looking down over wave after wave of forest, with here and there a mere patch where some native had cleared the ground and planted sugar cane or other truck.

Our chauffeur proved to be a jewel. He was about the color of the ace of spades, in speech soft and gentle, and in deportment a gentleman. He was also well informed and anxious to answer the innumerable questions that were hurled at him constantly.

We lunched at Moneague at a typical inn, and then rode through what was one of the most striking parts of our trip, Fern Gully. Imagine a deep cleft or canyon, almost at the bottom of which is a narrow road and upon either side of which rises a veritable wall of ferns and vines, interlaced and draped with festoons of infinite variety, rising for many feet above until lost in the blue of the sky. We rode through it for miles and so impressed were we that we even forgot to ask questions. Soon the sea burst into view, verily the "deep-blue sea," because the color of the Carribean resembles nothing so much as the bluing water of the washerwoman. We came out upon the shore and drove along a beautiful road with cocoanut palms on either side, here a field of sugar cane, there a field of bananas, until we reached a little cove where a stream flowed down over a series of steps or ledges to meet the ocean. There was a bit of a beach and here we enjoyed the queer sensation of a plunge into the ocean, which was hot, and another plunge into a pool, separated from the ocean by only a narrow strip of sand, which seemed ice cold. Refreshed and invigorated, we drove away through St. Ann's Bay with its quaint, clustering houses, and then for miles along the shore in and out, playing tag with the ocean, as one of the ladies put it, with a changing view at every turn, until at last we ceased to marvel at the beauties of this Island and sat in dumb admiration. Passing Falmouth, we turned inland six miles, to come almost at the close of the day to Pembroke, a part of the plantation of our friend whom we met on the boat.

Here we were welcomed with real friendliness as if we were old friends, had five o'clock tea, and were shown over this estate and its neighbors, "Good Hope, Covey and Shawfields. Our host was referred to as "the big squire," and he looked and acted the part. After a formal dinner at seven (and we sat thirteen at table, by the way) we spent an hour or so in most pleasant converse, and then, as Pepys says, to bed.

I shall never forget that plantation house with its rooms all on one floor, rooms of ample size, say fifty by forty-six, and filled with antique furniture which caused me to break the tenth commandment over and over again.

We were told that breakfast was at 11:30, but coffee would be served in our rooms at whatever time we chose. "Coffee" proved to be a regular breakfast, and a delicious one at that. Then we were taken to inspect some of the operations of the estate. The squire sent a man to climb a forty-foot cocoanut tree and throw down a number of ripe cocoanuts for our delectation. Then all too soon we found it necessary to be on our way. Another wonderful drive followed along the shore to Montega Bay, where we had lunch in a quaint inn, and then left the ocean and began our ride across the Island.

This proved to be entirely different from what had gone before, and on the way to Black River while driving along the mountain side we passed through a tropical thunder storm. There was a black cloud, a flash or two of lightning, a peal of thunder and then the deluge. It didn't rain; somebody pulled the plug out, and before we realized it we were driving along the road which had been changed into a torrent of rushing water which came up to the hubs, with now and then a veritable lake through which our chauffeur proceeded with the assurance that all was well.

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We thought we had seen much, but the best part was yet to come. We drove up Malvern Mountain, rising over four thousand feet above sea level, over a wonderful road which consists of a series of hair pin curves. The car was most of the time in second speed, and we fastened our eyes upon the ever changing view, which comprised a good part of the Island with the ocean in the distance. I shall never forget it and I hope to repeat it.

Over the summit we coasted gently down mile after mile, and then began the ascent of Spurtree which is steep and twisting, and which has to be made part of the time in low and part in second, until we reached the summit with an engine that was boiling furiously. Here, strung out across the road were eight or nine urchins, each one of whom carried a gallon can of water. I learned later that they had carried their burdens on their heads for seven miles to get up to this point. We filled the radiator, and I asked the chauffeur whom to pay and how much. He designated the party and told me to give him a shilling.

Then we proceeded, dropping down through what might be called a lane, with rocks overgrown with shrubs or vines, until we came to our place for the night, Manderville, two thousand feet above the sea. Here we found excellent quarters and good fare.

Next morning we completed our trip by returning through a still different country to Kingston. We had seen at least a part of Jamaica, and we agreed that without this trip we would have come home with no idea whatever of the wonderful Island and its scenery. I took along a small camera with the idea not of attempting to take pictures of the scenery, but to get bits of local color. Some of the natives object very strenuously to being photographed. Others endure in consideration of a sixpence or shilling. Once or twice I found one willing to pose.

Jamaica is a white man's country, there being as I was informed, four thousand out of the million population. Living problems are simplified; one needs to buy no coal and very few clothes. Food is abundant and cheap; labor ditto. I was informed that the average pay for labor per day was thirty cents for a man and ninepence for a woman. I tried my best while on the Island to ascertain how and where the color line is drawn, but I got scant information, because there are so many shades of color. In examining the native huts I found that they generally contain one window but not always, and rarely more. At night the native religiously closes tight both window and door in order to shut out "the undertaker" which is the evening wind, supposed to bring fever with it. On the other hand, there is a very delicious and refreshing morning breeze which they call "the doctor."

Our boat was scheduled to sail at ten a. m., but we found that the sailing hour would not be until late in the afternoon, thus making it possible for us to go through one of the native markets, which was interesting in the extreme; to pay a visit to King's House, the home of the Governor, and to take the inevitable afternoon tea with one of our friends (I could not call him an acquaintance) who was anxious to show us just how he lived.

It was interesting to watch the coaling of the boat which was done by natives, mostly women, each of whom carried on her head a hundred pound basket as easily as if she wore but her Easter bonnet. At the same time there was a steady stream of natives coming up a steep incline, each with a bunch of bananas carried on the head, still another line carrying boxes of oranges in the same way. Squabbles were frequent and fights occurred at intervals.

The hour came for "all aboard" and we steamed slowly down Kingston Harbor, getting one last, perfect view of the city with its wonderful background. Then followed five days more of lazy, restful voyaging. We ran the gauntlet of the health officer, passed the immigration inspection and customs inspection and realized that we were home again. I shall never forget it!

To the doctor who is tired and worn out and who wants to rest brain and body and to refresh his mind with new sights and scenes I say in all earnestness, "Take a jaunt to Jamaica! It's well worth it!"

TO AN ABSCONDER

By J. R. McCarthy.

There is no sun without you, love,
There is no land nor sea;
When you are gone the world is dead
And no bird sings for me.

There is no sun without you, love,
No flower in the glade;
The meadow lands are gray and cold
Where once the daisies played.

Return, my love—and bring the sun,
And bring the land and ocean.
The neighbors think you stole them, and
They're raising *some* commotion!

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THE INVERTEBRATE

By Milton Hahn, M. D.

Consider, my son, the Jelly-fish,
A creature without a spine,
Who drifts on the seas
Before every breeze
Without design.

Everyone likes the Jelly-fish,
He's flaccid and placid and gay,
A likeable chap,
And he don't care a rap
Either way.

He has no support you can lean on,
He is never loyal and true,
Though he will pretend
To be your friend
When the World smiles on you.

He's slippery and sloppy and slimy,
He's an undulant, sinuous ring
That slides him along through the water,
But look out—for the creature can sting!
I know, for there's one I befriended
And humored his every wish.
Now tell me, my son,
Do you know anyone
Who resembles a Jelly-fish?

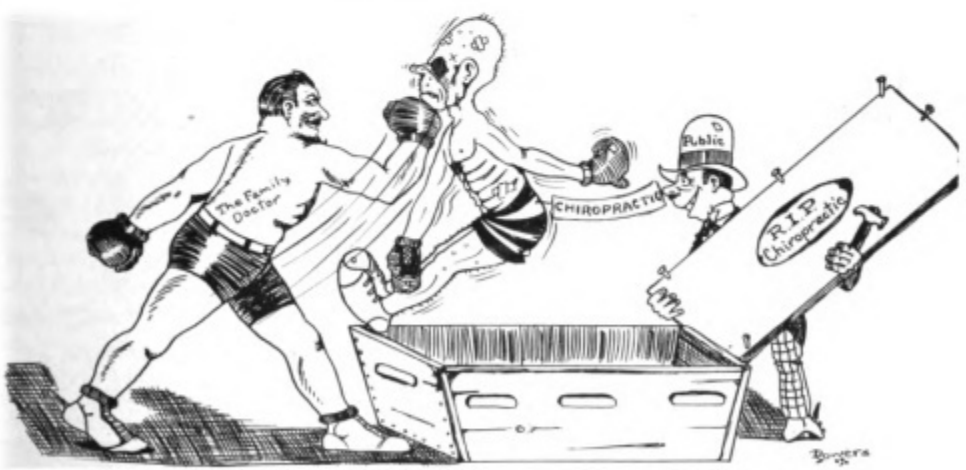
THE CASH REGISTER

Anna Hamilton Wood, Harrisburg, Pa.

Just a drop, a bite or a taste?
But it registered there on the sheet
Hidden beneath the veneer of skin,
A debt you must some day meet.
Only a little extra strain
Or a muscle worn sore and bruised?
The nerves keep count and do not forget
When neglected or sadly used.

An extra effort today, perhaps,
And tomorrow, next week, next year;
And then a space for resting up
With the doctor's help. Don't fear,
Go at it and cheat this thing we call
Fate, life, or circumstance!
It's all very well 'till we foot the bill
Of the piper who plays for the dance.

When we come to cash in, we can't dispute
For the record was kept to a dot,
And we're charged for every reckless hour,
For omissions which we forget,
For the broken laws and wasted strength,
No medical skill is known
Complex enough to clean the slate
We are debtors to Death, alone!



Public: "Atta boy, Doc; he can't show us anything."

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IT'S IN THE NEWS.

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COASTAL OCEAN-WAVES: THEIR ORIGIN, NATURE, AND WORK

GEORGE M. GOULD, M. D., Atlantic City, N. J.

THE term *Coastal Waves*, it is suggested, may be used to designate those waves of the ocean, large lakes, rivers, etc., which directly and ceaselessly roll to the shore. What is their origin and nature? They are seen to arise at varying distances from the land, parallel with the general shore line, and as they advance they undergo certain changes of form, size, speed, etc., until they disappear in ripples on the beaches. *Whence? How? and Why?* are the questions persistently asked by children and grownups; or *Causes, Nature, Function, and Results?*

The authorities—the nature-philosophers, geographers, oceanographers, encyclopedists, etc., have uniformly answered "Winds are the cause of all waves"—thus adding to the mystery and increasing the mystification. Because, as all know, or should know, the winds may be slight or powerful, or in any direction whatsoever without changing the eternal roll of the waves directly to the shore. They may be increased in size and speed with strong, shoreward winds, but no off-shore wind causes the waves to roll from the land seaward.

And the matter is not only of curious, theoretic, or schoolboy interest. It vitally concerns the most practical issues, losses of lives, millions of dollars' worth of property, etc. At an expense approximating the value of the entire real estate, a neighboring city is now building a most expensive concrete seawall to prevent another possible destruction such as recently overwhelmed it.

From a coastal elevation and with the help of a field glass the observer at any time, and with any direction of the wind, perceives that out at sea (the wide, open sea, not a bay, nor inlet) the "waves" are, as the children say, "higgledipigeldy," with no alignment whatever. This fortuitous disorder is indeed everywhere over the entire ocean with any sort of weather, wind, tide, etc., —everywhere, that is, except within a mile or two from shore. But at a quite definite distance from shore the choppy and disordered surface disappears and there is a clearly defined tendency and actuality of wave-formation, alignment, and repetitive action, all moving shoreward with more or less regularity; all going through evolutions and histories that are everywhere essentially the same. With high winds and high tides the waves will be powerful and short and in varying disorder. But at low tide and with little or no wind, the waves, particularly in the final stages of advance, may be unbroken and laterally several miles long, and marching in remarkable parallelism as, in platoons, they softly roll up the shallowing ocean floor. These platoons excite attention, because except on the theory of their origin to be suggested, they show that the streaming from their off-shore origins is usually at a quite uniform distance off shore. on a uniformly rising floor, and that the second or emergent stage varies somewhat according to winds, aerial pressure, etc. But after the breaker stage the irregularities of speed and alignment are often equalized and the platoons become as exact as with well drilled soldiers.

When no wind whatsoever exists, or where it is straight off shore, how may such military platoons preserve this order if "winds make all waves?"

If the attention be fixed upon a single wave from its first appearance to its ending there will be found four stages or phases: First, the *smooth uplift*—more accurately, *under-roll*—as if some huge porpoise or whale were moving upward and forward beneath the surface of the water, and bulging it upward as it comes forward and toward the shore. There is no likeness to that of a wave whipped or driven by the wind forward. It is, in a word, plainly an interaqueous streaming from below and beyond that comes forward and upward.

In the *second or emergent stage*, the head of the subsurface streaming thrusts itself, or is forced by a *vis à tergo*, above the general ocean level. When observed near the shore it is plain that the whole affair is the product of an interaqueous cleaving and streaming upward and forward, upon a parallel with the angle of ascent, from a deeper part of the ocean floor. When the stream reaches the surface it emerges in the shape of a decisive upthrust, and being temporarily fed or pushed by the immediately sequent part of the stream below is heaped up for an instant until it becomes topheavy, and then follows

The third stage, which by all is known as *the breaker*. This modification and continuation of the previous stage

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is simply the crashing forward and downward of the emergent head of the stream that has been squeezed and pushed upward and forward along or near the ocean floor. By attentive and near observation it is seen that it is not, as commonly explained, caused by friction of the base of the wave upon the ocean floor producing the crash forward, the over-roll, etc. The emergent breaker is primarily and essentially a protrusion above the general level or surface of the ocean at the angle of ascent of the ocean floor closely guiding and governing the upward streaming from its origin farther out at sea. But there is a most significant and instructive fact connected with the second or emergent stage of wave development: Not all of the emergent currents become breakers at the same relative moment of time or evolution, and the exceptions tell an interesting story. A "close-up" view is better and from a standpoint above the shoreward crowding breakers, thus looking down upon their crests as they roll beneath. If no foam of a preceding breaker lies in the trough, throw down a bit of wood or some leaves. Soon it may be noticed that just before the breaker-stage of an oncoming wave has been reached, the foam, the bit of shingle, the leaves, etc., before it will seem to glide up and over the smooth oncoming emergent stage and disappear behind it. The fact is proof beyond question that it is not friction on the ocean floor that causes the emergent or breaker stage, but that it is simply a sliding forward and upward of the head of the subsurface streaming. Another conclusive fact as to its origin may be seen almost every day: the breaker often breaks so far out to sea that the theory of supposed friction on the ocean floor cannot, alone, account for the fact.

The final stage of the coastal wave is easily understood. The forward-pushing crest of the emerging current is thrust by its own impetus in advance and crashes over forward in a wide swirl looking like a great hollow cylinder of whirling and splintering glass. This cylinder catches its fill of air, and the foaming, glittering, revolving push of the beach goes on, as the final phase, until it dies as a wavering thread of wet sand upon the dry shore.

In other places and conditions one may find striking proofs of the existence of these coastal waves, e. g., the Atlantic City "inlet" stream pours its waters into the ocean at a right angle to the shore line. Even when its current is the swiftest, coastal waves arising at or beyond the bed or base of the oceanward stream are not caught or killed by the inlet-streaming to the ocean, but continue their drive to shore, beneath or through the thronging current above and at right angles to it.

Thus closely observed, the details, phases, and histories of the visible coastal waves demonstrate that they originate at the off-shore bases of superincumbent masses of water. If there were absolute and persisting calm out there, and if no tides or winds existed to vary the weights or pressures upon the bases of the immense water masses, and if the ocean floor were level instead of inclined, then of course no basic currents would be thrust shoreward. But with any great variation of the superincumbent pressures and angles of ascent of the ocean floor there would be a thrust shoreward of the basic layers of water. The always increasing weights of water seaward would prevent any escape of the squeeze in that direction. The tremendous weights of the rising tide, it would seem, furnish the abundant means of breaking up the imagined or possible equilibrium at the bases of the immense water columns. Soundings also, as the Government maps show, demonstrate unequal and haphazard "pockets" and variations in the depths of the ocean floor, and these add to the causes of instability, or if differences of pressures at the bases of the perpendicular water masses. The inevitable result would be a squeeze or thrust at some critical point of the bases, and a streaming up the ocean floor at its average angle of ascent and emergence described as the first stage. Once in being these ocean floor streamings would never cease, because the loss of mass or basic pressure would immediately be reinstated by the surface leveling, etc. All shore dwellers know that high tides bring the great breakers, and low tides the least ones. And it is the conjunction of shoreward-driving hurricanes and high tides that may bring ruin to sea walls, shore cities, boardwalks, etc., especially at certain angles of shear.

It is evident that coastal waves will be found wherever the conditions governing their origin are found; *i. e.*, a receding ocean or lake floor, and tides, waves, currents, or other conditions required to break up the supposed or temporary equilibrium at the bases of the distant superincumbent water masses. It seems certain that if an oceanic island exactly one or several miles square, existed well off shore, with the ocean floor on all sides of equal gradient, the coastal waves would come to each shore line exactly as they do now to the single shore line where we stand.

Shells, empty or with their living inhabitants, worn pebbles from distant quarries, bits of strange wreckage, weeds and grasses with or without their roots, etc., that otherwise could never have been driven to such distant

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shores, often throng the beaches after storms. The shapes of shells seem to show that there are great struggles and many failures to prevent shore wreckage by the wash of ground currents landward. Has not the gastropod of the naticas, etc., often the function of an anchorage against death on the shore?

The direct results of the work of these coastal waves are more numerous and valuable than has been usually recognized. What, for instance, makes the summer cro crowding to the seashores is the coolness created by the perpetual shoreward waves from the colder off-shore depths and their spreading out upon the adjacent ocean surface and beaches. By their mere direction, also, they help to create a cool soft breeze, even in calm weather, that is wafted a considerable distance inland. The mere nearness of the ocean to the shore dwellers if there were no coastal waves, would not lessen the summer heat of the land borders, and might increase it. The upper ocean layers would be heated by the sun's rays, and if shoreward breezes arose the seashore would be unendurable.

But since the world began these coastal waves have been at their great task of land making. About thirty-five years ago the water at high tides came to the Atlantic City lighthouse grounds. At present it is several squares distant. The old shore line formed ages before there was a sign of this island in existence is now several miles north of us. All such made land, as we know, is the result of the sand first milled by the waves of the Northeastern "Stern and Rockbound Coasts," and brought nearer our own shores by the great ocean currents. May it not be found that the vast Atlantic Continental Shelfs of Sand are from the same milling and heaped up by the same mechanism as in the formation of our visible coastal waves and their land making? It seems otherwise impossible to account for the gigantic massings and their permanency, bordering the tremendous depths between. Leastwise every coastal wave has brought its tribute of sand to the beaches of all these southern states of ours from New York to Florida, inclusive. The greater part of the land acreable is their work. The debt of man and his civilization to the coastal waves is probably far greater than to all other influences of winds, tides, rain, rivers, etc.

I have several times seen a rare and striking variation in the evolution and transformation of these waves, which, while it changed the history, still strikingly demonstrated and illustrated the theory suggested: The time was midwinter and there had recently been a heavy fall of snow added to the thick, gruel-like slush of broken ice and half-frozen water along the coast for a hundred feet or more seaward. The temperature of the pasty mixture was approximately that of freezing, and it was so dense that the shoreward waves could not break through it, as the usual breaker does, so that this surface breaker only swelled it upward to twice the usual height and volume, followed by a lazy roll and rebound oceanwards, with a dull, crunching and crackling sound, as it receded and advanced again to the charge. The phenomenon seemed made happily to illustrate the origin and nature of the wave-theory above suggested.

The foregoing up to this paragraph was completed and copied before a severe storm along our coasts. Atlantic City escaped much injury but the "neighboring city" alluded to, despite its magnificent new concrete seawall was almost destroyed. The inevitable "northeaster" came, and at such a shearing angle that irresistible masses of combined coastal and hurricane-driven waves brought ruin to the concrete seawall. Thus the lesson has again been taught that the wind-driven waves of the ocean may wreck the mightiest and most cunningly contrived wall if it is not so constructed that the waves will be shorn of their greatest height, volume, and velocity before they reach the wall. Massings of large quarry rocks placed at the critical distance from shore, reaching from the ocean floor to the high-tide surface, is the sole and certain method of preventing all such catastrophes.

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The Hicockalorum and the Oodle-Doodle Bug

By CARA B. TOWER.

Said the Hicockalorum to the Oodle-Doodle Bug,
As they rested, after dining on the Oriental rug:
"There are many, many things
That invite investigation; so I think I'll try my wings
In search of that experience which only travel brings."
Said the Oodle-Doodle Bug, with a lazy yawn and shrug:
"You silly thing! You'll never find another Persian rug
With apartments half so snug
As the one that you are leaving.
(O'er the parting I am grieving!)
A place to sleep, good wool to eat—
What bug needs more to make life sweet?"
But the Hicockalorum would not listen to advice,
She stretched her legs; she spread her wings, and flapped them once or twice;
And through the open window she was sailing in a trice!

Out, out into the world she flew,
Where summer scents were wafted, and the summer sky was blue—
Seeking what, she hardly knew.
And the Oodle-Doodle Bug,
Snuggling deeper in the rug,
Murmured sleepily, "Good-bye,"
As, with a soft, complacent sigh,
She settled down to dream bug dreams
Of woof, and warp, and deep, dark seams.
The Hicockalorum, who had never learned to fly
Very far, nor very high,
Was glad to rest a moment on a little twig near by.
Her adventure ended there.
Robin Redbreast, seeking fare
For his children, cleft the air
On strong wings, and in a minute,
To his nest returning, in it
Dropped the Cockalorum bug
That had ventured from the rug
Where her friend, the Oodle-Doodle, lay a-dreaming, warm and snug.

But what is this?
Something's amiss!
Gone are the Oodle-Doodle's dreams!
Her world is upside-down, it seems!
A draft of air quick terror brings!
Despairing, to the rug she clings,
As back and forth it madly swings
Outside the window, where winds blow.
The Oodle-Doodle's mind is slow;
What's happening, she does not know,
Except that soon she must let go
Her hold upon the Persian rug.
Oh, most unhappy Oodle Bug!
Robin Redbreast, seeking fare
For his children, cleaves the air;
And returning in a minute
To his nest, he drops within it
A fainting Oodle-Doodle Bug,
Just shaken from a Persian rug.

PHOTOGRAPHY

By RALPH M. THOMSON.

Because in every woman's eyes
  Each man may see, who looks with care,
An image of himself, that lies
  Unquestionably featured there—
It does not follow he will find
  The portrait that appears so fond
To him especially, outlined
  Or pictured on the heart beyond.

THE WAIST LINE

By RALPH M. THOMSON.

He longed to put his arm about
  Her waist, and hug her tightly,
For she was stylishly rigged out,
  And pretty, coy, and sprightly;
But in the aggravating dress
  To which she had consigned it,
He made of his attempt a mess,
  Because he could not find it.

NO REDUCTION.

The doctor had a lovely dream
It lasted but a minute,
He dreamed each patient paid his bill
For all that there was in it!

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HE MERELY MISUNDERSTOOD.

"In 20,000 years," explained the scientist, "we will revert to a race of anthropoids."

"What's that?" anxiously inquired a nervous man in the rear of the hall as he leaped to his feet.

"Why, I said we would revert to a race of anthropoids in 20,000 years," answered the scientist.

"Oh," exclaimed the nervous one, sitting down with an audible sigh of relief, "I thought you said we would revert to a race of animals in 2,000 years."

A REAL SLIDE.

"I understand your son Oswald received some injuries sliding bases in that game with the Scrub Oak team," said Farmer Perkins.

"Yes," confirmed Farmer Gray, "he sprained his ankle and they took him to the hospital in the avalanche."

NO JUDGE, AT ALL

A tourist stopped at the four corners and asked the first man he saw, as to who was the best doctor in the village.

"Wall," said he, "I always recommend Doc Fixxum."

"Are you a good judge," the tourist asked.

"Jedge? Law no, mister. I'm the undertaker."

JOHN UPTON.

La Fargeville, N. Y.

AN AWAKENING

The returned soldier hastened into the house. His wife was at the kitchen stove applying polish. He stepped quietly up behind her and put his arms around her.

"Two quarts of milk and a pint of cream tomorrow," she said, without looking up.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF HEART DISEASE.

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TREASURE TROVE

By Harry S. Reynolds, M. D.

According to recent advices from abroad, Professor Newitt Alder Tyme, the eminent archaeologist, has made a notable find in the ruins of Aesophagus, an ancient city of Trachea. He is reported to have unearthed some bronchial tablets bearing inscriptions from the writings of the philosophers Anaphylaxis, Diplococcus, Paranoia and Anthrax, and the poet Hydrocephalus. These wonderful tablets were found under the ruins of the Aortic Arch, close beside the old Alimentary Canal.

The writings are more or less incomplete ("not-all-there," in other words), but one dainty mythological fragment survives to enrich posterity. It is attributed to Hydrocephalus and relates to the Siege of Peruna. It tells how Janos, the war-lord of the Hunyadis, incited by the wily nymph Eczema, persuaded Phenacetine, the wife of his rival Dementia Praecox, to elope with him to his fortified camp at Acetabulum. Phenacetine became afflicted, en route, with symptoms of pedifrigia and sought the protection of the goddess Aphasia. The latter brought her safely home just in time to prevent the demise of her lord Dementia Praecox, who was on the point of succumbing to an acute attack of calor sub collaro.

There is no further mention of Janos, but it is assumed that he was also attacked with calor sub collaro which was pandemic at that period. Nothing has elicited so much furore in scientific and literary circles since the discovery of the fossil remains of a Pneumothorax in the Biliary Gravels of the Hypochondriac Epoch by Professor U. Bowen Hedd, the distinguished palaentologist.

When Women Take Up Railroading.

I am sorry this train does not stop at Greentown. The conductor of this car and the station mistress are not speaking.

SUSPICIOUSLY SERIOUS

By Dr. William W. Arnold.

The good wife of the minister had met with a dreadful accident and the physician rendering first aid was asked as to the prognosis of the case and replied: "Sir, she has ceased to breathe and the radial artery no longer pulsates."

"Indeed," replied the minister. "Do you consider the symptoms dangerous, doctor?"

Guess Which Doctor Has the Largest Practice

By B. Wise, M. D.

This is what Dr. Goodman prescribes for a cold:

℞

Quin. Sulph.
Pulv. Ipecac et Opii aa . . . . gr. X
M. Ft. chart. No. IV.
Sig.: One every 3 hours.

A. Goodman, M. D.

While this is what Dr. Wise prescribes:

℞

Spts. Frumenti . . . . . fl℥ XVI
Sig.: ℥ IV in hot water every 2 hours.

B. Wise, M. D.

FIERY TOOTHACHE

By C. H. Packer.

The village doctor had recently prescribed *aspirin* tablets for Mandy, the effects of which she considered remarkable. A little while later Mandy visited the doctor's office and said: "Doctah, Rastus has a mighty bad toothache. Has youall got any mo' ob dem dar *asbestos* tablets?"

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Said the killer in cell twenty-two,
Whose days all but one were taboo:
"It isn't the hanging that I'll mind so much;
It's the boils on my neck that the rope's going to touch."

MEDICAL MISCELLANY

F. V. WADDY, Los Angeles, Cal.

NO PLACE FOR DOCTORS.

The patient, an old lady, was sinking fast. She knew her end was near. A physician stood at the bedside. After a short doze she opened her eyes, looked about her a moment as if puzzled, and then exclaimed: "Ah! I must have died—and this is heaven!" Then noticing the doctor, she sank back on the pillows exhausted, and added in a tone of disappointment: "Oh, no—it cannot be, for I see Doctor Blank!"

AMBIGUOUS.

At an annual meeting of medical men an important debate was in progress, and as one member ended his speech and sat down, the next at once arose and announced with enthusiasm:

"I wish to express emphatic agreement with what has just been said, and I would embrace especially the latter part of Dr. Smith."

HOME REMEDIES

By RAY HOPPMAN.

In every well organized household there is a shelf in some handy place on which are remedies purposely kept in stock with which to experiment with human life. That little shelf is the reason why physicians go about in flivvers and undertakers leisure along in limousines.

There is no denying that every person has the idea that he possesses the one and only "Cure for all" secret. He will make medicine out of egg shells and orange peels and patiently wait for a brother or a dog to get the measles so that he can experiment.

It is an occasion for much rejoicing when a member of the family is taken ill, for it gives fathers and mothers and the long line of brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles and second cousins the long sought for opportunity to experiment with the sassafras root, rhubarb plants or whatever it may be.

In fact, it is like a game. Each one takes a guess at what the particular illness may be. If, for instance, one has a backache, mother looks into his eyes and swears he has the smallpox. She immediately hauls him to bed and pumps about three quarts of radish juice and egg brine down his throat. Father, of course, disagrees and says it looks like the measles to him and rushes for the bottle containing watermelon seeds and crabapple water, his own concoction.

Uncle thinks he is merely choking and inserts his index finger down the victim's throat in a vain effort to remove the fishbone or whatever it may be. Then come the aunts, brothers, sisters and second cousins. When they get through with him, he is a walking apothecary shop, liable to arrest for dealing in drugs and medicines without a license.

Although the victim is twisting his toes for the last time and the physician residing only two doors away, they unanimously declare all medical men quacks and apply their cure for all a second time. If it were not for home remedies this country would have enough young men on hand to put an army of 30,000,000 in the field.

Strange as it may seem, persons seldom use their own remedies when they themselves are ill. Perhaps they unselfishly want to save the supply for a fond brother or uncle. One reason why people keep dogs is because they can try the effects of their health producers on them. Dogs, by the way, are not as plentiful as they used to be. If canines could speak, they'd say some mighty interesting things.

No wonder so many physicians get discouraged and become motormen.

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WHIZZERINKTUMS

MORE DISARMAMENT REASONS.

"One federal building in Wall Street, New York, now holds gold coin and bullion having a value of $1,500,000,000. This is one-fifth of all the gold that has been produced in the world since the beginning of civilization. Never before has so much of the precious yellow metal been collected in one place at one time."—Floyd W. Parsons, in *World's Work*.

We reacted to the above paragraph. Are we too poor to pay delayed adjusted compensation to soldiers who made possible this collection of gold? Are we a set of national asses to invoke disarmament in the presence of the greatest national wealth with the least guard over it? We are. No other nation would dream of such Utopian, impractical dreams. The dreams will come to but one end—an even greater war than the last.

Disarmament is a fad, led by Bryan-minded females; but if their lobby is wealthy enough they will get somewhere, at that. They will put us in a precarious condition of non-protection.

REGARDLESS OF HIS PRESS-AGENTING.

If Harding were to run again for President and the voting were to be tomorrow, we'd bet 8 to 5 that he'd be defeated by as large a vote as he got when elected. But you can't tell 'em this in Washington, where they think Democrats are extinct. The middle west knows a few things, however.

MILEAGE.

This Ford story is going the rounds and we might as well give it further circulation. "A man driving a Marmon came up to a filling station. Said he, 'How far is it to St. Louis?' The attendant replied, '113 miles.' 'Better give me 20 gallons of gas.' And he drove away. A man driving a Dodge came up and asked, 'How far is it to St. Louis?' The attendant replied, '113 miles.' 'Better give me about 15 gallons of gas.' And he drove away. A man driving a Ford skidded up. 'How far is it to St. Louis?' he asked, and was told that it was 113 miles. 'Gimme a quart of water and a squirt of 3-in-1 Oil—and hold her till I can get back in!' "

THE DARING FORDIST.

Speaking of automobiles, why does a Ford driver always "pick on" a big, seven-passenger, and shimmie by with a half inch between himself and you? He never picks on another Ford. In a week one has saved the lives of seven Ford drivers by slamming on brakes and sliding to avoid the daring birds. Some day we may decide to head-on some wild bird and carry him a mile on the windshield, b'gosh!

Preachers preach. Doctors practice.

PLAYING BOTH ENDS.

"When I'm called to a case I always give a grave prognosis," said a busy physician, in partial confidence. "If the patient does not live, then I was right. If the patient lives I am a wonderful doctor to have pulled him through."

Said another: "In obstetrical cases I am often asked for my opinion as to the sex of the child to be born. I ascertain the desire of the mother. If she wishes a girl I say it will be a boy. If a girl, is born she is so delighted that she forgets my guess. If a boy, she is sure to think I had some uncanny foresight."

TYPES.

Yesterday we heard two physicians quote the Bible. It made us think that doctors who live in the country, because of associations with leading men of their towns, are perhaps more religious and less cynical than the city physician. They are also likely to be more narrow and provincial in philosophy.

Men who repair batteries for our automobiles play a wicked game on repair fees. It's so hard to prove them the liars we know they are.

The Lord must love a cheerful liar—there are so many of 'em.

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Not that we'd ever pan an endocrinist, but words sometimes are too suggestive. F'r instance, the "poly" in "polyglandular."

While you are tooting your own horn, don't forget that the G-U men are great fellers to hold organ recitals!

Being on the subject of more or less musical instruments, what must be duller in life than to be a player of the alto horn and have to sit and "put," only to vary it with "put, put?"

Nurses, who take two years, ought to learn all of their work in six months and graduate. It only takes a few weeks for them to learn to curtesy and say, "Yes, doctor," and "No, dotor," to give a hypodermic, make up beds, lose sleep and hate interns. Why take two years? It has been suspected that the hospitad desired, in the past, some free labor and thus established the long course. Nothing is more interesting than to see a beautifully trained nurse person under the influence of orders from some grandfatherly old doctor who would just as soon expectorate in a hypodermic syringe, in emergency, as not! To hark back to the original thought, a nurse can find out all she needs to know of nursing and allied subjects (including peculiar and eccentric physicians who wouldn't know a germ and who still declare that diphtheria antitoxin kills children) in six months, including a two weeks' vacation!

WHICH IS THE PSYCHOPATH?

One of the things that add white hairs to a doctor's head is that species of "crepe hanger" who visits the nervous patient and assures her that her diagnosis is cancer; there was a lady who had it, with the same symptoms, et cetera, and ad nauseum. Wherefore must the devoted doctor again call and lay a curse on interfering, ignorant, addle-pated fools!

NOW, GRANDPA, THINK HARD! WHEN *DID* YOUR BOWELS MOVE?

If you had a thin dime for each time you asked a patient if, or when, his bowels moved, and you've been licensed for ten years, you could retire forever on the money. The bowels remain as always an inglorious but highly important subject for scientific ponderings.

OUT WITH 'EM.

Wilkins, when you leave to give the dog his afternoon's afternoon, please take with you this can. It has sealed within it the words "foci," "etiology," "biliousness," "tonus," and a few other time-tried and well-worn medical terms. Dump the can, Wilkins; dump it in the garbage, since there are thousands of other unused words.

HELL.

A gentleman who specializes on nervous and mental diseases says that his idea of torment in hell is to be in hell, surrounded by psychosed patients, each babbling of symptoms. A pediatrician, one suspects, must think of hell as a place where countless nurses hand him millions of stool-filled diapers, while an obstetrician would think of it as a place where labor pains never end. Well, every man for his own hell, as the old lady said when she gargled phenol.

That sag to the doctor's shoulders is due to the fact that so many people use his shoulders as a place on which to weep.

One might as well keep the light—it will help to heat the office. But you probably remember the place up in the attic where you stored the old static machine, and later on, the wall plate with a dozen modalities of current? Move things around and make room for the basal metabolism can—its next place is the attic.

Don't leave where a young child can find them and eat for candy A. B. and S. pills, or Hinkle's. Most of these formulae contain Strychnine 1/60 gr. in each pill, yet no poison label is required for such pills or tablets.

We daily question many things, including the infallibility of the *Journal of the American Medical Association;* the danger of giving digitalis; the gullibility of men of large affairs; the real worth of any motion picture; how the melting pot can absorb all the trash flung upon our shores; why all public utilities are basically so crooked in their dealings when honesty would pay higher returns—and many more.

SAYS WHICH?

A quote: "The Statue of Liberty, with arm uplifted, *speechless*—"

SING LO.

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MRS. THOMAS GRIMALKIN

(Carelessly Overlooked in Spoon River Anthology.)

By GEORGIANA CHEESEMAN, New York City.

I WAS the Family Cat, cursed with the feline gift of nine lives.

One by one they appear before my vision—clarified by death—and to you, passersby, I relate each history:

The First I lost at the tender age of one week, when my up-to-date mother, in frenzied protest against maternity, gave me a murderous nip. Little Dora Quigley planted what was left of me under the pungent "catnip" and watered me with her tears.

My Second terminated when I was cat-apulted by a jealous soprano from the ridge-pole to the spikes of a picket fence. My remains, being in a (catty)gory condition were dumped into the ash barrel and carted off next day to parts unknown.

My Third came to an ignominious end by falling into a pounding barrel full of smelly soapsuds; the adjacent bull frogs croaked a requiem over my final resting places—the pond into which I was poured.

My Fourth succumbed to slow starvation while marooned on top of a telegraph pole. Too late came rescue, and my emaciated carcass was incinerated with other *debris* in a bonfire. Beware ambition!

My Fifth was prematurely ended by too speedily gulping down fish heads, whose bones choked me to death. My fur was preserved and is now worn as a summer neckpiece by Olga Nitsvitch, the Quigley's maid-of-no-work.

My Sixth was snuffed out by acute indigestion, caused by the accumulated feathers of sixteen gluttonous "Early Birds" packed in my interior. After being further stuffed I was presented to a museum and labeled "American Wild Cat."

My Seventh ended in a fit after swallowing poison spread under the barn for rats—my ancient enemy. By the irony of fate I was devoured piece-meal by them; in my death I was divided!

My Eighth was lost after a battle with Bill Jones' mastiff. That dog bears marks of the conflict to this day in the shape of a tattered ear and one empty eye socket. He nightly howls on my grave and claws at the earth that covers my avenged bones sepulchered in the barnyard.

In my Ninth, and Last, I attained the summit of my earthly desires: I bore many kittens whom I brought up to become ornaments of society. I rid Jacob Quigley's house of mice and became a pampered pet, wearing a gold locket on a sky-blue neckband, and in winter an embroidered chest protector. I slept on a purple velvet pillow in my own "rocker." At a sleek and cushioned old age I was gathered to these eight previous incarnations and given decent burial by my spinster mistress in this grave in the Quigley family plot from which I speak.

Requies—SCAT!

THE ORIGINAL "CAESARIAN OPERATION"

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MAY SHE BE FORGIVEN

By Edla Park Peck.

Hello; this is the doctor's phone;
I'm sorry, Mrs. Hall;
He's just this moment started out
Upon an urgent call.

Hello; this is the doctor's wife;
Good morning, Mrs. Stover.
Why, yes, I think that he'll be home
Soon as the meeting's over.

Hello; he isn't in just now;
What is it, Mrs. Pool?
Oh! yes; I'm looking for him back
Right after Sunday school.

Hello; he's due most any time;
I'll tell him, Mrs. Ray;
I rather think he may have stopped
At the Y. M. C. A.

Hello; the doctor isn't in;
The church—oh! is that you, Min?
Now really, Min, it is no sin,
Just part of the life of a doctor's wife
This slight—prevarication
I'm taking calls—he's driving balls;
Oh! Sabbath recreation.

HE COULD RECOMMEND THEM

By Edla Park Peck.

"Now, these chocolate pills," confidently smiled the doctor to the star patient, "there were some at the house and I took three myself last evening and when we doctors—" He paused to take up the phone. "Henry," came a voice over the wire, "have you see anything of those three brown shoe buttons that were here on the dresser?"

FOR COMFORT AND RELIEF

He had just undergone a serious operation. Then the surgeon discovered something had been neglected. Another operation. Three times this occurred, when the patient wearily asked, "Why don't you sew a button on it?"

Prof. Scrape, noted vivisectionist, makes a bad showing at carving turkey.

Business is again good. The fellow who says it is rotten is likely trying to snuggle away some income tax where it will not be found. Business will be still better when prices are lowered.

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KEEP AN EYE ON SADIE

By Florence Brewster Wikingsson, Langeloth, Pa.

DEAR MIN: Am glad the laundry has give you a job so you won't have to sponge no more on your steppa and maybe want to borrow money or close off me. I need underwear awful bad and don't get much chance to get any here where I work in the hospitul cept nitegowns which I will trade you; 1 full gown for 2 or 3 soots of underwear accordian to how many hems, lace or tucks, etc., it has and how many buttons is missin'. A pashunt here told me if my body was made of what my hed was I could use Le Page's glue to keep my close on with; that it worked good holdin' chair legs, wagon wheels and base drums in place. Maybe I will get a toob insted of usin' the 2 cards of safety pins I have keepin' me together now. You wanta be awful careful you don't get none of your arms or hands caught in the mangel. It would be fierce to be married and not abel to defend yourself if he holds out some of his pay on you or brings some of his relituves for you to cook for or maybe gets filled up on lemming extract. But you don't need to worry about gettin' beat up by no husband for with jobs so scarce to keep yourself on how could you get one to keep a family on? Fellas is more particular now about looks and ability to wear short skirts than your pa and my pa was. A good way to get a husband is to keep borders and be easy on collectin' till some fella has run up a big bill. Then put on a good lookin' waste and high heel shoes and wash your face and comb your hair outo your eyes and not laff too much if your teeth ain't good and tell him he can take his choice of 3 things—1, pay up which he can't; 2, go to jail which he won't; or 3, give you marridge which he will rather than get in deeper troubel. A husband got like that makes a good border caure he will quit his job so as to be there rite at meal time to set a good exampel and is a good hand to collect the money for you and when he needs tobacco will go to the grocery store after the turnips and hominy to feed the borders on. If you keep him in good lookin' shirts it will give tone to your place so a few yds. of goods will maybe make a poor investment pay you. I have allus noticed that the flys are awful bad in a place where the landlady has a husband stickin' around too lazy to get outa the way of a hukkleberry pie what she has dropped. When it is a pie no longer and is dished up to the borders as Victory puddin' I see where the landladys get evened up on bum husbands. The law steps in if she scalls him what he is—and does what she should to him, but her puddin's is her own bisiness. Ever hear of moonlite excursions or other trips to enjoy yourself (if you don't get your pocket picked or lunch stole) for landladys other than makin' sower crout on the back porch after the borders and the cat is fed and the husband is shootin' kelly somewhere with what he has collected? No, her moonlite excursions is to bed for she is all drug out from hard work and her only trips will be to the hospitul for stomach troubel from tastin' to see how little she can put into it and still call it food. Borders ain't allus the goats. They brung a guy up here on my floor today what was crazy enuf to try to kill hisself and prices comin' down on everything cept casketts and who should worry about them as you don't get tradin' stamps with' em no more only palm leaf fans? They ast him if he was married and he sed no, but don't let my mother-in-law in. Ain't that comic? He had to marry to get the mother-in-law so why ain't he married if he don't want the mother-in-law let in?

Flossy.

No. 2.

Dear Min:

I had to laff when I see what was in the package you sent over here with your littel brother. If you had sent someone who had any sense and could understand what I mean when I call 'em names it would be better cause I had to explain to everybuddy in the room what I thought of you and then got called by the sister who sed my mouth needed rinsin' in lye more than the floors needed cleanin'—and not to get so mad again cause there was perfect ladys wantin' to come in place of me. If she had seen your note sayin' how you pretty near got ketched by the forelady gettin' 'em for me I sure would have lost my character here cause of the nitegown. The nurve of you wantin' to give me them 2 soots of underwear for a nitegown and 30c besides givin' the kid a penny for a sucker. Why one was for a lady what had bin in a accident and didn't need a full soot or else had lopped off part to wash a window with and the envellup chemise was about rite for a elephunt. And to think the nitegown I had figgered on tradin' you was nifty

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enuf for the forelady of your place herself. I am goin' to make a deal with one of the gurls here for a phonograft record what only has one scratch on it and fifty cents cash and dip into her face powder when I feel like it. She works in the kitchen and is good to be friends with when the peach and tomato seasin is on. The pashunt I was tellin' you about tryin' to kill hisself looks like he has a tomato or somethin' squashed on his face where the acid burned and take it from me he will never join no fife and drum corpeses no more nor even whistle for his dog. The kids will have to kiss poppa on the forehead when they run to meet him paydays after this. He is awful nervis and has a sine on his door sayin' he is asleep and can't be disturbed by no one. A lady come up today and pulled a lot of my gawd maggie stuff all over the corridur in front of the sine sayin'—"Think what a man can be drove to. O momma, momma." When he herd the momma part he began to flop in the bed like a fish and run his temprachure up so the nurse told the lady to go home and wash off her forehed and smell some salt. If she had sed ginger or mustard I could see some sense, but salt is to taste not smell. The lady went but come rite back bringin' some ice cream but it didn't look good to him so it was given to me. She camped rite by the sine and every time a nurse went in she tried to ease in, too, but the nurse was too cute for her and pushed her back. When nite come and she was still tryin' to get in like a sheriff with no writ the man sed if she was alone to let her come but if a ald parrot faced dame was along to keep 'em both out. This I et the lady in cause she was with herself. She went over to the bed and begun to cry all over it and mess up everything in her grief at seein' his face cooked with acid so he couldn't be proved by what he used to look like. After she sprinkled him good with her teers she ast if he didn't feel kinda dry and parched and would he like a bottel of pop. He was cranky and sed no livin' human was goin' to rub it in that way, that he had enuf of everythin' and everybuddy and just wanted to die, but before he did there was one guy he would like to see Dempsey in the ring with. I think he might have bin sport enuf to let her get him a couple bottels of pop for I like it just as good as ice cream. Time for bed, Min.

FLOSSY.

No. 3.

DEAR MIN:

I hear how you got spilled all over the pavement out motorin' with a gent and his 2 kids along so folks won't talk cause his wife was home with a toothache. I bet it would have did her face good to see you drapin' the landscape with a green organdy dress you borrowed off Sadie Urch and the kids squallin' and yellin' for their ma and everybuddy thinkin' you was her, and the hot sun purty near ketchin' Bill's celluloid collar afire. You must have looked comic lying there in the rode with your elbows skinned and the policemen tellin' Bill them baskett motorcycles was agin the law in town anyway, and that he had lots to learn about motorin' but come with him and he would take him B 4 a guy who would tell him plenty for 5 dollars. It was good for you that you could keep the kids quiet with ice cream cones so you could smooth things with their ma while Bill was gettin' his at a bar with no brass rail only the law to keep him steddy. If his foot should feel around for somethin' to lean on it might be a policeman's corn and liable to cost anuther five spot. You can have a fine time in a littel while some places. Look out now when Bill and his wife make up (and they will cause she will want money to get her teeth fixed) that they don't make you pay for bustin' the machine cause you will have your hands full gettin' square with Sadie Urch, and have already spent a dime for 2 ice cream cones and could have rode just as far on a street car for that much money. Money raises lottsa hell these days. More than in Adam's time, for no one cares a fig now what they done then, for Eve had nuthin' on some modern dames. Money starts everythin' now, stops it and upsetts things, too, for didn't Bill think he seen a 2 dollar bill and was lookin' again which made him run into the Cadillic. Money was what got that guy's mouth burned with acid when he tried to kill hisself I betcha a day's tipps, cause to told me today to give him his pants that he wanted to get somethin' outa the pocket. I got 'em quick for I smelled a tipp, but got stung as well as him for there was nuthin' there cept a knife and a key wring. Between old parrot face and that soda guy I'll be a mainiak he raved with his sore mouth. Burnin' is too good for some, but it seems like it's too bad for this fella. I guess most folks would rather take their burnin' after they is ded than when they are enjoyin' life.

FLOSSY.

No. 4.

DEAR MIN:

You done fine to square things with Sadie by givin' her back her dress all tore and 2 bath towels, or the dress mended with yellow thred and a jest towel and promise not to tell it on you. You were sorta foolish to give her her choice cause when she starts out talkin' about you behind your back there will be nuthin' choice

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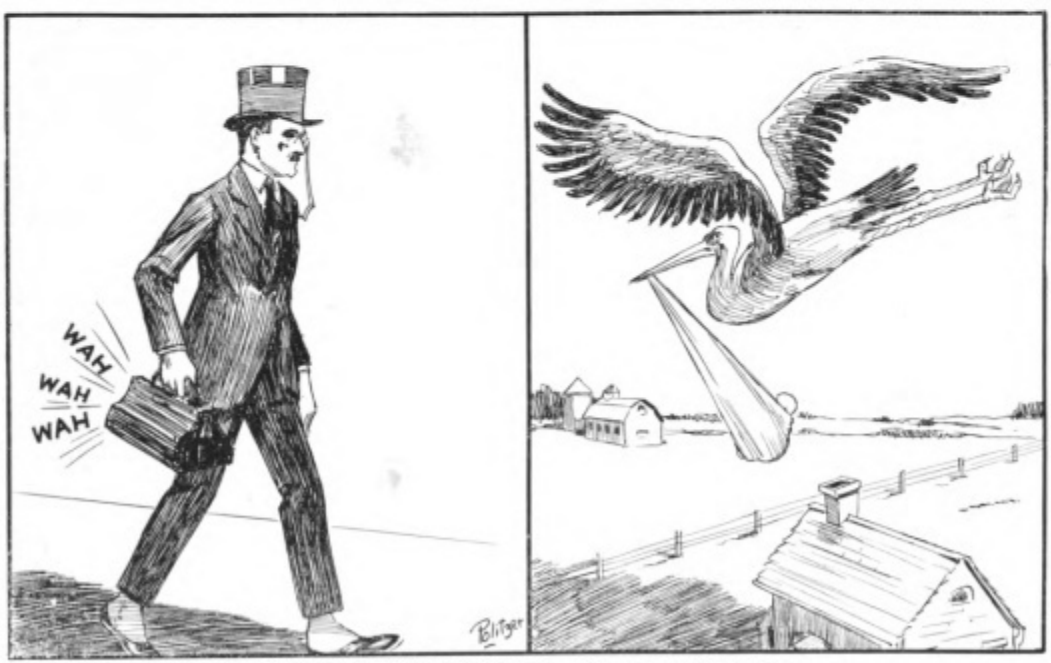
about that and you'll get all she gives you, too, only you won't get to hear more than the very worst parts not countin' the lies, but you probably figger that a lie ain't the most awful she can tell on you. I wouldn't have much to do with Sadie if I was you. I don't unless when I go to her house and stay so long they have to invite me to eat which they only have to ast once. Her ma allus works me for a cheap earfull on doctorin' and nursin' course of course I get to know the bisiness purty good workin' here in the hospitul. Sadie is tryin' to get a job in Frank & Seder's basement, but if they knew her like I, they would not take her on not even for chewin' gum change. When she grows up and is a mother-in-law she is goin' to be parrot faced and raise cain with her gurl's marridge bonds and nag her son-in-law like hell, and finally get her gurl to leave him shift for hisself while her and her old parrot faced ma live in the flat what he worked like a dog to furnish, and he have to pay the rent and keep the ice box full for them while they sit around dressed up nice all the time like lady book agents or rubber goods saleslades. Then when they have had a good vacation from mendin' his cloes and cookin' for him old parrot face goes down where he works on the quiet and tells him he must furnish more coin, that they want to sit around more and be dressed better and when he says he can't furnish more cause his pay has been cut sellin' tennis racketts and everybuddy having a rackett nearly, old parrot face says, very well, another gent, a owner of a ice cream parlor and pop stand would just love to have the honor if he would only give 'em grounds for a absoloot divorse instead of the kind the judge did give 'em. It hadn't rained much lately and the poor tennis rackett broker couldn't think of nuthin' else but killin' hisself for he knew no cool headed guy like a pop merchant would have old parrot face, and if his wife was took by another man there was nuthin' left for him but the mother-in-law or carbollic acid, so he took the acid and could you blame him? Sadie will be just like her, mark my words, Min, I know. That was how it was with the fella I was tellin' you about here on my floor, that I pretty near got a tipp from, and when I think of old parrot face I can just see Sadie with her dress mended in yellow thred and a jest towel in her hand, all ready to be mean to a son-in-law when she gets one. Remember what I adviced you, Min.

FLOSSY.



CONFLICTING STATEMENTS. HOW THE BABY CAME.
What Pa Said. What Ma Said.

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OBITER DICTA

The Genius of Some Folks consists in an Infinite Capacity for Giving, not taking, Pains.

Man has a deep seated and almost unconscious, hence vehemently denied, dislike for cold fact and dispassionate science. He prefers the Fairy Tale which flatters his Hopes and Emotions.

Phrenology and Physiognomony are typical Fake Sciences, according to which an acromegalic skull or a rachitic "Thurm Schaedel" was interpreted as an index of ideality or philoprogenitiveness. As a matter of fact, endocrinology has taught us that "bumps" are meaningless compared with eye-brows, spaced teeth, finger nails, and so on.

MEDICAL METAPHYSICS.

The term "functional" applied to disease is a confession of intellectual poverty and as such a reproach to medical science. It really means a disease, the organic changes in which have not yet been discovered, and is having a more and more limited application, as we find that all organic changes are not revealed by the microscope or the test tube. Physical chemistry and endocrinology show us that the changes may be largely qualitative, and so we are getting away from our histological obsessions.

There is a Washington's Farewell Address in every department of human thought, not only in State-craft, which can be quoted against everything which makes for reform, change, and progress. And most of all in Medicine.

IT STANDS TO REASON—OR DID, ONCE UPON A TIME.

That the Sun moves, and the Earth stands still.

That, if the world were round, people at the antipodes would fall off.

That chills and fever are caused by swamp air, and typhoid fever by sewer gas.

Man is an Animal that beats its Young; shows pleasure by uncovering its Fangs; Sorrow, by letting its Eyes run Water; and Studies the Laws of Nature in order to violate them.

Former Sweat Shop Workers make the most ardent Employers, and Sons of the Capitalist make the most determined Radicals.

ONE IS BORN EVERY MINUTE.

No, not Fools this time, but entirely new, original, and perfection-promising Plans of Education, and of Medicine.

THINGS I LOVE.

Men who munch Candy in public.

Shoe polish tins with covers that won't come loose.

Hermetically sealed minds.

Lukewarm drinking water.

Plays with a Pleasant Ending.

People who say, "I love that," when they hear a new story.

PROVERBIAL WISDOM.

You can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. But, suppose you want not to catch, but to escape from, the flies—or other pests?

Heaven is a Place of Blessed Rest provided for those who have Hell on Earth provided by the same Purveyors of Paradise.

Among the Blind the One-Eyed Man is King. Not at all. Among the Blind the longest Blind is King, or, maybe, the one who is Deaf, as well. The One-Eyed Man is generally the "dangerous Revolutionary" who objects to being led by the Blind.

TRAGEDY IN MEDICAL PRACTICE.

The Prescription that "worked like a charm," but which, unfortunately, we forgot to jot down.

CRANKS.

Some folks cannot eat or work or rest in a room where there is noise, dirt, or strife. And so, there are some, of like make-up, who cannot rest or be happy while there is in that other room, the wide, wide World, strife, dirt, noise.

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PRACTICAL EUGENICS

By H. C. Coe, M. D., New York City.

As Holmes wittily said, the treatment of a patient begins with his or her grandfather, by which he referred to certain hereditary diseases now sufficiently familiar to the laity. Doubtless Cupid and Æscupalius will never travel in perfect form in double harness, but they can at least be taught to pull together. At any rate, Hymen should become the natural yoke-fellow of Hygeia.

To speak less figuratively, eugenics is a most important science, but its development will be favored not so much by statute as by popular education.

When parents and their children of marriageable age recognize the fact that marriage is a *contract*, as well as a sacrament of the church, it will appear "more important that the physical assets should be investigated than the commercial ratings."

The presence of any taint, mental or physical, which may be transmitted to the offspring should be made known *before* marriage. Concealment of tuberculosis on the part of the husband has within the past year been held by one court to justify the annulment of marriage. This is an important decision and may in future constitute a ground for the same proceeding in the case of other diseases. It certainly should when the innocent wife is made to suffer for the sins of the husband, whose cowardly concealment of his past and present condition is a proof that he is not fitted to be a life-partner.

The question of how far medical ethics should be considered in the case of a man's physician, who *knows* that his patient is unfit for marriage, has often been argued pro and con without any definite rule having been made. A medical man's conscience certainly ought to trouble him if he suffered any false notions of professional secrecy to induce him to give his tacit consent to an unholy union. One cannot see Brieux's realistic play without thinking how much misery might have been avoided if the doctor had taken matters into his own hands, and had not been content with simply advising the foolish youth, who disregarded his warning.

Regarding marriage as a contract, it is evident that its conditions should be as clearly and thoroughly stated as any other. If they are not, the same deception is practiced as in any other business arrangement, and it should be similarly invalidated.

Why it should be regarded as indelicate, or opposed to the highest ideals of love and matrimony, that the contracting parties should be required to present certificates of freedom from hereditary or transmissible disease is not clear. It would relieve physicians of responsibility and would place eugenics on a practical basis. Love is one thing, but marriage is another and—divorce is another still. The elimination of the latter is assured only when love is not regarded as synonymous with passion.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

(Horace: Book III, Ode XIII.)

By Henry L. Shively, M. D.

Clearer than crystal is Bandusia's Spring,
Worthy the sweet wine and flowers we bring.
Tomorrow I will offer thee a kid,
In whose swelling brow new horns are hid.

Destined for love and fight, alas, in vain;
His warm, red blood thy cold stream will stain,
This scion of a lascivious flock,
Doomed ne'er to know a mate or battle's shock.

The scorching season of the fierce Dogstar,
Thy delicious coolness cannot touch afar,
Which thou dost grant to oxen weary with the plow,
And the wandering herd of cattle now.

Thou also shalt be among fountains famed,
When thy green holly I have praised and named,
Above the rocky grot where it doth grow,
And whence thy prattling waters leap and flow.

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LIFE'S LITTLE SURPRISES.

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PLEASE NOTE

By Joseph Colade.

THE CAUSE.

"Strange, doctors claimed that Jenks would not recover for at least one year. Look at him, now, he's as fit as a fiddle."

"Perhaps he found the key to his cellar again."

WHAT PLEASING WAYS.

Doc Jones was speeding on a hurried call, coming to a sharp curve his car turned turtle throwing him in the deep grass, breaking his fall.

Very soon a crowd of curious country folk gathered about him.

"What's the matter, Doc?" cried a voice from the rear, "auto turned turtle?"

"No, those folks wanted to see how it was made, so I turned it over to please them."

AYE, AYE.

Patient: "Did you ever have a case like this before?"

Doctor: "No, I've always been a very healthy person."

GENTLE ATHLETICS.

Doctor: "You look pretty bad. Are you taking any kind of exercise?"

Patient: "Yes, I'm rolling my own cigarettes now."

Doctor (meeting friend on street): Well, you're some stranger. Why don't you drop in and see me some time, just to say hello?

Friend: I can't afford it. Th' last time I did, you sent me a bill for an office call!

ODE TO THE COW!

By George W. E. Daniels.

With kindly hand, dear Bess, I sound your knell,
For Flivver King and Wizard are united
In thinking that your deadly bovine spell
Should be withdrawn from man—too long benighted.

You are not sanitary—that appears to be
A fact from which there's really no escaping;
For Henry says it, so does Thomas E.,
And they're long practiced in the art of shaping.

In shaping and in molding public thought—
Alas! poor Bess, I fear your day is ended;
Machine made milk will soon be sold and bought—
The trouble is your ways you never mended.

Without the least desire to hurt your pride,
I've sometimes thought your manners—well—unpolished;
I personally never could abide
That bringing back of food not long demolished.

To cleanliness you weren't much addicted,
Perhaps you weren't trained—p'raps knew no better;
Or maybe habit with the wish conflicted—
The spirit you obeyed and not the letter.

At any rate you are not scientific,
And so you stand condemned as out-of-date;
And though at times your looks are beatific,
On your digestive process we can't wait.

Machines will do the business vastly quicker,
Eliminating tedious mastication;
By turning of a tap we'll get the liquor—
There'll be an end of "periods of lactation."

The case against you, Bess, appears a strong one—
But, never mind—your day has been a long one.

TRIPLE INSURANCE.

By F. U. Waddy.

A distinguished physician received on a patient's birthday a case of choice fruits, grown on his estate, with this accompanying note:

"My Dear Doctor: Kindly accept this little present as a slight appreciation of your skill. It is one of three that I always send at this season: to my lawyer for keeping me out of jail; to my doctor for keeping me out of my grave, and to the parson for keeping me out of hell."

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Mrs. Peck: "Doctor, I've been seeing spots before my eyes."
Mr. Peck: "Yes! I'd like to lay my eyes on the spots I've been missing."

NO DOUBT OF THAT.

By J. B. D.

McMonigle: "And how's Quinlan?"

McPhee: "Sure, man, if he's not alive by mornin' he will be dead."

McMonigle: "And it's thot bad?"

McPhee: "'Tis so."

GET AN ELECTRIC.

By J. B. D.

Widow Murphy: "Ye'll give Moike a foine hearse, will ye not?"

Undertaker: "Yes, ma'am. An automobile hearse."

Widow Murphy: "No indade, none uv thot. Moike niver could stand the smell uv gas'leen."

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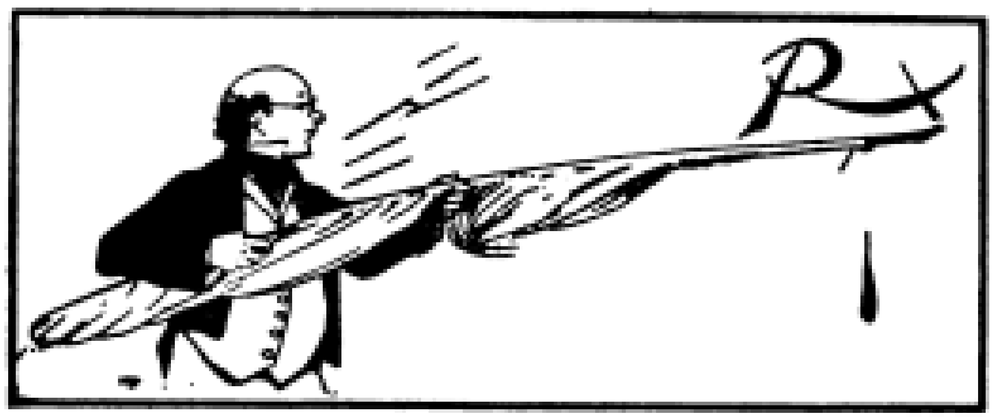

THE MEDICAL PICKWICK is a monthly literary magazine for and by physicians
IRA S. WILE, M. D., Editor-in-Chief.

All matter printed in THE MEDICAL PICKWICK, unless otherwise specified is contributed exclusively to this magazine.

Address all communications relating to editorial matter to the Editor, who will be pleased to consider manuscript suitable for publication in THE MEDICAL PICKWICK and will return those unavailable if postage is enclosed. He is not responsible for the opinion of contributors.

All manuscripts and communications of a business nature should be addressed to Medical Pickwick Press, 15 East 26th Street, New York City.

Subscription price in the United States, $3.00; Canada, $3.25; Foreign, $3.50. Single Copies, 35 cents.

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JANUARY, 1922.

NEW YEAR AND A NEW LIFE.

A NEW YEAR crawls above the horizon of history. The glow of a new morn cheers the world. What is the promise of the day? Is the rosy dawn to disappear in clouds and storms or is there to be a large proportion of healthful, fructifying sunshine? None dare prophesy with any feeling of security. The year will make its own revelations and we shall abide by the results.

Resolutions have been made, but resolutions have been broken many times before. For various reasons there is a hiatus between the emotional resolve and the determinative action. Our impulses are sudden and we try to check them in order to safeguard ourselves. Our philosophies are undefined and easily modified. We rationalize our actions so successfully that we do as we wish and offer numerous self-satisfying excuses to explain our failures. Rarely do we attempt to excuse or apologize for our successes and achievements.

And so another year approaches us and we face it, partially with wondering hope and expectation, partially in doubt and possibly fear, but always on the defensive. We shall live through it and overcome all obstacles that it may offer. After all, this is no new year; it is merely a change in the calendar—and what does that amount to, when one struggles for supremacy in the battle of life. The real problem lies in contemplating the possibility of a new life in the year that is before us.

MEDICINE IS NOT NATIONALISTIC.

DR. ADOLF LORENZ is in America. Dr. W. W. Keen is quoted as saying that he would not greet him because of his Austrian origin. Thus the fever of war indicates its tendency to a relapse. This is a small utterance of a big man. Fortunately it is not representative of the democratic spirit of American medicine. We do not hesitate to accept the benefits that accrue from the labors of our co-workers in foreign lands nor can the vicious intolerance of war carry over against our professional brethren who chanced to be enemies in the past strife.

Lorenz, the Vienese surgeon, is welcome. Undoubtedly, he has left his native land to find a field for his capable hands and an opportunity to rehabilitate his ruined fortunes. There is ample room for him and every courtesy should be shown him. He is not an enemy of those he would aid. His kindly presence, his scientific skill, and his hold upon the imagination of the public will be of service to many sufferers. To physicians, he should be Lorenz, the surgeon, and not Lorenz, a hated Austrian.

'TIS EASY TO BELIEVE.

THE medical man of this generation is regarded as a natural conservative. In order to protect the public he hesitates to make radical changes in his time- worn traditions. He holds in high esteem his own skepticism. At times, there is evidence of an anxiety to accept doctrines that will revolutionize medicine. Then conservatism is swept away and with it considerable of the natural skepticism and he is exposed as gullible, with most of the guards down against all manner of unproven statements. A few careful thinkers try to adopt a healthful middle course and are promptly subject to abuse, ridicule, and even vituperation.

What to believe, and when to believe it, is a serious problem. What is adequate proof and demonstration? When does a hypothesis become a working theory and when does it become transformed into an acceptable, undeniable fact? Each man has his own standard for decision, nor may another deny his right to the opinion. Personal conviction is not proof. The individual belief must be accepted by a group in whom there is public confidence—and then the group judgment carries substantial weight. But even the opinions of organized scientific associations have proven false. The folly of yesterday may be the truth of tomorrow. The fact of today may vanish in the light of the investigation of tomorrow.

After all it matters little, if medical men maintain an attitude of interest, tolerance, and thoughtful scrutiny of the manifold views that are presented upon medicine, politics, economics, history, and the host of subjects that crowd upon life and stimulate them to greater efforts.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR—FOR SOME OF US.

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VALERIANA

By S. E. Gibbs, M. D., New York City.

IT WAS only a small bottle of Valerian elixir that I placed in my pocket when I was called to visit a hysterical patient, but on the way home while dodging a trolley car the bottle broke and Oh, My! Did the reader ever take a good whiff of the stuff? If so, he will remember the odor quite distinctly.

Suffice it to say that I discovered the broken bottle, also the smell, and so did every one with whom I came in contact on the street, and some of them made unkind remarks as they passed by. On reaching home I turned the pocket inside out, washed it in hot water, then in carbolized water, afterwards in Florida water, again in Cologne water, and thought I had conquered at last, but no, the odor still remained. The next day it seemed somewhat subdued, owing perhaps to the cold weather, so I boldly walked into a department store to make some purchases. The odor, which had been taking a short rest for recuperation, upon contact with the hot air of the store began to revive and soon became noisy.

The salesman began sniffing and called the floorwalker, who also sniffed aloud and declared that there was a *rat*, a *dead rat*, under the floor. The salesman expressed a doubt but the floorwalker insisted and called the former a blanked fool, and added that *any idiot* with only half a nose would know that it was a *rat*, and a big one at that. Meanwhile I waited for my change; the clerks and salesladies crowded round; the floorwalker traced the dead rat up to a point about six feet away from me and behind the counter, for which I was very grateful.

"How often have I told that confounded janitor never to put poison about the store. Now he has poisoned a rat and it has crawled under the floor right here and died. I will have him discharged at once for disobedience. Smith, go at once and get a carpenter and have him take up this board—this one—see—right under my foot. Hurry now, get a move on you. Don't wait a minute or we might as well close the store."

The salesman donned his overcoat and hat and struck a bee line for the door when I intercepted him, drew him to my side, turned my pocket inside out and putting it near his nose asked him if he thought there was another dead rat in there. He acted as if he was angry and used bad language and even ordered me to emigrate to a warmer climate, which it would be very inconvenient for me to do, on account of my family. While we were conversing in this friendly manner the floorwalker quietly retired to the rear of the store and began to scold the cash girls.

Dr. Susanna Wallup Always Puts Her Patients to Sleep Before Entering the Operating Room.

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HIS FIRST CASE

Chapter Twenty.—June Came Once More.

FEBRUARY ended and March passed by, with its wind and rain and sleet, and April rolled merrily along with its showers and wild flowers, until, eventually, May day came.

Fred had recovered slowly, not venturing to leave the house until after March had blustered into past history. Time had dragged with him, but was shortened by Justina's companionship, and they enjoyed many games of checkers together. Then, after Fred was abe to go to his office, she went with him a few times, and finally, when he again began to swing into the old routine of making calls, she accompanied him occasionally, though not frequently.

"Both of them live their lives as if on a constant strain," said Tom Ganey, confiding to his wife.

He was right. The old-time familiarity of their early acquaintance was replaced by polite toleration of each other. Seldom did they joke between themselves, but plenty of joking was done in the household, for Tom Ganey could exist on nothing else, and he, seeing the estrangement that was wedging itself between the two young people, tried to bring them together with laughter and frivolity, and was successful while he was present with them, for they both joined in the gaiety, but the jolly storekeeper soon saw that his efforts were in vain, for, if anything, they were drifting further apart. It seemed as if each of them was afraid of encroaching on the other's pleasure and when Tom got them keyed up to a carefree pitch and suddenly departed, to later spy on them unseen, he found them reservedly discussing literature or art in a most formal manner. This worried him greatly.

Charles, the chauffeur, was again at his former work and drove the big black limousine with the same stiff pose, although, when he walked, there was a slight limp noticeable. He had remained with the Darls after causing considerable upheaval in the mansion—Mrs. Darl insisting that he leave, and the Colonel equally insisted that he stay, for, as he truthfully pointed out to the mistress of the mansion, another chauffeur was not obtainable. He had secretly tried to procure one and found it impossible to persuade one of ability to live in a village the size of Astuna. So Charles had remained, but had given Mrs. Darl to fully understand that he was as good as she was, and he would expect her to treat him on an equality. He even insisted that he be allowed to eat at the same table with her and the Colonel, thus causing another uproar after which he changed his mind and informed her: "I think myself even better than you and will not condescend to dine in your presence, but prefer to take my meals with the servants." Then he went to the barn and indulged in a lengthy and hearty solitary laugh.

May day was bright and clear and, though the river was high, Henry was endeavoring to catch some fish, with the usual luck. The heat of the day affected him greatly and produced that feeling of extreme lassitude commonly known as spring fever, so he spent most of his time lying on his back with his hat over his face, sleeping. Presently he was aroused by the clatter of oars and in a few moments the end of Bob Flinn's well-known skiff nosed itself under the willows and soon the entire outline of the flat-bottomed craft hove in sight.

"Hello, Bob," grinned Henry.

"Hello, Henry," grinned Bob.

"Where you going?" asked Henry.

"Nowhere," said Bob. "I'm just out enjoyin' the day. I see the Colonel's doin' the same thing. He's takin' a walk."

"He is?"

"Yep."

There was a pause.

"I wonder if Justina ever got her money?" mused Bob.

"I don't know," asked Henry. "Why?"

"You knew about it, didn't you?" asked Bob. "You knew how I was the only livin' witness who knew about what the Colonel done, didn't you?"

Henry nodded his head.

"Yes."

Bob rubbed his mustache and spat at a leaf floating on the water. He stiffened with importance.

"I'll tell you about it," he said, and did, lamenting loudly over the fact that his word had not been considered good. "Really and truly, Henry," he declared in conclusion, "I know the Colonel owes that money. Say, Henry, I wonder if Mrs. Bean's got any lemon extract I could borrow. I want to make some pies."

It was in the afternoon of the same day that Julia, having heard Bob's story from Henry, sauntered forth in

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quest of fortune. She proceeded through the village, looking neither to the right or the left, and continued onward, straight toward the big stone house with the red tile roof, and when near it she encountered the Colonel, who was venturing out for his second walk that day in the bright May sunshine. He was most immaculately dressed—black suit, white vest, green tie, and he wore spats, pearl gray spats. He greeted Mrs. Bean most graciously.

"I've come to get that ten thousand dollars you owe Justina Everett," said she, suddenly, like a volcano bursting forth in eruption, unexpectedly.

The Colonel's pale face flushed crimson, then purple.

"I owe her no money," he snarled. "I offered her a home and the love of a father, and Mrs. Darl was like a mother to her, and she could have lived with us and enjoyed the privileges of a daughter, but what did she do—what did she do but leave our house in anger and enter the house of Tom Ganey who coerced her there to entertain Doctor Forson."

Julia stepped closely to him and extended a small piece of paper. "There's a blank cheque," she said threateningly. "Fill it out."

The Colonel straightened himself until he stood very erect; then he pushed her gently with his cane.

"Woman, stand aside and let me pass!"

The ponderous Julia reached out a chubby hand and took a firm hold on the collar of the elegant frock coat. He struck at her with his cane, but, alas, the cane was wrenched from him, and suddenly he was tumbling down the river bank with a mighty force behind him, and before he could utter a cry the muddy waters gurgled over him. Then the iron-like grip on his collar lifted him up and sat him down on the muddy bank.

"Fill out that cheque or you'll get dipped again!" was the thundering command.

He wiped his face with the handkerchief she kindly offered and took the blank cheque and wrote thereon, returning it spatted with wet blotches but otherwise negotiable for the amount asked. Then he sat on the bank of the river, dripping and disheveled, and watching the forefinger of his powerful assailant as it jabbed at him in emphasis, while Julia talked with explosive staccato words.

"If you don't say nothing about this I won't either," she promised, "but if you do—if you stop payment on this cheque, I'll tell everybody about it and come back and duck you in the river six times before them all. Understand?"

Waiting for no answer she deliberately turned and waddled up the bank with difficulty, and lost no time in delivering the cheque to Justina, who, thereupon, thanked her profusely after the surprise of the fact had worn off, and immediately sat down and wrote another cheque for a thousand dollars and gave it to her loyal friend and benefactor, admonishing her not to present it for collection until two days after, so to give time for the original cheque to be deposited.

"Yes; you *will* take it," insisted Justina when Julia refused. "You've earned it as a commission—ten per cent. is none too much for collecting an account like that, and besides you need it to pay off the mortgage Mr. Bean was telling me about. This, with what he said you had in the bank, will more than do it."

Outside the house Julia stood in the roadway and hesitated for an instant, undecided whether to go to Colonel Darl's and pay off the mortgage or not. Then she turned her steps in the opposite direction and proceeded onward with a firm resolution, feeling that she was about to "make a plumb fool of herself," but not caring.

"There!" she said to herself, after returning home from Lem Hardesty's and placing the genuine Stradivarius in the lower dresser drawer. "Darling Henry can play as much as he wants to and I'll not say a word."

But well she knew that Henry, once possessing the treasured instrument again, would descend from his assumed attitude of dictatorship and become as of old, allowing her to resume the activity of carrying on the business of managing the household without his interference or snapping hostility. Then she could commandeer the money in the bank and pay off the note for two hundred and fifty dollars that she had given Lem in addition to the thousand.

And even then the nervous little Henry was sitting on the store porch deciding what to do. Justina had seen him passing and had called him, and had thrust a piece of paper in his hands.

"For your reward in protecting me that night when the strange man attacked me in the House of Dreams," she had said.

Then she had disappeared, leaving the surprised little man standing alone in front of the Ganey door, gazing dumbfounded at a cheque for a thousand dollars, and he had wandered in a daze to the store porch and sat down to think it over. He wanted that violin. This money, with two hundred and fifty dollars from the account in the bank would buy it, for he well knew Lem's price. But the thought of spending the money that way

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troubled his conscience, for had not his dear, sweet Julia always looked forward to the day when the mortgage could be paid off?

"Five hundred from the bank and this thousand will do it," he said, jumping to his feet suddenly and colliding with Bob Flinn.

"Hello, Henry," cried Bob, grabbing the little man around the neck. "Come in the store and drink a bottle of pop with me. I know it ain't what I ought to set up, but it's all I can get. The widow McCarty's promised to marry me if I get past the Fourth without gettin' drunk."

"I haven't got time," said Henry in a tone of importance. "I've got to hurry and see the Colonel on business."

So the mortgage was paid.

* * * * * * * *

"Old Doc Deeny's sure howling a-plenty," said Tom Ganey a day or two later, while sitting in the dining room waiting for the women to get dinner.

"Why?" smiled Fred.

"You've got his goat!" answered Tom.

"How do you know?"

The jolly fat storekeeper threw back his head and chuckled so hard that the chair shook. "Riley told me about it. He heard Doc say that since new doctors had invaded the country with the knife and flowery speech there was no use for an old, well-meaning doctor to try to keep the people from being hoodwinked into being cut to pieces."

Fred nodded and spoke:

"I *have* had quite a bit of surgery lately; perhaps that is the reason for his talk. Some of my cases have been down the river, in his territory, too."

"I told Riley to tell Doc that I'd rather have the knife than dry quinine," said Tom. "That old reprobate —I never will forget that!"

He made an ugly face in remembrance of it and Fred joined him in that hearty laugh which can be indulged in when the fun of a disagreeable act is seen after it is over.

True, Fred was doing a considerable amount of surgery of late. His success compared favorably with that of the average surgeon—most cases cured, some improved, a few uninfluenced, and an occasional life lost, but the people had confidence in his ability and the loss of a case now and then did not produce the instant antagonism of the populace like the loss of his first case had done.

Justina entered the room and the two men became quiet as if by mutual agreement—Fred did so instinctively and Tom had become discouraged in his efforts to reunite the two young people in fun and frolic.

"They're just like you when they're together," he had told Mrs. Ganey the day before. "Everything's serious with them—even a checker game. Bosh!"

"Do you want everybody to act a fool all the time?" was the retort. "You leave them alone and everything will come out all right in the end—you see if it don't."

"Yes; I think it will, probably," said Tom. "I'm going to introduce them to each other some day and let them start all over again."

"Tom Ganey, I'm—"

"I—I know you are," he interrupted hurriedly.

So Tom had given up all hopes. Now, when Justina came into the room, he became solemn and dignified. He launched into a discussion of politics, and Fred quickly took up the subject and was expressing his views on some of the more serious political questions of the day when the doorbell rang, and the three of them looking up, saw a stranger standing in front of the screen door. Justina arose quickly and went to see what was wanted.

"Is Miss Zeay here?" asked the stranger, tipping his hat.

"No," she answered at once. "Nobody of that name lives here."

The man looked puzzled.

"That's queer," he exclaimed. "Isn't this the home of Mr. Ganey?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm from Philadelphia and—"

Fred stepped to the door. "Come in, sir," he said with an amused tone. "This is Miss Zeay, but you must excuse her for forgetting her name, for, you see, she hasn't been in the habit of using it very much and you took her by surprise."

Tom Ganey chuckled uproariously at the incident, and Justina, seeing her mistake, flushed crimson but joined in the mirth. The stranger came in and was seated.

"My name is Ferrymore," he told them, "and as I happened to be parsing through the country, my good friend, Judge Zeay, asked that I stop and see you—capture you, in fact—he's got everything ready for you to live with him and insisted that I bring you with me. I have some busines to attend to in Des Moines and other parts, and it will be a week before I return. That will give you plenty of time to get everything ready. He instructed me to give you any amount of money you asked for, so all you have to do is set the figure."

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He extracted a cheque book from his pocket and held a fountain pen poised ready to write.

Justina listened to him, staring with wide eyes. Her face was pale. Then the color mounted to her cheeks and the staring eyes of wonderment changed somehow, so that Mr. Ferrymore, watching them, felt that they were penetrating through him as if he was constructed of glass. Her red lips parted and a peel of her natural, cheery, soprano laughter filled the room.

"It seems to me that my father takes much for granted," she said. "You can tell him that I am sorry, but it is impossible for me to return with you."

Mr. Ferrymore dropped his hand to the arm of the chair.

"May I take the liberty of asking a reason?" he inquired.

"Because I am to be married soon."

The silence that followed this announcement was long and profound. Tom Ganey seemed about paralyzed as he sat with his mouth half open and gazed at Justina. For once in his life he could say nothing. Fred was equally shocked.

Mr. Ferrymore dropped the cheque book into his pocket and replaced the cap on his fountain pen. The sudden announcement had not affected him as it had the other two men, for he was accustomed to young ladies getting married and could see no reason why so beautiful a woman as this daughter of his friend should not do likewise. He arose and offered his hand.

"I wish to congratulate you," he said with a bow. "May I inquire who is to be the lucky man, so that I can inform your father in a telegram I promised to send him?"

Justina had risen to accept his congratulation. Tom and Fred still sat dumb. The girl was calm.

"You may tell him if you wish that he will receive an invitation to the wedding in due time. I am to marry Doctor Forson in June."

Somehow Fred got to his feet in time to take Mr. Ferrymore's hand and mumble his thanks. Tom sat still, confessing afterward that he couldn't move. Mr. Ferrymore bowed, picked up his hat and bowed again, and left the house.

Tom recovered himself after he was gone. He chuckled, and the chuckle developed into a laugh that shook the house and brought Mrs. Ganey to the room.

"By gosh!" he yelled. "You two kids have sure fooled the old man this time—I give up—I'd thought you were at swords' points." He shook his chubby fist at Fred. "Why in thunder didn't you tell me about it?—the shock nearly knocked me over."

Fred glanced at the smiling Justina and the memory of the smile in the moonlight came back to him. He stepped close to her and placed his arm around her before answering. "We were not ready yet to announce the engagement," was all he said.

Tom filled his corn-cob pipe and leaned back and looked at them. "Well," he said slowly, shifting his eyes from one to the other. "You're certainly a fine-looking couple, and—"

He was interrupted by the motherly Mrs. Ganey, who sensing the situation by instinct, rushed at them and put her arms around both at once and began to cry. Tom arose and pulled her away, and she sat down to finish her weeping.

"I guess I've regained my strength now so that I can formally congratulate you," said Tom, and the handshake that each received was one of hearty friendship and they each knew that it would last to the end of time.

"What's the matter, Bob; what are you trying to tear the house down for?" asked Tom, rushing from the happy couple to the door where Bob Flinn was kicking the screen door and ringing the bell at the same time.

Bob tried to talk but was so breathless that no words could be expounded. He stood and gazed at Tom and panted loudly. Then he rubbed his mustache with his thumb knuckle and opened his mouth for speech, but speech came not. It was Henry who dashed up and gave the information with happy glee.

"By golly, Miss Everett, Napoleon's fixed that fellow again."

"Who?" asked Tom. "What fellow?"

"She knows who," cried Henry, motioning to Justina. "He's all chewed up. We carried him into the doctor's office. Hurry, Doctor."

All of them hurried, Fred and Justina and Tom, but the fat storekeeper was soon acting as extreme rear guard. What transpired in the office that day nobody knows, except that the blonde young man was carried away swathed in bandages, though not seriously wounded, and he was never seen in the village of Astuna again.

That evening, strolling through Lover's Lane in the warm night air, under the light of the full moon, Fred learned from Justina the cause of her weeping at the station the day he had come. After she had told him she stopped and gazed at him with her wonderful eyes. "Will

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it make any difference in your love for me, now that you know what a foolish girl I've been!"

He held her close to him and stroked the black, wavy hair. "No," he answered, laughingly. "The chief reason for my coming to Astuna was because of a love affair, so both of us are the better off for having confessed our buried past."

"Then this isn't your first case of love?" she breathed with a touch of sorrow.

"Oh, but it is," he hastened to reply. "It is—the same as it is yours—the first *real* love affair I've ever had. The others were superficial, not genuine. Yes, dream-girl, this is my first case."

* * * * * * * *

June came once more with its sunshine and roses. A straggler passing the house of Henry Bean could hear the mellow notes of a violin, clear and true, beautiful and impressive, moaning, wailing, dull and low, now louder, softer, slower, faster, fading into the distances, lost. And then would come the rolling thunder of Julia's voice.

The Everett house was again full of life. Pleasant laughter was often heard throughout the day and people again became accustomed to waving their hands at the pretty girlish figure in the yard as they passed by. The House of Dreams came in for its full share of occupancy, for the checker games were of nightly occurrence until darkness intervened, and then the jolly Tom and the motherly Mrs. Ganey could almost always be depended upon to come for an hour's chat.

"Aren't you afraid to stay alone at night when the doctor is out?" asked Mrs. Ganey not long ago.

Justina glanced at Napoleon, who arose slowly from his reclining position on the ground and advanced to his mistress and sat down at her feet, fully understanding that it was he to whom she referred when she said:

"No; I have a valiant protector who watches over me."

End.

WALTER E. ANTHONY, M. D.
Ottumwa, Iowa.

Groggs: "Doctors bled patients in the old days."
Boggs (who just received bill from doctor): "They do yet."

Doctor: Where were you born?
Patient: In the West.
Doctor: What part?
Patient: All of me.

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PROTEOSES AND PEPTONES

THE FORDIST'S LAMENT.

I pass along with wistful gaze
Amid the traffic's whirling maze
And wish that Fortune would but smile
So I could pause and rest a while.
But evermore I'm doomed to see
Another where I fain would be,
And like the weary Wandering Jew,
Described at length by Eugene Sue,
I pass along from east to west
And never find a place to rest.
What do I seek? As Mrs. He-
mans asked before: The wealth of seas,
The spoils of war, bright jewels from
The mine? Oh, no! These do not come
Within the province of the mark:
I only want a place to park.

The doctor who can prescribe or refuse is in a class with the man who can drink or let it alone.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY OCTOBER.

No longer does the front-page box display
The details of the Yanks' and Giants' play.
The Series now withdraws its space demands
And leaves the front page free for monkey glands.

Food for thought from Regulation 60, Bureau of Internal Revenue (Article XXII, Sec. 101 [k]): "If any person shall be injured in person, property, means of support, or otherwise by any intoxicated person or by reason of the intoxication of any person, he shall have a right of action against any person who shall have caused or contributed to such intoxication, and shall be entitled to recover actual and exemplary damages."

LINES ON THE UNANNOUNCED DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND IN THE NURSING PROFESSION.

And has she gone again away
And left no parting word behind?
A silly question, I should say,
As silly as you'll ever find:
Because she left no word, that's clear,
It's also plain she's gone away;
And so why do you ask, old dear?
P. S.: How do you get that way?

PROFESSIONAL ODDITIES.

1.

A physician in Detroit, sending his nurse to inquire as to why the bill had not been paid, was informed that the family was displeased with him. The patient had been treated by another physician for two years for tuberculosis. The physician first mentioned questioned the diagnosis and caused X-rays to be taken. The X-rays showed the lungs to be free from tuberculosis. The family was therefore mad at the doctor who had the pictures taken, because he had demonstrated that the expense of the two years of treatment was wasted, and they declined to pay his bill.

2.

A West Virginia physician, attending a child, forbade the administration of milk. At a subsequent call the child was not doing so well, and the mother confessed that she had given milk to the child because he kept crying for it. The physician told her that he would therefore take no further care of the case. As he was leaving, the mother called after him, "Doctor!" He turned around and asked, "What is it?" "Doctor," said the mother, "Tommy is crying for some of the cabbage I'm frying. Can he have some of it?"

"Yes, give it to him," replied the peeved M. D.

"Will it hurt him, Doctor?" persisted the mother.

"Yes, it will kill him. It will kill him deader'n Hell! But give it to him!" rejoined the physician, as he hurried down the gravel walk from the house.

After-notes on this case revealed that the child was given neither milk nor cabbage, and made a rapid recovery.

3.

A Kentucky physician of adequate professional attainments and unusually charitable tendencies, attended a poor family for years, making them only a nominal charge. The family came into a large inheritance and changed doctors. Their old physician called upon them during their newly-acquired affluence and inquired why they had left him. "Well," was the reply, "now that we have this money we felt that we could afford a better doctor who charged more."

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WET VERSES.

I.

Who wants prohibition?
"We don't," say the shikkers,
"We want our likkers,
We don't want prohibition."

Who'll get our likkers?
"I," said the M. D.,
"On Form 1403,
I'll get you your likkers."

II.

Oh, I'd love to be a doctor with a book,
For I'd never have to have that thirsty look;
If I felt all out of j'int I'd just write out for a pint,
Gee! I'd love to be a doctor with a book.

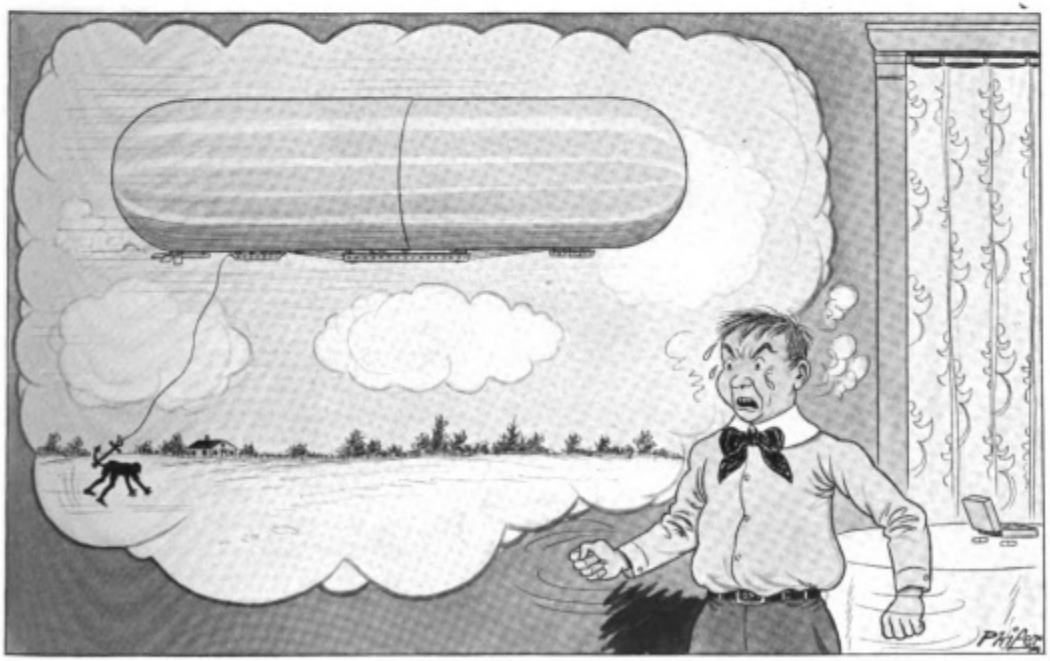
III.

A maid was called to choose between
The love of two good men,
One was a doctor and the other not.
She was unable to decide
Which one she wanted, when
Of her dear father's help she her bethought.
And as she hung upon his neck
And fondled of his beard
And ran her fingers through his snowy hair,
In answer to her question in
A quavering voice she heard
This answer to a puzzled maiden's prayer:

Chorus:

(Very close harmony with heads together)
Oh, take the doctor, daughter,
If you love your poor old dad.
The doctor is the one for you
If you'd make poor papa glad.
What matters fame, or rank, or gold,
Or fat accounts in banks?
The doctor is the one to hold,
For he has prescription blanks.

R. S.



THE SIZE OF A QUININE CAPSULE. (As It Seemed to Willie After Taking His First One.)

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A DESPERATE CASE.

Doctor (in audible whisper): If he isn't able to attend school this afternoon, Mrs. Jones, there is but one course for us; that is, cut him open, remove his appendix, scrape it and sew it back in place—a mighty serious operation.

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MODERN ITALIAN SURGERY AND OLD UNIVERSITIES OF ITALY. By PAOLO DE VECCHI, M. D., Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Medicine, Turin. Fellow American College of Surgeons. Paul B. Hoeber, New York.

Very little has been written in this country concerning Italy's share in the world's scientific advancement, yet it is now fully realized by our best minds and highest authorities that her wonderful efficiency during the war could only have been the result of long preparation in the fields of surgery and medicine.

Dr. De Vecchi's book comes, therefore, at a most opportune time and is a highly desirable and unique contribution to this neglected field of literature. It might be considered the most important work of the year.

While knowledge of Italian surgery has heretofore been very slight among the profession in this and in other countries, its high standard of excellence is now appreciated by our leading men. Dr. Thomas W. Huntington, emeritus professor of surgery of the University of California, has written: "Nowhere is the artistic spirit of the Italian shown more forcefully than in the plastic work which is being done in the Italian hospitals in the interest of face and jaw wounds," and this refers to but one phase of the splendid work.

Italy certainly has a fair claim to priority in war surgery, since for centuries all Europe has fought on her battlefields. It is very interesting to note that many of the so-called "modern discoveries" were already practiced ages ago in her ancient wars. The author gives some very remarkable examples in support of his statements. During the late war Prof. Tizzoni of Bologna was perhaps the first to administer dosages of anti-tetanus serum. He had made his investigations in his own laboratory and the Italian army was greatly benefited by his research.

Italian men of science are not given to boasting, but at the same time the written word has not been utterly neglected, for Dr. De Vecchi gives valuable references, with copious footnotes, to various medical journals which constitute a most remarkable collection of exceptional studies in war surgery. His chapter on "The Work of Reconstruction" is especially timely as it gives Prof. Vittorio Putti's lectures in full, with many illustrations, explaining a method of utilization of the power of the muscles of amputated limbs, which was invented by Dr. Vanghetti some twenty years ago and has been successfully employed recently in two cases in this country by Dr. George D. Stewart of Bellevue Hospital.

The book by no means deals exclusively with war surgery, but is replete with references to Italy's surgical development during the past years. The brilliant history of modern Italian surgery is not confined to her universities and clinics, for in practically every city are institutions directed by some of the best pupils of those universities. Bassini, who is world famous for his special method of operating inguinal hernia, made his special studies in the small dissecting room of a provincial hospital.

The volume contains fifteen full page illustrations, and separate chapters are devoted to the universities in various parts of Italy. This information is of inestimable value to any one who might contemplate study in Italy, and is highly interesting to the general reader. For example, to the average American mind the name Sicily conjures up a picture which could well be adapted to the movies, but is no more true of the entire island at the present time than would be a picture of our own Southern mountain "moonshiners" as representing the entire population and spirit of our Southern States. It is true that Sicily has had her brigands, but she now has some of the most progressive cities of Italy, and universities whose surgical clinics have an international reputation, in addition to her world-famous marvelous climate and beautiful scenery.

Dr. De Vecchi's work not only supplies invaluable information on modern surgery as developed and practiced in Italy during the past years, but it also is deserving of recognition because of its literary excellence. The book is artistically arranged and printed.

Evelyn Cushing Campbell.

WARFARE IN THE HUMAN BODY. By MORLEY ROBERTS. With an Introduction by Professor Arthur Keith, M. D. (E. P. Dutton Company, New York. Price, $7.00.)

The tendencies of the medical profession to follow precedent and to accept statements of authority without question is properly challenged in a most stimulating series of essays by Morley Roberts. As Arthur Keith remarks in his brief foreword, Roberts "compels his imagination when in flight to observe the laws of gravity, time, and space." With his ability to travel the world of

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reality he has combined the powers of imagination that belong to the artist. He has utilized sociological facts for the interpretation of biological problems with unusual success.

In his method of description and analysis he utilizes many analogies that may not be complete inductions but are certainly suggestive as illustrations. They challenge thought, carry persuasion, and arouse a finer constructive critical interest in human society and human sciences.

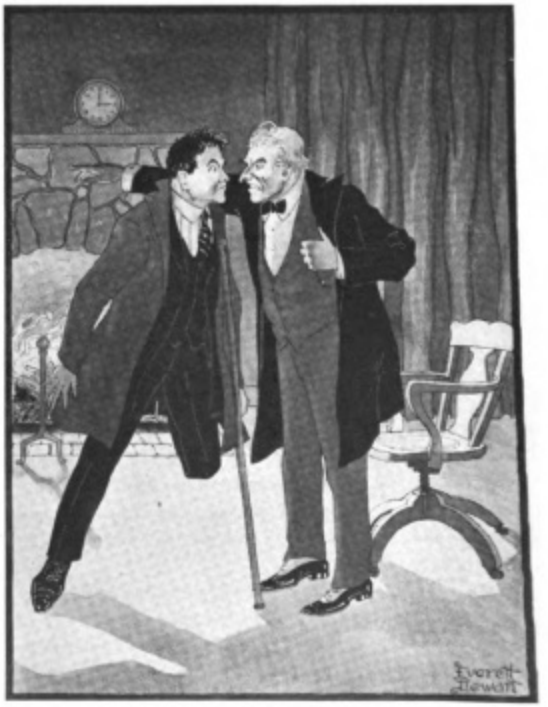
Fortunately, his mind is not tied to orthodoxy. He is a respecter but not a worshipper of authority. He is an original thinker, weighing, testing, and combining the mental products of scientific opinions and theories. There is a wealth of suggestion in every essay, and the reason for it lies in the fact that, as he remarks in the essay on Repair in Evolution, "Too many men of science appear to believe that any serious investigation of other branches than their own is for them a waste of time." He brings to bear a harmonizing influence upon the benefits derived from physiology, psychology, embryology, bacteriology, anthropology, zoology, botany, and sociology. He endeavors to interpret individual problems in terms of the complex phenomena of social organization, and attempts social diagnoses in a most erudite and helpful manner.

This book is more than a series of interesting, artistic, pointed essays to be read for entertainment. Its erudition is more than matched by its value as a prod to clear, honest thinking and by its injection of enthusiasm for a wider knowledge concerning the collateral sciences which have made such splendid contributions to the development of medicine.

Here is a book, indeed, for the man of culture, with a love for science, with an interest in humanity. The reading of it removes many cobwebs from the brain, and thought about it refreshes and invigorates cerebral action. Because of its splendid exposition, its human and genial qualities, its scientific accuracy, and its biological and sociological approach to problems, it is to be commended for the purpose of stabilizing the mental processes of those who find themselves focusing all attention upon medicine or some particular phase of it.

I. S. W.

Doctor: You don't look well.
Son: Put your glasses on.



Doctor: You have lost your leg—don't lose your head.

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says a well-known physician, "are merely the 'cry of the nerves' for tonic treatment and better nutrition."

Countless medical men have learned that there is no therapeutic agent that will "answer" this "cry" more promptly and satisfactorily than

Gray's Glycerine Tonic Comp.

Used in two to four teaspoonful doses, three or four times a day it

1. ***Raises the quality of the blood,***
2. ***Improves bodily nutrition,***
3. ***Overcomes nervous exhaustion,***
4. ***Relieves irritability and pain of the nerves,***
5. ***Imparts resisting and staying power to the nervous system,***
6. ***Restores the vitality and strength of the whole body.***

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CONTROL OF HYSTERIC PHENOMENA

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BATTLE

the maximum power of the bromides is secured and at the same time the patient is subjected to a minimum of untoward bromide effect.

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Stairs for Ghosts in Hospital

In the construction of the new Peking Medical College of the Rockefeller Foundation, every effort has been made not to offend the sensibilities of the hospital patients, and to this end a means of easy access for spirits to the hospital buildings has been constructed, in accordance with the native public structures, which are also equipped. A specially constructed stairs, upon which mortals never tread, has been built for the use of departed spirits.—*The Campus.*

An osteopath is one who argues that all human ills are caused by the abnormal pressure of hard bone on soft tissue. The proof of his theory is to be found in the heads of those who accept it.

Her Misfortune

A vicar of a scattered rural parish had a remarkable knowledge of fungi. So keen was he on his hobby, that he sometimes neglected his pastoral work to search for specimens. One day he stopped to see a bedridden old lady, who immediately reminded him how long it was since he had made his last call. "If I had been a toadstool," she declared, "you'd have been to see me long ago!"—*London Post.*

Some Definitions

From "A Little Book in C-Major," by H. L. Mencken.

Christian Science is the theory that, since the sky rockets following a wallop in the eye are optical delusions, the wallop itself is a delusion and the eye another.

The Response Courteous

"Dear Sir:

"I received your letter about what I owes you. Now be pashent. I ain't forgot you, and as folks pays me I'll pay you, but if this was judgment day and you was no more prepared to meet your God than I am to meet your account, then you sure would go to Hell. Good-bye.

John Smith."

—*Journal Lancet.*

Ready to Help

"Beg pardon, sir, but could you tell me if there is a man living in this hotel with one eye named John Hardly?"

"Maybe I could help you out. Do you know the name of his other eye?"

—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
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Purity and Quality

One has only to consider the purity, quality and unvarying uniformity of Pond's Extract to understand not only its therapeutic efficiency, but also the high regard in which it is held by physicians as the standard preparation of hamamelis. For nearly seventy-five years it has been serving the medical profession, faithfully and well, accomplishing results not possible with ordinary extracts of hamamelis.

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The Sleeping Oesophagus

Mark Twain's Historic Joke is Recalled by His Biographer.

"It was a crisp and spicy morning in early October. The lilacs and laburnums, lit with the glory fires of autumn, hung burning and flashing in the upper air. A fairy bridge provivded by nature for the wingless wild things that have their home in the treetops and would visit together; the larch and the pomegranate flung their purple and yellow flames in brilliant broad splashes along the slanting sweep of woodland, the sensuous fragrance of innumerable deciduous flowers rose upon the swooning atmosphere, far into the empty sky a solitary oesophagus slept upon motionless wings; everywhere brooded stillness, serenity and the peace of God."

A beautiful description, isn't it? It is from Mark Twain's "The Double-Barreled Detective Story." Is there anything about that description that puzzles you? It puzzled countless readers when it first appeared and called forth a flood of inquiring letters.

At last, we are told by Albert Bigelow Paine in his biography of Mark Twain, the letters grew so imposing in number, and were written by such an intelligent class of readers that Mark Twain felt compelled to give the joke away. A college professor wrote:

"But what in hell is an oesophagus? I keep one myself, but it never sleeps in the air or anywhere else. My profession is to deal with words, and oesophagus interested me the moment I lighted upon it. But, as a companion of my youth used to say: 'I'll be eternally, so-eternally cussed if I can make it out. Is it a joke or am I an ignoramus?"

In giving the joke away, Mark Twain wrote "in reply to a Springfield inquirer," after quoting the letter.

"Between you and me I was almost ashamed of having fooled that man, but for pride's sake I was not going to say so. I wrote and told him it was a joke."

But the oesophagus is not the only joke in that famous paragraph. There are several others.

This is only a sample of the delicious public "fooling" in which his delighted "victims" as well as Mark Twain delighted. Another instance was the request for ante-mortem obituaries of himself, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. He offered a prize for the best—a portrait of himself drawn by his own hand.

As was to be expected a flood of responses was received.

But there were two which gave Mark Twain the greatest delight. One was: "Got up, washed; went to bed." This was sent by a woman, and with it came a charming little essay on the appropriateness of it, citing all the possibilities the six words hold.

The other was: "Mark Twain was the only man who ever lived so far as we knew whose lies were so innocent, and withal so helpful, as to make them worth more than a lot of fossilized, eternal truths."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

They'll Need To

On one of the tombstones in an old New England cemetery appears the following inscription:

Here Lies Jonathan Steele—Good and Upright Citizen
Weighed 250 Pounds
Open Wide, Ye Golden Gates.

—*The Universalist Leader*, Boston.

"Doc, your motor is dead."

"Dear me," said the eminent surgeon. "Then I suppose it is too late to operate?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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Hepatic Insufficiency, Intestinal Putrefaction, Habitual Constipation, and Gall Stones.

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Prominent physicians and gynecologists **everywhere** recommend the MARVEL **Syringe** in cases of Leucorrhea, Vaginitis, and other **vaginal** diseases. It always gives satisfaction.

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No, Dear Reader, this is not a joke on the man who has just been to see an osteopath, but only a picture of the chap to whom the short skirt is still a novelty.

"The Old Time Doctor"

The Old Time Doctor had a kindly face,
He wore his whiskers long, with easy grace.
His watch chain weighed full half a pound or more,
His seals were made of solid golden ore.
And when he walked the street the people knew
No other man would wear a coat so blue,
And vest so red it made the roses blush,
His form so stately did the children hush.

And when he rode in buggy or in chaise
He sat erect as Actors stand in plays.
He sometimes read a book as on he sped
Thus knowledge gained and stored it in his head.
His mission—heal the sick—and that alone
He had no time for nonsense, but at home
He sometimes thought that he would like to be
From Others' cares and troubles sometimes free.

But day or night he always could be found
Where sickness, sorrow and distress abound,
His kindly words were blessings to the poor
And for their sake he traveled marsh or moor;
Through blinding snowstorm or in chilling rain
His only thought was, how to banish pain
From suffering mortals, not for greed of pelf
Did he his work pursue, nor thought of self.

For fifty years or more he still pursued
His noble toil. 'Twas that of doing good:
And when at last his arduous labors ended
And blessings thickly on his head descended.
By rich and poor his praises were outspoken,
But promises to pay were quickly broken,
For "Now he's gone, no bills will we receive,
And, costing nothing, we can surely grieve."

Then relatives did quickly gather round
To read his will, if any should be found;
They found the will. And this is how it read:
To my dear wife I leave, when I am dead,
My book accounts, there is a goodly store,
Which should be worth some fifteen cents or more;
My chaise and buggy and my watch and seals
(The buggy only needs new top and wheels).

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Are So Often Amenable to the Sedative and Anodyne Action of

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that this dependable combination of the five bromides should always be used before resorting to other pain-relieving measures, particularly the cold tar produest and the narcotics.

The results are almost invariably entirely satisfactory, but what is of especial importance, they are free from cardiac depression, or the dangers of creating a drug habit.

Dose: One to four teaspoonfuls as needed.

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The conservation of periodic health means the normalizing of menstruation from puberty to the menopause.

Dysmenorrhea, Menorrhagia and other manifestations of painful and distressing menstrual abnormalities, calls for the administration of

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which, in light of years of authoritative clinical evidence, proves most effective and dependable.

DOSE:—Administer in teaspoonful doses in hot water slightly sweetened with sugar. Samples and literature upon request.

New York Pharmaceutical Co.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, BEDFORD, MASS.

Hayden's Viburnum Compound has stood the test of time as a reliable remedy for

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The chaise is good (except the shafts and springs),
The horse is dead. He died from many things,
But chiefly hunger, he did long endure,
And drew my carriage to the rich and poor;
The rich did promise well, but sometimes lied,
He could not eat a promise, therefore died.

To my dear son, whose education's over,
I leave this counsel wise, would'st live in clover?
Go! Be a Quack, but should your conscience fail
And Father's precepts, Mother's prayers prevail,
Then be a Man, I say, and this your slogan:
"I will carry the hod with Patsy Hogan."

—By S. E. Gibbs, M. D., New York, in the *Medical Advertiser*.

A Good Word for Him

Hans Schmidt was reputed to be the meanest man in the neighborhood. He died. His body was placed in the grave, and according to an old Pennsylvania German custom the people stood around the open grave, waiting for someone to say some good thing about the deceased before filling the grave. After a long wait, Gustave Schulze said: "Well, I can say joost one goot thing about Hans; he wasn't always as mean as he was sometimes." —*The Universalist Leader*.

She Failed

Janie was returned from the Home for the Feeble Minded to the Orphans' Home, as the doctor's examination had proved her merely "subnormal." Said Mamie to Anna in a burst of confidence and gossip:

"Janie was sent away to be an idiot, but she couldn't pass and had to come back."—*Harper's*.

A Good Start

She: "No, when I marry I want a man who is game from head to foot."

Ex-football Man: "Well, give me a chance; I've got a game leg already."—*Exchange*.

She Knew the Symptoms

"Madam," announced the new maid, "your husband is lying unconscious in the reception hall with a large box beside him and crushing a paper in his hand."

"Ah," cried the mistress in ecstasy, "my new hat has come!"—*Houston Post*.

Decorated

Gramercy: Why don't you have your old car repainted?

Park: Wouldn't think of such a thing. It's been stolen a dozen times and has the finest collection of fingerprints you ever saw.—*Life*.

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Sambo: "Looky heah, big boy, don' yo-all mess wid me, 'cause Ah's hard! Las' week Ah falls on a buzz saw an' Ah busts it—com-plete-ly."

Rambo: "Call dat hard? Listen, man, Ah scratches de bath tub."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

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It is in this matter of stabilizing the nervous function that
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serves to marked advantage. Through its tranquilizing influence it minimizes unnecessary functioning of the nervous system and helps the system resume its normal status.
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Issued Monthly

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Ira S. Wile, M. D., *Editor*

Solomon C. Martin, Jr., M. D., *President* — Joseph MacDonald, Jr., M. D., *Secretary and Treasurer*

Publication and Subscription Offices: 3700 Enright Ave., St. Louis
Editorial and Executive Offices: 15 East 26th Street, New York City

Subscription price in the United States, $3.00; Canada, $3.25; Foreign, $3.50; Single Copies, 35c

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—Change of address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of The Medical Pickwick will reach any new subscriber.

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Directions: Roll up an F. A. F. Sugartest Strip, drop into Test Tube or any porcelain or enamel dish, add a little water, add 3 to 5 drops of urine; boil; if liquid turns yellow sugar is present.

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The Medical Pickwick

February, 1922

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Wise Use of the Dollar

By the Honorable John Barton Payne, Chairman American Red Cross.

Man is so constituted that he has a recurring series of wants. For instance, however much food he may have on hand, he cannot eat enough in one day to satisfy his hunger even for a week. So with our income, it must be constant and continuous, and the individual or nation that consumes daily or yearly all it produces can never make progress; like the squirrel, we must lay something by. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Vision means Thrift.

Money means the ability to meet our needs. In this we have first, the pay envelope, i. e., the daily income; next, the wise use of the dollars thus received, having in mind future as well as present needs, saving something for the day of need instead of spending everything for today. The foolish person thinks only of the present and makes no provision for disaster or future needs; the wise man thinks of the morrow, when sickness, unemployment, the education of children, old age or the like, will come upon him, and lays in a store for such needs. This is easy when the habit is formed.

The thrifty man saves regularly some share of his income, invests these savings in something certain and secure, even though the interest rate is low. If he tries the hazard of a high rate of interest or income, all may be lost. An honest business rarely justifies high rates of interest; speculation and hazard always go with high rates of interest.

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The Pathological Conclusion

("His tonsils ached as he kissed her." . . . From a story by Fannie Hurst in *The Cosmopolitan.*)

Whenever I kiss you, my dear Mirabella,
My ills and afflictions begin;
A dull sort of ache overwhelms my patella,
And chilblains set in.

I feel that I shortly shall find myself minus
The use of one lachrymal gland,
A dizzy sensation suffuses my sinus—
My ad'noids disband.

My lambda, my clavicle, thorax and pharynx
Become much too sluggish for use;
My punctum, trapezius, deltoid and larynx
All hurt like the deuce.

And though I'm the first one to frown on the practice
Of carping, I'm forced to explain
That—leaving all joking aside, dear—the fact is,
You give me a pain.

—R. E. Sherwood in *Life.*

GONOSAN
"RIEDEL"

To ALLEVIATE PAIN, to PROMOTE DIURESIS and to PROTECT the membrane of the urethra, especially THE POSTERIOR PORTION—these are the important objects of the treatment of acute cases of gonococcal urethritis.

The entire urinary tract should be influenced by means of proper internal medication. Local injections alone will not be sufficient.

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"How about the new heaves medicine you tried?"

"Well, you know that feller said it cured by gettin' at the cause."

"Yep, I remember."

"I figured it out since that he was right. Breathin' is the cause of heaves—that is, it's only when a horse breathes that he heaves."

"I getcha."

"Well, two doses o' that stuff plumb cured my horse of breathin'."—*Farm Life.*

For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronchitis; Colds; Catarrh.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once.

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Some Sight

Teacher: "You dirty little boy, you. Why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for breakfast this morning."

Bob: "What was it?"

Teacher: "Eggs."

Bob: "Wrong. That was yesterday."—*Lone Scout.*

Benjamin Franklin said: "He that loses 5 shillings not only loses that sum, but all the advantage that might be made by turning it dealing, which by the time that a young man becomes old will amount to a considerable sum of money." Safeguard your savings by depositing in Postal Savings or by investing in Treasury savings securities.

DR. SENIOR: "It is really quite a trick to apply the Antiphlogistine jacket in pneumonia, Doctor"

DR. JUNIOR: 'Yes I was stumped, at first; that is before the nurse came down and I ordered the jacket put on. as you suggested yesterday, when I saw you."

DR. SENIOR: "I was glad to find one of my old nurses in charge of the case. She has had a lot of experience—the first time she worked with me in pneumonia—some twenty years ago, when many doctors and nurses did not know about Antiphlogistine, I had to do the job myself."

DR. JUNIOR: "Well, I was wondering this morning, after I had decided to try Antiphlogistine in pneumonia, how the —! — that is I —"

DR. SENIOR: "Now you know, I guess! That is—you know how the jacket is put on and, how comforting it is to the patient."

DR. JUNIOR: "Yes, and more than that, Doctor, the temperature has gone down nearly three degrees since morning. Now—before you go: How long shall we leave it on?"

DR. SENIOR: "Miss Hope knows. But, you send to The Denver Chemical Mfg. Co., 20 Grand Street, New York, and ask for their booklet on how to use Antiphlogistine—now!—don't feel that you are asking a favor. The Antiphlogistine people will also send you a copy of their valuable brochure "The Pneumonic Lung."

Syphilis—A Ballad

By John Gay

—Eng. 1685-1732—

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain,
To the great city drove from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd. His herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagged with gold.
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gazed, he sighed;
Unmindful of his home and distant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room;
Thence through the streets he reels from post to post.
The vagrant wretch the assembled watchmen spies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies.

Deep in the roundhouse pent all night he snores,
The next morning vain his fate deplores.
Ah! hapless swain! unused to pains and ills,
Canst thou forego roast beef for nauseous pills?
How wilt thou lift to heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands?
Or else (Ye gods avert that worst disgrace)
Thy ruined nose falls level with thy face;
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbors from thy mug refrain.

The Wise Child

Little Louise was lost on the street and was brought into the police station. The officers tried in every way to learn her name. Finally one of the officers said:

"What name does your mother call your father?"

"Why," said Louise, very innocently, "she don't call him any name; she likes him."—*Harper's.*

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Those Funny Dyspeptics

"Dyspeptics are funny people," said Dr. Ellery C. Chamberlain, Chicago dietitian.

"Dyspeptics," he went on, "are all alike. I heard a typical dyspeptic giving an order in a Loop restaurant after the opera the other night. The man is a millionaire, and he said:

" 'Oh, dear, dear, when I was young I could eat anything and pay for nothing, but now that I am able to pay for anything I can eat nothing. Bring me, waiter, a broiled lobster, a Welsh rarebit, a piece of cherry pie with Roquefort cheese and a plate of banana ice cream to top off with.' "—*Miami Herald.*

Contributor's Column

The Doc he came. He take my fever. I say, "What is it?" He say, "You got a little influenza." I say, "How much?" And he say, "Three dollars. You not mucha sick."

What the Nurse Hears

The patient, an old Irish lady, looking up after reading from a paper, which had been placed before her preliminary to a treatment: "Here's one of the Legion boys complaining! They should have been in the Civil War with my oldest brother. He was knee deep in blood, with not a shoe to his foot, and no one to lend him a hand."

An angry male voice from the air shaft: "Please! please! please! please! How many times do I have to say 'please' in my own house?"

"Say it again! Maybe your tongue will get the trick of it!"

"Yes, we had the 'quiet hour' last night, didn't we, mommy?" explaining to the Nurse the white linen table spread and candles.

"And we had candles and statues and everything and said prayers." Seeing the Nurse glance about, she continued: "No, you don't see the statues. My cousin, a boy of great principles, came in here 'stewed' and tossed them down the air shaft."

Dorothy, the little three-year-old daughter of a patient tried to imitate the nurse in everything, using her doll as her patient. She pushed her sleeves to her shoulders, and standing on a stool, at the basin, scrubbed her hands and arms vigorously. Then running to the Nurse, with hands held high, she exclaimed, "See, Nurse, my elbows are leaking."

The teacher in the Health Class asked Tony if he knew where flies hatched. "Sure," replied Tony, "in the sugar bowl."

The nurse had explained the postpartum service to the expectant Italian mother; she was very much interested but with regret said that she was unable to have the nurse attend her as they did not know how to wrap the baby.

The lady stopped in the street to reprimand some small children for abusing property not their own; she was interrupted by one very dirty little boy who asked, "Are you a nurse?"—*The Henry Street Nurse.*

Jones: Your wife told my wife that you paid one hundred dollars for those treatments by that chiropractor—that shows how much you care about having good health, eh?

Bones: Either that or how little I care about one hundred dollars.

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The latest discovery of science merits our most respectful attention. It is declared that if one sees to it regularly and persistently that there are enough vitamines in one's food one will not get beri-beri.

This appears to our more courageous instincts as highly unfortunate, and should be appropriately viewed with alarm. We have not only enjoyed most of the fatal diseases which the doctors hitherto have been so generous in presenting to us, but have gained from them a fuller and richer experience of life. Why at this late date should we be cut off from beri-beri?

Ever since we first heard of beri-beri we have been secretly possessed by a desire to have it. It is due—so the scientists tell us—to a lack of vitamines. But how can we be sure that we are not eating vitamines? The truth is that science—upon which we have come to rely for most of our sufferings—has, in this instance, fallen short of that ideal which we had a right to expect. Science refuses to tell us how we can locate a vitamine, how we can creep up on it and sandbag it before it enters our system. This is what we don't like about science. This is what disturbs us and makes us nervous about the future. Science admits that it hasn't seen a vitamine, that all it knows is that it is there. No food is safe. Just when you think you are not getting any vitamines, they may be crowding in upon you, making it quite impossible for you even to get the first symptoms of beri-beri.—T. L. M. in *Life*.

The Forest Fire

Years ago, in a forest reservation in Oregon, this was written on a shingle:

He dropp't a match when he lit his seegar,
And it fell in a bunch uv grass;
And then he went on to shoot his b'ar
In the distant mounting pass;
And the wind it riz and the fire it spread,
Till it went all over the patch,
And th' melted pants' button they found was his,
That feller that dropped the match.

—*Washington Times.*

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Then Up Spake Brave Horatius

Written by a Philadelphia Student One Hour After a Quiz in Anatomy

Par Vagum sat at his cottage door,
Beneath the Larynx tree,
Watching the Biceps on the shore,
Sport with the Diploë.

The Umbilicus shows its blossoms red
To the sweet Patella vine
Which modestly drops its tender head
At the gaze of the Santonine.

The Mastoid rears its purple bloom
And the Great Trochanter flowers
Fill all the air with sweet perfume
Amid those Splanchnic bowers.

No joy they bring to Par Vagum's heart,
As 'neath the Larynx tree,
He brokenly leads a life apart
From his love far over the sea.

Sadly he thinks of the days now gone,
Sweet and filled with bliss,
When the crowning joy of his life
Was one Angina Pectoris.

Oh! Love's young dream was short and sweet
For Buccinator came,
And, kneeling at the loved one's feet,
Asked her to bear his name.

But she, as false as fair, was won—
Oh, cruel, cruel sin—
By Buccinator's treacherous friend,
The artful Biliverdin.

Par Vagum fled from his native shore,
To the far-off Carpal sea,
And there, by the Antrum of Highmore,
His lonely home shall be.

There, where no news of her may come,
In his cottage by the sea,
He plays the light Duodenum
Beneath the Larynx tree.

Sad is his fate in his lonely lot,
But death his pain will ease,
And from his grave in that quiet spot
Shall spring Ascarides.

—*Journal American Medical Association.*

Safety and security against the future can be easily secured by consistent saving.

The Height of Eccentricity

Letter received by A. M. M., Washington, D. C.:

"My dear sir: I wish to call your attention to the fact which I noticed while my wife, Lucy, was at home, which may cause her to be so eccentric at times more than commonly. I wish some experienced physician at the Clinic would take the matter up and see if some of her trouble does not arise from torpid urinary organs and the prostrate glands which may be erroneously embarrassing the whole system.

"Very respectfully yours."

—*Jour. Amer. Med. Assn.*

"Wot did de doctur say about yer black eye, Chimmey?"

"Aw, he said if I didn't keep me face any cleaner it wouldn't show."

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Hippocrates lived about 400 years B. C. and the beginnings of medicine are usually ascribed to this great man. Now comes the information through archaeology that the first known recorded prescription appeared about 4000 B. C., which would make medicine nearly twice as old as it is supposed to be today. The prescription was for a hair-wash to promote the growth of the hair of the mother of King Chata, which reads as follows:

Pad of dog's foot.....1
Fruit of a date palm....1
Hoof of an ass.....1

to be boiled together in oil, according to the art of the times. Medicine has now become a science, yet it is interesting to remember that this prescription is probably as good as many of the so-called hair restorers of the present day. —*Bulletin Ind. St. Bd. of Health.*

Where Squareness Counts

A country is not made great by the number of square miles it contains, but by the number of square people it contains.—*Dayton News.*

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The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VIII FEBRUARY, 1922 No. 2.

THE AWAKENING OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

The page he opened on was under the head of anatomy, and the first passage that drew his eyes was on the valves of the heart. He was not much acquainted with valves of any sort, but he knew that *valves* were folding doors, and through this crevice came a sudden light startling him with his first vivid notion of a finely-adjusted mechanism in the human frame. A liberal education had, of course, left him free to read the indecent passages in the school classics, but beyond a general sense of secrecy and obscenity in connection with his internal structure, had left his imagination quite unbiased, so that for anything he knew his brain lay in small bags at his temples, and he had no more thought of representing to himself how his blood circulated than how paper served instead of gold. But the moment of vocation had come, and before he got down from his chair the world was made new to him by a presentiment of endless processes filling the vast spaces planked out of his sight by that wordy ignorance which he had supposed to be knowledge. From that hour Lydgate felt the growth of an intellectual passion. . . . He went to study in Paris with the determination that when he came home again he would settle in some provincial town as a general practitioner, and resist the irrational severance between medical and surgical knowledge in the interest of his own scientific pursuits, as well as of the general advance; he would keep away from the range of London intrigues, jealousies, and social truckling, and win celebrity, however slowly, as Jenner had done, by the independent value of his work. For it must be remembered that this was a dark period, and in spite of venerable colleges which used great efforts to secure purity of knowledge by making it scarce, and to exclude error by a rigid exclusiveness in relation to fees and appointments, it happened that very ignorant young gentlemen were promoted in town, and many more got a legal right to practice over large areas in the country. Also, the high standard held up to the public mind by the College of Physicians, which gave its peculiar sanction to the expensive and highly-rarefied medical instruction obtained by graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, did not hinder quackery from having an excellent time of it, for since professional practice chiefly consisted in giving a great many drugs, the public inferred that it might be better off with more drugs still, if they could only be got cheaply, and hence swallowed large cubic measures of physic prescribed by unscrupulous ignorance which had taken no degrees.—*Geo. Eliot: Middlemarch.*

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THE PHYSICIAN.

"The physician should be of tender disposition, of wise and gentle nature, and more especially an acute observer, capable of benefiting everyone by accurate diagnosis, that is to say, by rapid deduction of the unknown from the known. And no physician can be of tender disposition if he fails to recognize the nobility of man; nor of philosophical nature unless he be acquainted with Logic; nor an acute observer unless he be strengthened by God's guidance, and he who is not an accurate observer will not arrive at a correct understanding of the cause of any ailment."—*Nizauni-i-Arudi.*

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JOSEPH MacDONALD, JR., M. D.,
1870-1922.

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ENGLISH SPELLINC AND PRONUNCIATION

By A. L. Benedict, A. M., M. D., F. A. C. P., Buffalo, N. Y.

ONE of the saddest jokes ever perpetrated on human beings is the problem or rather the many uncorrelated problems suggested by the title. Of all languages past the ideographic stage of writing, as the Indian picture writing, which made no attempt to indicate sounds, and the rebus writing of the more advanced barbarians about the Mediterranean and the Carribean, that is to say of all languages which have pretended to employ a phonetic alphabet, English is probably the worst spelled. A well educated person of almost any other speech relegates his dictionary to a place of secluded dignity with the Bible and refers to it rarely, and then for the purpose of finding the meaning of a little used word. The Englishman (including other races and nations that use the English language), although his dictionary contains a much larger number of words than any other and a relatively high proportion of obsolete or obsolescent words on the one hand and, probably, a higher proportion of new words than most others, undoubtedly consults his dictionary ten times to find out how to pronounce or spell a word in fairly common use, to once that he gets it out to learn the meaning of a word.

The scandalous lack of correspondence between the printed and the spoken word is in marked contrast to the very simple and usually regular inflexions of the language and to its combination of great flexibility of expression with an almost ideally accurate and logical syntax and rhetoric.

While all languages change as their peoples develop—not merely in the way of adding new nouns and some other parts of speech to represent newly acquired ideas and absorb words and expressions from other languages; and while in many instances, a conquered people has also suffered the conquest of its language or has, in this respect, been more or less victorious over its conqueror, English stands out most prominently as a language developed quite suddenly as the result of political upheaval. So far as the writer knows, it is the only instance of the development of a practically distinct language from that of either conquered or conqueror, within a comparatively short period.

Without attempting to discuss all the linguistic roots of English, it may be claimed with considerable certainty that, if we could eliminate the Norman conquest of England and if the course of history had otherwise taken approximately the same directions as subsequently, the English speaking nations would still be using a low Teutonic language. It would be much amplified in vocabulary and changed in methods of expression, but practically identical with some dominant dialect of Anglo-Saxon and spelled and pronounced fairly phonetically. Or if we might assume the anachronism of the Norman conquest conjointly with a generally educated people, well supplied with printing presses and periodicals, not to mention books, we should either be speaking French or Anglo-Saxon, or the English-speaking world of today would be in somewhat the same state of bilingualism that exists in Quebec.

Under the conditions actually present, illiteracy among most of the people of all classes, with little literature either to fix existing standards, or even worth preserving, in either vernacular, with such standards as did exist confused by conflicting dialects, and by the misunderstandings of mutually foreign languages, there was little in the way of the development of a new, mixed language, largely monosyllabic, almost entirely uninflected and of the simplest construction compatible with the transmission of ideas. Without attempting anything like a critical study of the transition, it may be said that, in three hundred years after the Norman conquest—not forgetting that there had been considerable Norman infiltration of England before this—the English language, distinct from either French or Anglo-Saxon, had developed; and that, in two hundred years more, at about 1550, it had become pretty well fixed along its present lines. Minor differences in language seem conspicuous as do minor differences in dress and customs, so that the English of 1550 seems to us very quaint and archaic and sometimes incomprehensible in details, but the differences are really slight, not much greater than among the existing dialects of English; no greater than in comparing any other language already centuries old in 1550, with its present expressions; and, so far as any particular archaism is concerned, often not greater than in comparing colloquial expressions of today with those of twenty years ago.

It is interesting to compare English and Greek. In the last fifty years or thereabouts, the educated Greeks

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have, so far as possible, eliminated foreign words that had insinuated themselves into the vernacular and have replaced them either with ancient words or with derivatives and compounds from a native source, in accordance with the precedents of the language. In all sorts of other ways, they have worked to restore their language to classic standards. Thus, while the vernacular of the uneducated may be unintelligible to one acquainted with classic Greek and while the pronunciation has changed greatly—and quite analogously to that of English from Anglo-Saxon—modern written Greek, even of the medical journal, newspaper and street sign, may be read by a student of classic Greek, using the same dictionary and grammar and, unless he is unusually proficient he will scarcely notice the difference except in a few particulars, including the obvious introduction of a few foreign and many easily understandable native words required to keep pace with modern discovery and invention. On the other hand, English has almost gone out of its way to borrow from foreign languages and except in some very simple ways, is poorly adapted to form new terms from its native stock. Thus, allowing for the reconstructive work mentioned, Greek has changed less in three thousand years than has English in three hundred, and the former may be said to have lived for five thousand years—perhaps much longer—whereas English, though conceived and in process of gestation, was scarcely born five hundred years ago.

A bird's eye view of present day English reveals a language containing, though often in very much modified form, nearly if not quite every Anglo-Saxon (low Teutonic) word in a way to make pronunciation fit spelling or vice versa, and often with very little success in either direction, most of the French vocabulary—itself largely of Latin derivation—introduced by the Normans or subsequently derived from French influence; practically every Latin word that was at all commonly used by the Romans, mostly in rather technical or scholarly senses but often as part of the every-day vocabulary, and for the technical vocabulary of many sciences, especially those included in medical training, a considerable number of Greek words, mostly very simple and commonly used in the original language, but variously combined so as to afford a most imposing and difficult appearing array and, because of the mathematics of combination, extremely numerous. In addition, there has been at various stages of the development of the language, a pretty free absorption of words from a good many other languages, but the groups of words mentioned represent the principal ingredients of the language. The manifold sources of English explain why it has so many more words than other languages and the words are not merely duplications, as the source allows a differentiation of meaning in spite of an original reference to the same thing, which may be entirely lost sight of. For example: horse, chivalry, cavalier, equine, hippodrome. Many Latin words have entered English through the French and also directly, occasionally dating back to the Roman conquest, though usually introduced by later students, so that the same root furnishes several English words, more or less different in meaning though obviously related, for example: regal, regent, royal, reign.

An ideally phonetic language carefully analyzes elementary sounds, develops a letter for each, spells a word as it actually should be pronounced and then, conversely, pronounces the word as it is spelled. So far as the writer knows, no language conforms to this ideal. Most of them have letters which represent two elementary sounds commonly asociated (the Greek Psi for p+s, the German and Hebrew Z for t+s, the English J for d+ a common sound for which there is no regular literal designation) or they may represent one elementary sound by two letters (as the Greek and French ou for what in English we usually write oo). All languages have also tended to change their sounds, especially in vowels, also in other ways. For example, Latin while still a living language, gradually changed the consonantal u from its original w sound to that of v in English. Caesar himself or his immediate successors may have said va-nee, vee-dee, vee-kee. Owing to the long delay in the invention of the phonograph, it is rather by scholarly induction than actual information that we suppose that Archimedes sprang from his bath shouting "Héw-ray-kah" which the modern Greek pronounces Ev-ree-kah, though we may be positive that he did not accent it as we do the same word, euréka. Generally speaking, there is some correspondence in the way in which different languages have changed their pronunciation. The elimination of the initial h sound in Greek—and with a few pathetically forced exceptions in French—and the degradation of vowels in Greek are surprisingly like what has occurred in English. However, in most languages except English, after learning certain more or less complicated rules as to silent letters and arbitrary combinations of letters, we can usually tell how to pronounce a word and the exceptions are comparatively few and mostly limited to very commonly used words. This is because most other languages are, so to say, home-made. They have re-

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mained comparatively fixed in vocabulary for many generations; have standardized their spelling and pronunciation; do not allow the slip-shod pronunciation of unaccented syllables that we do; do not grant the right of a "scholar" to invent his own peculiar affectation of pronunciation, or to establish as a standard something which the mass of the people will not follow, and for the comparatively few foreign words which they admit they use either their own pronunciation or a simple modification of it.

It will be noted that, during the period of gestation of the English language and for some time after the date which may be assigned for its birth, there was no standardized spelling. Most of the new words introduced at this time—mainly from the (Norman) French—were adopted by hearing. In many instances, they contained sounds not present in Anglo-Saxon (nor in modern English) and the rather poorly educated men who finally wrote them, simply made a stab at spelling them as they had come to be pronounced. The later introduced Latin, and the still more recently adopted Greek words, were familiar as written or printed forms; they were adopted in this way: Their endings were cut off or variously though quite systematically altered, and they were then pronounced about as they would naturally be from the English standpoint. Indeed, it may be said that even if one knows nothing of Latin or Greek as such, the spelling and pronunciation of these derivatives give very little difficulty after one has "got the hang of" the method of Anglicizing them. One great argument against spelling reform is that, so far as these groups of words are concerned, the literal form is much more important as indicative of their historic source and meaning than the aim of reconciling spelling and pronunciation.

A foreign word may have been phonetically spelled and properly pronounced according to the rules of the language from which it came, but the chances are, that if introduced by sound from another language, it would be very inaccurately pronounced, differently spelled by various writers till the weight of authority established a definite spelling and, very possibly, the weight of authority as to pronunciation might follow quite different lines. All sorts of inconsistencies might develop, including local differences of custom. With increasing general education, a word introduced from a foreign language by form, and pronounced as nearly as it can be according to English rules of pronunciation, whose exceptions and exceptions to exceptions rival those of the German grammar—may have its original foreign pronunciation restored to it. For example sontag, blouse, trait, the latter two at least in England. Initial *x* occurs only in foreign words and with very few exceptions only in Greek words—and only six or eight of them have been adopted. Merely because it is hard for us to pronounce x (ks) at the beginning of a word, we have agreed to pronounce the initial *x* like z but there is already a tendency to revert to the original proper pronunciation. When the word phthisis was first introduced into medicine, it was usually pronounced teesis. We have already gotten so far as to pronounce the *th* properly, although, as in words in -itis we usually give the long or rather diphthongal sound to the i. In a few years more, the ph may also be pronounced. A similar change is noted in thyme, Thomas and Thames being about the only English words left in which Th is not pronounced according to rule.

One of the confusions of English spelling is ultimately due to its development from two principal sources and to the comparatively short time allowed for phonetic decay which is not so complete as in certain other languages. The language therefore contains an unusually large number of elementary sounds, especially of vowels. Indeed, it lacks only the following of the total list of distinct elementary sounds of speech, aside from peculiar clicks, gutturals, whistling sounds, etc., that occur only in savage tongues: the two ch sounds of German and the corresponding sonants which are easily pronounced, but not recognized in any language known to the writer: the long and short umlaut o and u of German, half steps between pairs of long and short vowels, such as the e with grave accent of French (but short o in English is theoretically a half step vowel and many persons actually so pronounce it though many pronounce it ah or aw according to circumstances); the nasal element added to vowels, as to several in French. Actually this nasalization is heard in English as in other languages, though not formally recognized.

Putting the same thing positively, English has eleven well-marked vowel sounds (fool, full, foal, but, fall, [not], far, at, [ask], fail, fell, feel, fill), the two not acquired by everyone being placed in parenthesis. It has the six mutes and nine aspirates (the sonant corresponding to h—smooth breathing in Greek—being construed by most persons as the absence of a sound; the three nasals, two liquids and the two semi-vowels: total 22. The problem of phonetic spelling, with an alphabet of 26 letters is obviously difficult: 11 to 13 vowel sounds with 5 vowel letters; 2 semi-vowel sounds with 2 letters also used as duplicates of vowel letters; 20 consonant

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sounds with 19 letters. The last part of the problem does not appear so bad till we reflect that c is really a duplicate k or s, that j, and to some extent g, is used for a compound sound, that q is a duplicate k and that x is used for a compound sound. Five sounds have no letters at all but are represented by combinations: the two sounds of th, sh, the corresponding sonant sound which has no regular method of representation in English at all but which is represented regularly in French by j and which is the second part of the compound sound represented by our j, the palatal nasal heard in n before k.

This disparity between sounds and letters has given rise to a use of silent letters as indicators or of arbitrary combinations of letters to denote sounds for which there are no regular letters. This might work fairly well if it had been systematized at the start, but unfortunately it has been carried out in the same way that the cook marked her pies: "T. M." meaning "'Tis mince" and "T. M." meaning "'Tain't mince." For example, the sentence, "I had a row with my wife last night" is ambiguous unless one adds a footnote to explain whether w is a silent indicator of the long sound of o or a duplicate u. In the succession vowel, single consonant, e, the e is usually silent and shows that the vowel has its long sound as in its name in the alphabet but such words as are, hare, care and were illustrate exceptions. Such words as war and warm show that w has an indicator value even before a vowel. The succession of vowel and single or double consonant at the end of a word usually indicates a short sound of the vowel though the sound has no direct relation to the long, name sound of the vowel. But a followed by l or ll, respectively, is very differently sounded; words ending in og are ordinarily, though without actual authority, very differently pronounced according to arbitrary habit; h and r after a vowel indicate a long rather than a short sound. In fact, there is scarcely a particular in which the indicator system does not prove to be utterly unreliable. For example, how would you pronounce *does* if the context did not show it to be a verb and how would you pronounce four words in the preceding sentence, there, does, do and to, according to any rules that you might try to lay down for English pronunciation? Or how would you formulate a rule to apply to such apparently analogous words as: finger, singer, malinger?

In many instances, exclusive of foreign words, letters have become silent which were originally pronounced: wrong, gh which probably represented the sonant of one of the German ch sounds, whistling, etc. In other cases, they have been inserted without good reason, as sovereign, which naturally suggests reign to a superficial student, the g of reign being etymologically logical. L before f becomes silent as soon as the word in which the combination occurs becomes commonly used: for instance, calf and half. When golf was first mentioned in this country, almost everyone sounded the l. Talc is pronounced like talk by men in the business, to whom the term is thoroughly familiar. Probably if we had a president named Ralph and the country was flooded with his namesakes, the l of this word would also become silent.

Double letters are practically always used as indicators or in an entirely arbitrary way, as the same sound is never immediately repeated in English in the same word. Indeed, in ordinary conversation, it is not even in such compounds as book case, or when the last sound of one word is the same as the first of the next—"at times." There are exceptions in the case of foreign words as oophorectomy, but note the popular running together of two syllables in zoo and the change of vowel in Nausikaa.

Unfortunately, spoken language is very inaccurately sensed and many are misled by the familiar appearance of the printed word. For instance, many persons will insist that the w is pronounced before the h in when and will not notice that the w is silent in who. They will correctly distinguish in pronunciation the two sounds of th but will not realize that ther are two as different (and in the same way) as d and t. This is in line with the general tendency to count sight superior to hearing and quite in analogy with the tendency of many physicians to accept an X-ray shadow as Gospel truth as against a plainly audible physical sign.

The writer has been able to formulate a few simple and quite reliable rules with regard to the th sounds. At the end of a word, th is surd (analogous to t) but a final mute e changes the sound to sonant (analogous to d) as in lath and lathe, respectively. The e also acts as an indicator to the sound of the a. If we wished to reverse the vowel sounds, we could get around the problem by using another form of vowel indication, laith, in analogy with wraith but the converse problem seems insoluble. Between vowels, even when there are two syllables, th is nearly always sonant but the only way to distinguish between a man who puts on laths and soap suds is to use a hyphen to separate syllables in the former case.

As implied, each of the vowels has more than one sound, in fact must have more than two on the average to cover the demand of 11 to 13 vowel sounds. As

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a matter of fact each vowel letter overlaps somewhat the province of others. A has five well recognized sounds, e with various methods of indication four, i three, o four, u three.

Of the consonants, d, m, r. x may be considered "reliable." That is to say, if one hears the sound associated with these letters, it is written by them and if they are seen, they are pronounced. Many of the others are fairly reliable. For instance, if one hears the b sound, it is so written, but the letter may be silent as in lamb. On the other hand, if v is seen, it is pronounced as it should be but that the converse is not true is shown by the very frequently recurring word of. N may be silent or may be used with g or before g, c and k, for the palatal nasal for which practically no language has a letter. One may go through the list and give examples of the unreliability of the other letters, even including those which practically give no trouble in pronunciation and little in spelling. Very likely some critic will show that the statement as to the reliability of d, m and r is subject to exception.

Under the circumstances, anything like a radical spelling reform for English involves cutting loose entirely from the traditions of the past, increasing the alphabet or, at least, employing the time-consuming and troublesome signs which in some languages are written above or across letters. Worse yet, we should either have to discard many letters entirely and replace them with unfamiliar characters or else we should have to use the existing letters in an entirely different sense from the present. It is harder to unlearn a familiar association than to acquire a brand new one. The transition period of such a change would occasion all sorts of embarrassments, not only in schools and literary activities but involving many economic factors. Printing and publication would be revolutionized so greatly as probably to result in grave financial complications of far-reaching extent. In fact, all lines of communication would be affected. All extant literature would require a change quite comparable to translation into another language and would soon become valueless except as curiosities. The fact mentioned with regard to association of ideas means that the change to a perfect system of spelling would, at least if we exclude oral communication, result in as great hardship as the obligatory change to another language. So long as the transition period existed, the result would be somewhat the same as in attempting to change back and forth from a standard gear to a Dodge car but with about eight times as many arbitrary differences to remember. Our literary highways would be strewn with wrecks.

On the other hand, the attempt at simple reforms scarcely accomplishes enough to be worth while; it tends to confuse words, to obscure derivation; it leads to many questions as to just how we actually do or really should pronounce words; it deals largely with words or inflections so familiar that the present accepted method involves little practical difficulty. For example, do, does, of, ——ed of the preterite, ——s of the third person singular and the plural. It requires little experience to know when to pronounce -ed as a separate syllable, as an added d or t and very few persons realize that the inflective -s is pronounced as z whenever it can conveniently and as s only when it follows a surd consonant, mute or aspirate.

Each of these children was pronounced to be "the finest looking child I've seen for a long time" by the attending physician.

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"ASSORTED GLANDS."

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THE SMILING GENTLEMAN

By Evelyn Cushing Campbell, New York City.

"BY JOVE! Tom, that's too bad. Are you sure they are both gone? Have you inquired of anybody?"

"Yes, but no one has seen either of them since last Saturday. They've disappeared completely."

"Well, Tommie, old boy, it's a clear case of elopement. The girl is certainly a peach and I don't blame anybody for walking off with her. Her eyes and hair are simply stunning and those big chrysanthemums she wears just suit her to perfection. I can't seem to place the man, though. Is he the Spaniard with the upturned moustache and irresistible smile?"

"Yes, that's the man. You have the irresistible smile all right, but he is a Dutchman instead of a Spaniard. Don't you remember? He wears a big sort of sombrero and is most awfully fetching in his full dress togs. But what breaks my heart is to lose the girl. She is my inspiration! I suppose you think I am a fool and perhaps I am, but I don't feel as if I could begin the day without a 'good-morning' to her and a look into her lovely eyes. She is the soul of the studio. I believe that idiot Jackson is to blame for the whole thing and I'd like to wring his neck! He saw me smiling at her one day and ever since he has everlastingly chaffed me about the lady with the chrysanthemums."

"Well, Tommie, you have my sympathy if that will do any good. I, too, have loved and lost. Do you remember my dog 'Spitzenberg' that some fellow stole? Oh, no! Of course not—I didn't say it was the same; but you needn't get so uppish over it. 'Spitzie' was an awfully nice dog and he thought a whole lot of me. Cheer up, old man—I don't believe your fair lady has gone far away. If I hear anything I'll let you know at once. I have tickets for the 'Gray Mouse' tonight. Will you go? We'll have dinner at Rigo's and drive dull care away."

Richards accepted his invitation and the light-hearted Jack departed, leaving Tom lost in sorrowful contemplation of the beautiful lady who had so mysteriously disappeared from his life.

The gentleman from Holland was most certainly in love with the fascinating, brown-eyed American girl—that was evident. For nearly six months he had been permitted to feast his eyes upon her beauty, to spend long hours in her society, and the result was an all-consuming passion which ravaged his soul. To be sure, he was not at all certain of her feelings toward him, but are womankind and certainty ever to be found in propinquity? So before the world his countenance was ever one of unfailing and smiling serenity, even though his heart registered entirely different sensations. He had been unable to win from her even one of the cherished chrysanthemums, but in this his rivals had met with no better success. Tom had entertained a genuine fondness for the dashing Dutchman, but it was now apparent that the gay cavalier had stolen a march on him and left him stranded before an empty shrine. What rankled most was his feeling of certainty that the elopement had been assisted by that fool of a Jackson.

As though his bitter thoughts had evoked his presence, young Jackson walked into the studio and sat down astride the corner of the table. Tom was very frigid, but Jackson pretended not to notice and expressed deep sympathy over his loss.

"I just met Jack Walton," said he, "and was told that one of your best friends had left you in the lurch. He wouldn't tell me who it was but I guessed it might be your chrysanthemum lady and knew how inconsolable you would be. Don't give up, Tommie. Probably she has gone away for a little rest and change. Too much admiration may have brought on an attack of heart weakness."

Disregarding the chilling reception to his facetious remarks, Jackson leisurely strolled toward the door, saying:

"Well, so long. I'm awfully sorry to see you so down in the mouth and, of course, I don't blame you, for the girl is a perfect cherub. But everybody has their troubles; someone stole my best meerschaum last Saturday—confound it!"

Tom hastened Jackson's departure by pushing him outside and slamming the door viciously, missing his coattails by a slight margin.

"Meerschaum pipes and Spitzenberg dogs!" he ejaculated disgustedly. "That's all those fellows are capable of thinking."

The "Gray Mouse" proved to be a tiresome variety of light opera, and before the first act was over Tom wished himself well out of it. He fidgeted with his program and hoped that Jack would have sense enough to

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suggest an early escape, but that easily amused youth was enjoying himself.

Suddenly, just before the curtain rose on the second act, Walton exclaimed: "Great Caesar, Tom! If there isn't your missing beauty, then I'm a sinner."

Tom felt no doubt as to the latter statement, but looked in the direction indicated and fairly gasped upon beholding the beautiful lady who had caused him so much anguish and heartache. She was more adorable and charming than ever, but in place of the accustomed chrysanthemums she carried magnificent American beauties. Seated beside her was a distinguished man of slightly foreign aspect and an elderly lady.

Jack whispered excitedly, "By Jove, Bob, I know the man. It is Curt Bingham, the artist, and the girl must be his half-sister."

"Are you sure?" anxiously inquired Tom.

"Yes, dead sure. I heard he had come back and opened a studio here in New York, and have meant to look him up. He's been in Paris several years and before that he lived in Cornwall. We used to go fishing together—that is, I fished and he painted."

Jack pencilled a note and despatched it by the usher, with the result that Mrs. Caruthers, Elise Bingham and her brother were soon dining cozily at Rigo's with Tom and Jack.

"I was afraid you had gone to Holland and I had lost you," said Tom to Elise, banteringly.

She appeared slightly puzzled, but replied: "No, we are not going after all. I am so disappointed. I should love to lose myself over there for a time."

"And has the Holland cavalier returned to his native shores?" continued Tom, whimsically.

"Oh, no, he couldn't go without me," smiling mischievously and entering into the spirit of the game, even though the details were obscure to her. Then she added, "All the girls are simply wild over him!"

This was playing the game with a vengeance and Tom wondered "what next?"

"His smile is certainly irresistible," said he, "but he is such a bundle of conceit. He knows he's very fetching in his sombrero and fancy togs, so he wears them on all occasions. I haven't seen him since last Saturday, and knowing his devotion to you, my friend Walton suggested an elopement."

Jack turned, hearing his name spoken, and said: "I recognized you at once, Miss Bingham, even with the roses—but has frost blighted the chrysanthemums? I thought your variety bloomed perenially."

Her brother Curtis, who was listening with an air of bewilderment, exclaimed: "What is the joke? You don't mean to tell me that you have found my sister's portrait with the chrysanthemums?"

"By a strange chance," said Richards, "the lady with the chrysanthemums has been my most cherished possession for some months, but the painting has disappeared just before a special act of Providence has permitted me to meet the most charming original."

Then he told them how he had discovered the "Lady" in a down-town auction room and rescued her from such ignoble surroundings. He neglected to mention, however, that he had fallen desperately in love with the beautiful face, or his habit of lingering for a smile from the lovely brown eyes. Somehow, he had the inner consciousness that he had taken liberties which the lady hereslf might resent.

Bingham then explained that his studio had been broken into and the portrait stolen, adding that it was a strange feature of the robbery that nothing else was disturbed, which showed that the thief must have been interrupted.

"Not at all," interposed Richards. "It goes to show his fine discrimination. I am everlastingly grateful to the thief. He has an eye for——"

"He has an eye for the city jail by this time, unless he has reformed," hastily interrupted Elise, skillfully diverting too obvious a compliment.

As they were leaving, Elise asked: "Have you really a friend who has disappeared, or is the Holland gentleman just a figure of speech?"

"Oh, no, indeed! He's no figure of speech," assured the exuberant Jack, answering for Tom. "The Hollander is a very fascinating friend of ours and we're extremely fond of him. He is quite irresistible, but his feelings are very much on the surface," added Jack with a sly laugh, as the ladies were assisted into their motor.

"Mr. Richards," said the colored janitor about a month later, "I'se pow'ful sorry, but dis yere picture o' yourn must o' dropped down ahint the desk, 'cause when Lily Brown, the lady what sweeps, was cleanin' up dis mawnin' she foun' it in the sweepin's. 'Ise feared it's done sp'iled."

Tom gazed at the wreck with mingled feelings. The "Smiling Gentleman" would never smile again, for a long and jagged gash extended across the cheek and into the gracefully upturned moustache. Ah, well! Last year's calendar is of little value, anyway, so the "Laughing Cavalier" by Franz Hals was consigned to the waste-basket. Besides, Tom and the Chrysanthemum Lady were soon to be married, and one's wedding day is always the beginning of a new calendar.

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THE RESIDENT PSYCHIATRIST

By A Psychiatrist.

The darkness shudders at the screams
Of one who beats upon the door with blistered hands;
There is a sound of running feet,
A muffled howl, the noise of dragging weight
And all is still.
But no, the silence renders more distinct
A wailing voice, "O God, O God, let me get out."
A soul imprisoned. "Are my people dead?
O God, they're killed. I see them bathed in blood."
So on and on with wails and sobs and moans.
But sudden from a distance comes
An avalanche of curses, fiery, vile,
Fierce floods of filthy names with filthier adjectives,
A crash of shattered glass, a shriek,
Then silence, scarce a moment.
Thus are the nights of those who spend their days
Working to ease the lives of others devil-possessed.

FLESH FUMBLERS

By Ralph M. Thomson, M. D., Savannah, Ga.

The more a doctor seeks to plan
To emulate a charlatan;
  The more an osteopath is prone
  To knead the flesh or crack a bone;
The more the Christian Scientist
Gives to his prayers a magic twist;
  The more one brags and bluffs his way,
  And puts his baubles on display;
Or tinkers with an ailing wight
Who thinks some organ in a plight;
  Or rants of trifles often found,
  In freely fingering around;
Or blusteringly acts the fool
In order to impress his tool;
  The greater faith, in soul and limb,
  A woman seems to have in him.

TREAT AND RETREAT.

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TIME'S SQUARE

By Bates.

You've seen it overhead—the "Milky Way"—
Stretch like a thoroughfare across the sky,
And wondered if the Angels walk or play
Along its course—or those whom you and I
Have loved and lost, will meet us there some day?

There is another path—"The Great White Way"—
Lit by a million lamps, the way called Broad—
No Angels tread its pavements night or day!
But Sin, and Lust and Virtue force their way
Through crowds who worship anything but God.

There mingle men and maids from many lands,
The scarlet woman walks, a nun in white,
All grasp the bubble pleasure with both hands,
And, roving up and down in eager bands
Make on Broadway one wild Walpurgis night.

Here Youth and Age skip madly arm in arm,
There Sin with covet lewdness makes appeal,
A thief glides swiftly through the noisy swarm,
An ambulance bell clangs a hoarse alarm,
The traffic cop untangles wheel from wheel.

If George Washington Had Been a Doctor's Son.

"Did you cut down this fine apple tree, George?"

"Yes, father. I heard that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, so I thought if I got rid of a lot of the apple trees it would help your business."

Why the Doctor Rushes Over to Willie Smith's House.

Voice of Willie's mother from another room: "Drop everything and come right here!"

THE STUDENT

(Translation from Faust.)

By Milton Hahn, M. D.

Ye seek throughout the Great World and the small,
But all in vain,
All things remain
As wills the God of all.

The theory ye learn from books
And argue o'er in learned strife
Is grey, but by the running brooks
Green is the golden Tree of Life.

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HEALTH AND MEDICINE IN HOLLAND IN BOERHAAVE'S TIME

In 1743 a book entitled "A Description of Holland" was published in London by an author who states "that he has resided at the *Hague*, and in the Provinces, almost from his Infancy, and that this volume is the growth of several Years, and much Observation." His observations upon the health conditions of Holland are so keen that it has been considered worth while to reprint them:

The LEPER'S HOUSE is the last of the *Hague*. It stands on the Canal at some Distance from the other Houses, and is surrounded with a Wall. It has a Garden, and a small Spire at Top of it, and is now inhabited by a private Family.

There were formerly Houses of this kind in all the Cities of the Netherlands, and in those of most other Countries. In the middle or more temperate Regions of *Europe*, *Ireland*, *England*, the *Low Countries*, *Germany*, and *Poland*, there was no considerable Town without them. No longer than a Century or two ago, there was only too much occasion for them. Those Houses are all now either fallen to decay, or inhabited by Particulars for the sake of Retirement and their wholsom Situation.

It seems no hard Matter to account for the Leprosy's being so rife formerly, and so little known at present. That lothsom Disease is occasioned by bad Air, but more especially by unwholsom Diet. The Causes of bad Air are now in a great Measure removed amongst us, by cutting down our large Forests, draining our Marshes, and cultivating our Lands; and it cannot be denied, but we eat more wholsom Food, and live better than our Forefathers. Besides which, Physicians, for the common good of Mankind, have within these 50 or 60 Years past, published a multiplicity of little, intelligible Tracts, in the vulgar Tongue, on Diet and the Nature of Food, &c, which hardly a Farmer is without. So that the meanest Person of common Sense, without understanding the Terms of Art, is now capable of distinguishing good and bad, wholsom and unwholsom Nourishment. No longer ago than *Cromwell's Time*, the Leprosy was very common in *Ireland*. It was occasioned by the People's living much upon unwholsom Salmon, that is, when those Fish are out of Season. The poor People had them for catching, every River and Brook abounding with them. The *English* having got possession of the Country, put an effectual stop to the Use of such unwholsom Food, by warning the People against it, and by making severe Laws to prevent the taking of Salmon at a certain Season of the Year, when eating it is pernicious to Health. They also introduced the planting of Coleworts and other Garden-stuff, and allowed each Family a Cow for Milk. The poor People in consequence were immediately cured: and the many Hospitals expressly built to receive the leprous, are now gone to Ruin.

It is not to be doubted, but the *Dutch*, considering the indifferent Air they breathe, the wet Soil they live on, and the great Quantities of Fish they devour in all Seasons, would contract terrible Disorders if they did not, perhaps by Habit rather than Design, make use of the most powerful Antidotes against them; I mean Greens, Roots, and Milk; as also a Glass of Brandy, good Beer, and Wine: which are the daily Nourishments of both the poor and rich in this Country.

I shall take occasion here to say something of the Diseases most common in *Holland;* as also of the Preservatives against, and Remedies for them: Things that it highly imports Strangers to be apprized of.

Everybody has heard of *Dutch Agues*, and their Inveteracy; tho' I have not observ'd them to have been either much more rife or more malignant than in *England* for 12 or 15 Years past. The best Preservative against them in this damp Climate is a full, but not overcharged Stomach. Such as go abroad early in the Morning, usually fortify themselves against the thick Air, by taking a Dram and a Crust of Bread, some Dishes of Coffee, Gingerbread, or the like. The ordinary Remedies are not different from those made use of in other Places, as Bitters, Camomile, and the Bark: But this last Drug is not given in so large Quantities as in *England*. Vomits, of which the *Dutch* are very apprehensive, are rarely administered either alone, or before the Bark be taken. As this is the Practice, it is no Wonder that the Patient should find so little benefit from that Medicine; and one cannot but be amazed, how the Physicians of this Country (where the Art of Medicine is so much cultivated) can commit such a Blunder in so obvious a Case. Tho' Constitutions, and consequently the Nature and Degrees of the same Distemper, vary prodigiously, and perhaps are not exactly the same in any

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two Persons in the World; yet I can affirm from my own Experience, and that of many others, that Vomits alone (and sometimes change of Air) have proved the most effectual Specificks against the Agues of this Country.

The *Dutch* think no People are so much troubled with the Scurvy as they: But they mistake. There are more blotched Faces in one Town in *England*, than in a whole *Dutch* Province; from whence it seems probable, that eating fish, salt Bacon, and hung Beef, with moist Air, are not altogether so prejudicial to the Blood and Juices, as living upon Butcher's Meat alone. We must however repeat here, that Roots, Greens, and new Milk, of which the Diet of the *Dutch* principally consists, are sovereign Antidotes against all Distempers incident to the Blood.

The third epidemical Distemper of the Climate is the Gout, occasioned chiefly by eating too much at Meals, and great Indolence after them. Hence the Gout, not only in *Cicero's*, but in all Times, has been reckoned the Companion of the rich, as the Ague of the poor. Abstinence and Milk-diet are usually thought the most effectual against this Distemper. But a *young Physician of *Holland*, a nephew of the late Dr. *Boerhaave*, imagines he has just discovered a Cure for this Disease, which I shall communicate to the Reader. It consists in causing a Dog to lie at the Feet of a Person troubled with the Gout; in consequence of which he soon finds himself eased of the Distemper, while the Dog is seized with it, which he discovers by the agitation he is in, and his crying and howling. The Animal, like a Loadstone, attracts to himself the morbifick Matter of the Gout. There is indeed noithing impossible in this, or that may not be rationally accounted for; and it will be well for many, if Practice and Experience confirm it. It is perhaps as easy to conceive this Effect, as that of Pigeons applied alive in Fevers and Lunacy to the Head, Feet, and other Extremities of the Body; or that in the Itch and certain other Foulnesses in the Blood, in which Cases Steel Girdles round the Middle, or the Wrists, and Ancles, are infallible Remedies.

Some have thought that more People are afflicted with the Palsy, and other Diseases of the Nerves, in these Provinces, than in other countries. And this probably is true; for the *Dutch* are continually drinking Tea, and set no Bounds to the Use of that Liquor. Very many drink it, and Coffee also three times a Day; the latter being often used instead of a Supper: in a Word the People half subsist upon these Liquors; I mean the poorer sort. They have their Tea, such as it is, at the Rate of two Shillings a Pound, and Coffee at a Penny an Ounce.

*See *Perspiratio dicta Hippocrati per universum corpus anatomice illustrata: Auctore* Abrahamo Kaau, M. D., Leydae, 1738. The Doctor gives several Examples, which have some Analogy with the above mentioned Method of curing the Gout, as that of *David* in his old Age gathering new Strength by lying with a young Girl. This was possibly the Effect of a kind of Attraction: *Homo ex homine trahit*, says our Author. It is certain, the foul Distemper may be contracted by lying in the same Bed with one that has it. And the Small-pox is still more infectious. An Horse, or Ox give their Disease to all in the same Stable with them. These are Cases, which bear some Resemblance with our Doctor's gouty Person: But unfortunately we do not find, that a Man who has the Small-pox, or any other contagious Disease, gets rid of it by communicating it to another.

REACHING AFTER FACTS, EH?

J. B. D.

Abner: "A bird in de hand am worth two in de bush."

Job: "No, sah; not ef you got a burlap sack and knows yuh bizness."

AN EPITAPH.

J. B. Dillon.

No more will booze hounds
Their silent steps stray
To the old grog shop
Just across the way.

SHE DIED OF POISON.

A certain man went to the county seat during a murder trial, and being intimately acquainted with one of the lawyers thought he knew the whole case from A to Z.

"Oh, yes," said he, "Mr. Twezell told me all about that woman who died of toe nail poisoning."

N. D.

"PROJECTIONS."

Two men were building new homes for themselves. Each thought his own home the nicest.

Said one: "I like my home best. He hasn't got the same injection on his roof that I have on mine."

N. D.

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"Gee! Watch this spill—it's gong to be rich! He's the doctor who told Maw our ankles wuz too weak fer skates."

EULOGY ON A BISCUIT

By Esther Harris.

There you lie, O child of my hands and brain! Pale, cold and heavy, and having the power to give life or death to the human race. You are laid out with all the finery that mother earth can give. Your bed is of imported china, with a green sheet of satin lettuce. Around you are delicious mushrooms from France to pay homage to you, O child of America!

The state has sent you the finest cream, together with parsley and a few sprays of mint as decorations. All is in readiness for you to go to the unknown world. Learned men, who have studied the dead language, have named the different canals and channels through which your bier will pass.

If you, in spite of your leaden conscience, can give a toll to each bridge you pass, then I predict that you will pass unmolested, but—may all the gods help you if you have none to give, for then you will be an obstruction, and all your finery which accompanies you will prove of no avail. You will find that the waters red and warm will grow angry and form a barrier. Soon wireless telegrams are sent through the whole region, and an alarm is sounded, which calls the white and red soldiers to arms. The war is in progress.

At last a learned man is called to make peace. He surveys the battlefield and defines the cause, and sends reinforcements to assist the red and white soldiers, and in most cases this combination wins the battle, and peace reigns again. But you, my child, are cremated, and nothing but ashes remains.

On the other hand, if you were only light and fluffy, and possessed a healthy coat of tan, instead of being pale, cold and soggy, you would enter the unknown world ready to give "tips" all along the way.

Why, child of my hands and brain, you bless both the poor and rich, and the end of your life is only the natural dissolving of the elements.

Now this creation of mine I leave to the mercy of the human body; may it prove a blessing, and if not, be speedily put to death.

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PANCAKES AND SAUSAGE

JOSEPH D. GORMAN, Gallup, N. M.

I HAD not been feeling well for a few days and I went to see Dr. Brown.

"You're eating to much," he said with a frown, "everybody eats too much nowadays. You will have to diet. What did you eat for breakfast?"

"Two pancakes and a piece of country sausage," I answered.

"Land of Goshen!" he exclaimed, throwing up his hands in horror, "pancakes and sausage. No wonder you don't feel well. Unless you diet, strictly, for several months, you will die."

I told him I had considerable unfinished business on hand, so wished to live a while longer, and he said:

"You are in a bad way. It is lucky for you that you came to me before it was too late."

He felt my pulse and took my temperature, then asked:

"How long have you been eating pancakes and sausage?"

"As near as I can remember, about thirty-five years; I am now thirty-six," I answered.

"Godfrey's Cordial!" he exclaimed, "thirty-five years! It is most surprising that you are alive to tell it. Why do you eat such things?"

"Because I like 'em, I guess," I answered.

"Don't you know that you should never eat anything you like? You should cultivate a taste for things you don't like, which are more wholesome. Now for your diet:

"Get a package of Toot-um-frootum breakfast food; it is composed of ground corn cobs and sawdust. Soak two cupfuls of it in water diluted with milk from the dairy, and when the Toot-um-frootum is wet through, make it into small cakes and when they have sat for ten minutes bake in a pan which has been greased with pure axle grease from which the grease has been extracted, and when done set away to cool. Use no sugar, lard or salt, or fats of any kind, as sugar will bring on diabetes, and salt may cause you to have Bright's disease, and fats will give you acidosis, which will cause carbuncles. Drink no water that has not been boiled or you will poison yourself with microbes. The boiling causes the water to have a flat, disagreeable taste, which makes it more wholesome. What have you been eating for lunch, as a rule?"

I told him that I usually ate a light lunch, consisting of roast pork, or beef, potatoes, vegetables of several kinds, two cups of coffee, and perhaps a couple of eggs, and for dessert, two or three pieces of pie and some ice cream.

"Jerusalem, the Golden!" said he. "And you call that a light lunch! While you are under my treatment you will eat for lunch one small ripe tomato—"

"Hold on, Doc," I said, "I could not eat a tomato on a bet, as the slightest taste of it makes me deathly sick. Cut out the tomatoes."

"Not on your life," he expostulated, "that is just the thing. The fact that you do not like tomatoes indicates that your system requires them. You must overcome your dislike for tomatoes and eat them twice a day. With the tomato you may have a piece of raw turnip. Add fifty calories of pure vegetable glue and you will have a very good lunch. For dinner, or supper, as some people call the evening meal, take one of the Tootum-Frootum cakes and soak it in hydrant water in which a lump of asafetida has been dissolved. Eat this cake after it has become thoroughly soaked, and eat nothing more until breakfast, when you may eat two of these cakes, and drink one glass of lukewarm water without milk or sugar. Drink nothing but boiled water, and eat no meat, as the billions of dead microbes in the water will supply you with sufficient protein for your needs. How often do you take a bath?" he demanded.

"I usually bathe every Saturday night," I answered.

"Glorious Things!" he said, straightening up in his chair, "once a week."

"Well, I sometimes skip a week," I said.

"You must bathe every morning and evening," he remarked patiently, "in water just as it comes from the hydrant. Use no warm water, and have no heat in the bathroom."

"Law's a massy, Doc!" I said, "the water is icy cold and I will die with pneumonia."

"Tut, tut!" he barked, impatiently, "do as I tell you if you wish to be healthy and strong. Do you have heat in your bedroom?"

"Yes," I answered, "but that doesn't do the bathroom any good as they do not connect."

"You must cut out the heat in your sleeping room, and

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keep the windows wide open. Let me take the temperature of your left eyebrow," he said, jumping to his feet and applying a sinister looking instrument filled with some kind of a red liquid to my forehead. After holding it there for a few moments, while he studied the face of his watch, he removed it and nodding his head solemnly commented:

"Just as I suspected. The left vehicle of your pellercardium is slightly affected, causing inflammation of the lunar appendix. Do you ever see black specks floating before your eyes?"

I confessed that I did.

"Ha!" he said, "that proves that my diagnosis is correct. What did you eat for breakfast?"

I told him I had eaten two pancakes and a piece of country sausage. "You asked me that before," I ventured.

"Ah, yes, I believe I did," he thoughtfully answered. "I think that is all. Come back in two weeks if you are not entirely well."

I told him I would if I were alive.

On my way home I stopped at another doctor's office, and when I told him I was having some trouble with my stomach and would like to be examined, he said:

"You're eating too much, I can see it from the way your ears lop. What did you eat for breakfast?"

I told him I had eaten two pancakes and a piece of sausage.

"Epluribus!" he exclaimed, almost jumping from his chair. "Pancakes and sausage, no wonder you are feeling ill. You will have to diet."

I told him that Dr. Brown had already prescribed a diet for me and he said:

"Pooh! Doctor Brown is an excellent physician, but hardly as well posted on the stomach as he should be. Do you drink coffee?"

"One small cup for breakfast," I told him.

"Cut it out!" he said quickly. "Cut it out. It won't do. I can see by the way you hold your upper lip that your epiglotis is slightly affected. Do you ever see black specks floating before your eyes?"

I confessed that I did and he said:

"You must not drink coffee. Drink near beer, with the chill taken off, at all of your meals."

"But I can't drink near beer," I said. "I hate the stuff."

"All the more reason you should drink it; you should never eat or drink anything you like. The things you detest are the most healthful for you. Near beer will act on the falciform, toning it up. Coffee causes a depression of the metacarpus which is followed by inflammation of the hepatic cells, when hydrophobia and senility often set in. It is a good thing for you that you came to me when you did, as you are in rather a rundown condition. I can see by the color of your right thumb nail that your trachea and receptaculum chyli are infected, thus causing osmosis of the celluloid muscles, which if not checked will cause, if it has not already done so, corns, warts and ringworms to apear on the insides of your eyelids, hence black specks and an abnormal appetite for pancakes and sausage. Is this clear to you?"

I told him that it was so absobloominutely clear that I wondered I had not seen it myself. He seemed much pleased at my enthusiasm and confidently added:

"I like to have my patients thoroughly understand their condition and always explain it to them. By the way, you should exercise more. You should walk at least a mile every day. What is your occupation?"

I told him I was a mail carrier and he replied quickly:

"Oh-um, I guess you will not have to take any extra exercises, your occupation probably gives you enough. I forgot to give you a diet."

"Never mind," I said, "I think the near beer will be enough for a year or two."

"Perhaps it will. You will hardly need anything in the way of solids for some time. Good day. I will send my bill by mail."

"Wait a moment," he murmured, as I was about to take my departure. "I think I had better take the temperature of your esophagus."

He thrust a thermometer as large as a corn cob down my throat and held it there while I gagged and choked. At last he removed it and spoke, after consulting his watch:

"Yes, your tonsils are somewhat vitrified, and the sarcolemma of your occipital sutures is slightly enlarged, which will, in time, bring on urticaria, and a transudation of the nasal cavity. I think we will give no medicine for the present. The diet is the thing. Good day."

Somehow I didn't think much of the advice of either of these doctors, so I dropped into the office of Dr. Black. "You're eating too much," said he before I had told him what ailed me. "Everybody eats too much. I do it myself, but I'm going to cut it out. You should always leave the table hungry."

I told him that the table was very likely hungry when I left it, but I was not, if there had been enough on the table to satisfy me.

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"What did you eat for breakfast?" he asked, after feeling my pulse and looking at my tongue.

I hedged a little and said that I often ate pancakes and sometimes drank a cup of coffee for breakfast.

He groaned and muttered: "Pancakes and coffee. Mr. Johnson! That is enough to kill a mule."

He jabbed a needle into my arm and then put it under a microscope.

"Ha!" he ejaculated, after a moment of careful study of the needle point, "your thoracic duct is slightly elongated, showing a peristaltic condition of the abdominal salivary glands. Do you ever see black specks floating before your eyes?"

I owned up that I did and he exclaimed, triumphantly:

"I knew it, I knew it! I never make a mistake along that line. It is a lucky thing you came to me today. Another day might have led to serious results. You are threatened with angina pectoris of the great toe, which would result in a follicular laryngitis that often brings on an attack of ascaris vermicularis. You will have to go upon a strict diet."

I told him that Doctors Brown and Green had already prescribed a diet for me, and he said, half scornfully:

"Piffle! These two doctors are excellent men, and well read up on everything but the stomach. I have made a specialty of the stomach and know what I am talking about. Now for the diet. Get one package of Rough and Ready breakfast food, which is every nourishing, being composed of buckwheat hulls and ground oyster shells. It is prepared under the direction of Dr. Soakum, the world renowned stomach specialist. Prepare some small cakes of this food, wet the food with three parts rain water, to one of rich cream, skimmed from a can of condensed milk, and add a little salt, pepper, and ground castor beans; bake over an open fire for one hour. Eat one of these cakes twice a day, drink a glass of hyphenated water three times a day. For your evening meal add to the Rough and Ready cakes, one gill of chili con carne, and add fifty calories of gooseberry mush. Use no tea or coffee at any time. Coffee is very hard on the corpora restiformia, and tea will cause suppuration of the leucocythaemia, often resulting in inflammation of the pemphigus pompholyx, which is a serious disease of the parotid. You will no doubt find the Rough and Ready breakfast food the greatest upbuilder of anything in the breakfast food line. It is coarse, and scratchy to the posterior pyramids, but roughage is what you need. Good day, sir; you will hear from me on the first of the month."

As I was passing the office of Dr. White I dropped in and asked to be examined.

"You've been eating too much," he said, nodding his head. "That is the trouble with nine-tenths of the American people. Let me take the temperature of your carotid gland."

He thrust an instrument that looked like a cross between a monkey wrench and a cork screw down my gullet, and held it there for a few moments in spite of my struggles. "The temperature is somewhat above normal. What did you eat for breakfast?"

I told him boldly that I had eaten pancakes and sausage.

"Cross of Gold!" he exploded. "No wonder you have enlargement of the sublingual duct. Do you ever see black specks floating before your eyes?"

I admitted that I was often afflicted with them, and he exclaimed:

"Jumpin' frogs! Why will you eat such things?"

I confessed that I had not thought they were hurting me, and he laughed a loud, coarse laugh.

"You will have to diet," he at last forced upon my ears.

I said that I had already been dieted by Doctors, Brown, Green and Black, but he laughed delicately, the while burbling:

"Excellent physicians, all of them, but hardly competent to prescribe a diet for such a rare case as yours."

But I left him in the midst of his directions to get half a bushel of potato peelings and brown them over an open fire, etc.

I resolved to see one more doctor before committing suicide by eating pancakes and sausages until I burst, and when I came to the office of Dr. Gray I did not hesitate a moment to consult him.

He was a large man of about sixty, rough and gruff, and careless of his language.

"What in heck ails you?" he growled as I entered.

I told him that I had been to see several doctors in regard to my health and they all differed as to my condition, but agreed that I was eating too much.

"Who's been giving you that old stuff?" he asked.

I told him and he said with a growl:

"Rats! That's the new idea, eating too much and dieting for it. They believe that one should eat all kinds of trash to be healthy, and the things one likes and that agree with him he should leave alone. Most people do not eat enough of the right kind of food. What is your occupation, and what did you eat for breakfast?"

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I told him I was a mail carrier and had eaten two pancakes and a piece of sausage and drank a cup of coffee.

"Two pancakes and a piece of sausage for a man who has such a strenuous occupation as a mail carrier," he grunted. "That's no meal for a working man. You should eat at least nine or ten pancakes and half a dozen hunks of sausage, if you expect your body to do the work of a he man. One cup of coffee will not hurt you; eat anything you like and plenty of it. If you find that anything is hurting you leave it alone for a while. Eat plenty of good, nourishing food and you will have very little use for doctors or physics."

"But, Doctor," I said, "I have black specks floating before my eyes, very often."

"So do I, and so does everybody else. They signify nothing. You are all right."

I told him what the other doctors had advised and he laughed heartily.

"I am afraid you are not quoting them correctly," he grinned. "You are badly mixed in your physiology."

"Well, perhaps I am," I admitted, "but they said something like that. How much do I owe you, Doc?"

"Owe me. What for?" he said with surprise.

"For your advice. You have saved my life for I should have died with hunger if I had attempted to live on the diet prescribed by those other doctors," I spoke gratefully.

"Chase yourself!" he said gruffly. "You have paid me for anything I have done for you by your description of the diagnosis of Drs. Brown, Green, et al. Come around some time when there is something the matter with you and I will hand you a bill that will make your hair curl."

"Is your doctor reasonable in his charges?"

"Oh, yes—only today my neighbor across the street sent for him and he came here by mistake, but he said he would only charge us two-thirds of his regular house call fee."

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OBITER DICTA

MATCHED PEARLS FROM THE *J. A. M. A.*, VOL. 77, NO. 1.

Page 42: "There is every reason to believe that if such a process occurs in one mammalian species it occurs in all."

Page 45: "The work of Magnus and his associates shows the danger of transferring results from one species to another, and especially to human individuals with such conditions as pulmonary edema and congestion."

MEDICAL MORTMAIN.

"Certain practitioners calling themselves endocrinologists have erected an extraordinary structure of symptomatic complexes based on meager evidence and a fervid imagination. There is no way apparently of checking these elaborations. Epidemics of this sort from time to time hysterically sweep over medicine, dying out in due course, the more quickly if unmolested."—Cushing, Harvey. *Arch. Neurol. and Psych.*, Dec., 1920.

Then, why not let this one die in peace, Harvey? Looking backward, we may recall the era of "certain practitioners calling themselves" immunologists, or serologists; to another in which Skoda and Laennec "erected an extraordinary structure—on meagre evidence" of percussion and auscultation, or to "elaborations" which could not be checked and finally perfected the localization of cerebral functions. Speculation may have done harm to medicine, but it is infinitely less dangerous to progress in any science than the pedantry which condemns on the strength of generalizations and lame analogies.

SO, THAT'S THAT.

"When an automatic-affective craving is aroused, either to compensate for the deficiencies due to metabolism (as in hunger) or through the influence of an exogenous stimulus (as in fear), it compels the projicient (stripped muscle) apparatus to shift the exterceptors about in the environment so that they will acquire such stimuli as are necersary to counter-stimulate and neutralize the autonomic derangement so that the disturbed segment will assume tensions comfortable to the integrated ego as a whole."—Psychopathology, by Edw. J. Kempf.

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF.

"A prerequisite to the use of psycho-analysis in treatment is a thorough psycho-analysis of the operator himself; if he has not had the benefit of psycho-catharsis with subsequent adjustment of his own conflicts and complexes, his usefulness to the patient will stop at the point where deficiencies similar to his own are touched upon in his subject."—Robert Kingman in *N. Y. State Jour.*, Vol. 21, 9.

Quis custodes custodet. Who is to psycho-analyze the psycho-analyst? We are reminded of the old jingle, "Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and Little fleas have lesser fleas, and so, ad infinitum."

THE LOGIC OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND.

In his book thus entitled (Oxford University Press, N. Y., 1920) M. K. Bradhy shows the influence of unconscious motivation on reason and judgment to be a very interesting one, and a source of numerous fallacies. The Wish is Father to the Thought, and this idea might be applied with benefit to the Diagnostic as a form of Medical Logic.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG.

There are fore-shadowings of endocrinology in folk-lore and folk-ways, primitive phrase, fable, and art. Consider the pre-Galenical therapy or dietary of eating the heart or drinking the blood of the fallen enemy to acquire his indomitable soul. The magic brews of liver of rat, spleen of dog, and heart of fowl, to say nothing of bats, spiders and snakes. The imbibing, literally, of wisdom and strength beyond human power, by eating the giblets of some rare bird, or drinking, nay even being spattered by, a drop or two of dragon's blood. The thirst to know the meaning of bird song and animal languages, to foretell the future, is evident in many a Fairy Tale from the Childhood of the race, and Man is Siegfried from the dawn of life. Necromancy and demonology have a bearing on repressed desires, as well. It might be interesting to speculate why Angels have no Sex, and Devils have Horns.

SEEING THE LIGHT? VANISHING TABOOS.

When the Three Disgraces were officially branded as Treason, Abortion and Red Revolution, it was as much as your Life was worth to approve or even discuss these things. You would have had your face smashed for supporting, as you now may have it smashed for opposing Disarmament, Birth-Control, Representation of American Business in Russia.

P. H. F.

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AN UNUSUAL OPERATING ROOM EXPERIENCE

By HARRY COHEN, M. D., New York City.

UNUSUAL experiences in the course of our practices are met with by all of us, but the following is of more than usual interest.

One morning, during the middle of last February, I was scheduled at the hospital to perform a double inguinal herniotomy and incidentally remove the appendix through the right sac. There was nothing unusual about the preparations, the patient, the day of operation, etc., to distinguish this operation from any other similar ones that are of daily occurrence; however, before the patient was discharged from the hospital as cured, several things did take place, which, to say the least, were most unusual and highly instructive.

The operation began at 9 a. m.; the patient was anesthetized in the routine manner without any difficulty and the skin incision over the right hernia made. Assisting me at the operation were the following: Dr. G. and Dr. S., the first and second assistants, respectively; Dr. R., the anesthetist, and two nurses, Miss. L. and Miss W. Miss Z. was in charge of the operating room.

The herniotomies and the appendectomy through the sac presented no difficulties. The operation went on with dispatch, the total duration being a little over an hour. The aponeurosis was exposed and divided and the sac located and—but before I proceed I will attempt to repeat a conversation that took place at about this time between the nurse and myself: "Miss L., give me a sponge, please? Why, what's the matter? Don't you feel well? You look so pale. Miss Z., take Miss L. away; she looks as if she would faint," and Miss L. was relieved and taken away. She almost had to be carried out. Miss W. then handed me a sponge, with which I freed the sac. After opening the sac, a finger was inserted and the appendix mobilized into the wound. At this stage Dr. S. began to complain of headache, dizziness and weakness in his knees. He soon assured me, however, that he felt well again, so I continued with the operation. It was just a question of minutes when he was helped away and taken out of the operating room. Of interest is the fact that Dr. S. is possessed of an excellent physical development, being both tall and proportionately well built. As will be seen later, these attributes were not in his favor. There now remained one nurse as second assistant whose duties were to hand me instruments and dressings, also the house surgeon who acted as first assistant, the anesthetist, who kept me informed continually that the patient's condition was excellent and Miss Z., who was in charge of the operating room. As a matter of note, the patient lost a minimum amount of blood at the operation, the tissues were not traumatized nor were any operative complications encountered. It was therefore a puzzle to me why two of the assistants should get sick during the operation and have to leave the operating room. However, I was soon to find out.

Proceeding with the operation, the appendix had by this time been removed, the sac ligated and excised and the conjoined tendon was being united to Poupart's ligament. Things had been going along rather smoothly when Miss Z. informed us that she felt very sick and then was kind enough to assist herself out of the operating room. I completed the right hernia by sewing up the skin and again iodinized the left hernia. I told the house surgeon to make the skin incision over the left hernia and as he was attempting to do so, he began to complain of feeling weak and unsteady so I began to complete the operation myself in order to expedite matters as much as possible. Although the aponeurosis was incised with dispatch still it was not fast enough to prevent Dr. G. from being removed from the operating room in a condition of near collapse. There still remained in the room myself, Dr. R., the anesthetist, Miss W. and the patient. The following have been a caricature in Greek garb with any but a Misses L. and Z. The sac was hurriedly exposed and freed, then ligated and excised. It was now time for Miss W. to collapse which she promptly did. She was escorted out of the room. The anesthetist began to complain of headache and feeling dizzy. Word had been sent down to the superintendent and he with several of the surgical visitings arrived in the operating room and began to investigate. By this time I was sewing up the fascia—yes, the anesthetist had just left the room in a condition similar to that of the others. After sewing up the skin, in fact the dressings had been applied, I felt dizzy

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and could hardly see anything and it was suggested that I, too, get some fresh air, which I did at once. Patient's condition after operation, good. The patient was then removed to his room.

After a thorough investigation a very small gas leak was discovered in the sterilizer in the adjacent room. As the gas escaped it rose to the ceiling and as the windows were closed, the gas accumulated and descended very gradually toward the floor with the result that it attacked the taller ones first and so on, myself being last. Fortunately there was a gradation in the heights of the assistants and also for once my own height or rather lack of height was an advantage. As the patient lay flat on his back, he naturally was the lowest in the room and as a consequence did not inhale any of the gas and therefore did not suffer any ill effect.

The subsequent history was of less interest. The patient developed a post-operative pneumonia which lasted a week and then cleared up. He left the hospital in three weeks entirely well. Seven months after the operation there had been no recurrence of the hernias. As for the staff, they were ill for several days and then recovered entirely.

BEYOND THE VEIL

By H. C. Coe, M. D., New York City.

The desire of men to penetrate the mystery of life and death is not confined to minds whose profound studies have (like those of the mythical Faustus) brought them to the limits of human knowledge, but is the common dream of humanity.

One of the most weird and dramatic pictures in all literature is the story of the witch of Endor, through whom Saul received from the spirit of the great prophet the solemn message on the eve of battle: "Tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

This was undoubtedly the first spiritualistic séance on record, and its setting has not been equalled. We have often wondered why the scene has never formed a theme for painter or poet—probably because it is too tremendous for the human imagination. Only the pencil of a Doré could have pictured it.

To the fertile minds of the Greek and Latin epic poets, and the inspired pen of the author of the "Inferno," the spirits of the departed are introduced to us so vividly that even to our colder intellects they seem almost to be real persons. Even before the eras of Christ and Mahomet the Indian poets and philosophers had confidently affirmed not only the reality of the unseen world, but the possibility (through mortification of the flesh and sanctification of the spirit) of holding intimate communion with it. The visions of the founder of Islamism were coarse and material beside the faith of Him who returned to the high abode from which He came, but it is significant that He never in any of His allusions to another state of existence encouraged speculation as to its location or character. The vision of the Apocalypse, splendid as it is, is now regarded by the most orthodox as symbolic rather than actual.

In all the accounts of persons whom He raised from the dead no hint is given of the personal experiences of those who had presumably enjoyed the unique experience which so many earnestly desire. The natural curiosity of psychologists and common mortals has always been thwarted, and the most enthusiastic believers in spiritualism must admit that no one has ever returned from the other world to give us any definite information about it.

Physicians are cognizant of many cases of so-called "suspended animation" (not actual death, as was confidently affirmed in a recent case), and psychologists are familiar with prolonged "trances," or cataleptic states, in which the spirit seemed to be hovering on the brink of the "Stygian stream," but their experiences (if they were able to recall them at all) savored more of the vague and hysterical than of reliable phenomena.

Sir Oliver Lodge, in a recent communication, reaffirms his belief in the reality of spiritual communications, but his statements are more or less unsatisfactory, being rather expressions of opinion than exact observations.

The "great cloud of witnesses" who surround us are still invisible and are rather tender memories and inspirations to a higher life, than links between the seen and the unseen.

None the less the world-old longing to know where and what are the loved and lost will never depart until each one solves for himself the Great Mystery.

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LIFE'S LITTLE SURPRISES.

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WHIZZERINKTUMS

By Sing Lo.

NORMALCY NOTE.

Soon the world will be safe from democracy. A few still have Liberty Bonds saved up!

ADD BENEFITS DERIVED.

Science is not sentimental and should attribute values where they belong. Not a little of the development of yeast and vitamine B studies will, in the course of time, be traced to the commercial demand by the valiant bootleggers. The sales will give a profit which will permit a percentage to be spent for yeast research. This is the only advantage of alleged prohibition the writer can conscientiously note to date.

Talking about weather is mostly habit. Any average person who has lived thirty years and traveled his due has run into about all the weather man has to offer. It seldom thrills, if you're used to weather. It always changes. It never is what you want and, as Mark Twain remarked, you can't do anything about it. Why talk about it?

ON PREJUDICE.

Possibly the Ku Klux Klan cannot last. It always struck the writer as a boyish thing to dress up in such absurd and silly uniforms and expect a nation that just got out of a war that had some real scares, to become alarmed. Certainly it plays to prejudice and not to Americanism, according to published statements of the "Imperial Wizard." (Where does he get that "Imperial" stuff?) Just the same, to pass a body swinging in a bright breeze and know that it was that of a coal handler, retailer or wholesaler, our own prejudices would cause us to desire to donate ten dollars to the leader of the nearest K. K. K. on proof that they hanged the profiteer.

The little Denver judge may spill the beans, but he is seldom called a liar by any person of consequence. His is a lone voice in the wilderness calling out for justice.

TELL THE WORLD.

Conscientious physicians, the world's greatest missionaries, try to do the best things for their patients, but they must be possessed of the patience of Job and lose valuable time while they stop to explain over and over the value of, say, diphtheria anti-toxin. They must defend measures, constantly fighting ignorance and prejudice. Here is a suggestion utterly practical and made for the advance of the education of the public, of value in the progress in prophylaxis and cure of disease.

Let the big pharmaceutical and biological houses buy some space in women's journals and such universally distributed magazines as the Literary Digest and Sat. Eve. Post. They should use a whole page to explain the how and why of, say, diphtheria antitoxin. Show plenty of illustrations, elaborating the infinite care and detail of manufacture of potent product. Tell the public and make the course of the doctor easier and his defense stronger. From a sheer commercial standpoint there are many subjects far more worthy of display than tooth-paste and the returns would *double and triple sales.* An avid reading public awaits such a sensible campaign of education, thousands of physicians would be grateful and feel kindly toward it.

Another thing: Most of the copy of city and state boards on the subject of exanthemata, contagious diseases and hygienic management needs revision. A lot of it has long whiskers. This ought to be revised and a booklet covering needed suggestions mailed to every householder.

Whizzerinktums criticises and suggests because little advancement lies in applause, wheedling and hand-licking. We shall hope that this is read by some who are open to suggestion and criticism.

THE PROPHETS WERE RIGHT—IT *HAS* BEEN A COLD WINTER!

EVOLUTION.

"What's all the excitement?" asked a leucocyte of the leader of a dozen spermatozoa that were swimming

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along behind a great mob of thousands of others. "We're chasing a healthy ovum," replied the leading spermatozoon, carefully guarding his tail and maintaining his lead with all his vitality.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN HAS IMPRINTED HIS IN CEMENT.

A careful inspection of the footprints left by great men on the sands of time will, if any prints still show through the wash of time, be interesting. Some of the footprints will show the toes pointed in the wrong direction—in retreat, as it were.

"I'll ask my bootlegger; he'll know." A modern phrase.

One carries nothing beyond the grave. But life should show something for all the labor, pain, strife and give and take. One could have an epitah to read like this:

ARRIVED NAKED; DEPARTED CLOTHED.

Sec. Hughes will never attract the uttermost in public confidence until he shaves his whiskers.

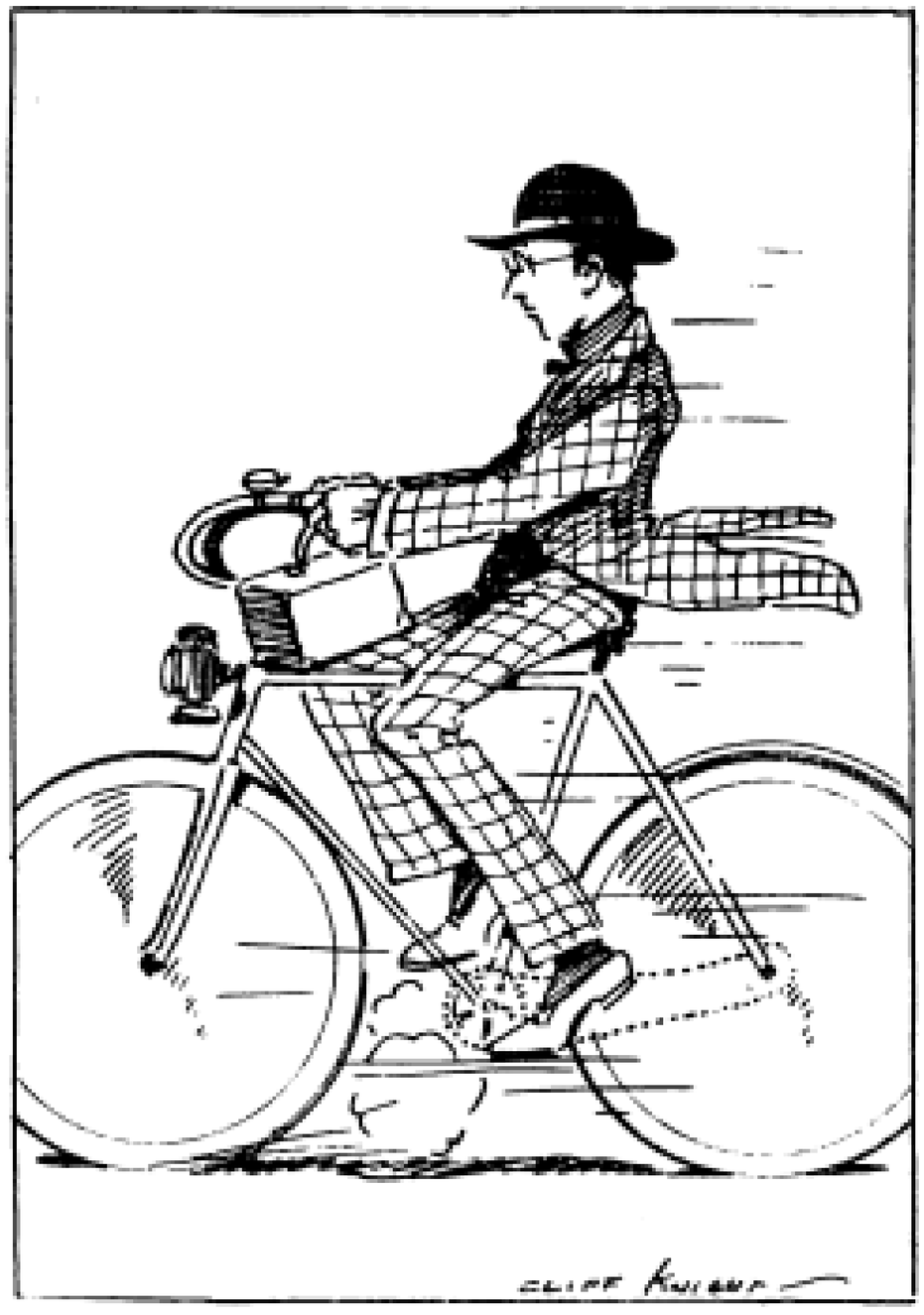
The greatest handicap a man can have is a heritage of wealth. This sounds trite, but consider among your friends and see if you do not note more brainless wonders among the rich than among the average penniless renters; see if you do not discern intellectual riches among those who are merely money poor. Thus does Nature continue to maintain her well-known balance.

If the public knew anything about its anatomy it would never furnish a chiropractor a single case.

Ditto above for the so-called Christian Science.

DO YOU REMEMBER

When the Prince Albert, Congress shoes and silk hat were "comme il faut?"



DO YOU REMEMBER

When bicycles were used extensively by physicians to visit their patients?

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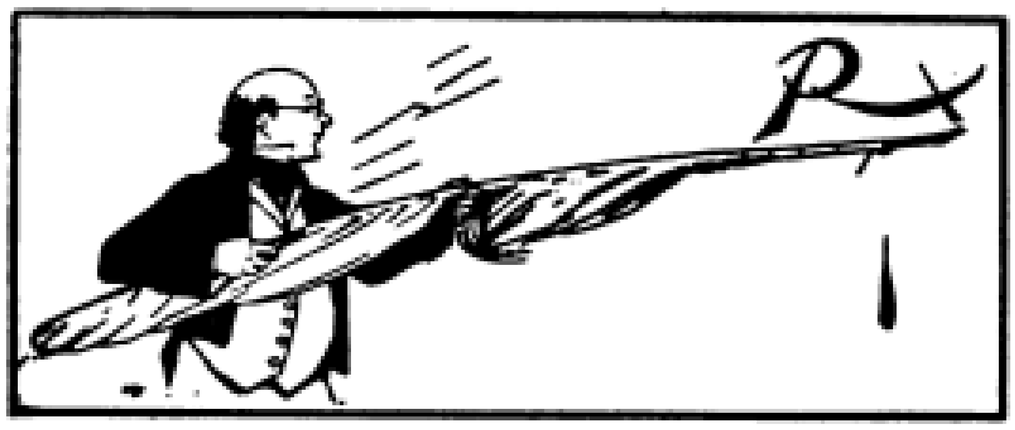

THE MEDICAL PICKWICK is a monthly literary magazine for and by physicians
IRA S. WILE, M. D., Editor-in-Chief.

All matter printed in THE MEDICAL PICKWICK, unless otherwise specified is contributed exclusively to this magazine.

Address all communications relating to editorial matter to the Editor, who will be pleased to consider manuscript suitable for publication in THE MEDICAL PICKWICK and will return those unavailable if postage is enclosed. He is not responsible for the opinion of contributors.

All manuscripts and communications of a business nature should be addressed to Medical Pickwick Press, 15 East 26th Street, New York City.

Subscription price in the United States, $3.00; Canada, $3.25; Foreign, $3.50. Single Copies, 35 cents.

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FEBRUARY, 1922.

JOSEPH MACDONALD, JR., M. D.

DR. JOSEPH MACDONALD, JR., was born in Branchville in 1870, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph MacDonald. A few years later the family moved to Newark, where Dr. MacDonald received his education in the public schools. Early in life he displayed a fondness for literary work and one of his chief objects in taking a medical course was to become proficient as a writer on medical subjects.

After graduating from the Baltimore Medical College, he returned to New Jersey and associated himself with the International Journal of Surgery of New York, becoming Managing Editor of this publication. He held this position for several years and then founded the American Journal of Surgery, just seventeen years ago.

Dr. MacDonald served as a member of the East Orange Board of Education from January 1, 1910, to February, 1912, and was always active in the civic development of his community.

Despite his numerous personal literary projects, Dr. MacDonald was secretary and treasurer and one of the most prolific writers of the American Medical Editors' Association, and in that capacity he rendered unusual and valuable service to the United States Government. His earnest and faithful service helped to make this a powerful organization in American medical journalism. With its scope and value due to his efficiency as secretary and treasurer, the growth of the American Medical Editors' Association during the past decade will stand as a monument to his fidelity and administrative ability.

Dr. MacDonald's qualifications as an executive and administrator, unusual in a medical man of his professional knowledge and attainments, enabled him to accomplish a great deal that would have been impossible for the average physician.

Dr. MacDonald was commissioned in 1913 as a First Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A. In March, 1917, at the organization of the United States Army Medical Examining Board of New Jersey, he was appointed Adjutant of the Board and on April 10th, 1917, was commissioned a Captain. On December 10th, 1917, he was commissioned a Major in the United States Medical Corps, U. S. A., and in April, 1918, was appointed by Surgeon-General Gorgas President of the Army Medical Examining Board of New Jersey. Between June, 1917, and November of that year, he covered 3,200 miles in the State of New Jersey in the interest of the Examining Board, which meant many trips, considering that New Jersey is only about 180 miles long and less than 100 miles wide.

Over 1,100 members of the medical profession of New Jersey were physically and mentally examined by this Board and over 1,000 were recommended for commissions in the Medical Corps, U. S. A. In June, 1918, Major MacDonald was appointed by Secretary of War Baker, a member of the General Medical Board at Washington.

Upon Dr. MacDonald's honorable discharge from the army, he was highly commended by the Surgeon-General, who expressed his personal appreciation of the splendid spirit manifested in giving such faithful service and valuable assistance to the army.

Dr. MacDonald, with Dr. S. C. Martin, Jr., of St. Louis, was the founder and publisher of THE MEDICAL PICKWICK. Through his zeal and untiring efforts THE MEDICAL PICKWICK has achieved a recognition which is a tribute to his foresight and executive ability.

Dr. MacDonald was an active member of the Masonic craft, and a companion of Orange Chapter, Royal Arch Masons and of Kane Council, Royal and Select Masters of New Jersey. He became a Knight Templar in Jersey Commandery, East Orange and a Mystic Shriner in Mecca Temple in New York. He gave much of his time and attention to the Templar Masonry and in 1917 was Eminent Commander of Jersey Commandery. In the Grand Commandery of New Jersey he advanced rapidly, and in 1917-1918 he was Grand Commander of Templar Masons of the State of New Jersey.

Dr. MacDonald was a firm, just, and lovable character, with his heart in whatever he undertook. He was always ready and willing to help everyone and no effort was too great for him, where he could give assistance, counsel and advice. He was a prodigious worker, a genial co-worker, a constant and devoted friend, and a loyal, enthusiastic American.

Dr. MacDonald was known in practically every part of the United States, where he had numerous friends who loved him for his sterling qualities. They will share with THE MEDICAL PICKWICK a sense of loss in his death on January 7, 1922, but also will feel grateful for having known the joy of life which he ever reflected.

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IN TIME THEY WILL STRIKE A VITAL SPOT.

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THE EXPERIENCES OF A CIVILIAN DOCTOR IN THE ARMY, AT HOME AND ABROAD

By CHARLES R. BALL, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

CHAPTER I.—The Introduction Into Military Life.

MY FIRST experience in dealing with military authorities occurred in the Summer of 1917, a few months after our entrance into the war and nearly a year prior to my enlistment in the Medical Corps.

A medical friend, from one of the Minnesota cities, had been selected by some of the influential and wealthy citizens of his community to organize a Base Hospital unit and after the organization was completed to offer it as a part of their contribution to the Government for war purposes. I was asked to join this unit as one of its members and also to go to Washington, along with its organizers to see about presenting it to the proper war authorities.

Everything progressed nicely up to the point where we entered into the outer office of the Colonel who was at that time the head of this work. In the anteroom we were given the "once over" by a military aide, asked to state our business and told that we would have to wait. While waiting we prepared ourselves to look as presentable as possible by smoothing down our hair with our hands, adjusting our coat collars, etc. After a period of waiting long enough to permit us to get sufficiently nervous we were ushered into the presence of this important military person. We saw His Excellency lounging in a swivel chair—his feet, booted, but not spurred, reclining comfortably on top of a roll top desk—smoking a cigar. As one acquires experience in the Army, many things unintelligible at first, later become explained. I had often wondered why military officers who were not connected with the Cavalry, in any way, wore spurs. It was not until some months after my enlistment that this was explained to me, and then, with a recollection of this Washington visit still in my mind, I understood at once. Officers who are not connected with the Cavalry in any way wear spurs so that they cannot put their feet on roll top desks.

His Excellency remained in this position during the period of our visit. We stated to him our purpose and offered a complete Base Hospital organization, fully equipped for service, to the Government. He did not ask our names and manifested, so far as I could observe, no interest in our proposition. He said that, up to date, twenty-five Base Hospitals had already been organized and accepted and he thought these would be amply sufficient for all eventualities.

How little he realized the situation was revealed during the next few months when the Government was making such frantic efforts to procure medical men and hospital organizations.

Why our names were not taken and all the information possible in regard to our unit obtained and filed away for a future contingency was difficult for us, as civilians, to understand.

Since joining the Army I have racked my brain for days and nights in succession to make an intelligent explanation of the events which I have observed and sometimes participated in—but only occasionally—as in the case of the spurs just related—has the light of understanding been given to me. The only answer possible to a multitude of occurrences has finally been evolved by the French, after four years of war. Wherever you go in France seeking reasons for the absence of certain things in the shops, the cause of unsatisfactory conditions in the country, the French neither try to explain, excuse or apologize, but with a shrug of their shoulders and a sad, far-away look in their eyes, answer: "C'est la guerre." ("It is the war.") This reply will probably best explain many of the incidents which I intend to relate here.

On Tuesday night I closed my office, went home, removed my civilian clothes, put on my officer's uniform, hastily said good-bye to my family and boarded a train for the cantonment where my official telegram of notification had directed me to report on the next day. In all things pertaining to military life I was a novice among novices. A friend had given me a little book describing the various insignia worn by the officers and troops. It contained, also, rules of conduct and regulations for the guidance of officers in the Army. That night I studied in this little book my first lesson preparing me for my new station in life.

My official telegram said: "Report to the Commanding Officer." The words "Commanding Officer"

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kept running through my mind and as the time for reporting drew near the size and austerity of this individual grew even larger in my over-wrought imagination. How was I to address this military superior? What sort of a salutation would I make him? Had he been previously notified of my coming? And would he also have his feet upon the top of his desk? These were some of the thoughts which were perplexing me as I inquired the way to General Headquarters the next morning.

As I approached the barracks-like group of buildings with the flag pole in front and the Stars and Stripes fluttering from the top—marking in every cantonment the location of the Chief Commander—I saw a man, booted and spurred, in military uniform, riding towards me on horseback. I was anxious to apply my newly-acquired knowledge gained the night before and see if I could recognize his rank according to the shoulder insignia which he wore and thus give him the proper salute. While I was staring at the point of his shoulder as hard as I could and rapidly revolving in my mind the difference between a gold leaf, a silver leaf and an eagle, and what a silver star stood for, the horseman rode by. Suddenly it came over me that this officer wore one solitary silver star on each shoulder strap. Therefore, he was a General. The Commanding Officer, to whom I was to report, had just gone by! My first opportunity for a salute was to a General—and I had failed to salute.

At Headquarters, after a few formalities, such as the signing of a large register, I was sent to the Base Hospital, first to see the Division Surgeon and later the Adjutant, to get an assignment to quarters. In the Division Surgeon's office I was given two large, blank cards, filled with printed questions. These were to be made out in duplicate and when properly filled presented a very good autobiography of my life from the date of my birth up to the present moment. These cards were known in the Army parlance as qualification cards. Their original purpose was an excellent one. They were to enable my superior officers to judge of my past record—the degree of success I had obtained in civilian life and the particular kind of work my previous education and experience had best fitted me for. In addition, there were blanks to be filled in by my superiors concerning the record I made in each particular station wherever I might be assigned. As I went from one station to another, according to my military orders, it was intended that I take my qualification card with me in a sealed envelope so that the Commanding Officer of my new station, by glancing at the record on my card, would know at once what the value of my services had been at the former station. The idea of the qualification card appealed to me at once—I felt that according to this method good work would be quickly recognized and promptly rewarded. In the ultimate result obtained by these qualification cards not only in my own case but in those of almost all the other medical officers with whom I came in contact we will have an opportunity of seeing later on what a vast difference there is between theory and practice.

After I had finished with my qualification card and handed it in to the proper authority (the Chief Surgeon), I went to see the Adjutant and was assigned by him to quarters on the second floor in a large, roomy barracks, with a wide, well-screened-in veranda, extending the whole length of the building. We had no separate rooms in these barracks but kept our belongings inside and as it was summer, had our cots stretched on the veranda. The veranda overlooked the bank of a river and the view here was rather pretty. There was a good shower bath at one end of our big living room.

Every morning, promptly at six, we were awakened by the bugler blowing reveille—and to get up, after a perfect night's sleep on this cool and quiet veranda, rush in and take a shower bath was really a luxury. One had the sensation—almost—of being at a health resort. After breakfast, at seven, we "fell in" for drill and setting up exercises, which generally lasted an hour and then, after a brief rest, were in fine trim for our day's work. I believe the two weeks spent in this cantonment, with its pleasant environment and healthy mode of life, did much toward putting me in a suitable physical condition to endure the hardships which I encountered later. Military life, just as this period, seemed rather pleasant. The other officers were very companionable and the spirit of comaraderie and association was fine.

Chapter II.—The Neuro-Psychopathic Board.

At this station I was a member of a Board called the Neuro-Psychopathic Board, organized to examine men with reference to their mental and nervous condition. On days when the big drafts were coming in, we sometimes examined as many as 2,000 men. Ever since these drafts began I was interested to know how the medical examinations of so large a number were conducted.

A few days after arriving at this station we received word that 3,000 negroes, from a far Southern state, had just arrived, and were to be examined the next

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day. On this occasion the Knights of Columbus' hall was selected as the place for making the examination. The hall was large enough to seat 500 or 600 people. A large square area was railed off in the center of the room with ropes. At each end of the room, the rope railing had an opening in the middle. All along the railing, on both sides, beginning at the front end of the room, near the stage, groups from the various medical units, such as the medical, surgical, orthopedic, eye and ear, nose and throat, neurological, etc., were stationed. The negroes were brought in on the stage and all their clothing was removed. A blank card, with spaces and suitable abbreviations for recording the recommendations of the different medical units printed on it—was tied around the wrist of each one, and then the applicants were started in two processions—one to the right, and one to the left—around each side of the room, outside the railing, filing along the railing until they came to the opening in the center at the opposite end of the room where they passed up through the middle of the railed space and here, if they had been passed by the various medical boards, were vaccinated and also received their first injection of triple typhoid vaccine. Each medical unit searched only for the things which pertained to their particular branch. For example: the tuberculosis Board sought for indications of tuberculosis; the eye and ear men for defects of vision and hearing; the surgical men for deformities, hernias, etc. Each one paid absolutely no attention to any defects outside of their own field. The result of this method was a specialist's examination throughout. Each group limited and concentrated their search for the things disqualifying the candidates as soldiers to the defects and diseases they were most familiar with. In this manner gross defects of all kinds were rapidly discovered and large numbers of those physically unfit were rejected.

Our Board looked especially for mental inferiority, the various kinds of mental disturbance, paralysis of all sorts and epilepsy. Two of us were stationed on the right and two on the left at the end of the line. All day long, from early morning until late evening this dark stream of naked humanity kept trickling down upon us. If we were delayed a little in making some examination, it overflowed all around and threatened to swamp us. It reminded me more than anything else of the time, when, as a boy, I was put behind the straw-carrier and had to keep using my pitch fork vigorously all the while or get buried in the straw. We generally examined two or three at a time, either standing or sitting them in a row, testing out their reflexes, one after another, and questioning them while doing this. We aimed to ask the negro candidates very simple questions, such as, who was President of the United States? Where was the Capitol situated? What was the war about and how did they feel about fighting for Uncle Sam?

With those who could not answer, intelligently, such questions as these, we adopted different tactics, asking them various questions about the work they had been engaged in at home and noting the character and promptness of their replies.

In those candidates who had never been to school in their lives we were continually having to make the distinction between simple ignorance, due to the entire absence of education, and a natural lack of intelligence, since a lack of education did not unfit them for the duties of a soldier, while mental deficiency did. In the responses of these negroes to general questioning, we very soon noted a marked difference in information between the negroes who lived in town and those who lived in the country. The town negroes answered fairly well questions such as: "Who is the President of the United States?" "Where is the Capitol of our country located?" "How did we happen to come into this war?" The others were either unable to respond at all or gave very vague and unsatisfactory answers. I did not, however, get the impression from these answers that the town negroes had any more mental capacity than their brothers in the country but that this superiority in knowledge was due entirely to the better opportunities presented by their environment.

The dense ignorance of these country blacks is the strongest kind of an argument in favor of wider educational opportunities for the Southern negro. The great difference in general knowledge between the town and country negro shows also that the negro mind is sensitive and prompt in responding to both opportunity and environment.

Among the negroes who worked in the swamps and on the plantations I finally stopped asking them "Who is the President of the United States?" because none of them knew. They even did not know what a President was or what I meant by the term "United States," so I tried a different plan, and asked one if he knew who Woodrow Wilson was. He said, "What's dat, Sah?" I repeated, "Did you ever hear of a man by the name of Woodrow Wilson?" He thought a minute and then asked: "Is he a white man, Sah?" When I told him that he was, he shook his head in a sort of

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disappointed way, saying: "No, Sah, I guess I don't know that fella, Sah." I asked them continually questions to test their patriotism such as, "What do you think of going out to fight for Uncle Sam?" And invariably their reply was something like this: "Yes, Sah, I goes to fight, Sah; I do the best I can, Sah. I hope I does well." There were no pacifists or pro-Germans in all that draft of Southern negroes. The majority of them realized vaguely that Uncle Sam wanted them and needed them to fight for him—what to fight for or where, they did not know, but they were there ready and willing to die, if need be, at his command, trusting in Uncle Sam as a little child in its father.

Months afterward in France when a French Captain showed me a German propaganda circular, which the Germans had printed and distributed among the negro troops at the Front, to endeavor to create a spirit of rebellion among them, I recalled to mind the universal loyalty of those negroes in the draft. Remembering this, I felt that here again was one more of the misguided efforts of the Germans in their propaganda work, to be added to an already long list.

A great many of these colored men were in poor physical condition. Those who worked in the swamps were victims of "chills and fever" and they nearly all had venereal disease. Liquor was something they were practically strangers to. Because of their syphilis, many of them had enlarged glands, open sores and skin eruptions. I was much surprised at the frequency of epilepsy among them. They all knew perfectly well what "fits" were and had a definite and good expression for describing them. If a man among them had fits, he spoke of it as "falling out," and if you asked him if he ever "fell out" you were always sure of his understanding at once what you were inquiring about.

Whenever I think about the miserable condition of these poor colored fellows I cannot but wonder what the next generation will be. It must necessarily, under existing conditions, inevitably be worse than the present one. It would seem that no such festering sore as the condition of the black race in the South can continue long without widespread and disastrous results to the white population around it.

It will be interesting to observe what the after-influence of Army life and discipline will be on the negro troops. My impression is that it will be, in general, good. They, as a matter of course, have received the same care and the same manner of handling as the white troops. Their Uncle Sam has been good to them. Their syphilis, for the first time in their lives, has been well treated, which, in itself will do much towards improving their physical condition. They have responded obediently to military discipline and form. Universally, wherever I have met negro soldiers, either on duty, or off, they have been very punctilious in giving the military salute, and not in any sloppy manner, either, but with their bodies erect and their heels together have put the "snap" into it which our drill masters insisted on. As an observation, after the war of the behavior of the colored troops during the war, one can say that the wish of the colored boys in the draft has been fulfilled—"I hopes I does well, Sah."

Naturally in any such system as the draft examination where only a superficial examination was possible, a great many "got by" whose deficiencies and defects were not discovered until later, when, under the changed and more severe conditions of military life these began to show themselves. On days when the draft was not coming in, our Board was occupied with examinations of such cases.

The draft was like an immense drag net cast out into the sea, which, when pulled in, scoops up everything in its path. In the draft was every nationality on the face of the globe and every type of human being. The work of sorting out the fit from the unfit, the culls from the good material was an immense task. The Neuro-Psychiatric Board was concerned chiefly with the mental defectives—the insane, those in whom epilepsy was suspected, pacificists, pro-Germans and all offenders who were subject to court martial with a view of determining their mental responsibility before they were brought to trial. It was good work and required keenness in diagnosis as well as nicety in decision and judgment. I never realized so plainly the large number of individuals who are either densely ignorant, mentally defective, or who have biased and poorly balanced mentalities, and yet have the right of suffrage and participation in the affairs of our Government. This fact alone depressed me very much at the time and never ceases to depress me whenever I think of it. With this ever-increasing horde of voters how long will our Government be able to maintain sanity in its principles? The question is a serious one at present, for many of these mentally weak and unstable elements, as well as the vicious, directed by unprincipled leaders, are fighting in almost every community with the clear-headed and sane for supremacy at this very moment. The time will come, and perhaps sooner than we expect, when the preservation of our form of Government will necessitate intelligence and mental tests for each person as they become of age before grant-

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ing them suffrage. Education alone will not suffice because the educated individual—with an absence of mental equipoise and balance only becomes, thereby, a greater menace in his milieu.

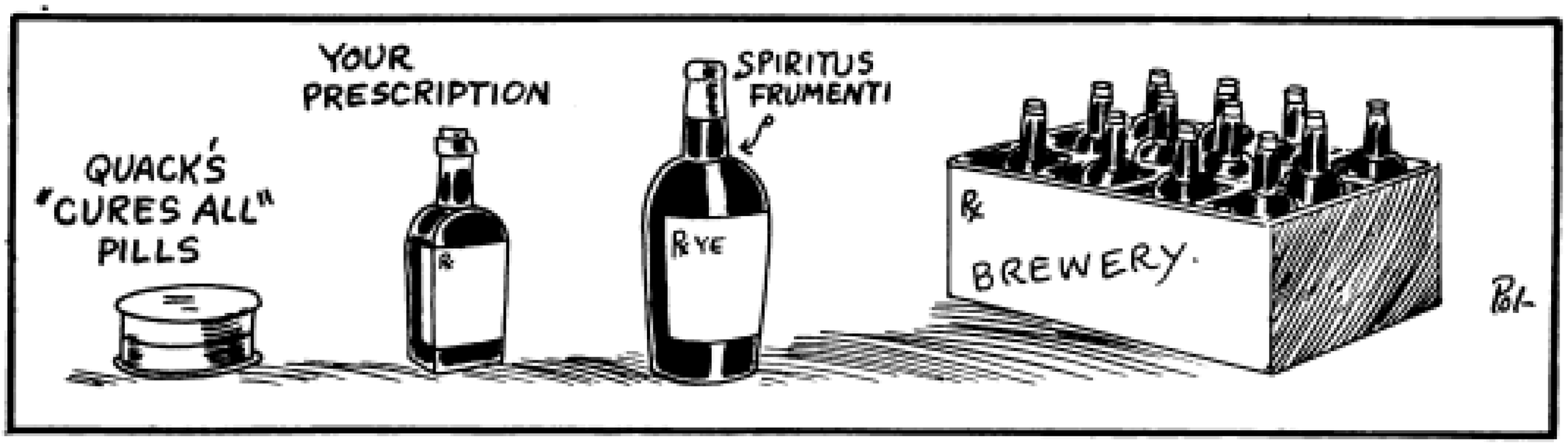
We examined men repeatedly who knew nothing about the government of their State, much less the Nation. They could not name their State Capital, their Governor, and when you asked them about the Legislature and its functions, they had no definite conception concerning it. Most of them knew who was President, but not all, and some named ex-President Taft, while others thought Roosevelt was still President.

One man, from Duluth, did not know on what lake Duluth was situated. Another man, from Chicago, who voted for the Mayor, with the fine sounding American name, but who has been very un-American in patriotism, neither knew the county that Chicago was in nor the lake upon which it was situated. Such experiences could be multiplied indefinitely.

One morning while sitting in my office I heard the measured tread of marching feet coming down the corridor. When the men were opposite my door, they made a column left and came in through the door, straight up to me, halting in front of me with a salute from their leader. Their faces all wore a look of seriousness and grim determination and my first impression was: "This is a firing squad and I am to be taken out and shot at sunrise." However, I am glad to state my impression was wrong. They were merely a committee appointed to investigate a prisoner who was then under my observation to determine his mental status previous to his appearance before the court martial.

The prisoner had been arrested for expressing pro-German sentiments, saying that we had no business to come into the war, that the German Government was just as much a democracy as our Government was, the only difference being they had a Kaiser in place of our President; that we were meddling in their affairs and he could not see that anybody had the right to make him fight if he did not so desire. He reiterated these sentiments under questioning before the court martial committee, showing considerable irritation, and not seeming to grasp the full significance of the war with reference to ourselves. I do not think it was so much stubbornness on his part as an absence of perspective in his vision. The real reasons and the almost compelling necessity for our entrance into the war seemed to have missed him entirely. In inquiring into his history prior to his entrance into the army, it was ascertained that twice in his life he had been seized with a wanderlust and had toured the country as an ordinary vagabond. The last two years he had changed the position where he was working twenty times, always getting in some trouble with his employer or the men he worked with. When the draft came, he had not responded when his number was called and he was finally arrested and brought to this cantonment. His previous history and his present attitude indicated a marked mental abnormality and a deficiency in comprehension. When this committee asked for my opinion as to his mental and moral responsibility, I told them plainly that these things should receive serious consideration at his trial, as I considered him lacking in intelligence. When I left this station, the case passed out of my knowledge and I never thought anything more about it until after I had gone to France. Then one evening while reading the Paris edition of the New York Herald, I saw in it a short paragraph stating this man had been sentenced to ten years in a Federal penitentiary. There were doubtless many similar cases which were dealt with unjustly by these court martials because the judges applied the same standards in deciding their guilt that they applied in judging a normal individual, and failed entirely to appreciate the vast difference which their weak and limited mental vision made in their moral accountability.

(To be continued.)



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THE NEXT WORLD

By Willard R. Pierce, M. D., Milford, Delaware.

I solved the mystery of space,
And up in Heaven found a place.
Finding Sir Ollie's teaching true
Began to practice all anew.

Earthly trials beyond endurance,
Liquor, Taxes, Health Insurance.
Ideal conditions on this sphere,
I'll tell you how things go up here.

Baby ailments have a label
Coming out above the navel,
Giving cause and diagnosis
Whooping cough to hip necrosis.

Each result of procreation
All cephalic presentation.
Obstetricians are in clover
Fifteen pains and labor over.

No Neisser bugs do youth unman
No Argyrol or Salvarsan.
Spirochaeta don't enrage us
This disease is not contagious.

"The Oath of Hippocrates."

A Case of Side-Splitting Laughter.

We order books and quinine pills,
And never have to pay the bills.
No consultations disagree,
And we go fishing T. I. D.

No old topers in conniption
Begging us for a prescription,
They here can drink white hellebore
Or guzzle H_2SO_4.

Our Autos earthly cars surpass,
Use atmosphere instead of gas.
Our air-filled tires so strong and stout
No rusty nail can let it out.

And each young Miss we're called to see,
Will come and cuddle on our knee,
From age eighteen to twenty-seven
Just as they did when they were eleven.

We smoke our pipe and go to rest,
We get no calls when we're undressed,
No evening ring on telephone;
At night the folks let us alone.

I knew darn well that I was dead,
When someone spoke to me and said,
Your bill's too small; I do implore
You to accept this hundred more.

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AFFINITIES

By RALPH M. THOMSON, M. D., Savannah, Ga.

King Solomon had many wives at his pleasure,
He had many sweethearts and handmaidens, too,
To make his life seem like a metrical measure,
Or, maybe, to add to the cares that he knew;
But even with all of his wisdom and glory,
In spite of the strength of his versatile pen,
King Solomon was but a tyro, whose story
Falls short of the love tales of medical men.

Brigham Young was renowned for ceaselessly courting
And offering dames of all ages his hand;
For following Cupid, and freely disporting
His views on the harem he sought to command;
But while he established a name as a lover
Of many fair maidens who bowed to his sway,
He well could have learned there was much to discover,
By watching the doctors who lived in his day.

The medical men of this age of adventure
Have many affinities, other than wives,
To make them subscribe to some binding indenture,
Or add needed spice to professional lives;
And each one is destined to usher in gladness,
To drive away worry and trouble to stem;
And each one the doctors acclaim with love-madness,
And—here are the names of a number of them:

Mag Nesia, Virginia Snakeroot, Bella Donna,
Melissa, Rosemary and Ethyl Chloride;
Caro Phyllus, May Pop—all these do they honor—
As well as Ignatia and Iris beside;
To Mel and to Olive Oil go their attention,
Sabina and Cassia they do not ignore;
But maybe it would not be prudent to mention
All those whom the modern physicians adore!

Be that as it may, here's a toast to the fellows
Who stand by the lame and the halt and the blind;
To those who regard neither mansions nor cellars,
In striving to be of some help to mankind;
So long as they stick to their loves, though they tarry
With Daphne Mezereum or sister Black Haw,
They'll have naught to explain to women they marry,
And nothing to fear at the hands of the law.

IT'S IN THE NEWS!

PROBABLE.

M. D.: "Boy, you nearly broke your humerous bone that time."

Boy: "Do they call it that because the end of it is the funny bone?"

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It would be a blessing were we able to get the facts direct from the vital parts, instead of trusting to the patient's own judgment.

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RUMMYNISCENCES. By FREDERICK B. KAFKA. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston. Price, $1.50.

Here is light reading for a dark night. It sounds a sympathetic note of ancient days. While the tales possess the setting of olden days, the spirit and motives are of a vintage that appeals to the palate of the present. The votaries of King Alcohol were so universal that their faithful devotions as detailed in this cheerful narrative will find many sympathetic, genial souls who now seek contentment in their discontent. Joyousness inspired by liquor is properly exemplified without the suggestion of any hazards that lurked in the worship of Bacchus. There is no evidence of profundity of thought, but then who wants to be profound in contemplating the brightness of a world, viewed through glasses tinged with the colors of favorite beverages?

SKETCHES OF BUTTE. By GEORGE WESLEY DAVIS. The Cornhill Company, Boston. Price, $1.75.

A brief, humanized picture of the development of an interesting Western city from the days of primitive banditry to the more modern period when social amenities include an R. S. V. P. invitation to a hanging. With a simple interesting style the narrative is entertaining, while it enlightens the reader concerning the personalities and conditions that have characterized Butte in its two generations of development as one of the largest mining camps of the world.

ON THE SIDEWALK. By ROLAND CORTHELL. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price, $1.50.

Herein are the records of glances and thoughts that probably are common to many wanderers in the ordinary paths of life. The brief chapters might serve as the nuclei of short stories or offer the foundation for essays. As written they are too short to be effective, too weak to stimulate emotion, and they lack the fire to illumine a philosophy of passing fancies.

WITH STAR AND GRASS. By ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price, $1.50.

Many of the poems compiled in this pleasing little volume have appeared in print. It is poetry that reflects the human touch—a love of man. Most striking are the songs of motherhood—gained, wearied, lost or denied. Pervading all is a simple beauty and a varied form. There is no great richness in imagery, but rather a suggestive sincere depth of feeling in well defined terms of human effort.

THE LIFE OF JACOB HENLE. By VICTOR ROBINSON, M. D. Medical Life Company, New York. Price, $3.00. 1921.

One hails with delght this light, readable narrative of the life of Henle. There are numerous digressions from the strict narrative, at times suggesting the pedantry of youth, but this may be overlooked in view of the generally interesting style and the human and sympathetic qualities of the author. There is a popular character to the method of presentation, and occasionally a real loss of dignity. The text abounds in quotations from the biography of Henle, written by Merkel the anatomist and a son-in-law of Henle. Henle the musician and singer, anthropologist, and student of Johannes Müller, was the foremost anatomist of his time. His Hand Book of Systematic Anatomy, and his Handbook of Rational Pathology give testimony to his original thinking, moral courage, analytic capacity and reveal the special talents which made him a great teacher.

Dr. Robinson clearly indicates the indebtedness of modern medicine to his patience, accuracy of observation and sound reasoning. During his vast years of service and experience at Zürich, Heidelberg and Göttingen, he laid the foundations of our knowledge concerning epithelium, established the basis of serum therapy, anticipated phases of Darwin's remarkable work, and left his name as a heritage on the structures of the eye, the skin, the bone, and genito-urinary tract. In a final chapter is a most excellent resume of the scientific contributions of this celebrated teacher of Kolliker, Merkel and Robert Koch.

An additional interest arises from the excellent pictures that are presented of Henle's friends, and his relations with such men as Pfeufer, Fuchs, and Alex Von Humboldt. Nor dare one forget the beautiful and pathetic romance of his marriage to Elise Egloff.

This excellent biography merits a wide reading, as the subject is one of the vigorous thinkers of modern medicine, and the most capable student of the human body of the twentieth century. His American biographer has made the most of a splendid opportunity to deal with a life replete with science and romance, comedy and tragedy, reality, enthusiasm, and an unconquerable spirit.

I. S. W.

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says a well-known physician, "are merely the 'cry of the nerves' for tonic treatment and better nutrition."

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4. ***Relieves irritability and pain of the nerves,***
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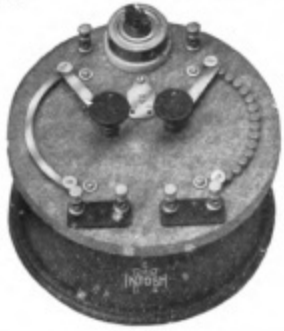

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Theodore Roosevelt: "Extravagance rots character; train youth away from it. On the other hand, the habit of saving money, while it stiffens the will, also brightens the energies. If you would be sure that you are beginning right, begin to save."

Thomas Edison: "The time is coming when every man who lays claim to business ability will keep the question of waste before him constantly."

David Starr Jordan: "Thrift is a determination to live with a margin for future advancement; to earn a little more than one spends or to spend a little less than one earns, getting meanwhile the value in strength, in satisfaction or in other worthy returns for the money one feels free to spend."

Sir Thomas Lipton: "I have often been asked to define the true secret of success. It is thrift in all its phases, and principally thrift so applied to saving. Saving is the first great principle of all successes. It creates independence; it gives a young man standing; it fills him with vigor; it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the better part of any success—happiness and contentment."

MORE people die from pneumonia than any other disease.

Approximately 25 out of every 100 cases end fatally. Dr. Gustav Goldman has demonstrated that at least twenty of these twenty-five deaths may be prevented by employing Bacterial Vaccines.

Why delay and chance a fatal termination?

Dr. Gustav Goldman's article appeared in American Medicine, March, 1921

Bacteriological Laboratories of
G. H. SHERMAN, M. D.
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Billy in Hard Luck

Mother: Well, Billy, Mrs. Jones has called up and is ill, so we won't be able to go there for supper as she invited us to. We'll have something here at home.

Billy: Well, if that ain't hard luck. Here I been and washed my face and hands for nothing.—*New York Sun.*

Safety First

"Yes," said the timid passenger to the aviator, "I understand I'm to sit still and not be afraid, and all that; but tell me, in case something happens and we start to fall, what do I do?"

"Aw, that's easy," said the birdman. "Just grab anything we're passing and hang on tight!"—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Dr. Watly: Why, you poor lad! You look only half fed!

Skinny McCoy: Which half of me looks fed, Mister?

Suspicious

That fellow down in Louisville who coughed up a four-inch living fish is all the proof we want of the kind of liquor they're using in Colonel Watterson's town.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Please, ma'am, give a poor blind man a dime."

"Why, you're only blind in one eye!"

"Well, make it a nickel then."—*The Harvard Lampoon.*

A Letter of Whoa

Dear Doctor:

My wife has lost her reproach and has no purchase of herself. She has no recompense for me and is giving her destitution to another nigger. Please send me something to revillify her desire for me, and oblige,

Rev. Peter Johnson (Col.).

Pond's Extract! The stinging pain and distress that attend the congestion of acute nasal colds can be promptly relieved by spraying the nasal passages every hour or so with a solution of Pond's Extract—one to two tablespoonfuls to a half-glass of warm water. Used quite hot this is also an excellent gargle for tonsillitis and sore throat. **! Rhinitis**

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How to Keep Well

The Object Lesson of the Small Boy.

Eat anything and everything in prodigious quantities; especially candy, fresh-baked pastry and other sweets.

Get dirty hands and—if possible—a dirty face at least twice a day.

Expose the body to the elements—go barefoot whenever possible, rubberless and hatless in winter; lie in the snow until the clothing is thoroughly soaked.

Engage in violent exercise after a heavy meal, such as leapfrog, snowballing and hitching on to fast-moving vehicles.

Brush the teeth as superficially as possible and put off going to the dentist's as long as possible.

Never take a bath, or—at most—stroke the water with the toes and then wet the towels.

Disregard the "early to bed—early to rise" rule as far as is in your power.

Be sure to keep the bedroom window well shut on cold nights; pile up a mountain of covering—using the extra pillow for the feet—and get completely under.

Shy at medicines.—Edmund J. Kiefer in *Life*.

Bullets and Disease

The statistics of the War Department show that during the two and one-half years the United States was engaged in the world war about 80,000 soldiers were killed or died of disease. During the same period cancer killed 180,000 people of this country and tuberculosis killed 450,000. The people do not get excited over cancer and tuberculosis deaths as they do over those occurring in battle and from the hardships of war. Indeed, they even go further, they denominate with superior air those persons "cranks" who call attention to these interesting and important facts.—*Bulletin Ind. St. Bd. of Health.*

Marjorie's little brother asked what she had learned in Sunday School. "Well," she replied, "I learned that all our days are numbered."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the little questioner, "I think that anybody who ever saw a calendar would know that."—*Detroit News.*

A Miracle Man's Handbill

Circulated in Worcester, Mass.

Announcement

I wish to announce that I have just located in this city where I will practice the art of Magic. If a young fellow loves a young girl and wishes her to love him in return, I can bring it about in 21 days. All he must know is her first and last names. Price $25.00. Deposit $2.00.

If a married couple quarrel I can again bring peace into the home, also I will make a divorced couple return to a state where they will love each other as before. Price divorced couple $20.00, quarrel $15.00. Deposit $2.00.

I will recover lost articles.

If you suffer from epileptic troubles I will make you well in 20 days. Price $30.00. Deposit $3.00.

If a woman who has a baby once a year wants to have them only every two or three years I will bring this about in an easy manner. I will hang a magic cord on your neck and as long as you wear it you will not have any children. Price $10.00. Deposit $2.00.

Do you wish to learn secrets from the old world, from your relations, or friends?

We invite ladies from 8 to 12 a. m., and men from 12 to 8 p. m..

Yours truly,

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—*Journal Amer. Med. Assn.*

If self-preservation is the first law of nature, saving and safe investment should be the first impulse of personal finance.

A SPECIFIC
in the
Treatment of Leucorrhoea

It not only cleanses but renders the tissues an unfit media for the development of pathogenic bacteria.

Used daily as a douche, it prevents germ invasion and infection. It does not affect the mucosa and is a most satisfactory remedy in either specific or non-specific discharges.

Dr. W. M. Gray, Microscopist to the Army Medical Museum, Washington, D. C., states:

"This is to certify that the exact antiseptic strength of Tyree's Pulv. Antiseptic Comp. is one part of the powder to fifty of water (1:50). Test tubes containing peptonized beef broth were charged with Tyree's Antiseptic Powder. The solutions were then inoculated with the anthrax bacillus, and with the staphylococci of pus, and the tubes placed in the incubator for 48 hours at a temperature of 390° C. On removing the tubes from the incubator, it was found that in the solutions of one in ten to one in fifty, there was no development of bacteria."

J. S. TYREE, Chemist, Inc.
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is that **The Marvel,** by its centrifugal action, **dilates and flushes** the vaginal passage with a volume of whirling fluid, which smooths out the folds, and permits the injection to come in contact with its entire surface.

Prominent physicians and gynecologists **everywhere** recommend the MARVEL **Syringe** in cases of Leucorrhea, Vaginitis, and other **vaginal** diseases. It always gives satisfaction.

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Old Lady (troubled with failing eyesight, who is in the men's clothing department by mistake): Mercy sakes! that clerk is the bold thing—I'll report him to the manager at once.

Interpreting

Teacher: What is meant by the saying, "He smote him hip and thigh?"

Little Bobby: I reckon it means he fanned him for a flask.—*Judge.*

Five Decades of American Culture

Black Friday.
The bustle.
The Fifteen puzzle.
The Klondike.
Pigs in clover.
Free silver.
Hobbled skirts.
Free verse.
Prohibition.
Texas oil.
"Billy" Sunday.
Congress.
Shimmy Dance.

—*Judge.*

Biliousness—Jaundice—Auto-Intoxication

call for cholagogue action, and the efficiency of

CHIONIA

in this direction makes it one of the most serviceable remedies that can be employed in the treatment of these conditions.

Used with careful regulation of the diet, Chionia rapidly restores the activity of the hepatic functions. Effective, however, as Chionia is in stimulating the liver, it has the further advantage of never producing pronounced or undesirable catharsis.

DOSE: One to two teaspoonfuls three times a day.

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FOR THE CONSERVATION OF PERIODIC HEALTH

The conservation of periodic health means the normalizing of menstruation from puberty to the menopause.

Dysmenorrhea, Menorrhagia and other manifestations of painful and distressing menstrual abnormalities, calls for the administration of

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which, in light of years of authoritative clinical evidence, proves most effective and dependable.

DOSE:—Administer in teaspoonful doses in hot water slightly sweetened with sugar. Samples and literature upon request.

New York Pharmaceutical Co.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, BEDFORD, MASS.

Hayden's Uric Solvent is a standard and palatable remedy for

The Flying-Fish Sailor

(*Old Style*)

"The Western Ocean rolls and roars
From Sandy Hook to Europe's shores,
From Fastnet Light to Portland,
Maine,
And Newport News and back again,
With Boston, Salem, Montreal,
And plenty o' ports, both large and
small,
And them that like may keep 'em all,
Not me," says the flying-fish sailor.

"The Western Ocean roars and rolls
With all its deeps and all its shoals,
And many a thundering wintry gale
And many a storm of rain and hail,
And let who likes have sleet and snow,
And driving fog and drifting floe,
For South away and Eastward Ho!
Is the road of the flying-fish sailor.

"In Blackwall Dock a ship is moored,
Her hatches on and her stores aboard:
In Blackwall Dock she lies today,
And she will sail when the morning's
gray
For Sundra Straits and Singapore,
And Palembang and plenty more,
And many a swarming Eastern shore
That's known to the flying-fish sailor.

"The girls they'll cry and the lads'll
shout
When the blooming tugboat warps he
out;
We'll drop the pilot off the Nore
With fond farewells to take ashore
To mothers, wives and sweethearts
too—
Love to Sally and love to Sue—
And that's the last for a year or tw
You'll see of the flying-fish sailo

"We'll drop the tug and we'll be
away
Down the Channel, across the Bay:
The Western Isles we'll leave behi
And make the Line with the good tra
wind;
We'll see the dolphins sport and pl
(And haul our yards ten times a da
While South'ard still we beat our wa
The way of the flying-fish sailor.

"And forty South when we h
passed,
Her easting down she runs at last
Where the white whale swims in
far-South sea,

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And the brave West winds blow full and free;
The good old winds they bluster and blow
The same as they used to years ago,
And the good old stars that well we know
Look down on the flying-fish sailor.

"The darned old hooker'll log sixteen,
She'll ship it heavy and ship it green,
She'll roll along with her lee-rail under,
While the big seas break aboard like thunder;
The pots and pans they'll carry away,
And the cook go down on his knees and pray,
But let the seas roar as they may,
All's one to the flying-fish sailor.

"At Sydney next a call we'll pay
And meet a pal on Circular Quay;
We'll glance at Java Head also
And Fuji's crest of frozen snow;
And slant-eyed girls in far Japan,
Wun Lee, Wang Ho and little Yo San,
With braided hair and twinkling fan,
Will smile on a flying-fish sailor.

"And last of all the day'll come round
When the blooming mudhook leaves the ground,
And to old England we return,
Our pockets filled with pay to burn,
With a plaited fan and an ivory comb
From foreign towns beyond the foam,
And a golden ring for the girl at home
That waits for the flying-fish sailor."

By C. F. S. in *Punch*.

The White Plague

Jack: Did you hear about that terrible accident at the ball last night?

Jill: No, what was it?

"Bess got too near an electric fan, and two men who were standing nearby were almost suffocated by the dust."—*Washington Sun Dodger*.

The Reason

Post: Do you always advise your neurasthenic patients to have a constant companion?

Alienist: Always. The companion immediately becomes another neurasthenic patient.—*Judge*.

Wicked Fleas

Noah paused but briefly, as he listened to what his wife was saying about raising the standard of education in the Ark.

"If you must do it," he snapped nervously, "you might put those fleas in charge of the class in multiplication."

Little Jack's Treat

Little Jack came home from a neighbor's, wiping caramel filling from his face and telling of the wonderful piece of pie the lady had given him.

His mother asked him what kind of pie it was. "Um! It was the best pie I ever ate! It was calomel pie!"—*Judge*.

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Ira S. Wile, M. D., *Editor*

Solomon C. Martin, Jr., M. D., *President* — Joseph MacDonald, Jr., M. D., *Secretary and Treasurer*

Publication and Subscription Offices: 3700 Enright Ave., St. Louis

Editorial and Executive Offices: 15 East 26th Street, New York City

Subscription price in the United States, $3.00; Canada, $3.25; Foreign, $3.50; Single Copies, 35c

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[1]Qualitative **Time—45 Seconds**
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Directions: Roll up an F. A. F. Sugartest Strip, drop into Test Tube or any porcelain or enamel dish, add a little water, add 3 to 5 drops of urine; boil; if liquid turns yellow sugar is present.

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F. A. F. Sugartest Strips

15 Qualitative Tests in a Vest-Pocket Packet for 25 Cents

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F. A. F. Sugartest Tubes

Box of 10 Complete Tests For $1.50

FRANCO-AMERICAN FERMENT COMPANY
225-7 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

IN COMBATING SYSTEMIC INFECTIONS

the obvious need is for some agent that will re-inforce the natural defensive forces of the body—raise the opsonic index.

Through its distinctive power to augment the natural resisting forces of the tissues

ECTHOL

(BATTLE)
HAS BEEN FOUND VALUABLE

in local infections as well as systemic infections, such as typhoid fever, furunculosis, erysipelas, etc.

Under its administration the opsonic index is raised with a resultant increase in the body's capacity to fight infectious processes

IODIA
PAPINE
BROMIDIA

BATTLE & Co., Chemists' Corporation, St. Louis, Mo.

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The Medical Pickwick

APR 8 - 1922

March, 1922

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INTRAVENOUS: Usual dose 0.1 gram, repeated every 2 or 3 days for 10 or 12 doses.
INTRAMUSCULAR: Usual dose 0.05 gram, repeated every 4 or 5 days for 10 or 12 doses.
Courses of Mercurosal injections should be alternated with arsphenamine treatments.

Mercurosal—
Companion of Arsphenamine

THE discovery of Mercurosal, a new synthetic mercurial bearing the same relation to inorganic mercury that arsphenamine bears to inorganic arsenic, signalizes a distinct advance in the mercurial treatment of syphilis.

Every doctor knows that arsenic *per se* has very little effect on the course of syphilis, but arsenic in the form of arsphenamine, the synthetic compound, is a powerful antiluetic.

And now there is this synthetic mercurial—Mercurosal—that seems already to have established itself as the therapeutic companion of arsphenamine.

Clinical investigators are agreed that Mercurosal has high spirocheticidal value.

Its toxicity is low—only one-seventh that of bichloride of mercury. This showing is rather remarkable in view of the fact that Mercurosal contains four-sevenths as much mercury as the bichloride.

The blandness of Mercurosal is probably the most striking feature. As one syphilographer expresses it, "* * * this drug does not irritate the veins, however small the veins may be." Repeated injections (27 in one case, in a section of a vein only ½ inch long) have not caused obliteration or other apparent injury to the vessel wall.

It may be administered intravenously or intramuscularly. In either case the quantity of mercury in the patient's body is under the ready control of the physician.

Parke, Davis & Company

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"USED WHILE YOU SLEEP"

For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronchitis; Colds; Catarrh.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON for sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria. Carbolic coefficient 2.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 42 years of successful use. Send for Descriptive Booklet Z.

For Sale by Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York

A Temptation

One of the hardest things in the world for a colyumist to do is keep his hands off society items when they come in sequence like this:

"Mrs. Q. S. Jones and daughters, of Little River, Neb., arrived yesterday for a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. K. I. Smith of Locust street.

"Mr. K. I. Smith, of Locust street, left for New York last night on a two or possibly three weeks' business trip." —*Kansas City Star.*

Diabetic

Dinners
Luncheons
Breakfasts
Suppers

need no longer be so depressingly monotonous! Your diabetic patient can enjoy a very wide, varied and much more "sociable" menu by the introduction of the nourishing, satisfying Diabetic Bread, and the delicious, strictly non-carbohydrate Cookies, Pancakes, Noodles, Dumplings, Fluff Cakes, French Toast, etc., that can be made from

LISTERS. DIABETIC FLOUR

Absolutely Starch-free, Sugar-Free and Purin-free

Not a gluten flour. But a special blend of readily-assimilated caseins made by our own original process. Self-rising. Packed in moisture-proof, small, measured boxes – of great convenience in the strict regulation of the Diabetic Diet.

One Month's supply, 30 boxes.....$4.85
Fifteen Days' supply 15 boxes.....$2.75

Sent direct to Physician or to his patient

LISTER BROS., Inc.
405 Lexington Ave., NEW YORK CITY
Coast States: Staechelin Food Co., Los Angeles
Canada: Lloyd Wood Co., Toronto

To All Germ Plasms—Get Busy!

While the rest of us have been grubbing along, trying to make both ends come within as respectable a distance of each other as the government will allow, the biologists have not been idle One of the most eminent of them, J. Arthur Thomson, if he has not made a new discovery, has at least formulated a new theory. It appears that each one of us has a germ plasm, and that no matter what else happens, that germ plasm is stable. Outside of the germ plasm, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing but protoplasm. We do what we ought not to according as the protoplasm of which we are quite largely made is acted upon by heredity or environment. But our germ plasm keeps right on doing business at the old stand.

When Professor Thomson writes of the "inertia" of the main inheritance, what he means is that the protoplasm is in reality all the rest of us which is preyed upon by deterrent influences. We are weak in proportion as our germ plasm is surrounded by protoplasm. A dent can be made in protoplasm at any time by anyone who happens to come along and tempt us.

Protoplasm, in short, is the great yielder, the great giver-in. What we now expect of the biologists is that they shall all get together and discover a method of making it stick up for itself in each of us. And our germ plasms ought to help. It's all very well for them to go on being the same; we have nursed and fed them long enough. Let them help us put the house in order.—*Life.*

Just Made Over

After Mr. Brown had raked his yard he took the accumulated rubbish into the street to burn. A number of neighbors' children came flocking about the bonfire, among them a little girl whom Mr. Brown did not remember having seen before. Wishing, with his usual kindliness, to make the stranger feel at ease, he beamed upon her and said, heartily:

"Hello! Isn't this a new face?"

A deep red suffused her freckles. "No," she stammered, "it ain't new. It's just been washed."—*Harper's Magazine.*

GONOSAN
"RIEDEL"

To ALLEVIATE PAIN, to PROMOTE DIURESIS and to PROTECT the membrane of the urethra, especially THE POSTERIOR PORTION—these are the important objects of the treatment of acute cases of gonococcal urethritis.

The entire urinary tract should be influenced by means of proper internal medication. Local injections alone will not be sufficient.

This is the rationale of GONOSAN.

RIEDEL & CO., Inc.
104-114 So. Fourth St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Exactly So

"Yes, sir, eighty-two, I be, an' every tooth in my 'ead same as th' day I were born."—*London Mail.*

Tongaline
MELLIER
ANTI-RHEUMATIC
ANTI-NEURALGIC

POSSESSES

The anodyne and anti-neuralgic action of Tonga;
The anti-spasmodic and sedative action of Cimicifuga;
The cathartic, diuretic and anti-rheumatic action of Colchicum;
The diaphoretic action of Pilocarpin;
The anti-rheumatic, antiseptic and hepatic action of Salicylic Acid.

Tongaline Liquid Tongaline Tablets
Tongaline and Lithia Tablets
Tongaline and Quinine Tablets

MELLIER DRUG COMPANY SAINT LOUIS

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Trade Mark Registered.
Gluten Flour
40% GLUTEN
Guaranteed to comply in all respects to standard requirements of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.
Manufactured by
FARWELL & RHINES
Watertown, N. Y.

Perfectly Frank

"What an awful gash you have on your forehead!"

"Oh, next to nothing—next to nothing."—*The Bulletin*, Sydney.

"What's the matter with Smith? Got lumbago or spinal curvature or something?"

"No; he has to walk that way to fit some shirts his wife made for him."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

DR. JUNIOR: "Now, Doctor—look at this dressing, just removed from my patient's neck—or, rather, from his carbuncle."

DR. SENIOR: "Well what is the matter with it?"

DR. JUNIOR: "Why, nothing—only that every Antiphlogistine dressing, removed some hours after its application, shows a moist center, while the periphery of the application which covered the normal surrounding tissues—is always dry. Now, I presume that is sweat——"

DR. SENIOR: "Oh, no, Doctor. If that were the case, the entire under surface of the poultice would be wet, since the heat of the poultice is uniform, you know."

DR. JUNIOR: "Well, then—what is the explanation of the phenomenon?"

DR. SENIOR: "I'm glad you brought that up. That moist center shows where the exudate has been taken from the congested tissues, and is demonstrative proof of the osmotic action of Antiphlogistine, my boy."

DR. JUNIOR: "Well, now— that is something to know—!"

DR. SENIOR: "And furthermore, I have come to consider this 'selective' action of Antiphlogistine, as almost Diagnostic of inflammatory process below the surface where the poultice has been applied."

DR. JUNIOR: "In other words, then, Antiphlogistine, in inflammatory conditions, has a diagnostic as well as remedial value. Odd, isn't it?"

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That "Hawaiian" Phonograph Record

The *first* time that I heard it played,
I thought of nights of tropic splendor,
And dreamed I saw a girl who swayed
Across a white beach, lithe and slender.
I dreamed of pirates, pearls and palms,
And lips that in imperious fashion
Kissed, without any Freudian qualms,
And breathed the very soul of passion.

The *fiftieth* time I heard it played,
I wished the fellow who invented
The thing could pay the price I paid,
And occupy the flat I rented
Just for a week. I wished his dad
Had died while still a small and dumb thing,
Or that his lady mother had
Gone in for birth-control, or something.

The *thousandth* time I heard it played,
I took an ax, I took a bludgeon
And did with righteous wrath invade
The flat beneath, and wreaked my dudgeon.
I laid about me, blithe and brisk,
Committing riot, crime, and murther;
And that particular rubber disc
Won't trouble anybody further.

—John McClelland in *Life*.

Inhuman Treatment

Heroine (in the melodrama): "What are those shrieks?"

Villain (relentlessly): "They have tied an American to a chair and are showing him a bottle of Scotch."—*London Passing Show.*

Thrift is personal preparedness.

An Open-Eyed Adman

A western evangelist makes a practice of painting Bible quotations and religious mottoes on rocks and fences along public highways. On one big, flat rock he painted these words:

"What Will You Do When You Die?"

An advertising gazabo came along and painted underneath that question: "Use Cureall Oil: Good for Burns."—*The Doctor.*

Limited Liability

Among the witnesses called in a trial in a Southern court was an old darky.

"Do you swear that what you tell shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" intoned the clerk.

"Well, sah," returned the witness, shifting uneasily. "Dis lawyer gemmun kin make it a pow'ful lot easier on hisself an' relieve me of a mighty big strain ef he'll leave out anything about gin an' chickens. 'Ceptin' fo' dose, Ah guess Ah kin stick to de truth."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

---

*Spring Ode

Fill me with sassafras, nurse,
And juniper juice!
Let me see if I'm still any use!
For I want to be young and to sing again,
Sing again, sing again!
Middle age is a curse!

It is Spring again, Spring again, Spring again!
And the big bull oyster comes out of his cave
At the flood of the tides
And bellows his love to his mate where she rides
On the crest of the wave!

The crimson pylorus is singing his song,
And the scarlet sciaticas flame in the grass;
The snail is abroad with his periscope prong—
Fill me with sassafras!
I want to be one
With the joy of the earth, under the sun,
For the purple convolvus convolves and volutes
And the arbutus ups and arbutes—
Fill me with sassafras
And cohosh and buchu and juniper juice
And then turn me loose!

Out of the prison of Winter
The earth and its creatures emerge,
And the woodlouse sits on a splinter
And flirts with the cosmic urge.
Steep me in camomile tea,
Or give me a shot with a needle!
For I want to be young again—
Me!
And woo with a lyrical wheedle!
Go page Amaryllis,
And tell her Spring's here with a heluva moon—

O Chloe, come hither!
Here's a bald-headed Strephon that's willing to spoon!
He brings to the business a lyre and a zither,
And a heart that's been chewed by the romance bacillus—
Nurse, the juniper juice
And the sassafras, nurse, and then turn me loose,
Let me see if I'm still any use!

---

*Read before the Commercial Interests Section of the American Pharmaceutical Association at the 1920 meeting at Washington, D. C., by Merle Thorpe, editor of *The Nation's Business*. The author of the "Spring Ode" is Don Marquis and the lines first appeared in *The New York World*.

Advertising Man (to new acquaintance at the club): My advertising service can make your business one of the most popular with the public.

Mr. Hearse: I doubt it—I'm an undertaker.

IN INTESTINAL STASIS

the prime object is to restore the tonicity of the bowel, and to accomplish this

PRUNOIDS

are of unique value. Absolutely free from irritating effect, this ideal laxative never gives rise to griping or excessive peristalsis, but through its stimulation of natural processes, produces as near to normal—or physiologic—evacuations, as can be brought about by drug action.

Dose: 1 to 3 tablets at bedtime.

SULTAN DRUG COMPANY ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Management of an Infant's Diet

Infants' Stools

Regularity in bowel movements contributes much toward normal, healthful progress, and a knowledge of the number and character of the stools during each twenty-four hours is an important part of the general management of early life and assists much in properly adjusting the diet.

Suggestions for the regulation of infants' stools by slight changes in the make-up of the diet and particularly in relation to

Constipated Movements

are given in our book, "Formulas for Infant Feeding," and in a pamphlet devoted especially to this subject. This literature will be sent to physicians who are interested in the matter.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

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PYRAMIDON

After almost thirty years of service this drug stands out pre-eminent as an antipyretic, analgesic, antineuralgic and sedative.

Pyramidon is supplied in powder form in 1 oz, ¼-lb. and 1-lb. cartons and in tablets of 5 grains in aluminum tubes of 10, and in bottles of 100 tablets. Prices to physicians are $1.20 per ounce, 40c per tube of 10 tablets, and $3.00 per bottle of 100 tablets.

ORTHOFORM

Utilizable as a local anesthetic for the relief of pain from wounds, burns, ulcers, excoriations and all exposed nerve-endings. Orthoform is used as a powder in insufflation, as an emulsion, or in tablet form. It is given internally for the relief of pain in gastric ulcer and gastralgia.

Orthoform is dispensed in 1-oz. bottles which sell to the physician at $4.50 and in 5-gram vials at 90c per vial.

ORTHO TROCHES

Are employed for the alleviation of pain and the mollification of irritation following all operative procedures on the throat. They dissolve slowly, thus producing a prolonged anesthetic effect. They are dispensed in bottles of 100 tablets of one-quarter grain each or of one grain each at $1.00 and $1.75 per bottle, respectively.

HA
M E
T Z
LAB
Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Literature can be obtained from

HA-METZ LABORATORIES, Inc.
One-Thirty-Two Hudson Street, New York.

The Mystic Three

There are three words, the sweetest words,
In all the human speech—
More sweet than are all songs of birds,
Or pages poets preach.
This life may be a vale of tears,
A sad and dreary thing—
Three words and trouble disappears
And birds begin to sing.
Three words, and all the roses bloom,
The sun begins to shine;
Three words will dissipate the gloom
And water turn to wine.
Three words will cheer the saddest days—
"I love you!" Wrong, by heck!
It is another, sweeter phrase,
"Enclosed—find—check."

—*Brown Jug.*

Help! Help!

Lord, help me!
I'm sitting in a
Dentist's chair—
Waiting to be bored.

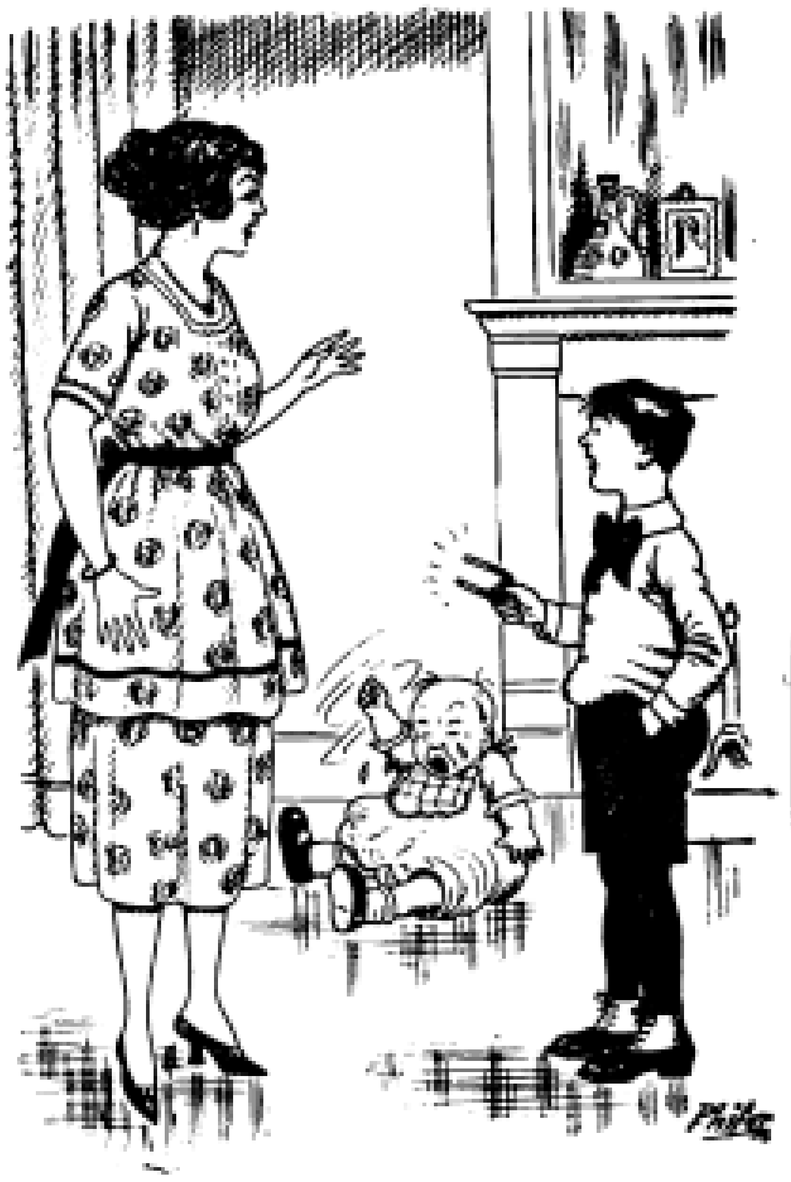
There's a hint
Of the worst
About to be pulled
In the gurgle of the
Little stream
At my elbow.
I've just been
Pumped up
To a chilly height.
My dentist is
Whistling, "Look for the
Silver Lining"
Right in my teeth,
And I know he's not
Referring to my
Cavities,
But to my
Pocketbook;
And so
Lord, help me!

—Christy Holmes in *Life*.

Forewarned

An old negress had been engaged to give the basement a thorough cleaning. On inspection, it was discovered that she had not touched a certain closet.

"No, ma'am, I didn't," she said, in excuse. "I read a story oncet about 'Blue Beard,' an' I never opens no closets now 'thout bein' told to."—*Harper's Magazine.*



"Bobby, what in the world have you been doing to Baby?"

"I was only holding this magnet in his mouth, mother—he swallowed some nails and I was trying to pull 'em out."

TAUROCOL

FOR

Hepatic Insufficiency,
Intestinal Putrefaction,
Habitual Constipation,
and Gall Stones.

TAUROCOL directly stimulates the liver cells, producing an increased flow of bile rich in cholates.

A solvent of cholestrin and a biliary antiseptic.

Manufactured exclusively for
PHYSICIANS, PRESCRIPTIONS and DISPENSING

FORMULA LITERATURE AND SAMPLES ON REQUEST

THE PAUL PLESSNER CO.
Manufacturing Chemists
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Prigs is Prigs

Is the Prig going out? To be one implies a certain strain of innocence, a simplicity that is dead against the spirit of the age. A Prig is a person who takes himself seriously—at least, in part—whereas the spirit of the age is to take nothing seriously, not even oneself.

The Prig was all very well in his day. He was no doubt essential to progress. Someone, with sufficient semblance of breeding, had to rise and willingly undergo the inconvenience of treating everybody else with contempt. It seems so ridiculous now, looking back upon it all, yet how difficult it probably was in the beginning. The Prig was a pioneer. We must not overrate his contribution to progress when we say that he overlooked something. He slipped a cog. In his general propaganda of contempt for everybody, he forgot himself. How careless of him!

And yet this was natural. To be unselfish was at one time a part of the scheme of evolution. The Prig could not realize that, in omitting to treat himself with the profound contempt he bestowed on all the others, he was sounding his own doom.

We know better now. To despise ourselves as well as everybody else is a sacred duty imposed upon all of us.—T. L. M. in *Life*.

Within Bounds

While making a visit to New York, a man unmistakably of country origin was knocked down in the street by an automobile. A crowd instantly surrounded him with condolences and questions.

"Are you hurt, my friend?" kindly asked a gentleman who was first among the rescuers, as he helped the stranger to his feet and brushed the mud and dust from his clothes.

"Well," came the cautious reply of one evidently given to non-committal brevity of speech, "it ain't done me no good."—*Harper's*.

Worth Believing In

"Do you really believe in heredity?"

"Most certainly I do. That is how I came into all my money!"—*London Mail*.

Leg and Leg

Our observation is that pants are a much stronger friend to mankind than shoes. It's an awful job to keep shoes looking shiny, but a faithful old pair of pants shine more the harder times get and the less a fellow rustles. Blessings on the bifurcated garment!—*Honey Grove, Mc., Signal.*

Chiropractic Makes Perfect

Rastus: Feller, why for yo'-all dabblin' wid dis here oysteropathy?

Sambo: 'Cause Ah done read in a book dis oysteropathy done treat ob de manipulatin' ob bones, and de onliest partiality Ah's got is humorin' de gallopin' dominoes to pass in review.—*American Legion Weekly*.

HAYDEN'S VIBURNUM COMPOUND

H.V.C.

FOR THE CONSERVATION OF PERIODIC HEALTH

The conservation of periodic health means the normalizing of menstruation from puberty to the menopause.

Dysmenorrhea, Menorrhagia and other manifestations of painful and distressing menstrual abnormalities, calls for the administration of

HAYDEN'S VIBURNUM COMPOUND

which, in light of years of authoritative clinical evidence, proves most effective and dependable.

DOSE:—Administer in teaspoonful doses in hot water slightly sweetened with sugar. Samples and literature upon request.

New York Pharmaceutical Co.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, BEDFORD, MASS.

Hayden's Uric Solvent is a standard, stable and palatable remedy for combating acidemia.

Nervous Conditions

are invariably aggravated by the irritation that essentially accrues from the repeated impacts of leather heels on hard, unyielding floors and surfaces. Happily it is easy to obviate this continual pounding, with its cumulative depressing effects on the nervous system, by wearing

O'Sullivan's Heels

So pronounced are the resulting benefits, that the use of O'Sullivan's Heels has become with many physicians a fundamental detail in the care of the nervous patient. The relief of jarring not only adds much to the patient's comfort and well-being, but the marked relaxation of nerve-tension that follows often proves an important factor in assuring a prompt and satisfactory recovery. O'Sullvan's Heels are a boon to the neurasthenic patient.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Inc., New York

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Nervous debility, nervous exhaustion, and all asthenic affections of the nervous system, so prevalent to-day, will respond to treatment which will replenish the reduced mineral reserves of the system and supply the necessary phosphorus to restore degenerated nerve cells

FELLOWS' SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES,

"The Standard Tonic for over fifty years,"

contains the basic elements to ensure normal metabolism, together with the dynamic agents, quinine and strychnine, which make it a true stabilizer of shaken nerves

Samples and Literature sent upon request.

FELLOWS MEDICAL MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.
26 Christopher Street **New York, N. Y.**

For Fifty Years

eminent physicians all over the country have prescribed and endorsed our well-known and reliable disinfectant. The constant use of it in the home will prevent the spread of any disease germ that lurks in the darkest corner.

Safety First

Don't wait until sickness comes. Insure yourself against it, and protect your health by the immediate use of the absolutely odorless, strong and effective

Platt's Chlorides

The Odorless Disinfectant

(Trade-Mark Registered)

WRITE FOR SAMPLE AND BOOKLET TO

Henry B. Platt Company
33 Cliff Street **NEW YORK**

Fowl Play

An expedition was sent to one of the Southern States to observe an eclipse of the sun.

The day before the event one of its members said to an old negro belonging to the house where he was staying: "Tom, if you will watch your chickens tomorrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at 11 o'clock."

Tom was skeptical, but, sure enough, at the time predicted the sky darkened and the chickens retired to roost. The negro, amazed beyond measure, sought out the scientist.

"Perfessor," he asked, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," he replied with a smile.

"Well, if dat don't beat all! Why, perfessor, a year ago dem chickens wasn't even hatched!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Another Way

If you haven't the money to pay for a psycho-analysis, pick a quarrel with the village gossip.—*Judge.*

A SPECIFIC
in the
Treatment of Leucorrhoea

It not only cleanses but renders the tissues an unfit media for the development of pathogenic bacteria.

Used daily as a douche, it prevents germ invasion and infection. It does not affect the mucosa and is a most satisfactory remedy in either specific or non-specific discharges.

Dr. W. M. Gray, Microscopist to the Army Medical Museum, Washington, D. C., states:

"This is to certify that the exact antiseptic strength of Tyree's Pulv. Antiseptic Comp. is one part of the powder to fifty of water (1:50). Test tubes containing peptonized beef broth were charged with Tyree's Antiseptic Powder. The solutions were then inoculated with the anthrax bacillus, and with the staphylococci of pus, and the tubes placed in the incubator for 48 hours at a temperature of 390° C. On removing the tubes from the incubator, it was found that in the solutions of one in ten to one in fifty, there was no development of bacteria."

J. S. TYREE, Chemist, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

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The Medical Pickwick

VOL. VIII MARCH, 1922 No. 3.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BROUSSAIS (1833).

Broussais was in those days like an old volcano which has pretty nearly used up its fire and brimstone, but is still boiling and bubbling in its interior, and now and then sends up a spurt of lava and a volley of pebbles. His theories of gastro-enteritis, of irritation and inflammation as he cause of disease, and the practice which sprang from them, ran over the fields of medicine for a time like flame over the grass of the prairies. The way in which that knotty-featured old man would bring out the word irritation—with rattling and rolling reduplication of the resonant letter *r*—might have taught a lesson in articulation to Salvini. But Broussais' theory was languishing and well-night become obsolete, and this, no doubt, added vehemence to his defense of his cherished dogmas.

Old theories and old men who cling to them must take themselves out of the way as the new generation with its fresh thoughts and altered habits comes forward to take the place of that which is dying out. This was a truth which the fiery old theoriest found it very hard to learn, and harder to bear, as it was forced upon him. For the hour of his lecture was succeeded by that of a younger and far more popular professor. As his lecture drew towards its close, the benches, thinly sprinkled with students, began to fill up; the doors creaked open and banged back oftener and oftener, until at last the sound grew almost continuous, and the voice of the lecturer became a leonine growl as he strove in vain to be heard over the noise of doors and footsteps.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*, 1882.

GRAVES AT SEA.

Here I shall detain an anecdote of value, as furnishing an insight into the character of the man, and as it prepares us for understanding that feature in his afterlife for which he was justly distinguished—namely, his collectedness of mind and vigor of action in cases of difficulty and danger. He had embarked at Genoa, in a brig bound for Sicily. The captain and crew were Sicilians, and there were no passengers on board but himself and a poor Spaniard, who became his companion and messmate. Soon after quitting the land, they encountered a terrific gale from the northeast, with which the ill-found, ill-manned and badly-commanded vessel soon showed herself unable to contend. The sails were blown out of the bolt ropes, the vessel was leaking, the pumps choked, and the crew, in despair, gave up the attempt to work the ship. At this juncture, Graves was lying on a couch in the cabin, suffering under a painful malady, when his fellow-passenger entered and, in terror, announced to him that the crew were about to forsake the vessel; that they were then in the very act of getting out the boat, and that he had heard them say that the two passengers were to be left to their fate. Springing from his couch, Graves flung on his cloak, and, looking through the cabin, found a heavy axe lying on the floor. This he seized, and, concealing it under his cloak, he gained the deck, and found that the captain and crew had nearly succeeded in getting the boat free from its lashings. He addressed the captain, declaring his opinion, that no boat could live in such a sea, and that the attempt to launch it was madness. He was answered by an execration and told that it was a matter with which he had nothing to do, for that he and his companion should remain behind. "Then," exclaimed he, "if that be the case, let us all be drowned together. It is a pity to part good company." As he spoke, he struck the sides of the boat with his axe, and destroyed it irreparably. The captain drew his dagger, and would have rushed upon him, but quailed before the cool, erect and armed man. He then virtually took command of the ship. He had the suckers of the pump withdrawn, and furnished by cutting from his own boots the leather necessary to repair the valves. The crew returned to their duties, the leak was gained on, and the vessel was saved.—*William Stokes' Memoir of Robert James Graves*, 1854.

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Doctor: Did your mother have that new prescription filled?
Son: I'm on my way to the drug store now.

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A PSEUDO-PSYCHOANALYTIC NEAR-DETECTIVE STORY

By VIRGINIA SHEPARD, Washington, D. C.

THE Great Detective, Sigmund Snoopanfind, sat in his study in a prenatal Posture, satisfying his Oral Eroticism by chewing upon an unlit cigar. His Mind was a Blank, as so frequently happens in the case of Great People. He was occupied in searching his Unconscious for material from which to fashion an article for that erudite publication "Venus and Cupid." A gentle knock sounded at the door but the Great Man moved not a muscle and his Mind remained a Blank. Again the knock was heard, this time by the Detective, who knew by the sudden Activation of his Suprarenals that something had provided him with an Unpleasant Affect. A third time the knock sounded and that Mind so long a Blank once more developed Activity in its Conscious. Through a series of rapid Free Associations an Idea sprang into being and, unrepressed, found expression in the words, "Another damned creditor, of course," but the door opened before the interpretation could be elaborated. A Charming Female entered, fascinating, alluring.

"Oh," she cried with a gasp (whether of admiration or horror was never determined). "You, you are the great Snoopanfind?"

The painful results of the recent Outpouring of Adrenalin ceased and a pleasant glow radiated through the great Sigmund as he gazed upon the features before him. What was it that held his Attention? What was it that gave him that sense of Familiarity and Ease? Surely he had not before set eyes on this vision of loveliness. Absorbed in this New Problem which confronted him, he failed to notice that she was in distress until she wailed, "Help, oh help me. I've lost it and I'll never be the same again."

"Lost It—What?" he inquired, still intent upon his own mystery. Was it her Eyes? Was it her Hair? Was it the Wart on her Nose? What held him spellbound, comprehending nothing save that she was, or to be more chronologically accurate, must be, His?

"Lost, lost," she wept. "I can do Nothing without It. My work suffers. I tremble. I fear murder, battle and sudden death. I dread lightning. I invariably get car sick in a Ford."

"Stop!" cried the Detective. "What was It you said you lost?"

"Gone, gone. I lost It but you must find It for me. I've lost—I've lost—oh, oh, I've lost—my Floating Libido!"

With the last words she sank sobbing into a chair surrounding herself in a Blanket of Tears as in a Mother's Embrace.

"Your Floating Libido," he gasped. "O Tragedy! What is Life without one's Floating Libido! What else has happened since your loss?"

"Many things," she replied, calmed by her regressive Outburst. "I have an Overwhelming Desire to chop down Trees, the sight of a Horse fills me with an Unreasoning Hatred, and I fear Pigs, Barrels and Short Fat Men."

"Interesting indeed, my dear young lady," said the Professor, "and the whereabouts of your Floating Libido is, I think, easy to ascertain, but first let me ask you a Question. Your father is, I believe, short and fat?"

"Even as a Butter Ball," replied the girl. "But how did you know?"

"Think it over," replied the Detective, "and meantime let me think." And closing his eyes he gently subsided to the floor, clasping his arms about his knees the better to attack his own Problem. Slowly his Consciousness dissolved and his Foreconscious rose like a Bubble of Hot Air to the surface. Its contents he reviewed with a practiced eye and discarded it as unimportant in the Present Investigation. As the desired blankness set in, the Detective, by that wonderful method in which he was so adept, opened, one after another, certain Unconscious Pathways which he inspected and closed again. After a few moments' careful search, he found the Proper Pathway, pursued it to its end and jumped up with a Cry of Joy. Never had he known a Mother's Care, so he had thought himself free from any harmful Fixation, but his recent brief self-analysis had brought to light an Infantile Fantasy which, while supposedly taking his afternoon nap, he had built up, only to forget and let drop with a Dull and Sickening Thud into the dark abyss of his Subconscious. In this Fantasy his Mother had appeared

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to him as a Charming Female, full of the graces of Motherhood and doubly delightful to the Infant Mind because of the Wart upon her Nose. Here then was the creature of his Dreams. But she was now loudly demanding that her lost property be restored to her.

"Just a moment, lady, your loss can soon be explained. You hate Mother Nature and her Trees, you hate that noble Mother Symbol the Horse, and you develop Disgust Reactions when riding in a Ford, which, unless the springs are unusually good, reminds an adult of the jolting on its mother's knee. Likewise you Fear—which is, you understand, the same as Love—you Love, then, your Father, a Short, Fat Man, closely resembling a Pig or a Barrel. Now, do you see—"

"It is clear as day—my Libido, my Floating Libido is attached—oh, I see it all now—it is attached to my Father!"

"Of course. It's very simple, you see. But what is the matter? Why the change of expression? What has happened?"

"I feel so peculiar. Strange Sensations chase themselves up and down my spine. I believe—can it be—"

"You do. It can. It is," replied the Detective, as he moved toward the girl. "It is. Your Floating Libido is now yours again. By my analysis it has returned to you. And you, now that it is once more in your possession what shall you do with it? Will you—"

Throwing herself into his arms she cried, "I give it all to you, my Father Surrogate!"

Clasping her closely he kissed the Wart upon her Nose and murmured, "My Mother Imago!"

NOCTURNE

"The drainage system of the kidney consists, according to Gerrish, of about half a million capsules and about 15 miles of tubes."—*Disturbances of the Kidney*, by Oliver T. Osborne; press of the American Medical Association, page 9.

When the icy breath of winter puts the frost upon the pane
There's an hour between the bedtime and the time to rise again
When the diuretic complex enters in the conscious zone
And competes for domination of a person's feeling tone.
At first the vague discomfort's not sufficiently severe
To outweigh the dismal prospect of the winter atmosphere
Which refrigerates the victim as he makes with shuffling gait
For the bathroom's sanctuary, to where comfort lies in wait.

But those half a million capsules and those fifteen miles of straight
And convoluted tubules keep production up to rate,
For they constitute a system that runs Sundays and at night
(And the figures should be doubled to allow for left and right).
They just go ahead secreting, all regardless of the time,
And cold weather doesn't stop them, it just makes their output climb;
And though their shivering owner rise oft in the chilly night,
They still keep warm, regardless, at a constant Fahrenheit.

Had I the pen to picture what a hive of industry
That renal system represents, and what efficiency!
How the cells of Bowman's capsule snare the passing molecules
Of water, salts, and such, according to the rules
Which if you wish in more detail you are advised to see
The works of Howell or other standard physiology.
(In view of all this nicety I'm almost grieved to say
That when the product is complete it's merely thrown away.)

Now the product is assembled and it's on the shipping floor,
While the cells, like Goeffrey Amherst, simply look around for more;
And the ureter takes hold of it and sends it on its way
To the place where it's collected ere it sees the light of day.
And just because the kidney has been faithful to its trust
Comes a situation when the bladder has to drain or bust;
So when on icy winter nights that viscus starts to gripe,
Just recall those million capsules and those thirty miles of pipe.

R. S.

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SYMBOLIC DESIGN

"CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST WITH STOMACH ACHE."

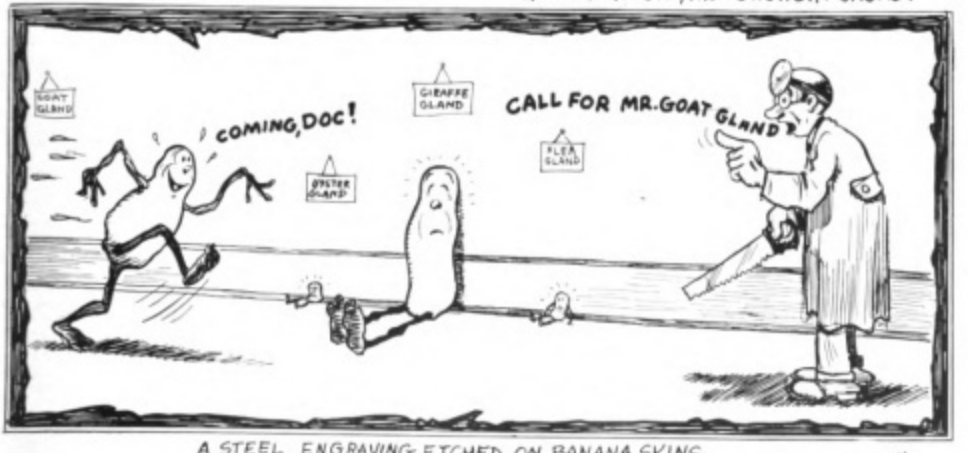
WATER COLOR IN OILS

ENTITLED—

"JUST BACK FROM THE CHIROPRACTOR"

OR

"QUICK WATSON! THE STRAIGHT JACKET"



A STEEL ENGRAVING ETCHED ON BANANA SKINS

CALLED—

"GETTING HIS GOAT-" OR "A GLAND TIME WAS HAD BY ALL"

BLAME IT ON Pulitzer

MEDICAL PICKWICK'S ART GALLERY.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

AS THIS is the year for remembering the Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers, and as they will not be remembered again for a hundred years, I thought I would go down East to see how it was done, this celebrating by centuries. So on the first day of June I threw a few manuscripts into my suit case and joined the throng of American Medical Association pilgrims who were risking their lives at the rate of a mile a minute in order to be in at the Boston meeting in time to celebrate "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" by publicly changing and exchanging their very latest scientific opinions.

They met and exchanged their changes with great success and satisfaction, inspiring the rank and file with a puritanic furor for emulation and imitation. But they didn't mention the Pilgrim Fathers. They were too busy with the living to remember the dead. What was done for the living was enough for both. They said:

"Let the dead bury the dead!
Let them R. I. P. Van Winkle."

I thank God that I am not as they are. Dead Pilgrim Fathers can be of no more service to me than to them, and my experience with death also makes me shun the subject, but my conscience will not allow me to relegate the Pilgrim Fathers to oblivion by a brief quotation of the Scriptures. Besides, it can't be done. They are still remembered even though brands of cigars and methods of operating have not been named after them. Their name and fame have been perpetuated in stone and in story. Monoliths are more enduring than monographs or monograms.

I read one of my manuscripts before the American Gynecological Society, which celebrated in Swampscott, nearby; but I was not too busy to pony up and prepare one about the Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers. As there was no place on the order of exercises for dead matter, I waited my time and watched my chance in the banquet hall and on the golf grounds and button-holed the members, one by one, and recited it to them personally and privately. This button-hole method of memorializing the dead is not strictly original with me; I got it from Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, who used it with great success. I give an abstract here for the benefit of readers of THE MEDICAL PICKWICK who may also be too busy and progressive to keep up with the past.

The Pilgrims and Puritans were dissenters, i. e., religious wry-necks, Calvanistic stiff-necks, etc., but they differed from each other in one particular: The Pilgrim Fathers and Puritans belonged to the John Robinson crowd that went to Holland to worship God in peace,

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