

AESCULAPIAN CLUB—PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS— JANUARY 24th, 1910.

BY GEORGE STERLING RYERSON, M.D.

Gentlemen,—Time-honored custom impels me to address a few words to you as your newly-elected President. I am the more willing to bow to this custom as this is the first meeting of this Club, a club which we believe has a useful function to perform in our civic and professional life. Let me extend to you the right hand of fellowship and bid you welcome.

The founders of this society feel that while we have in our city a splendid organization for the discussion of strictly technical questions, yet there is a want of something, a social and professional centre, where we can meet together and dine together in a friendly and social way, and where we can discuss intelligently matters affecting our profession which do not come within the purview of any section or existing society, where we can listen with profit and pleasure to addresses by gentlemen who may or may not be members of our profession, and where we may be interested and instructed by them in subjects which lie in the borderland between the profession and the public, or which are in the land of pure literature, a land into which we as busy practitioners make rare excursions.

The intensity of the interest we concentrate in our onerous and responsible life-work debars us to some extent from the cultivation of letters, from the discussion of literature, from association with those who make law or literature an occupation, and with those who make the laws which govern our professional and personal interests. We doctors live too much alone. Our work is done alone. Our patients are our principal associates. We live largely with the sick and morbid. Hence we are liable to grow too introspective and sometimes morbid. Such a club as ours should prove to be an antidote. It should also tend to remove misunderstandings and misappreciations from among us. The doctor's isolation breeds envy, jealousy and misunderstanding. We are too apt to draw unfavorable inferences from the superficial observation of a professional brother. We notice his walk, his house, his carriage, dress and expression, and we form erroneous impressions about him. But when we meet him socially and feel the grasp of his hand, the sound of his voice, and ascertain the trend of his mind, the soundness of his judgment, when we talk over the events of the day or the questions