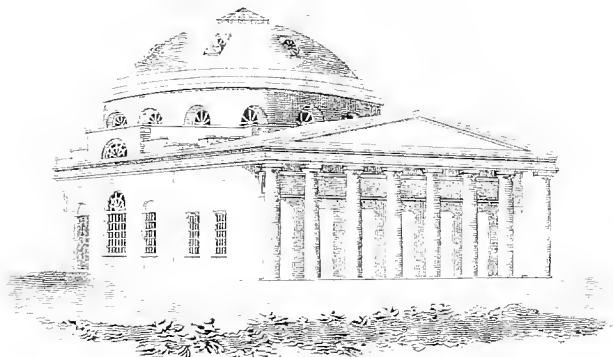
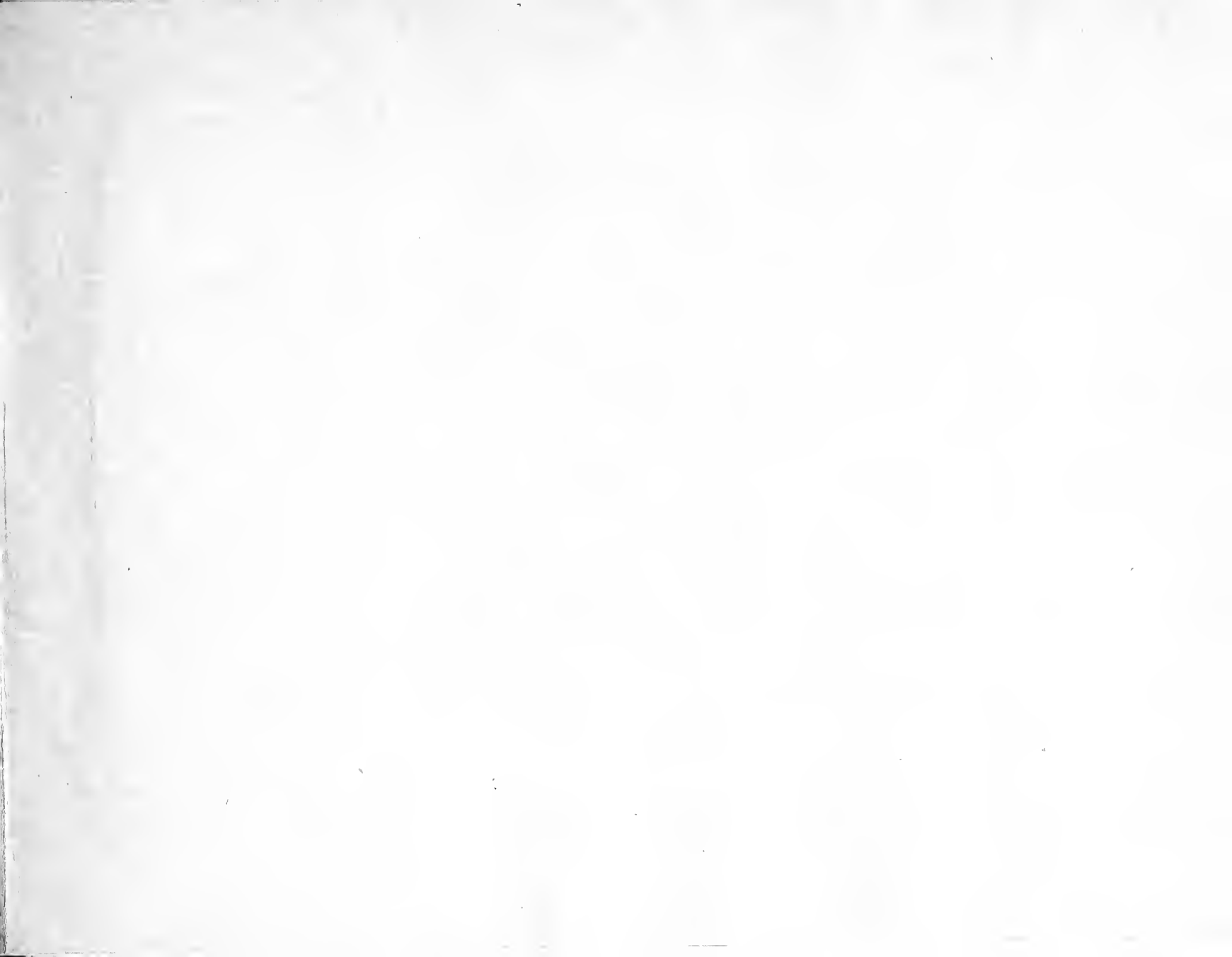


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The Clinic

V. 3

THE YEAR BOOK

of The College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.



COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TEN

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To

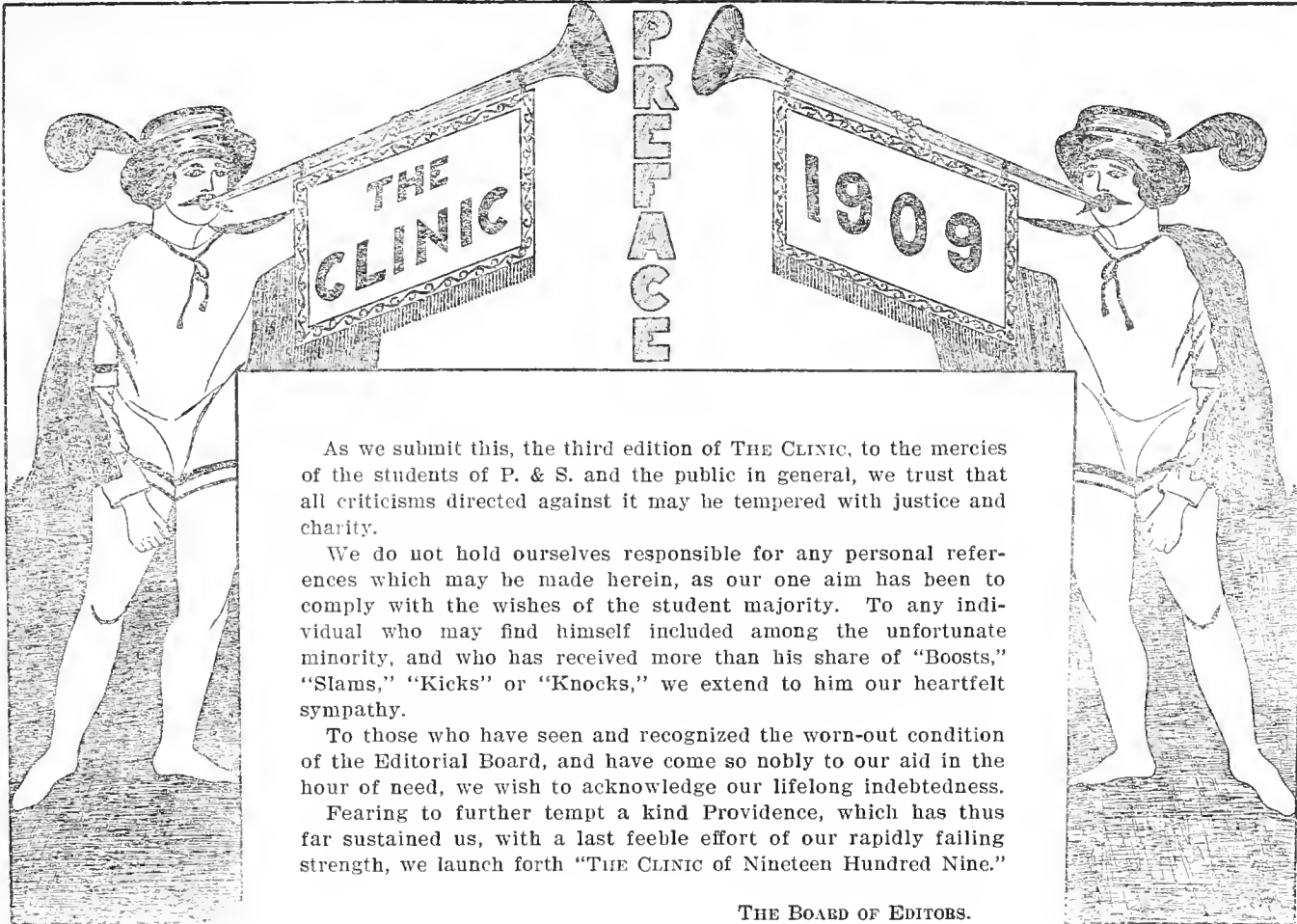
Isaac Ridgeway Trimble

late Professor of Anatomy

this book is affectionately dedicated







As we submit this, the third edition of *THE CLINIC*, to the mercies of the students of P. & S. and the public in general, we trust that all criticisms directed against it may be tempered with justice and charity.

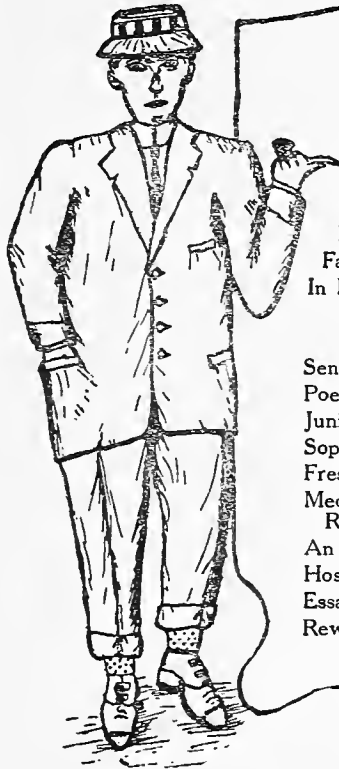
We do not hold ourselves responsible for any personal references which may be made herein, as our one aim has been to comply with the wishes of the student majority. To any individual who may find himself included among the unfortunate minority, and who has received more than his share of "Boosts," "Slams," "Kicks" or "Knocks," we extend to him our heartfelt sympathy.

To those who have seen and recognized the worn-out condition of the Editorial Board, and have come so nobly to our aid in the hour of need, we wish to acknowledge our lifelong indebtedness.

Fearing to further tempt a kind Providence, which has thus far sustained us, with a last feeble effort of our rapidly failing strength, we launch forth "*THE CLINIC* of Nineteen Hundred Nine."

THE BOARD OF EDITORS.

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THE CLASS HISTORIANS.

THE UNKNOWN, FOR WHOM WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE.

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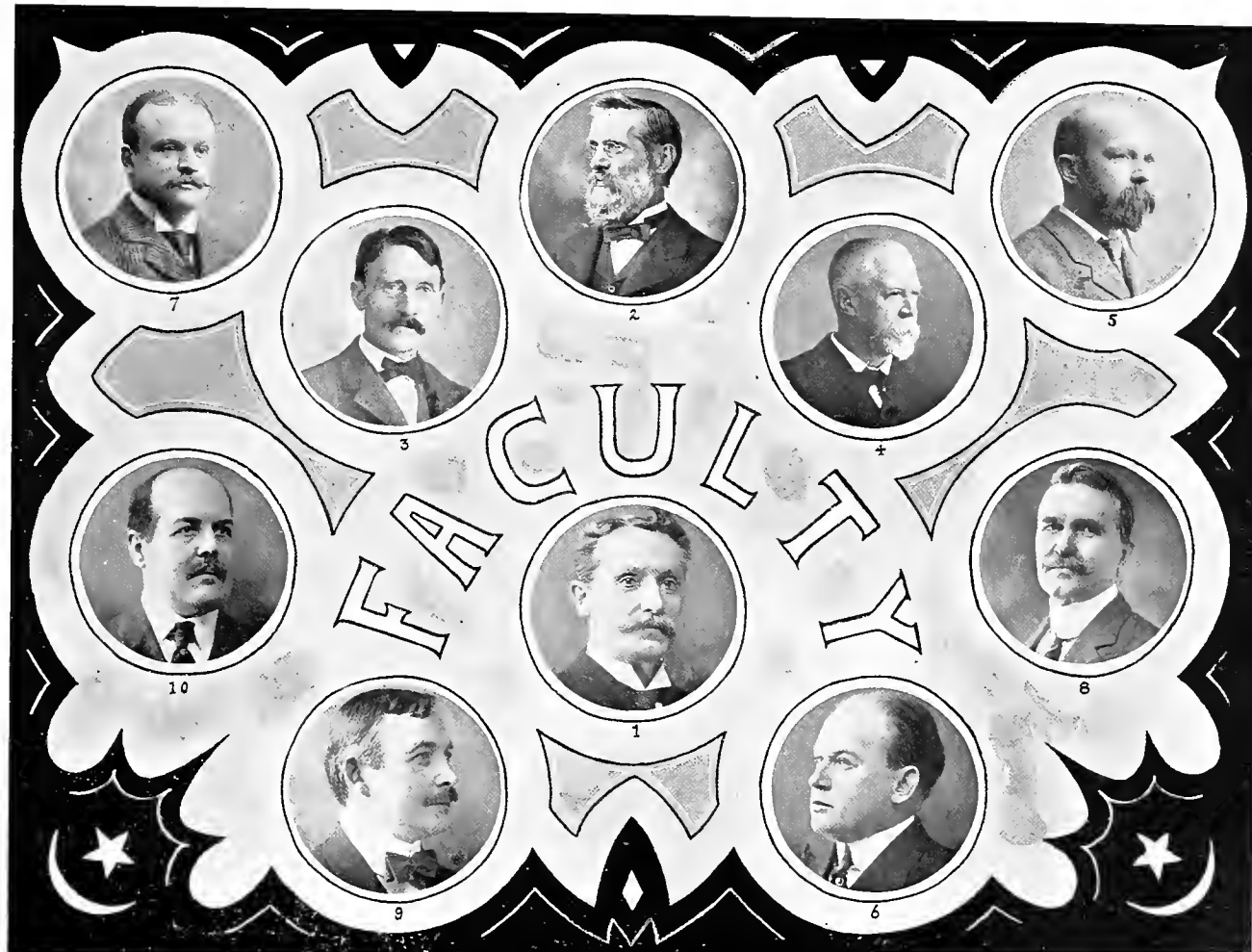
1909

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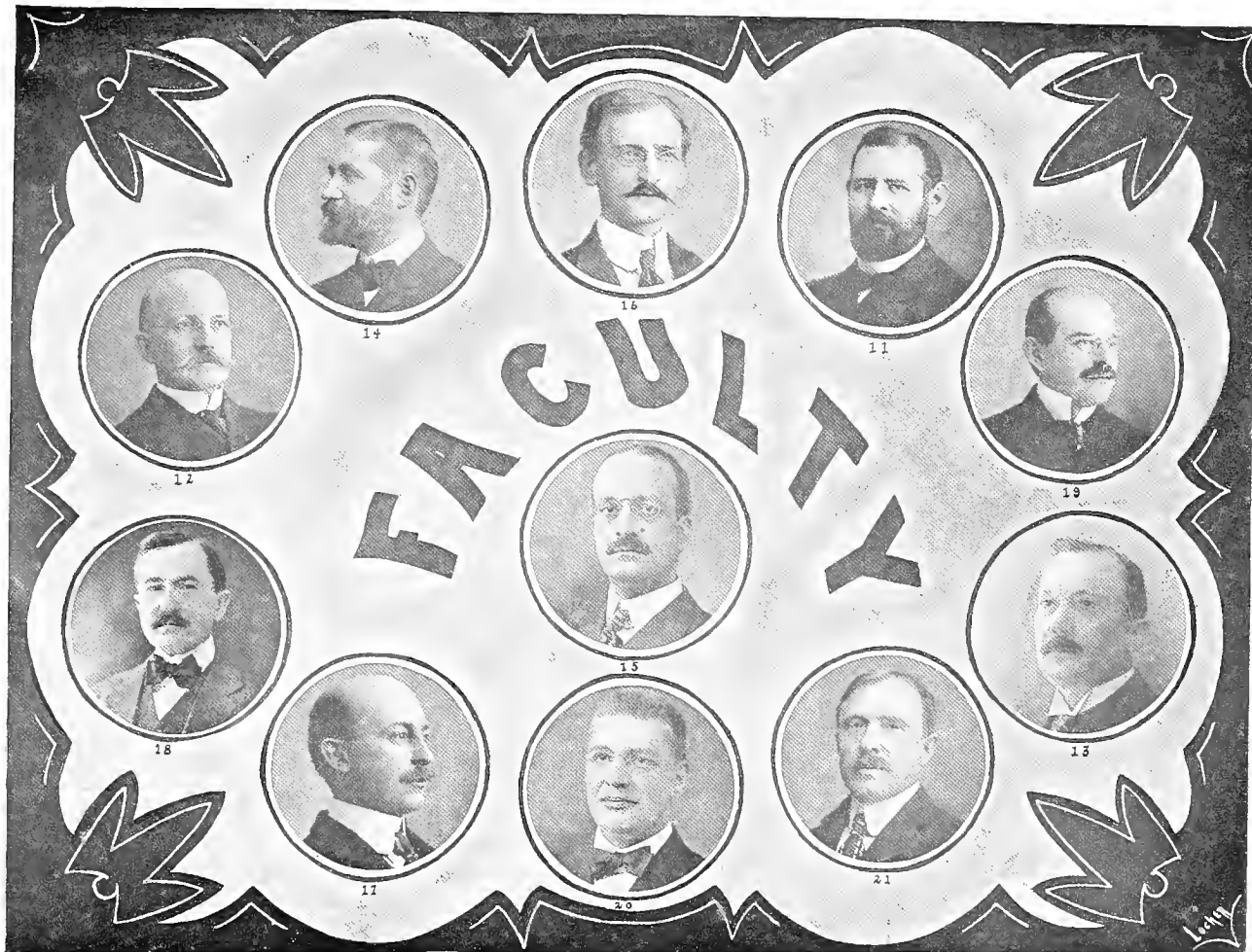
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- (19) FRANK DYER SANGER, M.D.,
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- (20) CHARLES E. BRACK, Ph.G., M.D.,
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- (21) HARVEY G. BECK, Ph.G., M.D.,
Clinical Professor of Medicine.



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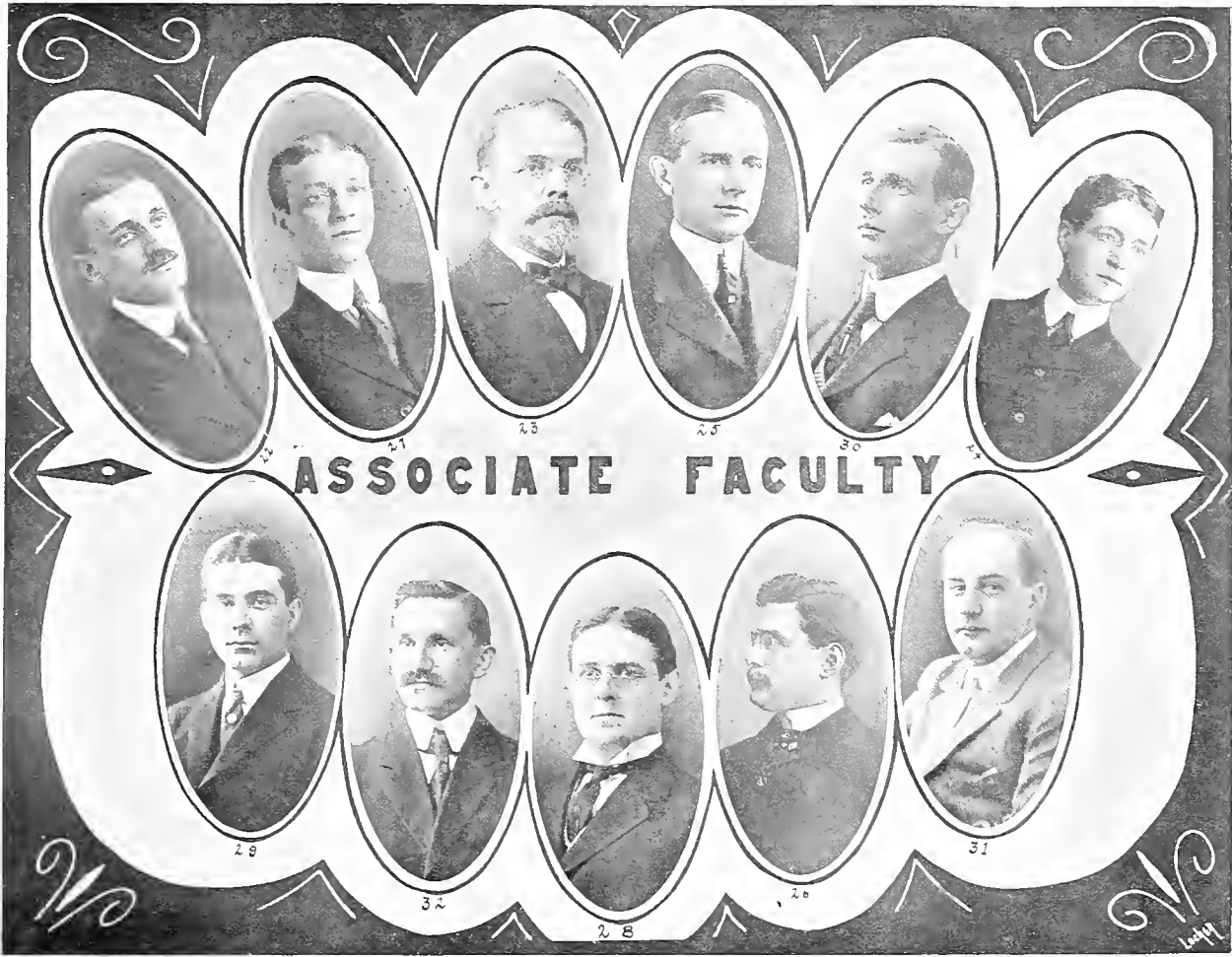


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- (32) C. W. G. ROHRER, A.M., M.D.,
Associate Professor of Pathology and Assistant in Genito-Urinary Diseases.



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(42) **OTTO SCHAEFER, M.D.,**
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(43) **SPENCER M. FREE, A.M., M.D.,**
Special Lecturer on Medical Ethics and Economics.



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WILLIAM C. STIFLER, M.D.,
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H. M. COHEN, M.D.,
Associate in Tropical Medicine.

S. G. DAVIS, M.D.,
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J. STAIGE DAVIS, M.D.,
Demonstrator of Surgery.

A. LEE ELLIS, M.D.,
Diseases of Children.

The members of the Associate Faculty whose pictures do not appear herein have been omitted, due to the fact that the Committee has been unable to secure them.

ASSOCIATE
FACULTY



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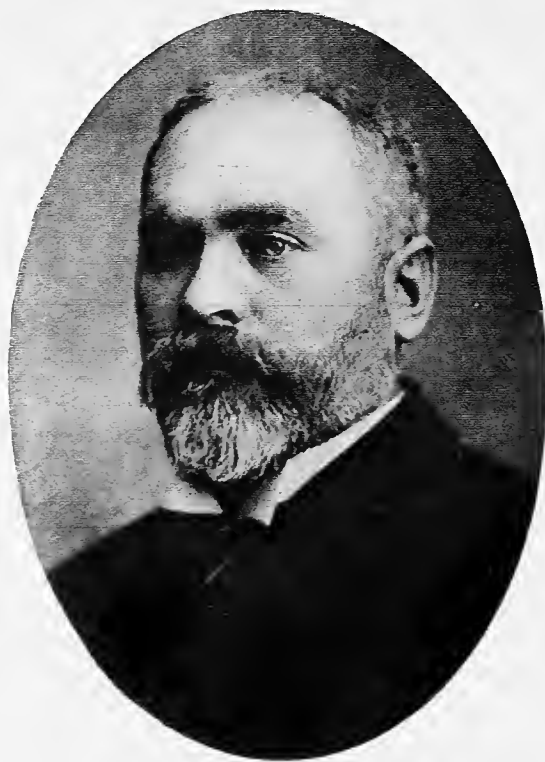
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In Memoriam

To DR. GEORGE J. PRESTON,

Late Professor of Physiology and Diseases of the Nervous System.

How little we think, as we live from day to day,
Of the true worth of friends whom we pass along our way.
Every hour we're told of loved ones who have left and entered there,
Where Life's roadway has no turning, where they have no cross to bear.
Such sad partings make us ponder, make us feel as though there were
More to Life than mere existence, more to strive and labor for.
Just so, from our midst has left us one we honored and admired,
One who always labored for us, helped us, and who never tired.
His bright smile and cheerful greeting gave each student hope and cheer
As he met us in the classroom many times throughout the year.
Not alone was he our teacher — more than that he seemed to be —
Just one of us, you might say, a friend to all, to you, to me.
He has left us just to journey in that Distant Land afar,
Where the paths are strewn with roses, where each crown is decked with stars.
Though we miss him and we sorrow, yet sweet memories linger yet
Of a life whose sweet example we never shall forget.

R. W. LOCHER.

In Memoriam



It has seemed to those of us who have been placed in charge of this book, representing as it does the student body, that it would be altogether fitting to add a few words, inadequate as they are in giving expression to our real feelings, to the many beautiful and deserving tributes that have been paid to the memory of Dr. Trimble, whose portrait appears on the opening page, and to whom we have the honor to dedicate this book.

Death is a common thing in the providential order of things, as common and equally as familiar as birth; yet, death, beyond any other event, produces the most profound impression upon the mind. This is true when it knocks at the door of the humblest; much more so when it overtakes those prominent in life, those who have achieved honor and success in one or along several lines.

The sudden death of Dr. Trimble, in the prime of life, recalls to our memory the beautiful manner in which the gifted Dr. Holmes spoke of death in early life, comparing life to a clock which had been wound by the angel of life to run for three score years and ten, but which through some accident has run down before the lapse of the allotted time. While Dr. Trimble's stay among us was short, in that brief time we were able to learn of his true manhood, his kindly and sympathetic nature, the graces of his mind and heart, combining in one perfect union amiability, sweetness of disposition, gentleness of manner and fine courtesy to all of high or low station in life who were thrown in contact with him.

Dr. Trimble was a leading man in the City of Baltimore, not solely in a professional way, but in social as

well. He was the true type of a Southern gentleman, courtly and perfect in bearing, with an attractive personality which drew all unconsciously to love and respect him. The variety and character of the positions which he held ably testify to the commanding influence he exerted in his community.

On the day of his burial the great concourse of people, numbering among them hundreds of students whom he had so diligently and faithfully labored to instruct in the fundamentals of surgery, and others—prominent men in every walk of life—who had gathered to pay this their last tribute of respect, bore full testimony of the high place he occupied in the hearts of those who knew him. The Legislature of the Commonwealth of Maryland, in session, adjourned after news of his death reached that body. All college exercises were suspended until after his burial, and everywhere little groups of students and Doctors were collected, grief-stricken beyond measure of belief. A cloud of gloom, dark and impenetrable, had settled over every one, which time alone, or perhaps the knowledge that our friend had gone to a home of rest, of immortality, could serve to dispel. Before his death the college bulletin boards were eagerly scanned by all connected with the college, hoping for the best; but hope was doomed to dismay, for, though all possible that is known to the science of medicine was done for him, he passed to the great and mysterious beyond on the morning of the twenty-fourth of February, nineteen hundred eight.

Appropriate resolutions were framed by the students *en masse*, and action was taken looking to the purchase of a floral tribute, and it was finally decided to place an oil painting of Dr. Trimble in the college library. Today an almost perfect likeness hangs on the college walls, the gift of the students to the college.

The sudden manner in which Dr. Trimble died, and the circumstances which attended his death, not only aroused the sympathy and regret of those who knew him, but of all who learned the sad facts of the case. He died a martyr to his profession, death coming as the result of his devotion to duty and his disregard for personal safety; but to one who was prepared as Dr. Trimble was, we cannot but feel with Ruskin that death is really a comforter and friend, bringing in his right hand rest and in his left hope.

No matter how much we philosophize, and no matter how much comfort we find in the belief of immortality, we nevertheless are appalled at the change from life to death. Time, God's healing gift, eventually helps us over the great gulf of sorrow. While Dr. Trimble has departed from us in body, yet he still is with us, and shall ever remain in the influences for good that he has left us. Life on earth is the seed time, and this time of his existence was fully occupied in sowing seeds represented in good deeds, such as consideration for those about him, and in the consummation of all those things which are represented in Shakespeare's idea of a man. His life was much the same as the ever-widening, never-ending circles which an object cast into a body of still water will produce, for as it is impossible to estimate the extent of these circles, so it is beyond our power of imagination to say to what far-distant age or in what land or country the never ceasing or ending, kindly and benefiting influence of our departed friend may extend.

We who knew him, miss him, and will miss his ever-pleasant smile; but the memory of his services to us, the generous manner in which he contributed his time and talents for our benefit, and to other good and deserving causes, will always linger fondly in our recollections, and his example of right living shall be to us in our every-day battles what the lighthouse is to the mariner in the storms at sea. He has left to those who were nearer and dearer to him than we, as a heritage, the priceless legacy of an untarnished name and an example for good.

In closing this feeble tribute we feel inclined to add the words pronounced in eulogy, by a friend, on the death of Marriott Brosius, a distinguished Pennsylvanian, as they express beautifully our own thought:

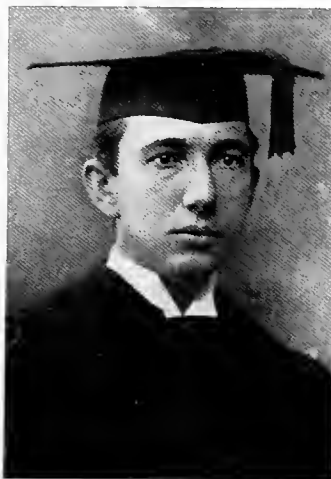
"That, while green grass will cover his grave, blue skies bend over it, sweet birds sing near it, and the place will be hallowed ground, yet greener than the grass, fairer than the skies, sweeter than the birds, more hallowed than the grave itself, will be his fragrant memory enshrined with supreme sacredness in the hearts of those who knew and loved him."

LONGSDORF, '10.

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M. A. ABRAMS ("Mike") Φ X

Baltimore, Md.

Secretary, '07-'08.

Mike is a graduate of Baltimore City College, '05, and, having acquired a business training, was chosen manager of the baseball team. He has been in several disputes as to the disposing of the paraphernalia, but, as yet, has thrown no light upon the mystery. He is no longer interested in athletics, but devotes his spare time to the society ladies. He has a full-dress suit, but does not wear it much, as he ordered the trousers turned up at the bottom to show that he is a student. This the tailor failed to do. Mike flutters around with "the classy ones."

C. A. ANDREWS ("Sam") Φ X

Brochton, Mass.

Year Book Committee, '07-'08.

Having prepared himself at Williston Seminary, Sam decided to quit the farm and cast his fortunes among the Physicians in Baltimore. Some of the boys say he has very "taking" ways and shows the results of farm feeding by being one of the best "lifters" at school. Sam is suffering from Pruritis of the œsophagus, which requires an abundance of food to alleviate the itching. He is the despair of his boarding mistress, and he always cleans up everything in sight at the banquets. The worst that can be said of Sam is that he is a friend of Charlie Miles.





S. M. ARCHAMBAULT ("Archie")

Arctic Centre, R. I.

Sergeant-at-Arms, '07-'08; Treasurer, '09.

After beating his way through High School, Archie attended St. Hyacinthe's Seminary, Montreal, Canada, where he took a special course in "How to dress flashy." He seems to have mastered his subject, as few can equal and none can surpass him in his chosen line. He is a fat, good-natured child, and minds his own affairs. Archie intends to practice in Japan, and is tutoring under a Miss Fakis, who resides in Newark, N. J.

FRANK ATCHINSON ("Foxy Grandpa")

Norwich, Conn.

He began life very young by cutting his teeth on a crowbar. When a boy, Frank drove a milk cart, which he says gave more milk than a cow, and continued this occupation until the board of health interfered. Being deprived of his livelihood, he became interested in the study of medicine. He is a product of Yale Medical School, entering the Senior Class at P. & S. Since his arrival, he takes a general interest in the doings about school, but is especially interested in the Spirochaeta Pallida. Frank's ambition is to become Chief of the Dispensary Staff.





JAMES K. BIDDLE ("Jim") A Δ Π Φ Δ Θ

Athens, Ohio.

Year Book Committee, '07-'08.

The ancient and illustrious city of Athens claims Jim as one of her famous sons. They say he displays the Grecian characteristics, as no one can make him squeal when he holds "them." When not down to Sam's, turn your footsteps toward any of the dancing schools, and you will find him taking part in the prize waltzes. Jim possesses a fine voice, and can be heard singing his latest song, entitled "How can I separate the boys from fifty cents for the Year Book Committee?"

VICTOR BIDDLE ("Vic") Φ Β Π Φ Α Θ

Athens, Ohio.

President, '05-'06.

Being made when beef was cheap, he graduated from Public High School, and with the scent of new-mown hay he entered Ohio State University. After absorbing all the knowledge attainable in that institution, he then began to teach the young idea to shoot. The thought of becoming a great surgeon absorbed his mind, and straightway he came to Baltimore, where he entered P. & S. During his Senior year he obtained a berth at the Children's Home, where he is held in high esteem, as they have fewer children now. Vic believes children make good angels.





SIMON BLOOM,

Russia.

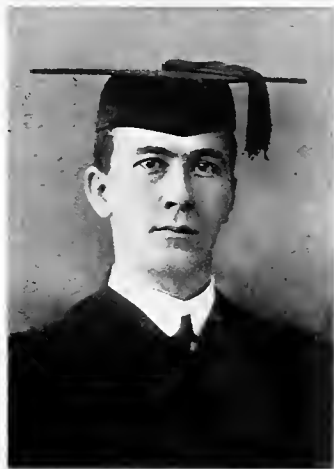
Imported from Russia (look for trade-mark on right ear). He managed to escape the Custom House officials and went to Boston, Mass., where he learned to eat beans and speak English. Although small of stature, his large head is a target for everything lying loose. He is getting bald, owing to cerebral development, since his arrival at P. & S. He is an ardent Socialist and can give Roosevelt pointers on "how to run a proper government."

H. M. BOYD,

Kentucky.

Fresh from the moonshine district in Kentucky, where every man is his own bartender; is a nice, handsome, well-meaning son of a chap. He grew a mustache, but the future Mrs. Boyd objected, hence the reason for its removal. He is very kind to animals, and smokes the best brand of cigarettes. He was formerly a student at the University of Louisville, but didn't like the brand of fire-water, so came to Baltimore, where he is well liked by all with whom he comes in contact.





ELMER BRADDOCK ("Brad") Φ Β Π

West Finley, Pa.

Brad hails from West Finley (not on the map), and was formerly an oil worker, and is now trying to work the Faculty for a diploma. He suffers from a chronic grouch, and somehow can't forget it. He is a good contortionist, and can screw his face into any old shape. Brad is the recipient of numerous perfumed epistles, and we wonder who she is. He is lately known as "Neighbor," and seems to be the fountain from which all knowledge flows.

J. D. BUBERT, Φ X

Baltimore, Md.

He received his early training in public schools, and later took up a business course. He is a great social light, and it is a case of "hoss and hoss" with him and Harry Lehr. He is very modest, and possesses a good amount of gray matter. He is popular and one of the leaders of the Sunday-School. He claims he is a model young man—no one doubts him. The girls think he is real "cute."



J. G. CALLISON ("Osler") ΦX *Lewassy, W. Va.*

Historian, '07-'08.

Osler looks like a real Doctor, and came here from the wilds of West Virginia with a dress suit and a set of whiskers. He was the pride of the girls, but fell from grace during the holidays, when he took unto himself a wife. He has traveled extensively, having stopped off at Cockeysville and Highlandtown. He has made several public speeches and lectured on "The Crab as a Politician." On entering P. & S. he immediately instructed the "Profs." in the art of medicine. "Prezzie" says it takes a half-nelson to hold him down. As a lithographer he is the "real cheese," and according to his own statements, can do more stunts than a circus.

THOMAS W. CAUSEY ("Tom")

Brunswick, Ga.

President, '09; Year Book Committee, '09.

Born at Jesup, he received his preliminary education at public schools, and later became a stenographer. This training has served him well, as he can take down anything from a period to a pause in the lectures. He then went into the lumber business, where he met with great success. Tom is the candy kid orator of the class, and will lend an ear to any one discussing the negro question. Tom likes the X-ray apparatus as well as he likes "niggers." He will listen to any one, but has some good ideas of his own.





J. K. COLEMAN,

Honesdale, Pa.

Here is another of the new arrivals at P. & S., having entered the Senior Class. He is extremely bright from using Sapolio, and is always dressed like a horse and buggy, and will stand without hitching. He spent his first three years of medicine at U. of P., and then came to Baltimore, where he entered P. & S. He loves his bed and hates to be disturbed for lectures. He is a specialist on Skin Diseases, and can now diagnose a case of Scabies without assistance.

W. J. COSTELLO, Ph.G.,

Baltimore, Md.

Vice-President, '05-'06; Chairman of Executive Committee, '09.

Costello just happened, and was raised on Mellin's Food. Somehow he acquired a certain amount of knowledge, and one day, when the Dean wasn't looking, sneaked into the Maryland University, where he obtained a Ph.G. He then began to dispense Peruna and Lydia Pinkham's Pills, with the usual fake guarantees. Seeing so many Doctors make easy money, he got the opinion that he would rather write for pills than make them. Like many other misguided individuals, he committed matrimony early, but this is not held against him.





J. D. DINSMORE ("Dens")

Shelburne, N. S.

Dens is popularly known as the "King's Jester," being born somewhere in the wilds of Nova Scotia. He is an ardent advocate of Weir Mitchell's Rest Cure, and considers himself quite a social butterfly. He is a firm believer in asepsis, taking a bichloride bath once a week. He is the originator of the famous Dinsmore Piano-Playing Method of Palpation. Dens is a disciple of Darwin, and can trace his ancestry back to the monkey period. He denies any relationship to Caruso, of monkey-house fame. He says he has to carry a club with him when on the street to keep the girls away from him. Dens can throw "hot air."

J. B. DODRILL ("Doddie") ♂ X

Birch River, W. Va.

Sergeant-at-Arms, '06-'07; Executive Committee, '09.

This horny-handed son of toil is popularly known to his friends as "Rattlesnake Pete." He says that he has seen more snakes than Sam Andrews. Happy, indeed, will be old Doddie when he can buy his furniture and settle down on the banks of the Birch River far away. Doddie is strong on pie, and buys tobacco by the yard, paring it off with a "toad sticker."





DE WITT FAUCETT, A.B.,

Roanoke, Ala.

Year Book Committee, '07-'08; Valedictorian.

If you want to hear this old boy use profane language, suggest that the poor, "downtrodden" colored man be allowed to live. Faucett has formed a partnership with Dr. Gundry for the treatment of nervous diseases, but is thinking of repudiating it and going over to the Spratling forces. Faucett is strong on criticism. He is a high "mogul" in the Y. M. C. A., always crossing his fingers before taking a drink.

A. S. Fox,

Easton, Pa.

As the name implies, he is a foxy student from some place on the earth. After finishing at public schools, he entered Medico Chi, of Philadelphia, but being disgusted with the boarding mistresses, came to Baltimore. He possesses a frank look and an open face, especially when eating pie. He holds a gold medal won at a watermelon-eating contest. Fox was a general in Coxey's Army.





C. D. GORDON, Φ X

Wharton, N. J.

Treasurer, '07-'08.

The noisiest man in the class, and insists on making a speech on every possible occasion. Frequently boasts of his female conquests, and says he ties a knot in his shoestrings for every heart he breaks. His shoestrings are now full of knots. A very boisterous character; puts salt in his beer and drinks his liquor "neat." Truly a bad man.

W. GREENFELD,

Baltimore, Md.

He chews up his words and spits them out in chunks, so that no one knows what he is talking about unless they use a Peerless Separator. He is thinking seriously of adopting Vic Biddle as a collaborator in his great work, "Physiognomy." By the way, did you ever note the size of Greenfeld's pedal extremities? He has Doddy green with envy, and even Brad acknowledges that he is in his class. He is considered a bad man, "totes" a gun, and is an expert on threats.





EDGAR JENNINGS GROSE,

Kessler's Cross, W. Va.

Sex: Male.

Color: White.

Former Occupation: Farmer and school teacher.

Family History: Negative.

Present Condition: Married, and a student at P. & S.

Phys. Exam.: A very genial man, with black hair, and with a fondness for tobacco.

W. A. GRIFFITH ("Griff") Φ X

Upper Marlboro, Md.

Treasurer, '06-'07.

Griff is local representative of the W. C. T. U., votes the straight Prohibition ticket, and doesn't care who knows it; passes the plate in church, and is widely known as a philanthropist around election times. He has tried hard to reform Parker, but now considers the case hopeless. Griff says single life is good enough for him until June 7, 1909.





J. B. GROVE ("J. B.")

Petersburg, W. Va.

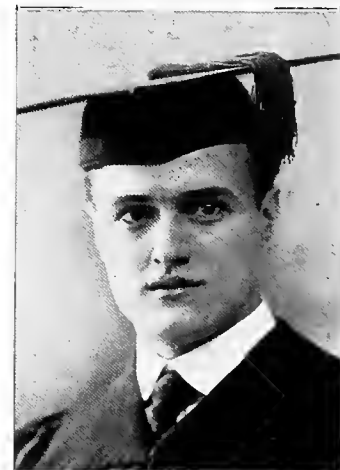
J. B. is a darling with the weaker and more susceptible sex, but among his fellow-students he is considered—well, it would be hardly fair to ruin his reputation. Boasts of being quite a sailor, and says he would rather handle a "schooner" than any other sailing vessel. Rumor had it that he had entered the matrimonial class, but on tracing it we found it untrue. J. B. was willing, but the young lady was decidedly unwilling.

J. E. HARDMAN ("Ed") ΦΒΠ

Reynoldsville, Pa.

Year Book Committee, '07-'08.

Ed is an authority on baseball and other forms of trivial amusement. You can hear him any day discussing the merits or demerits of the Baltimore Baseball Team, and would travel miles to see it "licked." Ed says ball players have degenerated since he was a boy. He is very partial to the theatres. When it comes to laughing, he can put crimps into all of them. For a real contagious, triple-expansion laugher, Ed is in a class by himself.





W. G. C. HILL, Ph.G. ("Bill") Φ X

Sistersville, W. Va.

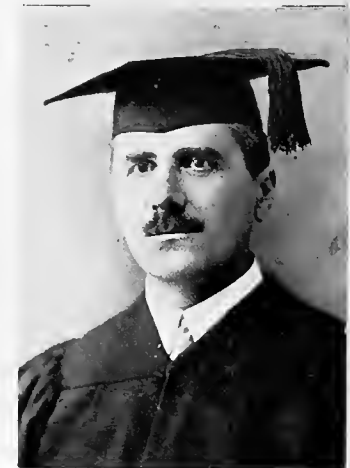
Bill lives in the country, in a big house on the top of a high hill. He boasts of a celery bed in front of it, but doesn't say very much of what is back of it. Bill is strong on the "ladder of success," and if you never heard him in a flight of oratory, in which he climbed to the topmost star, you have missed half of your life. Bill is decidedly ticklish, and holds the record for moving days.

JAMES HEWSON ("Jim") Φ Β Π

Newark, N. J.

Vice-President, '07-'08.

It is a wise man who knows where to note, how to note, and what to note. Jim doesn't take any chances, but notes all the time. Thompson says he goes so far as to sharpen lead pencils in his sleep. Jim's ability to distinguish motile from non-motile bacteria is extraordinary—in fact, he is the class authority on this subject. His failing is an immoderate use of Duke's Mixture.





B. A. JENKINS ("Jenks") Φ X

Staten Island, N. Y.

Third Vice-President, '09.

Jenks learned to pull an oar when a small boy, and since his advent to manhood his chief occupation is pulling legs. He is the most accomplished "gold bricker" in the class, and when not eating peanuts devotes his time to "How to do 'em." He is seen in frequent conversation with Hill, but Hill is "on," and generally passes his wad to a friend.

A. C. KNIGHT, Φ Β Π Π Κ Α

Mt. Clare, W. Va.

As quiet as they make 'em, but when called upon can deliver the goods. Carries his brains in his sky parlor, and shows no signs of having had them scrambled. Knight is studying nervous diseases under Faucett, and expects to become a specialist in this line. Knight has won more medals than a Civil War veteran, and is in line for one more. He denies authorship of that famous ode, "Lines to a Bedbug."





H. A. LANGE ("Hen-ray")

Providence, R. I.

Secretary, '09.

Hen-ray has a collection of surgical instruments, and his one delight is taking them apart and putting them together. He goes so far as to wear Murphy buttons on his trousers. This embryo surgeon performed his first surgical operation when nine years old, making a lateral anastomosis between a tin can and a dog's tail. Hen-ray is seen quite often at Blaney's with a female, name unknown.

L. J. A. LEGRIS ("Louie")

Arctic, R. I.

Having graduated from Public High School, Louie attended St. Hyacinthe's Seminary, Canada, where he gained considerable fame by his thesis, "Do Clams Think?" He lives in perpetual fear that his ideas will not coincide with Lange's. They say Lange has had him on the table several times when dogs were scarce. Louie still keeps an eye on Archie, as he is entrusted to his care.





J. A. LOCKE,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

You would hardly know this, as Locke has recently changed his face. He has been a frequent visitor at the medical meetings since the Faculty has "set 'em up." There is a rumor that he is engaged to Carrie Nation, but he denies the soft impeachment. Before studying medicine he was employed as "bouncer" at Tom Sharkey's.

O. S. LLOYD ("Ollie")

Baltimore, Md.

Stamped "made in Baltimore" and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. He is an expert on anæsthesia, and Dr. Bevan's pet nurse on Saturday mornings. Ollie is a wrestler of no mean ability, and claims the honors in East Baltimore. He is one of those good-natured boys with more friends than he has money. Ollie owns a bank.





C. H. MACLEAN ("Mac") Φ Β Π *Prince Edward Island, Canada.*

Mac is the first, last and only real rapid-fire, triple-expansion, double-back-action, hook-up-and-go-ahead pitchfork orator in the class; knows what he wants to say, and finds it hard enough to get adjectives to suit. Since his arrival at P. & S. he has held more positions than one can count. By the way, Mac has been leading a double life for three years, and has just been found out. Mrs. Mac, when did it happen?

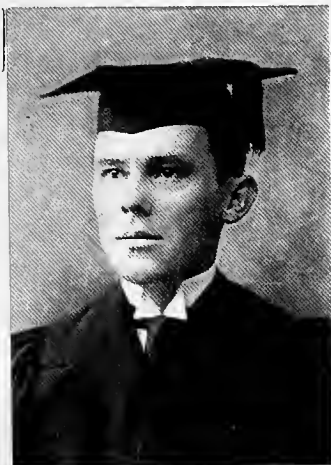
R. A. MICKELSON ("Mike")

Banorsburg, South Africa

Sergeant-at-Arms, '09.

Mike was formerly chief adviser of Oom Paul, whose administration was a decided failure. Upon being deprived of his title as Count, he decided to come to America, and entered into a conspiracy with Greenfeld to obtain a diploma. Mike has an extensive library, and wears white socks. When reciting he goes back to the ANTEDILUVIAN days before he "strikes" the point. Mike is not a "heathen."





W. T. MORRISSEY, A.B.,

Unionville, Conn.

Vice-President, '07-'08; Historian, '09.

Commonly called "Bill"; comes from a small jerkwater town in Connecticut. He holds a degree from Holy Cross, though how he obtained it is a mystery. He then migrated to a military academy, where he assumed a commanding way. He is pleasant and congenial and gained great renown at the George Washington University by writing a series of articles entitled "The Political Prospects of the Peruvians." He is a particular friend of Dinsmore. "Nuff sed."

G. A. NOLAND ("Georgie") ΦΒΠ

Ashburn, Va.

Straight from the pines where he attended the little red schoolhouse, he decided to come out into the world. At first he was infected with the "blues," but constant association with the ladies left him almost normal. Georgie is a real sport, and looks like a bantam rooster with his trousers turned up at the bottom. He has a fine set of spurs, as he certainly can go some.





J. F. O'BRIEN ("Jack") ΦΒΠ

Fall River, Mass.

Year Book Committee, '07-'08; Executive Committee, '09.

For a long time Jack was undecided whether he would give up athletics or become a healer of the sick, but after much persuasion decided on the latter. It was his misfortune to become inoculated with the Bacillus Amoris, and since that time has become an idealist. We all wonder why he is so partial to the nurses. No matter how busy, Jack will always give his attention when discussing the question of love. Jack has it bad.

A. A. PARKER ("Judge") ΦΧ

Pocomoke City, Md.

It's a sad story, but this had to be, and Pocomoke was the place picked for him. Judge was born in the winter, and got so thoroughly chilled that he has never gotten over it, judging from the way he hugs the radiator. Judge and Griff can be found in a hair-pulling contest between lectures. He will make the natives "sit up and take notice" when he returns to his native town.





ARRIELLO PREZIOSI ("Prezzie")

Stamford, Conn.

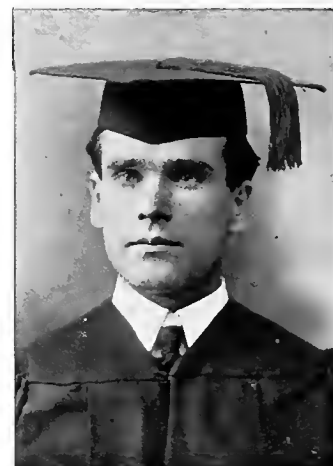
Artist, '06-'07-'08-'09.

Prezzie is a little runt from Little Italy, and a subscriber to the official Black Hand sheet. He was cut short in his whisker-growing career by eating spaghetti. His chief ambition in life is to roll up his sleeves, stroll through the dispensary and pretend to the patients he is a real live doctor. Prezzie is a good artist and story-teller; his latest, "How I Killed a Rat," in English and Italian.

W. G. PHILLIPS,

New Freeport, Pa.

Phillips, the silent, arrived from the oil regions with dusky face and much in need of a hair cut. He knows all about nitro-glycerine, with the exception of its formula; talks about oil, drinks nothing but oil, and burns it late at night. He is the champion of Prohibition, and believes in Women's Rights. Phillips doesn't smoke. Amen!





R. D. QUILLEN,

Letart Falls, Ohio.

This fat, sawed-off, hammered-down youngster, who never gets enough to eat, comes from the Buckeye State. He attended Ohio University, and after being "fired" out, freighted his way to Baltimore with two handkerchiefs and a slouch hat. He has pronounced musical ability, and can play forty-seven different instruments, including "poker" and "seven-up." Ralph is a good student, and has a lady of his own.

A. M. REID, ΦΒΠ

Clarion, Pa.

Second Vice-President, '09.

Started in life as an office boy with a practitioner of the old school. The doctor claims he was extremely valuable as ballast in his light runabout, but, on discovering he was drinking the gasoline, "fired" him. For a while he lectured at Dr. Gundry's Sanitarium, but on account of cerebral affections decided to quit. Reid's hair is falling fast.





RICHARD W. RICE ("Dick") Φ X

Windsor, Conn.

President, '06-'07.

Hats off to the greatest politician in school. No schemes are concocted that Dick does not know the inside workings. He is an expert drug man, having traveled the States expounding the merits of his pills. He is an ardent admirer of Billy Sunday, always singing his praises. Dick can trace ball-players back to the flood. He has ambitions of becoming a soloist, but we are somewhat doubtful as to whether his efforts will be crowned with success. Perhaps the orphans will listen to him when they wish to go to sleep.

J. F. RYAN,

Providence, R. I.

Executive Committee, '09.

They say Frank was the biggest boy born in his community for years. He has the characteristics of many great men, with the physique of a Fitzsimmons, the wit of a Mark Twain, and a voice rivaling that of Caruso. His father was very fond of children, hence Frank was raised with the rest of the family. He has a polished manner in answering at a quiz, and the Profs. have to "go some" to stick him.





J. A. RIFFE ("Bunk") ΦΒΠ ΒΘΠ

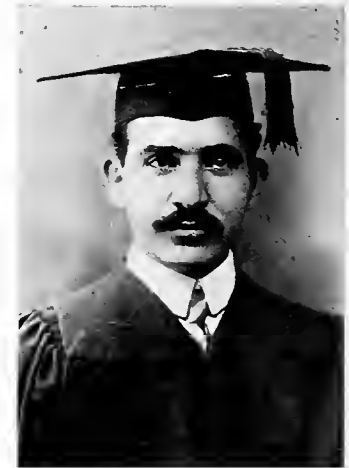
Hinton, W. Va.

Captured somewhere in the jungles of West Virginia, where the woods were so thick that Bunk only had one way to grow—namely, up. He can get a job any time advertising Juniper Tar. Bunk looks like a long drink of water, and says that digestion does not begin for several hours after eating, on account of his stomach being so far from his mouth. His great oration on "They shall not change the name of Arkansas" has been delivered before the crowned heads of Europe.

N. SHIHADDEH ("Nick")

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Born in the far-away Holy Lands, Nick received his education at the University of Palestine. His life has been an eventful one, for when scarcely out of swaddling clothes he started in driving camels. Tiring of this, he started for the New World, and on landing received an offer from the St. Louis Exposition Committee to exhibit himself as a dancing dervish. Nick made a barrel of money, for he drew large crowds. He is now the expert on Opsonic work. He is the original section "buster" and a real "candy kid."





L. F. SANTOS,

Mayaguez, P. R.

A very excitable individual from over the seas. He was brought up on a plantation; speaks Spanish and broken English. When reciting, answers with his fingers, face, feet, and draws circles, finally says he doesn't know. He is an expert Obstetrician, and follows Dinsmore's Piano-Playing Method of Palpation. Santos likes the American girls, and says he will take one home with him.

A. E. SMITH, ΦX *Morgantown, W. Va.*

No relation to Captain John, of historic fame. Formerly grew apples and gooseberry bushes in West Virginia. Later joined the Salvation Army, and began to study medicine at West Virginia University, from which place he migrated to P. & S. Smith has gained a great reputation among the East Pratt street section as an Obstetrician. He is a benedict and looks as though he was happy.





W. F. SULLIVAN ("Sully")

Milville, Mass.

Sully, the pompous, dignified individual with golden locks, hails from some part of the broad, expansive bosom of Massachusetts. For figure none but Count Boni can compare. Whether he wears K. & G.'s or C. & B.'s we never could determine. He is extremely unpopular with the boarding mistresses, owing to his article on student feeding. Sully is the possessor of intestinal cestodes, which he feeds generously t.i.d. They say he is a "winner" with the ladies.

K. H. TALBOTT ("Tal") ΦΒΠ ΔΥΥ

Middleport, Ohio.

Year Book Committee, '07-'08.

A "has-been" ball player from Ohio. He attended High School, after which he worked in a general store, selling anything from a toothpick to a coffin. After he had been "fired" he went to Ohio University, and later decided to study medicine at Baltimore. He is a member in good standing of "Sam's Club," and owns a blue sweater. He is also a Knight of the Order of "Turned-Up Pants." Tal is a great admirer of bull pups.





A. THOMPSON,

Executive Committee, '09.

Waverly, Mass.

Past history negative; denies a birthplace; gives no history of a preliminary education; big, breezy and bellicose, and nice to look upon, if you like to see all qualities in a bulk. He wears a "stealthy stare" with much pride and dignity. Some think his former occupation was that of a burglar, as he always carries a flashlight, hammer and corkscrew.



A. UREVITZ,

Gaisui, Russia.

One of the followers of Dowie, but had to quit the tribe, being unwilling to part with the coin. He attended Rutgers College for two years, and took three years in medicine at the University of Richmond. This is "IT" who is seen strutting about Charles street swinging a cane. Is it due to weakness of the legs or of the head?



WILLIAM VEENSTRA ("Bill")

Paterson, N. J.

Historian, '06-'07; Prophet, '09.

Bill arrived from the anarchist center, where blood flows thicker than water and the red flag always waves. Bill must have drunk the blood and preserved the blood, as he is always a danger signal to Vic Biddle. Finished High School and then taught in a Prep. School. During this time he managed to pick up a choice vocabulary of slang. Some of us think the "Story of a Freshman" is his own experience. Bill is an expert on parliamentary rules, and should be in the Senate.

FELIX VILELLA,

Mayaguez, P. R.

Another foreign importation. Owns a couple of plantations and makes his own cigarettes. He is a very impressive looking chap, and is a fine fashion plate. He has ambitions to become a great surgeon, and is longing for an operation on the cerebellum. He is a good "sport" and doesn't mind losing a nickel.



J. H. WELLER, ΦX *Newburgh, N. Y.*

A quiet, well-mannered fellow from the Empire State, and can explain the difference between a dummy and a camel-back. He was formerly "Knight of the Grip," and can tell some "racy ones." Weller is devoted to art, and from reports takes his meals at Walters Art Gallery. He rooms with Nick, the camel merchant, and knows the proper per cent. of alcohol in all drinks.

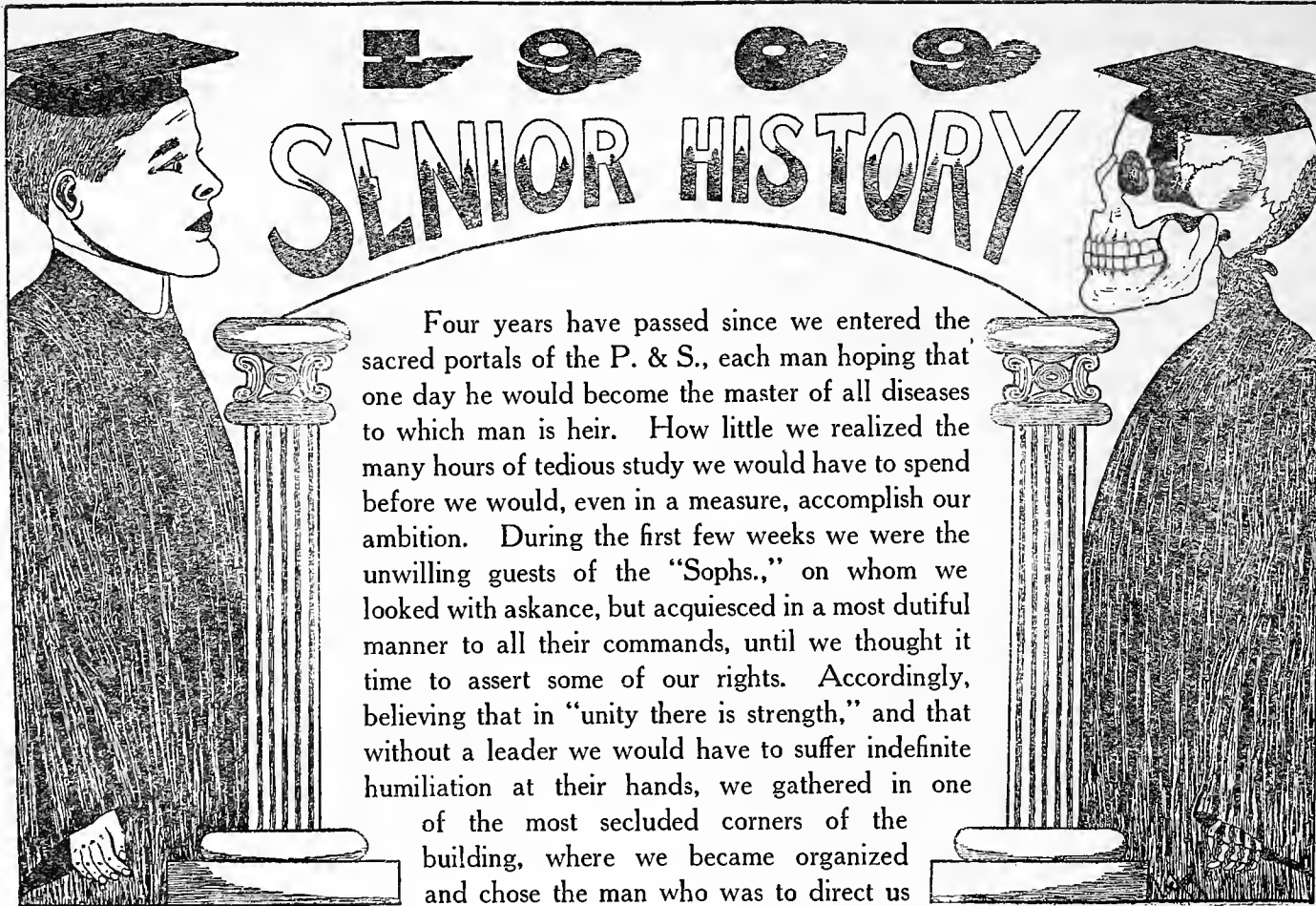


J. F. WILSON ("Jim")

Reedsville, Ohio.

Secretary and Treasurer, '05-'06.

Every one knows the quality of Wilson, and his friendship is eagerly sought by all the students. At school Jim is a pillar of the Y. M. C. A., and denies any acquaintance with his famous namesake. He and Hewson are rivals as to who can take the best notes. Jim is there with the quality.



SENIOR HISTORY

Four years have passed since we entered the sacred portals of the P. & S., each man hoping that one day he would become the master of all diseases to which man is heir. How little we realized the many hours of tedious study we would have to spend before we would, even in a measure, accomplish our ambition. During the first few weeks we were the unwilling guests of the "Sophs.," on whom we looked with askance, but acquiesced in a most dutiful manner to all their commands, until we thought it time to assert some of our rights. Accordingly, believing that in "unity there is strength," and that without a leader we would have to suffer indefinite humiliation at their hands, we gathered in one of the most secluded corners of the building, where we became organized and chose the man who was to direct us

against the foe. This difficult but honorable task fell to the lot of big Vic Biddle, who, with an able body of assistants, piloted us through the most difficult strait of our college life. At this meeting the following men were elected officers for the ensuing year: Victor Biddle, President; W. J. Costello, Vice-President; J. F. Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer, and G. A. Anderson, Sergeant-at-Arms.

To say that we received our share of tanking would be putting it mildly; we surrendered after a fierce battle. No mercy was shown for our feelings or wearing apparel. For a time things began to brighten until we entered the dissecting room, where we were confronted with the following set of rules: "No smoking of cigars; no loud or unnecessary talking;" and, above all, "we were never to enter the room until our superiors had properly arranged themselves for work."

However, as time went on, and we became better acquainted with each other, we sat for the time-honored class picture. This was considered our first decisive victory, as the picture was taken before the horde of Sophs made their attack, and by some adept manoeuvre the photographer was placed on a passing trolley with the plate safely tucked under his arm, much to the chagrin of his pursuers.

In baseball we shone as the bright lights, when, with Boness, the clever fielder, and Bailey, the fleet-footed fielder, the Sophs were taken into camp by an overwhelming defeat.

During the remainder of the year all our energies were centered on the much-dreaded "exams." in order that we might come back the following year as full-fledged Sophs.

Refreshed by the long vacation, we returned, ready to resume the work where we had left off, and immediately began to entertain and initiate the Freshies into the mysteries of college life. Being mindful of the old adage, "Do unto others as others have done unto you," we carried out the class rush and tanking, returning with the palm of the victor.

One event especially worthy of mention took place when, stationing ourselves in the dissecting room, at the signal of Dick Rice, we turned the hose on the Freshmen, literally drowning them out. Another fierce encounter

followed, in which McClean, Vic Biddle, Bailey and O'Brien did the bulk of the work in overpowering the enemy.

Next in order of events came the taking of the Freshman class picture. As we were seated in Dr. Fort's Pharmacology room, some one tipped us off that the affair was in progress. With one accord we immediately hastened to the scene, almost causing heart failure to our professor by the manner of our exit. With regret we confess our attempt to disrupt their little band was futile, for they had already achieved their ambition.

This year we were again crowned with success in baseball, having defeated the Freshies in a one-sided game.

During the year the following officers were elected: President, R. W. Rice; Vice-President, James Hewson; Secretary, J. W. Gardner; Treasurer, W. A. Griffith; Historian, William Veenstra; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. B. Dodrill.

There were no unusual events during the next few months until we selected the men who were to manage the publication of the Year Book. This caused no little excitement, as there was a rivalry between the "Frats" and the "Barbarians" as to whom should be the representatives. After a somewhat lengthy discussion all was amicably settled and the following men elected: O'Brien, Causey, Hardman, J. Biddle, Talbot, Andrews, Parker and Faucett.

The final "exams." were quickly approaching, and for the rest of the term our undivided attention was given to them. These having been successfully passed, we returned to our homes to enjoy the long-wished-for vacation.

With reminiscences of a delightful Summer, we again returned in the Fall of '07 to the scenes of our labors, filled with the determination to work still harder, as we were fast approaching the goal of our ambition. This was the most dreaded of all years, as we had so many new branches that we thought nothing save a superhuman effort would land us safely across the abyss. The year began with the election of officers, and this, unlike the previous year, was unusually quiet, with the result that the following men were chosen: Elmer Braddock, President; W. T. Morrissey, Vice-President; Michael Abrams, Secretary; C. D. Gordon, Treasurer; J. G. Callison, Historian; Amelio Preziosi, Artist.

From now on everything moved quietly, except with the Year Book Committee, who were constantly making appeals for subscriptions, and whose eloquent addresses produced anything but the effect desired.

On February 24, 1908, we were all shocked to learn of the untimely death of our dear Professor, Dr. Trimble. Each class looked upon him as an honorary member, and all deeply felt his loss.

As history repeats itself, so do the exams., and we again found ourselves preparing to do them justice. These over, we returned to our homes, anxiously awaiting the "returns." During the summer God had seen fit to take away another of our beloved professors, Dr. Preston. On our return to college memorial services were held in the large amphitheatre.

This year Bevin, Bonness, Sweeney, Silverstein and Foonini cast their fortunes in other fields, while their places were taken by Atchinson, Fox, Boyd, Coleman, Bloom, Grose and Urevitz.

The boys began their work this year with unusual vigor. This same spirit was very much in evidence during the campaign of class elections. Every time one entered the school he was met by some one extending the glad hand who had an axe to grind. It was a case of the survival of the fittest—"Frat" against "non-Frat." Every scheme imaginable was brought into play, each one doing his utmost in order that his side would be the victor. However, after the first ballot the victory was conceded to the "non-Frats," and as a result the following men were elected: President, T. W. Causey; First Vice-President, J. F. Wilson; Second Vice-President, A. M. Reid; Third Vice-President, B. A. Jenkins; Secretary, H. A. Lange; Treasurer, L. M. Archambault; Historian, W. T. Morrissey; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. A. Michelson; Artist, A. Preziosi; Prophet, W. Veenstra; Valedictorian, T. W. Causey; Executive Committee, W. J. Costello (chairman), J. F. Ryan, A. Thompson, J. B. Dodrill, J. G. Callison, J. F. O'Brien.

And now the time has come when we shall leave our friends and dear Alma Mater, to go forth into the world and assume the responsibilities incumbent upon every medical man. Ours is a noble calling, and we fervently trust that none of the Class of '09 will mar the high standard we have already set; that we shall reflect honor and glory not only on ourselves, but also upon our dear professors, who have labored so faithfully with us in our work, is our sole desire.

HISTORIAN.

“Hot Air”

“Father, tell me what is Hot Air?”
 Asked an eager, anxious lad.
 “Son, replied the loving father,
 “Hot Air means both good and bad.”

As a literal translation,
 Hot air is the gas that's found
 Around about the furnaces,
 Where coal and wood abound.

But in jesting bar-room parlance
 Hot Air stands for something more;
 It's a salve to heal the suckers
 Who imagine they are sore.

When a guy comes up and strings you
 With a story that's not rare,
 All about a check that's coming,
 Take my word, son, that's Hot Air.

Should another guy approach you
 With a lovely tale of woe,
 Mentioning that he knew you
 In the buried long ago;
 And should he edge up to you closely,
 While he gently strokes his hair,
 And whisper about a small loan,
 Just believe me, that's Hot Air.

Now, this useful by-product of carbon
 Is not made alone for men;
 Women use it to advantage
 In their business, now and then.

If a lady lack in morals
 Fondly calls you “Teddy Bear,”
 While your good coin she is burning,
 Lad, she's handing you Hot Air.”

If you cop a little fairy
 While the lights are burning bright,
 And the horse of dawn is racing
 Down the beaten track of night,
 And she says it never happened
 In her virgin life before,
 And that drink and she were strangers
 'Till you butted in the door,
 And she tells you of her mamma,
 And the things she doesn't dare,
 Take a “hunch,” my son, and shake her—
 All these bluffs are just Hot Air.

As a means of producing heat
 In many places, you will find
 That this product of the furnace
 Has other elements beaten blind.

But for any other purpose
 Don't accept it, pass it by;
 You may not detect its presence,
 But watch, and nail it with your eye.

“It is hard to tell the distance
 Frogs may leap from where they sit and stare.”
 This thought may illustrate the meaning
 Of this classic term, “Hot Air.”

LONGSDORF AND QUINN, '10.

Junior Class Officers



President

- President* J. W. HUGHES.
Vice-President C. W. MAXON.
Secretary D. J. CRONIN.
Treasurer J. P. HANRAHAN.
Historian F. F. HOLROYD.
Sergeant-at-Arms W. J. FROITZHEIM.

Junior Class Prob.

- | | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|--|
| <p>1. Wm Anderson
Salem, N.J.</p> <p>2. Maurice J. Anderson
Newark, N.J.</p> <p>3. F. L. Cason
Piquette, Pa.</p> <p>4. L. A. Bickel
Bluffton, S.C.</p> <p>5. Antonio Blanes
Mayaguez, P.R.</p> <p>6. Watson Blankenship
Chillicothe, Ohio</p> <p>7. J. A. Patton
Northfield, Mass.</p> <p>8. E. J. Russell
St. Stephen, N.B. Canada</p> <p>9. Harry A. Brechner
Shillington, Ohio</p> <p>10. John J. Barrow
Newark, N.J.</p> <p>11. D. S. Campbell
Tampa, Fla.</p> <p>12. D. J. Brown
Westerly, R.I.</p> <p>13. L. B. Brumby
Washington, Pa.</p> <p>14. Char. W. Daly
Hartford, Conn.</p> | <p>15. Frank T. Dwyer, 29
Toll Port, Maine</p> <p>16. Julius R. Fisher
Perryopolis, Pa.</p> <p>17. Frank J. Fleming
St. John, N.B.</p> <p>18. Sarah P. Fox
Ansted, W.Va.</p> <p>19. William Froidelem
Antrim, N.Y.</p> <p>20. Giuseppe Giorgese
Italia (Veneto)</p> <p>21. Harris Goldman
Baltimore, Md.</p> <p>22. George F. Koeniger
Kearny Bridge, N.J.</p> <p>23. Wilbur L. Grounds
Houston, Pa.</p> <p>24. W. Ben Harper
Windsor, N.Y.</p> <p>25. Thomas L. Legmel
Fultonville, Pa.</p> <p>26. Louis W. Johnson
Paterson, N.J.</p> <p>27. Fred J. Holzner
Athens, N.C.</p> <p>28. John W. Hughes
Westerly, R.I.</p> <p>29. James W. Hamblan
Newark, Conn.</p> | <p>30. Wm. H. Hahle
Oil City, Pa.</p> <p>31. Thomas F. Keating
La. Manchester, Pa.</p> <p>32. Turner Lagunby
Baltimore, Md.</p> <p>33. William H. Hulet Keller
Lancaster, Pa.</p> <p>34. Joseph J. Kopyev
Baltimore, Md.</p> <p>35. William E. Lohman
Bazette, Pa.</p> <p>36. Charles J. Langlois
Bedford, Mass.</p> <p>37. Arthur J. Loderick
Ladysville, N.J.</p> <p>38. Roy W. Lacher
Pittsboro, Ohio</p> <p>39. Harold E. Longdorf
Dickinson, Pa.</p> <p>40. Frank P. Mabers
Palmer, N.Y.</p> <p>41. Byron McIlroy
Baltimore, Md.</p> <p>42. G. H. Madole
Jersey City, N.J.</p> <p>43. C. H. McSparran
East of Newark, N.J.</p> | <p>44. Hugh A. Mac Millan
Benton Mont.</p> <p>45. Loyd H. Moore
Houston, Pa.</p> <p>46. C. B. Morgan
Circleville, Ohio</p> <p>47. Benj. B. Newman
Baltimore, Md.</p> <p>48. J. O. Newell
Meyersville, Pa.</p> <p>49. Edgar B. Howard
Arlington, Virginia</p> <p>50. Edward T. Quinn
Winnsboro, Tenn.</p> <p>51. J. A. Rappaport
Circleville, Ohio</p> <p>52. Jacob Roach
Providence, R.I.</p> <p>53. Thos. E. Roe
Trenton, N.J.</p> <p>54. Conrad F. Rapp
New Haven, Conn.</p> <p>55. J. D. W. Schaefer
Aurora, Ill.</p> <p>56. E. B. Shelburne
Bormanville, N.Y.</p> | <p>57. Herbert Segwalt
Portville, N.Y.</p> <p>58. Herman Seidel
Baltimore, Md.</p> <p>59. George T. Seymour
Philly, Pa.</p> <p>60. Frank H. Shuler
Water Valley, Miss.</p> <p>61. Al Whelton
Brooklyn, N.Y.</p> <p>62. Arthur C. Smith
Franklin, Conn.</p> <p>63. E. B. Staubaugh
York, Penna.</p> <p>64. Frank Stinks
Elizabeth, N.J.</p> <p>65. Lester E. Trent
Leaksville, N.C.</p> <p>66. J. Ray Tuckwell
Lewistown, N.Y.</p> <p>67. Nicholas A. J. Urbanski
Buffalo, N.Y.</p> <p>68. Martin J. Woyt
Kingston, N.Y.</p> <p>69. James H. Walsh
Fall River, Mass.</p> <p>70. P. E. Frank Keller
Waterbury, Conn.</p> |
|---|--|---|---|--|



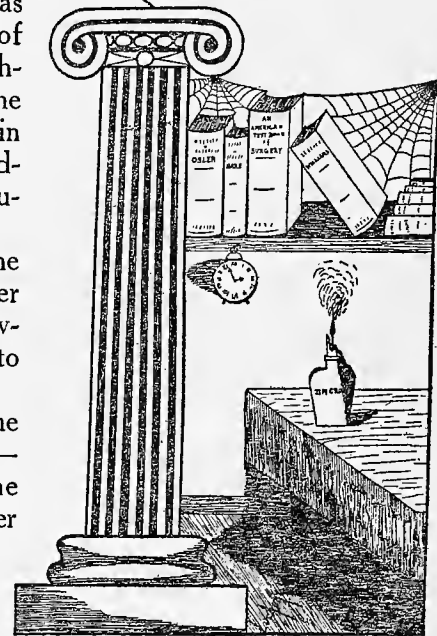
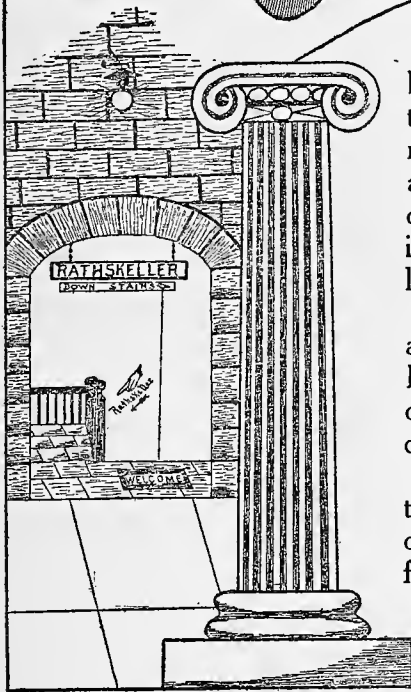


1910 JUNIOR HISTORY

For many, many hundreds of years it has been the custom of mankind that the deeds of the truly great should be inscribed upon parchment or paper and filed away among the archives of the land in which they dwelt, in order that those who came afterward, by reading of their achievements, should strive to emulate their glories.

For this purpose, and this alone, the author has taken his Bulldog Special Parker Pen in his good right hand, and hereby endeavors, in modest and unassuming orthography, to chronicle the History of the Class of 1910.

In the early autumn of 1906 we came together "from the wide world everywhere"—one from the land of the tropical palms, one from New Brunswick's pines, and another whose clothing bore the odor of Nova Scotia mackerel. These, with the rest of us, who were "to the manner born," made



up the body of notables whose story we are going to tell. The troubles of picture-taking, the conferring of the Water Tank Degree, and the hurling of adipose tissue belonging to the late lamented Susan Smith or Rev. George Washington Johnston are tribulations of which so much has previously been said that they may pass with mere mention. Suffice it to say we bore the blunt like men, and soon learned to swallow the decoction that made Martini famous, not forgetting in the meanwhile the name "Milwaukee," and were happy. Contact with Sophs. made our rough places smoother and fitted us for the honors to come, which were many.

Time rolled on, as it has been in the habit of doing; 1906 was numbered with the past, and when we gathered again our verdancy was gone — we were Sophomores. What we did to the Freshies was enough; we had some struggles, to be sure, as when they *attempted* to have their picture made, when they entered the Anatomical Laboratory, and on the ball field, but they amounted to nothing. To us the year of 1907 was a march of continuous triumph.

The whirligig went on; 1907 was gone and 1908 reigned in her stead. Once more we came together, greater this time than ever before. By a process of evolution the Sophs. had become Juniors. With new-born courage we attacked the difficulties that beset us, which, by the way, were numberless. First came the Clinical Laboratory exam., and then the mid-year's and others too numerous to mention. Our new-found powers swept opposition from our path and made triumph an assured fact.

With our long-continued period of success at our backs, we may confidently face whatever the future may have in store for us. But, H—! what's the use of anticipating? Some poor devil will be roped in as Historian next year and will tell you all about it.

FRED F. HOLROYD, *Class Historian.*

Sophomore Class Officers and Roll



President

- President*.....M. W. KUHLMAN.
- Vice-President*.....N. H. BAILEY.
- Secretary*.....T. J. ROCHE.
- Treasurer*.....E. S. HAMILTON.
- Historian*.....J. F. SHEA.
- Sergeant-at-Arms*.....W. D. KAHLE.

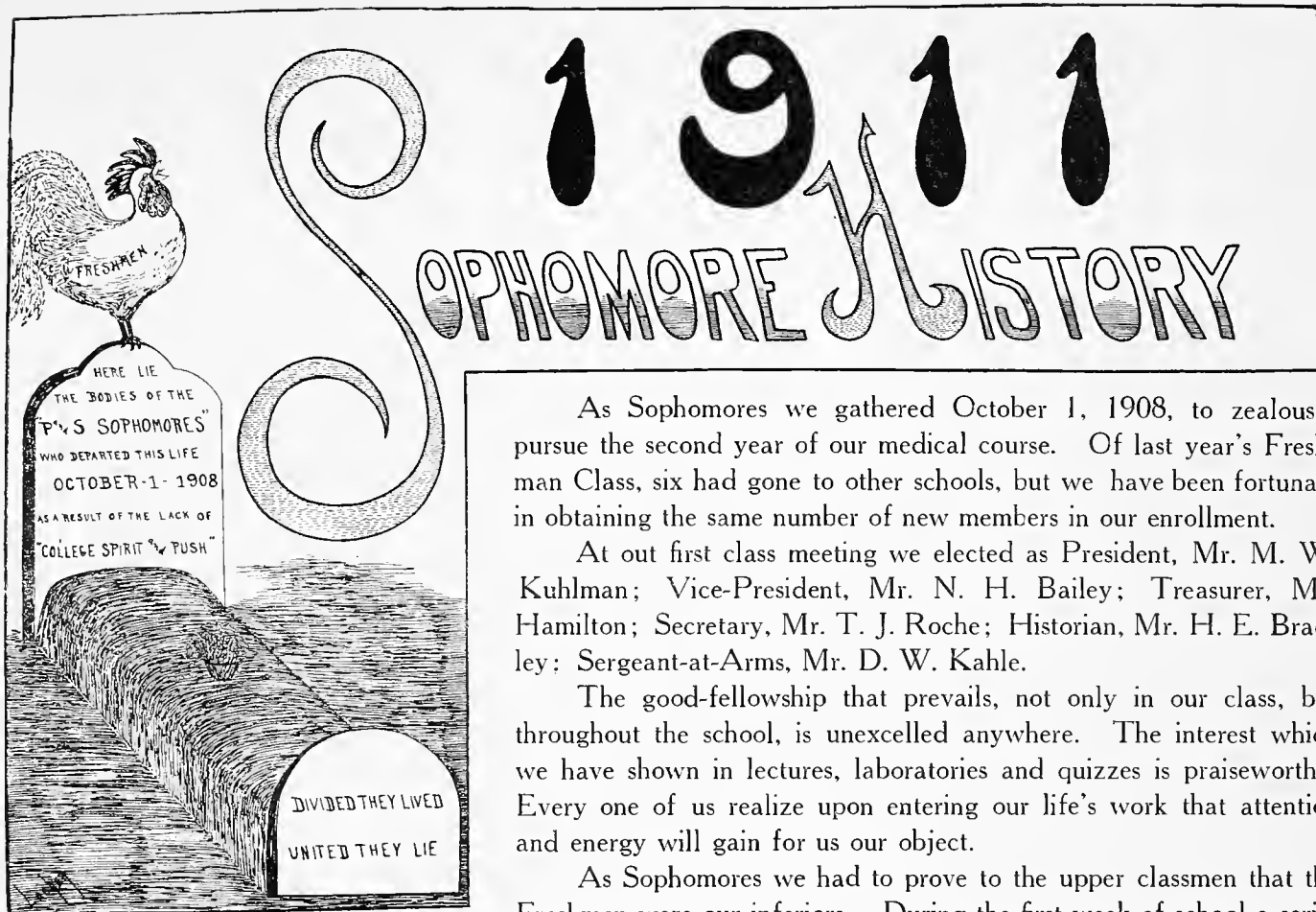
CLASS.

- AYD, F. J.....Baltimore, Md.
- BAUMGARTNER, C.....Brunswick, Ga.
- BAILEY, N. H.....Hartford, Conn.

- BRADLEY, J. L.....Elizabeth, N. J.
- BALL, A. N.....Cummington, Mass.
- BROWN, F. H.....Beaver, W. Va.

CALLAHAN, J. W. Norwich, Conn.
CARPENTER, J. W. Attleboro, Mass.
ECKERDT, A. B. Baltimore, Md.
FIALKOWSKI, S. J. Baltimore, Md.
GOCKE, W. T. Piedmont, W. Va.
HARMON, H. E. Chillicothe, Ohio.
HAMILTON, E. S. Fayetteville, W. Va.
HANIFIN, J. F. Belcherton, Mass.
HOGAN, J. F. New Haven, Conn.
HEIL, C. F. Camden, N. J.
HUTCHINSON, F. H. Newport, R. I.
HALL, A. C. Buckhannon, W. Va.
HEYMAN, P. Newark, N. J.
JENNINGS, F. L. Hamilton, Md.
KATZAN, P. Baltimore, Md.
KAHLE, W. D. Bluefield, W. Va.
KUGAN, J. F. New Haven, Conn.
KUHLMAN, M. W. Ursina, Pa.
KOHLE, H. W. Yoe, Pa.
KILBOURN, J. B. Hartford, Conn.

LAWSON, A. F. Weston, W. Va.
LEVINE, S. S. Rockville, Conn.
MORRISON, F. J. New London, Conn.
MILLER, H. S. Wilmington, Del.
MAKIN, J. B. Point Pleasant, N. J.
MARSCHNER, J. E. Wheeling, W. Va.
MUTCHLER, H. R. Rockaway, N. J.
NORRIS, L. F. Brockton, Mass.
O'CONNOR, J. V. Woonsocket, R. I.
PINKUS, E. J. Merida, Yucatan, Mexico.
ROCHE, T. J. Westerly, R. I.
SHEA, J. F. Holyoke, Mass.
SMYSER, J. D. Perth Amboy, N. J.
SMITH, P. T. Newport, R. I.
SWINT, B. J. Pickens, W. Va.
THOCKELSON, J. Laurel, Del.
TRIPPETT, K. H. Buckhannon, W. Va.
WHITCOMB, N. B. Walton, N. Y.
WILLIAMS, L. V. York, Pa.
ZURCHER, C. W. Chillicothe, Ohio.



As Sophomores we gathered October 1, 1908, to zealously pursue the second year of our medical course. Of last year's Freshman Class, six had gone to other schools, but we have been fortunate in obtaining the same number of new members in our enrollment.

At our first class meeting we elected as President, Mr. M. W. Kuhlman; Vice-President, Mr. N. H. Bailey; Treasurer, Mr. Hamilton; Secretary, Mr. T. J. Roche; Historian, Mr. H. E. Bradley; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. D. W. Kahle.

The good-fellowship that prevails, not only in our class, but throughout the school, is unexcelled anywhere. The interest which we have shown in lectures, laboratories and quizzes is praiseworthy. Every one of us realize upon entering our life's work that attention and energy will gain for us our object.

As Sophomores we had to prove to the upper classmen that the Freshmen were our inferiors. During the first week of school a series



of rushes took place, but no "tanking" occurred, as the Faculty had, during vacation, put that very useful and highly ornamental piece of workmanship *hors de combat*. Finally, a code of rules was sent them, and as they have followed each and every one, there has been no cause for further interference on our part.

In years past it was customary to have the two lower classes in the dissecting room together. What happened belongs to the history of other classes. This year the classes are separated, and the amusement previously furnished is greatly missed. To Drs. Haynes and Stifler, for their valuable instructions, we must extend our gratifications; we feel as though our knowledge of dissecting has vastly increased, and the afternoons spent there have not only been profitable, but exceedingly pleasant.

The plan of holding mid-year examinations adopted by the Faculty meets with the approval of our class. Each one of us likes to know at the end of a term what progress we are making in our studies. After the holding of the above-mentioned examinations school closed, December 19, for the Christmas vacation.

On Monday, January 4, 1909, we assembled for the second semester. Sadness prevailed in our hearts, for during the Christmas holidays our Historian, Mr. H. E. Bradley, was claimed by death. As a student he was brilliant; as a man, he had character; as a Christian, he was sincere. Words cannot express our sympathy, nor deeds the true value in which he was held.

The baseball game to be held this spring between Sophomores and Freshmen is already arousing much interest. Some of our men have gone in to practice, and Bailey is rehearsing some new yells to be used on the side lines. We are determined this year to gain the victory, and if hard practice counts, we will be the class with the big end of the score.

In conclusion, we hope that all future Sophomore classes of P. & S. will bear themselves as nobly and uphold Sophomore "dignity" as has the Class of Nineteen hundred eleven.

HISTORIAN.

To Horace E. Bradley



“In the midst of life we are in death.” How seldom, if ever, is the truth of this old saying appreciated!

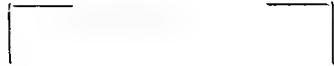
When the Class of 1911 parted for the Christmas holidays, we little dreamed that our class would never more be reunited in this world in its entirety. But Death, before whom all must inevitably bow, had entered our portals, and this time claimed as his victim, one who was near and dear to each of us; had torn away a link from the chain which nearly two years of close relationship and common interest had welded.

While his death is a great misfortune to us, yet the lesson which his life teaches is of greater significance to each than we can realize.

Classmates! the lesson comes home to us, and while we still have time, let us endeavor to so mould our manner of living, that when the summons of Death comes, as come it will, we shall be able to take up our eternal abode, reunited as one family with our friend and brother who awaits our coming at the gates which open to that Home where pain and sorrow may not enter.

THE CLASS OF 1911.

Freshmen Class Roll and Class Officers



- President*.....W. T. McMAHON.
- Vice-President*.....M. B. WILLIAMS.
- Secretary*.....A. C. SHANNON.
- Treasurer*.....N. T. GILLETTE.
- Historian*.....M. S. EISNER.
- Sergeant-at-Arms*.....E. H. THOMPSON.

President

- AMILL, JOHN, JR.....Porto Rico.
- BROWN, JOSEPH S.....Pennsylvania.
- BANNISTER, JOHN H.....West Virginia.
- BURKE, JOHN E.....Rhode Island.
- BAYS, ARTHUR E.....West Virginia.
- BRILHART, HARRY L.....Pennsylvania.

- BENNETT, EDWARD C., JR.....West Virginia.
- COUGHLIN, CHARLES F.....New York.
- CANAVAN, JOHN F.....Rhode Island.
- CREWS, ALBERT W.....West Virginia.
- CHAMPE, NILE G.....West Virginia.
- CROCKETT, J. H., JR.....Virginia.

ENSMINGER, SAMUEL H. Pennsylvania.
EVANS, ALEXANDER MASON. Maryland.
ENSLOW, W. C. West Virginia.
EISNER, MAURICE S. Massachusetts.
FRIEDMAN, LOUIS. Maryland.
GILLETTE, NINDE T. Pennsylvania.
HANNA, BENJAMIN S. Maryland.
IRELAND, RITCHIE A. West Virginia.
JANER, MANUEL. Maryland.
KISH, PAUL. New Jersey.
KEOUGH, PETER L. Rhode Island.
KIMZEY, FRITZ J. Tennessee.
KOHLER, ALFRED. Pennsylvania.
LONG, BENJAMIN H. Pennsylvania.
MENDELOFF, MORRIS I. Maryland.
MENDELSON, JACOB E. Pennsylvania.
MANN, ALBERT E. Pennsylvania.
MCMAHON, WILLIAM T. Massachusetts.
NOONEY, JOHN D. Maryland.
NEUS, CHARLES F. Maryland.
PARISH, JOHN C. Virginia.

O'BRIAN, THOMAS J. Rhode Island.
POISAL, JOHN WILSON, JR. Maryland.
PETURIO, AUGUST N. New Jersey.
PAUL, FRANK. Maryland.
QUILLAN, OTIS L. Ohio.
RODRIGUEZ, MANUEL. Porto Rico.
REESER, NORMAN BRANDT. Pennsylvania.
ROBERTS, S. J. Pennsylvania.
SHEHAN, WILLIAM LAWRENCE. Connecticut.
SEGARRA, ELIAS. Porto Rico.
SPEARMAN, JOHN F. Pennsylvania.
SMITH, EDWARD P. Pennsylvania.
SANCHEZ, ARMANDO. Cuba.
SHANNON, A. C. Pennsylvania.
SULLIVAN, LEO J. Massachusetts.
SOOY, JOHN L. New Jersey.
SPINKS, JOSEPH M. West Virginia.
THOMPSON, EARLE H. Maryland.
WINDSOR, W. W. Maryland.
WILLIAMS, MAYES BELL. West Virginia.
WYATT, Z. W. West Virginia.





FRESHMEN HISTORY

On the most memorable day of October 1, 1908, there assembled in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore a heterogeneous bunch of emerald-hued, open-faced individuals, known collectively as the Freshman Class of 1908.

Although some few of these had heretofore enjoyed the extreme pleasure of being constituents of Freshman classes in various medical schools situated throughout the country, the great majority had experienced no further advantages of higher education than those offered by first-class (?) High schools, Drug stores and institutions dispensing various other professional lore. Some had, indeed, graduated from department stores, farms, and a few even claimed the distinction of having graduated from bar-keeping.

But here they were flushed with hope and flattered (?) by the upper classmen on the fine appearance they presented and the fact that they were college boys, not one of them having the least doubt in his mind that he was *it* and the others were tyros.

The first idea that presented itself to this promising assemblage of beauty and intellect, was that they should organize, in order to become better acquainted with each other, and to successfully repel a series of attacks or rushes which are annually instituted by the "Oesophomore" contingency. With this idea in view, a meeting was held to elect class officers and outline the campaign of their future inter-classic war.

The first "gentleman" nominated for the office of president was Mr. Jacob "Elephant" Mendelsohn, better known as "Slim." He, with tears running down his pallid countenance, declined, as he had promised his mother never, never to be president; but the situation was not yet lost—Mr. William T. F. McMahon, otherwise known as the "Sphinx," was nominated and unanimously elected. The other officers elected were: Vice-President, Mayes Bella Wilhelm; Treasurer, Ninde Troy Gillette; Secretary, Albert Clyde Shannon; Sergeant-at-Arms, Earl Thompson; Class Historian, Maurice S. Eisner.

Then the class decided upon the manner in which they should defeat the Sophs. in the rushes. This having been done, they awaited the inevitable for two days, and then——. The story of those rushes are too well known to need further comment. Suffice it to say that we frizzled them to a frazzle. The day after the second rush the president of the Sophs. came limping into school and, with tears in his starlike eyes, asked us to please desist from further attacks, and said that we could have our pictures taken in peace this year, instead of in pieces, as in former years. This was done.

Much of the credit of our victory is due to our class president, who was not present during the rushes. The fact that he was not in the class, however, had a demoralizing effect on the Sophomores.

Then the class started in on their routine of studies, and all passed the mid-year exams. to a greater or less degree of excellence. After the Christmas holidays they returned to school, without a man lacking—money, and on the 21st day of January were sentenced to three months in the Dissecting room, where they are now doing time.

This retrospection would be incomplete if I failed to say a word or two of the pugilistic powers of the class. That the aforesaid powers have been developed to a high degree of efficiency, was demonstrated by the fistic encounter between "Kid" Ensminger, otherwise known as "Santa Claus," and "Young" Nues, the coming Valedictorian of the class, which was "pulled off" on the morning of January 28th. As to the *casus belli*, nothing need be said; most of us know it, and those who don't are not losing anything by their lack of knowledge. Regarding the bout itself, a full account appears elsewhere in this publication. The result is history.

Many years hence, when the rush of professional cares encompass us, we may forget, in a measure, the pleasures incident to our college days, but one glance at THE CLINIC, '09, will serve to recall to our memories those dear old days when we were Freshmen at P. & S.

MAURICE S. EISNER, *Class Historian.*

AVIDON—"Name it, and it's yours."

The Medical Student and His Reading



As a rule, both medical students and physicians tend to take a rather narrow view both of life and of their professional work, and the reason is that in the midst of the numerous calls on time and energy there is little of either left for the humanities and the other things which go so far to make life worth living — art, music and literature. Thrice happy the man who can lose himself in a good book, or in a symphony, or in the contemplation of a work of art. But it so happens that many are so situated that they cannot go in for art or music, or they may have no liking for either, and may even not want to cultivate their taste in these directions. But with books it is different. The study of medicine is so closely allied with the use of books that the average medical student usually acquires the reading habit, even if he did not have it before. With this habit directed into the proper channels, he has at once great profit and great delight. Not only should the medical student read his medical books, but he should read books about the history of medicine and the lives of great physicians, as well as essays and addresses on medical topics. The lives of Harvey, Hunter, Locke, Sydenham, Pare, Virchow, Pasteur, Charcot, and many other worthies may be had in any good medical library, and reading the lives of the masters in medicine is, perhaps, the easiest and most pleasant method of studying the history of medicine.

As to medical books, the student should remember that one cannot get a knowledge of medicine from books alone, and one cannot get a good knowledge of medicine merely from clinical observation, but that both must

BLANKENSHIP—" 'Tis nice to be tall, but then it has its disadvantages."

be used. As Osler has so happily put it: "To study the phenomena of disease without books is to sail an uncharted sea; while to study books without seeing patients is not to go to sea at all."

The medical student tries to learn too many things and to perfect himself in too many subjects, and that, too, from text-books alone. He should be taught to study some one subject and some one disease with great thoroughness, looking up the original sources of information in the medical journals and monographs, so that he may get a thorough understanding of how medical knowledge has been brought into the world. The way of the student is hard, doubtless, but there is but one way to acquire an understanding of medicine, and that is by hard, unremitting work.

One must not become entirely one-sided, and many a time has the advice been given to form what Osler calls a bedside library, a little collection of books one wants to read and re-read, and it is always a source of interest to learn what books a man loves. There are two classes of books—those we have on our shelves, rarely or never open, and those we have in some handy place and read often. Such books should be at once a source of inspiration and entertainment, a refuge from the tire and troubles of the day. A busy physician has not time for many, and so they should be picked most carefully and occasionally changed. It is said that Sir William Browne had three books which supplied him with all he required—Hippocrates his medicine, a Greek testament his divinity, and Horace his good sense and vivacity. Truly when one looks over a modern book catalogue they envy him.

One person cannot choose such a library for another, for individual tastes and preferences must be consulted, but whatever else they are they should be good, sound books. One such collection contains a Bible, Thomas a Kempis, The Three Musketeers, Alice in Wonderland, Ronsard's Sonnets, Shakespeare's plays, Faust, The Rubaiyat, and the Oxford Book of English Verse. A curious selection, perhaps, but satisfactory from an individual

BREHMER—"He thinks too much — such men are dangerous."

standpoint. This might not suit another individual at all, or only in part, but the main thing is to get books which can be read over and over again without losing their charm. Some make a habit of choosing one author and reading him thoroughly for a year or until the books selected have been thoroughly digested.

It is a good plan to find a few minutes a day to read something containing an inspiration to work, something teaching the fruitlessness of worry, and amongst many books that might be recommended are: Dr. Osler's Essays and Addresses, "Aequinimitas," or Camac's collection of quotations from Dr. Osler's work, with the title of "Counsels and Ideals." Such books are good mental and moral tonics, and one should remember that suggestion plays a great part in healthy lives, just as it does in the nervous, and good, sound suggestion from a favorite book is not to be considered lightly.

There is one other piece of advice that might be given, especially to the person who has a taste for foreign languages, and that is the possibility of acquiring a good reading knowledge of two or three of the modern languages by utilizing a few spare moments a day. The secret is a little application, not once a week, or twice a month, but every day; five or ten minutes a day every day for a year will help wonderfully, and it is surprising the satisfaction of being able to read the foreign authors in original.

JOHN RÜHRAH, M.D.

An Atom of Oxygen



OXYGEN, with the other elements of nature, is more or less a mystery. It is true that we know a few simple facts about it—its weight, properties, etc.—but its origin and history are more or less clouded in mystery. With some such thought as this in mind, I dropped my pen, since my tired brain refused to work, and was soon off in slumber-land. During that period of bodily rest the part of the brain which works in some mysterious manner while we sleep, was the recipient of a strange message. The impression it left on my waking senses I will set down, believing that possibly some may be amused, as I was.

Dr. Simon was standing behind his long table, upon which a new and strange kind of chemical apparatus had been placed. In a low-pitched, solemn voice he began to speak:

“Gentlemen, I have devoted nearly my entire life to research work, and until recently firmly believed that I would go on to the end of my days, repeating practically the same thing year by year regarding the very useful element, oxygen. However, this morning I have the extreme honor and pleasure of telling you something new, and perhaps startling about an atom of oxygen, which I have been carefully studying.

“Some time ago a noted inventor came to me with the announcement that he had perfected a wonderfully delicate and complicated instrument, whereby an atom of oxygen might be separated from its fellows, and in some manner an impression taken of the things associated with the atom on its travels. This instrument stands

BLANES—“Hail, foreign wonder!”

before you. Whether it is a success or failure is largely a matter of opinion. The following impression, which I have deciphered, was recorded."

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, I came into existence. The date that I was born is unrecorded. The experiences that I have had, and the changes which I have been subjected to, have left my mind a blank as far as the time of birth is concerned. Were I able to tell you even a small part of what I have seen, I would consume several centuries in the telling. In fact, I do not believe there is material enough in the universe upon which my history in detail could be transcribed. I intend, therefore, to set up a few mileposts, as it were, marking my progress down through the ages, calling your attention to a few of the great events of my life, and then hastening on with that part of my life which may prove more interesting to you.

The first thing I can remember about myself is not very pleasant to think of. I was a puny, delicate fellow, surrounded by veritable giants whose breath almost choked the life out of me. Gradually I grew stronger, and soon discovered I had many brothers, and that we were multiplying, and the other fellows, those whose presence spelt death to living creatures of flesh and blood, were rapidly disappearing.

The surface of that body they call "Earth," suddenly became populated with a new form of life — the animal — and then I commenced to drift from place to place, until one day I was caught in a mass of ice, only to be delivered after many long years of imprisonment. I was with the people who erected the Pyramids, and had I but the time I would tell you a tale that would make ancient history, as you know it, read like a fable. Later on I was a constant visitor to the city the Athenians made famous. I witnessed the rise and decline of the Roman Empire. Passing on, some years later, I met the courtly Sir Walter Raleigh. He was the first man who introduced tobacco into England. One day, while seated in his apartments trying out a new brand

BENSON—"Let me have men about me that are fat."

of "the weed," I happened to enter the room and noticed huge clouds of smoke pouring forth from his mouth. Suddenly a couple of chambermaids, thinking he was on fire, rushed into the room and delivered the contents of two large water pails into his face. That was the last I saw of poor Walter, and during the period intervening between that time and the present, I have watched the human race struggle on, one moment in triumph, the next in deepest despair.

The other day, while passing through Washington, I lingered long enough to hear one called "Teddy" Roosevelt, in a moment of exultation, of greatest joy, shout, "We have them beaten to a frazzle." Here was triumph. I was carried to Baltimore, and there ran across a fellow who was the personification of despair. He had lost fifteen dollars on one Bryan. His first name was Joe, I could not catch the last. Next I encountered one known as Dean Charles F. Bevan, mounting the steps of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. I lingered fondly about him, attracted by the silvery quality of his voice, and held spellbound by such an array of adjectives — more wonderful in the intricacies of their meaning — than I had ever in all my previous travels run across. With considerable regret I took my leave, only to run across genial Dr. Chambers. After listening to several of his epigrams the thought struck me that if he was as much a Surgeon as Philosopher, he would just about do.

My next acquaintance was W. F. Lockwood, M.D. He was seated in deep thought by the side of one who was dying for want of more atoms just like me. Suddenly he said some pretty ugly things, for he had forgotten a cylinder of some of my kin, and in great trepidation I passed out of the room. I roamed about for a short time, and, unknown to any one, floated into the Surgical Amphitheatre. I caught sight of a pleasant-looking fellow they called Dr. Dobbin, and before I knew it he captured and blew me into an ugly-looking little baby. Suddenly, without an instant of warning, that rascal let out a squall, and I was gone. The next thing I

knew William Royal Stokes, M.D., captured me accidentally and penned me in one of those flat dishes with one of his particular friends, I think he called him Streptococcus. Some good-hearted student came along and liberated me when Dr. Stokes wasn't looking. (That poor devil flunked Bacteriological Lab.)

Overjoyed with my new-found liberty, I was glad to spend a few seconds with Dr. Harry Friedenwald, who, I soon learned, had a heart too big to harm any one, not excepting me, poor atom of oxygen. His confusing words on Ophthalmology and Otology were but the A, B, C's of what was to follow when I should meet William T. Spratling, M.D. He spoke of protoplasm being primitive cell matter. Well! thought I, what's coming next? Those student fellows can stand it, even thrive on it, so what's the difference to me? I was getting in a pretty bad condition by this time, and thought it wise to have a look at Dr. Archibald C. Harrison. I watched him deftly handle the knife, and had about decided to have him operate on me for the removal of congested thought, when this confounded new machine got hold of me and forced me to reveal secrets never before divulged. I ought to hold a grudge against Dr. Simon, but somehow I can't do it, for I knew him from a boy up. I often saw him playing with Hans and Gretchen and the other red-cheeked German girls and boys. This was long before he ever thought of crossing the pond to teach Chemistry. He has said some pretty nice things about me in a big, blue-covered book. He said that I weighed 15.88, which is going some, especially since I am invisible. Then, too, he says I am necessary to life, and what greater compliment could he pay me?


I am tired and worn out. Possibly at some future time I shall give you another story — "Other Doctors I Have Met." I am now in the nascent state, and according to the immutable law of an occult power, I must resume my journey, endeavoring to be of use to the world, thus fulfilling the obligation I owe to my Creator.

H. E. LONGSDORF, '10.

BOLTON—"It was small—very small, indeed."



The Prize Essay Contest

 HE Editors of the present volume of THE CLINIC were not long in discovering that it took an almost superhuman effort to awaken the student body to the fact that we were in need of material — literary in particular. Much valuable time and “hot air” were wasted in our endeavor to convince the members of the four classes of this growing necessity.

At this critical juncture Mr. J. D. McGonigle gave the committee a pocket case of surgical instruments, and suggested that we offer it as a prize to that member of the college writing the best article, within certain limitations. The conditions for the contest were very simple. Ten men submitted their essays to us. We feel greatly indebted to each of these for their share in making this a genuine contest. In accordance with a promise which we made upon announcing the conditions of the contest, etc., we immediately forwarded the essays to the judges who had generously offered to act in that capacity.

We do not wish to be dictatorial, or in any manner attempt to shape the destiny of future books, but we would appreciate the compliment, should those who follow in our footsteps imitate in this one particular, by offering some similar inducement, thus creating an incentive for more thoughtful and careful literary work among the students who go to make up our College.

CAMPBELL—“The empty wagon makes the most noise.”

Report of Essay Committee

The Year Book Committee of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore.

DEAR SIRS—We have carefully and, we trust, conscientiously examined the various articles submitted for our consideration, according to your requirements for this contest. We think that, taken as a whole, the articles are all above the average in the treatment of the subjects chosen. Two of them, in particular, merit commendation.

We have awarded the prize to the article entitled "The Reward of a Bachelor," by L. E. Trent, and honorable mention to the article entitled "The Opium Habit," by A. C. Knight.

The story called "The Reward of a Bachelor" evidences a vivid and lively imagination on the part of the writer, and is told in an interesting and effective manner.

The author of the article entitled "The Opium Habit" has manifestly given research and study to the subject treated. What he has written is well and forcibly expressed.

Signed by the Judges,

H. H. LONGSDORF, A.M., M.D., Dickinson, Pa.

HON. W. F. SADLER, Carlisle, Pa.

January 29, 1909.

CRONIN—"Tis largely a matter of hair."

The Reward of a Bachelor



AFTER graduation I had, in a spirit of adventure, gone to South Africa to serve in the capacity of a surgeon in the Boer ranks. My sympathies had been with them from the beginning, and I believe in them still more now. I had just returned from the service, when I received Milton's telegram. I was tired and wished the luxury of a few weeks' rest; but here was his telegram: "Come to see me at once; have on hand a fine experiment." The message was already over two weeks old. Now, Milton and I had been old college chums together. I did not know positively what kind of an experiment he was going to perform—whether it would follow his surgical bent or his sentimental thoughts. He had been accused while at the University of having lost his heart to a beautiful maiden. Afterward I learned that she had refused him for some unknown reason, which we could not find out.

He must have felt this keenly, for, not long afterward, he swore by all things eternal that he would remain single for life. I had always felt a repugnance for a married life myself, and heartily shook hands with him. Therefore we both stood pledged.

Knowing no way to get out of going to help my friend, I hastened to comply with his wishes. I was already nearly three weeks late. Arriving at New Orleans, I was met by my old friend. You can just imagine for yourself with how much gladness we greeted each other. After a good supper, one such as only bachelors can enjoy—no women folks and kids to make you dizzy with their chatter—we repaired to the sitting-room. There we talked over the old days, each lingering fondly over them. At length the conversation drifted to other things, he telling me about his work and success, and I relating some of my many experiences.

CRUMREIN—"There must be some knowledge in him—little comes out."

“Well, what about this experiment of yours? I’ve come all this long way to see it carried out.”

“Old fellow,” he said, “you’re too late by almost three weeks. After you did not answer my telegram I was seized with the notion to perform it at once.”

“What!” I exclaimed. “After all my trouble to come here to help you, and now you’ve not waited for me?”

“Wait! wait! Hampton, till you hear my story, and I know you’ll forgive me. Anyway, I’m glad to see you, and I’ll try to make your stay as pleasant as possible. There are many quaint things in this old town to interest a fellow.”

“All right, spin your yarn, and I’ll judge for myself whether it has been worth my while to come or not.”

Milton relighted his pipe and began: “You know, when we left college both of us were rather cranky on the subject of ‘baching it’ for all time. I myself, as you will no doubt remember, had lost all faith in womankind, for the very reason that she had deceived me. After leaving the University I came here. I had been here less than three months when I heard that she was here too, and one of the belles of the city. Her uncle is a very prominent citizen. I saw her only once, and that at the annual ball held at the Armory three years ago. You can’t imagine how many memories her face—”

“What has that got to do with your experiment? And have you deserted the ranks already?” I hastily exclaimed.

“All in due season, my lad. About this time—the time that I saw her—I was deeply interested in embalming and the different methods by which it was done in the different countries. I studied them all exhaustively, and found that only one, the Egyptian method, was worth the trouble to inquire into. The others were mere farces. I am rather a crank on some things, as you know. I furnished a laboratory and began experiments in that line on my own account. So deeply fascinated did I become, that I decided to go abroad. To Egypt,

DUVALLY—“Alas, the love of woman!—a lovely and a fearful thing.”

then, I went. There I've spent the last three years in study. In my course of inquiries and excavations I met an old Egyptian priest. Hearing that I was somewhat of a scholar, and really interested in knowing fully and concisely all the facts and data of their mummery, he placed himself at my disposal. I found in him an invaluable companion and friend.

"One day we were searching an old mausoleum of the Pharaohs, when I came upon an obelisk of red granite, inscribed with very old Egyptian characters. My friend, who knew the old language as well as you and I know our own, offered his assistance. He deciphered it. To my astonishment it was the formulas for the different embalming fluids which the alchemists in those days had used.

"My desires having been satisfied, I returned to this country. I have been back only a few months and have been very anxious to try my new preparation. I heard that you were expected to arrive at any moment from the Boer war. I knew you would be glad to help, so I telegraphed you."

"Yes," I interrupted, "our ship, for some unknown reason, was delayed in mid-ocean for over ten days. Bad management, I thought. Anyway, lucky for us, a collier happened to pass one day and supplied us with coal. That was the cause of my delay. I'm sorry I couldn't come in time to assist you."

"All right, I shall have to forgive you. But I was very anxious to complete the experiment. Happily, about this time I met a young physician connected with the College of Medicine here. I asked him whether he could procure a body for me, or where I could get one. He said that he knew men who could be trusted to get me one for a neat remuneration. They had procured the specimens for the college. I agreed to pay the sum, and he promised to meet me at the north gate of the Cemetery of the Virgins a week from that time — now nearly three weeks ago — with the men.

"I must confess I felt a little shaky about how the affair would end, because this making a compact with

ghouls and grave-diggers had never entered my head before. I suppose my uneasiness then can be accounted for by the very novelty of the compact.

“The appointed night came — dark, damp, with sheet lightning, every once in a while, making the night hideous with the bright flashes — so in accord, you see, with my own dark thoughts. It occurred to me, as I walked to the rendezvous, that this night, above all others, should have been bright, to lend at least some semblance of permission to the deed. For this very reason, as this was not the case, I felt that the time was propitious for some unusual occurrence.

“Arrived at the gate, I was met by my friend, the physician, and his allies. These had provided an ox-cart to carry the body in. We went at once to the east side of the cemetery, where the vaults were. As well as I can remember, there were six, all built in the side of a little knoll. It was so dark, except for the occasional flashes, that none could be made out distinctly, much less the names inscribed on them, as I might have known. At length we stopped at one, and one of the ghouls, a big, bully-looking fellow, approached the vault and silently opened it with his skeleton key. Before entering, he went to the cart and secured his tools and a lantern. This he lighted. All of us entered. It took little time to knock the lid off of what appeared to me to be a very new casket. Asking one of the ghouls about this, he answered that it was a new casket — it had just been placed there during the afternoon. While they worked I held the lantern. It was just the matter of a few moments to take the body out and place it in the cart. While removing it, I remarked to my friend that the face was one of marvelous beauty. In the dim light I could not distinguish the features.

“We hurried away as quickly as possible, for the night was waning, and it was only an hour or two till daylight. It was not long before we reached my house. There I had them place it in my laboratory. For some unaccountable reason, I wasn't sleepy, and all at once I was seized with the insane idea to begin work at

once. No sooner had the notion entered my head than I was in my operating clothes. I laid my specimen on the table, and eagerly began my preparations for the long-desired experiment. With a sharp incision knife I cut the radial artery in her little wrist — white and wasted with sickness. I started, for I thought I had seen the blood ooze and drop. I looked closer again; ‘Just my imagination,’ I muttered. Again I cut, and a little deeper. The blood did drop! I knew there was life there! I glanced at the features more closely; there was something familiar about them! I looked yet closer, and then closer still. ‘My God!’ I cried, ‘is it she? Can it be possible? She cannot be dead! Oh, she cannot be dead. Yet those are her features. I would know them anywhere.’

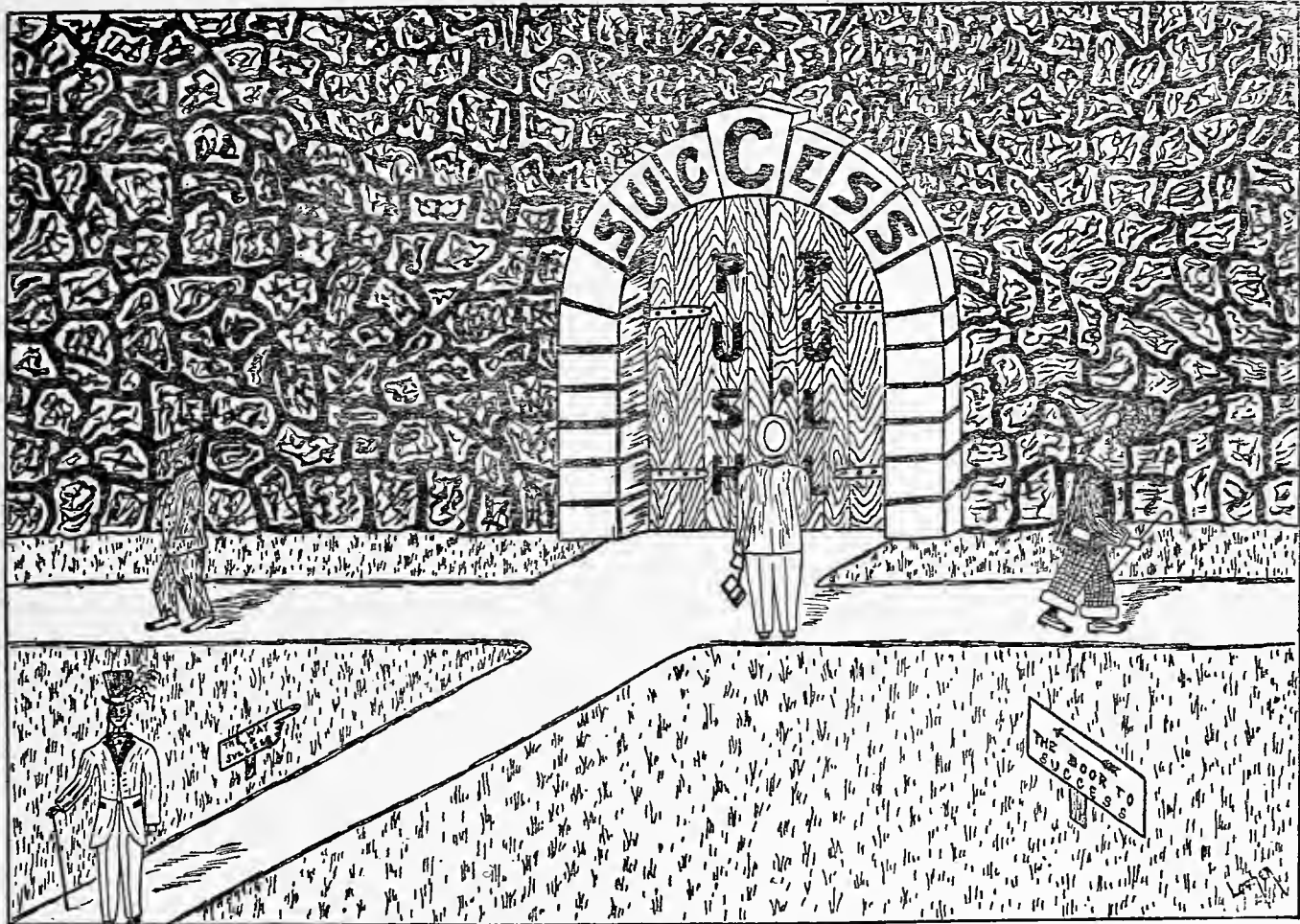
“Suddenly I remembered the artery which I had severed. I was almost in a frenzy. I hastily bound it up. I applied restoratives and every other thing that was of use. I worked, Oh, Lord, for I don’t know how many hours. They seemed then to me like so many centuries. I worked all day and late the next night. At last I was about to give up, when I noted a faint pulsation. I knew then I had conquered — saved her life — her life, I say! After another hour’s work she opened her eyes, but no recognition for me. Oh, what eyes those were! I nursed her to health and strength, and today she is—”

There was a soft knock at the door. I almost jumped out of the chair. “Come in,” he composedly called, and there walked in from the darkness of the hall without, to the bright light within, a veritable dream of loveliness. “And she is, I was about to remark,” said Milton, “my wife.” I bowed, and as I did so the clock struck twelve. “It grows late,” said Milton. I slowly ascended the stairs to my room, and pondered long into the night on the inconsistency of human nature.

L. E. TRENT, '10.

KELSEA—“And ever doth he sit and smoke and smoke.”

KOCYAN—“He would not think — yet would not cease to speak.”



Now-a-days, The Road to Success leads through these Doors.

“Freshie”

A Freshie's life at the P. & S. (that is at Baltimore)
 Is not as joyful as you'd guess, for reasons by the score.
 The family's impression home is, that our boy, so dear
 Has made a “hit” with all the school,
 You bet that our boy is no fool,
 His subjects all are clear.

The doctors and professors and the students all agree,
 There never was a nicer boy or one more bright than he.
 His parents see him (in their minds) within the College there,
 With knives in hand of different kinds,
 A suit of white (the College finds),
 And covered is his hair.

They see him cutting up a corpse, and now and then, oh, my!
 An operation is performed—and then they let *him* try.
 They see him in the lecture room—My, how his pencil goes!
 He's taking notes, but what's the use?
 You bet that our boy is no goose.
 When once he hears, he knows.

He's in the Laboratory now. What? Chemistry? A cinch.
 Why, he knows all about it—he could an'lize in a pinch.
 An operation, Dr. Pill; you're wanted right away,
 Professor says you'll like this case.
 Then to the Hospital he'll chase
 And operate all day.

They see him wearily return, to eat his frugal meal;
 He doesn't care much whether it be fish, or beef, or veal.
 And then to his beloved books to plug and plug and plug,
 Until, there in his little “jug,”
 While he's as busy as a bug,
 The hours of midnight steal.

Then wearily he climbs in bed and offers up a prayer
 For Father, Mother and the rest, who so await him there.
 But, *really*, all that truck is “con” and very far from truth;
 In fact, they scarcely know your son,
 (Excepting when he's on a “bun”),
 Your nonentical youth.

Excepting now and then a Soph. may soak him on the noodle,
 The Secretary knows him, also—when he wants the boodle.
 And, let's see, what does he do? He hears the lectures, jingo!
 They're rattled off a mile a minute,
 “Fresh” doesn't see a durn thing in it—
 He doesn't grasp the ‘lingo.’”

He has a stinking lot of bones that he's supposed to study;
 Two whiffs of that formaldehyde and his poor brain is muddy.
 And so he puts them by again to “finish up that book.”
 Then morning comes—don't know a thing—
 He dreads to hear the class bell ring,
 He feels just like a “GOOK.”

And no one cares—just only he—that's if it's his own "dough."
The College Faculty don't care if he wakes up or no.

"Nine fifteen! Gee whiz!" he says, "one lecture gone for fair."

He wonders if they'll "turn the trick"—

If some one will report him "sick"—

While papa and poor mamma build swell castles in the air.

He use a knife? Get out, you "gink," he don't know what it is.

He has a set, but don't believe they use them in the "biz."

He see an operation? Where? Who? "Freshie," do you mean?

He hasn't cut his eye-teeth yet;

Don't even know how to forget;

He's raw and awful green.

It's one o'clock, he hustles home—that is, the boarding-house,
Packs in the "feed" and takes a nap as cosy as a mouse.

He wakes at three, or maybe four, and goes out for a stroll;

There's lots of time to study yet—

I've got a special "quiz" to get;

I'll plug two hours whole.

He's back again at supper time, and, after getting through,

He goes next door to visit "Bill" and borrow "one or two."

His room-mate says, "Come on and plug, you lazy rascal, you."

He studies for a little while,

Then goes to find that pretty smile—

They sometimes find a few.

"Moving pictures? Sick o' them. Vaudeville? What say?
Oh, hakes with that, we'll go back home and play pinochle, eh?"
Till twelve o'clock, or one o'clock—it doesn't matter which,
And then he writes a letter home—he needs a "checkovitch."
Oh, a Freshie's life at the P. & S. (that is at Baltimore)
Is not what it's cracked up to be, for reasons by the score.

ALBERT E. MAN, '12.

Fox—"An innocent man needs no eloquence."

College Spirit

COLLEGE Spirit is an indefinite, indefinable something which is met with in varying forms and degrees in all of the many institutions devoted to learning. There are few who have not read of the wonderful exhibition of the so-called College Spirit that is displayed annually at the various athletic events which many of the colleges engage in. Disinterested people who have read of or attended any of these annual games have wondered what peculiar force it is that serves to transform a body of apparently serious men into a wildly cheering unit. This force, if such we may call it, is a type of College Spirit, or a proper interest in one's *Alma Mater*, represented by one of the contesting teams.

We have heard the question asked, "What does this noise and fuss accomplish?" or, "What real effect does it have on either of the contesting teams?" An exact answer to these questions is difficult to give. We do know, however, that men can and do put forth more effort, and accomplish greater things when they are backed by the voices of thousands of friends and well-wishers. But the effect upon those who supported the team faithfully is, perhaps, of more importance, for every man feels better, and is better, for having done even so small a thing as to attend the game and lend his voice and presence to the encouragement of the representatives of his college. The fact that College Spirit exhibited at the proper time is almost essential to success upon the athletic field has been demonstrated time and time again.

My readers, this is only one kind of College Spirit, and while it is indeed, commendable and admirable, yet it too often represents all the love for college some men have. Even this interest, which is narrow in itself, is frequently transitory, having no enduring effect.

FISHER—"Weighed down with business and with other cares."

The popular idea of College Spirit very often is represented in the foregoing type, and with such a type in mind, people — an unthinking class, obviously — charge that certain colleges lack this spirit. Even students are too wont to criticize their colleges and fellow-students for a lack of College Spirit, when in fact they have not thought about the matter seriously. Apparently such have expected some surface manifestations, commensurate with the popular idea, and failing to discover such evidence, have come to the conclusion that no such thing existed in their college.

Many of us have heard the same thing charged to our college, and because of that charge this article has been written to show that a splendid fellowship, College Spirit, or whatever name you choose to call it, does in fact exist, and that it is this factor, more than any other, that is responsible for our present position. In addition it is the aim of the writer to show what develops this spirit, and how essential it is for each of us to possess it in full measure.

The average age of the students who go to make up our college is somewhat greater than the average age of students in literary colleges. Each man is here with a definite purpose in view. His life work is laid out, and sooner or later he realizes that his future success depends upon his application to that work. In the literary college, a man's future is often very uncertain; his object, he will tell you, is to become polished, so that he will be able to occupy his proper position in society. Men with this as their chief ambition are too often failures, burdens to society and to themselves.

The difference between these two classes of students may not appear very great to an untrained observer, for such a person looks only upon the one side of the student — the external, if I may so designate it. There is, we admit, a great similarity in this direction. The steady grind of student life makes it necessary for every one of us to occasionally relax. It is then, during this period of relaxation, that we cast aside all serious thought

GOLDMAN—"Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books."

and allow our surface feelings full sway. Unfortunately, the world sees only this one side of us—the surface. It forgets that we have serious moments; that grave problems continually confront us, developing to a higher degree our hidden natures, or that other and deeper side of each of our lives. We are working for one common end — to fit ourselves to be useful and helpful to suffering humanity. In our preparation we are confronted with many new and mysterious problems. We are amazed at what we call the power of nature. We have witnessed together the birth or commencement of new lives; we have stood and watched by the bedside of patients whose bodies were racked with pain, and wasted by disease to such an extent that death was a welcome friend. Each one of us realize how helpless we are when the forces of nature stand opposed to us. We who know something of the wondrous structure of man, the beginning and strange end of his physical being, are, perhaps, more strongly impressed with the existence of a divine power than any other class of people. Then, is it not logical to expect that our surroundings, the serious nature of the work itself, would tend to develop a spirit of true fellowship, a closer relationship, which is the highest form of the so-called College Spirit?

One of the saddest things that has yet occurred to our class was the death of a beloved friend and fellow-student. If evidence were lacking that a common tie binds us together as a class, this unfortunate break in our ranks should serve to dispel doubt from any one's mind, for I have never witnessed more sincere or profound grief than was expressed in the significant silence and quiet of our class on that occasion.

The loyalty of those who have preceded us here at P. & S., has been demonstrated a thousand times in as many different ways. Wherever our travels take us in this country, we are apt to meet men who are proud to say, "Glad to meet you, for I also am a P. & S. man," and then he will ask you about his old school, and you will recall to his memory many familiar landmarks and pleasant recollections. Our professors will tell you that this form of College Spirit — interest in the old school — is more valuable to the college than anything else, for

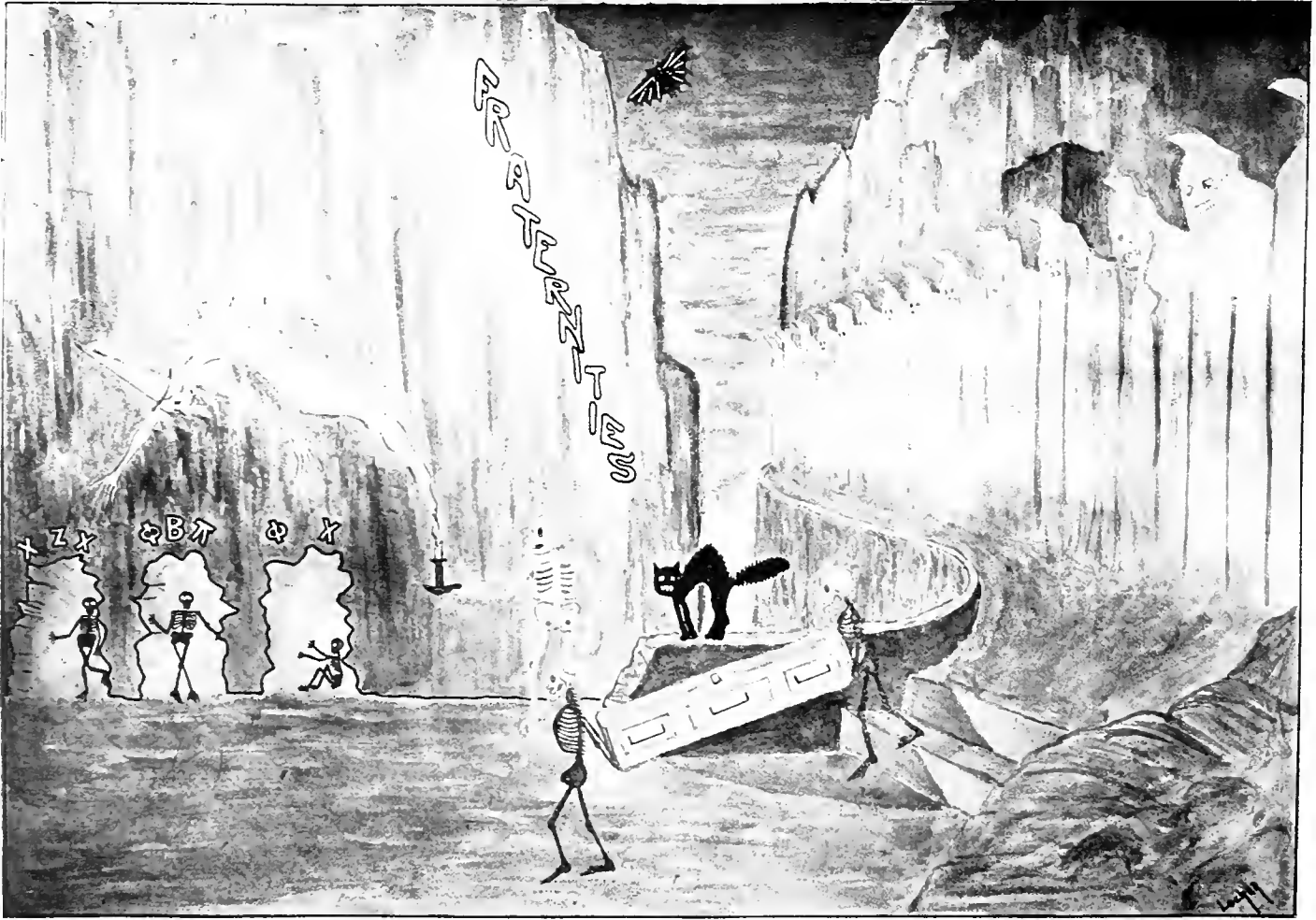
GRISENGER—"With all thy faults we love thee still."

among the students will be found sons and brothers of many of the "old grads." This is only another evidence of College Spirit which has developed since its inception back in student days. It is a force that is growing, a force we are, perhaps, now unconscious of. Let us hope that we awaken to its existence before we are separated, and the opportunity for a true realization of its joys lost.

What is the value of this good-fellowship and loyalty to college, which latter only means ourselves and those who are laboring so earnestly for our advantage? If we possess true College Spirit, it will be shown in our kindness and deference for those who labor about us and for us; and it will be further manifested in our attitude to questions or measures that are believed to be of benefit to our class or college by the majority of those concerned. College Spirit is closely akin to good citizenship; in fact, they are parallel, for both lead in the same direction. Loyalty to college would imply patriotism to country following the natural order of things. College Spirit and good citizenship serve to develop those things which are essential in the higher development of man — individuality, responsibility, altruism, trained will, noble ideals, high aspirations and adaptability..

Finally, we must remember that our school, embodying the buildings and those who teach us, may be splendid things in themselves, but is dependent in the last analysis upon the "fellows"— the students — for its unseen life note, its soul or spirit. The responsibility for the development of this spirit rests with the individual himself. Our training and our environment make a strong appeal to the best and manliest that is in us, and should impress us with the necessity for a cultivation of those things which make for School Spirit. Later on in life, the true value of College Spirit will, perhaps, only be fully apparent, for to a man so blessed will come memories pleasant to think of; but to his less fortunate brother — the man who passed through college utterly oblivious to those about him, and forgetful of what he owed to college and himself — the memory of his college days will be at best a haze, or gloomy spot in the recesses of his memory.

HAROLD E. LONGSDORF, '10.







Phi Chi Fraternity

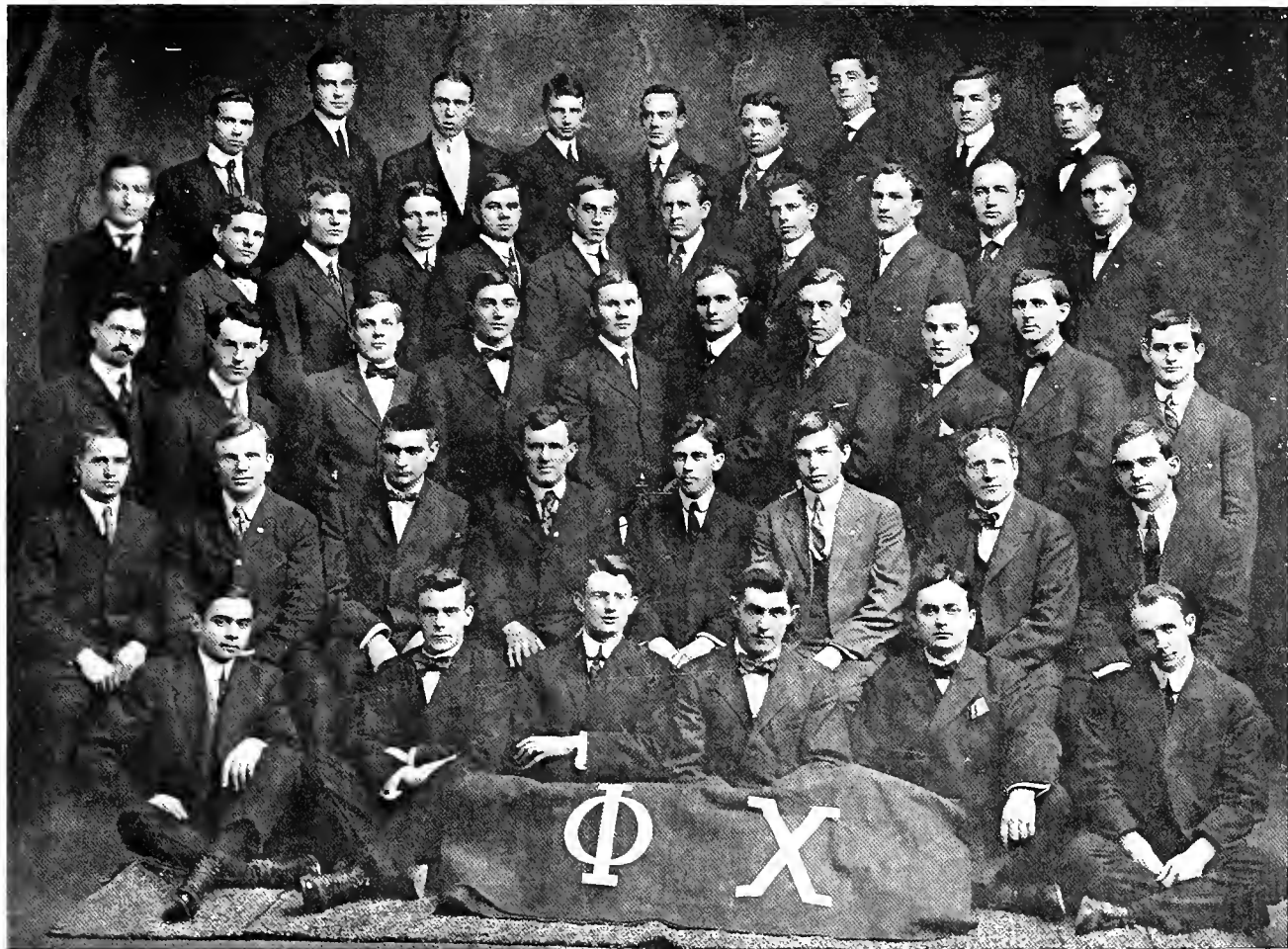
Chapter Roll

Alpha.....	Medical Department of University of Vermont.
Beta.....	Kentucky School of Medicine.
Gamma.....	Medical Department of University of Louisville.
Delta.....	Hospital College of Medicine, Louisville, Ky.
Epsilon.....	Medical Department Kentucky University, Louisville.
Zeta.....	Medical Department of University of Texas.
Eta.....	Medical College of Virginia.
Theta.....	University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Iota.....	Medical Department of University of Alabama.
Lambda.....	Medical Department of Western University of Pennsylvania.
Mu.....	Medical College of Indiana.
Nu.....	Birmingham Medical College, Alabama.
Omicron.....	Medical Department of Tulane University, Louisiana.
Xi.....	University of Fort Worth, Texas.
Pi.....	Medical Department of Vanderbilt University, Tennessee.
Rho.....	Chicago University.
Sigma.....	Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Georgia.

GIORGISST—"A man of experience in affection."

Tau.....	University of South Carolina.
Upsilon.....	Atlanta Medical, Georgia.
Phi.....	Medical Department of George Washington University, D. C.
Chi.....	Jefferson Medical College, Pennsylvania.
Psi.....	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.
Alpha Alpha.....	Louisville Medical College.
Alpha Theta.....	Ohio Wesleyan..
Beta Beta.....	Baltimore Medical College, Maryland.
Gamma Gamma.....	Medical College of Maine, at Bowdoin College.
Delta Delta.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Theta Theta.....	Maryland Medical College, Baltimore.
Kappa Alpha Kappa.....	Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
Pi Sigma.....	University of Maryland, Baltimore.
Sigma Theta.....	Medical Department, University of North Carolina.
Sigma Mu Chi.....	Chattanooga Medical College, Tennessee.
Sigma Mu Chi.....	Alumni Association of Chattanooga.
Sigma Mu Chi.....	Chattanooga Medical.
Sigma Chi.....	Alumni Chattanooga Medical.
Sigma Chi.....	Chicago College of Medicine and Drugs.
Sigma Chi.....	Medical Department, Ohio Wesleyan.
Chi Theta.....	Medico-Chi, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLROYD—"I would if I could, but I can't. Why?"



Phi Chi Fraternity

Delta Delta Chapter.

Colors—Green and White.

Founded 1878 at University of Vermont.

Installed March, 1902.

Flower—White Carnation.

SENIORS.

ABRAHAMS, M. A.
ANDREWS, C. A.
BOYD, H. W.
SMITH, A. E.

BUBERT, J. D.
CALLISON, J. S.
DODRILL, J. B.
WELLER, J. H.

GORDON, C. D.
GRIFFITH, W. A.
HILL, W. G.

JENKIN, B. A.
PARKER, A. A.
RICE, R. W.

JUNIORS.

AMOINE, V.
BOLTON, H. A.
FLEMMING, F. P.
ROE, T. E.

GOLDMAN, H.
HUGHES, J.
KAHLE, G. W.
STEINKE, F.

MAXON, C. W.
MCMILLAN, H.
LAZENBY, I.
HOBSON, W. W.

NEWELL, J. O.
SCHAFFER, J. G.
SEYMOUR, G. A.

SOPHOMORES.

BAILEY, H. A.
BAUMGARTNER, C. J.
BRADLEY, H. E.
CALLAHAN, J. W.
HANIFAN, F. H.

HEIL, C. F.
HUTCHISON, F. H.
KOHLE, W. D.
KUHLMAN, M. W.
LAWSON, A. F.

MAKIN, J. B.
MUTCHLER, H. R.
NORIS, L. F.
O'CONNOR, J.
PINKUS, E. T.

ROCHE, T. J.
SHEA, J. F.
SWINT, B. W.
THORKELSON, J.

FRESHMEN.

BANISTER, J. H.
CHAMP, N. G.

DRISCOLL, W. T.
ENSMINGER, S. H.

O'BRIEN, T. J.
THOMPSON, E. X.

WYATT, W.





Chi Zeta Chi Fraternity

Founded Nineteen Hundred and Three at the University of Georgia.

Fraternity Colors—Purple and Old Gold.

Fraternity Flower—White Carnation.

Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha.....	University of Georgia.
Beta.....	Columbia University.
Delta.....	University of Maryland.
Epsilon.....	Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons.
Zeta.....	Baltimore Medical College.
Theta.....	Vanderbilt University.
Kappa.....	Atlanta School of Medicine.
Lambda.....	Memphis College of Physicians and Surgeons.
Mu.....	Tulane University.
Xi.....	Marion-Sims-Beaumont College.
Omicron.....	University of Washington.
Nu.....	University of Arkansas.
Pi.....	University of Illinois.
Rho.....	Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons.
Sigma.....	George Washington University.
Tau.....	Jefferson Medical College.
Upsilon.....	Fordham University.
Phi.....	University of Tennessee.
Chi.....	Long Island Hospital.

HOBSON—"E was a 'andsome man."

Rho Chapter

Roll of Membership

JUNIORS.

J. W. HANRAHAN.

C. W. DALY.

W. D. BLANKENSHIP.

H. L. BREHMER.

J. J. KOCYAN.

J. F. MCGINN.

L. H. MOORE.

W. L. GROUNDS.

J. H. SEGWALT.

SOPHOMORES.

J. B. KILBOURN.

C. W. ZURCHER.

W. T. GOECKE.

H. E. HARMAN.

K. H. TRIPPETT.

J. F. HOGAN.

FRESHMEN.

W. L. SHEAHAN.

P. L. KEOUGH.

W. W. WINDSOR.

J. SPEARMAN.

A. N. EVANS.

HUNTER—"My mind to me is an empire."

HANRAHAN—"Who knows her?"



Phi Beta Pi Fraternity

Zeta Chapter

Fraternity Founded 1891.

Chapter House, 633 Calvert Street.

Chapter Founded 1901.

Chapter Roll

Alpha.....	University of Pittsburg.
Beta.....	University of Michigan.
Delta.....	Rush Medical College.
Epsilon.....	McGill University.
Zeta.....	Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons.
Eta.....	Jefferson Medical College.
Theta.....	Northwestern University Medical College.
Iota.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, University of Illinois.
Kappa.....	Detroit College of Medicine.
Lambda.....	St. Louis University.
Nu.....	University Medical College, Kansas City.
Xi.....	University of Minnesota.
Omicron.....	Purdue University.
Pi.....	University of Iowa.
Rho.....	Vanderbilt University.

HIGGINS—"He says what he thinks—small wonder he is strangely silent."

Sigma.....	University of Alabama.
Tau.....	University of Missouri.
Upsilon.....	Ohio Wesleyan Medical College, Cleveland.
Phi.....	University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Chi.....	Georgetown University.
Psi.....	Medical College of Virginia.
Omega.....	Cooper Medical College, San Francisco.
Alpha Alpha.....	John A. Creighton University, Omaha.
Alpha Beta.....	Tulane University, New Orleans.
Alpha Gamma.....	Syracuse University.
Alpha Delta.....	Medico-Chi, Philadelphia.
Alpha Epsilon.....	Marquette University, Milwaukee.
Alpha Zeta.....	Indiana University School of Medicine.

Active Members

SENIOR CLASS.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. VICTOR BIDDLE. | 7. C. HAVELOCK MACLEAN. |
| 2. JAMES K. BIDDLE. | 8. GEORGE A. NOLAND. |
| 3. ELMER G. BRADDOCK. | 9. J. F. O'BRIEN. |
| 4. JAMES HEWSON. | 10. A. M. REID. |
| 5. J. EDWARD HARDMAN. | 11. JEROME A. RIFFE. |
| 6. A. CLYDE KNIGHT. | 12. HAROLD H. TALBOTT. |

HUGHES—"A leader among near-men."

HARPER—"Unlike most 'snakes,' his bite is harmless."

JUNIOR CLASS.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 13. FRANK L. BENSON. | 19. A. W. LITTLE. |
| 14. JOHN J. BURNE. | 20. ROY W. LOCHER. |
| 15. FRANK A. DUVALLY. | 21. BENJ. O. MCCLEARY. |
| 16. JULIUS R. FISHER. | 22. ERNEST H. MCDEDE. |
| 17. FRED F. HOLROYD. | 23. EDWARD B. NOLAND. |
| 18. THOMAS F. KEATING. | 24. J. A. RIPPERT. |
| 25. FRANK H. SISLER. | |

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 26. A. B. ECKERDT. | 28. J. E. MARCHNER. |
| 27. E. S. HAMILTON. | 29. H. MILLER. |
| 30. J. D. SMEYSER. | |

FRESHMAN CLASS.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 31. H. L. BRILLHART. | 34. J. C. PARISH. |
| 32. N. T. GILLETTE. | 35. E. P. SMITH. |
| 33. R. A. IRELAND. | 36. A. C. SHANNON. |
| 37. M. B. WILLIAMS. | |

KEATING—"You got the job—now what are you going to do with it?"



KETA CHAPTER

1911

What Some of Our Sages on the Faculty Tell Us

The best way to treat a fracture is to first treat the individual with the fracture, then the fracture—the whole being worth more than any of its parts.

Always leave at least one hole to crawl through in making a prognosis on fracture cases, no matter how favorable the case may look.

Many surgical instruments slip into places not intended for them: many more work nicely on paper.

What may be the best method to do a thing in one man's ability may only be an average method in another's.

A man may be well equipped to talk with, but d—d poor to work with.

You might cut indiscriminately in the hospital, but you must be more conservative when you live ten miles from the patient.

It is curious to see how dreadful people think cutting the neck is, yet they mind not so much the thought of cutting off an arm or leg.

Nothing makes a man so lazy as the thought of a holiday.

The man who thinks more of his statistics than what he sees is his duty, is not much good.

KABLE—"Nowher so beesy a man as he there was."

A man doing a piece of work in twenty minutes renders danger of infection only one-half as great as the one taking forty minutes — all things being equal.

Thinking about anything of a worthy nature is good practice.

You do things in some patients that you don't think of doing in others.

Surgical reputations are not built on the old. The age of 65-70 years is a pretty serious condition of itself.

There are patients who are 65 years old, and others who are 65 years young.

Operations below the heart do not do as well as those above the heart — in old people.

Dr. Chambers says he never had fat enough on him to justify his wearing a white vest.

Always think of the patient first; a surgeon should be a good doctor, and *vice versa*.

The best post-operative treatment for many patients is — *Let Them Alone*.

Too much care is worse than neglect.

What one sensible man will do, others are likely to do.

No one ever got much worth anything that they did not pay for in risk. Small risks and large gains appeal to any man — opposite rarely does.

Don't measure a man for his best work done; don't damn him for his worst work done. Rather measure him by his good daily average.

KELLY—"Seized with a desire to use long words."

Be solicitous about your patients, but don't be like the Irishman who refused to have a doctor attend him, saying, "It was always his desire to die a natural death."

What would be highly indicated and the circumstances that would govern one man would be damnable if applied to another.

Surgery is nothing more than applied Therapeutics.

Many of the class of individuals who "don't drink" don't let people see them drink.

There is no more sense in cutting out a man's spleen because it is enlarged than there is in cutting off his head because it is bald.

Don't tempt Divine Providence — we take chances enough even by being careful.

Some people have only two rooms in the house — garret and cellar — always morose and gloomy.

Take the horse sense out of the world and it would not be much of a place to live in.

A man with Arterio Sclerosis at 25 is not in as good condition as a man with Arterio Sclerosis at 65, nor will he stand the next ten years as well.

A blood vessel thoroughly exposed is protected.

Best way to control hemorrhage is to avoid it.

There is much difference between ideals and ideas.

Drainage, like some of the questions of Theology, is changeable.

There is no difference between cutting a hole in a large artery, and severing a small branch near a large artery.

There are many excuses coming to the man who does the best he can.

The man who says he never gets fooled is already fooled when making the statement.

Tyros entering practice will perform many operations in their minds, though they are better men for it when emergency does come up.

Don't work on doubt.

The Germans don't care so much about the "Murphy button" as the chagrin they feel in the knowledge of the country the button came from.

Relative to the surgery of the stomach, most students know where it is, what it is used for, and that when used to excess it gets big. Contracted stomachs of students at examination time not due to neoplasms.

These "traces of things," these "shadowy things," are no good from a clinical standpoint, as in saying "trace of albumin."

It is no disgrace to be a fool now and then; bad habit to be a continuous fool.

Some patients die from acute Doctritis.

You may not have done an operation which resulted in a death, but you may be an unprejudiced witness willing to make an autopsy.

Logical things are not always practical things.

A fellow may differ from you and not be wrong, while you may be as near right as he.

More sense sometimes in nonsense than in sense.

A knife and a dose of salts may act the same — depleting circulation.

Really, a doctor has a right to possess common sense.

Know lots about one good thing, rather than a few stray points about several things.

Kidney surgery consists in cutting down onto it, cutting into it, cutting it out — and a few more things.

It is not always what a medical man did or did not do that caused death.

If a man succeeds, no need of arguing his work down, whether good, bad or indifferent.

The only thing peculiar about medicine is its peculiarity.

A man don't buy a horse on recommendation of all work it has done in the past, but what it is able to do now; so the fellow with ability to do a few good things well is better than the fellow who can do many things indifferently.

When a medical man gets into the position where he thinks he can't make a mistake, there are one or two conclusions to make: the man is either a fool, or should be anointed a liar and of no use to himself or anybody else.

The man with his hands in his pockets is more dangerous than the man with the visible knife.

Modern Surgery.—Know where you are going. Know how you are going. Know when you get there. Know when to come away. Keep clean going and coming. Use your own head.

LITTLE—"Small in name, but not in spirit."

One man's observations must not be hailed as absolute by every member of the profession.

To know that you know what you do know, and to know you don't know what you don't know, is KNOWLEDGE.

An impression made on youthful brain cells may become permanently permanent.

Laboratory can do in a day often what clinical observation at bedside may take a week for.

The life of any patient is more important than any fracture of a limb he may possess. Act accordingly.

Clinicians are not made by studying text-books.

Finding out what the matter is with a patient is the most important thing for the doctor, while the treatment is the patient's consideration.

Don't make diagnoses on symptoms always — add physical signs.

The fellow who said, "Suspect every one with a pimple on their face" was "going some," but the dictum seems borne out far oftener than we would imagine.

Don't waste time looking for a bullet after it stops; your consideration is what damage the bullet did in its path.

There is some difference between giving a man pain and being cruel. If you give him pain, yet greatly benefit him, he should have no kick coming.

A feast of knowledge such as some possess is not as good as a feast of feathers.

Taking a cold is rare; a bacteria infection is common.

LONGSDORF—"The man of the hour."

Morphine honesty is no better than alcoholic.

Many medical men may impress you as being "chesty," but no man is a "chest man" who thinks he cannot be mistaken.

An ounce of practical knowledge which is at hand when you want it, is worth more than a pound of knowledge which cannot be brought into play when needed.

Medicine would not be anything if it were not for the exceptions.

When called on to treat a hernia in a man, remember you are also called on to treat a man with a hernia.

Having once known a thing is almost as valuable as knowing it, because you can go to the source of knowledge and refresh yourself on it, and also on all new ideas which have been added since you first made the study.

Your head will never get big enough to hold all the facts you shall need in medicine; but if you get in the habit of learning to think, you can reason out most of these facts for yourself.

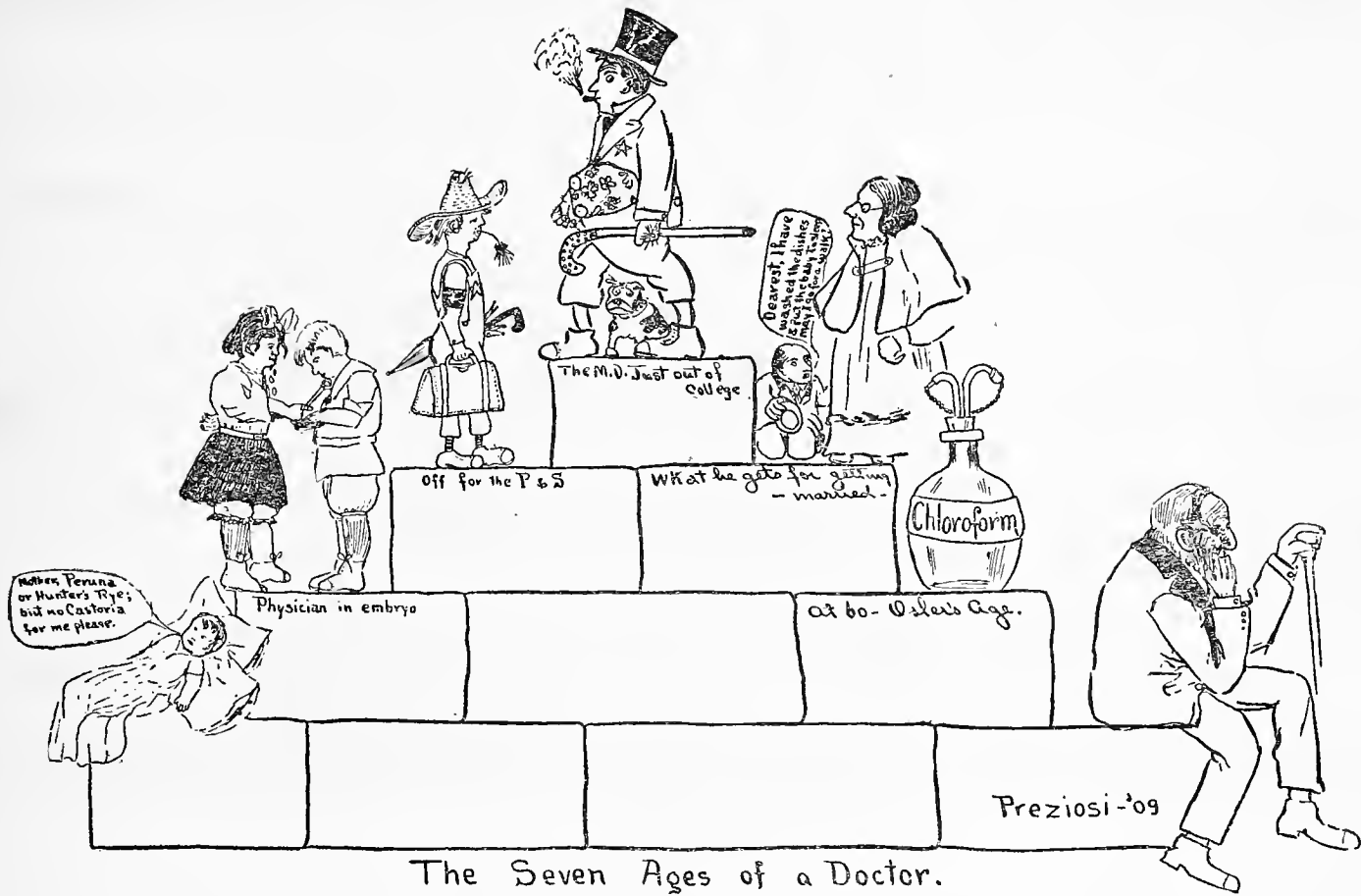
Man must be cautious, whether he is or is not virtuous.

A man's impression of what he sees is worth a great deal more than a person's description of what he has.

A local anæsthetic relieves the pain of the knife, but not the apprehension that the knife is going to hurt.

How our thoughts do revert to a few short years ago, and with what sadness of heart, when there comes under our gaze a time-honored and oft-repeated expression like, "Yes, he who knows not the Mechanism of Respiration, Coagulation of the Blood and Physiology of Digestion, would have fared better had some one placed a millstone about his neck and cast him into the River Jordan."

LAHAM—"A Prince of Egypt dwelleth among us."



The Seven Ages of a Doctor.

Prayer, Dedicated to Senior Class Twenty Odd Years Ago

O Lord! Supreme, in heaven eternal,
Please help our plaintive call,
And help us with our "exam" final,
When in the Judgment hall.

An answering ear lend to our prayer,
And give us absolution.
May Lynch ne'er catch us in the snare
Of his cursed "protoplasm."

Be very near and prompt us well,
Oh, pity our position;
Don't let us fall across that "cell"
Into "Typhoid Condition."

When Coskery questions so profound
About "Gangrene" and "Cancer,"
And fractures "Simple and Compound,"
Lord, help us then to answer.

When Opie comes to test our minds
On "vertex presentation,"
We'll surely spoil (O Lord divine!)
The "fœtal circulation."

Latimer will our minds confuse
On Brain and Nervous System,
But if he touches "gastric juice,"
'Twill ruin our "digestion."

When Arnold makes us diagnose
Some paralyzed condition,
Our ignorance do not disclose,
He'd send us to perdition.

Prof. Gundry says we must describe
"Morphine" and "hop infusions;"
We'll take some India hemp and slide
Off into sweet "delusions."

When Bevan calls us, Oh, good Lord!
'Twill make us quake and shiver,
To tell of brain and spinal cord,
Of muscles, bone and liver.


When Erich doth our "soft spot" feel,
And make us quake and blunder,
Send in a case of "ruptured os,"
We all know that, by thunder.

May we Prof. Simon's favor gain,
We need Prof. Friedie's, too,
For if their votes we don't obtain,
We're "busted," Lord, you know.

And now, good Lord, although we kneel
But seldom at thy feet,
We hope our heart-pangs thou wilt feel,
And calm our pulses' beat.

Deliver from the "Green Room's" jaws
In happiness and glee,
Protect from the "professional" claws,
And give us our M.D's.

Athletics

HY not have some student feeling? It seems rather strange that in an institution of this kind, with some two hundred odd men in attendance, there should be such a lack of enthusiasm in affairs pertaining to the student life. A half-hearted interest in outdoor sports, those games which put new life and energy in us, characterizes nearly the entire student body. To my mind there is no appreciable reason why this should be so. College life is not all in attendance upon books and classes. It is the social and the other side of student life that will appeal to you in future years when you look back on "undergrad." days.

We should be able to take our position among the institutions recognized in the athletic life of this city. We have among us men who are capable and willing to take their places on the football gridiron, on the basketball floor and on the baseball diamond, if they would know that the student body would give them the proper encouragement.

The first step necessary along this line is to formulate an Athletic Association among the students, thus giving the moral and financial support necessary for the movement.

Boys, think this matter over; give it due consideration; talk it over with your fellow-students, and then let us all get together.

In going over this matter it might be well to allude to the fact that letters of challenge for football games have been received at the College from Rutgers and Johns Hopkins. These are on file with the Librarian. What are we going to do with them?

R. E. S. KELLY, '10.

The Official Report of the Fight

THE S. and P. Athletic Club has suddenly stepped into the limelight, and has compelled the sporting gentry to sit up and take notice. This all came about through a recent fight that was "pulled off" successfully by the new club, and which, from all accounts, was a "hummer." The members of the club were quietly informed that a fight was scheduled for January 28th. The secret was guarded jealously, so as to prevent police interference. In fact, the thing came about so suddenly that the newspaper reporters arrived late, and were forced to take rear seats. However, a fellow who was formerly on the *New York Journal* staff has reported his impressions of the fistic encounter, which I hereby record for your benefit.

THE EX-REPORTER'S VERSION.

I was strolling quietly down the boulevard with a cigar protruding from my face, "batting" my eyes to catch a glimpse of the front entrance to the club. I had just passed thirty-three and was making for thirty-four, when klipperty boom bang! the door flew off its hinges. A gang of wild-eyed fight "fans" rushed by me, carrying me with them. From everywhere the crowd poured in — some by elevators, some by ventilators, and the rest as fast as two good legs would carry them. The box seats near the ringside were filled up rapidly by several prominent doctors — dead-game sports to the core — while lesser lights of the sporting fraternity made up the remainder of the audience.

LANGLOISE—"Now and anon the amber fluid."

Holroyd Fred, the referee, mounted the radiator and proceeded to announce the conditions of the "scrap." The crowd howled for blood, and Frederick's voice was lost in the din which prevailed. It has leaked out that the alligators, which formerly dwelt in the "tank" of Freshman fame, have disappeared since catching a glimpse of Fred's mouth. (The poor critters may have died from envy. Alligators have awful tender feelings.)

Ensminger Samuel, popularly known by his friends as "Young Sharkey," and Neus Charles, dubbed by his admirers "Sully," entered the "squared circle." It was noticed that both men were in the pink of condition, prepared to do battle to the bitter end. The "weighing-in" formality was passed by, and the participants stepped to the center of the ring, hugged one another instead of the customary handshake, and the fight was on.

Round One.—Sharkey swings fiercely at Sully, which the latter skillfully ducks, and uppercuts to Sharkey's chin. Sharkey recovers, landing a powerful solar plexus blow on his opponent. Sully rushes Sharkey to the ropes, landing right and left to the head. They clinch as the gong sounds. Even round.

Round Two.—Both fighters rush eagerly together, and in the close infighting which follows both deliver damaging body blows. They again clinch, and in the breakaway Sharkey lands a telling punch in the region of the occipital protuberance. Both fall to the floor in a death grapple. At this exciting stage a handsome, light-haired man rushes into the ring and separates the pugilists. (After the fight this fellow's identity was learned; it was Hutchinson, of the Baltimore Detective Bureau.)

When the detective appeared upon the scene, the referee grew excited and fell off the radiator, accidentally knocking down the detective, who thought it wise to disappear.

Third Round.—Both men rain blows thick and fast. Little streams of blood begin to trickle down their faces. Sharkey's eyes are fast closing, and Sully is seen to reel. Just at the moment a knockout seems near at hand, the S. P. C. A. interferes and the referee reluctantly declares the fight a draw.

POST-MORTEM NOTES.

It is understood that three or four valuable gold watches were "lifted" while the fight was in progress. Froitzheim carries his on a log chain, padlocked to his body, and that accounts for the fact that he still has his. "Fritz" says, "He who steals my watch, steals me."

Two or three prominent "race track men" who were betting on a "knockout" are reported to be hard losers. (Must have been poor dope.)

A half dozen prominent sporting men seen at the ringside have originated a new style low-cut derby, which promises to become popular this spring.

Reward of one "Clinic" to the man who brings back two dollars stolen from the box office. The Year Book Committee have not yet discovered it.

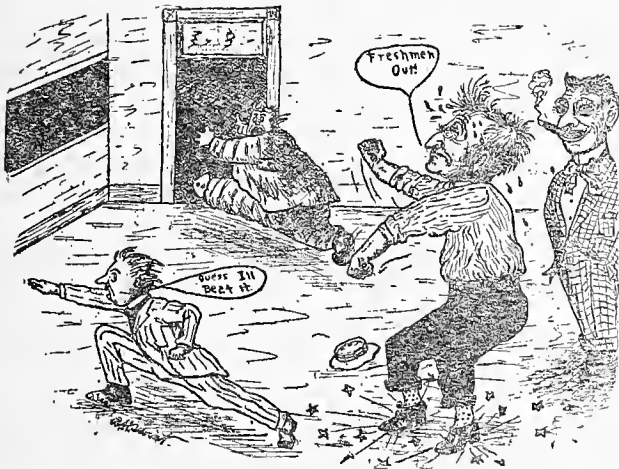
Milton Mack, a noted Montana mine-owner, offers another large reward for the return of the teeth he lost at the ringside. This accident occurred as the result of a violent nervous attack, incident to the strenuous "doings" at the fight. Mr. Mack has withdrawn his name as a member of the club. (This is strictly on the Q. T.)

Last reports from the hospital are to the effect that Sully and Sharkey will soon be about again.

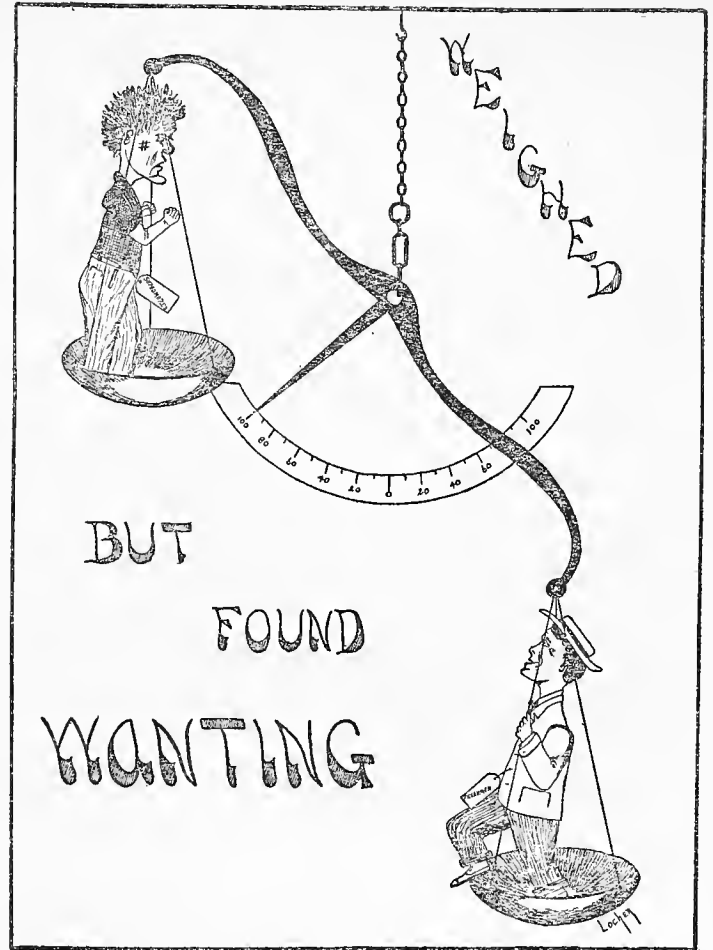
H. E. L., '10.

MABEE—"Too busy to attend school."

MOORE—"Little said, much accomplished."



A Sophomore's Dream



U. M. C. A. Officers

<i>President,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	T. W. CAUSEY.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. W. MAXON.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. F. WILSON.
<i>Secretary,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	N. B. WHITCOMB.

Committeemen.

HARRIS BOLTON.

W. D. KAHLE.

CARL BAUMGARTNER.

DEWITT FAWCETT.

A. F. LAWSON.

MORGAN—"I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion."



The Passing of the Tank



WAS Autumn—that time of the year when he of the pegged trousers and loud hosiery, known far and wide as “stugent,” lays aside the drowsy lethargy of Summer, and wends his way to his Alma Mater to take up those studies which a kind Providence, or, what is more likely, an imposed-upon father, has willed that he should.

Nature was beginning to array herself in her glorious robes of scarlet and gold, with a last burst of beauty before bleak winter should envelop her in snowy raiment. But none of this autumnal beauty surrounded this particular Alma Mater of which the scribe would discourse. Without was the busy hum and bustle of the city, while within were heard the cheery greetings of classmates once more united.

But running through it all was an undercurrent of consternation. Words, low-pitched, and glances, significant and apprehensive, were being exchanged, for a momentous event had transpired during vacation. Indeed, on the faces of some the consternation deepened almost to calamity. And why should it not? Had not an old and time-honored principle been rudely shattered by the hand of man? Had not all the fiendish anticipation and grim expectancy of months been overthrown by one rude blow? O tempora! O mores! Verily, had Reform with all its terrors made itself felt. What of the plans? What of the preparations? What of the revenge? Must all these fond hopes which had been so carefully fostered, be thus wantonly destroyed? Alas, even so! For they who sit in the high places, they to whom it is given to say “yea, yea,” or “nay, nay,” had so willed it.

But see, who are they who stand apart? Why are their countenances so lit up with hellish glee? Surely their hearts are stone, that destruction should sit thus lightly upon their shoulders. Nay, dear reader, be not

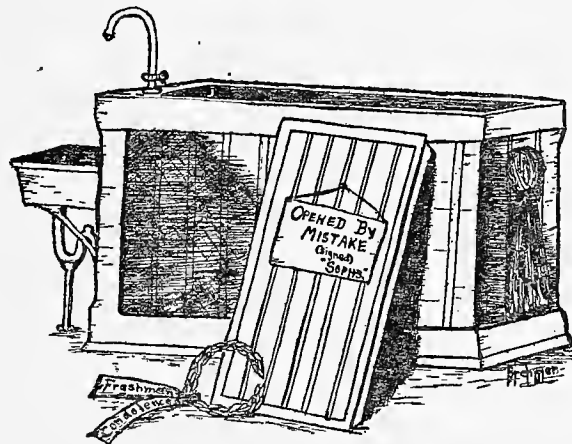
McCLEARY—Wise from the top of his head—up.”

deceived. These are they who have been spared great tribulation. Why should they not make merry? Were they not, as were the children of Israel, the oppressed, the scorned, the subjected, and have they not now come from under the galling yoke of their oppressors? Truly have they been led out of Egypt, for their Moses has arisen. Hail! all hail! Pharaoh and his tribes have been overthrown.

But what is this event of magnitude that can cause such profound sorrow on one hand and such unrestrained joy on the other? Ah, dear reader, have you not heard? O creature of flesh, hearken and weep. 'Tis the Tank, that emblem of Sophomorphism, that Baal to which all Freshmen were wont to bow down, that has passed. A molehill, the work of man, has superseded this mountain, the work of time. How have the mighty fallen! Verily, the camel hath passed through the needle's eye.

Sound your trumpets, ye carrion! Clash your cymbals, ye worms of the earth! Raise unto the skies your voices and make a joyful noise unto the Faculty, for the Tank, that mighty monument of Custom, that erstwhile Tower of Babel, has passed.

H. L. BREHMER, '10.



Hindicatory

HAVE you ever seen a slate quarry? If not, you have missed the sight of one of the most wonderful treasures of antiquity.

Strange as this statement may appear, you will be convinced of its correctness when you are told that recent discoveries prove beyond a doubt that these slate deposits are no more and no less than remnants of the old schools and colleges founded many thousand years ago. Paper being unknown in those days, the boys and girls cut soft stones into slices and used them for their writing and ciphering. In order that a record might be kept of the progress made by the pupils, these plates were piled up, and we now find stacks of them here and there, which are used over again by the youngsters of our day.

Of the overwhelming proofs that these slates have thus actually been used for educational purposes, at least two should be mentioned.

In the first place, petrified remnants of lunch, or of wrapping material for lunch, are found imbedded in this slate. The lunch containers seem to have been made from the leaves of ferns or palm trees, while fish appears to have been one of the delicacies relished universally at the midday recess, though snakes and reptiles of various kinds appear among the articles accidentally left behind by the school children and found stored away between the slates.

The second proof is that the writing on these slates in many cases is yet well preserved. To the casual observer the signs and figures found resemble such impressions as would be made by the scratching of a hen, but since Mark Twain succeeded in deciphering the diaries of Adam and Eve, which are most likely the oldest of these writings, scientists have made considerable progress in the reading of these old documents.

The writer has been fortunate enough to unearth some slates covered with the hieroglyphics of one who seems to have been a grown-up schoolboy living in the first century of the creation of the world. It may be of interest to the college boy (and college girl) of our era to hear how things progressed in those olden times. What this young man writes on this slate is this:

“Oh, I wish the good Lord had not created so many animals and so many plants, mountains and rivers; and I wish old Grandpa Adam had not given names to all of them which we poor children now have to learn at school. It is awful to sit here for hours and hours and study what teacher calls natural history, and geography, and arithmetic, and spelling, and lots of other stuff. None of the boys like it, nor do the girls either.”

Other slates are filled with similar complaints and expressions of disgust, but one stone I have found on which the following remarkable and highly interesting data are inscribed:

“Yesterday teacher got real mad because not one of us knew his lesson, and when dinner time came he went off, locking us all up in the schoolroom, saying that he would not let us out until we knew it all, not if it were to take all day and night. Well — there was great lamentation; the girls cried, and the boys, too, though they tried to hide it, but this did not do any good. So we attempted to learn our lessons, but with empty stomachs and tearful eyes it was no go, and I think teacher would have had to keep us in all night had not something happened that had never occurred before.

“I don’t know where they came from, but all at once there stood in the room three things. I think they were women, though I am not sure of it. They were dressed very differently from what we are, and the girls said it was fancy, whatever that may be. Anyhow, the three looked very strange, and said they were three fairy angels, one called Wit, the other Humor, and the third Fun; and they had come to help us learn our lessons.

“Now I never had seen an angel before, and only had heard grandpa speak of the angel who drove him

and Grandma Eve from Paradise. So I would have been afraid, but I could not because the three fairies (or angels, I don't know which) at once commenced to tell stories such as we had never heard before and draw such pictures on the big slate as we had never seen. And then they showed us how to dance and jump and do somersaults, and all kinds of nonsense.

"But the best thing was when they took an old broomstick, wrapped some rags around it, which they shaped into legs and arms, and put on top an apple (grandma had given it to me; she knows something about apples) which they had cut and fixed up so that it just looked like our old teacher. And when they then made that thing walk just like teacher does, and when one imitated his voice so that you thought you heard him scold and thunder, then suddenly I got such a peculiar feeling in my face as I never had experienced to that day. Before I knew it my whole body commenced to shake and I had to cry out something like: 'Ha, ha, ha!' and in a minute the whole class did the same, only the girls said: 'He, he, he!' and from some of the boys it sounded like: 'Ho, ho, ho!' And the fairies they did the same, and called out: 'Now we have taught you to laugh; never forget it and never forget your good friends, Wit, Humor and Fun.'

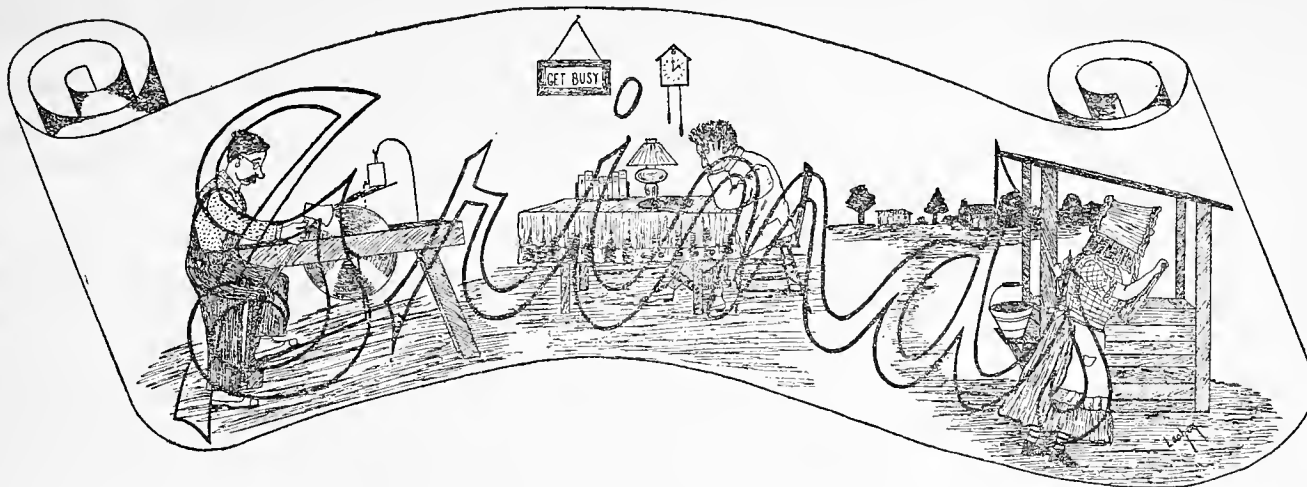
"While we were yet laughing the fairies disappeared, but we were in such a happy frame of mind that we went to work with a will, and when teacher came he was surprised at the result of our labors. We never told him who had helped us."

This wonderful inscription on the slate unmistakably proves that Humor, Wit and Fun were born when the first school had been established. And from that day to this they have been fostered and cultivated in all institutions of learning, though chiefly when "teacher" is absent.

Indeed, not all teachers realize the aid given them in their labors by the three fairies. But the students know it. They fully appreciate that the digestion of intellectual food is immensely aided when seasoned with wit and humor, with fun and mirth. This is the reason why this volume has been written, and this is its injunction:

"Understand, enjoy and laugh with me, but take me not too seriously."

W. SIMON.



Dr. Gardner's quizz, Room 34, 9 A. M. Dr. Gardner, calling roll—"Is Victor Biddle here?"
Victor Biddle—"Present."

Dr. Gardner—"Biddle, describe the operation of hysterectomy."

Biddle gives a five-minute talk on the subject, finally ending with "I don't know just what further steps I would take."

Dr. Gardner—"I suggest you send for the undertaker."

Fat Woman (much concerned)—"Doctor, what will remove this double chin of mine?"

Prof. McCleary (after brief inspection)—"Nothing but a guillotine will ever do that, madam,"

McDEDE—"Come not within the measure of my wrath."

DODRILL'S FIRST EMERGENCY CASE, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1909.

Dr. Dodrill is aroused from deep study (?) by a loud knock upon his door. An excited neighbor explains that there is a sick patient badly in need of his services. Dodrill makes a lightning change of clothing (?) (wishing to appear well on his first call), and finally goes over to see the patient. Upon arriving, he asks a question about family history, and is informed that the patient just died — hadn't time to wait for Dodrill.

Longsdorf and Kahle discussing the merit of a certain poem. Kahle explains to Longsdorf that he is quite a judge of poetry. A few minutes later Longsdorf asks Kahle to explain Iambic Pentameter. Kahle assumes a wise expression (characteristic of him) and promptly replies, "Why, that is one of those meters for taking blood pressure." Schafer winks at the cat and promptly falls on the bed.

Dr. Dobbin (quizzing)—"Blankenship, who discovered the female pelvis?"

Blankenship—"Why—er—Columbus."

Dr. Dobbin—"No, you're wrong; Columbus discovered America." The doctor then explains to the class who did discover that particular portion of the female anatomy, and, turning to Kocyan, asks, "Kocyan, what was the date of this discovery?"

Kocyan (sweetly)—"In 1776, doctor."

Dr. Dobbin makes a few remarks on the general patriotism of the class, and proceeds with his quizz with an air of resignation.

Maxon (third year)—"What became of that man who was killed and brought into the hospital by the ambulance?"

Dr. Stone (B. C. H. staff)—"Oh, he's dead."

Dr. Thearle (Our Willy)—"I wonder if I can borrow a quarter to get a *hair* cut?"

Genial Pete—"Thearle, here is two dollars — go out and get them *all* cut."

NAIMAN—"The map of Jerusalem personified."

Wee Blondy George (of the staff)—“I called on my girl last evening, and during the evening she permitted me to kiss her hand. I kissed her lips, too.

Steeny (much interested)—“What did she say, George?”

George—“Tried to get mad, but I soothed her and assured her a hand-to-mouth existence was good enough for me.”

Mike—“If you pull my hair, I will pull your ears.”

Wilson—“If you try to pull my ears, you will have your hands full.”

Gordon—“I was at the opera the other night, and Andrews went out between every act. Why do you suppose he did that?”

Parker—“After opera glasses, I suppose.”

Dr. Dobbin (lecturing)—“So you see, gentlemen, from the part woman plays in our lives, that we owe her a debt which we can never repay.”

Jenkins (to himself in stage whisper)—“That’s right—I owe my landlady six weeks’ board.”

Sophomore—“Come, give us a song.”

Freshman—“I’m not a singer.”

Sophomore—“Well what are you — a Wheeler & Wilson?”

Tal.—“Quick, Jim, give me the stick.”

Jim—“What stick?”

Tal.—“The caustic.”

Dr. Ries—“Doctor next, name the bones of the skull.”

Freshman (after some hesitation)—“I can’t think of the names of them just now, but I have them all in my head.”

NEWELL—“Oh, sir, I must not tell my age.”

Dr. Spratling—"Dr. Thompson, can you tell me where an involuntary muscle is, in the body?"

Freshman Thompson—"The sphincter ani."

Dr. Spratling—"My boy, you had better try and control that muscle."

Patient (in ward)—"Has not that stout, smooth-faced, handsome, black-haired doctor a sympathetic look about him?"

Resident Physician—"Sorry I cannot agree with you, madam; he has a heart of Stone."

It is reported that Miss Lafayette Avenue promised Andrews two kisses an evening, one on arriving and one on leaving. At the end of two weeks Sam had overdrawn his account for six months.

My greatness began when, as a boy, I caught a greasy pig at a country fair.—(Thos. F. Keating.)

"Don't spit on the floor. Remember the Johnstown flood."—(House Committee.)

OUTSIDE THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

A maiden fair walked down the street,
A little dog she led by hand;
A student bold came up the street,
He tipped his hat and showed his sand.

The maiden blushed and dropped her eyes,
But soon they raised and looked in his;
"I do not know you, sir," she said.
"My name's McMillan, so it is."

The dog was mad, he growled and barked,
And tried to bite the bold intruder,
But Mac was game, and walked along,
And who can tell but that he stewed her?

NOLAND—"The embodiment of perpetual motion."

Dr. Chambers (quizzing)—“Mr. Hill, how many ribs has any woman?”

W. G. C. Hill—“Really, doctor, they are so ticklish that I have never been able to count them.”

Junior (knowingly)—“Did you know that the resident pathologist was an artist of considerable repute?”

Senior—No; how is that? What did he ever draw?”

Junior—“I am told that he drew six dollars out of the Faculty for a gas stove to heat his room.”

Pretty Sally—

Baltimore, Md., October 25, 1908.

I cannot go home for Christmas vacation November 1; the exams. won't let me.

Dearie mine,

VOGT.

Son of Rest—“Can you spare a few coppers for a night's lodging?”

McGinn—“Pal, I am working this side of the street myself.”

Holroyd—“Fisher's baby was seen in the grind box.”

Huges—“How did it get in?”

Holroyd—“It's papa is a joke.”

Hill—“They tell me Dr. Dobbin has bought a new automobile. Do you know what it runs by?”

Bubert—“It does not run by anything; the d—n thing is always breaking down.”

A Junior from far-off Montana
Once met a young lady named Hannah,
And she said with a sigh,
“Do you know I am dry?”
So he went and he bought a—(sarsaparilla.)

Kelsey, who hails from Quebec,
Wrote home and asked for a check.
He said, “I am so much in
‘Knead’ of the ‘dough’ that I'm
All but a financial wreck.”

QUINN—“The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars.”

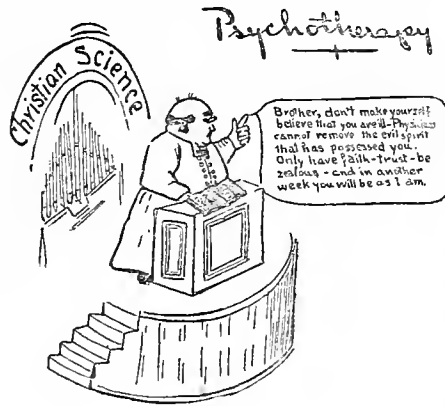
EISENER'S SPEECH.

“Mr. Chairman, I want to put in nomination for president of the Freshman Class a man among men; a man who has knocked more home runs and made more touchdowns than any three men in the world; a man who swallowed more ponies than John L. Sullivan; a man who made a 27-foot pole vault record at Williams; a man who has crossed rivers of blood and swum seas of fire; a man who led the Rough Rider charge up San Juan Hill and planted the Stars and Stripes in Cuba; a man who slew a whole regiment of Spaniards with his left hand; a gentleman with a tongue of silver and a heart of gold. I have reference to that loyal patriot and fellow-countryman, William F. F. McMahon, of Massachusetts.” (Applause.)

Seymour—“Hello, Hannerhan! I saw you at the Rathskeller with a lady friend last night.”

Hanrahan—“Yes, I am writing a thesis for that McGonigle prize, “Why girls like beer.”

A Little kiss is a dangerous thing.



ROACH—“When we loaf, we store up work.”

Wilson — that's all.

Of all the moons I ever saw shine, I never saw a moon shine as this moonshine.—(Schafer.)

Dr. Beck—"Anderson, where do you take the pulse?"

Anderson—"Usually in the mouth."

Dr. Brack—"Is Dr. Reid present?"

Noland—"He had to go to Bay View, doctor."

Dr. Brack—"Am sorry to hear it."

Dr. Lockwood—"Is Mr. Parker present?"

Smith—"He is in the dressing room, doctor?"

Dr. Lockwood—"Has he had his breakfast?"

Kish—"Say, Ireland, hand me down a toothpick."

Ireland—"All right, where are you?"

Dr. Rosenthal shows the class certain preparations used as prophylaxis in G. U. and passes them around the class.

Keating—"Doctor, where are these sold?"

Doctor (at medical meeting)—"Rice, how is the radius—perfectly straight?"

Rice—"Yes, perfectly straight." (And attempts to show that it is by removing the clothing in front of the thigh.)

Examination in Surgery.—Question I: Describe briefly a fissure of the anus, and differentiate it from the anus of Fisher.

Campbell—"Why do students at the P. & S. need a hair tonic?"

McMillan—"I 'daun't' know?"

Campbell—"We all get Gray as soon as we start to study anatomy."

ROE—"Six feet two of a 'good fellow.'"

Fleming, when a Freshman, was hunting for a room on Franklin street. By accident he pulled the bell of a house whose mistress patronized only chorus girls. Amidst the din of the girls heard from above, Fleming was refused admittance on the ground that chorus girls and medical students *don't* mix well together.

Duvally—"Who is an Irishman?"

Schafer—"Who is a Dutchman?"

Seidel—"I am."

Dr. Knapp (quizzing)—"Vogt, what do you mean by the color index?"

Vogt—"The different colors that Eosin, Methylene Blue and Balsam Peru stain the red blood corpuscles."



H. Engler Harman (admiring himself before the mirror while attired in his first dress suit)—"Gee, I didn't know that I look so swell in my full evening dress; but my girl said I was the handsomest man in the ball-room, and she ought to know. I sure do make a fine appearance. I think I shall get a Prince Albert coat and silk hat, together with a fine walking stick and white chamois gloves, like 'Tony' Kilbourn. Even if I am only a Soph., these other sports ain't goin' to have anything on me."

RIPPERT—"See what a grace was seated on his brow."

MICHELSON'S MISHAP.

Miss Summer Girl, with deep intent,
 The cunning meshes hung,
 And swaying in the idle breeze
 The empty hammock swung.

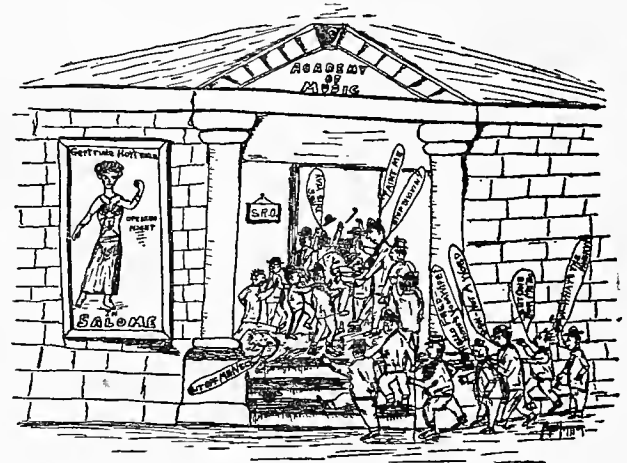
Miss Summer Girl sat down in it,
 A mass of pretty fluff;
 The hammock sagged a little bit,
 This shows you plain enough.

Miss Summer Girl was shortly joined
 By Mr. Summer Man (Michelson);
 Appearance of the hammock then

Was somewhat on this plan.

A parted strand, a smothered shriek,
 A quick eclipse of bliss;
 The busted hammock on the ground

Was strewn
 in shreds like
 this.



Was Opening Night. P.S. Night?—Well Rather.

SCHAFFER—"A buckeye in the vest pocket brings luck."

Locher—"Where did Blankenship get the name 'Bud'?"

Brehmer—"Out at the Woman's College, where he holds the chair in 'Loveology,' those girls call him 'Buddy' affectionately. He is too young for a full-blown flower, hence the name 'Bud.'"

Kocyan—"I don't see the joke."

Urbanski—"Well, it's right under your nose."

Kocyan—"What?"

Urbanski—"Your mustache."

Dr. Friedenwald (quizzing, on Jan. 26)—"Is Bonness here?"

Bonness—"Here, doctor."

Dr. Friedenwald—"I am happy to make your acquaintance."

E. P. Shillingsburgh is in danger of Bromism, caused from sedatives taken before boarding the Edmondson avenue car. There is a girl somewhere along the line.

GIVE—Slippery Shannon somebody (preferably young lady on North Calvert street) to hug and whistle "tootsie, la, la," at.

—Lonnie Little a certain little nurse (ask Lonnie who she is).

—Dusty Miller some one to tell the young ladies phoning that he is not as daffy as he looks.

—Jack Smyser the idea that courting by the phone for two hours at a time is going some.

—Brad the means of holding four kings at every hand of poker.

—Ed Hardman a night, a pipe, a light and a fight.

—Rippart some sour fruit (lemons).

Dr. Chambers (quizzing)—"Will Dr. Victor Biddle tell me something about facial neuralgia?"

Dr. V. Biddle—"I *think* it is neuralgia about the face, doctor."

SEIDEL—"It tends to lower the dignity of the class."

One morning, while taking the medical section through the wards, for some unknown reason there was much talking among patients. The Russian orderly dragged the screens roughly from bed to bed, and so the section was transferred to the white female ward. In a few minutes the Polytechnic Institute boys began practicing class yells, and the engineer at the Institute turned off the steam from the engine room. Then we went to the next floor of the hospital to the colored female ward, and there was one painter there who was placing bright colors on the walls. At this juncture Dr. Lockwood said that he had never in his life been so fretted and bothered with so much disturbance from within and without the building. Just then a noise like a large gasoline automobile was heard, and the doctor inquired whether that was not George Dobbin coming up.

“Say, who is that little Senior that walks so straight and parts his hair in the middle?”

“Huh! That? That’s Kimsey — he’s a Freshman.”

Dr. Haynes—“Shannon, describe the heart.”

Shannon—“The heart is a bloody organ, kept in a trunk, played by beats, and enjoyed only after it is lost or given away.”

Dr. Fort—“Hamilton, what is an irritant?”

Hamilton—“Something which irritates.”

Dr. Fort—“What is a counter-irritant?”

Hamilton—“A woman shopping.”

December 10, '08—Charley Daly took the widow to “The Waltz Dream” at the Academy of Music.

I held that nurses are “to” kiss;
She held her head up, just like this—
I held her hands, and didn’t miss.

SAYRE—“A pony! a pony! my kingdom for a pony!”

The reason that J. Kocyan nowadays never loses his temper was revealed today by Higgins to his Irish comrade, Herman Seidel, in narrating the following occurrence:

J. Kocyan, when he could not get a certain number over the telephone, shouted:

"See here, Central, I'll report you."

"You don't know who I am," was the composed reply.

"Well, I'll find out, and that blamed quick, too."

"I know you, though," came in soft tones; "I've seen your picture."

"You have?" Kocyan exclaimed, delightedly. "Where—in the newspapers, or on the editorial staff of THE CLINIC?"

"No," was the merry reply; "on a lobster can."

While Rippart showed his best friend through the places of interest in the city, he also took her into a garter factory.

"Heavens!" the fair one exclaimed, "Ninety million pairs of garters in one year! I don't see where they all go to!"

"Neither do I," replied the blushing youth."



In the Lighter Vein

Dr. Keirle tells the following: At a murder trial held in the State of Maine recently an old physician was on the witness stand. During his examination he was asked by the prosecuting attorney:

"Doctor, did I understand you to say that this man was shot in the woods?"

"No," replied the doctor; "I said he was shot in the lumbar region."

SCHILLINGSBURG—"Stocky and stout and lazy withal."

(One from Dr. Chambers.) A darkey asked an M.D. to prescribe for his mule, which was not feeling well. The M.D. advised a large dose of calomel, and advised the darkey to use a funnel and blow it down the mule's throat. Next week the M.D. met the darkey on crutches, and upon asking why, got the following explanation: "Doctoh, yo' remembah dat Ah asked yo' to treat mah mule. Well, Ah did, an' put the funnel to his mouf and dat calomel in de funnel — but dat dam mule blowed fust."

Dr. Hayden tells of an incident which happened in his career. He was called at night to see a man whose jaw was dislocated. When he arrived there was a woman doctor present, and she informed him that she had used every means, even ether, in order to replace the submaxillary in its socket. He placed a towel around his fingers, and, with less difficulty than he had expected, repaired the dislocation. The man's family were angry because the woman doctor had worked for hours, and he had worked but a short time. The lady doctor asked:

"Doctor, why do you suppose I could not replace the bone the same as you?"

"Oh, probably because I have more muscular strength than you," the doctor replied.

This did not satisfy her, so she waited until the doctor was leaving and accompanied him. On the outside she said: "Doctor, what is the real reason why I could not get that bone back?"

"Well," said the doctor, "I don't know. You said that you gave an anæsthetic, and I never heard of a dislocation which could not be repaired under one."

"I did not say an anæsthetic, doctor, but ether," the woman replied.

"Well, how did you give the ether?"

"I rubbed it on his gums," she replied.

THE FRESHMAN'S LETTER.

Dear Father— BALTIMORE, December 9, 1908.

Kindly send at once
 A hundred-dollar bill;
 I have to buy some medicine,
 As I am taken ill.
 I have to buy a pair of shoes,
 An overcoat or two.
 I know that you will not refuse,
 Because you *never* do.
 I have to buy a dozen books
 From old Professor Boobs,
 Also some dissecting hooks,
 And two fallopian tubes.
 I have to buy some glasses,
 As my eyes are getting weak;
 I also have to pay some dues,
 Of which you heard me speak.
 And so you see, dear father,
 "That I really need the "mon,"
 So please send on that hundred to
 Your Ever-Loving Son.

ALBERT E. MANN.

There was once a noted young "doc,"
 Who made all his calls in a frock;
 But his calls were so few
 That he had nought to do
 But to go with his frock to a "hock."

SISLER—"She sleeps — my lady sleeps."



"P. S. Junior — Guess Who
 Usually says it is Blankenship"

THE PHAGOCYTE."

I want to be an M.D.,
And with the doctors stand,
A pill-box in my pocket,
A lance within my hand.
Right there before the people,
So fresh and green and bright,
I would tend their every ailment,
And go both day and night.

No more should I be sleepy,
Nor ever flunk a quiz,
Nor ever grind till midnight,
Nor on exams. would fiz.
But, free from care and sorrow,
I'd have a grand old time,
With a million-dollar practice
To professional heights I'd climb.

I know I'm mighty nery,
But people will forgive,
As so many little children
Will go to heaven to live!
Dear patients, when you languish,
And lay you down to croak,
Oh, dont forget your bill then,
For that would be no joke.

Oh, then I'll be an M.D.,
And with the doctors stand,
A pill-box in my pocket,
A lance within my hand;
And here before the people,
So fresh and green and bright,
I'll join that host of medics,
And go forth day and night.

J. R. FISHER, '10.

April 5th, '09.—The Freshmen triumphed over the Sophomores in a very classy game of ball, the score ending 5 to 4. The work of the Sophomore battery was of the highest character, and deserves special mention.

SWEENEY—"Here have I stuck two livelong years."

ZIXON AND NIMMERMAN

PRESENT

MR. JOSEPH BURNEY VINCENT KILBOURN

— IN —

"JOE KILBOURN'S SACRIFICE; OR, FROM MANSION TO PRISON CELL."

*A Thrilling Melodrama in Four Acts and Five Scenes.**Book and Lyrics by Soph O. More, Jr.*

CAST.

Joe Kilbourn A medical student with an English accent.
 Miss Rednum A Baltimore society belle.
 Monsieur Trippe A slightly married man.
 "Girls" Hogan A yeggman; late of Yale.
 William T. Gocke The Marquis of Piedmont; the missing link.
 An Irish Police Sergeant On the job.

Policemen, Waiters, Plain Drunks, etc.

ACT I—Parlor of Miss Rednum's home on North Charles Street, 8.30 P. M.

ACT II—Hogan's apartments on Calvert Street. Same evening, one hour later.

ACT III—Central Police Station, on Saratoga Street, 11 P. M.

ACT IV—Scene I—Kernan's Rathskeller, in the wee small hours of the morning. Scene II—Kilbourn's apartments, 5 A. M.

SKILTON—"If I don't have a good opinion of myself, who will?"

ORCHESTRAL NUMBERS

Orchestra under the direction of Johnny Wade.

Opening Overture—Selection, “Big Night Tonight.”

Between Acts I and II—“How can I leave thee without going away?”

Between Acts II and III—“I’m on my way.”

Between Acts III and IV—Selection, “Teasing.”

Between Scenes I and II, Act IV—Medley, “Won’t get home until morning.”

Overture, “Dreaming.”

STAFF.

General Manager.....	Doc. McCleary.
Acting Manager.....	“Dissecting Room Joe.”
Stage Director.....	Georgie Dobbins.
Assistant Stage Director.....	Charles Brack.
Master Carpenter.....	Charlie Bevan.
Master of Properties.....	Harvey Beck.
Electrician.....	“Jimmie.”
Wardrobe Mistress.....	“Chief Scrub Lady.”

Play staged and produced by Doctor H. Engler Harman, Chillicothe, Ohio.

SMITH—“One of the fifty-seven varieties.”

ACT I.

(Finds Kilbourne and Miss Rednum seated cozily on settee by fireside. Dim lights and slow, dreamy music.)

KIL.—Yes, Rena, my life at Trinity would make a most interesting story.

MISS R.—Oh, I just adore Trinity men. Won't you tell me more about yourself, Burney?

KIL. *(blushes, uncrosses legs nervously and then recrosses them)*—Do you—could you—er—a—wouldn't it boah you too much?

MISS R. *(gushingly)*—Oh, please do. I could listen to you forever.

KIL. *(glances at clock, clears throat and pulls down vest)*—Well—ah—to begin with, it was in the fall of Nineteen five that I entered that dear old school. Those were the happiest days of my life until I met you. *(Here assumes far-away look.)* Shortly after I entered college my melodious voice won for me immediate distinction, for I was unanimously elected first base whistler on the Glee Club.

MISS R. *(with concealed sarcasm)*—Why, can you sing? Won't you favor me with some charming little ditty?

(Kil. assents and approaches piano. After striking several false notes, begins to sing in a falsetto voice, "I will love you till Niagara Falls." At this point telephone rings vigorously and look of relief crosses Kil's face as Miss R. excuses herself to answer phone.)

MISS R. *(at phone)*—Hello! Yes, Mr. J. B. V. Kilbourne, you say? Yes, I'll call him. *(Turns to Kil.)* Burney, some one wishes to speak to you.

KIL. *(crosses to phone and aside says)*—Good Lawd, who could be calling me at this hour? Hello? Yes, this is Kilbourne. *(Sotto voce.)* What's that? Sergeant at Central Police Station? Yes, William T. Gocke is my room-mate. Drunk, you say? *(Aside.)* Horrible! *(Resumes sotto voce.)* How much? Twenty-six forty-five? All right, be down right away. *(Frantically slams up receiver and turns to Miss R., greatly excited.)*

KIL.—Good heavens! something horrible has happened. I must be leaving at once. *(Miss R. coughs as she tries to conceal smile of satisfaction.)* There has been a berth on a Pullman and I am called to the hospital to administer the antitoxin.

MISS R.—O Burney, must you go? I feel so sorry for you.

(Kil, without observing the slightest rules of etiquette, grasps hat and walking stick, and without waiting to put on his chamois gloves rushes from room, throwing his arms wildly in the air, crying tragically, "O Gocke, Gocke! How could you? I never had anything hurt me like this." Miss R. drops in chair, convulsed with laughter.)

(QUICK CURTAIN.)

STAMBAUGH—"I am not in the roll of common men."

ACT II.

(Finds Yeggman in deep study; ruminative smile plays over his countenance. Door suddenly bursts open and Kilbourne and M. Trippe rush in.)

KIL.—My Gawd, "Girls," Gocke is pinched! Get your spare change together and come with me at once.

H.—Why, man, if steamboats sold for ten cents apiece I couldn't buy the echo of the whistle. But what's all this about?

M. TRIPPE—Go put on your coat and I'll tell you all I know about it. You see, I was almost asleep when Joe rushed in, pulled me out of bed and told me that he was called to the police station to bail—

KIL. (interrupting)—Oh, drop it! We'll tell you about it on the way down.

M. TRIPPE (continues, while Kilbourne paces excitedly up and down room, knocking several steins from mantel with cane)—As I was saying, he told me he had to bail Gocke out, so, in spite of my wife's entreaties not to go out on such a cold night on a wild-goose chase, I hurriedly dressed, and here we are.

(At this point Kilbourne hastily glances at watch several times and hurriedly leaves room, closely followed by Hogan and M. Trippe.)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT III.

(Sergeant at desk and officers lounging about room. Kilbourne enters and rushes up to desk.)

KIL.—Kilbourn is my name—K-i-l-b-o-u-r-n. I'm the gent you called up a little while ago. I want—

SERG.—Faith, Oi niver called up iny such man.

KIL. (shakes cane at Sergeant)—Yes you did. You said Mr. Gocke was drunk, and I came to get him out. I can prove it by these gentlemen here. (Turns around, to find that Hogan and M. Trippe are not present; rushes out and in a moment returns, dragging Hogan and M. Trippe behind him.)

FIRST OFFICER—I think we had better prepare the padded cell. (Second officer salutes and retires.)

KIL. (frantically)—Get him for us at once! You needn't try to keep him. We came down to get him, and we are going to have him.

SERGEANT—Calm yourself, sorr, and we'll see what can be done. (Kil. drops limply into chair and mops fevered brow.) Now, whot did this man look like, sorr?

STEINKE—"One-fifth genius and four-fifths sheer fudge."

KIL.—He is five feet ten inches tall, wore a pattuck overcoat, black derby, light hair, blue eyes—a typical German.

SERGEANT (*looks over records*)—Nothin' doin' here. I'll call up the other stations and see if he is there. (*Telephones other stations and finds no report of such a man.*)

SERGEANT (*turning to Kilbourn*)—No wan of thot description in tonight. I'm afraid you have been duped. Maybe your frinds there can tell you something about it. (*Eyes them suspiciously, and, indicating Hogan, says:*) That man there looks like a yeggman innyhaw.

(*Kilbourn starts to his feet and staggers weakly against desk. H. and M. T—e lean on each other for support.*)

KIL. (*hoarsely*)—I'd give five dollars if he *was* locked up. It's a dawm poah joke. (*Officers laugh derisevelly as Kil., H. and M. T—e exit.*)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

(*Discovers M. T—e and Kilbourn seated at table in Rathskeller, helping to make Milkvaukce famous.*)

KIL. (*effusively*)—Trippe, old chap, my grandfather—hic—was a famous man—hic. He could drink three bottles of that—hic—grand old vintage without going under—hic—the table. (*Trippe smiles benevolently and looks anxiously at watch.*)

KIL. (Waitah! waitah! bring foah more—hic—bottles, please.

M. T—E (*to waiter, aside*)—Cut out that order and bring the bill. My friend is too saturated to know what he is doing. Besides, I have to foot the bill myself.

KIL.—Now—hic—let me see; what was I saying? Oh, yes. Dawm fine girl I called on yesterday—er—hic—no, not yesterday—tonight. No—when was it, anyhow? Say, Trippe, why don't you help a fellow—hic—out? (*Assumes air of resignation.*) Oh, well, it doesn't mazzar—doesn't mazzar 'tall. Fine girl, anyway; believe I could learn to love her—*know* I—hic—could. Wish the Pater could only meet her.

(*Waiter here returns with bill, and M. T—e pays for it.*)

SEGWALT—"Queer noises floated out into the open air."

M. TRIPPE—Come on, Joe, it's time to beat it. (*Kil. staggers to feet and embraces M. T—e.*)

KIL.—You certainly are the finest fellah I evah—hic—had the pleasuah—the *pleasuah*, sir, of meeting.

(*M. Trippe grasps his arm and together they stogger out of the Keller.*)

(CURTAIN.)

SCENE II.

(*Reveals Gocke enveloped in the arms of Morpheus. Kilbourn staggers into room, and after many desperate attempts succeeds in lighting lamp. He falters toward the bed and pulls Gocke out.*)

G.—D—n you, go 'way an' let me sleep.

KIL.—You can get youah clothes together and get—hic—out in the morning.

G. (*beginning to awake*)—What's the matter, anyway, kiddo?

KIL.—Mazzer enough, you beastly hosses' necktie, you unscrupulous—hic—'scrupulous wretch. You take and wear my collars and my ties and—and—now you treat me like this. (*Breaks down.*)

G.—Aw, g'wan—you're piffed. You've got a bun on, that's what's the matter with you. (*Crawls back in bed, rolls over and falls asleep. Kilbourne attempts to rcmove his tie, and crawls under the bed and sinks into disturbed slumber; murmurs from time to time, "Rena—telephone—Gocke—drunk—aw, h—ll."*)

(SLOW CURTAIN.)

TRENT—"Genius rusts for want of use."

The Opium Habit



HIGHER degree of civilization with increased mental development among all classes of society, with increased cares, duties and shocks, has brought with it increased use of narcotics, particularly of the opium preparations.

Persons who may be classed under the head of "nervous temperament" are daily on the increase.

While the average individual now does more work in an hour than did our ancestors in six hours, we are not one-sixth as well able to bear the intellectual strain as they were. Generation by generation our physical natures are changing, and in the children of each succeeding generation we see the preponderance of the nervous element — a gradual evolution of the peculiarities most prominently brought forward by the exigencies of the individual and the national life of a people. To meet this nervousness, narcotics have been called into use.

Some of the most powerful intellects have bowed beneath the imperious dominion of opium. The literary character, DeQuincy, wrote his "Confessions of an Opium Eater" under the influence of laudanum. No book ever written has been more pernicious in its effects on the public mind. At that time the people and the medical profession knew but little about opium. DeQuincy's article had the effect of stimulating curiosity in the public mind. Men and women who had never heard of opium before, now curious, their minds filled with vivid pictures of a state of dreamy bliss, a feeling of full content with the world and all about them, tried the experiment. The reader, confident of his ability to stop short of the ever-shifting line that divides the happiness from the misery, in no wise was deterred from trying the experiment.

The nervous element above referred to, coupled with a certain amount of curiosity, produced many opium

TUCKWILLER—"The sports of children satisfy the child."

habitués in the year following the appearance of this work. Coleridge's "Last Minstrel" was the product of a laudanum-soaked brain. Southey was also addicted to the use of opium.

There is no proceeding in Medicine that became so rapidly popular. No method of allaying pain is so prompt in action and pernicious in effects, and it has been extensively used and greatly abused.

Today there are thousands of educated and respectable people in all countries and among all classes who are confirmed habitués. Of this number the medical profession contributes a high per cent. Of the number of cases treated at the Richard Gundry Home during the past year, about forty per cent. were members of the medical profession. Members of physicians' families made up a comparatively high percentage. Besides, physicians, druggists often become addicted to the use of the drug.

As a rule, it affects those hereditarily tainted, who have less energy successfully to oppose the continued use of the drug. Inquiry into causes assigned for beginning the habit shows pain to be the most frequent; then follow insomnia, general ill feeling, sorrow and care, and bad example, which is especially true of physicians' wives.

Many of these cases give history of previous treatment and relapses. One case, treated here during the Summer, had relapsed eight times, and had taken treatment in as many different sanitariums. This time he was using, hypodermically, thirty grains of morphine sulphate and six grains cocain hydrochloride per day.

The largest daily dose of morphine which has been observed in morphinists, according to Jacquet, amounted to two hundred and twelve grains daily.

The great dangers attending the use of this valuable drug ought to be more fully realized by physicians. Great care and judgment ought to be exercised in administering opium or its preparations to those patients of neurotic temperament; and above all, they ought to realize the dangers of habit formation in temporizing with the drug themselves.

VOCT—"When I was home I was in a better place."

There is no therapeutic discovery that has been so great a blessing and so great a curse to mankind as the hypodermic injection of morphine.

The credit of first discovering and applying the hypodermic syringe in the treatment of painful affections belongs to Dr. Alexander Wood, of Edinburgh, in 1843. It became rapidly popular, and is now the favorite method of taking the drug.

The physician resorts to the needle to enable him to keep at his duties and continue on his rounds, when otherwise exhausted nature would compel him to rest. The man who drops into an "opium den" to "hit the pipe" is simply a jaded roue in search of new vices.

When once under its influence he becomes its slave. It insinuates itself into the very life of its victim in a manner that is appalling. The functions of the various organs become involved; metabolism is disturbed.

The morphinist is a man of double personality. After the injection he is in a good humor, conciliating, capable of labor; after the cessation of its action he is restless, repulsive, unable to concentrate himself, dull and apprehensive. A new injection reanimates him. The longer the morphinism continues, the shorter the euphoric state. The mind becomes torpid without it and calls for its potent thebaic stimulation to set it in operation.

The prospects of many bright minds have been blasted by its baneful effects. Everything gives way to the vice when once established. Business is neglected or but imperfectly performed; family ties are sundered; hopes, ambition, happiness, self-respect become meaningless words.

The moral realm is invaded; he thinks opium, believes only in opium, enshrines it as his god. Very often the whole life is absorbed into the one ruling, all-persuasive influence, and he lives only to renew his daily supply of the drug, neglecting friends and business. The period of brightness grows less marked and more

evanescent, and the gloom deepens. At first, under its influence, physical and mental functions are lost, and unremitting exertions of body and mind become possible as long as its effects continue; self-consciousness is depressed, the fancy is loose from restraint and a delightful sense of freedom and superior powers ensues, endowing the victim with unwonted brilliancy of thought and speech. The brakes are off — the velocity is exhilarating. These effects subside and he sinks into a corresponding stage of dullness; he is sluggish, inanimate, thought lags, mental depression supervenes, and every exertion requires an effort. Faith and belief and honor become subordinate in his consideration, and loss of intelligence and energy follows in a corresponding manner.

He craves the sense of euphoria, and hopes by taking more of the drug he may experience more of the delights. Vain hope! The more drug he takes the more rapidly its pleasures evaporate, and finally he comes to a state where it is necessary not simply to excite pleasures, but to sustain the energies of life — to live. He presents a picture of auto-toxemia. There is general emaciation, weakness and ataxia. Accompanying these, there is lack of appetite, the skin is sallow, yellowish, scarred and indurated from injections. Abscesses are common, and there is hyperacidity of the stomach. In women menstruation is suppressed.

The terminal picture with death from cachexia is a pitiful one, indeed. The digestive function is completely inhibited; the respiratory center is affected; he feels a frightful load on his chest; he gasps for breath and suffers from agonies of suffocation. Sleep is broken by horrid dreams and terrifying nightmares. His lost opportunities, misspent life, sacrificed prospects, friends, career, usefulness, all sacrificed for what? An unnatural craving for a useless drug; all lost for the lack of the manly power to bear a little suffering. The majority do not live to reach this point. A high dose of opiate is taken, not by accident or with suicidal intent, as a rule, but in desperate endeavor to dam back the flood of toxins pouring into the blood and obtain a temporary respite from suffering. An insurance agent, who came in for treatment, using a large quantity of morphine and liberal

amount of cocain, tried to shuffle off this mortal coil in the following manner: He planned to have the physician who had given him the first injection give the fatal dose. He decided that twenty-five grains in five-grain doses would prove fatal. He was well known as a habitue by the physicians of the city. He went from one office to another, getting from each physician a five-grain injection. When he came to the office of the physician in whose office he expected to get the fatal injection, he already had taken twenty grains in less than an hour's time. Having received another five-grain injection, he was "feeling grand," as he expressed it. All thought of suicide had vanished, and he returned home and accompanied his mother to church, enjoying it all immensely.

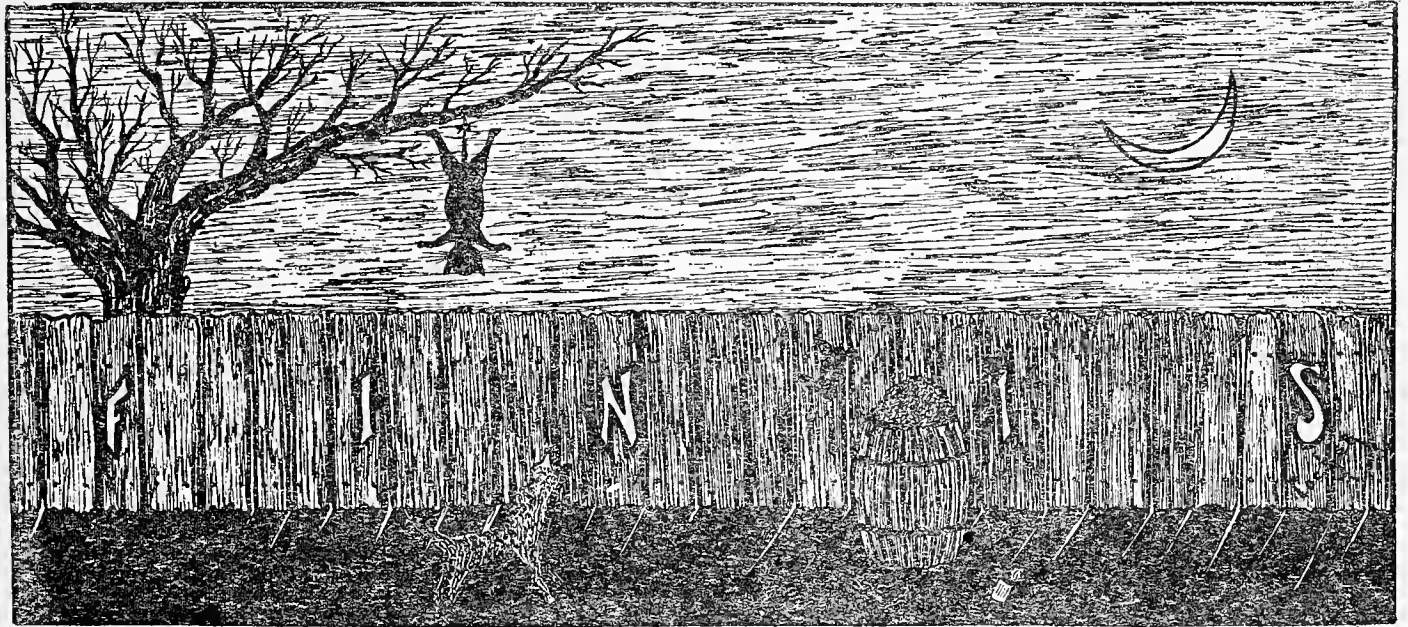
The majority of the habitues sooner or later seek freedom from their master and enter on a course of treatment at a sanitarium, the drug being removed by sudden, rapid or slow withdrawal. The majority of them relapse, but a few are permanently cured.

The habits of years are not discontinued readily, nor without inconvenience resulting. Time must be allowed for the altered conditions to be established; for the patient to learn to live without the drug; for the various organs to accustom themselves to functionate independently of drug control.

With a year of rest, properly so-called, there is no reason for a cured patient relapsing. But people are not always reasonable, and any habit is more easily re-established than it was first established.

Let us keep in mind the great dangers attending the use of this potent, seductive drug from the poppy; that physicians themselves are particularly liable to form this enslaving habit; that even the most powerful intellects soon pass under its dominion; hence the demand for the exercise of great care and judgment in its administration.

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