

too great, amount of work for young Paget, who endeavoured to appear as idle as the rest, and was well liked by his fellows. On graduating he continued to walk in the paths of the conventional medical student—he became engaged to be married.

And now began life's problem. Was he to settle in London or elsewhere? From a financial standpoint not even a bare living was assured in London. No more help need be expected from home, and indeed it was becoming apparent that assistance might have to be given. Certainly other positions, such as the services, and that of assistant to practitioners in smaller places, must have given much greater inducements, including a possibility of soon bringing to its climax his *affaire du coeur*.

From other standpoints, London was assuredly the interesting centre of medicine and the place for ambition. But under such circumstances the ordinary pleasures of young life would be absolutely impossible. He summed up the whole question in writing to his brother that he had to choose between a life of moderate pleasure throughout in some small place, or one in London of very little pleasure for the first twenty years and a great deal for the next twenty.

The decision was finally made in favor of the large place, and nothing can be more interesting than the history of that ever trustful struggle through the years of patient drudgery that followed, and the final coming to look for success, bringing with it, as it did, full measure of happiness. Never could better example be found of the worth of Benjamin Franklin's good old maxim, "Stay with the shop and the shop will stay with you." Never could better interpretation be found of the feelings of the clever nurse exclaiming, "Oh! to be a man with the possibilities! the possibilities!"

For seven long years after graduation, the barest living was made by writing and by translating (from French, German, Italian and Dutch!) for the magazines. The position of curator to the museum of the hospital was given to him, meaning that in addition to work at times menial, during these seven years not one hospital case was seen until it came to the dead-house. And this for a man who intended to be a practical surgeon! Several times in these years were disappointments, great and bitter enough to cause utter despair of success in London, met always courageously. Once, for instance, a promotion sufficient to warrant marriage and fair prosperity, was given, and then actually taken away again. A professional plate on his door brought to the young surgeon during these seven years practice to the extent of four hundred and eighty dollars!

At last promotion began to come, and in the establishment of a collegiate system of residence for the students of St. Bartholemew's (a num-