

body's boy. But I wasn't altogether fortunate in my endeavor, for I had the misfortune at one period of my efforts to lacerate my os a little. This I looked on as a trifling occurrence at the time, as it soon healed up again and seemed all right, but eventually I found out my mistake.

My hostess, through nursing and some domestic disappointments, did not seem to get along very well, and after some months we went to see the Great Man again. And would you believe it? "Madame, it's your womb," again. And then he began talking about some other great man. I think he called him Emmet, but I was so set back at the idea of being accused of causing all the trouble my hostess was having, that I didn't attend to much that was said. The result of this conference was that I was vigorously attacked with a lot of sharp tools, scissors, needles, knives and the like. My os was cut where it had been torn, it was stitched up again, and my hostess spent a month in bed. I never could understand what the man did this for, but it all healed up very much as it had done before; and the rest in bed did madame much good. But I had it all to undergo again after the little girl was born. That time my os was again torn, and it hadn't healed up very well, though I believe, if they had only kept madame at rest and given us a little more time, it would have been all right.

Since then we have been getting along very much as before. Sometimes pretty well—sometimes not. We've been to see the Great Man a time or two since, but he doesn't seem to know what else to do. I've been torn open and I've been sewed up, and that seems to have taken him about to the end of his string; so matters are about as I described in the beginning. The old doctor drops in now and then to see the children, but he doesn't seem to concern himself much about madame. He tells her mother she will come around all right some of these days. I occasionally hear him tell about the doings of some of the great men of your profession, gynecologists he called them. The Great Man we went to was one of them. I heard him once tell about how one of these, I think he called him Sims, used to slit open our cervixes to cure all our hostess' complaints, and then, right after him came the other man I mentioned, Emmet, who cured these same complaints over again by sewing up those slits. . . . . Being a simply constructed organ, then, and having such a limited field of usefulness, it cannot be otherwise than that I am subject to very simple derangements; and that the effects of these should not differ in any material respect from similar derangements in similar structures anywhere else. An abrasion or laceration in the mucous membrane of my hostess' mouth ought to produce pretty much the same effects as when they are located in my os, and they ought to be amenable to pretty much the same treatment.

In my search for knowledge about myself, I accidentally glanced one day into an instrument-maker's catalogue. Here was a find. It made me dizzy to look through it. Such a lot of queer, crooked, ugly and savage-looking things, no uterus ever imagined. I thought I would look over the list of such instruments as are used in the treatment of the less serious disorders attributed to my kind, and this is the result: There were 62 speculums (one of these is what the Great Man looked at me through), 31 dilators, 7 uterotomes, 8 scarifiers (scare-ifiers I first read it), 113 pessaries, and sounds, and depressors, and elevators, and replacers, and uterine forceps, and curettes, and applicators, and syringes, and retractors, and oh, I couldn't name them all in an hour. I counted 273 of them, and then quit. I was impressed with one thought, and that was, that these gynecologists must be a wonderfully industrious set of men. Remember, too, that I only counted those instruments which are used in minor uterine surgery, as it is called; I got tired before I came to those used in removal of tumors, vesico-vaginal fistula and the like; there must be one or two hundred more of these.

I started to find out if I could what gynecology was founded upon, and I found that if I were left out, there would not be much of the specialty left. It was about what I had expected, and yet it made me uneasy. I wish I didn't occupy such a prominent situation. The gynecologist, you know, looks at the world through a speculum, and, as I am always at the other end of it, he has some excuse, I suppose, for considering me to be the foundation on which the structure of his fortune and fame rest. But this thing of having a lot of busy, inventive, ambitious men continually at work contriving new reasons for doing new things to me, and devising new instruments to do them with, opens up a prospect which is far from reassuring. What I most dread is the legitimate and inevitable result of this state of things. Under the stimulation of emulation, honorable and otherwise, every square inch of my os, cervix and mucous lining is continually interrogated, and its various states of anæmia or hyperæmia, congestion, active or passive, redness or paleness, minutely dwelt upon, the tilt of my body wisely scrutinized, the depth of my fundus carefully probed, every segment of my muscular wall solemnly investigated, mucous follicles inspected, epithelial lining examined, secretions analyzed and differentiated, every constituent part of myself worked over and compared with some ideal standard, which each individual investigator has set up in his own mind as representing the normal condition. All this concentrated attention directed to an organ which is three inches long, two inches broad, an inch thick, and which weighs from an ounce to an ounce and a half.