

still left to me. If he will promise to continue the genial youthfulness of his heart and brain, I hope he will survive me for a generation. If, however, he would insist upon it, I should not object to keeping him company.

I hope, gentlemen, that many of you, as he did, will go into general practice. It is true there is more reputation in narrowing one's self down in a specialty, but remember for a few only; more money for some; a narrow horizon nearly amounting to actual blindness for almost all. If there be any here preparing to embark in a specialty immediately after graduating, I sympathize with them, for they condemn themselves to carry blinders all their lives, and to lead the lives of medical hermits. Whoever expects to be great in a specialty should arrive at its portals through the gates of general practice. Whoever without ample and wide clinical experience limits his field of vision to the nasal, or rectal, or laryngeal cavity, acquires and deserves all the darkness of the gloomy regions of his choice, and whoever is one of those who like to misunderstand, and to censure Jacobi for hating specialties and disapproving of specialists, are merely enjoying their misapprehension.

I am certain I shall not be misunderstood here. No science or art can improve without specialistic work. Great investigators must concentrate their efforts to find new facts for us; many of them have become benefactors only by becoming unselfish martyrs. What I object to is the flippancy of young practitioners which tempts them to look upon the human organism as a mechanism whose parts they may separate and treat like the wheel in an engine. On the other hand, I admit that our personal attitude to the question of practical specialism may become just a trifle strained and look overdone. I will give you my personal experience:

Fifty years ago it was my greatest ambition, and the aim worked out for myself and dimly seen in my mind's eye, to live long enough to develop the study and the teaching of physiology and the diseases of infancy and childhood to such an extent as to be mentioned among the pediatricists of America, or perhaps even of the world. I knew my Seneca and remembered "*Patet omnibus veritas, nondum est occupata*"—truth is open to all, it is not occupied." In a long life views and aims may change, however, or at least be modified. I have become more sensitive, I believe, certainly I do not like to be called names, least of all "specialist." When I got out of my intellectual teens, that is, when I grew up to be fifty or sixty, or seventy-five for that matter, I lost my taste, if ever I had it, for being labelled with a trade mark, like the German *Kinderarzt*, or *Frauenarzt*, or *Nervenarzt*, or what not, displayed on their shingles. A hundred times strangers would call