

of the hour and hear his laugh, we are able to form a true estimate of his character and to draw closer to him or to hold him in greater esteem. Much harm is done among us by the unwise and often untruthful remarks of patients, especially those made by those who owe us gratitude and an unpaid bill, for there is no hater like the man who is under an obligation. Every sight of his benefactor is to such a man a reproach, and he forthwith girds himself to do him an injury. Ashamed to injure openly, he discovers that the easiest and safest way to hurt him is to misrepresent him to a brother practitioner. "'Tis pity, 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity.'" Let us take the ill said of a brother with the proverbial grain of salt. We may be wrong in our judgment of him and he may err with regard to ourselves.

But enough of moralizing. As Alice tells us:

"The time has come, the walrus said,
To talk of many things,
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings."

But while we talk of cabbages and kings we must not forget our patron saint Aesculapius. A legendary being, half god, half man, and closely related to the best families among the gods. It is surprising that so highly connected a gentleman should have condescended to become a doctor, and a general practitioner at that. Perhaps he was not called upon to make physical examinations in those days. We are told that his fees were voluntary gifts. I wonder what his income was? I wonder if all the available corners in Athens were occupied by a doctor and if the university turned out a big grist of M.D.'s every spring? If the medical council examinations were easy or whether the university conferred its own license? Whether the graduates were cooped up in a province of Greece or whether they had national registration? The chief complaint I have against Aesculapius is that he was the father of Hygeia, and hence the step-father of the sanitarians, those gentlemen who from the purest motives and with the best of salaries cut down our business.

We live by disease, which is brought about by conditions of filth and contagion, yet we advise the public to avoid that which brings us bread and butter. Have you ever noticed advertisements put forward by the whiskey men advising the public to beware of drink? Have you seen the advertisements of the tobacco trust warning the public against the use of tobacco? I have not. We are certainly the most unselfish of all God's creatures here below, and we deserve lyres and little golden crowns in the not remote future. It is well for the world, if not for us, that Aesculapius arrived in this vale of tears by the