

Skill and prejudice are incompatible; one born of genius—the the other, a bastard proposition.

The funny surgeon's hand and advice will not create a demand for assistants. Be bright, but not light.

An operating room is a bad place for a funeral assemblage.

Ether and chloroform are not less volatile than the "rather-cut-than-eat-Doctor."

A 32 French scale sound, when shoved down a tender urethra, is less irritating than the man who continually bores you with his surgical successes.

All doctors who pose as great men, are not subjects of wryneck.

Eye glasses and Van Dyke "lambrequins" are not necessarily indicative of a trip abroad.

If the medicine institutions would turn out more doctors and less diplomas, you might find a widened place in a country road where a physician is needed.

The corpse of a fossilized Hindoo is preferable to the reminiscent doctor "of-how-we-used-to-do-it-years-ago."

A filthy doctor whose lurid fables would make a bottle fly green with disgust, is more contemptible in decent society than a two-year-old skunk on a frosty night.

The blowing, "100-cases-a-day" doctor should swap jobs with a seasoned jackass, or take in his sign.

Some women might make good doctors, but somehow the best I ever saw were mothers and wives.

The bills of the doctor are unlike any other bills made—they are never closed.

The tattling doctor is the sorriest creation of man. It might be added that tattling is the basest folly man ever created.

The difference between blood poison and septic infection is the diagnostician.

They say some men are born doctors; and from the way in which they proceed to treat cases, I am of the opinion they are still in their infancy.

Have an honest opinion of your own even if you have to keep it to yourself.