

bassador he was excused. Yet he would have been freely forgiven if in exercising a certain degree of rather restrained boldness of utterance, he had given the audience a little more real thinking.

ELIHU ROOT rose to the occasion as naturally as though he had been facing five thousand fellow-Americans. Deliberately he took out his spectacles, found the pen and slowly scratched his name on the register. For half a minute he stood silent. When he spoke the voice was a sort of gasp. You might have supposed he was waking up, or under emotion.

If he had been asleep he surely awoke—not without emotion. Root had a reputation to maintain here. The first fighting speech that ever smote the pacifism of the United States away back in 1916 was that in which he lashed the President for “shaking his fist first and his finger afterwards.” His mission to Russia was a tribute to the bigness of the President who chose a Republican for the task, and the results of it were as much as any man could have achieved. Reading may not have had a message. Root had. When he began to talk he scarcely knew what it might become before he was finished. He had no titles to overcome. He was plain Elihu Root; much like many of America's greatest, with the Abe Lincoln edge of awkwardness bordering on the uncouth, that flames into moral earnestness. Root metaphorically took off his coat. His toga seemed ridiculously uncomfortable. He could have said what he did standing in a farmer's yard with a pitchfork. You somehow saw the rawboned hulk of the man under his robes; and as he walked slowly to and from the desk he seemed to be walking in the woods “like a man beloved of God.” That

kind of man is going out of the United States. Old Joseph Choate was one of the greatest of the type, and he spoke on that same stage three years ago. Whenever you find such a man he has wisdom, humor and big morality tucked away in his makeup somewhere. Root had far less humor than Choate; but just enough to be cynical when he began. He stood for the United States. But there had been times when he was like a reed shaken with the wind. Now his country had taken up arms. He admitted it. But the way he intoned his remarks about—what had been promised—meant a good deal from Root. He knew what had to be done. There was a big uplifting thing for all America, including Canada, to do in the fight for democracy.

Root is one of the few men who can talk about democracy without being tiresome. You never would catch him drawing the long bow about what the United States has done, is now doing or is going to do. No, but Root would shout to the last man in civilization and beyond, what he believed America ought to do. He has no chiseled phraseology for what he feels about this. He speaks now what he is thinking—now; not what he began to write down yesterday.

Root is an individualist. He made a big point of the keynote difference between the idea expressed in a true democracy like any one of half a dozen he mentioned and that contained in the “Beast of Autocracy” at Berlin. It was the freedom of the individual from the tyranny of the State. Peace between Canada and the United States had been a fact because both countries believed in that individualism; in the rights of man more than the privileges of a few men. And a great university might well

teach the ethics of patriotism, liberty and justice. So he believed.

And so we have sometimes heard, but with a certain tone of frigid condescension that made an individualist feel like keeping away from any college if he wanted the truth to make him free. Root shot his moral message and made what President Falconer rather precisely called “an academic audience” forget that it was anything but a matinee crowd at a big living drama. Some of the alumni in the top gallery had been talking during the formalities about the price of pork and how to raise potatoes. The Head of the Ontario Agricultural College presented several B.S.A. diplomas. He rattled them off like a drill sergeant. To-morrow those men would be back into the shirt-sleeves line or near it, helping Messrs. Acre and Bushel. The Principal of the Veterinary College told the Chancellor that all his graduates were on other business; some in the Imperial army looking after war horses; some in the United States army, and one making serum for soldiers up at the toxin farm.

Several of the graduates were returned men. One of the degree-getters was a C.M.G., who had done real scientific service in the sanitation branch of the Canadian Army, and was given his diplomatic standing by a Colonel in uniform.

There was a curious practical note to this convocation. It stood for doing something. The old order is changing. A University which has already given 4,500 men to the war and several of its best buildings—one of them not yet finished—along with as much of its scientific plant and as many of its faculty as might be needed for war purposes, is right in the grip of the great transformation.

DOCTORS CONTINUE TO DIFFER

QUITE evidently the business of medicine is as live a topic as politics, religion or moving pictures. The Canadian Courier started its medical talks some time ago with an article on some of the proprietary medicines that have been gulling the public. Then we published a short editorial on medicine as related to Christian Science and Osteopathy.

Following that came an article by A Medical Man on “Make Doctors Civil Servants.” This led to a large number of letters from osteopaths, Christian Scientists, drugless healers, chiropractors, and optometrists. Some of these we published.

Now we begin to get the result.

A valued medical subscriber in Grand Forks, B. C., has cancelled the Canadian Courier because of what he calls our “veiled” attack upon the medical profession.” For 2½ pages in its May number the Canada Lancet, oldest and most reputable medical journal in Canada, takes the Canadian Courier on its operating table. We are not given an anesthetic because of a weak heart.

“It is always interesting,” says the editor, “when one who does not understand a subject writes on it.” This by way of genial comment on our statement that “the last twenty years has proved that mental science and osteopathy are capable of being useful curative agencies”; whereas, according to the Lancet, “mental suggestion in some form is as old as the human race.” Well, at least we never said that Svengali invented hypnotism. Neither do we suppose that Mary Baker Eddy discovered curing by suggestion. All she did was to formulate it into a creed whose business was mainly to heal the sick, on the theory that a human being in full harmony with the Divine Being has no business to be unwell.

If Mrs. Eddy had become a professor of medicine and introduced her ideas in a modified form into the curriculum without organizing it into a cult and a creed, medical practice to-day would be openly using mental suggestion as an auxiliary. As a matter of fact any wise doctor uses it to some extent anyway, and he would be foolish to ignore it. Chloroform and ether have been admitted to the medical pantheon because they cause the mind to negate pain. Evidently the brain is not a negligible item

THE Canada Lancet disagrees with the Canadian Courier's articles on the Practice of Medicine. This is a hopeful sign. When doctors and osteopaths and Christian Scientists, all differing radically on how to increase the sum total of human health, make a clearing-house of the average man represented by the readers of a non-professional paper, there is some hope of curative agencies uniting their forces to get better results. We want—not more treatment of disease, but more health.

in surgery. Hypnotism does the same thing. On the public stage plns have been jabbed into hypnotic subjects who felt no pain. In one case the anesthetic is a drug; in the other a mental suggestion. One is a necessary part of medical science, the other a bogey. Christian Science extended the principle of mental negation not only to pain but to disease. Hence the doctor's contempt for Christian Science. Yet mental suggestion is admitted to be as old as the race and to-day military doctors are practising it on soldiers whose limbs are out of use through shell shock or paralyzed by fear; and in one of the great hospitals in England a practitioner has been regularly employed to put insomniac patients to sleep without the use of drugs.

An old doctor, friend of the writer years ago, told the story of how he was called to treat a girl with a crooked leg after orthopedic treatment had failed. His own narrative—and he has always been a disciple of drugs—was dramatic. At a critical juncture in the examination of the leg he suddenly asked the father if he had a handsaw in the shed. The saw was brought. The patient roused—naturally. The doctor took the saw, picked up the girl's crutch, laid it on a chair and sawed it in two. “Now, my girl,” he said, “you will never use that again. I'll leave you some medicine. It won't hurt you. To-morrow you can sit on the edge of the bed and the next day you can touch the floor with that foot.”

“In a few weeks,” said the doctor, “that girl was walking normally and has been doing so ever since.”

No doubt hundreds of doctors have had similar cases. Many of them may prove that the origin of the trouble was mental and that therefore the cure must be through the mind. That makes no difference to the principle that mental suggestion was practised as the curative agency in some cases when either medicine or surgery seemed to be a failure.

It does not prove Mrs. Eddy's doctrines. It merely admits suggestion as a useful auxiliary to medicine. What difference does it make from whom the suggestion to get well comes? Or to get sick? We all know the story of the man who was sent to a sick-bed by his friend's suggesting that he didn't look well. We all know how much good sunlight, fresh air, cheerful

company, pictures and music can do in therapeutics. Not even a doctor can draw the line here between chemical reaction, sense-stimulus and spiritual suggestion. Carried into a more absolute sphere, away from the senses entirely, a sceptic remarked to a Christian Scientist who said he was healed of a bad hernia by Science and threw away his truss:

“In the church of St. Anne de Beaupre in Quebec there is a pyramid of crutches and trusses. What is the difference between your case and a pilgrim cured at the shrine?”

He replied: “One was by faith and prayer alone; the other by faith, prayer and knowledge.”

But the results were the same; except that the Christian Scientist carries his faith-knowledge into all the affairs of life—or is expected to—and the faith-curer may be satisfied merely with the cure. At one time, if not now, the “placebo” was a common device among doctors; a bottle of colored water that looked like medicine given to patients who perhaps only imagined they had the ailment for which they were treated. Suggestion again.

THE Lancet pays its respects to the osteopath at more length. The writer says:

“The mode of treatment used by the osteopaths is not osteopathic in any sense. It is just ordinary rubbing, kneading, massaging and manipulation, and these methods of treating disease are very old indeed. . . . But rubbing and manipulation may be potent for evil if employed in unsuitable cases. Just think of the terrible results that would follow rubbing and manipulating the neck of a child suffering with diphtheria; and yet this is the osteopathic plan. Equally bad would be the result for acute appendicitis.”

No doubt there are limits to the curative potency of the osteopathic method. But it would be a very bad waste of time and money for students to spend four years at an osteopathic college in the United