

Our senior professor of clinical medicine for instance was never satisfied until he tortured out of every patient the admission that some time or other he had taken a drink of cold water. A "cold drink" was his universal etiology. In that respect he was worse than even Cotton Mather who, according to William Sydney Thayer's article in this September number of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin knew all about hell—for other people—and witches and something of medicine, and preached: "Never take water or anything else, cold, when you are hot with labor. There is death in the pot."

It is true Wilhelm Baum had come from Greifswald to take the chair of surgery, but I wanted modern methods of clinical diagnosis, such as Friedrich Nasse was teaching, guided by the French and the new Vienna School. So I went for my last three semesters to Bonn. This custom of changing universities had and has the disadvantage of precluding devotedness on the part of students to their alma mater and substituting, if anything at all, attachment to a revered and famous teacher.

Besides, in Germany all the Universities are Government institutions. There are no medical schools unconnected with a big State University, and there was and is no personal, no heartfelt interdependence between the student and his intellectual mother.

But for Germany this interchange of Universities may have had a good political influence though it was counteracted by the ambitions, greeds and jealous tyrannies of the hundreds of principalities finally overthrown by the first real Napoleon, a century ago, and of the thirty-eight territorially or mentally and morally inferior countries of my time. Even to-day, you know, they have not yet consolidated into a united Germany and never will until Germany will be a republic. Young men would congregate in a University from all parts of Germany and could not help being influenced by diversified intercourse. I have no doubt that in spite of the demoralizing influences of the absolutistic governments, the concourse of young men belonging to distant parts of the country must have exerted—when the time matured,—a unifying effect.

Let me now speak of medicine as it was in Germany a very few years before I commenced its study. Stieglitz, an old and learned practitioner, expressed himself in 1840 as follows: German medicine has sunk so low and is so emasculated as to require any sort of shaking up. Whatever gives it a new direction will be wholesome, though new errors or possibilities may result therefrom." And Paulus, a professor of theology at Heidelberg, is quoted by Kussmaul as having stated that the philos-