

Selected Articles.

THE FINANCIAL ASPECT OF MEDICINE.

"I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls."

AND I let 'em sweep; for I was weary. My professional duties for the day had been onerous, and the princely remuneration therefor had been fifty-seven cents. The fifty cents I laid prayerfully aside for the foreign mission box, and invested the seven cents in "Old Virginia" Cheroots—you all know the flavor—ancient cabbage leaves, damaged hay seed, and other smells classified and unclassified. While the black and blue smoke wove fantastical wreaths about my pure, snowy brow, I seated myself in my office chair and read my mail. First, I scanned a sight draft from an instrument manufacturer. I should think that those literary critics who so loudly cry for brevity and perspicuity would shriek for joy at the sight draft as the model so long yearned for. The sight draft used to bring terror to my timid soul, and make me long for a lodge in some vast wilderness, in my first years of practice; but after a short practice in Aroostook—which in many ways is a great educator—I have learned that the true inwardness of the sight draft is that you pay whenever the bank cashier is lucky enough to get sight of you, so if you are a bit observant and get your eye on him first, the agony is indefinitely postponed.

The next was an epistle which roused my curiosity somewhat. It was from a book publishing concern. You all have met the representatives of these concerns and have been impressed with their intense yearning for our welfare. They make you feel that they, like us, are working only for the health of the world at large, and recognize in us their ideals as mediums through which they can work to advantage, so to speak. The forceful writer wanted to know if I supposed that they were in the publishing business for amusement. Now I had never devoted a heap of thought to the subject anyway, but had gratefully used all their previous duns to kindle my fire with, and had given them full credit therefor. Now, however, that the matter had been brought to my notice so forcibly, I resolved to devote some thought to it, and remit the curious publishers some of my opinions. The next missive had an effect which Ayer's Hair Vigor and several other infallible proprietary hair invigorators had signally failed in—it started the hair all over my head and also sent a delegation of shivers to play tag up and down my spinal column. This effusion was from my laundress, who informed me in her rude way that she should hold my latest edition of shirts until I paid my old bill. Good heavens! What was I to do? My last shirt—except, of course,