

grievances, in fact, detriments to professional progress and personal success. "There is a surge in the crowd, there is a movement, and there arises a man who is larger than men, and the man comes up from the crowd." It is needless to state, we, as our fathers, take delight in the acknowledgment or evidence of power. We admire, too, the man who has, as he candidly thinks, a mission and whose inspiration is *Deus illuminatio mea*. Who is to be the vexillary? It has been said by wise men that the greatest benefactors of the race have been the most pronounced agitators, and another saying is, that necessity is the greatest incentive to organization, but system is really the most successful. If such are truths, who then will come up from the crowd to act the benefactor, and who to act the part as supervisor of a system? Being "easy marks," it is needless to state we have encouraged, through indifference, the establishment of such concerns as osteopathy, chiropractics, etc. Through indifference we hang on the walls of our offices dazzling chromos of patent medicine companies. Through indifference the pharmacist is practising medicine and pastes "*Brown's Corn Cure*," "*Pile Cure*" on his diploma. Through indifference we take journals—called medical—whose almanac character is easily noticed. Through indifference Christian Science and other delusions, interfering with medical practice, are allowed. Too much study do we give to phagocytosis and opsonins, tubercle bacillus, and the stegomya fasciata more than to materia medica. Through indifference, in many cities, the *Doctor of Ophthalmology* is bestowed through correspondence by so-called *Ophthalmology* colleges (Room 10, fifth flat).

And, in conclusion, through the indifference of those wiser than I, whose interests should be mine, and mine as their interests. I write this and expect neither thanks nor encouragement for my labor or zeal; for I do not believe I shall feel the inspiration that "the soul best discovers itself in the eyes of another" among the indifferents and intransigents. —This is *apologia pro mea*.

At a recent gathering of New York doctors, the following song was sung, and it was the favorite chant of the evening. We add it, thinking the reader may consider I am a revolutionist, even a medical anarchist:

"Give me a spoon of saccharine, ma,  
And a bottle of alkali,  
For I am going to make a pie, mamma,  
I'm going to make a pie;  
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,  
And his tissues will decompose—  
So give me a gram of bitartrate,  
And the carbon and cellulose."