

the profession, helped by all obtainable advantages and hampered by the fewest disadvantages, and, therefore, with the best results. Modern treatment, it may be said, was worked out in sanatoria. The essentials are easily stated,—rest with carefully controlled exercise at certain stages, open air by day and night, the best of food and plenty of it, with some extra diets, deliberate, regular teaching with regard to tuberculosis, and, most important of all, constant and careful regulation, as wise as may be.

A sanatorium is like no other institution,—it is a hospital and a hotel, a club and a university, a summer and winter resort, a social and industrial community, all in one. It is a very carefully adjusted piece of mechanism and must not be allowed to fail in one particular. The table must be above reproach, and the general interest must be kept up. Entertainment must not lag and employment must always be found. Loneliness must never be allowed to intrude.

The curing of a consumptive is one of those many matters which almost every lay person professes to understand perfectly without study—intuitively as it were. Rest and fresh air, and exercise and good food—surely phthisis can be cured in any back yard as well as in a sanatorium. What could possibly be simpler? Yes and what is more easily understood than the Golden Rule? Any child can grasp its central principle, yet all saints and all philosophers cannot perfectly apply it or obey it. Similarly this very simple treatment of tuberculosis, which any popular magazine can indicate, raises, as you all very well know, countless questions, involves a radical change of life, and will not, nor can be, carried out even passably well by one patient in five hundred. No disease requires fewer doctor's drugs or more doctor's orders; no orders demand more supervision; no lessons need more drill along with the precepts. Consumption must be cured by the slow accumulation of small advantages and the constant avoidance of every, even the smallest, disadvantage. There is no disease in the treatment of which little things count for so much, none in which the judgment of the patient, or his friends, will so certainly, and so constantly, err, none in which observation should be more skilful and accurate or regulation more careful. Trifles, light as air, will turn the scale to life or death. Who among us