

not all? Do the public discriminate anyway? Mutual benefit, secret societies and life insurance companies, whom do they choose as medical advisers? Opportunities of study, college degrees, are all the same to them. A doctor settles in a new place. What does he do? Becomes prominent in one or more societies, joins a church, is a prominent member, prays or sings, and thus gets the pull with these bodies. He industriously hangs around itinerant insurance agents, and advertises just as much as he dare without offending too grossly the profession. As a result of this unseemly struggle, the personnel and character of the profession is lowered. Medical men some of these characters may think themselves by virtue of examination. They are not gentlemen. They may enter society, but they do not ennoble it, and as a result the profession has suffered. The Grand Trunk Railway furnishes a fair example. Its decadence is but a type of the profession in general. Professor Scott, Rodgers, Hutchinson, with reward and emoluments in inverse ratio to merit, a mutual benefit association to which the members pay more annually for inferior services than do the same class of employe who is not connected with this cunningly manipulated machine. I do not know, Mr. Editor, in all these matters what means of correction you would suggest, but if you see the situation as I do, I think your feeling, like my own, would be one of disgust; disgust at the ease in which a credulous public are deceived by low charlatans, whose capital is wind, and plenty of it; disgust that our profession has become a thing to be bought and sold in open market; disgust at college rivalry which floods the market with inferior stuff. A free education that makes Tom, Dick, Harry equal at somebody else's expense; lifts into a position that nature and companionship does not fit them for, and worse than all, increases the number of non-producers in a country having fields, woods, mines, workshops and factories; fills the country with a class of men whose knowledge of medicine is of low grade, and who perforce must condescend to low and questionable expedients to procure practice.

I am, sir, yours truly,

July 16, 1896.

P. PALMER BURROWS.

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An English paper reports the discovery of a real Mrs. Malaprop. She walked into the office of the Judge of Probate and inquired: "Are you the judge of reprobates?" "I am the Judge of Probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the lady. "You see, my husband died detested and left me several little infidels, and I want to be appointed their executioner."—*Boston Budget*.