

KELLEY (S. W.)
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THE PROFESSION OF MEDICINE AS SKETCHED
FROM THE OUTSIDE AND FROM
THE INSIDE.

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THE PROFESSION OF MEDICINE AS SKETCHED FROM
THE OUTSIDE AND FROM THE INSIDE.

BY S. W. KELLEY, M. D., CLEVELAND, O.*

The words I am about to quote will be recognized by those who have read the interesting and learned romance of ancient Egypt, "Uarda," as being spoken by Nebsecht, one of the priest physicians of the temple of Seti, in conversation with his friend, the poet Pentaus, in the time of Rameses II., fifteen centuries B. C.

"You intend to get possession of a human heart!" cried the poet. "Think of what you are doing! The heart is the vessel of that effluence of the universal soul which lives in us!"

"Are you so sure of that?" cried the physician with some irritation, "then give me the proof. Have you ever examined a heart? has any one member of my profession done so? The hearts of criminals and prisoners of war even are declared sacred from touch, and when we stand helpless by the patient and see our medicines work harm as often as good, why is it? Only because we physicians are expected to work as blindly as an astronomer, if he were required to look at the stars through a board. At Heliopolis, I entreated the great Urma Rahotep (high priest), the truly learned chief of our craft, and who held me in esteem, to allow me to examine the heart of a dead Amu; but he refused me, because the great Sechet (the lion-headed goddess) leads virtuous Semites also into the fields of the blessed.

And then followed all the old scruples; that to cut up the heart of a beast even is sinful, because it is also the vehicle of a soul, perhaps a condemned and miserable human soul, which, before it can return to the Gne, must undergo purification by passing

*The bearing of this lecture becomes evident by the explanation that it was delivered to the students and citizens of Hiram, O., for the benefit of a fund to procure anatomical specimens, etc., for medical study at Hiram College.

through the bodies of animals. I was not satisfied, and declared to him that my great-grandfather, Nebsecht, before he wrote his treatise on the heart, must certainly have examined such an organ. Then he answered me that the divinity had revealed to him what he had written, and therefore his work had been accepted amongst the sacred writings of Toth, which stood fast and unassailable as the laws of the world; he wished to give me peace for quiet work, and I also, he said, might be a chosen spirit, the divinity might perhaps vouchsafe revelations to me, too. I was young at that time, and spent my nights in prayer, but I only wasted away, and my spirit grew darker instead of clearer. Then I killed in secret first a fowl, then rats, then a rabbit, and cut up their hearts, and followed the vessels that lead out of them, and know little more now than I did at first; but I must get to the bottom of the truth, and I must have a human heart."

You will perhaps remember that this physician was not pleased with the treatment of diseases and injuries by reciting of incantations and singing of hymns, and the use of amulets over the patient, nor yet satisfied with the application of such drugs and surgical operations as were known to his craft, although their knowledge was considerable. But he sought to know more, both of the structure and functions of the human organism and of the effects of various agents upon it. He wanted to know more—not only from sheer love of finding out the truth, but in order the better to relieve suffering humanity. He searched indefatigably the fields; the waters, and the wildernesses, in his studies of organic life, and his rooms were filled with specimens of plants and animals, insects, reptiles, bones. Dissections both of lower animal and human bodies were forbidden by religious law. It was the belief of the Egyptians that the passage of the soul to a blessed hereafter depended upon the preservation of the body, and the bodies of the dead were well prepared and mummified in special and extensive establishments for that purpose. To these establishments Nebsecht, the physician, had no access—no one had but the mummy-makers and their staff of assistants. Now the

physician doubted that the heart was the seat of the mind. He had dissected animals in secret, even dissected them alive to find the mind, the soul, but he wanted to examine a human heart; and do you remember the charming story goes on to tell how he induced an old parachite, one of those whose duty it was to prepare the bodies of the dead, to procure for him a human heart, substituting in the funeral urn the heart of a ram, though the poor old man not only endangered his own life by so doing, for he would have been made to drink the fatal poison cup if discovered, but jeopardized, or supposed he did, his soul's salvation by his theft. But the physician pursued his studies and satisfied himself that as for the heart, as he says: "A ram's heart or a man's heart they serve the same end; they turn the wheel of animal life; they both beat quicker in terror or in joy, for we feel fear or pleasure just as animals do. But Thought, the divine power that flies to the infinite, and enables us to form and prove our opinions, has its seat here—here in the brain behind the brow."

I have alluded at this length to Eber's story, which, although it is a romance, history and archæology assure us of its fidelity as a picture of life in those times, because it would serve to draw your attention to some points in the sketch I have attempted of the profession of medicine as it appears to the people, and as it appears to a member of that profession.

You will observe the high position which the profession held among the people, and also that the advanced thinkers of the profession were away in advance of their day and generation in finding out the truths of our physical being, and as well its relations to our higher life, and in dispelling the fogs of superstition which always have arisen from morasses of ignorance. You will notice, too, that in this work it was impelled not only by love of truth and knowledge for their own sake, but by noble sentiments of benevolence toward mankind. These same relations have existed, probably, from the earliest period of man's existence in which he found himself subject to injuries and diseases, and there sprung up a class who attempted to find and apply means of relief. These same

relations have existed ever since. The history of medicine in Greece, in the Roman Empire, in Arabia, in Europe of the middle ages, in all the world of modern times, has exhibited the same relative state of affairs.

In more recent times the reverence that was felt by the ancient and mediæval people for the priest physicians became replaced by wholesome respect for the scientific attainments and professional skill of the doctor. Still, as of old, he is esteemed and trusted more than any one else outside of the family. He is confidently called in the most trying times, and his opinion and advice listened to with most marked attention. He is consulted upon the most delicate questions and entrusted with services most sacred to the individual, to the family and to the community. The offices of confessor and friend are regarded as part of the doctor's duties.

And when pestilence stalks abroad among the people, mercilessly, treacherously, striking down the weak, the strong, the darling of the house, the poor, the rich, the father, the bride, till the people are filled with terror and dismay, whom beside God do they call upon for deliverance? Whom, indeed, but the doctor, and do they expect that he will flee like a coward with the panic-stricken? Well they know that he will stand at the post of duty; that he will move among them with unshaken courage, and with clear head and sound judgment will rescue all that by any possibility can be saved.

And then? what then? Well, often, not always the situation is well expressed in that old rhyme which doctors are fond of quoting:

God and the doctor we alike adore,
But only when in danger, not before.
The danger o'er both are alike requited,
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted.

'Tisn't agreeable. But they treat their God no better. I suppose we should not complain.

Again, the view taken of the profession of medicine by the public, is evidenced in the laws. The physician is exempt by law from service on the jury—that blessed institution of this land of

liberty which the busy American likes upon occasion to glory in and shirk out of. The physician is also relieved of military duty, unless he choose to enlist, as many a brave one has done, and exert his skill upon the field of battle to save life and limb, where the business of all other men is to destroy. The physician bears the dignity of an officer of the law when his certificate is honored in the probate court upon the commitment of the insane, and also when his opinion decides the question of ability to attend court or to be transported, or facts of births, deaths, of danger or safety from contagion, and other matters of importance.

I must now draw your attention to some points upon which legislation upon medical matters is very deficient. In this great republic of ours, thought to be a model for the world of enlightened government, while we have National Departments of the State, of War, of the Navy, of the Treasury, of the Postal Service, of Agriculture and of the Interior, we have no National Health Department. The nearest approach to it is the United States Marine Hospital Service, with the Surgeon-General at its head, and which has been pressed into general service in time of epidemic. However, there are city and state sanitary departments or boards of health all over the country, and I regard it as only a matter of time until a National Board of Health will be established. This has long been advocated and urged by the medical profession, but hitherto everybody has been too much occupied in place-getting and money-making, and other matters of *importance* to pay attention to a little thing like this. So that when the country is threatened with a scourge such as last year visited some of the countries of the old world, there are frantic efforts put forth to bar it out, and the nation must depend upon municipal authorities and the Marine Hospital Corps, when there should be a national head and trunk and limbs of a thoroughly organized sanitary department extending over the whole broad land ready and able to cope with the deadliest of enemies, calmly and efficiently as a part of its every-day business.

There are laws, too, plenty of them, making the physician

responsible for his work and laying him liable to serious troubles and heavy damages for negligence, mistakes, or lack of skill in his profession. But, many a medical student in our own country and times has been in the same predicament as was poor Nebsecht away back there in benighted Egypt, not only burning with zeal to advance science, but required by law to understand his business, and at the same time prohibited by law from using the only means that would enable him to understand it. Only in recent years, will you believe it, only in our own generation, so far as Ohio is concerned, have the laws allowed the corpses of paupers "whom nobody owns" to be claimed by medical colleges and used for the indispensable teaching of anatomy. So that now we cannot complain on that score; we have plenty of material for the anatomical rooms at all times. But didn't it take long and patient waiting and teaching on the part of the profession to overcome superstition and unreasoning prejudices?

Another thing lacking in Ohio is an adequate law to regulate the practice of medicine; in other words, a law requiring that one who calls himself doctor and undertakes the duties of the physician, shall be qualified by education and training to perform those duties. That he shall be a graduate of a reputable medical college, and in good professional standing, and not an ignoramus nor an impostor. There is no such law in this State. Any one can call himself doctor. Any one of you can go and have a sign painted and open an office to-morrow, and no one can prevent you. And if you could find anybody fool enough, and if you made loud enough pretensions, you certainly would, such is the gullibility of the human creature, you could dose them to your heart's content, and pocket their money—and as long as you made your pills of bread or sugar, or something that didn't kill them or cripple them outright, nobody could molest you. The only difference the laws make in favor of the physician is that a quack cannot collect a bill by law. But he generally has collected it in advance, so that doesn't trouble him.

More than once measures have been introduced into the Ohio

State Legislature to correct this evil. Bills to require that every one posing before the public as a physician shall be required to pass an examination before a State board and demonstrate that he is properly educated in medicine, or shall exhibit to the board or proper officers his diploma in proof of the same, and time after time these bills have been defeated, and why? Because the people, or the lawmakers whom the people send to Columbus are not yet sufficiently enlightened upon this matter, or are not alive to their best interests, or are not proof against the charms of the lobbyist jingling something in his pocket.

The quacks raise a cry of persecution—they say the doctors want class legislation in their favor, that they want a monopoly of the doctoring business—want to make a sort of trades union of the medical profession, and the newspapers, God forgive them! which do so much to spread intelligence among the people, and *should always* tell the truth—the newspapers take up that cry, and when arraigned by the medical profession for being false to the interests of right and honor, stand up and declare, without shame: “Why, the quacks pay us money to advertise in our columns, and you doctors do not. Of course we are going to advocate their cause.”

Now does it seem reasonable or fair to attribute those selfish motives to the profession which has taught mankind about all we know about our physical nature, about the laws of health and disease, and how to take care of ourselves, to whose efforts alone are due all that has been accomplished, and it is marvelous, in the way of sanitation, who have lost no opportunity to promulgate this knowledge among the people—to urge it upon them, willing or unwilling, to the saving of thousands upon thousands of human lives and prevention of untold suffering; who have a code of ethics which prevents any member of the profession from holding a patent upon any invention of use in the healing art, or any secret remedy, but requires him to make known any discovery to the whole profession, that it may be freely used to bless mankind. Every physician is anxious and proud to make some discovery or devise some instrument new to his craft, and if he does so, instead

of keeping it to himself for his own glory or profit, he hastens to communicate that all may use it freely. Your own doctor, if one of your family is taken with a contagious disease, tells you what to do to prevent its communication to other members of the family and takes means to prevent its spreading in the neighborhood—where it would be to his own advantage to allow it to do so, and nobody would be the wiser but for the doctors telling them. Yet this is the profession that is accused of mercenary motives.

Those who make the accusation *know* when they make it—any person with brains enough to think or to talk and hear and see what is going on in the world, *knows* that the accusation is false. How have these regulating laws worked in States where they have been adopted? They have resulted in immense advantage to the people, as has been abundantly demonstrated by the statistics. I would go into the matter fully but for lack of time—advantage in the saving of life and in the saving of money—and there is not a single instance of an increased rate of charges in those States, or anything looking toward “trades union” prices for medical services. Charges are the same as before the passage of the laws, and any physician who *is* a physician is free to locate and practice in those States.

I am indebted to Dr. Lundy, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (1888) for the following figures: “There are nine hundred fewer physicians, so called, in Illinois, at the present time than there were nine years ago, when the “Medical Practice Act” was passed, and yet the population has increased almost a million during that time. Suppose that each one of these charlatans averaged \$2,500 a year, which is a low estimate, as many of them expended that much in printers’ bills alone. Let us multiply this by 3,000, the number of quacks compelled to shut up shop in one year, and we have the sum of \$7,500,000 saved in one year. Let us again multiply this by nine, and we have the enormous sum of \$67,500,000 saved the people of Illinois since the passage of the bill regulating the practice of medicine in that State.”

At present there are laws regulating the practice of medicine in the States of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Washington, North Carolina, Alabama, Florida, Virginia, New Jersey, New York, Nebraska, Maryland, and Utah, and to some extent nearly every State in the Union, except Ohio and Indiana.

All of this legislation has been accomplished in the last fourteen years, nearly all of it in the last five years, and the indications are that in the near future adequate legislation will be secured in a majority of the States. At the present, legislation in other States drives vast hordes of quacks and charlatans out of those States into Ohio, which is now infested worse than ever. We are overrun with cancer doctors, magnetic healers, so called "specialists," Indian doctors, faith cures, patent medicines, Russian cures, electric cures, tooth-pullers, and others of that ilk.

*Their offices are elegantly furnished and their waiting-rooms filled with "cappers," or persons who are hired to sit there, and when a chance victim comes in to detail the wonderful cures performed (all mythical, of course). And yet our legislators do nothing, absolutely nothing to protect the pockets, health and lives of our citizens from these unprincipled scoundrels, who are not satisfied to rob their poor deluded victims of their money, but rob them of health and life as well."

It will make it hard to secure proper legislation in this State, but sooner or later it must come.

I have thus endeavored to show in how imperfect a manner I am painfully aware how the calling of the physician has been and is looked upon—and also to point out certain misconceptions, misperceptions of the public at large in viewing it, which remain yet to be corrected. I shall now endeavor to sketch the medical man more from the inside—and this partly to aid in setting his life right in the eyes of the people, but more especially for the benefit of those young men present who are turning their eyes toward the medical field for their life work.

In choosing a calling what points are to be considered? What

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do you want that calling to do for you? To develop yourself—to enable you to do good—and to make a living? Now you know when you study it over that the great object of life is the development of all the noble faculties which you possess. To attain as near as possible to perfection in all your powers and attributes.

Your occupation will have a great influence in this development. This is quite a theme if you trace it up. It would make a good subject for your graduation essay—"The influence of the occupation upon the individual."

It is all very well for J. G. Holland to say, as he does in Titcomb's letters to young people, that "it is necessary" that your "calling modify your character no more than it would were it your neighbor's." Within two pages of this expression he says: "Now a trade or a profession will wear into a man as a harness wears into a horse." Of course it is right and necessary that one should strive to correct the tendency of a calling where it would train one awry and to supplement means outside of the calling necessary for the full symmetrical development—but I say, whether one is willing or not, conscious of it or not, his occupation will have a great influence on his development, and this should be borne in mind when that occupation is chosen.

Let me sketch for you the qualities necessary to make a first-class man in the profession of medicine, and first of all place morality. He should not only possess a very keen appreciation of right and wrong, but have also the tendency, the determination and the habit of choosing the right on sight and without hesitation, quibbling or compromising. I do not believe there is another occupation than the practice of medicine in existence which brings a man into temptations of such divers kinds presented in such alluring guise. The very peculiarities and complexities of the doctor's ordinary relations with individuals and society produce these. And oftentimes there are presented so many modifying circumstances, such appeals even to the nobler sentiments of pity and mercy, such subtle suggestions comparing degrees of criminal intent and actual or voluntary crime or lesser lapses from this or

that code. Such speculations upon responsibility for conduct in others or in himself, not to mention the grosser cravings of passion or of avarice, that if a man gets to dallying and considering he is apt to become tangled in a maze of difficulties and doubts from which he is in danger of coming out, any way not quite so clean a man, perhaps worse. Therefore, I say he should not only have a keen conscience, but have the determination to and habit of letting conscience decide *at once*.

Another faculty the doctor needs is ideality, at least in sufficient degree to idealize his profession. If you cannot see it now, or do not before I get through, accept my plain statement as the truth. There are so many disagreeable features about the profession, so many duties repugnant to the more fastidious instincts, that if you cannot in some degree place it in an ideal world, and yourself there with it, you will never attain to eminence in the practice of your profession. You may not follow it long, or if you do, you will degenerate into a sort of time server or camp follower, because you don't know what else to do, and have to make a living somehow. Another thing required in the profession of medicine is a certain type of mind, which I am going to try to describe.

It is an observing mind, which sees and hears and feels and smells and tastes for itself, and not only uses the senses upon the physical world, but takes cognizance of actions of customs and occurrences and everything going on about it, and in this way collects the data for the use of the next great faculty, the ratio-cinative. The observing is almost as important to the doctor as the reasoning power—without correct observations, though you reason never so logically, you can not arrive at a truthful conclusion. I have known doctors who lacked this power of observation. Give them the symptoms, describe to them all the various phenomena which you had observed about a given case, and they could sit down and reason it all out and give you the etiology, pathology, and go on with the diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment, with admirable correctness, and yet if they had looked over that case all alone, they could not have collected half the observations, and

some of them would have been incorrect. As to the reasoning faculty, the real thinking, comparing, analyzing, synthesizing power necessary, it is conceded by all who have given the subject study, that there is no profession where the factors to be considered in forming a judgment are so numerous, so varied, so complex, so intricate, as they are in the problems presented to the physician. He must have this power of generalizing and of comparing, this comprehension, this weighing in the scales of judgment. He must sum up the evidence not as the attorney, trying to prove one side, but as the judge, fairly estimating both sides. It takes the judicial, not the legal type of mind for a doctor.

A physician need not be an eloquent speaker, nor an accomplished writer. In the ordinary exercise of his calling he has not the need of the gift of language and expression that is absolutely essential to the preacher and the lawyer, and he generally pays small attention to it. He has no time for it. It is so common that it is almost the rule to find in the preface of a medical book, or accompanying an essay, or lecture, an apologetic explanation that it was written in spare moments and amid a hundred interruptions, or in hours stolen from needed sleep.

I have always pleaded for the imagination in the pursuit of science, and maintained that it not only was not incompatible with the sober and matter-of-fact study of medicine, but that it was one of the most valuable faculties a physician can possess. I quote myself in saying that I think the imagination "is not only a good thing for other people to have, a good thing to study and utilize in the patient, but it is a good thing for the physician to have in himself and to cultivate and use daily. Cultivate and use not only in an æsthetic way, as all men should, but as a valuable aid in the pursuit of his studies. 'It is a well-known fact that the highest class of scientific men have been led to their most important discoveries by the quickening power of a suggestive imagination.' I do not mean by this a capacity for forming visionary conceits having no foundation in the real. I mean that which Tyndall defines as 'that power of visualizing processes in space and the relations of

space itself, which must be possessed by all great physicists and geometers,' and which he illustrates as 'that which enabled Ampere to surround the atoms of a magnet with channels in which electric currents ceaselessly run, and to deduce from these all the ordinary phenomena of magnetism,' which 'enabled Faraday to visualize his lines of force, and make his mental picture a guide to discoveries which have rendered his name immortal.' * * * * *

This faculty will enable the obstetrician, having a few points to guide him, to fill out the outlines and conceive almost as graphically as if he saw them with his physical eyes, the conditions and relations of the various parts with which he has to deal. It will enable the physician observing the symptoms of a given case, and knowing the pathological condition they indicate, to form through all its changes a mental picture of the exact conditions, which, though imaginative, is true to the life.

The imagination of the poet Goethe led him to make a number of valuable observations in botany and in osteology.

In the words of Blackie: 'Imagination is the enemy of science only when it acts without reason; that is, arbitrarily and whimsically; with reason it is often the best and most indispensable of allies.'

So let the imagination illuminate the busy workshop of the mind; whether we work like Goethe to weave thoughts and scenes of life and beauty into flowery wreaths of words, or to examine the processes and tuberosities on dry old bones."

All these faculties must be educated. How it should be done is aside from our purpose this evening, but I cannot forbear dropping a few thoughts on the subject. For one thing, I hope you appreciate your opportunities of college training. While it is true that education may be gotten in more ways than one, and that many successful and cultured men never saw the inside of college walls, it is also true that they got their education by a dear expenditure of time and energy; and always regretted the hardships that denied them the advantages of the college such as you enjoy. Another thing: Don't be afraid of being too broad in

your studies. As a man builds up from general to professional studies, then perhaps into special lines of that profession, the tendency is ever to narrow, and narrow till he reaches *his* pinnacle, be that low or high. The broader the base the loftier the pyramid. Not that I advise you to undertake the mastery of all the arts and sciences, or get a smattering of several professions. The day is past for the jack at all trades in this part of the world. There is no necessity for the sort of doctor described by Dr. Richmond, of Jefferson, O., back in the fifties, in his *Scenes in Western Practice*: "He informed me," says the writer, "that in the height of his glory, he had in a single day attended the births of two children, married a young couple, made a stump speech at an election, and preached a funeral sermon of one of his own patients; and he laughed through his crooked eye in a manner that showed him equally pleased in each act of the drama."

I should think that funeral sermons would be a daily occurrence in the neighborhood of *such* a "doctor."

But do not be afraid to take a hold on professional studies early, to gather ideas about the road you expect to travel. Why, I have wished that my mother had known when I learned my alphabet that I was to be a physician and had taught me thus: A. As, symbol for arsenic—atomic weight 75. B. Ba, symbol for barium—atomic weight 137. And so on through the alphabet.

The calling of the doctor calls for patience and charity and generosity. The long hours, the tiresome watches, the interruptions, the exasperations, the whims, caprices and querulousness of the sick, and, often worse, the unreasonableness and clumsiness of the sick one's friends, the tedious journeys, the hurries and the delays, will fret and confuse and exhaust any man alive unless he has an inexhaustible stock of patience.

It is now some years since Job made his record as a patient, sick and sore patient, and I have not heard that there has ever been another like him since.

As for charity, that "suffereth long and is kind," I do believe that

if there is anywhere more than another that it is required, and where you will find it, it is in the medical profession.

A doctor is very apt to understand and to make excuses for poor human nature, and he requires and acquires a large-heartedness, that leads him often to forgive while he condemns wrong doing. It bids him

Gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman.

About the hardest thing it seems to me to bear is ingratitude.

There are those who seem to imagine that the deified dignitary, known as the physician, is borne aloft in an atmosphere unknown to common mortals, fragrant with the incense of grateful hearts. Now, let me advise you—any among you who may realize your desire to become a physician—if ever the time comes, that gratitude is poured out upon you, as it will be; enjoy it—pause and enjoy it—as you would the perfume of a fragile flower—for it will not last—*it will not last.*

Perhaps I should not say to young people so cynical a thing, but I doubt the very existence of lasting gratitude.

As a matter of fact, the doctor is often treated with basest ingratitude. Why, I know numbers of people who owe to my efforts their lives or limbs, or the use of their faculties, as surely as if I had plunged into a swollen torrent and rescued them from drowning, or had dragged them timely from before the wheels of the lightning express, and who not only owe and intend always to owe a modest bill for professional services, but who now lose an opportunity to attack the reputation of their benefactor. *Every physician has the same experience*, and it seems inherent in the ingrate patient to slander. Probably it is in defense of himself before his accusing conscience, if such creatures have a conscience, or before some neighbor, that the wretch feels compelled to trump up some lie as an excuse for his conduct. He will stand up barefaced and say he "was not treated right," when his own presence in this life is a denial of his assertion. If he had not been treated right his mean little soul would ere this have left his body and gone where—no good spirits go.

But for all that—let me tell you what sort of fellows doctors are as a class. I have a man employed to look after my accounts and collections; he does this also for a number of other physicians. There is in every community a class of people who do not pay their bills if they can possibly avoid it. It is especially against their principles to pay a doctor's bill. There is another class of improvidents. They could pay, if they would manage better, but do not. Still another class is too poor to pay—sometimes it is hard to tell to which class a family belongs. In the city these people are very numerous, and are a great annoyance. They employ one doctor as long as they can; when he presents a bill they quit him and employ another, and so on around. How mad the doctors do get to be thus swindled out of time and labor, and how discouraged at the amount of work that brings in nothing. Talking of this evil one day with the collector, I asked him why he or someone didn't get up a black-list for the benefit of the doctors. Have them each send in a list of those who did not pay, combine the lists and furnish a complete catalogue of deadheads to all the doctors, that when a doctor was called where another doctor had been employed and not paid, he was to decline to go unless that old bill was paid and the money was forthcoming for the present call.

The collector smiled sadly and slowly shook his head, answered he did that once and thought it was going to work, till he found the doctors sending him bills again for services to the very people they had sent to the black-list. When reproached for their inconstancy they had said: "Oh, he *got sick*—and—his children *got very sick*—and—I attended them."

Did more credit to the doctors' hearts than to their heads.

The doctor's work needs hopefulness and cheerfulness. They have a wonderful effect upon the sick. They buoy up the spirit and through the spirit the body, and carry them along over dangers and trials they never could have struggled through alone. On the other hand, if you are naturally one of those gloomy, bilious, despondent individuals, always by constitution looking on the dark

side of things—do not, I beg of you, enter the profession of medicine. Without meaning to, you would do incalculable harm. Don't allow yourself to grow into one of those coffin-faced, wailing-voiced sort of doctors who always makes an unfavorable prognosis as possible. If a person has a little cough, he says: "It may not be serious—but he has seen a great many cases of consumption start just that way." If the patient complains of palpitation, he remarks that "the heart is acting badly, and heart disease is so common nowadays." It is constitutional with such a man, and he cannot altogether avoid it—but I say, if this is your disposition—be an undertaker or a grave-digger, or a hell's-fire revival preacher, or anything else you want to—but don't be a doctor, and you have everybody's permission to get off the earth as soon as you can possibly sigh your last.

The microbe of "the blues" has not been discovered—but it is very catching—it is a miserable disease and we do not want it.

To help along his cheerfulness, to act as a safety-valve when his feelings get pent up till he is ready to burst, the physician should have a sense of humor. It is a great relief sometimes to everybody's overstrained nerves. There was a railroad wreck. A passenger train dashed over an embankment and the cars were piled in a broken ruin at its foot; there were shrieks and groans of the mangled and crushed victims, and cries for aid from the wounded, frantic calls from victims imprisoned by the broken timbers, many lay still in death, and horror hovered over all the scene. Suddenly a man who had escaped without a scratch came running round the wreck shouting: "Where's my hat? I lost my hat! Has anybody seen my hat?" A lady who had swooned and swooned again with terror revived, and smiled and recovered her senses when she heard that; and a man groaning with a broken thigh sat up, and his face was covered with blood from a cut on the head, and held his limb to keep it from shaking, while he laughed. And the surgeons smiled, (who would not?)—and went more cheerily on with their grim work.

It is of a doctor, if I recall it rightly, that the following

story is told. He was seated in his office, busily engaged writing. He had endured numerous interruptions which had somewhat tested his patience, but, annihilated his sense of humor. A gentleman is announced and walked into the room. The doctor looked up and said: "I'll be through in a moment, sir; take a chair, please." "Sirrah?" said the pompous individual who had entered. "Do you know who I am? I am the Lord Vicomte de Bourneville!" "Is that so?" said the doctor. "Well, then take two chairs."

That same sense of humor which enables a man to see absurdities in others will enable him to avoid them in himself.

The calling of the doctor necessitates the use of all the senses, and good health and physical endurance, to stand the strain of anxieties, broken rest, irregular hours, exposures and fatigues, and he must have courage to face dangers and keep him brave and steady amid scenes which might appall and set the nerves of weaker men to trembling.

Thus you see that the profession of medicine offers a fair field for the development of the man that is in you. A well developed *doctor* never gets to be a *very* badly lopsided man—he seldom develops great eccentricities, or, if he does, his eccentricity is like a bold crag upon the mountain's side, there is a beauty and a grandeur about it—you would not remove it if you could.

The next object in a calling is to do good. Perhaps I ought to put that first. But the development of self is a means of doing good to others. Some would say the great object of life should be to glorify God. Very well; can you tell me a better way than to do good to your fellow-men?

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel, writing in a book of gold;
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold.
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheer'ly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Christ himself made healing an important part of his work. Of course he taught the way of salvation from the effects of sin—but in the meantime he didn't leave those about him suffering physical pain and disease. Why, is it not yet a great work to relieve suffering and distress? Some people say, spend your time to the glory of God in singing hymns and praying. That would be all very well in its way. When you get a sick call you can sing a hymn as you journey along the road, if you feel like it, or if you are lonesome.

Luther said music drives away the devil. But thoughts of the devil don't much trouble the busy doctor neither by daylight nor on the darkest, eeriest night.

As for prayer—in the words of John Stuart Blackie: "How far with regard to any special matter, not irrevocably fixed in the Divine concatenation of possibilities, our petition may prevail, we never can tell; but this we do know, that the most natural and the most effectual means of keeping our noblest nature in harmony with the source of all vital nobleness, is to hold high emotional communion with that source and to plant ourselves humbly in that attitude of devout receptiveness, which is the one becoming attitude in the created towards the Creator." As for the insane folly of sitting down by a patient and spending your energies in singing and praying for his recovery while nothing is being *done* for his relief, it is a humiliation to our day and race that such practices exist. There is plenty of good Scripture and any amount of common-sense teaching against this pseudo-religious foolery, and I am glad the courts have in several cases decided against it.

God helps them most who help themselves most. As the darkey

preacher said in his sermon on prayer: "I prayed to de Lord to send me a turkey, but I didn't get no turkey. Den I prayed to de Lord to send me after a turkey, and it come to pass afoh day."

I would like to inquire if anyone here ever heard of a millionaire doctor? The very phrase "millionaire doctor" has a strange, unfamiliar sound. We often hear of the millionaire merchant, the millionaire manufacturer, the millionaire lawyer, the millionaire stock gambler; these are quite common. You have heard of a poor doctor, that sounds quite appropriate; a skillful physician, a learned, or a kind-hearted, or a distinguished physician, these expressions have a natural ring about them, but a millionaire physician—no! something wrong. Never heard of one. But you may not long for a million. You may believe the saying, that "If a man has two hundred and fifty thousand dollars he is just as well off as if he were rich," or you be content with a much smaller fortune. Now, what has the practice of medicine to offer as a means of livelihood, as a way to make money?

The successful physician usually lives as well as the well-to-do people among whom he practices, and may accumulate enough to keep himself and family when he is superannuated. But if he should die before he is fifty-five or sixty years old, it is rare if he leaves his family anything. Unless, of course, he has some other source of income than his practice. But why does he not accumulate wealth? In the first place a large amount of his time is taken up in work that brings in no money at all. It is not only those who work in dispensaries, clinics, and hospitals of the city, but the majority of the profession everywhere give what has been estimated at from one-third to one-half of their working hours to those who cannot or do not pay, and yet are not refused service when sick or injured.

When they are paid the fees are not nearly so large in proportion as those of the lawyer, for instance, or many business men, considering the talent, the time, and money and labor spent in acquiring education, skill and reputation. Then the physician has very large expenses for a professional man. He must have costly instru-

ments and books, and horses and carriages are expensive necessities with him. He must be centrally located to be accessible, and this means high rents or taxes. Many a physician, after a long life of toil and anxiety, and greatest usefulness, dies poor. No, young man, if it is your great object to accumulate riches, choose some other profession. But before you martyrize your avarice to medicine, think it over—though you don't care for riches now when you are young and strong, consider that when you grow into middle life and see the time coming on apace when you can no longer earn the comforts or run the necessities of life, that riches may have charms for you they have not now. You will look around you and see men of ability no greater than yours, who have excited themselves no more than you have—but have amassed a snug fortune which makes them independent.

They can hire a manager and clerks, operatives who carry on their business while they take a vacation, or interest themselves in art, in literature, or in travel, while you, poor doctor, have to stick to business with scarcely a holiday or a Sunday; if you take a vacation all the income stops. You can't practice medicine by proxy—no clerks, no foreman, no agent can help—you have to do everything yourself. On the other hand, you know "riches may take unto themselves wings, and fly away."

I well remember a merchant who had been very wealthy, but became bankrupt. He used to say to me: "O how I wish I had become a physician. A profession they could not take away from me. I wish I had stored all my capital here in my head."

For the true physician wealth has small charms. "Enough is as good as a feast." Money is only a means, not an end, to his purpose. He takes more satisfaction and more pride in the successful management of a case than he does in the fee he gets for it. His interest *centers* in his *work*, not in his pay.

You will meet a brother physician and he will tell you how he diagnosticated and treated a difficult case, and of the happy result, and his eyes will sparkle and his face will glow, that you can

see that he is getting more pleasure out of it than if he had found a hundred dollars. And that is the way you will feel about it.

If I remember rightly, it was of the distinguished Scotch surgeon Ferguson of whom it is told that one day, as he was deeply engaged in an absorbing study of the science he had mastered, and sought to advance, there came a messenger with a call. He laid down his work with a sigh. "Well," said he, "I suppose I must go and earn that confounded guinea."

That shows you the true spirit of the profession toward money-making.

In the words of President Thwing: "When the doctor at last comes to that end toward which every human being hastens, and from reaching which no power, however powerful, no skill, however skillful, can lastingly restrain, it will be a satisfaction to him, richer than gold to the merchant or fame to the author, that the misery and sorrowing which go up from this suffering globe as it rolls, are a little less terrible than when he wrote his first prescription. It will be the deepest peace to his soul that for darkness he has shed light, for weakness given strength, and for sickness brought health."

In this noble labor of relieving the suffering of mankind there is a part for the laity as well as for the profession to perform. Appreciate our services. Hold up our hands. Furnish us the materials and we will do the work. Listen to our teachings. We are willing to go on in the future as we have in the past, "striving with our whole might to extinguish our own business."

We have given you the benefits of a knowledge of anatomy, physiology, medical chemistry, pathology, vaccination, anæsthesia and a thousand marvelous blessings of surgery, of sanitary or preventive medicine and of curative means. By analogy we have reasons to believe that we are yet only on the threshold of this glorious science of the sciences and art of the arts.