

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Treves on the Conditions of Success in Medical Practice.

Mr. Treves, who has recently jumped from fame into notoriety, in presenting the prizes to the students at the opening ceremony of the additions to the London Hospital Medical College recently, made some excellent remarks which are worth reproducing, as cited by the *New York Times* for August 3rd from the *London News*. Mr. Treves said that as a student he was signally undistinguished. The idle student was about to present prizes to the industrious students. His sympathies a little went out to his own clique—the idle, unsuccessful majority. He suffered a good deal by the advice tendered to him to mend his ways. He was talked to by persons supposed to have a moral influence with youth, and he had a somewhat bad time. One mentor gave him a copy of Hogarth's Idle and Industrious Apprentice series, which was expected to have a good effect upon him. He was impressed by the fact that the idle apprentice seemed to have an exceedingly good time, passing through exciting periods and going to sea, whereas the existence of the industrious apprentice seemed to be one of unmitigated dullness. When the former reached about the time of life to which he (Mr. Treves) had now attained he had the misfortune to be hanged at Tyburn, whereas the latter, at the same period, became Lord Mayor of London. It was hard to say in which direction one's sympathies ought to go, and which end was to be preferred. One of the most encouraging remarks made to him at the commencement of his career fell from the then consulting surgeon of the hospital. Referring to a surgeon then enjoying great fame, he said: "I don't see why you should not do as well as he has done, because at your age he was a perfect fool." That made him extremely happy. Unsuccessful students often used arguments that he hoped to be able to confute. One was, "I can't get on; I have no luck." So far as their profession was concerned, there was no such thing as luck. Luck meant that a man was ready for a certain chance when it came along.

The same circumstances befell twenty men, but only one was prepared to take advantage of them. Some students complained that they had no genius. Genius, he supposed, was some sort of neurosis—an uncalculated nervous disease. The few men of genius he had met had been exceedingly impossible persons. They would certainly be entirely out of place in the medical profession, where even cleverness was not to be encouraged. Indeed, of all desperately dangerous persons, the