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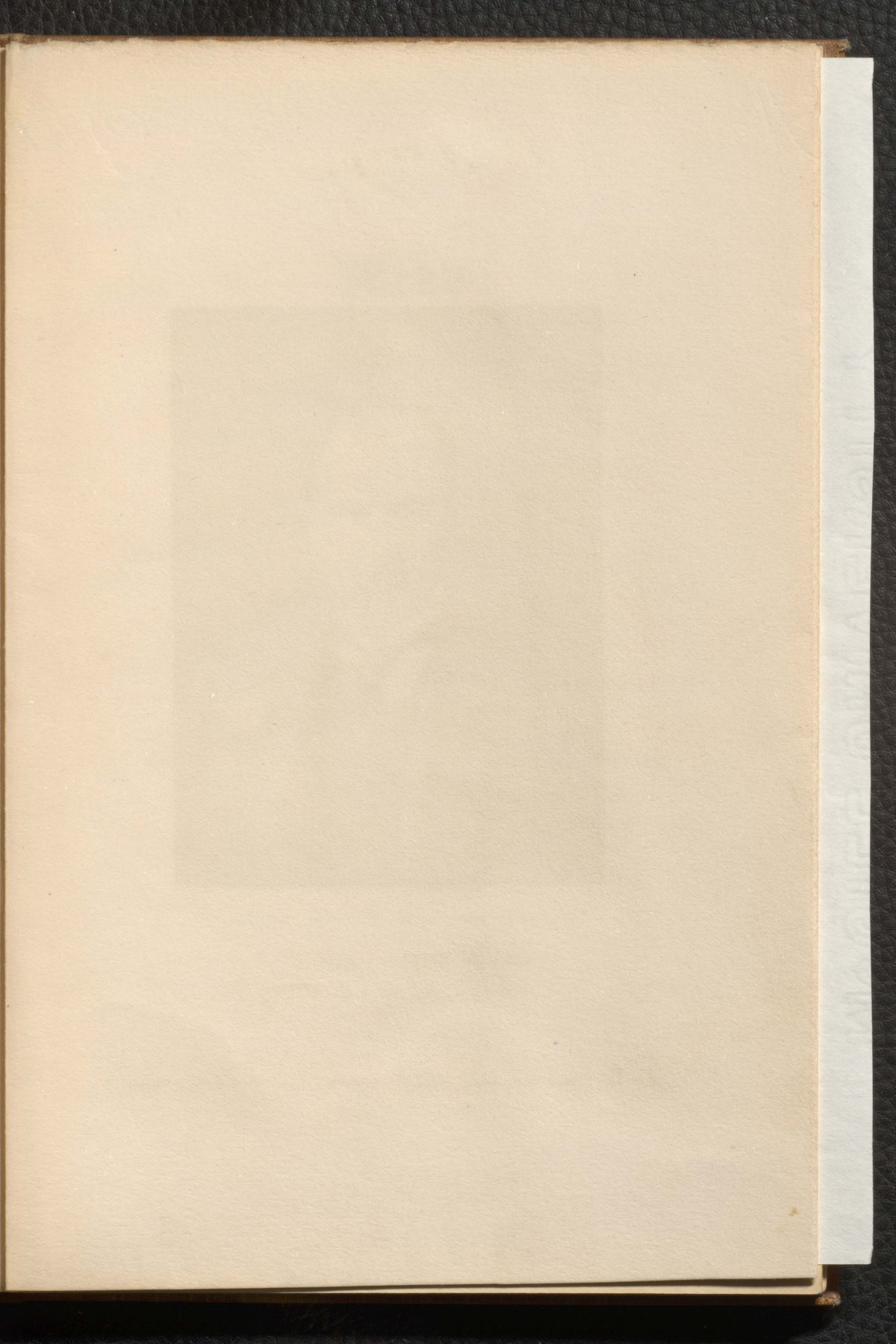
[Phila., Patterson & White, 1907]

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'Private copy' with MS: memoranda. Inserted:  
Menu and pr. extracts.


3584

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Toasts

Introduction DR. JAMES TYSON, *Chairman*

*Music*

Dr. Osler in Montreal "Student and Teacher"

DR. F. J. SHEPHERD

Dr. Osler in Philadelphia "Teacher and Clinician"

DR. J. C. WILSON

*Music*

Dr. Osler in Baltimore "Teacher and Consultant"

DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH

Dr. Osler "The Author and Physician"

DR. A. JACOBI

*Music*

Presentation of "Cicero de Senectute," by

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

Response by

DR. OSLER

*Music*

# Menu

Clovisses

Potage à l'Oseille

Mousse de Jambon à la Vénitienne

Radis      Olives      Céleri      Amandes salées

Filet de Bass de Mer à la Ferzen

Salade de concombres

Suprême de Volaille, Archiduc

Carré d'Agneau rôti en casserole

Pommes de terre, Parisienne      Haricots verts panachés

Pamplemousse au marasquin

Pintade du printemps rôtie

Gelée de Groseilles

Salade, Waldorf, avec piments doux

Glaces de Fantaisie

Petits fours

Café

Fruits

Château Cérons

Medoc Supérieur

Ruinart Brut

Pol Roger

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

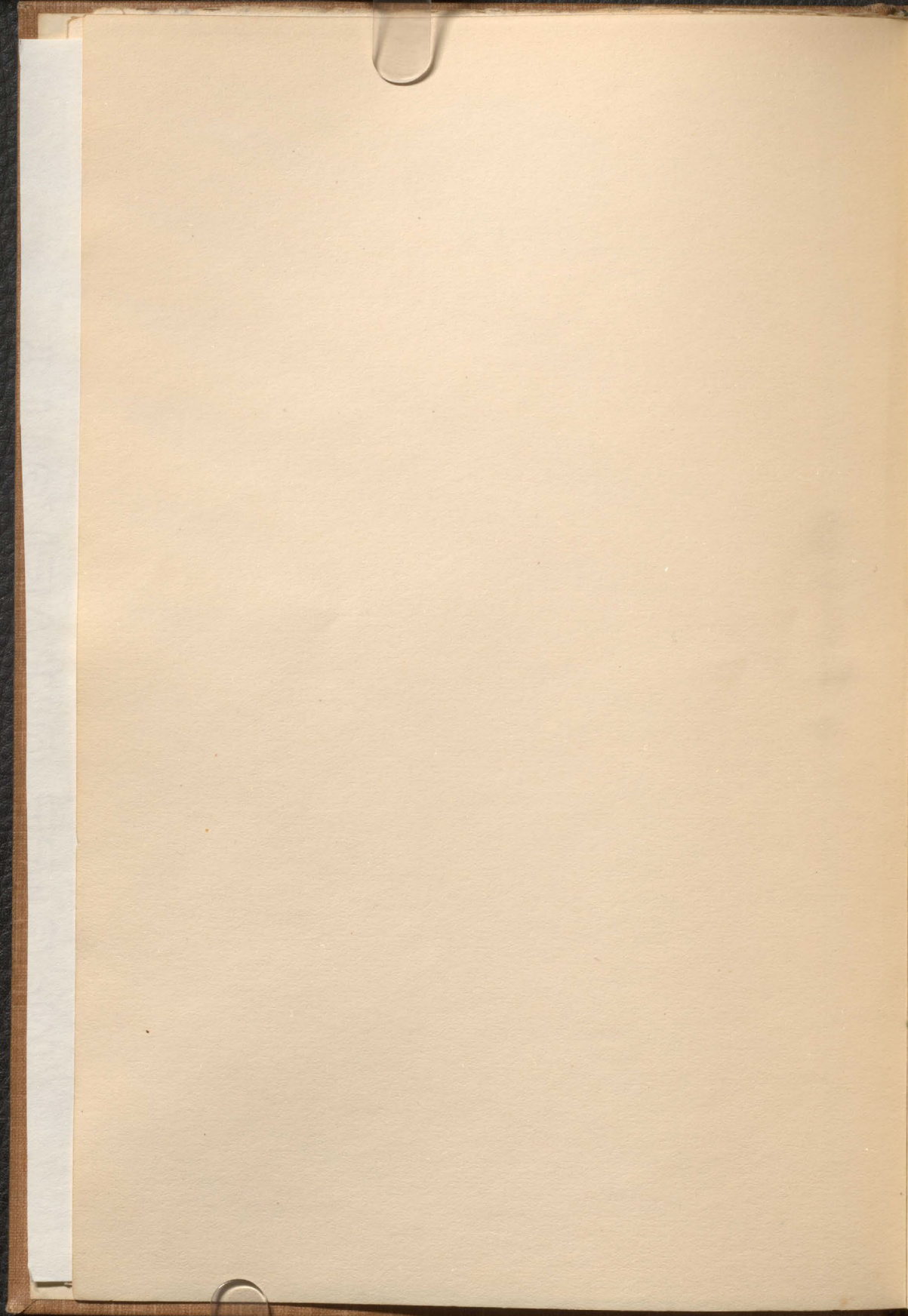
Apollinaris

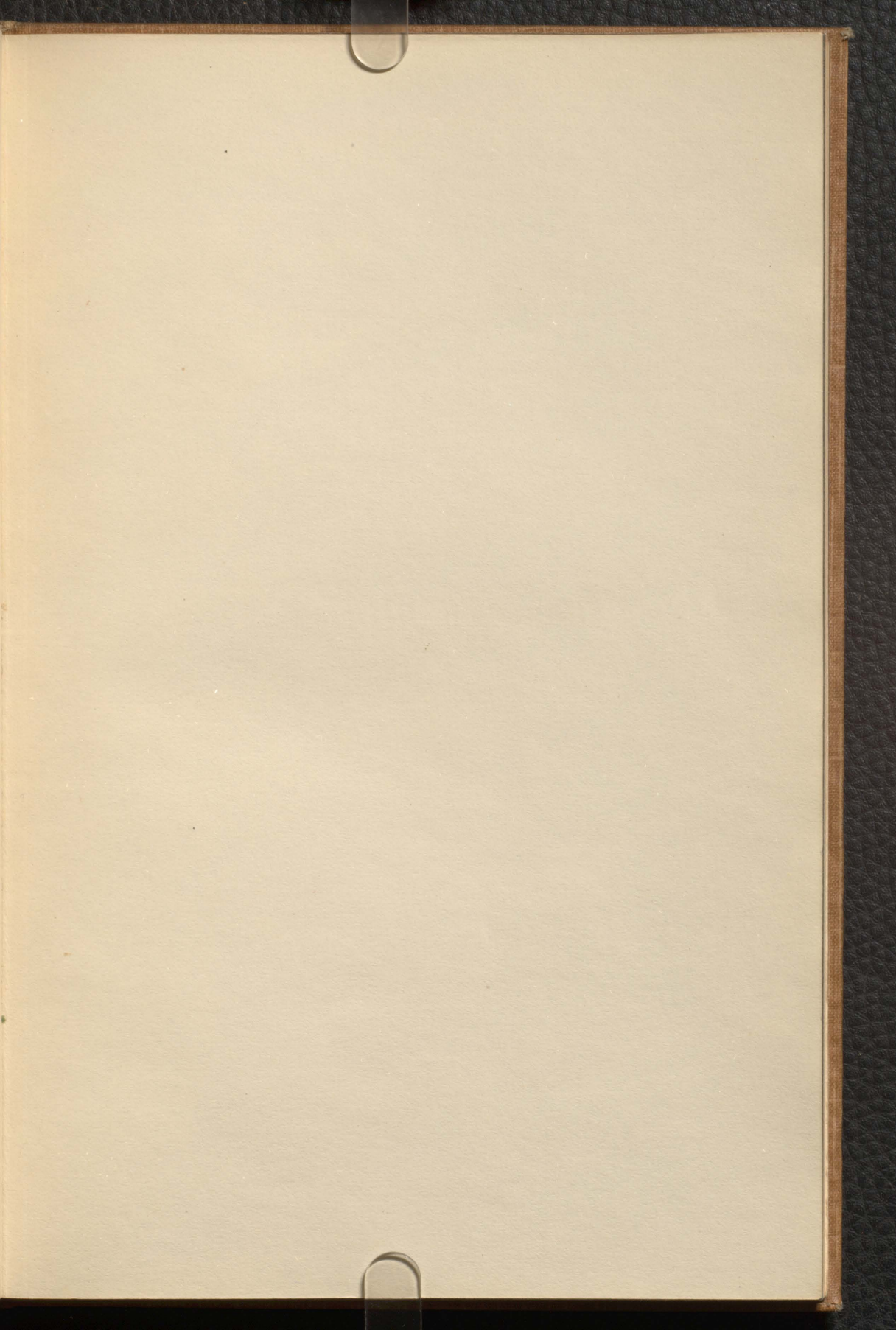
Liqueurs



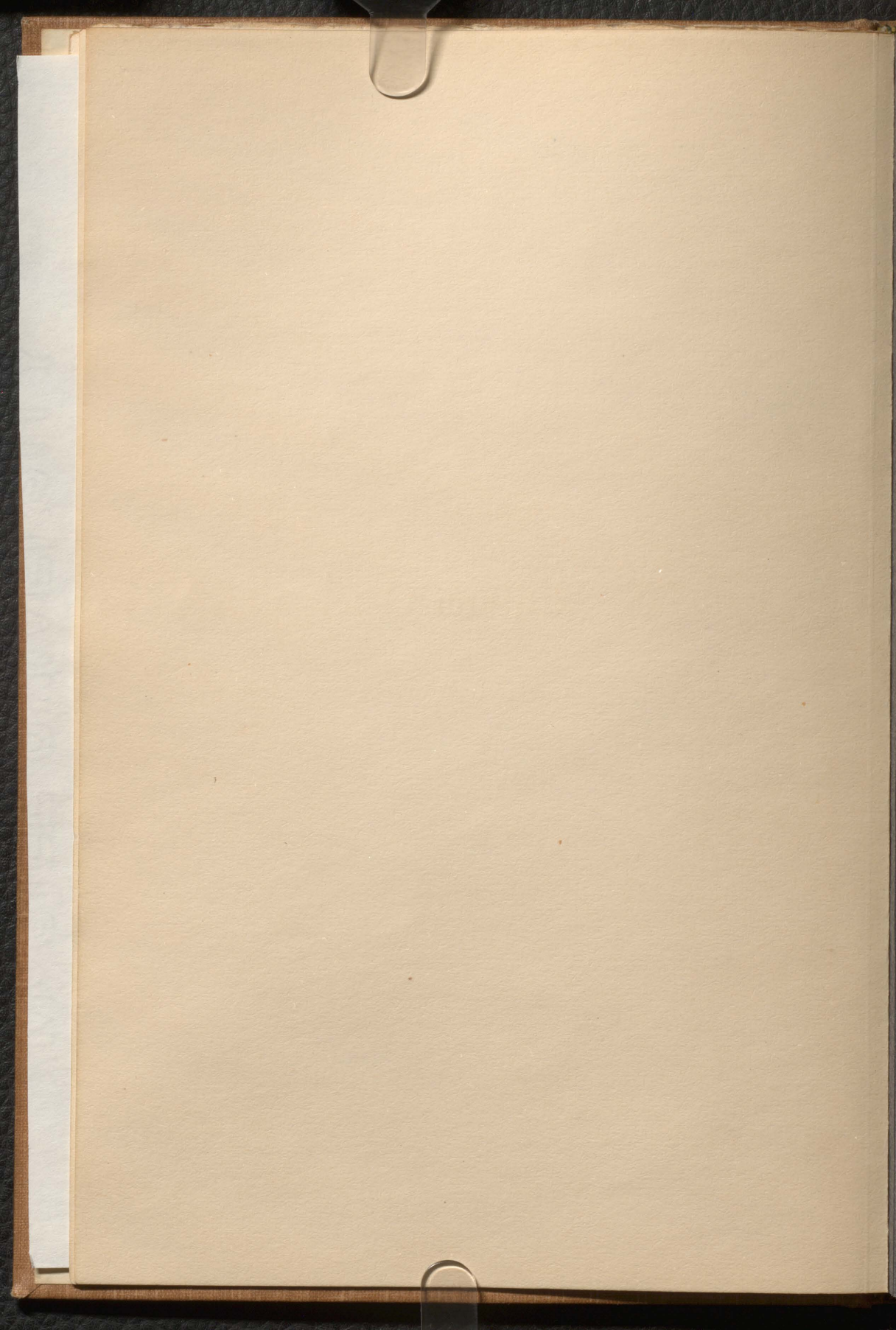
*John Osler*

"Write me as me that loves his fellow men"









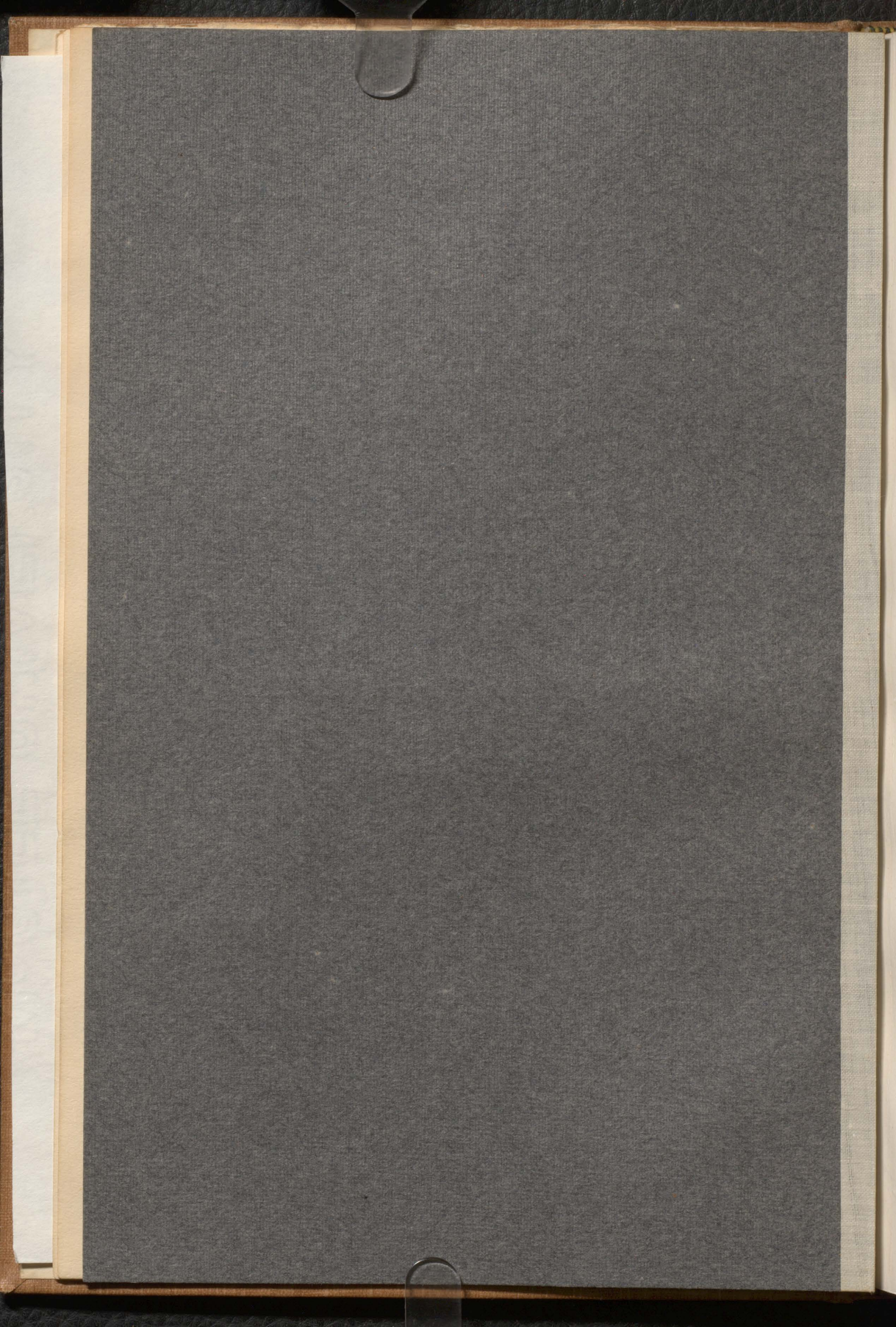
Dinner to

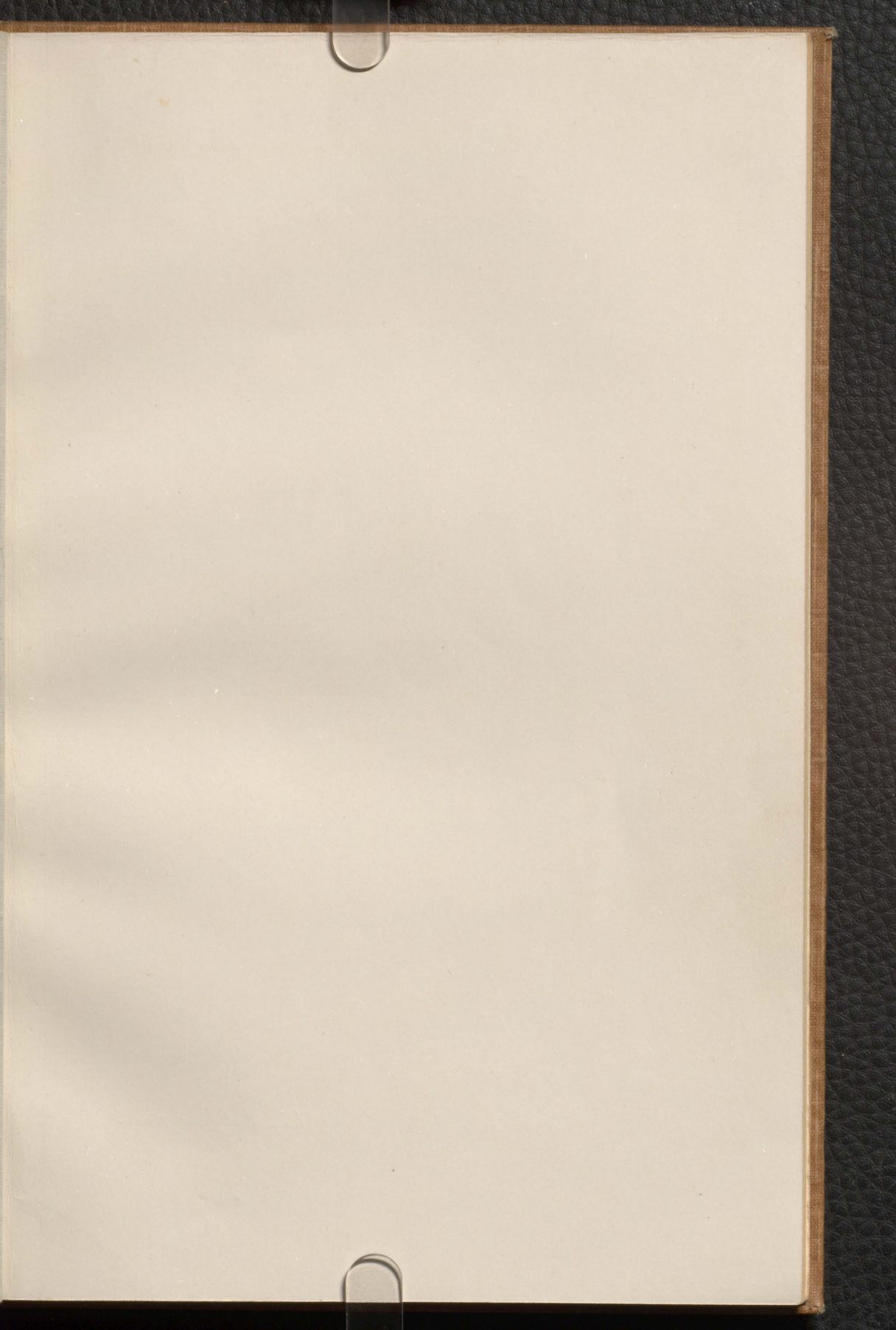
Dr. William Osler

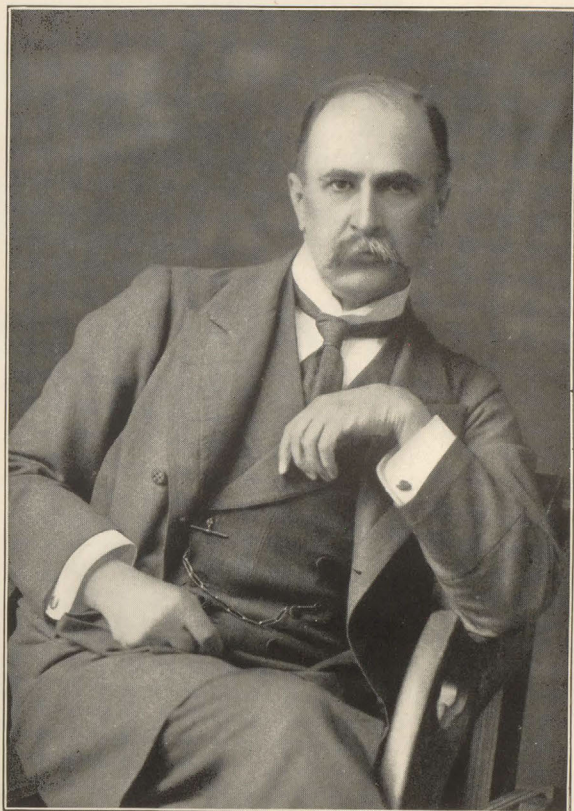
May Second, Nineteen Hundred and Five

Waldorf-Astoria

New York







John Osler

Write me as one that loves his fellow man

Dinner to

Dr. William Osler

previous to his departure for  
England to assume the

Regius Professorship of Medicine

in the

University of Oxford

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May Second, nineteen hundred and five

Waldorf-Astoria  
New York



Dr. William Osler

Regius Professor of Medicine

University of Oxford

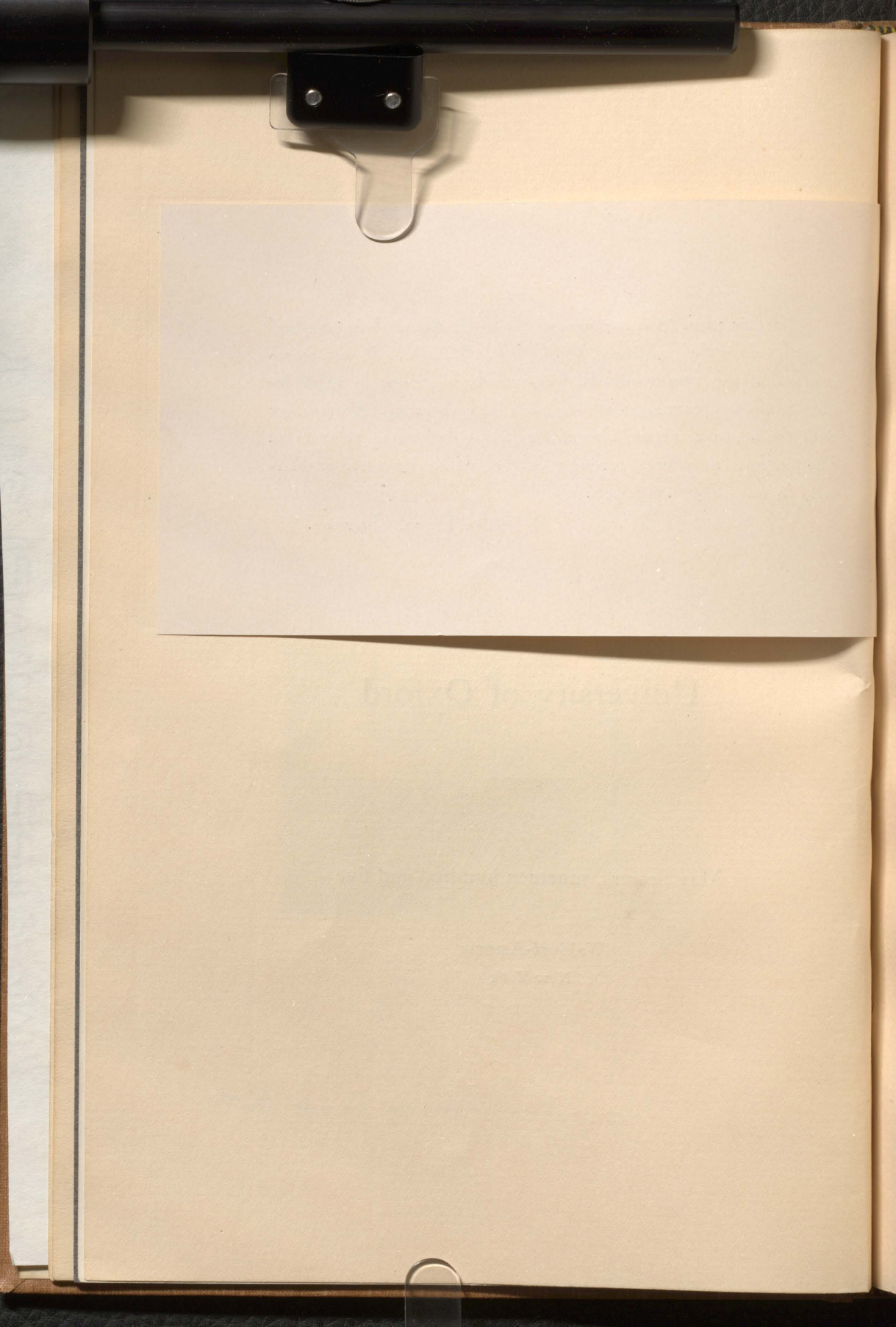
London



After paying the expenses of the Osler dinner there remained in the hands of the Treasurer, Dr. Griffith, \$133.35. It was ascertained that this sum would be very nearly sufficient to print the addresses in pamphlet form, allowing one for each guest. Accordingly with the approval of the Committee it was decided to print them. The publication has been somewhat delayed chiefly by reason of difficulty in collecting manuscripts.

James Tyson, Chairman.





# Toasts

Introduction.....DR. JAMES TYSON, *Chairman*

*Music*

Dr. Osler in Montreal.....“Student and Teacher”

DR. F. J. SHEPHERD

Dr. Osler in Philadelphia.....“Teacher and Clinician”

DR. J. C. WILSON

*Music*

Dr. Osler in Baltimore.....“Teacher and Consultant”

DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH

Dr. Osler.....“The Author and Physician”

DR. A. JACOBI

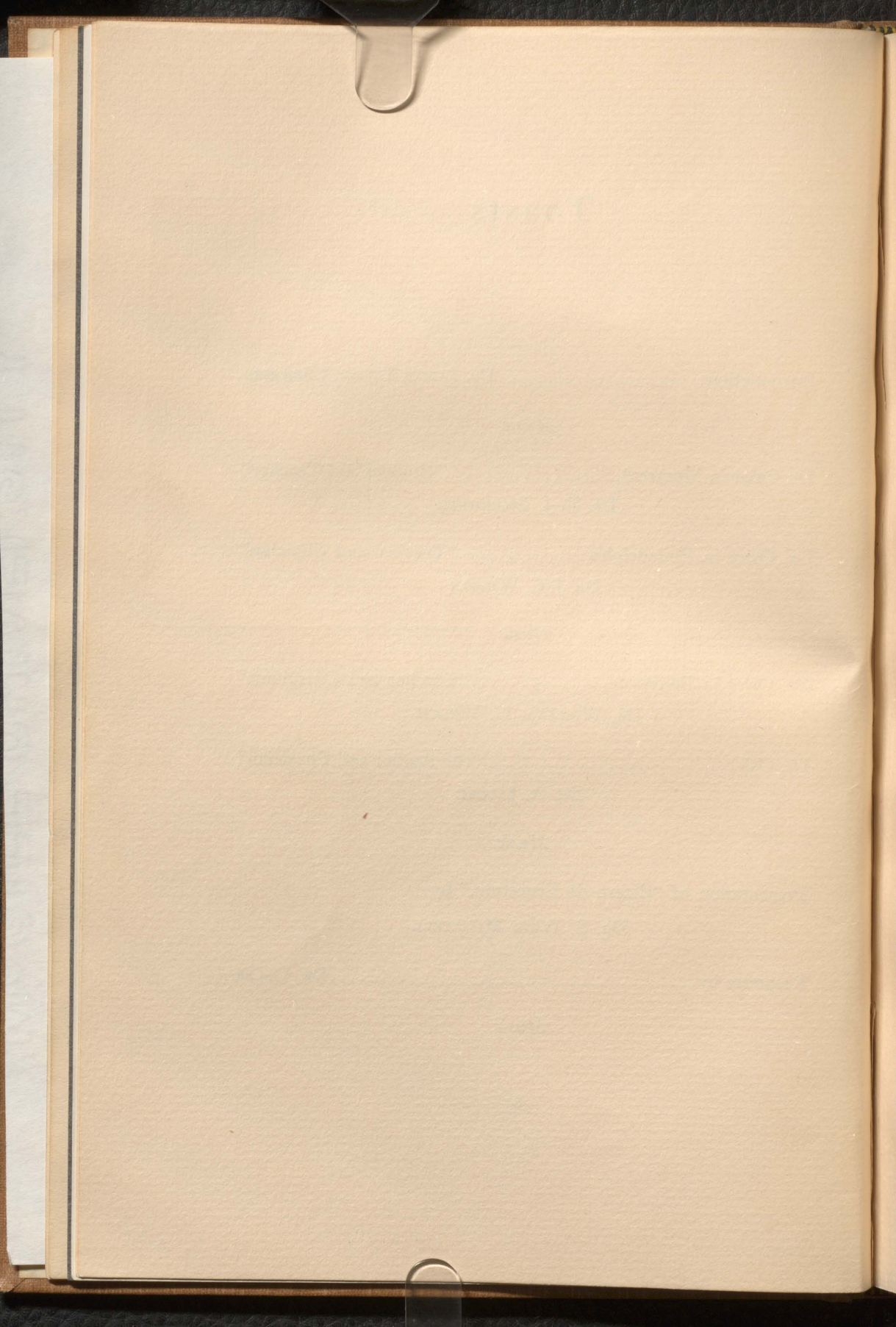
*Music*

Presentation of “Cicero de Senectute,” by

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

Response by.....DR. OSLER

*Music*



THE CHAIRMAN :—

WE are met to-night to honor, as well as to take leave of one who has won our hearts by the qualities which most strongly attract man to man. Gentle birth and gentle training, broad culture, human sympathy for human weakness, lofty standards of professional aim—by these attributes we know him as the guinea by its stamp, and the rainbow by its colors, and for these we honor and admire him. But while each of us vies with the other in admiration and appreciation of his friendship we have not all known him equally long. He has come into our lives at different periods and different stages of his development, and there is probably no one here to-night who knew him in the school-boy days, when were gathered those stores of biblic, classic and poetic lore with which he has so charmed and instructed us. But the boy is father to the man, and it requires no flight of the imagination to conceive a picture in which the prophets and philosophers are set aside for the willow and the baseball, and the Latin theme by the humorous essay which foreshadowed the wit of the sage of Caughnawauga. There are, however, among us those who knew the student of medicine, Osler, and the young teacher and professor, Osler, in Canada. Alas, that we could not have with us to-night the beloved preceptor Howard, whose example and inspiration his pupil has so tenderly and gracefully acknowledged. Had he escaped the shaft of acute disease he might easily have lived to take part on this occasion.

One of those who saw much and shared much of Dr. Osler's work at that period of his career is, however, with us, and will speak of those early days in the life of our guest. I call upon Dr. Shepherd, of Montreal, to speak of Dr. Osler as a student and teacher of medicine in Canada.

DR. SHEPHERD. *Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen:* I rise with considerable diffidence to respond to this toast; first, because I see around me those much more fit to undertake the task and more endowed with the gift of silver-tongued oratory than I can ever hope to be. The subject of this toast is one which would take up much more time than is allowed on such an occasion as this, but I have only to speak of Dr. Osler's student and teaching-days in Canada. For many years I, with the late Dr. George Ross, was intimately associated with Dr. Osler both as a student and as a colleague, and always as a friend. I first met him in the autumn of 1870 when he came to McGill from Toronto. At that time he was a keen-eyed, spare young fellow—always working at the hospital and in the postmortem room, and never apparently troubling himself about examinations, as so many students do. The friend of everybody and intensely interested in all that pertained to medicine, he had a great thirst for knowledge and worked to learn his profession and not only to pass his examinations. He lived with a choice lot of men from the West, and was ever ready to join in their play as well as work. If I remember rightly he had some ecclesiastical tendencies at that time, and even went to church before breakfast—but, perhaps, that was during Lent. At the final examinations he got the prize for the best thesis, which was on "Pathological Anatomy," and richly illustrated. This prize was given in addition to the usual ones, and in the announcement of the following year is found this: "The Faculty has in addition this session awarded a special prize to the thesis of William Osler, of Dundas, Ontario, because it was greatly distinguished for originality and research and was accompanied by thirty-three microscopic and other preparations of morbid structures kindly presented by the author to the museum of the Faculty."

So you see that even as a student he was distinguished for original work and did not confine himself to book knowledge, as was the case at that time with the majority of students.

He spent the next two years abroad, in London and Vienna. I met him in the fall of '73 in London and read the proof of the first paper he presented to the Royal Society, of which he is now so distinguished a member. In 1874 he was, on the retirement of Professor Drake, appointed Professor of the Institutes of Medi-

cine, which was the name of a chair which included pathology with physiology.

He was a great success here as a teacher, and not only did he teach well, but he stimulated others to seek after truth. This I consider one of Dr. Osler's chief virtues, viz: that he stimulates others and communicates his own enthusiasm and suggests lines of work. He was also appointed to the charge of the smallpox hospital, which was then attached to the Montreal General Hospital, and he published as a result of this connection his well-known paper "On the Prodromal Rashes of Smallpox," and, to better understand the disease, he took it himself. He was also one of the most active members of the Medical Society and furnished it with much pathological material, for among his other functions was that of Pathologist to the General Hospital. The files of the Philadelphia *Medical News* for some years previous to '85 will reveal many of Dr. Osler's reports from Montreal of the proceedings of that then very lively society.

Dr. Osler was elected physician to the General Hospital in May, 1878, and immediately began to teach in the wards and there laid the foundations for his after success at Johns Hopkins. Dr. Osler's Saturday morning pathological demonstrations were a feature,—students crowded to these demonstrations and also practitioners. They were practical, suggestive, and most instructive. Dr. Osler's connection with the students as Registrar, was always most cordial, and on many a one has he had a beneficial influence, and how many he has turned from the downward grade into the paths of righteousness he only knows. He was also the founder of the Students' Society which is now so flourishing.

Dr. Osler had his lighter moments and was a member of the Doctor's Dining Club, which met once a month. Without Osler the dinners were, as a rule, tame. Practice did not disturb Osler much in Montreal; in fact, he had no time for it with his college work, hospital work, postmortems and society work. I doubt if he ever had office hours or if he had them whether he ever kept them. One of his colleagues remarked that it was fortunate Osler did not keep a carriage, for he always understood that men in chariots slew their hundreds, but men on foot only their tens. Matrimonial ventures did not give him much concern, although he was always a favorite with the ladies, and, in fact, when I men-

tioned the subject to one of his relations of the gentler sex, she said that "Willie was married to his microscope and his lectures were his children."

But, alas, the time came when he was called to a wider field, and like the parsons, after due consideration, he accepted and left us in sackcloth and ashes. He was abroad at the time, and, perhaps, I am to be blamed for his departure. I forwarded the letter on to him, as it had arrived in his absence, and advised him to take advantage of the opportunity. So he did, accepting the call to Philadelphia. Some in Philadelphia rather doubted his suitability. I know one friend who came to Montreal on a visit of inspection to the French and English hospitals, where he became very friendly with the house staffs and asked them for all the information he could get concerning friend Osler. He even dined with these young men and then he found it all out. I recognized him and he confessed his errand. I told him still better things than those he had already heard, and he went away quite satisfied.

We missed Osler greatly and felt that we had lost our best part, but the impression of his personality he left behind and the good work he started continued. He has never forgotten his Alma Mater, nor his old friends, and frequently returns and gives us one of those soul-inspiring and stimulating addresses for which he is now so famous. No one missed him more than Dr. Palmer Howard, a man of rare quality and scientific earnestness, who, with James Bovell, of Toronto, were the two men, I fancy, who more than any others had a molding influence on his life.

Osler's sojourn in the United States has done much to promote the *entente cordiale* between the profession in Canada and the profession in the United States. He has been a great bond of union, and Johns Hopkins has been a kind of mecca for medical Canada.

Well, he left us for larger fields and now, after having distinguished himself abroad, he returns loaded with honors to his motherland, where he will cement still more the friendship which binds America to Great Britain.

THE CHAIRMAN:—It is evident that the star we have halted in its course to-night was destined for no narrow or conventional orbit. Notable divergence had already been made at various times, to London, Berlin, Vienna and Paris, where he sat at different

times at the feet of Jenner, Murchison, Ringer and Wilson Fox, of Virchow, Traube and Frerichs, of Hebra, Bamberger and others alike distinguished, many of whom became his friends and intimates. Already may it have been said of him—

“No pent up Utica contracts your powers,  
But the whole boundless continent is yours.”

It does not surprise us, therefore, that in 1884 we find him in Philadelphia and at the University of Pennsylvania, bringing with him the infection of lofty ideals, inspiring colleague and pupil alike with his enthusiasm in the study of disease, at the bedside, the laboratory and autopsy table. Osler's autopsies were something phenomenal. He forgot nothing. Nothing escaped him; in-  
somuch that sometimes it required no mean anatomist to rebuild the body for burial. So evident and lasting has seemed to be the effect of the five short years spent in that city, that some of us to the manor born feel that they mark an era in the history of medicine there. Some of the circumstances and events of these years will be presented to you by his friend, Dr. J. C. Wilson, who will speak of Dr. Osler as a teacher and clinician in Philadelphia.

DR. J. C. WILSON:—Gentlemen, Friends of Dr. Osler, Mr. Toastmaster.—In the face of this program I cannot express surprise at being called upon to address you, nor can I indulge in the ancient apologies for lack of preparation for an unexpected honor. I may say to you, however, in confidence, that for some weeks I have wondered why I was selected for this purpose, and what I am expected to say. During this time I have often thought of the country minister who, finding himself somewhat ahead of his congregation, started to pray in the empty church with much fervor, and in a loud voice, for “force.” As he was about concluding, one of his deacons, coming in, said to him: “Parson, you are praying for the wrong thing: you don't want force, you want ideas.”

We cannot think of Dr. Osler in Philadelphia without thinking of him before he came to us and since he left us. His whole previous career was a preparation for his work there; his half decade of work there was, it now seems, a necessary period of training for the great decade and a half at Johns Hopkins, and the rounded half century since he left off knickerbockers a complete



and progressive course of development and preparation on this side the Atlantic for the crowning period of an illustrious life upon the other side. No part of it could have been left out.

Shakespeare's "Home keeping youth are ever dull of wit" has the fault of most sweeping generalizations. It is true, they mostly are. But not always. It depends upon the home. Populations have left New England, but who ever heard of anyone leaving Boston? Yet, the Boston wit retains the old flavor. From most other places the bright spirits migrate. It has been said that the test of the true American is the impulse to move on. If this be true, Dr. Osler is the very type of an American. And the remarkable thing is that the further he moves, the more he is missed. There is no authentic record of the state of mind of that far settlement of Ontario which he left in early infancy, nor of the nature of the repast by which his departure was celebrated. But when he left Toronto, there were tears and sorrow and something to eat; and when he left Montreal, the same with singing; and when he took his departure from Philadelphia, we had emotions we could not suppress, together with terrapin and champagne; and now that he is going to leave the country, there is universal sorrow and the largest medical dinner ever cooked. Yet there he sits, the embodiment of that imperturbability which he has so charmingly described as a medical accomplishment, but which we know to be essential to the mental make-up of a peripatetic philosopher. [Laughter.]

I may be permitted to speak of Dr. Osler in Philadelphia from two points of view: First, the influence of our quiet Quaker life upon him; and second, his influence upon us.

First, then, we at once sought to make a practitioner of him. But of that he would have none. Teacher, clinician, consultant, yes, gladly; but practitioner—no! And that with emphasis. This was partly due to his knowledge of affairs, partly to his temperament. One star differeth from another star in glory. His light was to be bright and guiding and seen of all men. Not for him the dim and shaded light of the sickroom, the patient daily service to the weary sufferer, the tiresome round of daily calls, the vexatious failure of the approved method to accomplish the desired result. He recognized his *métier* and carried out his plan. And this gave him time and opportunity, and of both he made supreme use.

To an institution traditions are what character is to a man. The traditions of the University of Pennsylvania deeply impressed him. Morgan, Shippen, Kuhn, Rush, Caspar Wistar, were to him living personalities. His actual associates were such men as Agnew, Stillé, Leidy, Pepper and others, whom we all know. The lives and characters of these men were not without influence upon the young Canadian, trained in the best way by association with men like Bovell, Howard, and Ross, and familiar with the best methods and results of British and Continental medicine.

Not less important was his connection with the College of Physicians, with its cherished traditions and magnificent library. Nor is the part played by the Pathological Society to be overlooked. Here he brought his best work, the result of long and keen study, illustrated by the findings in the postmortem room at Blockley, and always met in large measure the sympathy and admiration of the younger men.

So from point to point during the five years he was with us, at the best period of his life, he found the stimulus of tradition, of opportunity and of appreciation.

What did he do for us? He made himself agreeable to the older men, and demonstrated to the younger men how medicine should be learned and taught. He broadened our conceptions in regard to the inductive method in medicine. Facts, facts, and always the facts. The facts of the ward, of the microscope, of the laboratory, of the postmortem room. He made it clear to some of the younger men who are now reaping the reward of their work that it is not necessary for every man to be a practitioner in the ordinary sense, but that long years of hospital and laboratory work constitute a better equipment for the teacher and the consultant. He inspired his students with enthusiasm for letters and taught them the rare rewards that come of searching the medical scriptures. He showed that in the democracy of our profession any man is free by a principle of self-selection to attain the most coveted post of distinction and honor. He pointed out not only to us, but to all men, how fine and noble the profession of medicine is for those in it who are fine and noble.

He ornamented his discourse with quaint allusions to Holy Writ and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, but did not in those days say much about Montaigne and the *Religio Medici*, and rarely alluded

to Plato or Marcus Aurelius. Nevertheless, he helped some of us to do a little thinking.

At length, after the fashion of the nautilus, he builded a more stately mansion and left us. We would have fain kept him; but that could not be. Without him, the Department of Clinical Medicine at Johns Hopkins, mother of many teachers, might have been childless.

The Old World has given to the New many and great physicians. But these gifts have been returned not so much in number as in kind. The father of Brown-Sequard was a Philadelphian. Marion Sims passed many years, and did much of his best work, in London and Paris, and now to the list is added another imperishable name.

I asked a bit ago who ever heard of anyone leaving Boston. There is one famous case: a Boston boy who became the greatest American. There are points of resemblance between that great philosopher and this great physician. In both are manifest vigor of body and intellect, untiring energy, unflagging interest in things and men, many-sided knowledge with the wisdom to use it; that quality known as personal magnetism and the gifts of leadership. Philadelphia is fortunate to have been the home of Franklin and the abiding place of Osler.

There are many things that I could say of Dr. Osler were he not here, that I will not say in his presence. What we leave unsaid, he must take for granted. When we are deeply moved, we do not say the thing that is next our heart. We take refuge in commonplaces, in persiflage. It is an Anglo-Saxon, an American trait. I speak not as a Philadelphian, but as an American, when I say that it is a good thing for us that he came among us. Not only by precept, but also by example, has he been an uplifting influence in our professional life. How far-reaching that influence is, this company attests. There are men here who have crossed a continent to break bread with him to-night. The source of that influence is to be sought not merely in his accomplishments as a physician, not in his learning, not in his wisdom, not even in his well-balanced and buoyant temperament, but in that basic principle which all recognize, but none can define, which for want of a descriptive name we call character. It is character that tells, and to character all things are added.

Now, that he is going away, we note that he has a trait that so many of us lack: greatness in little things, method, system, punctuality, order, the economical use of time. These have been the handmaids to his greater gifts. These have enabled him to widen his usefulness to lands beyond the seas.

“Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings.” [Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN:—But the spirit of the wanderer was fastened upon him. This “Castaway” and “peripatetic,” as he has called himself, with his heart already scarred with partings from comrades and friends, could not rest long in one spot, and scarce five years had elapsed when he announced that he would sever his connection with what he was pleased to call “The Premier School of America” and to bid good by to the Civitas Hippocratica. As has been said he had, however, in these five short years, not only engrafted himself permanently in our affections, but had also stamped his cachet on the medical life of our city, when the hour came for him to move on, this time to Baltimore and the Johns Hopkins University. Fortunately for us he was not as yet to journey afar, and in Baltimore he has been our neighbor and we have been permitted to watch his onward career of usefulness, his successes and honors. This favored institution has succeeded in holding him sixteen years, which have been the maturest and most prolific in his life, in important and far-reaching results. Fortunately, we have one with us tonight who has worked with him shoulder to shoulder, during these sixteen years, and knows better than anyone else what their results have been. For some description of them I call upon Dr. William H. Welch—to speak of Dr. Osler as a teacher and consultant in Baltimore.

DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH:—Mr. Toastmaster, Dr. Osler, Gentlemen.—You have heard of Dr. Osler in Montreal, in various places in Europe and in Philadelphia, but it is the peculiar distinction of Baltimore to have arrested for sixteen years the “*Wanderlust*” of this peripatetic member of our profession. The impact resulting from this sudden and prolonged cessation of a meteoric flight has produced an enduring impression over a vast territory far transcending the limits of Baltimore.

"Dr. Osler as teacher and consultant in Baltimore" is the theme assigned to me by the committee having in charge the arrangements for this banquet. This is, of course, not the time nor the place to attempt a full and discriminating estimate of the results of Osler's life and work during his sixteen years' sojourn in Baltimore. An after-dinner speech is not an occasion suitable for such an attempt. To set forth in his presence the "well-deservings known" of our guest would be full of embarrassment both for him and for the speaker; still a measure of such embarrassment is inseparable from an occasion such as this.

It is always hazardous for contemporaries to attempt to estimate the historical significance of periods in which they are living—the significance of their currents of thought, their events, their discoveries, their leaders. Nevertheless, it is a matter of great interest to note in what estimation the leaders of our profession have been held by their contemporaries. How much we lack this information regarding many worthies of the past! How little, for example, do we know of the precise relations of Sydenham to his professional colleagues and of his influence upon them, great as we know this influence to have been upon succeeding generations. It is, therefore, very appropriate, when an opportunity such as this presents itself, that we should take advantage of it to indicate in an emphatic manner our regard and affection for those men of light and leading who exemplify the highest ideals of our profession.

Undoubtedly the Baltimore period has been the most productive and fruitful one in Osler's professional life. I have not attempted—I should hardly have the courage to attempt—even an enumeration of the contributions in the form of articles, monographs, addresses and books which belong to this period; in fact, this topic, I believe, belongs to another speaker. It is, of course, upon these published contributions that Osler's great reputation mainly rests—the same foundation which must always be the basis of a scientific reputation.

It was the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in 1889 which called Osler to Baltimore. As I happened to be on the ground there before him, I know that there was no question as to whom we desired for the head of the department of medicine, and you all know our good fortune in securing him. It may be appro-

appropriate—in fact I can hardly do otherwise—to say a few words concerning the distinguishing features of Osler's share in the organization of our hospital and medical school.

There were three principal problems to be worked out in the plan of organization of the hospital. This institution was to be a place for the training of young physicians for the higher careers in clinical medicine and surgery; it was to contribute to the advancement of the science and art of medicine, and it was to become in a special sense an integral part of the medical school. In the solution of these problems his colleagues would agree in assigning to Osler the leading part.

Undoubtedly, one of the most serious defects in our methods of medical education in this country is the lack of adequate opportunities open to those who desire to fit themselves for the higher positions in clinical medicine and surgery; opportunities analogous to the ones now offered to those who take up as their life-work one of the medical sciences, as anatomy, physiology, or pathology. This advanced clinical training is best secured by prolonged residence in a hospital in positions superior to those of ordinary hospital internes. The Johns Hopkins Hospital, by the plan of organization of its staff, differing from that generally adopted in other hospitals in this country, has endeavored to remedy this defect and affords opportunities to its resident physicians and surgeons for thorough training in methods and practice and for scientific work.

Not less than in the method of organization of the hospital has Osler's guiding influence been felt in the efforts to make the hospital a contributor to medical knowledge by his stimulating example, by encouraging intimate relations between the hospital and the pathological and other laboratories, by the establishment of special hospital laboratories, and by the adoption by the trustees of a liberal policy regarding publications.

From the date of announcement of Johns Hopkins' large gift for the endowment of a hospital and a university, which was to include a medical department, it was expected that this medical school would be able to contribute something of importance toward the advancement of higher medical education in this country. Merely to add another to the already overburdened list of medical schools would have been worse than useless. President Gilman and the Trustees had secured from dif-

ferent sources a considerable number of documents setting forth the standards of admission and general plan of the medical school, some of them composed from a rather idealistic, if not Utopian, point of view. It must be confessed that some of us quailed when we came to face, at the opening of the school in 1893, the practical application of standards of admission so far beyond anything existing in this country; but these standards, which had been embodied in some of the documents mentioned, were a condition of the endowment of the school. I remember Osler's remark at the time: "Welch, you and I are lucky to get in as professors; we could never enter as students." Our fears, however, were not realized. The severe requirements for admission have worked satisfactorily, and we should not now change them, if we had the opportunity.

The most important contribution, in my judgment, made by the Johns Hopkins Hospital and Medical School to medical education is that the hospital, as provided in the founder's will, has been made in fact a part of the medical school. His large share in working out the details of the plan by which this has been effected is Osler's great contribution to medical education. It is not enough that students should see or examine patients in the clinical amphitheater or dispensary, or in classes conducted through the wards of the hospital. They should have access to the wards where patients are assigned to them for study and examination and history-taking; they should be made a part of the machinery of the hospital, and this Osler has brought about at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. He has done no work more useful or important than this training of students in the art of medicine in the wards of the hospital. No wonder the students, with whom he comes into unusually intimate personal relations, love to call him "Chief;" indeed he is our chief, beloved by colleagues and students alike, inspiring with extraordinary stimulus to high endeavor.

While engaged in these various ways in building up a great medical clinic, ranking among the best in the world, and while unusually productive as a medical writer and speaker, with a large and increasing consulting practice, Osler has entered into the life and the interests of the medical profession of Baltimore and of Maryland with an energy and activity and accomplishment of re-

sults which will there long be remembered. His relations there have been in concentrated degree what they have been to the profession at large in this country. Our medical societies, especially the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, and above all its library, have received a great impulse forward from his devotion to their interests, his generosity and his active participation in their work. To the public he has preached the gospel of sanitation in season and out. For the medical profession his influence has been a powerful one in bringing about harmony, in removing causes of strife and bitterness, in securing friendly and co-operative relations. Last week at the annual meeting of our State Faculty in Baltimore there was a well-deserved and remarkable tribute paid to our guest, whose farewell address was on "Unity, Peace and Concord."

It is, above all, Osler's personality, to which the previous speakers have referred, which has endeared him to us all—the generosity, the sympathy, the boundless hospitality, the jocosity. To what has already been said of his humorous manifestations, I may add that we shall miss the recently arrived Englishman sipping a mint-julep on the doorstep before he enters Osler's house, because he has been told that this is the custom of the country; Drs. Thayer and Fitcher, living next door to Osler, will no longer find a placard on their front door informing the public that they "do business fifty per cent. cheaper than the party next door," and Dr. Jacobi when he comes to Baltimore to deliver an address will not read in the morning papers accounts of his athletic prowess and his record as a high-jumper. The reporters have suffered many things from Osler in the past, but I am inclined to think that they have at last had their revenge.

It is above all the qualities of the heart, the lovable personal traits of our guest which have brought us together on this inspiring occasion to show our regard and affection for him. Osler's uplifting and enduring influence for all that is best in professional life and work, we commemorate here to-night and we shall always cherish. This influence will abide with us, and we hope that it will be renewed and strengthened still further by frequent returns across the Atlantic. It is not necessary to say, for you, Osler, know it, that we shall always cherish a warm affection for you, and that you take with you our most cordial good wishes that



your life may be as happy and as useful, and that your relations with your colleagues on the other side of the Atlantic may be as intimate and delightful as they have been with us in America.

The company rising from their seats sang the following:

OUR REGIUS PROF.

Composed and sung by The Saint Johns Hopkins Gastric Quartette at the Dinner to Dr. Osler.

The Walled-off Castoria.

New York, May 2, 1905.

[Air: My Country, 'Tis of Thee.]

1. Our chief, we turn to thee,  
Beloved from sea to sea,  
To thee we sing.  
We love thy genial ways,  
Thy wit and merry plays,  
Thy matchless eyes' dark rays,  
And tribute bring.

CHORUS—God save the mighty chief,  
We part from him in grief,  
God save our chief.  
God save our Regius Prof,  
Our hats to him we doff,  
God save our Regius Prof,  
God save our Prof.

2. Look at his arteries,  
Judge of his age by these,  
Scarce thirty-five.  
May he ne'er pass his prime  
In symptom or in sign,  
Younger in spite of time,  
Long live our chief.

CHORUS—God save the mighty chief, etc.

3. May he find tophi there,  
Bardolphian noses rare,  
Undiagnosed.  
Long may his eye be keen,  
His touch to feel the spleen,  
To auscultate the Queen,  
This is our toast.

CHORUS—God save the mighty chief, etc.

4. He'll find here devotees  
Of all the deities  
In England's realm.

There Vulcan holds the fort,  
Venus and Bacchus sport,  
Mars also has his Court  
In London town.

CHORUS—God save the mighty chief, etc.

5. May he come back to us,  
Still to inspire us,  
His absence brief.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
Perennial chief.

CHORUS—God save the mighty chief, etc.

THE CHAIRMAN:—A side of Dr. Osler's life which has not yet been touched upon and which has contributed alike to his usefulness and distinction in his career as an author. We honor him for his devotion to his profession; we admire him for his learning and eminence as a teacher; we thank him for his rich contributions to medical literature, but we love him most for his racy, hopeful, cheery addresses which seem to fit one and all who read them. Of his knowledge it may be truly said, "he used it, and used it to a purpose," and he confirms thus his own quotation from the historian Froude that "the knowledge which a man can use is the only real knowledge, the only knowledge which has life and growth in it and converts itself into practical power. The rest hangs like dust about the brain, or dries like raindrops off the stones."

No one is better fitted to dilate upon those writings than the beloved and learned Jacobi, and I call upon him to speak of Dr. Osler's career as an author and physician.

DR. A. JACOBI:—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—Years ago, on some public occasion, the subject of to-night's onslaughts commended me for having passed six years of my post-graduate existence without writing, or rather publishing, a single line, and seemed to congratulate those whom it might concern, upon my discreet literary behavior then and ever afterwards. Him, however, I praise for having written, and not ceased to write, these several decades; for him art has certainly been long, and opportunities he has not allowed to be fleeting. Indeed, the better part of an afternoon I have spent at the library of the New York

Academy of Medicine in the pleasurable occupation of copying the titles of his books, and lectures, and addresses, and pamphlets, and papers.

But lo and behold my disappointment! Part of his books, of which there are, after all, only a dozen or thereabout, in fifty or more editions, he has not even produced himself. For you will admit, and he must confess, that it is only the first editions that should be credited to the author; all the subsequent ones are due not to him, but to the greediness of the public. There are even those who pretend to know that he is no better than a tyro in publishing, in that he never had title pages ready for binding, after every fifty sales, with the inscription: "second thousand," "twentieth" or "ninetieth thousand."

Of cyclopedias and translations he kept going, or aided in keeping going, I counted only fifteen; his shortcomings, however, are most surprising when you compare his sterility with the rest of the world's journalistic output. We take in the New York Academy's library one thousand medical—(excuse the word, it does not always fit)—magazines; the affliction of the Surgeon General's library is still more deplorable.

Now imagine, there are many hundreds of them to which Dr. Osler never contributed so much as a line, or as a "how do you do." Indeed I could not mention the names of more than forty (British and German included) that can boast of his name on their indexes.

You see, therefore, that you have reason to be displeased with some shortcomings of the much-praised and much-loved man. For there are really a great many things he has not said [laughter]—the James Jeffries' of the perilous yellow variety of the press had to do it for him; there are many things he has not done, many books he has not written, and many addresses my "equanimity" is reluctantly forced to admit, he has not delivered.

You all remember that your friend Horace, when you were young with him, said it was difficult not to write a satire. On the strength of that he found it easy to write as many as eighteen and cut right and left. Our criticism of our guest should, however, not be altogether adverse; indeed, there are five hundred here who are of the opinion that no encomium heaped on this friend of ours exaggerates his desserts. Still, I know how to excel Horace, for

though it may be ever so difficult not to pronounce a eulogy, there will be no eulogy of mine here to-night.

I want our guest to feel comfortable amongst us. That is why I shall become as little personal as possible; and as the occasion is propitious and you are bound not to interrupt me except on the strongest provocations, I shall merely try to draw the picture of a medical man such as I have carried in my mind all my life as an ideal to be coveted, but never to be realized by any but the physician whom Plato calls "god-like," provided he is at the same time a "philosopher."

Let us imagine a boy with a healthy body, a sturdy heart and an open mind, with as thorough a general, in part classical, education as the training of two decades will afford. His information is drawn both from books and through his trained senses. That young man's inclinations will be toward natural sciences, anatomy and biology; in his clinical studies toward etiology. Perhaps he remembers from his Aristotle that "whoever sees things grow from their origin, will appreciate their nature and beauty," and is slow to stop before a problem that appears to be beyond solution. His clinical work as a student and a graduate will be carried on upon the same lines. In later years his hospital will continue to be a school to him, but at the same time a temple, at whose doors he will leave behind him selfish motives; he will give the same time and attention to the poor that he bestows on those outside; where he looks for knowledge he will do so without making the patient recognize that he is a means to an end; he never forgets that the poor man in a hospital, cut off from the world, has nobody to rely upon but his doctor; and his soul goes out to those who suffer most. Indeed, let us of the hospitals not forget that in that way two thousand years ago Christians were made, and nowadays socialists and philanthropists. Many of those who greet us with hungry looks, are dying or going to die. Indeed, "mori-turi nos salutant."

In his private relations he will prove what he is, a gentleman. The Molière period of wigs, and of big talk, and sophistical bravado, the food of the credulous, has, or should have, passed. Still, you know, there is much credulity amongst the well-clad and well-fed classes, whose education is limited to what their mental blinders allow them to see, both inside and outside of legislatures.

There would be less of it if medical men would talk to the people less Greek and Latin after the fashion of an ill or over-trained nurse and more common sense, in an intelligible language. Indeed, it is easy to explain in simple words what we clearly understand ourselves, even to a legislative committee solemnly considering the needs of the people. To that class of plain-speaking osteo- and kinesipathy do not belong. That is why they mean nothing beyond ignorance and quackery.

While doctoring with therapeutics, remedial and other, our man will sustain his patient with words and looks coming from his heart, making no cheerless prognosis within hearing, and though his own temperament and foreboding be gloomy, not letting the patient suffer from that source. For indeed, there are those who, like Osler's friend and companion, Thomas Browne, are of the opinion that "*mundus non tam diversorium quam nosocomium videtur, moriendi potus quam vivendi locus.*" "The world is less a place of delectation than a hospital, more a spot to die than to live in."

In consultations, before and after them, he cannot help being strictly ethical. While he recognizes his duties to the patient, he owes regard and respect to the colleague. The complaint you sometimes meet in the lay public, that there is too much etiquette amongst doctors, is flimsy. I wish there were more of it. No patient was ever harmed by the attendant and consultant behaving like what they are, or should be, gentlemen. A consultation should be a pleasure, a lesson, and a support to the attending physician.

What our friend practices himself, he will teach his students in few words, but incessant examples. Perhaps he remembers his Seneca: "*Longum iter est per praecepta, breve et efficax per exempla.*" "Precepts travel slowly, examples swiftly, by a short and efficacious cut."

There was my good old Frederick Nasse; his kind looks and words, his gentle smile—they have all gone these fifty-four years, but are ever present to my mind. At the bedside, in the quarters of the city poor, or in the wards he was the friend of the sick and our friend, with the same kindness, geniality and urbanity that have since warmed my soul in the hospital wards of Johns Hopkins.

As he instructs students, so he teaches his colleagues in the

profession and in professorial chairs. In so doing, he is always kind, but not always in *their* way. "Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas." "He loves Plato, but what he loves more is truth."

As a member of medical societies he is active; no committee work is shunned, though a smaller man might do it; nobody is more energetic in filling the programme of an evening; nobody more conscious of the good medical societies can do to themselves, their members and the public, and nobody more eager to disseminate his own convictions of their important functions.

This teaching, however, is not limited by the fences of his acre or his town. He is of the apostles who are told to travel and instruct and edify. He goes round about the villages teaching. He is here and there and everywhere, obeying the invitation of those who want to look into his eyes and listen to the spell of his voice. A thousand miles are to him like one. To him medicine is no private or narrow business; he is the statesman in medicine which to him is not a trade, but a vocation and a religion.

I take the man I speak of to be an American, one of us. [Cheers.] He looks about and finds it is not all that is good. Having spent his labor, time and genius on improving the facilities of teaching and learning, he may succeed to the extent of his own locality and school, but he cannot change what must be brought about by the slow progress of laborious and general evolution.

When he says publicly and as often as he thinks it may do good, not that we have no great men nor efficient teachers, but that the clinical facilities and methods of almost all our undergraduate schools are behind what they were in Europe fifty years ago, he is found fault with, perhaps ostracised. The least that is said against him is that he betrays our secrets to foreign lands. They forget that it is not he that betrays our conditions, it is our students, our young graduates who, by crowding into our own post-graduate and the European clinics, proclaim as it were from the housetops that they came to seek what they lacked at home. You must have noticed that the emigration to Europe of our laboratory students is no longer as great as it was years ago; but the search for clinical advantages has not abated.

So, if you meet a preacher in the desert, do not stone him. In ten years, or twenty, we shall admit he was right. Perhaps it

may dawn upon some of us that what we took for invective was the sensational lie of a penny-a-liner spy, and what our distrust mistook for a frown was the pity and sympathy of a humorist.

As he works for the future, so he looks back into the past. A science, a profession is best understood when studied in its origin and gradual unfolding, like the human organism, which is never comprehended except through the study of the embryo and the child. The history of medicine is to him, however, only a link in the chain of human events, one of the most important parts of universal culture, in which wars and kings are only upheavals and incidents. That is why it should be studied by the people at large as a part of their education. It will be understood, when presented in a comprehensible form. You all remember the classical histories written by William Osler on the internal medicine, and by W. W. Keen on the surgery, and by R. T. Chittenden on the physiological chemistry of the nineteenth century, and published by the *Sun* four years ago.

My medical ideal does much more. The loving connection between medicine and the world, between the profession and the public, is not Platonic, it is active. Being a conscientious citizen of the profession, he feels his obligations as a citizen of the State and of human society. He will work for the consolidation of the profession, for the suppression of quackery and all *other* forms of infectious disease; for the improvement of our school system, our streets, our subways and water supplies; for the repeal of bad laws, and the introduction of good bills.

That is what your ideal medical man will do. Smaller men must be satisfied with performing only a share of it. But none of us here or elsewhere has a right to shun common duties. Next to performing great tasks is for us who cannot reach the highest aims, the ambition to work in their service. Ideals are not reserved for those who walk on the mountain-tops of human existence. No man or woman should be without a heart, nor without an ideal, and the sense of responsibility to the Commonwealth of which they form a part.

Doctor Osler! Have I involuntarily drawn some, or many, or most of the outlines of your picture, or have I not? I do not know, but I could not help, while speaking, beholding you before my mind's eye. Still, being neither an orator nor a poet, nor a

savant like yourself, I know my language cannot reach my aspiration, nor your desserts. Do not explain, or excuse, or deny, either seriously or humorously. Your natural gifts you are not responsible for, so there is really no need of an apology. The lifelong work you invested in your aims and ideals has ever been a labor of love, and no hardship. You have not exerted yourself to earn thanks, and expect none. So when you enjoyed your incessant and fruitful toil, we have sympathized and profited. When you, fulfilling the obligations found inscribed in the innermost of your heart, to science, to the profession and the world, added to the riches of mankind, we have admired and harvested. Your character and learning, your sound judgment and warm heart, your generosity and consistency have gained thousands of friends. Friends made by such as you are not of the every-day stamp. There is nobody here or outside that came near you that has not been attracted, improved and inspired by you. These are simple statements in the plain every-day words of one who, being so much older in years than you, was glad to sit at your feet and will listen to you, no matter whether you are heard in Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Oxford. As a sort of explanation of your intellectual growth and success, I have heard you speak of your indebtedness to favorable circumstances and to the influence of your descent. Be it so, for as your friend, Thomas Browne, without, I believe, thinking of you, said three hundred years ago, "Non mediocris felicitatis est ad virtutem nasci;" (Sent. II p. II p. 178 Merryweather). "It is no mean felicity to be born with the imprint of virtue." So your heirloom has actually become ours, indeed; and we take pride in it almost like yourself. What your father and your good old mother, who are often on your lips, have done to shape you, they have done for us also. Tell your mother, we send her greeting and the expression of our reverence and of the wish: she may, as we do now and ever, enjoy her son long after this, her ninety-seventh year, and of our gratitude to her, the British mother of one of the greatest benefactors of the medical profession in America. [Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN:—Our guest has written something too on old age. His writings in this direction can hardly be said to be just now quite as popular as his book on "Practice," or the letters of Edgerton Y. Davis, M.D., but they have nevertheless been widely



read, and have made him an authority on this subject and the latest authority. It seems to the committee appropriate, therefore, that one of the oldest and youngest of these authorities should be brought into intimate communion. How this will be accomplished will be explained by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, upon whom I call.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL:—Dr. Osler, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—As you will observe, I have been careful to include the ladies, as the previous speakers have somewhat neglected them. [Cheers, especially from the ladies' gallery.]

I am honored by a request to offer our guest, William Osler, a memorial gift from the physicians here present and from those who, less fortunate, are unable to be with us.

That which we give has the true value a gift should have, since every scholar here would like to keep it. Nor does it lack a certain fitness, since not only does it represent our wish to be remembered, but it is a significant recognition of the tastes of the man to whom we offer it.

In its present form it is, one may say, the offspring of the Old World and the New; and in this also there is a kind of propriety.

What humorous friend suggested as our gift this especial classic, I do not know, nor what selective genius decreed that I present it. My own fitness was, I suppose, due to the fact that being the youngest man here to-night, I should naturally desire to pay this homage of youth to my venerable friend, the Royal Professor.

It will be my privilege to give him, for you, a book. It deals with what a man of genius had to say 1900 years ago, on a subject which, if we may trust the press, Doctor Osler has assured the world, should never exist at all. I have the pleasure to present to him, for you, the "De Senectute" of Cicero—"Cicero on Old Age."

In its present form this volume is doubly a classic. It is the admirable translation of James Logan, the friend and counselor of Penn, and it bears the imprint of B. Franklin, 1744. This master printer says in a characteristic preface:

"I have, gentle reader, as thou seest, printed this piece of Cicero's in large and fair character, that those who begin to think on the subject of old age (which seldom happens till their sight is

somewhat impaired by its approaches) may not, in reading, by the pain small letters give the eyes, feel the pleasure of the mind in the least allayed.

"I shall add to these few lines my heart wish, that this first translation of a classic in this Western world may be followed by many others, performed with equal judgment and success; and be a happy omen that Philadelphia shall become the seat of the American muses."

The book was born in Philadelphia and is rich with two names great in our local story. It owes its glorious apparel to the good taste of the New York artist who so bound it as to be worthy of the genius who years ago wrote it to console his friend, Titus, and of the other genius who was printer, author, diplomatist and man of science.

There are fine relationships between this noble essay and our guest to whom we give it. A firm belief in immortality, a certain humor quite modern in quality, characterizes the Pagan sage.

"If," he says, "I, Cicero, should be mistaken in this belief that our souls are immortal, I am, however, pleased and happy in my mistake; nor, while I live, shall it ever be in the power of man to beat me out of an opinion that yields me so solid a comfort, and so durable a satisfaction. And if, when dead, I should (as some minute philosophers imagine) be deprived of all future sense, I am safe at least in this, that those who mocked at me here, will have no opportunity beyond the grave to laugh at me for my opinion."

Very clearly Cicero was an anticipatory plagiarist. He says: "It is desirable for a man to expire at the proper time." [Laughter.]

If the Roman sage had attained the exactness of modern science, he would have been less indistinct as to what decade should call the actor from the stage. He may himself have been about sixty, when he wrote that the composing of a book on old age was so delightful as to wipe away the annoyances of the years and to make old age easy and agreeable.

Ah! here is indeed a desirable recipe. What a consolation for our guest and for all of us in our declining years. Declining years! I presume that to mean those in which we have to decline everything pleasant from mountain-walking to champagne and

tobacco. Well, one has but to write a book on old age and presto—one is young again.

You, my dear Regius Professor, have long been suspected of having deceived the world as regards your age. For, indeed, the gay comradeship which makes you the charming friend of the social hour is a convincing gift of youth. The sober contemplation of post-mortal fates and the work of the master in medical research announce the maturer man. I protest that you carry your age gallantly, but I sorrowfully admit, on the authority of Shakespeare, that you must be well on in years, for surely you have what old age gives: "Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." [Cheers.]

We give you, my dear Osler, this rare volume concerning old age with this the best of all such wishes, that you may live as long as you desire to live. Take also from those assembled here to do you honor and to say farewell, the hope that you will have no age which will be old, except in years. I, my friend, have found old age both happy and productive and so, I trust, may you when that far-away autumn comes upon you.

The book has been dedicated to you by the following inscription:

PRESENTED TO  
DR. WILLIAM OSLER  
BY HIS MEDICAL FRIENDS IN AMERICA  
ON THE OCCASION OF THE  
LEAVE-TAKING DINNER  
GIVEN HIM IN NEW YORK  
MAY 2, 1905

[Dr. Weir Mitchell then formally presented the book to Dr. Osler amid prolonged cheers.]

THE CHAIRMAN:—There is a feature of this occasion which stamps it as something different from other events of its kind. Such events are usually set toward the end of a man's career, and though intended to honor and compliment him, nevertheless seem to convey to him, gently though it may be, an intimation that his sun is setting or about to set. We do not think this of our guest. Near his zenith he may be, but far from the setting. Rather do we look upon him as launching upon a new orbit and beginning another career which we will follow with the pride of brothers in one who has severed home-ties, but will send

back tidings of new achievements and new honors, and by his returned presence also at times, stimulate us in the future as in the past to fresh endeavor to set our profession not merely "above the common herd, but in the flower of civilization, at the summit of humanity." While then there may be regret at the parting let there be no sadness in it; rather rejoicing at this opening of a wider sphere of action and of broader fields of usefulness. "Auf wiedersehen" and not "good bye" is, therefore, our leave-taking word to-night, with the prayer that our beloved peripatetic may continue his wanderings until he returns to us, thrice welcome after many days of absence. I call upon our guest, Dr. Osler.

DR. OSLER:—Mr. Chairman, Dr. Mitchell, and Gentlemen.—I am sure you all sympathize with me in the feelings which naturally almost overpower one on such an occasion. Many testimonials you have already given me of your affection and of your regard, but this far exceeds them all, and I am deeply touched that so many of you have come long distances, and at great inconvenience, to bid me Godspeed in the new venture I am about to undertake.

Pardon me, if I speak of myself, in spite of Montaigne's warning that one seldom speaks of oneself without some detriment to the person spoken of.

Happiness comes to many of us and in many forms, but I can truly say, that to few men has happiness come in so many forms as it has come to me. Why, I know not, but this I do know, that I have not deserved more than others, and yet a very rich abundance of it has been vouchsafed to me. I have been singularly happy in my friends, and for that I say "God be praised." I have had exceptional happiness in the profession of my choice, and I owe all of this to you. I have sought success in life, and if, as someone has said, this consists in getting what you want and being satisfied with it, I have found what I sought in the estimation, in the fellowship and friendship of the members of my profession.

I have been happy, too, in the public among whom I have worked—happy in my own land in Canada, happy here among you in the country of my adoption, from which I cannot part without bearing testimony to the nobility and the grace of character which I have found here in my colleagues. It fills me with joy to think that I have had not only the consideration and

that ease of fellowship, which means so much in life, but the warmest devotion on the part of my patients and their friends.

Of the greatest of all happiness I cannot speak—of my home. Many of you know it, and that is enough.

I would like to tell you how I came to this country. The men responsible for my arrival were Samuel W. Gross and Minis Hays, of Philadelphia, who concocted the scheme in the *Medical News* office and got James Tyson to write a letter asking if I would be a candidate for the professorship of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. That letter reached me at Leipzig, having been forwarded to me from Montreal by my friend Shepherd. I had played so many pranks on my friends there that, when the letter came, I felt sure it was all a joke, so little did I think that I was one to be asked to succeed Dr. Pepper. It was several weeks before I ventured to answer that letter, fearing that Dr. Shepherd had, perhaps, surreptitiously taken a sheet of University of Pennsylvania note-paper on purpose to make the joke more certain. Dr. Mitchell cabled me to meet him in London, as he and his good wife were commissioned to "look me over," particularly with reference to personal habits. Dr. Mitchell said there was only one way in which the breeding of a man suitable for such a position, in such a city as Philadelphia, could be tested: give him cherry pie and see how he disposed of the stones. I had read of the trick before and disposed of them genteely in my spoon—and got the chair. [Laughter.]

My affiliations with the profession in this country have been wide and to me most gratifying. At the University of Pennsylvania I found men whom I soon learned to love and esteem, and when I think of the good men who have gone—of Pepper, of Leidy, of Wormley, of Agnew, of Ashhurst—I am full of thankfulness to have known them before they were called to their long rest. I am glad to think that my dear friends Tyson and Wood are here still to join in this demonstration to me.

At Johns Hopkins University I found the same kindly feeling of friendship, and my association with my colleagues there has been, as you all know, singularly happy and delightful.

With my fellow workers in the medical societies—in the American Medical Association, in the Association of American Physicians, in the Pediatric, Neurological and Physiological so-

cieties—my relations have been most cordial and I would extend to them my heartfelt thanks for the kindness and consideration shown me during the past sixteen years.

With the general practitioners throughout the country my relations have been of a peculiarly intimate character. Few men present, perhaps very few men in this country, have wandered so far and have seen in so many different sections the doctor at work. To all of these good friends who have given me their suffrage I express my appreciation and heartfelt thanks for their encouragement and support.

And lastly, my relations with my students—so many of whom I see here—have been of a close and most friendly character. They have been the inspiration of my work, and I may say truly, the inspiration of my life.

I have had but two ambitions in the profession: first, to make of myself a good clinical physician, to be ranked with the men who have done so much for the profession of this country—to rank in the class with Nathan Smith, Bartlett, Jackson, Bigelow, Alonzo Clark, Metcalf, W. W. Gerhard, Draper, Pepper and DaCosta. The chief desire of my life has been to become a clinician of the same stamp with these great men, whose names we all revere and who did so much good work for clinical medicine.

My second ambition has been to build up a great clinic in this country on Teutonic lines—not on lines previously followed here and in England, but on those which have proved so successful in Germany, and which have placed the scientific medicine of that country in the forefront of the world. And if I have done anything to promote the growth of clinical medicine it has been in this direction, in the formation of a large clinic with a well-organized band of assistants and house physicians and with proper laboratories in which to work at the intricate problems that confront us in internal medicine. For the opportunities which I have had at Johns Hopkins Hospital to carry out these ideas, I am truly thankful. How far I have been successful, or not, remains to be seen. But of this I am certain: if there is one thing above another which needs a change in this country, it is the present hospital system in relation to the medical school. It has been spoken of by Dr. Jacobi, but cannot be referred to too often. In every town of fifty thousand inhabitants a good model clinic could be

built up, just as good as in smaller German cities, if only a self-denying ordinance were observed on the part of the profession and only one or two men given the control of the hospital services, not half a dozen. With proper assistants and equipment, with good clinical and pathological laboratories there would soon be as much clinical work done in this country as in Germany. [Hear, hear.]

I have had three personal ideals. One to do the day's work well and not to bother about to-morrow. You may say that is not a satisfactory ideal. It is; and there is not one which the student can carry with him into practice with greater effect. To it, more than to anything else, I owe whatever success I have had—to this power of settling down to the day's work and trying to do it well to the best of my ability, and letting the future take care of itself.

The second ideal has been to act the Golden Rule, as far as in me lay, towards my professional brethren and towards the patients committed to my care.

And the third has been to cultivate such a measure of equanimity as would enable me to bear success with humility, the affection of my friends without pride, and to be ready when the day of sorrow and grief came to meet it with the courage befitting a man. [Cheers.]

What the future has in store for me, I cannot tell—you cannot tell. Nor do I care much, so long as I carry with me, as I shall, the memory of the past you have given me. Nothing can take that away.

I have made mistakes, but they have been mistakes of the head, not of the heart. I can truly say, and I take myself to witness, that in my sojourn among you—

*I have loved no darkness,  
Sophisticated no truth,  
Nursed no delusion,  
Allowed no fears.*

[Prolonged cheers.]

January 31, 1905.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER:

*Dear Dr. Osler:*—The undersigned, on behalf of your many friends in the United States and Canada, desire to extend to you some expression of their esteem and affectionate regard, as well as their appreciation of your invaluable services to American Medicine. To this end they propose a complimentary dinner to be given in New York City, prior to your departure from America to assume the duties of the Chair of Medicine in the University of Oxford. If this suggestion is agreeable to you, kindly reply to Dr. James Tyson, Chairman of the Preliminary Committee, 1506 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, naming the date which will be most convenient to you.

Very truly yours,

J. George Adami, Montreal, Canada.	F. Forchheimer, Cincinnati, Ohio.
I. E. Atkinson, Baltimore, Md.	Charles L. Greene, St. Paul, Minn.
Robert H. Babcock, Chicago, Ill.	William H. Halsted, Baltimore, Md.
L. F. Barker, Chicago, Ill.	James B. Herrick, Chicago, Ill.
G. Baumgarten, St. Louis, Mo.	Henry Hun, Albany, N. Y.
Frank Billings, Chicago, Ill.	A. Jacobi, New York City, N. Y.
John S. Billings, New York City, N. Y.	E. G. Janeway, New York City, N. Y.
G. Alder Blumer, Providence, R. I.	Charles G. Jennings, Detroit, Mich.
Henry P. Bowditch, Boston, Mass.	George Ben Johnson, Richmond, Va.
Henry M. Bracken, Minneapolis, Minn.	Frank Jones, Memphis, Tenn.
Edward M. Brush, Baltimore, Md.	W. W. Keen, Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph D. Bryant, New York City, N. Y.	George M. Kober, Washington, D. C.
William H. Carmalt, New Haven, Conn.	William Krauss, Memphis, Tenn.
Charles Carey, Buffalo, N. Y.	Henry Lafleur, Montreal, Canada.
Stanford E. Chaillé, New Orleans, La.	Lawrence Litchfield, Pittsburg, Pa.
William Fitch Cheney,	John H. Lowman, Cleveland, Ohio.
San Francisco, Cal.	Rudolph Matas, New Orleans, La.
Russell H. Chittenden,	William J. Mayo, Rochester, Minn.
New Haven, Conn.	S. Weir Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa.
Thomas D. Coleman, Augusta, Ga.	Herbert C. Moffitt, San Francisco, Cal.
W. T. Councilman, Boston, Mass.	John H. Musser, Philadelphia, Pa.
Charles L. Dana, New York City, N. Y.	Lewis McMurtry, Louisville, Kentucky.
Francis Delafield, New York City, N. Y.	A. McPhedran, Toronto, Canada.
George Dock, Ann Arbor, Mich.	Charles B. Nancrede, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Henry L. Elsner, Syracuse, N. Y.	Robert M. O'Reilly, Washington, D. C.
W. E. Fischel, St. Louis, Mo.	Roswell Park, Buffalo, N. Y.
R. H. Fitz, Boston, Mass.	Charles A. Powers, Denver, Col.



T. Mitchell Prudden, New York City.  
Joseph Ransohoff, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Charles A. L. Reed, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
P. M. Rixey, Washington, D. C.  
Emmet Rixford, San Francisco, Cal.  
Thomas G. Roddick, Montreal, Can.  
D. B. St. John Roosa,  
New York City, N. Y.  
Nicholas Senn, Chicago, Ill.  
Henry Sewall, Denver, Col.  
Frederick C. Shattuck, Boston, Mass.  
Francis J. Sheppard, Montreal, Can.  
S. Edwin Solly, Colorado Springs, Col.  
George M. Sternberg, Washington, D. C.  
James Stewart, Montreal, Can.

Charles G. Stockton, Buffalo, N. Y.  
W. S. Thayer, Baltimore, Md.  
Edward L. Trudeau,  
Saranac Lake, N. Y.  
James Tyson, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Victor C. Vaughan, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
A. Vander Veer, Albany, N. Y.  
Samuel B. Ward, Albany, N. Y.  
J. Collins Warren, Boston, Mass.  
S. H. Weeks, Portland, Maine.  
William H. Welch, Baltimore, Md.  
James C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa.  
J. A. Witherspoon, Nashville, Tenn.  
Ramsey Wright, Toronto, Can.  
Walter Wyman, Washington, D. C.

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m a 21  
Hark 58

# GUESTS

— May 1863

## NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS\*

### A

- H Adler, I.
- Abbe, Robert
- Angell, Edward B.
- Armstrong, G. E.
- H Adams, Samuel S.
- H Anders, J. M.
- Anderton, W. B.
- Acker, George N.
- H Adami, J. George
- Ager, Lewis C.
- Ashton, Thomas G.
- Ashton, W. E.
- Auer, John
- H Atherton, A. B.

- H Babcock, Robert H.
- Baruch, S.
- Boger, John A.
- Bean, R. B.
- Bradshaw, L. L.
- Bangs, L. Bolton
- Booth, J. Arthur
- Brickner, Samuel M.
- Ball, O. D.
- Barker, L. F. *L. F. Barker*
- Bloodgood, J. F.
- Birkett, H. Stanley
- H Baker, Frank
- H Beates, Jr., Henry
- Ball, Francis P.
- Bishop, Louis F.
- Baines, Allen

- Carr, Walter Lester
- Carmalt, W. H. — H
- Coley, William B.
- Chittenden, Russell H. H
- Cabot, Richard C. H
- Collins, Joseph
- Carroll, James
- Currie, Charles A.
- Cullen, Thomas S.
- Cutler, E. G.
- Chappell, Walter F.
- Corning, J. Leonard
- Camac, C. N. B. — H
- Cameron, Irving H. —
- Cary, Charles
- Coe, Henry Clark
- Cocks, G.

### B

- H Billings, Frank
- Billings, J. S.
- H Burr, Charles W.
- H Browning, William
- H Bryant, Joseph D.
- Bailey, Pearce
- Brown, Sanger
- Brush, Edward M.
- Bullard, W. N.
- Bronson, E. B.
- H Browne, Arthur A.
- H Brewer, George E.
- Bierwith, Julius C.
- H Brill, N. E.
- Biggs, H. M.
- Butler, Glentworth R.
- Brown, D. J.
- Bristow, A. T.
- Barlow, W. Jarvis
- Bell, James
- Bacon, Gorham

- Branson, Thomas P.
- Balleray, G. H.
- Blumdel, William
- Babbitt, James A.
- Bogart, J. Bion
- Beemer, N. H.
- Brannan, J. W.
- Brown, D. S.
- Berens, J. P.
- Boldt, H. J.
- Bond, C. S.
- Brettauer, Jos.
- Brown, W. S.
- H Bruce, Herbert A.
- Bulkley, L. D.
- Buck, A. H.
- Doggs. done of Mrs. P. H.*

- Cowles, Edward
- Carmany, H. S.
- Clayton, Thomas A. H
- Cragin, Edward B.
- Chapin, John E.
- Clark, John G.
- Cutter, Coleman W.
- Coleman, Thos. D.
- Conner, Lewis A.
- Corlet, W. M. Thos.
- Chapin, H. D.
- Crandall, Floyd M.
- Corcoran, Luke H.
- Campbell, W. F.
- Cleemann, R. A.
- Cole, R. S.
- Cochran, L. K.
- Cushing, H. — H a Prof. S. C. L.*

### C

- Cordwell, Eugene F.
- Chadwick, J. R.
- H Cohen, S. Solis

- Dickinson, G. K.
- Diller, Theo. H
- Dickinson, D. K.

\* It is more than likely that some of those who were at the dinner will not find their names on this list because many came in after the list was printed and places arranged at table. As far as possible these have been included.

† Delafield, Francis  
 † Daland, Judson  
 † Dercum, F. X.  
 Deaver, John B.  
 Dench, E. B.  
 Darlington, Thomas  
 Dennett, William S.  
 Dunham, E. K.  
 Duane, Alex.  
 Deaver, H. C.  
 † Dana, C. L.  
 † Dold, William E.  
 † Dock, George  
 Davis, Jr., Fellowes  
 Deale, Henry B.  
 Duel, Arthur B.  
 Delavan, D. Bryson  
 Dunham, Theodore  
 Delatour, H. B.

### E

Erdmann, J. F.  
 Edebohls, Geo. M.  
 Estes, W. L.  
 Edgar, J. Clifton  
 † Edsall, D. L.  
 † Elsner, Henry L.  
 Ely, W. S.  
 † Eshner, Augustus H.  
 Elterich, T. J.  
 Einhorn, Max  
 Elsberg, Charles A.  
 Ely, John C.  
 Edwards, O. M.

### F

† Fletcher, Robert  
 † Fussell, M. Howard  
 † Fitz, R. H.  
 † Fowler, G. R.  
 † Friedenwald, Julius  
 Frey, Henry D.  
 Fordyce, John A.  
 Fraenkel, Joseph  
 † Forcheimer, F.  
 † Fischel, W. E.  
 † Futch, Thomas B.  
 Finney, J. M. T.

Frederick, C. C.  
 Fairbairn, Henry A.  
 Francis, W. W.  
 Freeman, Rowland G.  
 Follis, Richard H.  
 Ferguson, Alex. Hugh  
 Friedenberg, Albert  
 Fisk, Arthur L.  
 Fisher, Edward D.  
 French, F. R.  
 † Flexner, Simon  
 Fisher, George  
 Fischer, W. J.  
 Freeman, R. D.  
 Frissell, L. F.

### G

† Gibson, Wm. R.  
 † Griffith, J. P. Crozer  
 Goffe, J. Riddle  
 Guthrie, George W.  
 Gay, George W.  
 Gerster, A. G.  
 Gerrish, Frederick H.  
 Gilchrist, T. Casper  
 Goodman, A. L.  
 Gordon, S. C.  
 † Greene, Charles Lyman  
 Gibbon, John H.  
 Gardner, C. T.  
 Gorter, Nathan R.  
 Gardner, W. M.  
 Goepp, B. Max  
 Girvin, John H.  
 Guiteras, Ramon  
 Gwynn, N. B.  
 Gibb, Jos. G.  
 Gibb, W. T.  
 Gibson, W. B.  
 Goodman, Dr. H. F.  
 Gwyn, N. B. *Handwritten*

### H

Halsted, William S.  
 Hunner, Guy L.  
 Hirst, Barton C.

Hyde, James Nevins  
 Hance, Irwin H.  
 Holt, L. Emmett  
 Harrington, F. B.  
 Hallock, Frank K.  
 Hun, Henry †  
 Haskell, J. Amory  
 Hildreth, J. H.  
 Harte, Richard H.  
 Hunter, D. W.  
 Huddleston, John H.  
 Harrower, David  
 Houston, David W. †  
 Harvie, John B. ✓ *ma*  
 Huber, Francis  
 Herrick, Everett  
 Holton, Henry D.  
 Hamburger, L. P. †  
 Hodenpyl, Eugene  
 Hammond, Graeme  
 Howard, Campbell P.  
 Hagner, Francis R.  
 Haubold, H. A.  
 Hektoen, Ludwig †  
 Hartwell, J. A.  
 Haskell, L. W.  
 Hastings, T. W. †  
 Healy, W. P.  
 Hoover, C. T. †  
 Hoye, H. J.  
 Housleton, W. S.

### J

Jacobi, A. †  
 Janeway, E. G.  
 Janeway, Theodore C. *ma*  
 Jacoby, George W.  
 James, Walter B.  
 Jacobs, † B. *Person's Sign*  
 Jennings, Chas. Goodwin  
 Johnson, George Ben  
 Jones, Allen A.  
 Jelliffe, Smith Ely †  
 Jackson, George T.  
 Johnson, Loren  
 Jarmon, George W.  
 Jones, S. Beach  
 Johnson, W. B.

**K.**

Kean, W. W.  
 Kelly, A. O. J.  
 Kober, George M.  
 H Kinnicutt, Francis P.  
 Koplik, Henry  
 Kilburn, H. W.  
 Knapp, Herman  
 Kelly, Howard A.  
 King, Herbert M.  
 Kammerer, Fred.  
 Knopf, S. A.  
 Koenig, Adolph  
 ma Knox, Jr., J. H. Mason  
 Kelchner, Wm. I.  
 Katzenbach, W. H.  
 Knapp, John B.  
 Kinyoun, J. J.  
 Keyes, Jr., E. L.  
 Kerr, James  
 Kenefick, Thomas  
 Kenefick, Jack  
 Kelly, M.  
 Kerley, C. G.  
 Kane, M.  
 Kaufmann, J.  
 Keeffe, J. W.

**L**

Lester, John C.  
 Lane, Edward B.  
 Longstreth, Morris  
 La Fevre, Egbert  
 Loomis, Henry P.  
 Lewis, Morris J.  
 Lusk, Graham  
 La Fleur, H. A.  
 Lowman, J. H.  
 Loring, Starling  
 Le Fetra, L. E.  
 Langmann, G.  
 Lockwood, George R.  
 Leszynsky, William M.  
 Lapowski, Boleslaw  
 Lloyd, Samuel  
 Leroy, Irving D.  
 H Lichty, John A.

Lewis, Jr., Robert  
 H Libman, E.  
 Lutz, Frank J.  
 Lustgarten, S.  
 Lewis, Charles H.  
 Little, H. M.  
 Locke, C. F. A.  
 Litchfield, Lawrence  
 Lambert, Samuel W.  
 Laplace, E. M.  
 Lloyd, T. M.

**M**

Musser, J. H. ✓  
 Mitchell, S. Weir  
 Mallock, Archibold E.  
 Mills, Charles K.  
 McLean, Malcolm  
 Meltzer, S. J.  
 Meyer, Adolph  
 Markoe, F. H.  
 Martin, Edward  
 Montgomery, E. E.  
 Marvel, Philip  
 Meyer, Willie  
 McGahan, Charles F.  
 Morton, William James  
 Mixer, S. J.  
 Mears, J. Ewing  
 Mendel, Lafayette B.  
 Mason, A. L.  
 Mitchell, J. W.  
 Millikin, B. L.  
 McCrae, Thomas *Album*  
 Mann, Matthew D. *1-10*  
 May, Charles H.  
 McRae, F. W.  
 Magruder, G. Lloyd  
 Munro, John C.  
 Mayer, Emil  
 McKernon, James F.  
 Morgan, James Dudley  
 Meyers, George  
 Murray, Robt.  
 May, Calvin  
 Munro, W. L.  
 Meyers, H. S.

Miller, G. N.  
 Meyer, Alfred  
 Marple, Wilbur B.  
 H Meigs, Arthur V.  
 Manges, M.  
 MacNevin, Malcolm G.  
 Murphy, J. B.  
 McCallum, Hugh A.  
 Mumford, James G.  
 Marcy, Jr., A.  
 MacMonagle, Beverly  
 Miller, G. Brown  
 Mosher, J. M.  
 Morrow, Prince A.  
 Marshall, George Morley  
 Mandelbaum, F. S.  
 Myer, Jesse S.  
 Mullin, J. Huerner  
 Mitchell, James F.  
 Madill, G. C.  
 Murray, Archibald  
 Miner, Charles H.  
 Meltzer, Victor  
 Mabon, William  
 Mann, F. W.  
 McCosh, A. J.  
 Marvel, Emory  
 Mayor of Jersey City

**N**

Northrup, W. P. H  
 Noble, Charles P.  
 Noyes, R. F.  
 Noyes, Jr., E. L.  
 Nelson, W.

**O**

O'Reilly, General R. W.  
 Oppenheimer, Henry S.  
 Olmsted, Ingersoll H  
 Ogilvie, Charles  
 O'Brien, H. J.

**P**

Polk, Wm. M.  
 Pepper, William H  
 Peabody, George L. ~~1-10~~  
 Porter, C. A.

Prefontaine, L. A.  
 Peterson, Frederick  
 Prudden, T. Mitchell  
 Posey, William Campbell  
 H. Park, Roswell  
 Park, W. H.  
 Pottenger, F. M.  
 Packard, Francis R.  
 Pedersen, James  
 Parsons, Ralph L.  
 Pierson, Jr., Frederick F.  
 Page, L. F.  
 Price, Theodore

**Q**

Quintard, Edward

**R**

Roosa, D. B. St. John  
 ma Reisman, David  
 Rochester, DeLancey  
 ma Robinson, Beverly  
 Richardson, Morris H.  
 Rixey, General P. M.  
 Ransohoff, Joseph  
 Rotch, T. M.  
 Russell, James  
 Rice, Clarence C.  
 Reid, W. B.  
 Ruffin, Sterling  
 Rowe, George H. M.  
 Reyburn, Robert  
 Reese, Frank DeWitt  
 Reed, Charles A. L.  
 Runyon, Moffert  
 ma Robb, Hunter  
 Rockwell, A. D.

**S**

Sandwith, F.  
 Smith, Stephen  
 ma Shattuck, Frederick C.  
 Sternberg, Gen'l Geo. W.  
 St. John, David  
 Steele, J. Dutton  
 ma Stengel, Alfred  
 Shepherd, Francis J.

Starr, M. Allen  
 Smith, A. Alexander  
 Smith, Fremont ma  
 Sachs, B.  
 Stone, Arthur K.  
 Smith, Andrew H.  
 Stockton, Charles G.  
 Sherwell, S.  
 Sinkler, Wharton ma  
 Studdiford, W. E.  
 Spitska, E. C.  
 Spitska, E. A.  
 Sharpless, Wm. T. ma  
 Sajous, Chas. E. de M.  
 Swift, George M.  
 Sherer, Geo. W.  
 Stewart, D. D.  
 Silver, Lewis M.  
 Silver, Henry M.  
 Sayre, Reginald H.  
 Steinbach, L. W.  
 Sondern, Frederick E.  
 Simpson, F. S.  
 Shaffer, Newton M.  
 Schamberg, J. F.  
 Stewart, Walter S.  
 Stevens, A. R.  
 Smith, S. MacCuen  
 Simonton, Thomas. G.  
 Schenck, P. L.  
 Stevens, A. R.  
 Stuart, Francis H.  
 Stewart, George D.  
 Stimson, D.  
 Shannon, John  
 Solly, S. E.  
 Scott, J. A.  
 Southworth, Thos. S.  
 Sternberger, Edwin  
 Stokes, C. F.  
 Stranahan, Dr. C. W.

**T**

Trudeau, E. L. ma  
 Tyson, James ma  
 Tyson, T. Mellor H  
 Thomson, William H.

Thayer, W. S. 0376  
 Taylor, Lewis H.  
 Thatcher, John S.  
 Thompson, John F.  
 Thomas, H. M. ~~Fuller~~ 10/4/62  
 Thomas, Allen  
 Tuttle, James P.  
 Tilford, Frank  
 Thomson, Edgar S.  
 Taylor, J. G.  
 Taylor, T. M.  
 Taylor, Henry L.  
 Thompson, C. E.  
 Thayer, W. B.

**V**

Vander Veer, A.  
 Vaughn, V. C.  
 Vickery, Herman F.  
 Vineberg, Hiram W. ma  
 Van Cott, J. M.  
 Van Gieson, Ira  
 Vorhees, Shephard

**W**

Welch, W. H. ~~random~~ 9/4/62  
 Wyeth, John A.  
 Wilson, J. C. ma  
 Wylie, W. Gill  
 Winters, Joseph E.  
 Webster, David  
 Wood, H. C.  
 Weeks, S. H.  
 Weeks, John E.  
 Westbrook, F. F.  
 Wylie, R. H.  
 Wehle, D. A.  
 Whiting, Fred.  
 Warren, J. Collins H  
 Wiggin, F. H.  
 Williams, Herbert F.  
 Weiser, Walter R.  
 Willard, de Forrest  
 Wright, A. H.  
 Wyman, Walter  
 Wilson, H. Augustus  
 Walker, W. K.

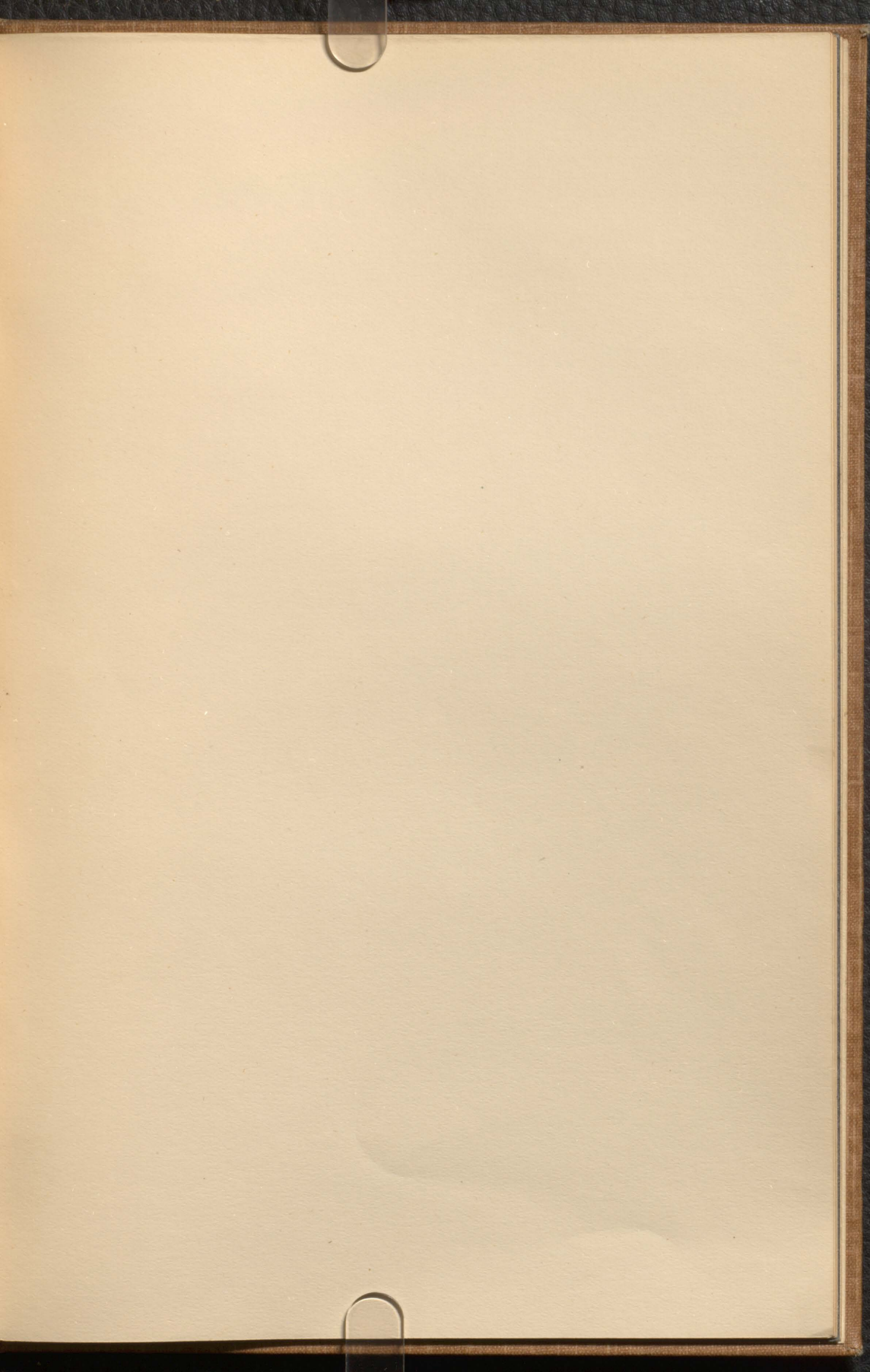
*Handwritten mark*

Waldo, Ralph	Winne, Charles K.	<b>Y</b>
Walker, John B.	Warbasse, James P.	Yale, Leroy M.
† Walsh, James J.	Westbrook, Richard W.	Yarrow, H. C. - ma
Wood, Francis Carter	Wiener, R.	
White, Wm. Charles	Wallace, Jos. M.	
Wilmerding, W. S.	West, F. E.	<b>Z</b>
Wilson, Gordon	Waterman, D.	Zentmayer, W.
Wood, Casey A.	Wood, W. B.	

h

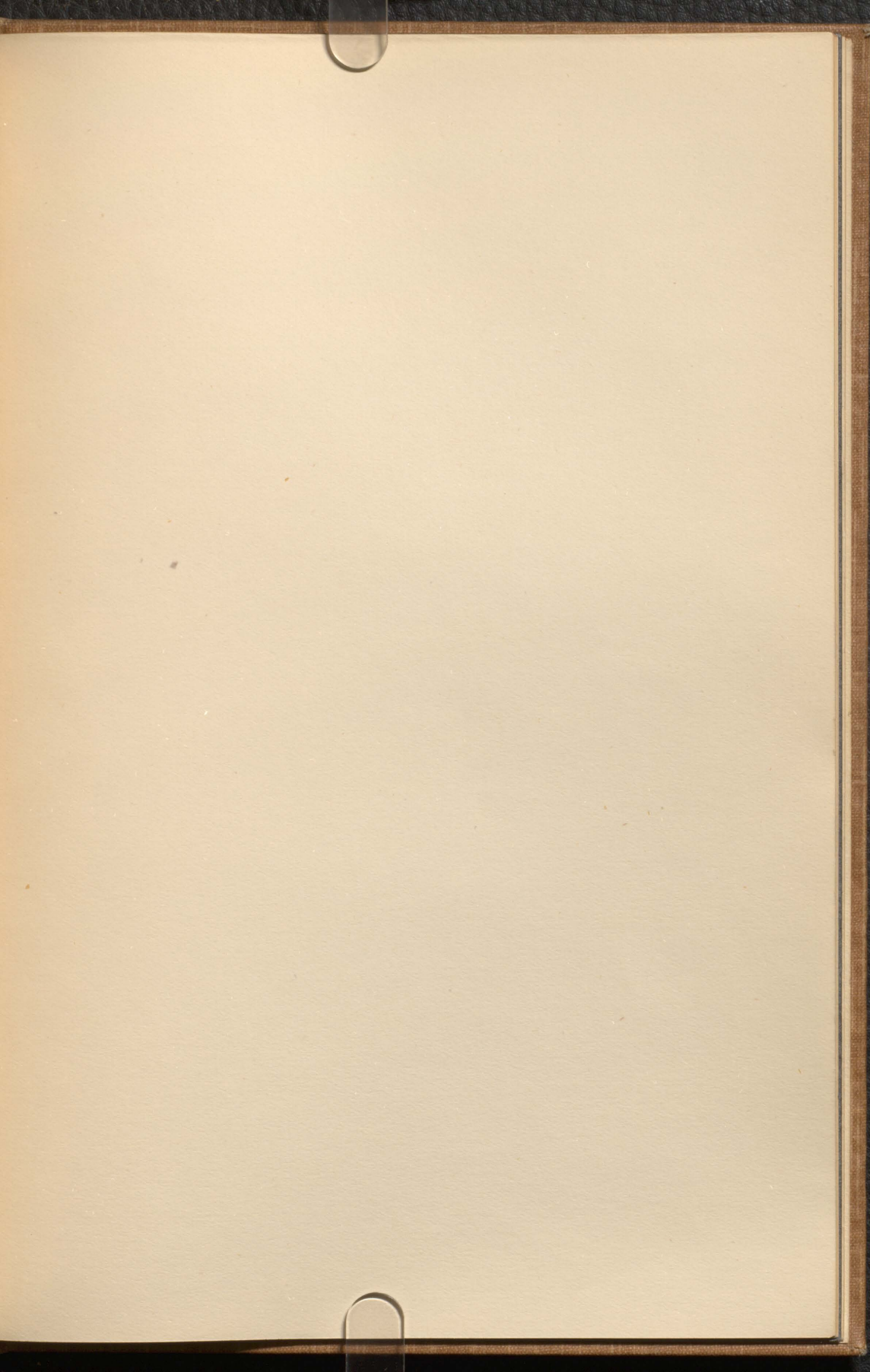
Thurs 67.

Miss Wight	Woods.
" Bunker	Woods
Dr Ellis	m a
Dr Nubrah	Allen.
Frederick	Gibson with
Red Marlboro	m. a.
Dr Kyle	
Dr Reed	
Dr Lyon	
Dr Parfitt	
Dr L. Brown	
Dr L. Scott (G. L. W.)	

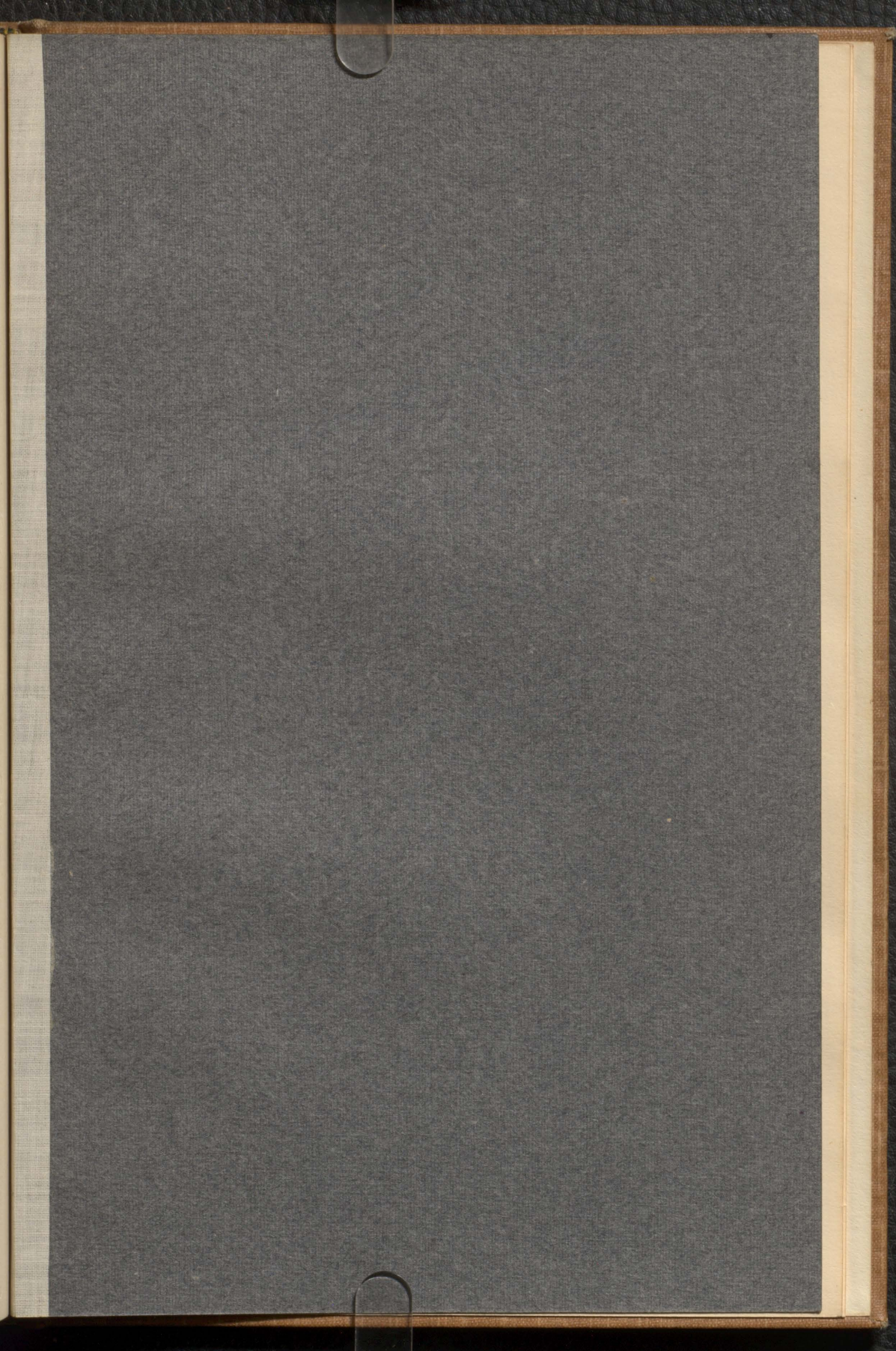














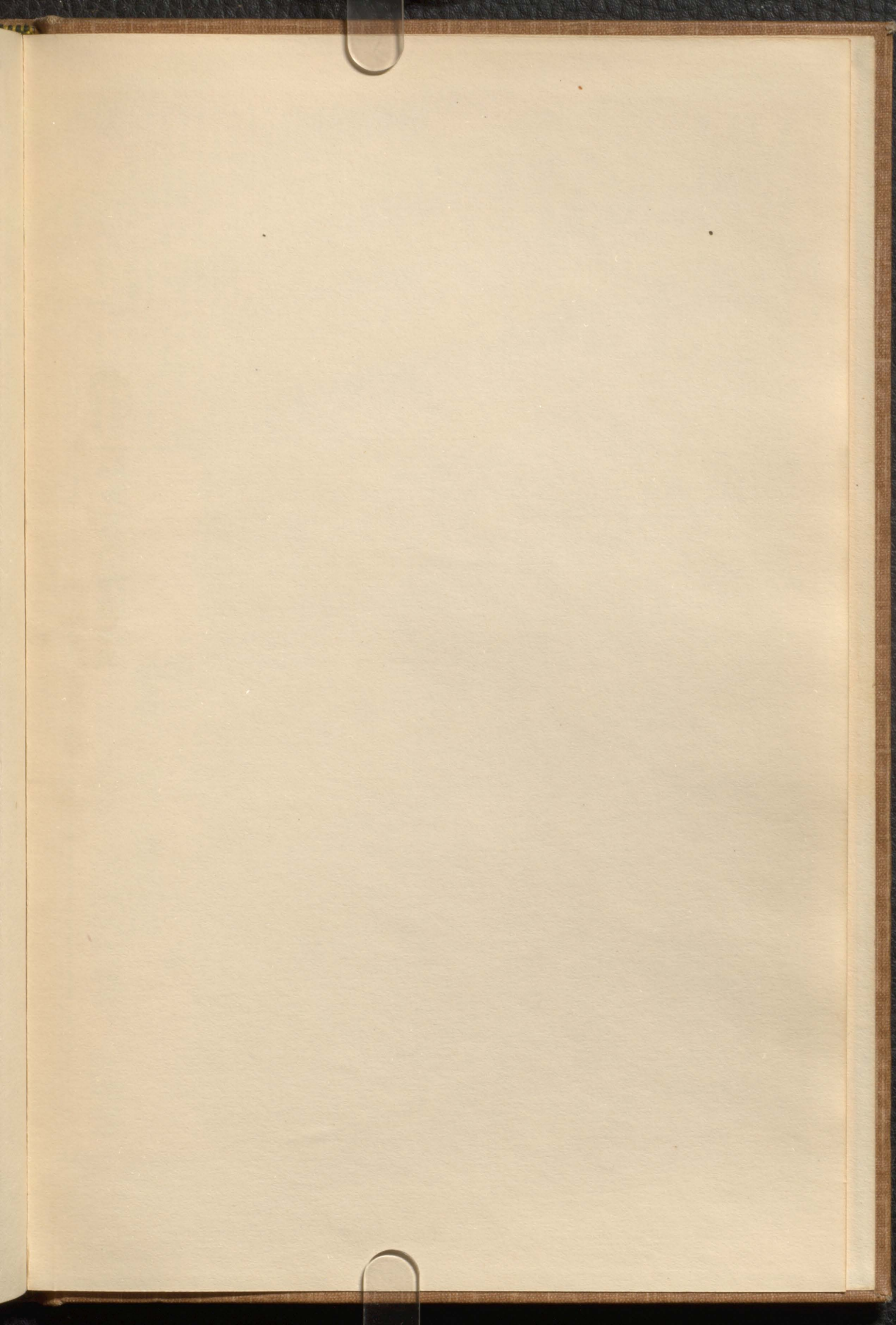
degree. But a change came in 1909, and we feel now as we felt when the change was effected that it was a retrograde movement.

“The effect of the union has been adverse to the Ontario Medical Association, and in more ways than one. In the first place one must keep up continuous membership to belong to the Canadian Medical Association. In order to belong to the Ontario Medical Association a member must pay the fee of \$2.00 each year he attends the meetings. Another injurious feature of the union so far as the Ontario Medical Association is concerned is that at intervals it has to forego the meeting. The financial arrangement is not such as to lead to harmony or success. . . . Each society should stand on its own merits. Let the Canadian Medical Association secure its membership in its own way and conduct its business to suit itself. It is free to establish branches in the various Provinces after the fashion of the British Medical Association.

“We take the ground that the Ontario Medical Association should separate from the Canadian Medical Association and hold an annual meeting of the very best possible, and with such fee as may be found requisite to defray its expenses. We urge this course as much for the weal of the national as for that of the provincial association.”

We quite agree with the specific recommendations of the *Lancet*. The unsatisfactory financial arrangement, and the curtailment of the Ontario meetings are at present the two serious drawbacks. We believe that the simplest solution of the difficulties is to separate first, and then enter into new negotiations which will bring about an arrangement, on the lines suggested by the two journals referred to, that will be







legitimate exaggeration of the ordinary verses to be found any week in small local papers. Then who that knew the woman professional in the early days of her success, and remembers her enthusiasm and her ardour, will not see as much satire as fun in the side-splitting description of Mrs. McGruder treating her sleeping husband as a "demonstration" for her medical class?

### **His serious work.**

And this impression of a broad, kindly understanding of human nature which you get from "Max Adeler's" books is also that which is borne in upon you when you meet the man himself. I had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Charles Heber Clark when he was in London about nine years ago, and my pleasant chat with him stands out clearly as something quite apart from the stereotyped "only certain information given" attitude of the celebrity. I learned something from him of the why and wherefore of his long desertion of the literary fold, and his reason for returning thereto. It was really a question of conscientious scruples which made Mr. Clark abandon his humorous writing. He is a man of deep religious convictions, essentially serious, and interested above all else in industrial and economic questions. It was his consideration of these latter which made him give up humorous writing. The author of "Elbow Room" became the editor of "The Philadelphian Textile Record." The creator of Judge Pitman, Mr. Cooley, Bob Parker, and the rest of the "Out of the Hurly Burly" characters gave all his time to the running of industrial organisations and

*His wide culture.*

Talmud. It ran as follows:—There was once a very holy rabbi of the name of Baroda: he led a life of intense asceticism, spending all his days in fasting and prayer. This Rabbi Baroda one day received a visit in his cell from the prophet Elijah. Among other revelations Elijah told him that each person who was taken to heaven was complemented by another who dies at the same moment, and the two remained together during all eternity. The Rabbi Baroda expressed a wish that he might know the person who would be his complement in heaven. The prophet said he would gratify him that very day. He took the rabbi through the streets of a crowded city until they came to a booth. On a platform outside was a jester or clown, whose quips and sallies were making the people around scream with laughter. "There," said the prophet, "you see the man who will be your complement for eternity." The rabbi, as may be supposed, expressed his discontent at such an arrangement. "He is doing more good in his life than you," replied the prophet. "He is making people laugh; he is preparing them to enjoy heaven, for heaven is a place of joyousness; in heaven sadness reigneth not."

Mr. Clark did not deny that he saw the application of the story. How far was it responsible for his new book?

### **A portrait.**

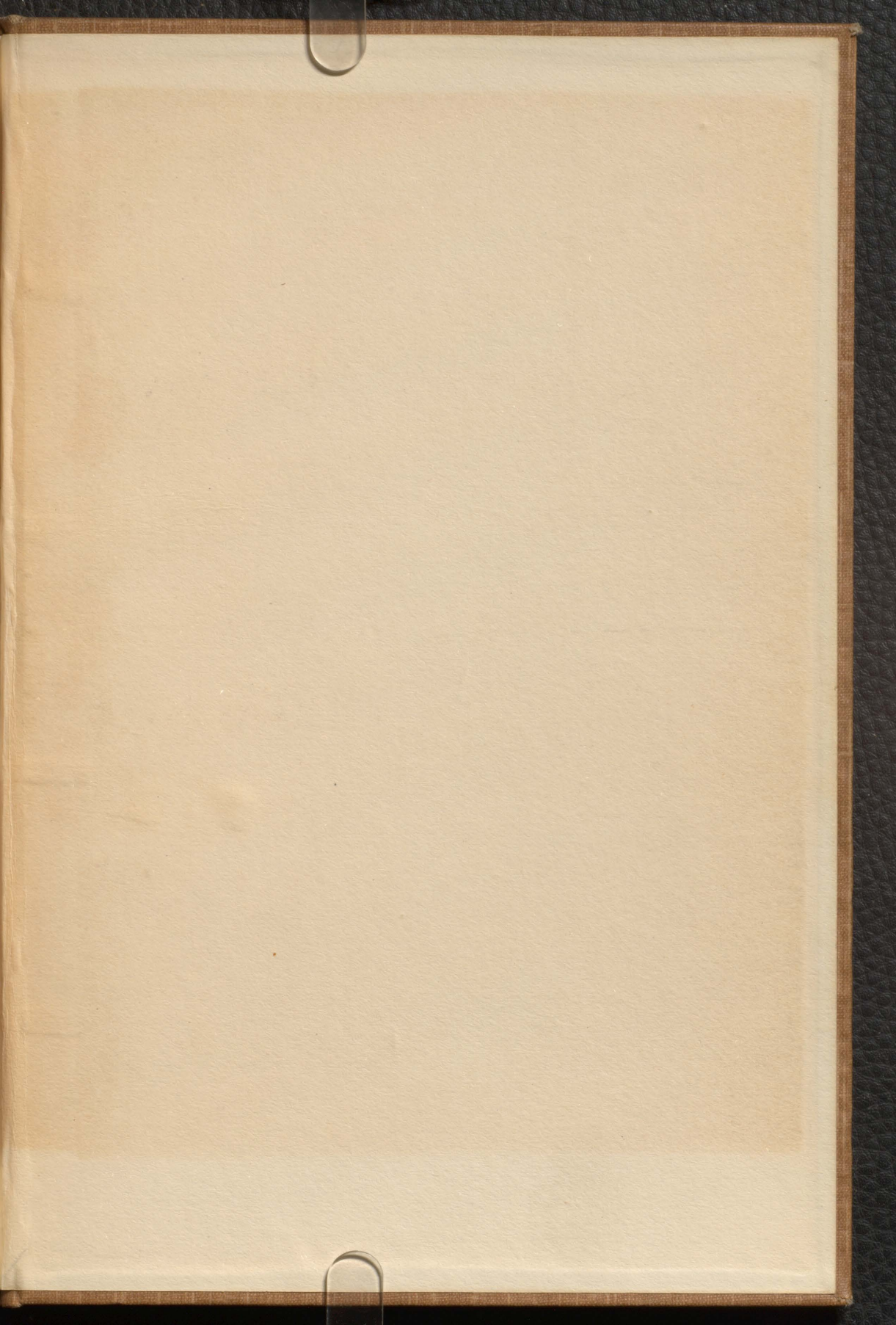
The habit of making mental pictures of the men and women who have brought either laughter or tears into our lives seems to remain incurable, no matter how often one gets proof of their

They paced along in ancient halls  
With doughty knight and squire,  
By lakes where lovely madrigals  
Sang to the chaste moon's fire.  
And through the endless vales of  
thought,  
With splendour all asheen,  
The women folk of Shakespeare's tales  
Walk as in sleep between.  
We know not if they lived or died,  
Or how they did befall,  
But the sweet grace of charms divine  
Has clothed them one and all.  
And the women of Will Shakespeare  
Are with us here to-day,  
In newer robes it may be  
But with the sweet old way.

The paving stones of ancient halls  
Still ring with steps like theirs,  
And often where soft laughter falls  
Upon old oaken stairs.  
Through many an old-world corridor,  
'Neath many a new night's moon,  
The women of Will Shakespeare  
Are with us late and soon.  
And soon and late the splendour  
Of all that is divine  
Shines out across the murky world,  
As diamonds from a mine;  
Shines out and softly blesses  
At day or even fall,  
And turns life's wildernesses  
To love and laughter all.  
For the women of Will Shakespeare  
Still hold the world in toil,  
And still the ancient heart of man  
Is their defenceless spoil;  
And pages yet unwritten  
Their future shall unfold,  
Till the new Shakespeare's women  
With warm love kiss the old.

REGINALD CARRINGTON.

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*The Man and His Message.—No. III.*

## PROFESSOR WILLIAM OSLER

### And the Teaching of Medicine.

People who are inclined to despond about the decadence of the old country and its small chance of success against the rising young giants of the world may profitably remember that Britain has always had an extraordinary faculty for absorbing new blood to refresh her old strains. The most composite nation in the world has kept its energy alive by never-ceasing alien immigration. We are doing it now more vigorously than ever. Oxford has been galvanised into new life by the advent of two hundred picked young scholars and athletes from over seas, who are leaving their imprint upon every field they enter. When Oxford had to fill that most venerable of Academic chairs—the Regius Professorship of Medicine—she defied all precedents and brought over William Osler from the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore. It was simply the wisest appointment of our generation, a daring raid upon the new world to remedy the deficiencies of the old. As long as we are capable of that sort of thing we need not despair of ourselves.

#### A great teacher.

For Osler is the greatest medical teacher of his time. He has been teaching all his life, moving on from one field to another, and at every step bringing an inspiring influence to bear upon the organisation that has been fortunate enough to detain him for a time. The details of the career of a successful man are generally dull enough reading. In Osler's case they are so remarkable that they may be recited as they stand without sounding like an extract from a catalogue. They are an epic of labour and achievement. Born sixty-one years ago in one of the little Ontario townships, William Osler was the sixth son of an English clergyman, a Cornishman and a Cambridge graduate who went out as a missionary in 1837. Young Osler went to Toronto for his education. Montreal and London followed up the work that Trinity College, Toronto, had begun, and then he came across the Atlantic to add a European polish to the comparatively rough teaching he had acquired in his native land. University College, London, and the Medical Schools of Berlin and Vienna brought him in line with the most advanced medical knowledge of the day. At twenty-five he was summoned to Montreal as Professor of the Institute of Medicine at McGill University. For ten years he worked there and built up a reputation as a teacher and inspirer of others that soon spread far beyond the limits of his city. He was over in Europe on a vacation when he got a letter asking him to stand for the Professorship of Clinical Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He took it for a hoax, and did not answer it till corroborative evidence came. In his own words:—

Dr. Mitchell cabled me to meet him in Lon-

don, as he and his good wife were commissioned to "look me over," particularly with reference to personal habits. Dr. Mitchell said there was only one way in which the breeding of a man suitable for such a position, in such a city as Philadelphia, could be tested: give him cherry-pie and see how he disposed of the stones. I had read of the trick before and disposed of them genteelly in my spoon—and got the Chair.

Five years in Philadelphia made him the most popular man in the city, and the most efficient teacher in the University. And then he moved on again. "The test of the true American," it has been well said, "is the impulse to move on," and in this respect no truer American than Dr. Osler ever lived. This time his move was an epoch-making one. He was called to be Professor of Medicine in the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore. In 1889 when he went to it the strangely named university was not even a name to Europeans. Now it stands in the first rank in the world as a medical school. Sixteen years of Osler's work were responsible for that elevation. It was at Johns Hopkins that he perfected his methods as a medical teacher, and gathered to himself the reputation that led to his final call to Oxford in the year 1905.

#### A friend to young men.

It was the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital which had called him to Baltimore. There he found himself faced with a great problem of organisation. It was universally expected that the newly-founded medical school would make a new contribution to higher medical education, and would not content itself with merely falling into line with the many overworked hospital schools of the country. Osler solved the problem by demanding from those who entered the school a far higher standard of qualification than was known elsewhere, and by giving a fuller responsibility and ampler opportunities to the selected men who walked the wards of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Withal, he had a unique capacity for inspiring enthusiasm and a selfless devotion to the art of medicine in those who worked under him. Perhaps the greatest of all his secrets was his attitude to young men. In England, unfortunately, our older men tend too often to suppress their juniors. They deliberately try to keep them in their places, to teach them their insignificance. A young man has to fight his way upward with little encouragement through a great deal of cold water. Osler would have none of this. He made it always his object to know and understand the young men, to find out the promising and earnest ones, to encourage them, and help them on with his cheery friendship. He does not wait for them to come to him; he seeks them out, and they freely help themselves from the stores of his knowledge and his sympathy.

#### His wide culture.

No harder worker ever lived. Scientific monographs do not lend themselves to verbiage, so it may be faintly realised what is meant by the fact that a partial record of his publications down to the year 1907 fills fifteen columns of the quarto catalogue of the Surgeon-General's Library at Washington. His great book on the "Principles and Practice of Medicine" has reached a seventh large edition. He has edited a "System of Medicine" in seven volumes. He has written authoritatively on every aspect of the art of medicine which has come within his ken during his vast clinical experience. Even the best of medical men tend to narrowness in their scientific brilliance, but Osler is one of the two or three leading physicians who are men of really wide culture. He is a humanist of the great days of humanism, a scholar, a thinker, a public man. He is, incidentally, a passionate bibliophile. While still an American Professor his lectures and addresses on general topics had become famous. With ampler leisure he has been able to indulge this side of his activity by the publication of several fascinating volumes. "Science and Immortality" (1904), "Æquanimity and Other Addresses" (1904), "Counsels and Ideals" (1905), "Thomas Linaere" (1908), "An Alabama Student and other Biographical Essays" (1908)—here we have in the mere by-products of a busy scientific teacher an output equal in quantity and quality to the product of a literary specialist.

#### The real man.

But when all is said the man is greater than his work. Osler might have had all his ability, yet he might have done little with it if he had not possessed also a personality of pure gold. The love of his fellows has come to him wherever he has wandered, and he has been a wanderer since his boyhood. An amusing passage from a valedictory oration delivered in New York before his departure for England gives some idea of the place he filled in the hearts of his colleagues. These are the words of Dr. J. C. Wilson:—

The remarkable thing is that the further he moves the more he is missed. There is no authentic record of the state of mind of that far settlement of Ontario which he left in early infancy, nor of the nature of the repast by which his departure was celebrated. But when he left Toronto there were tears and sorrow, and something to eat; and when he left Montreal the same, with singing; and when he took his departure from Philadelphia we had emotions we could not suppress, together with terrapin and champagne; and now that he is going to leave the country there is universal sorrow and the largest medical dinner ever cooked.

It has been his fate to give the most striking possible refutation of his own theory of old age, a theory, by the way, which merely sprang from an ebullition of post-prandial jocosity. At sixty-one he is a marvel of youthful vitality and elasticity. He brings with him into the musty lecture-room and pedantic common-rooms of Oxford a fresh breeze of virility and optimism and large humanity. He has shaken our old men, and sounded the charge to our young men, in the army of medicine, and, by the charm of his personality, he has wrought new links to bind together the old world and the new.

