



Friedmann and the Doctors

THERE is a lot of argument over whether Dr. Friedmann ought to have sought to make money out of his "cure." The medical profession is a scornful and protesting unit against it, while a number of practical souls hold that he had as much right to get dividends out of it as would have the doctors if he had given it to them free. That is, they contend that, if he did not make money out of it, the doctors would—and surely he had the better claim. Others, again, take the simpler ground that if a man invented a button which would never need sewing on, he would be deemed an awful fool if he did not patent it, and get a company to exploit it, and make all the "filthy lucre" out of it possible. Why, then, expect anything different from a man who discovers or invents a "cure" for a wide-spread disease? Why shouldn't he make money out of his discovery, too? He probably spent more time looking for it; and it would be of much more value to those who purchased it.

THE first thing to be noticed is that Dr. Friedmann himself did not take this latter view. He was so much under the influence of the "professional honour" point of view that he put a clause in his agreement of sale by which his "cure" was to be given free to all who could not pay for it. Imagine the inventor of a sewless button arranging with his manufacturing company to have it given free, over the counter, to any who did not have the price! This was a marked concession by Dr. Friedmann to the theory that a man of science or of medicine is in a different position from a pure merchant. Another comment to be made in passing is that those who argue that it is simply a question whether Dr. Friedmann or the other doctors shall profit by his discovery, fail fatally to understand the situation. If Dr. Friedmann gave his discovery free to the world, the "other doctors" would not "profit" by it. One more remedy, be it good or bad, would not increase their earnings. They get paid for attending to sick people; and it does not matter to them what drugs they prescribe. Indeed, if Dr. Friedmann's "cure" had been effective in eliminating tuberculosis, it might conceivably have decreased their earnings.

AND this brings us to the crux of the whole matter. Would the medical profession be justified in refusing to use a cure which swiftly and surely eliminated tuberculosis from the list of frequent diseases, on the ground that thereby they would lose the revenue they now get from treating tuberculous patients? You hold up your hands in horror at the question. Why that would be murder, you say. Yet purely mercantile dealers are constantly doing just that thing. A well-known typewriter house, for instance, has a store-room full of inventions which would undeniably improve their machines; but they are not using one of them. Why? Because to put them on their machines would largely destroy the value of a lot of machines they have already manufactured, and would—what is worse—render worthless their existing manufacturing plant. So they simply hold these inventions out of use. Other firms cannot get them; for this firm owns them. Humanity must do without them, then, for the profit of these people! And that is recognized as good business.

SUPPOSE the doctors were to say—"We have a lot of money in tuberculosis Sanatoria, and it wouldn't pay us to cure the disease by a miraculous injection." Don't faint! They might say just that—if it were not for that spirit which some people attack so freely, their professional sense of honour. If they are merchants and nothing else, their business is to make the most money they can out of our sickness—and they are great fools if they throw away any advantage. They are splendidly combined now—they have got their "trust" ready—all they have to do is to apply the screws. Think what a profitable disease tuberculosis is when the patient is rich—slow, lingering, a steady source of revenue for years. Why should a merchant-physician—pardon the contradiction of terms—want to cure him with the pressure of a

syringe? Would a grocer try to cure a customer's appetite for some rare and profitable sort of cheese?—no matter how it played hob with his digestion? Does a cigar-seller discourage smoking? Why should a doctor reduce his revenue by eliminating half his possible patients?

THERE is only one answer to this—professional etiquette or honour. The physician devotes his life to the healing art, and incidentally makes his living at it. But he heals lots of people who never pay him; and he—if he is a true physician and worthy of his high calling—is as careful over the case of the poor woman who can spare him but the smallest fee, as over that of the rich man's wife, for whose cure he could charge any sum. And many a doctor does make the rich man pay—not only for his own wife's cure—but for a good share of the poor woman's treatment; and I fancy that most of us are pleased when he is able to do so. He becomes a sort of painless charity officer,

enabling the wealthy to help the unfortunate without knowing it. But this is a very uncommercial proceeding. Imagine a clothier charging a rich man two prices for his suit—this half is not so very difficult to imagine after all—in order that he might let a poor man have a suit at cost or less!

ON the day that we sneer or jibe or doubt our doctors out of their "professional etiquette," we will have done the human race a cruel ill-service and plunged ourselves into a most perilous position. For the doctor is in this delicate and curious attitude—he loses money by good service and makes money by bad service. This rule is not seriously affected by the fact that a succession of cures may win for a physician a paying reputation. If he is a mere merchant, he can earn his reputation; and then coin it into gold by delaying the cure in profitable cases. Moreover, a doctors' combine could regulate matters of this sort very easily. Imagine a problem of this kind submitted to any purely commercial combination you like to name! The Chinese—you probably know—distrust their physicians. They think that the doctors are like other men, and would keep you on their pay-roll as long as possible. So they are driven to the awkward expedient of salarizing their doctors by the year, and stopping their pay when they—the salary-payers—are sick. This is the only logical system for paying a commercial medical profession.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Upkeep of Oratory

By AUGUSTUS BRIDL

MUCH has been said about the modern decline of the pulpit, along with the stage. The Presbyterian pre-Assembly Congress, held in Toronto last week, is a proof that so far as the middle-aged and older men of that branch of pulpitering are concerned, there is no decline. Never in the history of church congresses in this country has there been such an array of powerful speakers and of men from various parts of a great country in vital touch with great public and religious questions.

Probably the Parliament of Canada, our professional talking organization, contains fewer effective public speakers than those who took part in this great Congress. The array of platform talent numbered at least twenty men who in power of utterance are as good as an equal number of the best ever known in any parliament or church assembly in Canada. These men represented what might be called a middle—but not a mediocre—class of oratory. Men like John McNeill; Dr. Grant, from the Yukon; Dr. Johnston, from Montreal; Alexander McMillan, of Halifax; Dr. J. A. Macdonald, of the *Globe*; Alfred Gandier and A. B. Winchester, of Toronto; C. W. Gordon and Dr. Shearer, from Winnipeg; D. G. McQueen, from Edmonton; Dr. Herridge, from Ottawa; and half a dozen others, are robust specimens of varying types of oratory all with one thing in common—a message.

ALL these men had something definite to deliver. They were not on one hand merely trained platform speakers delivering lectures to entertain a crowd such as used to be so highly popular in this country from men like Talmage and McIntyre. Neither were they political speakers whose business was to put all the accent on one side of a question and leave another lot of specialists to attend to the other side.

They all had a message on behalf of the church. A good many of them had the Scotch accent. Some had a survival of it. Some had Keltic fire and some the Lowland tenacity. To judge from the animated articles of Rev. Mr. Knowles, the novelist—rival to Ralph Connor in his delineation of Scotch sentiment in Canada—a large number of these men had the power to spell-bind an audience. One was credited with the capacity for tossing an audience on his horns. Another struck bewilderment into his hearers for fear he should either stop or go on to greater length. Grant, from the Yukon, thrilled the Congress with realistic pictures of deviltry in the north that would have done credit to either Jack London or Robert Service.

There was a strong evangelistic note in most of the great speeches. There was a revival in the Congress that would have satisfied even Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada. The Lord's Supper was administered to thousands of clergy and lay delegates behind closed

doors in a music hall. Gipsy Smith, in his last meetings in that same hall, scarcely swayed a crowd with more power than did these sometimes dour and unemotional Scotch brethren when they rose to the full conviction—that the church had need to gird up her loins and go out into the waste places of a big, young civilization.

The Congress was just as much a comment on the development of Canada as either of the political assemblages that took place in the same city a few weeks previous. The Presbyterian Church in Canada was as much in need of consolidating its forces for the fight with the devil as either of the political parties was in need of hanging together to fight the other. The representation at the Congress was much more general and all-Canadian than either of the political meetings. For the time being it was rather more all-Canadian than the House of Commons just on the eve of prorogation.

IN its effect on the average Presbyterian preacher and lay delegate it was very much more of an inspiration than most political meetings are to the rank and file of workers. It was a plain proof that in older times the Methodists were right when they organized camp-meetings where for days there was a Pentecostal visitation. In the old bush days the preacher and the people got lonely. They were cut off from the stimulus of large numbers. They worked in small camps in the bush keeping alive the fires of enthusiasm the best they knew how. In the camp-meeting or the big revival they renewed their enthusiasm. The politicians had camp-meetings. Why not the Church? The Methodists had camp-meetings in the bush days. Why not the Presbyterian Church in Canada in 1913?

The church was in need of it. There never had been before such an evangelistic gathering of Presbyterians. According to one impassioned speaker there never would be such another. But the dynamic force generated at this convention makes it almost inevitable that whenever the church needs again a revival of oratory with a message the congress will be forthcoming.

And so it should. There has been a gradual decline in the function of oratory, not only in Parliament, but in the pulpit. There are probably a greater number of preachers in all denominations now able to deliver a straightforward practical message than there were in the palmy days of oratory as represented by Dr. Douglas and Bishop Dumoulin. But in most of the churches the few big men stand out less prominently. And in relation to the growth of other interests, as represented by the newspapers, the church on the public platform is probably less powerful. But for once in a long while the church was able to take most of the scare-head space in several metropolitan dailies. Thousands of people looked daily to see what this or that eloquent brother had been