



WHAT LIFE MEANS TO ME

utmost value, and especially any vegetable food, among a people who for lack of it suffer so much from black-leg, foul mouths, and even die of "sailors' scurvy." One day we discovered, gathered, and cooked a dish of the native fungi and of wild parsley, and to our satisfaction found that we could eat them with relish — and without pain. This simple achievement has been of value since to not a few of our friends, and still gives us more pleasure than a certain midnight supper at "Sherry's," given regardless of expense. to which I was once taken.

Alas, the search for joy along the latter lines costs true manhood far more than the dollars expended on the food — it leads to blindness towards the real road to the *joie de vivre*. For my own help, I always keep pasted up in my surgery, where sometimes the continuous stream of patients coming to see the doctor calls for more sympathy than I have to give, and is apt to make one irritable and useless because unsympathetic, these old words: