

as shown by the articles in journals and the reports of our special societies.

Returning from his European travels—"speaking a foreign language just as well as his mother tongue"—the would-be specialist is beset by temptations to which he too frequently falls a victim. With more medical journals in the land than are necessary for the publication of papers that repay one for their perusal, there is, on the one hand, a demand for an article on some subject—it matters not what it be—by the editor; and, on the other hand, a desire to publish a paper by the specialist anxious for reputation and notoriety. The medical world at least must know that he is devoting special attention to a particular branch of medical science, and what plan so good as to write an article for a journal and, by means of reprints scattered broadcast, let the world know your specialty, name, and address. A few repetitions of this procedure will, without fail, bring patients to the office, and reputation among the mass of general practitioners. Why this latter is a result is not difficult to understand. As already mentioned the college graduates usually have no knowledge of the so-called special branches, consequently any reprint, although it be only a compilation of previous articles by real workers—and very often they are even very poor compilations—appears to the busy practitioner to contain valuable information, and the author thereof as one having special knowledge of his subject.

This mode of action is a very serious evil, and must and does bring discredit upon the specialists in that branch as a body. It is to be hoped that the protest I now enter against this evil will not be in vain, and that in the future only such articles will be published as represent real contributions to the existing knowledge of the subject discussed. We still have so little real knowledge of diseases of the skin that there is a wide field for future observation, and the energy wasted in the compilation of these papers should be devoted to original and more creditable work. Let us show that American dermatologists have the spirit and ability to do their share of work for the advancement of our knowledge in their special branch of medical science. I do not wish

to be considered as maintaining in this address that no good work has ever been done in this country, for that would not be correct; but it has borne no proper proportion to the number of articles which have been published, for too often the leading of a paper as a "contribution" to our existing knowledge of this or that disease has scarcely been justified by the contents.

As we learn most from a contemplation of our errors, I have endeavored to draw attention, as regards dermatology in America, to the faults of the colleges with reference to this branch, and the errors of action which we as specialists are liable to commit for our personal advancement, and have pointed out the way by which creditable reputation, if not pecuniary success, can always be attained.

Finally, in view of past events I desire to express the hope that another International Medical Congress will not be held in America until the profession in this country have shown by their actions a change of heart; that they are prepared to subject the desire for personal gain to the proper, nobler, and more honorable feeling for the advancement of medical science and consequent relief of human suffering.

CASE OF FRACTURE OF THE LARYNX.

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A. S., male; age, 38; generally healthy, and of a strong muscular frame.

On July 25th, 1879, I received a hasty summons to visit a patient at Marysville, a village about three miles across the river from Fredericton, N.B., where I was then practising. The messenger informed me that the man had been struck by a slab somewhere about the neck; but he couldn't say where. He also told me the ferry-boat was waiting at the shore for me, and urged me to go at once without any delay. Thus entreated, I did not return to my house for any instruments, but started off with what I had with me, which were contained in a small pocket-case three and a half inches long. About half a mile from the village, I was met by a second messenger, who implored me to push on as the patient seemed to be dying.