

on this picture of the butchers' and the poulterers' shops on the one hand and on that picture of the scientific laboratories on the other? Here we see a vast sacrifice of life, representing a vast amount of cruelty, with the sole purpose of providing folk with extra food for their Christmas enjoyment. There we see carefully planned research carried out under the most humane conditions known to science, with one single end and aim, namely, the preservation of human life from suffering and from death. The great fundamental distinction between the two sacrifices of the life of the lower animals in the two instances under consideration is that one is intended merely to satisfy the greedy maw of jovial man, while the other is intended to save him from bodily ills of all kinds. How can a sane intelligence condone the butcher and condemn the vivisectionist? If any one said of the butcher what is said every day in the week about the vivisectionist, the antivivisectionist would retort that the objections were sentiment gone mad. Yet all the while he swallows the camel of animal food, but strains with restless and incessant bitterness against the gnat of vivisection. The life of the lower animals is subservient to him for food, for labor, for clothing, for ornament, for anything and everything in his narrow world, in short, save for the one high purpose of acquiring the knowledge of preserving the health and the lives of his fellow men. As men grow more intellectual and reasoned in their outlook, so will they be likely to regard the question of vivisection in its true perspective."—*J. A. M. A.*

### **The Successful Practitioner Reads.**

There is something radically wrong with the man who has "no time to read." If he hasn't the time he should take the time, just as he should to eat and sleep. How else can he know what is going on in the medical world and what advances are being made? Does it ever occur to him that the reason he lost that case yesterday was because he is already behind the times—even though he is out of college less than five years? The fact that very likely have saved the life was in the magazine . . . which he never took the trouble to open. No matter how successful he may be, sooner or later he will be replaced in the affections and confidence of the community by young Jones, who has hard scrabbling enough now, . . . but who is forging to the front, because he has "time to read." It's a strange thing, but you never hear of any men of the first eminence in the profession who have no time to read. Yet