

Joseph Walsh #4.

In the Spring of 1899, shortly after my return from two years medical study in Europe, I met Osler in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and he invited me to his house for lunch. The baby, then about two and a half, sat next me. On inquiring his name he answered "Revere Osler, but ^{Dad} Father always calls me Scalawag". I, also, accompanied him on his ward rounds next morning. One of the cases he showed me I have quoted frequently since, on account of its encouragement to people afflicted with less serious ills.

She was an old woman of seventy-five, in the hospital for acute rheumatism, who also showed a wind tumor of Steno's duct the size of a walnut, which she could inflate and deflate at pleasure, which Osler said was the second one he had seen. Both of these conditions, however, were incidental to her general history.

"Mother" said Osler, "I would like you to tell Dr. Walsh something about your past life. When were you first in the hospital?"

"At twenty-seven".

"What was the matter?"

"I had sarcoma of the right knee".

"What did they do for it?"

"They cut off the right leg at the hip".

"Did you get entirely well?"

"Yes, entirely well".

"When were you in again?"

"At forty-two".

"What was the matter?"

"I had cancer of the left breast".

"What did they do for it?"

"They cut off the left breast and left arm".

"Did you get entirely well?"

"Yes, entirely well".

"What are you in the hospital for now?"

"For rheumatism, and doctor", she said, with tears in her voice, and catching his hand, "I do hope you will make me well in a hurry, because I have to go home to take care of my grandchildren."

*WV: visited my mother to lunch every one day some time there was a truck in the hospital
 this after lunch to see the Chief at his best would be when he found the truck
 was in the hospital during cases - by always get his best time and always laugh.*