

that the teaching and practice in this country on the subject of appendicitis were in advance of those that prevail in Britain. The conservatism there has been extreme. The practice has verged upon timidity. The American rule, we believe, is the better one; and, whether the King lives or dies, this fact will remain proven. If the King lives, it will only be by passing through a great peril which in almost all similar cases can be averted by prompt operation.—*Philadelphia Medical Journal*.

KIND WORDS FROM WASHINGTON.

While most of the extracts and abstracts published in this issue are taken from medical journals, we offer no apology for inserting the following article which appeared in the *Washington Post*, and which we copy from the *Literary Digest*, July 5th:

"Edward has been a noble and high-minded gentleman always. During the long years—almost half a century—of his apprenticeship he has set the example of a genuine chivalry of conduct. With him '*noblesse oblige*' has been more than a mere phrase; it has been a law. An ideal prince, a man no less than a monarch, he has drawn to him not only the reverence but the friendship and affection of his subjects. He has had his intimates like any private citizen; he has mingled freely and unaffectedly with them. The people have known him at close quarters. His virtues and weaknesses have been open to inspection. But from first to last, throughout the long period, of his 'apparency,' he has won admirers—made new ties and strengthened old ones—and all this by force of his personal and private qualities. He is beloved and honored, not so much because he is King as because he is a kind, considerate brave and honorable gentleman. There is, beyond all this, something peculiarly pathetic in the untoward consummation which now confronts us. He might have been crowned long months ago had he so willed it. Of course, the coronation would have been a form and nothing more. He was King and he reigned without the celebrations and the mummeries which were to have taken place to-morrow. But in reverence for his august mother, whose heart had been broken and whose death hastened by the appalling tragedy in South Africa, he had postponed his coronation until that frightful blot could be erased from England's 'scutcheon. For him, as for Victoria, the bloodshed, the rapine, and the desolation involved in the war upon the Orange and the Transvaal republics poisoned his peace of mind and turned to dust upon his lips the glory of his accession to the greatest throne in Europe. He wished his diadem to be the crown of peace. But heaven has willed it that this kind heart should be denied. There he lies—a poor mortal, sorely stricken and brought low. All the crowns and thrones and sceptres in the world cannot help him now. His chance is the same as any