



Glimpses
of
Medical
Europe

R.L.Thompson, M.D.



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GLIMPSES OF
MEDICAL EUROPE







The first glimpse.

T. S. Jones

GLIMPSES OF
MEDICAL EUROPE

BY
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*ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
AND FROM DRAWINGS BY*

TOM JONES



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1908

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Published April, 1908

*Electrotyped and printed by J. B. Lippincott Company
The Washington Square Press, Philadelphia, U. S. A.*

TO
K. W. M.



INTRODUCTION.

ONE who lays no claim to being a literary man should not write a book to begin with. And of all subjects that might be chosen, a book on Europe is the one that most requires an apology. However, I am not going to apologize for the present volume, because I didn't want to write it, anyway. It began by my sending home a few letters to an editor who wanted to fill up a certain amount of space. Once started, it just naturally grew into its present form.

There has been no attempt at making this book a guide-book in any sense, although things of importance to a man who is going to study medicine abroad have crept into it despite the author. It does not intend to describe anything accurately (modern art doesn't allow that), but it tries to sketch the things medical in Europe that I have happened to see, as they appeared to me: *comme je l'ai vu*.

All books should have a purpose, and if this book didn't have one I wouldn't have spent my evenings writing these chapters instead of joining my friends in the more con-

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INTRODUCTION

genial occupation of holding down a chair in one of the famous cafés on Friedrichstrasse or the "Boul' Mich." If you see the purpose, then you will pack your steamer trunk at your first opportunity, and perhaps we'll touch elbows in some of the places to which these pages may attract you.

The author is indebted to the *St. Louis Medical Review* for permission to reprint such of these chapters as first appeared in that publication; and to the Anglo-American Medical Association of Berlin for the information concerning courses offered in Berlin for American students.

R. L. T.



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GLIMPSES OF MEDICAL EUROPE

I.

THE CROSSING—CHRISTIANSAND—CHRISTI- ANIA—HOLMENKOLLEN.

WHATEVER city may be the objective point for medical study abroad, the important thing is to choose the most indirect route for reaching it. Too frequently one takes a steamer for Hamburg and is walking a hospital in Berlin before one has lost his sea legs. The result is usually a rapid decline of interest in the clinics, and a desire to know more of the life of the cafés. Especially is this true when, as is frequently the case, one is just over the grind of the final examination at home, or is taking a few months off from a busy practice. Far wiser is it to take down the map and, after sticking a pin in Vienna, or Berlin, or wherever one wishes to go, to plan a trip that will take about a month to reach the selected city, after you yourself and your several pieces of luggage have been landed on European soil.

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If you are an old and experienced traveller and know just what you want and why you want it, this doesn't apply, and you should go to your particular place as quickly as steam and rail will carry you. I know a man, for example, who considers that every moment of his travelling life that isn't spent in Paris (and a certain quarter of Paris at that) is wasted, and who rushes from his last class exercise in the Spring to the station, catches the first steamer sailing for Havre, and is driven like fury from the dock to the Paris Express. Then he doesn't wriggle out of his particular quarter of Paris until the last possible moment, when he is forced to reverse the previous procedure and get back to his class-room.

The first trip over, however, should be undertaken with a good deal of care and forethought. The easiest thing to do is to take one of the big direct liners that will land you on English, French, or German soil, as you prefer; but that, as I said in the beginning, is to be avoided if possible. It's too easy. Then there is the Liverpool trip, which used to be a favorite on account of the better boats once on that service, but which now has lost ground.

The Southern route is always a favorite

THE CROSSING

avenue of approach. The Mediterranean is usually good-natured, and the lazy lingering at Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice has its charms. Then, if you are going to Vienna there is the ride through the Eastern Alps, which is one of the most beautiful of railroad trips. Many choose this route, and they are wise. But if you have taken it once and wish for a change, you will be none the less pleased should you choose the approach by way of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. A stanch steamer will take you to Christiansand in ten days. The next day you are at Christiania, a typical Norwegian city, and, if you wish it, the day following finds you in Copenhagen, the "Paris of the North."

Having taken both of these latter trips, I should recommend that you choose according as you prefer salads or sandwiches. If salads be preferred, take the Southern route by all means. There is no proper place to eat a salad, except in sight of the trees that furnish the oil for the dressing; and a salad in Italy is a thing to live for. However, if you care little for salads but do like real food, take the Northern route. The Scandinavian food is unexcelled, and the acme of the Scandinavian cuisine is the sandwich. At home a sandwich is a sort of lottery at best. It looks the same

MEDICAL EUROPE

from both sides. Whatever may be within is left to faith to discover. But the Scandinavian sandwich is open-faced. There is nothing about it that is ashamed. First is the delicately sliced piece of bread; next a generous, smoothly laid layer of sweet Danish butter; and, above all, your thin, appetizing slice of meat or fish or cheese or what not. When I get back I am going to agitate the raising of the "lid" from the American sandwich.

There are a few things worthy of note regarding the hygiene of ocean travel. On the whole, the health of the passengers is well protected. Quarantine rules have gone a great way towards limiting disease, but there is still room for improvement. For instance, a steamship would be held up instantly on suspicion of cholera, smallpox, or yellow fever, but apparently no attention is paid to tuberculosis. On our boat there were two bad cases of the latter. A man in the second cabin sat at the table with other passengers and coughed at will into his napkin. He was assigned to a state-room with another passenger, but owing to the strenuous objection of his room-mate he was asked to sleep in the hospital. A girl in the steerage, however, was not so fortunate in disposing of her cabin companion. This girl, who had failed

CHRISTIANSAND

to pass the immigration officers in New York for some reason and had to be taken back to Denmark, was made to sleep in the same room with a woman in the last stages of



SANATORIA SEEN FROM THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS

tuberculosis. When one considers the extreme crowding of passengers in the steerage, the shutting up of a young girl for twelve days with a case of advanced tuberculosis seems little short of criminal.

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The fjords of Norway, seen for the first time, are beautiful. Neat little villages with red-tiled roofs are set at intervals in the black and green of the hills. The first of May is warm, as warm as St. Louis at the same time of year, which is a surprise to many travellers. Norway is a favorite country for summer travel, in this respect rivalling Switzerland, which it is not unlike.

We stopped at Christiansand,—a painted stage picture in chiaro-oscuro in the early morning light,—but a few minutes, to debark passengers. I would have liked to have stayed for weeks. Then we steamed down the fjord to Christiania, and the dark-browed hills that saw the fleeing of the Finns before Harald Harfagar and Erik the Cruel, looked down on us.

Those were great old fellows, the Norsemen. Back in my school-boy days, I remember I used to declaim with great gusto the “Skeleton in Armor,”—and dream of those old chaps.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o’erflowing.”

CHRISTIANIA

I wonder how many of them died from cirrhosis of the liver.

Christiania is a sleepy looking town, but has all the modern improvements. Frederick VI founded the University here in 1811, and we found it still flourishing. As our time was limited we pitched a penny to determine whether we would see a surgical clinic, or the



OSLO HOSPITAL—CHRISTIANIA

Viking Ship which is the main attraction of the Museum. The Viking Ship won. This most interesting and awe-inspiring mass of kindling wood is adequately described by Baedeker, so I won't rave about it here.

Of most interest to medical men, perhaps, are the numerous sanatoria for tuberculosis which are situated in the neighborhood of Christiania. At Holmenkollen one gets a good idea of the situation and style of these institu-

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tions. Holmenkollen is reached by trolley car, plus a short walk, from Christiania at an expense of ten cents. The road is cut for a great part through the living rock. A beautiful view of Christiania and its harbor, and an excellent lunch at the Holmenkollen Hotel, can be had before visiting the sanatoria.

Tuberculosis is treated here, as everywhere else, by fresh air, sunshine, and wholesome food. And I have never seen a place where I thought the combination could be more enjoyably obtained than here. In the winter the hemlock boughs of the surrounding forest are weighted with snow, and huge, high snowbanks at times block the road that leads up the mountain. But the sun shines ever in at the great broad glass windows of the enclosed piazzas.

A little distance back of the hotel is the course for the ski races which are held here annually. It makes one shiver just to look at that precipitous mountainside, with the big "set off" about half way down that throws a man into the air thirty to forty feet. I have heard of Americans "getting skates on," but if Norwegians ever "get ski's on" they must have an awful time explaining to their wives the next morning.

We were dropped down the mountainside



HOLMENKOLLEN

HOLMENKOLLEN

safely by our faithful trolley, and as the cottonseed oil and lard that are imported for the manufacturing of "pure Danish creamery butter" were unloaded, we climbed back on board our ship, and steamed out into the fjord on our way to Copenhagen.



II.

COPENHAGEN—FABER AND ROVSING,—HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT.

IT was a glorious morning that saw us entering the harbor of Copenhagen, which is one of the prettiest of all the harbors of Europe. Over to the right the castle of Elsinore, the manor of the mythical Hamlet, had been pointed out to us. "You can't see the pile of stones that marks his grave yet," said the deck steward, "but they will pile them up before the tourist season opens. The tourists carry off so many that they have to make a new pile each year."

As I was standing by the rail a fair-haired Dane, who had sat at my table, came to say good-bye. "Are you abroad, like all the rest, just to travel?" she asked. "No," I replied; "I came for two very serious purposes. First of all, to secure a broader medical education; and, second, to make other acquaintances as pleasurable as ours has been."

"That is a very nice thing to say," she replied. "But I don't see the seriousness of the first purpose."

Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, a

COPENHAGEN

busy city of some half a million or more inhabitants, has eight municipal hospitals. The largest is the Kommunehospital, with a thousand beds. There are two hospitals for tuberculosis, one for infectious diseases, and so on. It is needless to say that these institutions are used for teaching purposes, and the chiefs of departments are professors in the University. All European hospitals fulfil three functions: care of the sick, teaching, and research. Every ward in every hospital has its laboratory. In addition, there is a main laboratory. If patients have money they pay for their treatment. The prices range from fifty cents to a dollar a day, according to the circumstances of the patient. Those who are poor do not pay. Whether one pays or does not pay one is put in the same ward. All are treated absolutely and exactly alike.

It might be mentioned, in passing, that all the medical men we met in Copenhagen were apologetic. They seemed to think their institutions were inadequate. "If you come again in two or three years, you will see our great new public hospital that is now being built," they told us.

The courteous manner in which we were treated everywhere in Denmark made us feel

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embarrassed at times. From the humble gate-keeper of a hospital to the chief of service, everything was done that could be done to show us what we desired to see. The Danes, without exception, will go out of their way to show a foreigner a favor. You are the guest of the man you speak with. You need no letters of introduction. An unknown Ameri-



FRIEDERIK'S HOSPITAL—COPENHAGEN

can country practitioner would be shown the same consideration as an acknowledged leader of the profession.

Our first visit was to the Friederik's Hospital. This is the oldest hospital in the city. It was built in 1752, over one hundred and fifty years ago, and yet it is in remarkably good condition, and in its hygienic construction is far ahead of many of our modern institutions. This hospital has about six hundred

COPENHAGEN

beds, and the patients in their pink checkered pajamas, with their individual sponge and tooth-brush at the head of each bed, look remarkably clean and happy.

Here it was we met Faber and Roving, the leaders in Denmark in medicine and surgery respectively. Professor Faber has the clean, kindly face, with little wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, that is common to so many men who have successfully combated disease. In the depths of his blue eyes lurks also a trace of humor that makes one think of Osler.

We made a round of the wards with Faber, accompanied by the usual retinue of assistants and nurses, and noticed nothing in his manner of handling the patients that differed from the ordinary routine of one of our better class American hospitals.

Roving, of whom everybody speaks as the admitted leader of surgery in Denmark, is a splendidly built, handsome man, with blond curly hair and moustache. He is a worker, and there are lines in his face that show it. The day we met him he had begun operating at eight o'clock in the morning; he was still operating when we left the hospital at one o'clock, and he had three major kidney operations yet to do at his private hospital in the afternoon. The sun sets late at

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Copenhagen in May, and one can put in many hours' work a day.

We watched Rovsing do an appendix operation. It is not uncommon for medical men who return from Europe to say there is no surgery there. They should see Rovsing operate. His technique compares favorably with that of any American surgeon you care to



mention. He is swift and skilful. He has his details arranged to a nicety that is astonishing, and his assistants know exactly what to do without being told. In addition he makes his diagnosis *before* he operates.

A picturesque feature of the operation we saw was the yellow oilskins and rubber boots of those who participated. It made us think of the deck of our ship in a storm. However, we all agreed that it was pretty work—as pretty work as any of us had ever witnessed.

COPENHAGEN

The Kommunehospital, which we next visited, is built in the form of the letter H, with an extra bar across the top. Inside are courts, beautiful with trees and shrubbery and flowers and green grass. The buildings of the new St. Louis City Hospital could be set in one of these courts, and there would still be some of the shrubbery left. This hospital was erected



MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL—COPENHAGEN

in 1863, but is essentially modern in all particulars, except for the fact that in many of the wards there are stoves. The hospital has a central heating plant, but somehow or other they do not manage those things well over here. If one wants a good equable warmth one must have a stove.

In general, hospital management here is the same as in the United States. One thing, however, may be mentioned. There is a ward

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here for delirium tremens, but in it are no iron-barred doors, no thick leather straps, and no strait-jackets. The ward is the same as the other wards, except that in connection with it there is a drawing-room with plush-upholstered furniture and a piano. Then there is a garden enclosed by a high fence, where convalescents may walk.

“But what do you do when the D. T.’s are violent?” I asked. “Don’t you ever strap them down?”

“We never use any force,” was the reply.

Now I don’t know anything about handling such cases, but as I had seen the iron-barred doors and straps in St. Louis, and in Boston had seen a burly policeman jump on a man’s abdomen with both knees and throttle him till he was black in the face, while the house officers were putting on the strait-jacket, I admit I was surprised. If ever I become an alcoholic, I think I’ll take my treatment over here.

Another feature of this hospital is the ear, nose, and throat clinic of Professor Mygind, which is new. Mygind himself is a large, rather stern-appearing man, at first glance. But his face lights up when a child approaches, and it was delightful to see the kindly way he petted the children in his ward. There is

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probably no better equipped clinic of its kind in the world than this of Mygind's. Everything is absolutely new and of the best. He waited till he could have everything he wanted before he allowed the erection, and we saw here dozens of new ideas, many of them original. Dr. Mygind's assistant, Dr. Hald, is an especially prepossessing young man. We watched him do a paraffin injection to fill up a hole in the forehead of a man who had fallen some fifty feet and pushed the whole of his forehead over to one side. The man left happy after the injection, with a symmetrical face and the brow of a Jupiter. Dr. Hald told us that men were much more particular about the appearance of their faces than women. In fact that most of his "beauty patients" were males. He had just fixed up a horse-dealer who insisted on viewing the operation on himself with a mirror and controlling results by his own suggestions.

Withal, we were royally treated here. We were the guests of the staff at dinner. In a neat speech they thanked us for our interest, and extended the good feeling of Denmark for America. We were too embarrassed to respond fittingly, I fear, but there will always be a warm spot in our hearts for the doctors of the Kommunehospital. We shall carry

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back to America and keep always the memory of our visit, including the coffee, and *punsch*, and cigars, in the garden.

“*Skaal*” to Denmark, and Copenhagen, and the doctors we met at the Kommunehospital!

The house physicians in Denmark hospitals are mature. A medical course in Denmark takes six years. Then it is necessary to signify one's desire for a hospital appointment early in one's career and to wait for a vacancy. Men are frequently out five or six years before they receive their appointments. There is no danger here of a patient in a municipal institution falling into unskilled hands. Not only is there skill and efficiency, but there is universal kindness used in the handling of patients. There is always a kind word and a smile; a pat on the shoulder or a grasp of the hand for the patient. We saw a lodgekeeper put his arm about a ragged urchin who had lost his way, and lead him to the ward he desired, and the doctor met him with a smile, and the nurse beamed on him. And we, outside in the warm sunshine of the court-yard looked at each other, but we were silent.

III.

MORE ABOUT COPENHAGEN—THE FINSSEN INSTITUTE AND ITS FOUNDER.

A VISIT to Copenhagen is not complete, even if you are not medically inclined, without a view of the Finsen Institute. There is probably no name more generally known



throughout Scandinavia than that of Niels Finsen. There is probably no remote hamlet, tucked away in the interior of Denmark, that does not contain some individual who can testify to the efficacy of the Finsen light in the treatment of lupus.

When Finsen died here in Copenhagen

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on September 24, 1904, the Journal of the A.M.A. printed the following editorial:

“In the death of Niels R. Finsen there passed away one of the heroic figures in modern medicine. In spite of chronic and incurable disease, Finsen, with rare persistence, developed phototherapy on a strictly scientific basis so that it became definitively established as a successful means of cure in lupus vulgaris. He early recognized that if the great forces contained in light ever could be used in the science of practical medicine it would result only from investigations of physical, chemical and biologic nature, together with practical experiments in different diseases. Apparently, his earliest publications concerning light and its action on the animal organism date from 1893. In 1896 the results of his scientific researches led to the establishment in Copenhagen, as the outcome of private and public support, of ‘Finsen’s Medical Light Institute.’ Subsequently this institute, which soon became known everywhere, was greatly enlarged. In 1899 Finsen began the issue of a series of reports (*Meddelelser fra Finsen’s medicinske Lysinstitue*) in which are published the results of the scientific and practical work of the institute. In the meantime, there appeared im-

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portant monographs by Finsen in the Danish, French, and German languages. Here were considered especially the rôle of the chemical rays of light in medicine and in biology, and the treatment of lupus vulgaris by concentrated chemical rays. The report covering the first 800 cases of lupus vulgaris treated at Finsen's institute (November, 1895, to November, 1901,) shows that 407 were cured, 85 had interrupted the treatment, while 308 were still under treatment. This report may be taken as a model of thoroughness and exactness in dealing with matters of this kind; one is particularly impressed with the carefulness to avoid premature and exaggerated statements as to the value of the method. To Finsen belongs the credit of having placed phototherapy on a firm and scientific basis. But no one must think for a moment that this was accomplished without persistent effort. In reading Finsen's writings and the publications of others working in his institute, one at once finds the keynote to the continuous extension of our knowledge of the action of light on living matter, and improvements in the practical application of the chemically active rays. Finsen was ever conservative in his own estimation of the therapeutic powers of light, and never advanced claims which

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subsequently proved to be without adequate foundation. In his short but fruitful career, Finsen consistently illustrated that unselfishness and modesty which medical men love to see in their best types. He cared not for personal gain. When he was awarded the Nobel prize in medicine, in December, 1903, he generously turned the money received over to the use of the institute. From whatever side we look at Finsen and his work, there comes only the impression of a noble character."

The ultraviolet rays are too well known to need description here, but the manner of their use is interesting to the visitor who sees them applied for the first time.

The Finsen Institute is located amid the shady boughs of great trees in the edge of the town. About it are numerous private villas. Roving's clinic is nearby. The institute consists of only two buildings; one, the laboratory, is an old villa. The clinic building was especially built for Finsen's work. At the left, as one enters the grounds, is a little low red building that one does not notice until attention is called to it. This was the place where Finsen first worked out his ideas. The building was brought here from another part of the city, and serves as a memento of

COPENHAGEN

the beginning of Finsen's efforts. If you enter the clinic suddenly you are somewhat startled at first. There are perhaps half a hundred patients in the big room, waiting their turn at the light machines. The faces you encounter make you shudder. It is like a first view of Boleslas Biega's sculpture. Even the white, expressionless, cicatricial faces of the cured cases one has to get used to. But the horrible disfigurement of advanced, untreated lupus vulgaris is terrible. One face was a blank, reddish-white mass, ringed with two pink circles, from which dull eyes glanced staringly; there was no nose, and a ragged hole with everted, granular border, served for mouth. No wonder they honor the name of Finsen, when he has given to his people the means whereby so hideous a human being can be restored to a fair semblance of his original self.

The patients, many of whom have come from distant parts of the globe, are first photographed and then seen by a physician, who rings, with a wax pencil, the exact spot to which the light is to be applied. Then they are taken to the operating-room for treatment, after which a simple ointment and a bandage are applied. That is all. Some cases need only a few treatments, others must remain for

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many weeks. Patients are advised to come back in six months or a year to have some spots that may have escaped the rays cleaned up. Each treatment costs from fifty cents to a dollar according to the circumstances of the patient. Although the institute is a privately conducted affair it receives aid both from the city and state. Most of the Danish townships pay for the treatment of the cases they send.

A pleasant-faced lady, who speaks excellent English, and who has much the appearance of an American school-teacher, has charge of the operating-room. There are seven of the light machines in the room. Six are kept in use, and one is taken apart and cleaned each day. Each of the machines consists of a central electric arc which furnishes light for four long brass tubes fitted with quartz lenses. A bed on which the patient lies is wheeled under each tube, and a lady assistant is provided for each patient. The ringed area on the face of the patient, to which the rays are to be applied, is first covered with a water compress, to prevent burning, and then the light is kept constantly on the spot by the attendant for one hour.

The lady attendants are all remarkably good-looking. I asked Dr. Busk whether they were especially selected for therapeutic pur-

COPENHAGEN

poses, and suggested that I would not mind having lupus myself for an hour with such attendants. Dr. Busk said that a great many patients found their fate here. I could readily see how such might be the case. Take a man, who for cosmetic reasons, has probably kept himself away from society for a long time, and let him find himself the fortunate possessor of a new face, into which a charming young lady looks steadily for an hour each day, is it unreasonable that he should ask the charming lady if she would always look into his new face across the breakfast-table?



In addition to the Finsen light there is a room for Röntgen-ray treatment here and a room for universal light baths. The latter are given by means of an arc light of 120 amperes. Preparation for the bath consists only in the substitution of a pair of automobile goggles for one's ordinary raiment. Experiments which have been carried on in the Finsen laboratory seem to show that this universal light bath will prove efficacious in the treatment of chronic cardiac affections, and a new building is soon to be built especially for this treatment.

MEDICAL EUROPE

The laboratory of the Finsen Institute is well equipped, and general research is constantly carried on by several trained laboratory workers. Dr. Busk, who took us about, is a young man, enthusiastic, a worker and a cosmopolite. He knows, it seems, all the cities of the world. He told us that an American medical concern some years ago advertised Finsen-light treatment. They claimed to be working in coöperation with Dr. Finsen and to be backed by the Danish Government. As a matter of fact they were not using the Finsen light and of course their treatment amounted to nothing. Dr. Busk said that he tried to get a denial printed in some of the leading newspapers, but they were too busy apparently to print it. We explained to him that looking after the business of their advertisers did keep the American newspapers, as a rule, very busy.

IV.

STOCKHOLM—THE HOME OF GREAT INVENTORS —NOTEWORTHY MEDICAL INSTITUTIONS.

IF one has time to spare there is no better way of killing it than by taking the trip by water from Copenhagen to Stockholm, up the coast and through the canals which cross Sweden. One takes a boat up the Kattegat to Gottenburg, passing on the way the fine old castle of Kronborg, built by Frederick II. From here to Stockholm the canal trip takes about three days.

The direct route, which we took, is only a night's journey by boat to Malmo and thence by train to Stockholm. These night trains are managed simply in Europe. The back of the seat, that forms one side of the compartment, is pushed up to make a shelf. You get on to the shelf, and that is all there is to it. There may be a lady on the next shelf, but nobody seems to mind.

We did not sleep very well on our shelves, and so landed in Stockholm in a rather bad humor. My feelings were not improved by the unkind remark of my friend, who referred to my nether garments as "accordion-pleated

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trousers.” However, a brush up and a pot of excellent coffee at the Rysdale soon put us to rights and we were ready for adventure.

A man who had travelled much told us that to him Stockholm was one of the three finest cities in the world. The other two places he mentioned were Edinburgh and Hong-Kong. I have never been to all the cities in the world and, unfortunately, I have never seen either



THE ROYAL PALACE—STOCKHOLM. ST. PETERSBURG STEAMER AT LEFT

of the two latter places, so I am not in a position to pass judgment. However, I can truthfully affirm that Stockholm is a fine city. It is less clean than Berlin, less beautiful than Budapest, less interesting than Prague, and less picturesque than Venice. But it has one product that makes it stand out distinctly above all these other cities, and that is its *Caloric Punsch*.

I never knew what it could have been that made the chap in “Hedda Gabler” have

STOCKHOLM

“vine leaves in his hair” until I visited Scandinavia. Now I know Ibsen must have referred to Swedish punch.

The 300,000 people who live here are undoubtedly proud of their islands, their plains, and their rocky hills, which serve to make this “Venice of the North” so picturesque.

Compared with many European towns Stockholm is modern, for the settlement was not founded till 1255, and it was not until 1857 that the old wooden houses were replaced by the present stone structures. Probably, therefore, Berzelius, the great chemist, whose statue stands in the little park which bears his name, at the end of the Hamun-Gatan, never knew the discomforts of these later edifices.

One of the first things we did in Stockholm was to look up the headquarters of the Nobel Fund, which we found in a building with an odd copper-covered tower near the Observatory. “It wouldn’t do,” one of our party remarked, “not to know exactly where to come when our turn arrives for receiving the Nobel Prize.” So we sauntered up the Observatorii-Gatan and stood before the building, trying to imagine how it would feel to be making a speech of acceptance to some twenty or thirty thousand dollars, while the

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telegraphs and cables were flashing our fame around the world.

Stockholm seems to have been a great place for inventors. There was Nobel, who first invented dynamite and then invented a peace prize to counteract it; there was John Ericsson, who invented the screw propeller, which enables us to come to Europe so easily and so quickly; and there was Sheele, the discoverer of oxygen, hydrofluoric and tartaric acid; all brought up in this crook of the Baltic.

The hospitals of Stockholm deserve as high a place as those of any city in Europe. Even after the surprise we got in Copenhagen, we were forced to admit that the medical institutions here were fully as noteworthy as in the latter city. Many of the larger medical buildings are situated at Kungsholmen, a West suburb of the city. Here are to be found the Karolinska Mediko-Kirurgiska Institut, which was erected in 1811, for the practical training of physicians. Here, also, is a large lying-in-hospital; a military hospital; the infirmary of St. Goeran, and the Sjukhem; and the Conradsberg lunatic asylum.

In another part of the city we found Sabatsberg, a big, up-to-date municipal hospital, beautifully situated, as so many European

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hospitals are, in the midst of extensive grounds, where there were no "Keep off the Grass" notices for convalescent patients.

But it is tiresome to walk through hospitals day after day, and tiresome to write about them afterwards; so I may perhaps be pardoned if I merely say that if you are sick there is a bed in a hospital for you in Stockholm (you may pay seventy-five oere,—*i.e.*, twenty-one cents a day, for it if you are wealthy, or you can get it free if you are not). I will speak of the food to be found here, instead of the hospitals.

"Americans enjoy making money," said a Swede to me; "Swedes enjoy spending it." And he added, "Americans know how to work; Swedes know how to eat."

Four of us Americans travelled together in Sweden, and one of the party was fortunate enough to know a former Chicago man (a Swede) who now lives in Stockholm. This man invited us to a Swedish dinner.

Now a Swedish dinner begins with *Aqua-Vitæ* and *Pilsener*, and ends with *Caloric Punsch*, and there are many things in between. I should not like to be assigned the writing up of such a dinner, and be required to have my copy in for the next day's paper. I would rather do my writing for a monthly magazine.

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“*Smoergos bord*,” with which one begins a meal, is similar to a *kalter aufschnitt* or *hors d'œuvres*, and is composed of any old thing that happens to be lying about handy. It includes many varieties of cold meats, and fish, caviare, sardines, pickles, salads, jellies and cheeses. (At one dinner I had twenty-eight varieties.) After you have eaten enough of this stuff to fill three men, then dinner really begins. There is soup; next the fish; and then a good, healthy meat course—steak, pork chops, or what not. On top of this a dessert, somewhat richer than New England mince pie, is served.

As Mulvaney might say: “’Tis scand’lus.” But this is not all. In order to see just how much the human organism can stand adjournment is made to some café in order to drench the mass with coffee and Swedish punch, and to smoke big black cigars. I never happened to order Swedish punch at home, so I am not familiar with the way it is served at Rector’s or the “Annex,” but in Stockholm it is given you in much the same manner that pink lemonade is dished out at a church sociable.

The Opera House “Cellar” is a favorite place to finish a dinner. The Opera House at Stockholm cost six and a-half million krona, not including the decorations. The

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ceiling of the "Cellar" cost twelve thousand krona. It is a pleasant place in which to finish a dinner. There is music, and lights, and laughter. The music is as good as that of the best cafés of Dresden, and a certain Swedish air runs for about four bars the same as "My Old Kentucky Home." "Oh, the sun shines bright in my—," and I heard some one in our party mention the "sad-eyed



THE OPERA HOUSE "CELLAR"—STOCKHOLM

cows standing knee deep in the clover." We extend the *cordons bleus* to the *chefs* of Stockholm.

Oh, these dinners that we all have eaten, both at home and abroad! What delightful memories they give us as we look back on them. Class dinners, wedding dinners, society dinners; dinners *partie carré* and *tête à tête*. There was the farewell dinner that our friends gave us when we sailed, perhaps. Then there was the Captain's dinner on the

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boat coming over, at which we sealed new friendships that we feel will last for many years. How many of us remember a great number of the places we have visited merely because of the food we have eaten there! Berlin is simply Kempinski's to us; Paris is Marguery's and Foyot's. We don't care to see the Abbey at Mount St. Michael again, but we



would like to have another of Madame Poulard's omelettes. Venice is recalled, not by the canals and St. Mark's, but by that delicious cup of coffee we got at Florian's.

We who perhaps are living in the age of Fletcher, Chittenden, and others who would have us lunch on a lettuce leaf and a glass of Poland water, may be somewhat uncertain of the state of our gastric mucosa after our European dinners. It is well, at any rate, to have at home a copy of Ekkehard, and if you have gastric misgivings, turn to the chapter

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wherein the monks are entertaining the Herzogin Hadwig and read: "Wohl erschien zuerst ein dampfender Hirsebrei. . . . sich daran ersaettige; aber Schuessel auf Schuessel folgte, bei mechtigem Hirschziemer fehlte der Baerenschinken nicht, sogar der Biber vom obern Fischteich hatte sein Leben lassen muessen; Fasanen, Rebhuehner, Turteltauben und des Vogleherds kleinere Ausbete folgten, der Fische aber eine unendliche Auswahl, so dass schliesslich ein jeglich Getier, watendes, fliegendes, schwimmends und kriechendes, auf der Klostertafel seine Vertretung fand."

After which reading, one may go to sleep with a clear conscience.

V.

UPSALA—THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY—THE TOMB OF LINNÆUS.

THE Royal University of Sweden is situated at Upsala, a sleepy old college town, sixty-six kilometres from Stockholm. Leaving Stockholm at ten o'clock in the morning one can see the town and University pretty thoroughly and get back at seven in the evening. Besides the University there is a great Cathedral at Upsala that was begun before Columbus started for America and which has only recently been finished. There is also an immense *Slott* (which may be translated palace or castle as you choose). Both of these are worth the seeing. One can see here also the home of Linnæus, for here it was the great botanist lived and worked. The main building of the University, the library, and the students, with their white velvet caps and canes, flitting about, constitute the chief attractions of the town for ordinary tourists.

The matter of making calls is in many instances a solemn one, but the custom of leaving a visiting-card in the silver tray that stands before the black marble which marks

UPSALA

the tomb of Linnæus was almost as cheerless as repaying certain dinner calls. We would not have been surprised if the sacristan had said, "Mr. Linnæus is in, but is not receiving." How this unique custom of leaving your card for the dead originated no one



CARL VON LINNÆUS

seemed to know. But cards are left here by the hundred each year, and when the silver tray is filled they are filed away in the library.

Carl von Linnæus, the father of Botany, died here in Upsala in 1778. When he first came to Upsala, as a youth, his main stock in trade seemed to be a desire for an education, for it is said that he lived for many months

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on one meal a day. Dr. Celsius, a professor of divinity, happened to discover his proficiency in botany and gave him a start. He made good with such rapidity that his first published works aroused the jealousy of the Professor of Botany, Dr. Rosen, and upon some pretext Rosen had Linnæus dismissed from the University. This dismissal didn't seem to affect Linnæus' work, for we soon hear of him as President of the Royal Academy, and in 1741 he returned to Upsala to take the Chair of Botany and turn the laugh on Professor Rosen.

While Linnæus was able to make his department in the University of Sweden the most famous in the world, and to keep foreign nations and learned societies busy in conferring medals and degrees upon him, he was never able to classify his own little home herbarium. His wife was reported to be given to "frivolity and dissipation," and, notwithstanding the fame of her husband, she was finally denied admission to the Court. The five children of these two incompatibles went for the most part the way of the mother, although one daughter made some important experiments in plant life, and a son, who never did anything out of the ordinary, succeeded Linnæus at the University.

UPSALA

Linnæus was apparently a man who should not have married, for he did not have the happy faculty of mixing emotion with intellect, and it was undoubtedly his neglect of his wife that caused her to seek companionship in those whose knowledge was less cryptogamous than her husband's.



HOUSE OF LINNÆUS

We found the medical department of the University of great interest. There are about a hundred and sixty students of medicine here, and their needs are amply provided for. It is interesting to compare some points in the medical training here with those at home. Take, for instance, the course in pathology. The student here has pathology rubbed into him

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for three years, and he can get more if he wishes. There is a large building devoted wholly to pathology. It contains lecture-rooms, museum, post-mortem room, and numerous rooms for individual research. There are two professorships in this subject. Ulrik Quensel, who is chief of the department, is a pleasant man to meet. He has a pleasing smile and a nice little way of throwing back his head when he laughs, which he does frequently. All the time he was showing us about he held tenaciously to the butt of a small cigar. There was perhaps two centimetres of it in all. Occasionally he would manage to get the end of it in the corner of his mouth, but would withdraw it quickly and look at it reproachfully. I could almost fancy he was chiding it for not giving him a longer smoke. Professor Vealberg, who has the chair of experimental pathology, is a short, somewhat fat, enthusiastic man. Rather quick in his actions, he is, as the Germans would say, not possessed of *sitzfleisch*. The students at Upsala are surely getting lots of good pathology under these excellent men and their assistants.

What is true of pathology is no less true of the other departments. There is a fine anatomical institute here, of which Professor

UPSALA

Hammar is the head. It is modern and finely equipped. In chemistry, Hammarsten is too well known to need comment. Most of us who have studied medicine at home have used his text-book. After we had finished our round of the laboratories, we were taken to the University Hospital. This is a large, roomy building, situated in a beautiful park, in



ANATOMICAL INSTITUTE—UPSALA

which convalescents may wander about to their hearts' content. The hospital has something over three hundred beds; patients are drawn from all over Sweden. Both Professor Petren, in medicine, and Lennander, in surgery, were away, so we did not meet them, but we obtained a good idea of the work that was being done here from their assistants. Here at Upsala it was that we had to get out our best German and air it. Previously we

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had conversed in English with nearly everyone we met. It really is remarkable how universally English is spoken here in Scandinavia.

Again were we surprised at the excellence of the surgery here. Appendicitis is very common in Sweden. In one ward nearly every patient was minus his appendix. Many of the patients had also a general peritonitis. We saw one man, a student, who was a monument to the care and skill of Swedish surgery. He had had a gangrenous appendicitis with diffuse purulent peritonitis. Several metres of gangrenous small intestine had been removed and he had been thoroughly cleaned out and plenty of fistulæ left so that he would have no work to do for himself. He was being fed through a gastric fistula and evacuated through a fæcal fistula. There was also a hepatic fistula. It was the third day after the operation that we saw him, and he conversed with us in English. He said he had a sister in Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York. He was being fed on a well-known American infant's food. The combination made us feel much at home.

“We do better surgery here in Scandinavia than is done anywhere else in Europe,” said Dr. Lennander's assistant to us naïvely, “but



UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL—UPSALA

UPSALA

it is hard work." And he shrugged his shoulders, as though he thought the game was hardly worth the candle.

Not the least interesting part of our visit to Upsala was Professor Gullstrand's eye clinic. Gullstrand is a tall, thin man, not handsome, but one who wins your confidence in a very few moments of conversation. You feel intuitively after being with him that you have met a great man. He spoke English. At least he said, "If you will wait two moments, I will dispose of you."

There is no better eye clinic in all the world than this of Gullstrand's in this sleepy old town of Upsala. There is no detail lacking in equipment; nothing that is not essentially modern; nothing but the best. Things that Gullstrand has himself given to science were shown to us modestly.

We looked at ourselves in the uncanny glow of the mercury vapor light that Gullstrand uses for determining hæmorrhages of the retina. We saw much complicated apparatus that we were incapable of understanding, for this laboratory is in truth a wizard's shop.

On the whole one may say that Scandinavian medicine is as good as the best. There is just as good work being done in America as there is here, but the pity of it is there is so

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much bad work being done in America. Here there can't be much bad work; the training necessary to secure the degree of doctor of medicine is too severe. Uniformity of training is what we lack at home. Surgery here is as good as American surgery, and that means it is way ahead of the rest of Europe. General medicine I should say was hardly up to what one might see in Germany, but nevertheless very good. Medical science has here a high place. There are as many research laboratories, proportionately, perhaps more, than in Germany. And Scandinavia has surely given more than her proportionate share of research work to medical science.

VI.

ST. PETERSBURG—FEATURES OF THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL—ITS HOSPITALS.

FROM a medical point of view our visit to St. Petersburg is scarcely worth the writing, for we saw little that was medical. However, we will mention the journey if only to prevent others from going the same way, for personally Russia did not appeal to us. The sail from Stockholm to St. Petersburg, however, is beautiful and is perhaps worth the trouble and discomfort of the days spent under the shadow of the Czar. We took passage in a dinky little boat, not so large as many of the Mississippi River boats, for our trip across the Baltic. There were quite a number of passengers on board, and we felt that if we were foolish in going to Russia (as everybody in Stockholm told us we were) we had lots of company. Imagine our feelings, then, when on getting to Helsingfors, everybody save ourselves left the boat. We were the only passengers for St. Petersburg. But, as I said, the sail is beautiful. First the picturesque coast of Sweden; then all day long through the thousands of islands that

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dot the Baltic and are a part of Finland; and, finally, the magnificent and imposing approach to the heart of St. Petersburg itself, past the frowning forts of Kronstadt and the big Russian battleships.

It was surprisingly hot for May, and we sweltered on the deck while at least two dozen uniformed and bemedalled officials examined,



RUSSIAN DROSCHKE

signed, sealed, and countersigned our passports, and finally allowed us to leave the boat and be driven to a hotel.

The Russian *droschke* (cab) is much smaller than its name (*Iswoschtschik*) would imply, and the horses are smaller still, but tougher than wire nails—and they go at a great speed. The drivers, however, make up in size for the smallness of the rest of the outfit, and in

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their padded kimonos with a rear breadth of something like two metres somewhat obscure the view ahead.

St. Petersburg itself is a city worth seeing. The Nevskoi Prospekt is a wonderful street. I know of no other with which it may be compared. There are beautiful buildings along the Neva. The city is crowded with splendid churches and immense palaces; and in the Hermitage is one of the finest collections of paintings in the world. There are fine parks and theatres and comfortable hotels in abundance. But despite it all there is an odd feeling of oppression that strikes one the moment he lands on Russian soil, and one doesn't breathe freely till he is out of it all. Perhaps this passes away after a time; I should certainly hope so if I had to spend many days in Russia.

St. Petersburg is expensive. The prices are just about three times what they are in Scandinavia; a ruble (53 cents) does not go as far in St. Petersburg as a mark (24 cents) goes in Berlin. At the Hôtel de l'Europe a man told me he had to pay a ruble for a Scotch high-ball. If that isn't a good temperance argument I don't know what is, and yet we saw more drunken people in the streets of St. Petersburg in three days than

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I have seen in all Europe together in two summers' travel.

Vodka (a contemptuous diminutive of *voda*, "water,") the national drink, is a grain whiskey, pale, white. It is a little less burning than raw alcohol. Russians do not drink it, they gulp it down. They do not drink often; they cannot afford to; but when they do drink they get drunk. If you strike a small town on a holiday you find everybody in that town drunk. Desire for alcohol is a natural taste, and everyone takes all there is to be had when the opportunity offers. That is all there is to it.

The streets of St. Petersburg are fairly clean. The city is very well managed from a sanitary standpoint. It cannot be compared in this respect to most of the other large European cities, but is better than some of our American cities. There are twenty-six hospitals in the city, and several separate institutions in addition devoted to scientific medicine and research. The spirit in medicine is essentially German. All the better men, in addition to their five years' university course and hospital service, go to Germany to finish their medical education.

One can take for a fair example of the average hospital here the Marien. We visited

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it, especially as it is one of the hospitals solely for the poor. The patients in this institution pay nothing whatever. The buildings are somewhat old, but spacious and well ventilated. There is a central building (in which, as is always the case, there is a chapel) and two long wings on either side. There is a large well-kept court in the centre, rich in shade, in which the convalescents may wander. There is a large laboratory building for both clinical microscopy and gross pathology with autopsy-room and museum.

Seeing a Russian hospital is attended with some formality. We made the arrangements for our visit with the head nurse, who spoke English, and who told us to come the following day at eleven o'clock and all would be prepared for us. The next day happened to be the Czar's birthday and we were somewhat embarrassed by the remarkable uniforms that we found the attendants wearing when we reached the hospital. The door-keeper, for instance, was clothed in a heavy robe of yellow and red, which was adorned with rows of black double-eagles running from his shoulders to his feet. When we followed him to the waiting-room we were very careful not to step on the train of the gown.

After we got by the first stages, however,

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and finally met the real medical men, we began to feel at home. We were taken from one department to another, and in each found the chief of the service awaiting us. All these men spoke German, but none of them that we met knew English. A detailed account of the visit is hardly necessary. Everything was essentially the same as in American or German hospitals. The patients were all clean, the beds were clean, the nurses were immaculate. In the gynæcological wards, which we first visited, we saw over the beds (here the diagnoses are written in Latin script) the words, "Endometritis," "Myoma uteri," "Salpingitis," and so on. We did not see any operations but the operating-rooms were adequate and apparently aseptic. In every ward there were two separate operating-rooms; one for septic, and one for non-septic cases.

The nerve clinic interested us considerably. It was remarkably well equipped. In addition to the ordinary electric, massage, and Röntgen-light apparatus, there was a large room for hydrotherapy. For the hose douche, there were installed engines in the basement which insured constant pressure of any desired degree. The neurologist (his card is in Russian and I'm sure the reader works hard enough as it is without having to translate it)

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told us that one hose douche was enough in a case of hysteria. After I saw the stream turned on I believed him. The only thing I ever saw that compared with it in force was the stream from the nozzle of one of the New York fire-boat hoses that is arranged to hit the roof of a twenty-story building. No wonder the Russians hate to bathe if their idea of a bath is conceived from this apparatus. One bath would be water enough for a lifetime. Seriously, though, there were ample bathing facilities in all the wards. The bath-tubs were large, with an ample supply of both hot and cold water and with inlet and outlet pipes of large diameter, so that no time need be wasted in filling and emptying the tubs.



We saw also in this department a patient treated for trifacial neuralgia by means of the Röntgen ray. Such treatment was new to us, but we were assured that the idea was "*aus Amerika.*"

In the pathological laboratory I felt more at home than in any place I have been since I left the States, for hardly

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had I entered when I noted two or three little laboratory stunts in use that I happened to know originated in the laboratory in which I used to work at home.

“Where did you get this idea?” I asked Dr. Schueninoff, who is chief of the laboratory, pointing to some material that was in process of preparation. “I got that from Chiari,” he answered, “when I worked in Prague, and Chiari got it from Mallory when Mallory worked in Prague.” Surely the pathological world is small!

There are about four hundred beds in this hospital, and yet Dr. Schueninoff averages six hundred autopsies a year. If a man wanted lots of pathological material I know of no better place in Europe to get it than right here. He would be welcome, and could do as much as he wished. He could have a seat in a large, well-lighted laboratory, with the autopsy-room at his elbow. He would find better technics practiced than in most German laboratories. But, sadly, he would have to live in Russia. Personally I wouldn't mind foregoing health, friends, and money, to fame; but if it came to a question of living in Russia, I would choose to die unknown.

However, we know in a general sort of way that much that is new in medical science

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comes out of Russia. We are familiar with the recent work of Pawlow, and there is scarcely a physician in practice to-day who hasn't tried Kernig's sign in meningitis. Perhaps all physicians are not aware, however, that Kernig is a St. Petersburg clinician.



PAWLOW

There has been no greater name in chemistry than that of Mendelieff. Perhaps it is true, as has been suggested, that cut off from political activity, the energetic minds of this great empire devote themselves with especial vigor to science and particularly to medicine. It is stated that a more perfect medical

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faculty exists in Russia than is to be found in Vienna or Berlin. This may account for the high standing of the average practitioner in this country.

Here in Russia there is no fee for medical treatment. Nobody ever asks a physician for the amount of his bill. It is universally understood that a gentleman pays his physician a fair sum—such a sum as he can afford to pay within the limits of his income and his sense of generosity. The Russian mind cannot conceive how a man engaged in the holy pursuit of saving life and alleviating suffering can put a price on his services. This custom of generosity in giving service and trusting to a like generosity in receiving reward for the same is a beautiful one, and cuts out from medicine what William James would call “the Trades Union Wing of the profession.”

The Russian country through which we travelled on our way to the German border was not without interest. We were met everywhere by children begging for coppers. These children were the best natural actors I have ever seen. A ragged urchin who approached me had the faculty of filling his eyes with tears at will. It was wonderful to watch his changing expression; the cunning gleam that he sized you up with, the tear-

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stained face of appeal, and the grin of satisfaction with which he departed after he had grafted you for all your loose *kopecks*.

Another thing that surprises the traveller here in Russia is the large number of small hospitals scattered throughout the country. There is scarcely a town of any size whatever



RUSSIAN PEASANTS

but has its hospital. Certainly we would not look for hospitals in towns several times the size in America. The little hospitals are situated on the edge of the town, usually where there is plenty of open space and shade. The buildings are of brick and are one story high. Trained nurses in uniforms and young physicians in white duck are in charge. Everything about these hospitals is scrupu-

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lously clean. There is no dirty bed-linen, no disagreeable odors, no unclean wood-work. Each of these hospitals has an adequate laboratory and surgical equipment.

All of this is far removed from what we would naturally expect to find in this contradictory country, but a reason for these hospitals may be sought in the desire of the *zemstvos* to lessen the economic plague incident to the ravages made by disease and epidemics on the poorly-fed and badly-housed peasants. The *zemstvo*, or territorial assembly, by the way, is a body composed of representatives of all classes which takes the place of the old nobility assemblies and concert measures for the common good of the people.

The shortness of the life average (half the children born in Russia die before reaching the fifth year) makes the unproductive age out of all proportion to the productive age, which is a bad thing economically for any nation.

The *zemstvos* have done everything they could naturally to decrease this mortality, but their lack of funds makes it difficult for them to secure first-class medical men. I was told that the pay of these physicians was not more than 400 or 600 rubles a year (200 to 300 dollars) and one can't drink Scotch high-balls on that salary in Russia.

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I was also told that lack of money was not the only thing the *zemstvos* had to contend with. There was really an insufficiency of medical men for its needs. At the time of the death of Alexander II there were only 3000 medical students in Russia, and of these only about 300 graduated each year. Think of this for 140,000,000 people, and compare it with our medical (and so-called medical) fledglings that are turned loose on the community each year. Is it any wonder that so many young Hebrews, who are quick to see a good opening, are going into medicine each year, and are crowding the German universities, when they can go cheaply, to overflowing.

Not only men but a great many women are going into medicine here in Russia nowadays. For some reasons they are considered superior to the men. They do more, and they live on less. They have a way of overcoming the old medical superstitions and insinuating hygienic ideas.

The *zemstvos* themselves have founded modest schools, in addition to the Government female medical annexes, for the education of women physicians and surgeons. So that now these women, who seem to possess a real longing to be of use to the people, will find ample scope for their noble passion.

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We did not leave Russia without investigating the food question. We tried everything, and at times "got stung." But in general Russian food is the real thing. One has never drunk tea till one has tried it in Russia, and the caviare as one gets it here is something to live for. Caviare is the one thing in St. Petersburg that is comparatively



MONUMENT TO PETER THE GREAT

cheap, and we nearly ruined our gastric mucosa with it in trying to get square for other deals. There is an interesting restaurant here, where one is given a net and is allowed to scoop up from a big tank in the centre of the room the fish he desires to be served with. As St. Petersburg is a winter city, we did not see it at its best, when it is filled with the gayest society in all Europe.

But it is away from St. Petersburg after a

ST. PETERSBURG

hard day's travel one really enjoys the food. The national dish of Russia is cabbage soup. It is made of sour cabbage and water (empty "*shtshi*"). With fresh fat beef and clotted cream added (*smietàna*) it is a dish for kings. A bowl of this soup, a dish of buckwheat, baked porridge, and a pot of tea from the smoking samovar, which is found in every household in Russia from *Tsar* to *mujik*, is better than all the dinners the big hotels of the cities can supply.

VII.

BERLIN—ANGLO-AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION—TYPES OF AMERICAN STUDENT.

THE Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof is in the centre of Berlin. On one side of it is the Central Hotel, and in the Central Hotel is the Restaurant Heidelburger. A man at the door, clothed in a brown uniform, touches his cap to you and says, "Mahlzeit," as you enter. You pass through a number of rooms filled with tables at which sit the types of men and women that will soon become familiar to you, and you glance enviously at the tall steins of Muenchener and Pilsener and the plates of wurst and côtelette and schnitzel. Then you lose your way, and you say something to a waiter who doesn't understand your speech but who smiles and pilots you to a stairway; you ascend and enter a big room and *presto*—you are no longer in Germany (except for the steins), for here is English speech and familiarly cut clothes and smooth faces and the radiance of good cheer that can come only from a group of fellow-countrymen, far from home, who are united by the firm band of fellowship in medical study.



THE ANGIO-AMERICAN MEDICAL SOCIETY OF BERLIN



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This is the Anglo-American Medical Association of Berlin, a society organized in 1903 by Dr. J. H. Honan, of Berlin, for the purpose of promoting the interests of Anglo-Americans seeking courses in medicine in Berlin.

It is needless to say that Berlin is a big city; that its customs are not our customs; that its clinics and laboratories are not all in one place; and that a man, coming to Berlin for the first time, with no definite knowledge as to just what men or what courses he wants, can waste many valuable days, or weeks, in getting settled down to his work. It is the idea of the Society to obviate this waste of time as much as possible by giving the new-comer a clear idea of the various courses given, both privately and by the university; the cost, value, duration, and time of commencement of the same; to tell him what to avoid (for there are courses to be avoided, even in Berlin), and to extend the hand of good fellowship to the lonesome. Moreover one hears here on each Saturday night (which is the meeting time of the Society) an informal talk by some one of the great medical men of Berlin. For the above enumerated privileges the new-comer pays the sum of two marks, which makes him a perpetual member of the

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Society and entitles him to an annual report, which is sent to his home address.

There are, on an average, about thirty men present at these Saturday night gatherings. It is estimated that there are always present in Berlin from forty to seventy Americans who are here for the purpose of studying medicine. The average duration of stay is three to four months. Of course many men come for a year or two years' work here, but the number of practising physicians who have only a month or two of vacation that they wish to spend in study, cuts the average down. So it is that the faces at the club are constantly changing. But one man goes on forever, and that is the worthy president, Dr. J. H. Honan.

It is largely due to the efforts of Dr. Honan that the club is the success it is. He is an American, a former resident of Chicago, and at present permanently located in Berlin with a large American practice. It is rare indeed to visit the club on a Saturday night and not see Dr. Honan's face at the head of the table. Even if you have returned to Berlin for a second time, the club is as if you left it yesterday, for Dr. Honan, and his bell with which he calls you to order, are just as you left them years before.

The Doctor is a large, well built man, with

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luxuriant black whiskers. He wears always a frock coat, white waistcoat and tall hat. He has a full, deep, resounding voice, and when he rises and says, "The society is especially honored to-night" (he never forgets to emphasize the "especially") "by the presence of the world-renowned Geheimrath-Professor So-and-so, who will speak to us on that subject with which his name is everywhere associated in the medical world, etc.," we all stand up and cheer and are quite sure that we are getting (as a chap from Green Bay, Wisconsin, expressed it) "the right kind of dope."

And then when the Geheimrath-Professor So-and-so has concluded his remarks, and, in accordance with a motion of thanks feebly offered by some humble member in the back of the room, Dr. Honan rises and announces, "It is moved, and seconded, that the Anglo-American Medical Association of Berlin does hereby most emphatically and unanimously extend its cordial and sincere thanks for the exceedingly interesting and instructive lecture which we have had the honor and pleasure of listening to to-night," we all rise and bow, and the G.-R.-Professor bows, and we applaud a whole lot more, and finally sit down, feeling that the U. S. A. can surely do the proper thing at the proper time.

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No one can know Dr. Honan without feeling that he has met a real man; an earnest, enthusiastic, unselfish, whole-souled lover of medicine and medical education in its best and broadest sense.

It is not every man who, for no compensation save the knowledge that he is helping his fellow men, would devote the time and energy to such a thankless task as has Dr. Honan. For remember, the men that constitute the club come and go. They get only a thin cross-section of the structure that Dr. Honan has built and which needs constant attention to keep from crumbling. Only a few stay long enough to appreciate and to thank him for the work he is doing.

And the officers of the Society are also deserving of much praise. No one except a man who has been associated with the club in an official capacity realizes how many evenings are spent in looking up courses and writing letters and making up sections for the many men who are constantly writing to the club for help. But these men all do their work cheerfully, and I hope they will know that one American at least appreciates all that they have done to make Berlin the best city in the world for an American student.

There is always a formal business meeting

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after one of these Saturday lectures, which includes such reports as those of the Orientieren, Program, and Library committees, the announcement of new courses, and what not. I had nearly forgotten to state that the two marks' membership fee includes the use of the reading-room and library. The latter is

At the next regular weekly meeting of the

Anglo-American Medical Association of Berlin.

at the **Restaurant Heidelberger**, Saturday evening *June 2-06*

at 7,30 o'clock

will address us. Subject

Prof. Von Leyden
"Physical Therapy"

Beck

Secretary.

at Rothacker's book-store, Friedrichstrasse 105B. Here are to be found a very good list of English, French, and German journals, which have been donated to the Society by the publishers. Stationary is also furnished gratis, and is of that peculiarly arranged German variety that weighs exactly one-half ounce for two sheets and the envelope, so that the added moisture of sealing the letter enables the post-office officials to charge up

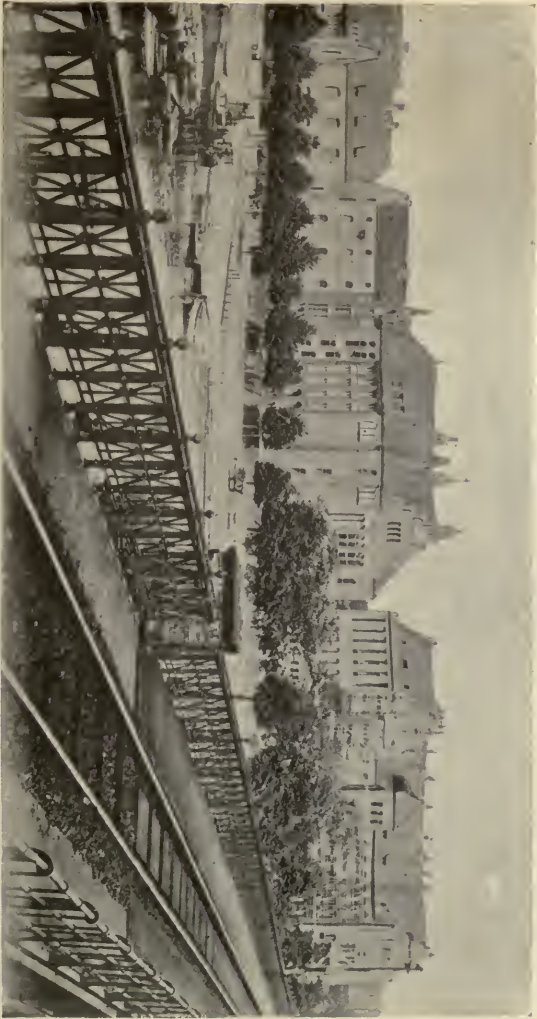
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ten cents overweight for the people at home to pay.

The lecturer of the evening speaks nearly always in German. Unfortunately the majority of the club are somewhat short on German. They have the privilege of seeing a great man but they carry away little of what he says. One man who sat attentively through a meeting, after listening to an hour's lecture by Dr. Bruel, turned to me and said, "Well, I got one word out of that—*Tuberkulose!*"

The experiences of the men, as related over the beer when the meetings are officially over, are always of interest. They are as varied as are the types of Americans one sees here themselves. "This is a bum town," says some fellow from the backwoods of the good old U. S. A., who has come over with the expectation of helping some prominent surgeon do laparotomies during a three weeks' sojourn; "I've been here darned near my time limit now and I haven't been near enough to an operation to see it through an opera-glass." Another says, "What's the use going to these blooming clinics when you can't tell what the fellow is talking about? I should think they would learn to speak English."

I actually met a fellow here once who had by mistake got into a course in gross path-



ROYAL CHARITÉ FROM THE STADTBAHN



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ology (I haven't the least idea what he thought he was getting). He watched the instructor nervously for a while, doing a rather difficult dissection of the thoracic duct in a case of miliary tuberculosis, and then dug his elbow into my ribs and said, "Say, what's he wasting so much time on that woman for? She's dead, isn't she?"

There are also men like a tall Westerner who stalked into Bier's operating-room one day, pushing aside nurses and assistants, and who having reached the centre of the room stopped, looked around and said in a loud tone of voice: "Say, I want to see Hyperæmia."

But all Americans (*Gott sei dank*) are not like the above, and the Germans know it and appreciate it. There are always a good lot of clean, eager, industrious, brilliant workers here from our country, and some of them have turned out pieces of research from the Berlin laboratories of which the chiefs are proud. There is always a chance here for such men to get any and all kinds of work; as well as intimate association with the leaders of German surgery, clinical and scientific medicine.

To show the value of the Society, aside from its other good work the following list

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of speakers for the Winter of '06-'07 is appended:

September 29, 1906. Address by the President on development of the Association, followed by social evening.

October 6, 1906. Prof. Dr. Stoeckel—Some New Gynæcological Operative Methods of Treatment.

October 13, 1906. Dr. Paul Cohnheim—Chronic Intestinal Catarrh.

October 20, 1906. Prof. Moeller—The Early Treatment of Phthisis.

October 27, 1906. Prof. Max Henkel—Therapy of Myomata of the Uterus.

November 3, 1906. Dr. Knorr—Cystoscopy and Catheterization of Ureters.

November 24, 1906. Dr. R. Cassirer—Pathology and Treatment of Tabes Dorsalis.

December 1, 1906. Dr. Thumin—Purpose of Cystoscopy in the Female.

December 8, 1906. Prof. Dr. Dührssen—Vaginal Hysterectomy.

December 15, 1906. Geh.-Rat Prof. Dr. Miller—Bacteria of the Mouth and their Relation to Internal Diseases.

December 22, 1906. Prof. Dr. Krause—The Status of Present-Day Surgery of the Brain.

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- January 5, 1907. Geh.-Rat Prof. Dr. Brieger—Hydrotherapeutics and Other Methods of Treatment.
- January 12, 1907. Dr. C. S. Engel—Normal and Pathological Appearances of the Blood.
- January 19, 1907. Prof. Dr. Rosenheim—Colitis.
- February 2, 1907. Geh.-Rat Prof. Dr. Hoffa—Chronic Joint Rheumatism and Arthritis Deformans.
- February 9, 1907. Dr. Frank—Sexual Neurasthenia following Gonorrhœa.
- February 16, 1907. Prof. Dr. Baginsky—Tubercular and Simple Forms of Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis.
- February 22, 1907. Dr. Ritter—Surgery of the Frontal Sinuses.
- March 2, 1907. Prof. Dr. Koblanck—Carcinoma of the Uterus; Differential Diagnosis and Treatment.
- March 9, 1907. Dr. Edw. Saalfeld—Treatment of Skin Diseases with X-Ray.
- March 16, 1907. Prof. Dr. Nagel—Diagnostic Significance of Hæmorrhage from the Female Genitalia.
- March 23, 1907. Dr. Paul Cohnheim—Hyperchlorhydria of the Stomach.
- March 30, 1907. Dr. Langstein—Infant Feeding.

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- April 6, 1907. Prof. Dr. Schleich—Theory of Pain, and Latest Development in Local and General Anæsthesia.
- April 13, 1907. Dr. Karewski—Debatable Points on Anæsthesia.
- April 20, 1907. Dr. Westenhoeffer—What to do with the Lung in Tuberculosis.
- April 27, 1907. Prof. Dr. Grawitz—Value of Blood Examination to the Practitioner.
- May 4, 1907. Geh.-Rat Prof. Dr. Bumm—Gonorrhœa and Marriage.
- May 11, 1907. Prof. Dr. Hildebrandt—Tuberculosis of the Joints and its Treatment.
- May 25, 1907. Dr. Albu—Differential Diagnosis of Chronic Cholelithiasis.
- June 1, 1907. Dr. Oestreich—The Position of the Stomach.
- June 8, 1907. Prof. Dr. Borchardt—Cerebellar Surgery.
- June 15, 1907. Dr. Joseph—The Latest Facts About Syphilis.
- June 22, 1907. Dr. Fleishman — Serum Therapy.
- June 29, 1907. Dr. Ludwig Pick—Some Facts About Tumors.
- July 6, 1907. Prof. Dr. Blumenthal—Balneo-dietetic Treatment of Kidney Diseases.
- July 13, 1907. Geh. Prof. Dr. Senator—Lung Emphysema.

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July 20, 1907. Dr. Fritz Meyer—Progress in Serum Therapy.

July 27, 1907. Prof. Dr. Dietrich—Recent Researches in Causes of Carcinoma.

August 10, 1907. Prof. Dr. Klemperer—Recent Researches in Tuberculosis.

August 17, 1907. Dr. Ernest Fuld—Physiological Chemistry.

VIII.

BERLIN CONTINUED—THE WEST END VERSUS THE LATIN QUARTER—THE ROYAL CHARITÉ HOSPITAL.

BEFORE beginning work, it is of course necessary for a man to find a place to live, and that in Berlin, notwithstanding the thousands of pensions and furnished rooms, is not always an easy matter. Happy is he who comes provided with an address of a place in which some of his friends have lived and which they have found satisfactory. It is with no desire to advertise the following places that this list is included here, but these places are especially recommended by the Anglo-American Medical Association of Berlin:

Near the Clinics is the Pension Kurzhall, Luisenstr. 67; Pension Jendritza, Karlstr. 31; Pension Kromat, Charitestr. 9; Pension Hoeven, Charitestr. 3; Furnished Rooms, Albrechstr. 22.

In the Resident District is the Pension Belmont (American), Victoria Luise-Platz 10; Pension Clare (American), Heilbronnerstr. 25, Miss Hunt (American), Kleiststr. 11; Pension

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von Heuckmann, corner Wichmann- and Keithstr.; Pension Frau Prof. Neumann, Kalkreuthstrasse 5; Pension Tschenschner, Kurfurstenstr. 112.

The Pension Hoeven at Charitestr. 3, I know about personally. The Hoevens were for many years at Albrechstrasse 22, which place has always been a favorite with American medical men. In their new place there are four bath-rooms (just think of that in Berlin!) and they are not used for storing coal or for wash-tubs, as most Berlin bath-rooms are, but actually supply you with hot and cold water every hour of the twenty-four. And besides "Tilly" is there to mother you and to see that there are no holes in your socks. There are many of us who will always have a soft spot in our hearts for "Tillchen."

Roughly speaking there are two parts of the city where medical men live. They either go far into the West End, or else camp down in the so-called Latin Quarter, at the doors of the principal clinics. The West End is beautiful; the houses are roomy and well kept, there are lots of fresh air and flowers, and everywhere about are open-air cafés and gardens where one can hear good music as one drinks his evening beer. But the

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West End is unhandy, it is so far from all the clinics. Street-car service in Berlin is adequate, but it is slow. If one lives near the Zoölogical Garden he can get to Friedrichstrasse quite quickly by the Stadtbahn, but then one must take a bus or a car to get to his clinic. When I lived in the West End I figured on killing an hour each trip, and



PARK OF THE CHARITÉ—CHURCH AT RIGHT

frequently I was longer getting to my work.

The expense of urban travel is, however, very little. One can get a Stadtbahn ticket good for as many rides as one chooses to take from the first of one month to the first of the next, for three marks (72 cts.). The regular tariff on the street cars is a little less than half our fare (ten pfennigs). One can travel quite a distance on an omnibus for five pfennigs—a fraction over one cent.

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For convenience and proximity to work it is perhaps wiser to live in the "Lateinisch Viertel," even though some of the houses be older and darker, and—mayhap—more noisy. Nobody stays in the house in the evening here, anyway—unless it is some weak-minded American who has promised to write Berlin letters to his editor at home. We can bound this student territory roughly by Invalidenstrasse and Dorotheenstrasse on the north and south respectively, and extending between Wilhelm Ufer and Grosse Hamburgerstrasse. Those who are working in anatomy or in the Charité find Luisen, Philipp and Karl streets convenient. Lusienstrasse is also handy for those who are attending Bumm's obstetrical clinic. Olshausen's clinic is on Artilleriestrasse (those working in obstetrics must of course be near their work). The latter street is also convenient to Ziegelstrasse, where one finds Max Joseph, Bier, and Senator. Here, also, is the medical library in the Langenbeck Haus, in which one can read by getting permission from Prof. Ewald.

There are two methods of living, adopted I should say in about equal measure by Americans, *i.e.*, full pension, or furnished room with breakfast, which last leaves one free to eat lunches and dinners where one will.

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In the West End one is more apt to live *en pension*. In the students' quarter it is better to depend on the various restaurants, which are convenient and comparatively inexpensive.

What does it cost to live in Berlin? One cannot answer such a question, any more than one can tell you what it costs to live in New York or Kalamazoo. The booklet of the Association tells you that the cost of living in Berlin is the same as in New York, London, or Paris. It costs just as much as you choose to spend. Perhaps the average cost of full pension (room, meals, and service) in Berlin is one hundred and forty marks a month (about thirty-five dollars). A lucky man may find a good pension for a hundred marks. It is rare that one pays over a hundred and sixty marks.

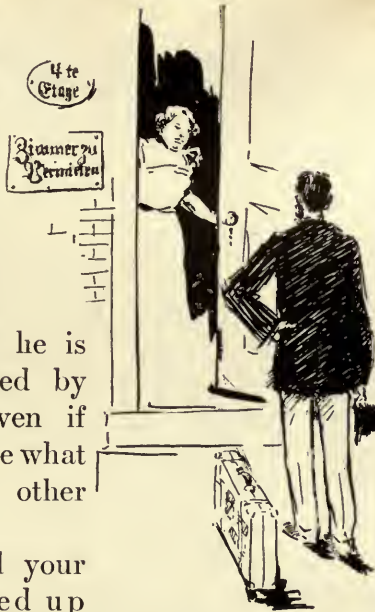
For a furnished room one pays from twenty-five to fifty marks. The difference in price does not depend so much on the room as on whether you are short and fat and blond with a stringy *Schnurbart* and say: "*Bitte, gnaedige Frau, Ich wuenche gern ein moebliertes Zimmer zu bekommen,*" or are tall and lank and smooth-faced, and say, "*Haben sie ein—ein—a room to let?*" This price, however, includes only the room (unless two clean towels a week and a change of sheets monthly

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be worth mention). *Bedienung* (service), light, heat (and anything else), are all extra. Americans are inclined to kick at these extra charges. For such people there are always landladies who make you an "inclusive" price. This is usually about a third more than it would be if you did the extra arithmetic, but it pleases the afore-said average American and he assures you that he is not getting soaked by extra charges—even if he is paying double what you are by the other method.

Having found your room and locked up your patent leather shoes (which latter you will do at once if you are familiar with German shoe polish), it is well to take a turn about and see what Berlin has to offer in the way of hospitals. Naturally one begins with the Royal Charité.

The Charité is by no means a model hos-



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pital. It impresses one as an ununiform village—and so it is, a collection of buildings of various form and varied age, with no particular grouping, scattered here and there amid trees and non-parallel streets, and separated from the busy whirl of Berlin, in one place by a wall, in another by a row of tenements, in still another by the yards that



GROUNDS OF THE CHARITÉ

buttress the Stadtbahn. There are beautiful new buildings here, notably the new Pathological Institute, which has for its equal only one other such building in the world and that the new Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York. There are also here buildings so old that you fear lest your feet go through the planking as you walk the wards, and the smells that arise on a hot day



Rud. Virchow

RUDOLPH VIRCHOW



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make you wonder if they were ever ventilated. But it is these same old buildings that call the student of medical history first to the Charité, for here was made much of the German medicine that we from the West come to seek.

Personally, I am not at all romantic, but when for the first time I came upon the old weather-beaten building, with its now crumbling plaster-walls, where Rudolph Virchow erected the frame-work of cellular pathology for all scientific medicine to build upon, I stood for a full hour with my hat in my hand, my mind struggling to grasp the secret of his achievements. And when finally I came back to earth I had no desire to go through the new Institute across the way, but reserved that visit for another day and went slowly homeward.

The foundation of the Charité dates from the year 1710. The cause of the erection of the first building was the outbreak of the plague in Prussia, in 1709, but the plague spared Berlin, and the building was used as a poor-house and garrison infirmary. In 1726 the Royal Charité really first became a healing and teaching institution. The foundation of the University caused a need of clinics for medical instruction and led to an agreement between the University and the Charité where-

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by one part of the Charité was turned into university clinics. The names of the men who have been chiefs of clinics in the Charité would almost be a list of the men who have made German medicine what it is to-day. In surgery there was Johann Rust and Dieffenbach; and later Adolf Bardeleben (who was the first to introduce antiseptic



SURGICAL CLINIC—CHARITÉ

surgery into Germany), and Franz Koenig.

The first director of the medical clinic was Johann Christian Reil, famous as a fighter for freedom in the treatment of insanity. Schoenlein was one of the first to introduce microscopical and chemical methods into clinical diagnosis. Theodor Frerichs is known for his contributions to our knowledge of diseases of the liver and kidneys, and diabetes.

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The fame of Ludwig Traube brought students to Berlin from many lands. In psychiatry and nerve diseases there have been such men as Griesinger and Westphal and Jolly.

The old Pathological Institute I have already referred to. It was founded in 1856. Here, indeed, was a golden hive. First Johannes Mueller's proposal for a professor



NERVE CLINIC—CHARITÉ

of pathological anatomy (a then unheard-of chair), then the filling of the chair by Virchow and behold—the development of a new epoch in medicine. Besides Virchow, here were also Cohnheim, Obermeier, and Liebreich. And of Virchow's assistants who went out from here to take professorships in other universities may be mentioned Grohe, Klebs, Recklinghausen, Hueter, Cohnheim,

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Roth, Ponfick, Orth, Grawitz, Hoppe-Seyler, Kuehne, Liebreich, and Salkowski.

But the men of the Charité are not all of the past. Here it is that to-day one finds many of the men famous in the world of medicine. At the head of the new Pathological Institute is Johannes Orth, a worthy successor to the great Virchow, and associated with him are Kaiserling and Davidsohn. In medicine there are von Leyden and Kraus; in surgery, Hildebrand; in children's diseases, Heubner; in nerve diseases, Ziehen. Really, the list is too long to detail.

IX.

BERLIN CONTINUED—HOSPITALS AND CLINICS —LASSAR AND HIS WORK—HOFFA.

THERE may be cities that have hospitals of finer construction than those of Berlin, and there are others that have hospitals larger than any Berlin yet possesses, but there is no city that has so many, so fine, and so large hospitals as are to be found in the German capital.

The Charité, which is perhaps of most interest to Americans owing to its connection with the University, we have already referred to. But of no less interest are the great groups of buildings, scattered throughout the city, known as “Die Staedtischen Krankenhaeuser.” These city hospitals in Berlin do not stand in direct relation with the University, as they do in many other German cities, but they serve their ends for teaching purposes. The prosectors (pathologists), for example, are all university docents or professors, and instruction in this branch is given to students and graduates, as well as research places being provided for suitable men. These hospitals also offer numerous places for assistants, both in medicine and surgery.

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These city hospitals are the Moabit, Turmstrasse 21; Am Friedrichsheim, Landsberger Allee 159; and Am Urban, Urbanstrasse 139-150. By the time this is read the new Rudolph Virchow Hospital will be open. Then there is the new City Hospital in Charlottenburg, which is essentially a part of Ber-



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lin's great West End. The Moabit and Friedrichsheim hospitals are old in a sense, having been founded in 1873 and 1874 respectively, but are essentially up to date in all respects. One can get lost amid the trees and flowers of the grounds of the Moabit, although it is in the heart of the city. Each of these hospitals has over a thousand beds.

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It is the new Rudolph Virchow Krankenhaus, however, that attracts the attention of the visitor, and even after you have been told all the wonders of this institution by a friend, your surprise is none the less keen on your first visit. This place is not an institution—it is a town in itself; a beautiful village, with wide streets and beautiful gardens and magnificent trees. There are fifty-seven buildings in this village, all representing the highest development of architectural and hygienic skill. There are large buildings divided into wards for patients that are temporary and do not demand the care and expense of isolation. On the other hand, there are small buildings, to give most careful detailed treatment to such patients as demand special care. There are laboratories without number; chapel and conservatory; everything, in fact, that one can think of. This hospital will care for eighteen hundred sick. It covers so much ground that the cost of land alone would make the erection of a similar institution in New York City, in any accessible place, prohibitive.

Then aside from these great city hospitals there is a list of private institutions too long to chronicle. In some of these places, however, the Americans find their best opportunity for work. In the Augusta Hospital there is

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Krause the surgeon, and Ewald the internist (he does not like to be called "a stomach man"). The Jewish Hospital has Israel in surgery and Lazarus in medicine, two of the leading men of Berlin. At St. Hedwig's there



GROUNDS OF MOABIT HOSPITAL

is Rotter in surgery and Wirsing in medicine.

How can an American physician who is just over on a sightseeing trip and does not wish to stay in Berlin for extended work, see what these hospitals have to offer? Simply by "butting in." Go to the *portier*, pass out your card, and a mark (two bits), and you

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may rest assured that you will see all there is to see. It is really remarkable, how German physicians and surgeons, some of world-wide fame, keep their good nature and maintain a uniform courtesy, interrupted at all times and all hours as frequently as they are by American visitors; yet I have not known of a single instance where courtesy was failing to a visitor. In fact the American usually complains of the detail with which an institution is shown him, and comes away from a hospital at which he has expected to spend thirty minutes only after a three or four hours' personally conducted tour.

In regard to hospital calls or personal calls on particular medical men one wishes to see, a word can be said regarding cards. The cards that some American physicians carry with them are ludicrous. They are large pasteboard affairs (I have seen one that was engraved on aluminum) covered with telephone numbers, office hours, memberships in county medical societies, and perhaps also professorships in some one-horse medical college. Such cards may impress the *portier*. I remember explaining to a certain *portier* that the telephone number represented the number of major operations the man had done, and the office hours represented his fee

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for consultation in dollars. If anyone who has a telephone number in the thousands, and office hours from 9 to 12, strikes that particular *portier*, he will "cut ice."

If you are going to see a Berlin professor's clinic present only your simple engraved visiting card, with your city written in pencil in one corner. The Germans, it is true, use big cards with the story of their life thereon, but, notwithstanding, they know that such are not the proper thing for Americans.

Interesting and instructive as are the hospitals of Berlin it is really the Polyklinik that offers the greatest attraction for the American. The Polyklinik corresponds to our outpatient department. Here these clinics are tucked away almost anywhere. You find them at every turn. A narrow stairway over a little shop, that looks like the thousands of other stairways leading to the apartment of the Berliner (and it might be added *sotto voce* the Berlinerin) may lead you to the clinic of some man who is famous throughout the entire medical world.

Many chapters might be written concerning these clinics and their chiefs, but we will only visit a few.

Max Joseph is not a professor in the University, but he is one of the most popular

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teachers of skin diseases in Europe. He is a large, well built man, with full beard. When he talks, he separates his lips widely so that two even rows of teeth are seen, and you hear what he is saying. There is nothing of German deliberation about Max Joseph's clinic. It is a three-ring circus and Joseph is master of all three rings.

The clinic-rooms are small and dirty and poorly lighted. They are overcrowded with pupils, who are for the most part Russian Jews and have a formation for surrounding a patient that "Hurry-up" Yost's foot ball team couldn't break through. Into this crowd the patients are poured by the dozen, and then the performance begins.

Treatment, diagnosis, examination, pathology, are being hurled at you all in a bunch. While you are feeling a herpes, Joseph is giving you the treatment of alopecia, and as you jump for the alopecia, you find Joseph has dropped that and is demonstrating an epithelioma. Before you get to the epithelioma you are caught up in a crowd that is rushing madly into another room where Joseph is already talking about an infantile eczema.

"If Joseph had not been a great dermatologist," said the American who came out with me, as we walked down Ziegelstrasse,

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“he would have been a fine man for a side-show barker.”

Just across Friedrichstrasse and down Karlstrasse is the clinic of Prof. Oskar Lassar.* Here is a large, well constructed clinic-room, with projection apparatus and well arranged seats for the students. The walls of the room are hung with diplomas without number, which have been sent to Lassar from all over the world. And Lassar deserves them. Lassar should go down in history as the greatest man, or at any rate the most marvelous man, Germany has ever produced. We hear of Goethe and Frederick the Great and Bismark. But what did they ever do? A few poems; a few battles won; Germany unified. Almost any man of ability could have done those things, given the opportunity. But Lassar entered upon a campaign the stupendousness of which can only be conceived by those who are familiar with the great mass of Germans, and who has met them in a crowd on a hot day. Lassar has made the majority of middle-class Germans recognize the value of a bath. Since Lassar began his campaign there are men and women in Berlin who now wash themselves. Therefore the diplomas.

* Oskar Lassar died from injuries received in an automobile accident, December 23, 1907.

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Lassar is himself a clean, well-groomed man, with ever the merriest twinkle in his bright eyes. His humor is delicious, and an hour in his clinic is a delight worth the expense of a trip abroad to experience. One forgets he is learning dermatology in the pure joy he gets from seeing Lassar handle his patients.

A poor little girl comes in to the clinic with xerosis pigmentosa. Those disfiguring freckles must be burned away with the red-hot cautery. Lassar greets the girl as though she were a princess. "Shall we try the face to-day, or the hand?" he asks, in a way he might say to a friend "Will you have sparkling burgundy, or moselle?"

The girl averts her face and you can see the tears start in her eyes. She stretches out her hand.

"Ah," says Lassar, "the hand. That is good. And we are not going to cry, for here are ten pfennings."

There has been a slight sizzling sound and we get a faint odor of burnt flesh. The girl has bit her lip, but the tears have come no farther. In her free hand she grasps a bright new ten-pfennig piece.

"You are a brave girl and you must buy an ansichts Karte." There is the sizzling

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sound again. "An ansichts Karte with the picture of the little Crown Prince on it." Again we smell the flesh. "Perhaps that will cost twenty pfennigs; here are ten more."

The tears have stayed exactly where they started, save for one that lies on the freckled cheek, and the girl smiles up at Lassar as he pats her on the shoulder and tells her to come back next week, and perhaps he will have some more ten-pfennig pieces.

We go out of Lassar's clinic feeling depressed. It is quite a strain on the average human, meeting at once so rare a type, a great and good man. And that's what Oskar Lassar is.

Not far from Lassar's, at the corner of Luisenstrasse, is Frank's genito-urinary clinic. Frank is a brilliant and energetic young German. He is a splendid speaker. I heard him speak for three hours once without a break. It was a terrifically hot night and the room was like a furnace, and we who were listening damned the prostate gland. We had known somewhat about it before, but that night we got its most intimate life history, from embryology to senile atrophy. We learned its histology, its gross and microscopical anatomy and pathology, the palliative and operative treatment of all its diseases in detail. While

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we cursed at the length of the talk and while we perspired quarts of Pilsener, nevertheless we could not help but admire the fluent and direct speech of the lecturer, who never paused for a word or repeated a syllable in all those three hours.

Here in the same quarter, Am Zirkus 9, is the orthopædic clinic of Prof. Albert Hoffa.* Hoffa is a man sought out by every orthopædist who goes abroad. He is a big and busy man with perhaps the most remunerative practice of any surgeon in Berlin, if not in all Europe. He drives up to his clinic in a motor-car, in quite American style, for he has been in America and has learned that one can't be a real surgeon in the U. S. A. without owning a motor-car.

If you have a letter to Hoffa from one of his very intimate friends in America (a friend of mine had such a letter) he gives you the run of his clinic and you can see his assistants operate and his *dieners* put on apparatus. After you have been there a month he may surprise you by coming in some morning and instead of ignoring your existence as usual, throw his arms around your neck and devote his full forenoon to you exclusively. Then

* Albert Hoffa died January 5, 1908 from an attack of angina pectoris.

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you are again ignored for some weeks. You are about to chuck up Hoffa and go over to Wien, when you receive an invitation to dine at his house. You get into your Tuxedo, hire a droschke, and with beating heart are dropped before the door of a magnificent West End home.

Hoffa in his home (this is the report of my friend) is a royal host. He (my friend) came home at three A.M. with a load of Hoffa's autographed text-books on the seat beside him, and with that exuberance of spirit under his belt that made him wake me up just as I was getting my beauty sleep, to get my aid in a proper rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner," which he was not wholly able to differentiate from the more subtle movement of "*Die Lustige Witwe*" waltz.

And to cap it all, I had to spend the greater part of the next day explaining to my friend's wife that it was an insult to the host to refuse anything offered you when being entertained in Germany, so that it really wasn't her husband's fault. Since then she has regarded her spouse as a martyr to barbaric German ideas.

X.

BERLIN CONTINUED—A LITTLE PILGRIMAGE IN PATHOLOGY—LUDWIG PICK.

BERLIN is surely a Mecca for pathologists. Probably there is no better place in Europe for a man who has had a poor course in pathology at home to work up this important branch of medicine. At several of the big hospitals there are from five to ten autopsies a day, with courses so arranged that a man can do the postmortems himself or make use of what material he desires. Then the courses in pathologic histology are numerous and particularly adapted to the needs of men who are stale and wish to brush up. For the advanced worker in pathology—for the man who has a problem he wishes to work out, or who is looking for a problem to work out—the chances are equally good. Here are all kinds of material at one's disposal, and plenty of great men to give one counsel.

I am going to pass over some of the greater men and the larger hospitals, however, in this chapter. The man who comes here for a week sees Orth, for instance, and the great Pathologic Institute at the Charité, and writes

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thereof. We all know that Johannes Orth is a great man; perhaps the greatest pathologist living to-day. Benda is also a name to conjure with in pathology. Hansemann and Kaiserling, Israel and Oesterreich and Westenhoeffer, are all men who have an international reputation in pure pathology. Any one of them is worth a trip to Europe to see. With all due respect to these men, I am, as I



say, going to pass them by, and take you on a little pathological journey that many of you, perchance, have made yourselves.

There is a very quiet street in the north-western part of Berlin which you can get to either by one of the new automobile busses on Friedrichstrasse, aided by a short walk, or more directly by a Luisenstrasse tram. This street is Philippstrasse. If you have come by the tram you have only to walk a few steps,

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when you come to a door flanked on one side by the dangling brass plate of a *Friseur* and on the other by the equally arrestive brass sugar-loaf cone of a *Delicatessen*. The number over the door is 21. You go through the door and on through a court-yard to a red brick dwelling covered with green vines. You enter this building, turn to the left, and walk up four very long flights of steep stairs, and enter



a small room, lighted from the roof by small windows. In this room there are some long unpainted tables and a dozen or so roughly fashioned three-legged stools.

Away off in Little Rock, or in Bombay, or in Glasgow, or in Buenos Ayres, or in Moscow, or in Cape Town, or in Tokio, or in any place in the world where some man has recognized the fact that Medicine is a beautiful woman but a woman who reveals her

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charms only as knowledge advances to meet and appreciate them—away off there, the man is packing his grip and is going to seek for knowledge that he may become more worthy of his chosen mistress. He will sail the seas in a big ship, and he will take the automobile bus on Friedrichstrasse or the tram on Luisenstrasse, and he will pass the brass plate or the arrestive sugar loaf, and he will climb the four flights of narrow, steep stairs, and sit on the three-legged stool at the unpainted table. For here shall they all meet; they who have lived in the half light of a beautiful mistress, whose charms they are now more fully to realize.

Far be it from me to characterize Dr. Ludwig Pick as merely the High Priest of the Temple. Dr. Pick is very much a man. He is short and fat (you may insert the qualifying adjective “very” before each without exaggerating). His hair is closely cropped and he wears a “Kaiser Wilhelm” moustache with well-trained ends pointing upward. (Is it true that the upward trend of thought characteristic of Germany is symbolized by the direction of the hair of the upper lip?) He flashes on you a keen and penetrative eye, which has a lurking gleam of humor in its depths, and he greets you in perfect English, if you are an

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American, or in equally good French if you are a Frenchman.

On his cheek and forehead, if you look closely, you will see the scars of his old *Mensur* days, for Dr. Pick admits that he was once young and foolish. I would say more about these scars but I pride myself on the fact that I am the only man who ever wrote of Germany without ringing in a student duel. (The artist couldn't suppress himself, however, and



threatened to stop work if I didn't give him a chance to illustrate such an event.)

Dr. Pick is a worker. Every morning he is in his laboratory at six o'clock, and he does not leave it till seven or eight o'clock at night, except to go out to do his autopsies, and to get shaved at five o'clock. His time is divided between teaching and research. The average American pathologist would consider himself swamped if he had to devote

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the amount of time to teaching that Pick does. But a German pathologist must teach to earn a living. Between the teaching hours, then, are grasped the moments in which Pick has to do his research work. The ability to generate the amount of energy required to accomplish what he has done is a rare quality.

Pick has produced over forty articles on a wide variety of pathological subjects, and all the articles are exhaustive and weighty. Pick has made no great discoveries. Great discoveries are more or less a matter of luck. But the work he has done has been of great importance to pathology. Space is too brief here to go into his work in detail, but his classic studies on hypernephroma and on chorion epithelioma should be mentioned. He has added much to our knowledge of gynæcological pathology; he has given us many new facts in the field of malignant new growths; he has settled many moot points in general pathology.

Pick has found time, moreover, to put together one of the best, although by no means the largest, collections of gross pathological specimens in Europe. These specimens are all preserved in their natural colors by Pick's own method of color preservation.

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Every specimen is a gem; far different from the motley mass of useless and poorly preserved material one sees in so many museums. The part of this collection embracing gynæcological pathology represents work done at the Landau clinic. The general pathological anatomical material was obtained from the Juedische Krankenhaus and the Friedrich Wilhelm Hospital. For Dr. Pick was prosector to both these institutions—work enough in itself, in the mere doing of autopsies, to content the average man. But Pick is not one of the average men; he is one of those individuals of more vigorous mental and physical powers than the others, of whom, as Darwin puts it, a new species is made.

Personally, Dr. Pick admits that he has but two primary interests in life—scientific investigation and teaching. And though still a young man (he is yet some years short of the forty-year limit) he has seen already tangible results from his labors. His scientific work is known wherever there are pathologists; his success as a teacher is shown by the men who come to him from all over the world. If he should come to America there would hardly be a city of any size from New York to San Francisco in which he would fail to find a former pupil.

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Although Pick rarely gets away from his laboratory (except at long intervals for a day's fishing in the country) he is one of the most cosmopolitan of men. The reason is that he fairly bristles with (what Ehrlich might term) receptors.

He gets something from every man who comes to him, besides the few marks they pay for their courses. He knows what is going on everywhere, and he remembers what he is told. He can talk with you intelligently about Tammany Hall or the Russian Duma. He knows who sings in grand opera in Buenos Ayres, and what America is doing in the Philippines.

In regard to literature, one would think from the broad grasp he has on scientific work (which work is now so massive that the ordinary man does not attempt to keep up on more than the head lines) that he would have time for nothing else. But he can talk to you about Dickens and Shakespeare (which he reads in the original), and Sherlock Holmes is one of his heroes.

Dr. Pick is a single man. If you discuss marriage with him he will tell you, perhaps, that all women worthy of consideration are intelligent or beautiful and that either class is equally successful in distracting you from your

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work. He also says, that "love is an acute psychosis that may always be given a good prognosis." Notwithstanding these frivolous remarks Pick has a deep respect and regard for women and he said to me seriously one



evening: "I am in my laboratory from six in the morning till seven or eight at night. It would not be fair under those conditions for me to marry."

Pick is an egotist. Personally I think a man who has made good, as Pick has made good by sheer ability and work, has a right

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to be an egotist. A man who is better than the average man and does not know it, or doesn't show it, is either a fool or a hypocrite; and in either event equally uninteresting. By being an egotist I mean that Pick believes in himself; in the high quality of his scientific work; in his ability to teach pathology, and that he brags about what he does. I do not mean that he has no consideration for others. On the contrary, he is one of the most altruistic men I know. He will give you the best he has of knowledge and advice. He will save nothing for himself if it will help you. He is considerate of those beneath him. He takes off his hat to the scrubwoman when he meets her on the stairs.

None of us will climb the four flights of stairs again at the Landau clinic to meet the hearty hand-shake of Dr. Pick or to sit on the three-legged stools at the bare tables, for Dr. Pick has recently been appointed to the directorship of Friedrichshain, to succeed von Hansemann, a great honor for so young a man. When we go to see him again it will be to one of the largest hospitals in Europe, but Dr. Pick will meet us with the same cordial welcome as of old. The men in St. Louis who have been his pupils recently sent him a loving cup, in honor of his election to his new

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position. A part of Dr. Pick's reply on the receipt of the gift, is as follows:

“I have in my treasure more than one letter from your countrymen which shows me that many threads of sympathy and friendship join me with your country over the large sea. I am sorry only that my arm is not so long as my gratitude, otherwise every one of you would feel my personal hand-shake. I take the beautiful cup in my hand and thank you for all your kindness in German manner. I fill the cup with golden wine of our beautiful Rhine and drink it to the health and the personal prosperity of my St. Louis pupils.”

Here, then, is a lovable man. A man who, although he has devoted his whole life to science, radiates a personality that makes everyone who meets him keep in touch with him and come back to him again at the first opportunity. There have been men like him in other lines of life, men who left behind them something more than the bare bones of their work for the world to rejoice in. Such men were Whistler in art, Voltaire in literature, Lincoln in statesmanship; men whose names recall a fund of incident and anecdote that makes us more anxious to read biography than does the

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work of equally great but personally uninteresting men. Probably Pick will never have a Boswell, for pathologists are "no thin red line of heroes," and nobody outside a very small coterie knows that the class exists, anyway. But if Pick were a great artist or a great statesman or even a modern novelist, his epigrams and delightful mannerisms could be written into as interesting a volume as I would ever ask to read.

Ludwig Pick, however, doesn't want any biographer. All he wants is a "two millimetre apochromat" with a piece of diseased tissue at one end of it and his eye glued to a compensating ocular at the other end. And here we will leave him, with our best wish that it will be a great many years before that eye and the compensating ocular get a divorce.

XI.

VIENNA—AN IDEAL PLACE FOR MEDICAL STUDY—STUDENTS A GAY SET.

VIENNA has always been associated in my mind with a piece of music; an air, that you all know, and all associate with your youth. I remember it first as a tune I was compelled to beat out of a wheezy melodeon when I was ten years old.

I remember it later, in my college days, as the tune the band played when I waltzed with the girl I loved. And who doesn't always love the girl he is waltzing with, when the band plays the "Beautiful Blue Danube!" Even in my more sedate, medical-student days, I was likely to get sentimental when Max Zach started that old waltz, which always has a place on the program at the Boston Symphony Pops.

I didn't hear the tune, however, while I was in Wien, though I sailed down the "Beautiful Blue Danube," which is neither blue nor beautiful. In fact, it is decidedly muddy and ordinary. But the trip is full of interest. On the little steamer (that I had to turn out about five o'clock in the morning

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to catch) were a number of Austrian army officers. They were gay dogs, a dozen of them, in their brilliant uniforms, flirting outrageously with a red-headed girl who was on board and who was wholly indifferent to their multiple attentions. Then, there was the most excellent Magyar wine, which I met for

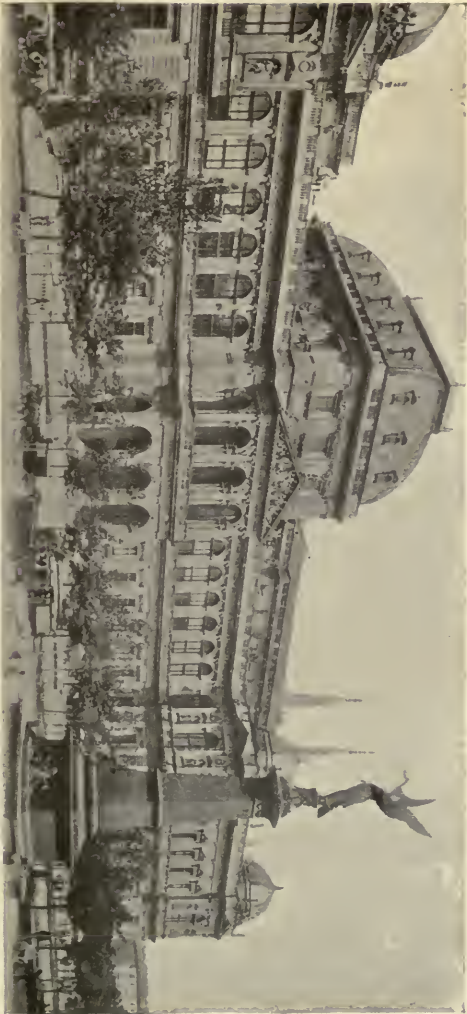


A WIENER TYPE

the first time, and real Hungarian Goulash (not Irish stew with paprika). Best of all, was the entrance just at sunset into Budapest, the most beautiful city in Europe.

Budapest, with its magnificent water front, its wonderful palaces and public buildings, its well-ordered hospitals, its splendid streets, its gay cafés and strikingly beautiful women, is a joy and delight. The medical men who are working in Vienna never fail to make an occasional trip down to this beauty spot to spend a Sunday.

I did not go to Vienna for medical work, and, therefore, this chapter is mostly a very inadequate sketch of a city that, from a medi-



THE UNIVERSITY—VIENNA



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cal standpoint, should have a whole book to itself. Berlin and Vienna are without question the two greatest medical centres of the world. Which should have first place is a matter of opinion. One man will tell you that Vienna has had first place in the past, but has seen her best days, and that she is now rather dead. Another will tell you, just as sincerely, that Vienna has just begun to come, that there is no city in the world that has shown such a marked progress in the last few years; that if you want a live, up-to-date town, you must come to Vienna.

Of these opinions, you can take your choice. Personally, I found here a pleasing mixture of old and new. And as far as first place in medicine goes, there is ten times as much material as you could use in a lifetime, and ten times as many brilliant young and famous older men, as you could ever expect to work with, both in Vienna and Berlin.

While the past fairly bristles with great names (and Rokitansky, Hyrtl, Hebra, Billroth, and Nothnagel may be mentioned among this number), nevertheless, the present offers its full share of famous men in all branches of medical work. Here are to be found Eiselsberg, Schauta and Wertheim in surgery, obstetrics and gynecology respec-

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tively; Lorenz the orthopedist; Neusser, Von Noorden, Ortner, and Kovacs in medicine; Escherich in children's diseases; Fuchs and Schnabel in ophthalmology; Wagner and Chvostek in neurology; Riehl, Finger and Ehrmann in dermatology.



ALLGEMEINES KRANKENHAUS—VIENNA

In the laboratories are Toldt and Zukerkandle in anatomy, and Shaffer, Ebner, and Rabl in histology. There are Weichselbaum in general pathology, and Paltauf in experimental pathology. Exner is chief of the department of physiology.

Of Exner, a very good story is told. And one might mention, incidentally, that Vienna is rich in medical stories. At the Univer-

VIENNA

sity, a joke book is kept in which is written the amusing answers that students have given from time to time, as well as jokes that have been turned on the professors, as in the present instance. Exner, as everybody knows, suffered from goitre, which had received the usual treatment. One day at recitation, Exner asked in the course of a quiz on goitre, "What is the result when the thyroid gland is removed?" "Why," replied the student, "the patient becomes an idiot." "In all cases?" asked Exner. "Yes, Professor," the student replied, earnestly; "in every instance."

Another story is told of a well-known Vienna professor that points too good a moral for medical teaching in general to be passed by. This Professor brought to the class one day a most rare kidney lesion, one that a man, with all kinds of material at his disposal, would run across only once in a lifetime. The kidney was exhibited to the class, with all the wealth of detail that the Professor could lavish upon it, for a full hour. After the lecture, one of the students came up and asked very naïvely: "By the way, Professor, would you mind telling me whether the kidney is normally situated above or below the diaphragm?"

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The medical centre of Vienna is the Café Klinik; and the Allgemeines Krankenhaus owes its fame to being situated in its neighborhood. This hospital of 2600 beds is one hundred and thirty years old, but is now in process of reconstruction. While some of the new buildings are already occupied, still it will be fifteen years before the whole replace-

Dear Doctor.

The next meeting of the American Medical Association of Vienna will be held Saturday evening May 13th at »Restaurant zum Senator« No.19 Reichsrathsstrasse.

Supper à la carte at 7 P.M.

Prof. Hermann Nothnagel will address the meeting on "The progress of medicine since my student days: (1854.)"

Every body come and bring your american medical friends.

H. H. KLEINPELL

Secty.

ment is completed. The centralization of work and grouping of post-graduate courses, made possible by the great amount of material at this one hospital, make Vienna so ideal a place for medical study. In Berlin, London, and Paris, much time that can be spent to better advantage is wasted in getting to remote parts of the city.

As in Berlin, there is a society of American

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students which you affiliate yourself with at once; all good fellows, who make you feel at home immediately. The office of the club is at the Café Klinik, Spital und Lazarath Gasse. I quote the following from their constitution:

“The purpose of the society is to promote the social intercourse of its members; to furnish information for the rapid orientation of new members in regard to boarding-houses, rooms, restaurants, etc.; to provide information in regard to the scope and relative value of courses; to promote the scientific advancement of its members.”

One of the fine things the American Medical Association of Vienna has done is the arrangement with the dean of the post-graduate department of the University whereby courses are given on every desired branch of medicine and whereby the prices of these courses remain definite.

The following post-graduate courses are offered:

I. Normal and Pathologic Histology of the (a) alimentary tract; (b) blood; (c) circulatory system; (d) ear; (e) eye; (f) genito-urinary tract in both male and female; (g) nervous system; (h) nose and throat; (i) respiratory system; (j) integumentary system; (k) osseous system.

II. Embryology.

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III. Bacteriology; principles of immunity (antitoxin, cytotoxins, agglutinins, precipitins, serodiagnosis), and forensic blood examinations.

IV. Gross Anatomy, general and regional.

V. Internal Medicine.

VI. Diseases of the stomach and intestines.

VII. Diseases of the blood and blood-making apparatus.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING. GENERAL HOSPITAL—VIENNA

VIII. Diseases of the mind and nervous system.

IX. Surgery: (a) diagnosis; (b) operations on the cadaver; (c) orthopædic work.

X. Radiography and radiotherapy.

XI. Gynæcology and obstetrics.

XII. Ophthalmology.

XIII. Otiatry.

XIV. Rhinology.

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XV. Pediatrics: (a) diagnosis; (b) intubation and tracheotomy.

XVI. Diseases of the integumentary system
a. Syphilis.

These courses are offered to sections of two to ten men for a fee ranging from ten to twenty dollars a course.

Now that I have gotten all this out of my system, I can speak of a few other things about Wien that interested me. First of all,



PARK IN GENERAL HOSPITAL—VIENNA

I found that at ten o'clock the outer door of my pension was locked and that I had to pay the portier 20 hellers (4 cents) to be admitted. As nobody goes to bed in Wien before ten o'clock, I figured that the average portier could save enough to retire on, in a few years, and lead a life of luxury and ease, provided he had the constitution to stand the strain of continuous loss of sleep incident to his position.

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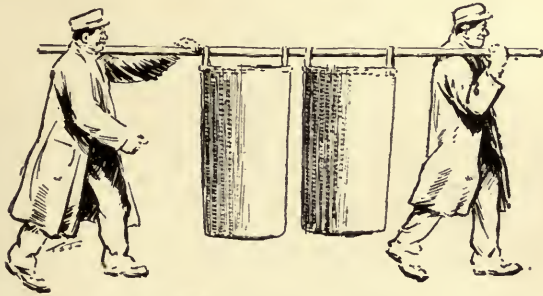
The Viennese are a very polite people; kissing the hand of a lady is far from an obsolete custom. The greetings and departures are even more complicated than in Germany. "*Ich habe die ehre*" is the favorite form of greeting. This is elided by gliding over the first two words so quickly that I constantly felt as though the people I met were calling me "dearie"; for that popular song was just then in vogue.

Medical students everywhere are a jolly lot, and the atmosphere of Vienna tends in no way to diminish their gayety, so that an evening about the town with the fellows is an event not soon to be forgotten. A newcomer, however, is likely to be put through a course of sprouts that would equal the trials of a tenderfoot in a bunch of cowboys.

For instance, the visiting card, which a new arrival passes out to each man he meets, is frequently put to strange uses. Suppose a crowd of students have been out rather late and have made considerable use of a cab. Now, it is easy to have a row with the cabman and accuse him of overcharge. Matters of overcharge are settled by the police, and the student gives the cabman his card, saying he will settle with the proper authorities. In reality, he gives the cabman the card of the

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new arrival. The next morning, the innocent stranger is awakened by a visit from the police and is dragged to the police station. There he learns in a vague sort of way (for he usually doesn't speak much German) that there is something wrong in regard to his not paying somebody enough cab-fare, and, rather than have a row, he pays. You should guard your visiting cards while in Vienna.



CARRYING FOOD TO PATIENTS

XII.

PARIS—THE SAINT LOUIS HOSPITAL—SCENES AT THE SKIN CLINIC.

PERSONALLY, there is a charm about Paris that appeals to me. It is the one city above all others that has a personality.

When I have finally succeeded in giving my *cocher* money enough—not to satisfy him, but to escape from his presence without a following volley of curses; when I have agreed to pay my old landlady in the Rue Valette a franc a day more than I did the year before, for a worse room than I had the previous summer; and when I have purchased a four-inch brown rope, facetiously termed a cigar (the Parisians are great humorists), for three times the amount I pay for a real cigar in Germany, then I say, "At last after all my wandering I am really for the first time abroad."

Frankly, I admit that Paris is a dirty, badly-kept city; that its amusements are planned to meet the tastes of the average New England school-teacher; that the Moulin Rouge is no more wicked than Keith's Boston Theatre; that the majority of the restaurants



THE PARIS MOREUE

“ Money gets women, cards and dice

Get money, and ill luck gets just

The copper couch and one clear nice

Cool squirt of water o’er your bust,

The right thing to extinguish lust !” — BROWNING.



PARIS

are not fit to eat in, and the greater part of the wine served you is not fit to preserve pathological specimens in. I will admit that Parisian shop-keepers are the greatest grafters in the world; that Parisian hotel-keepers are robbers; that Parisian cab-drivers and guides are worse than bandits. I will admit that in an August afternoon you will see more Americans pass Cook's than you can count in the same time passing Mermod and Jaccard's in St. Louis. I will agree that Paris, as we have formed our idea of it, is the exact opposite of everything we believed—and yet I like Paris the best of any city in Europe and I do not feel, as I stated above, that I'm really abroad till I settle back in a *voiture* and feel the pulse of the Paris pavement softly transmitted through its rubber tires.

There is much of interest in Paris for the American physician and medical scientist, although medical men do not come here to study as they go to Berlin and to Vienna. There are no courses arranged in the neat packages which the hurrying physician can take away with him for a small fee, like sandwiches from a railway lunch-counter, as there are at the latter places.

In France medicine is an art, and it is on the whole much more scientific than in Amer-

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ica, and the American who has a year or more to spare can learn much in Paris. The best proof of this is the fact that, for special branches at least (notably dermatology and genito-urinary diseases), Germany sends her best men to France for special training. And Germany doesn't go to France for anything that she doesn't have to go for.

The hospitals, laboratories, and clinics of this great city are too numerous to chronicle in the way they deserve, and I must ask pardon for merely referring to such as were of interest to me.

In the eastern quarter of Paris, apart alike from the gay throngs of the boulevards, the distractions of Montmartre, and the vivacious life of the Quartier Latin, is an aggregation of buildings enclosed by a high brick wall, which includes several city blocks. The entrance to the grounds is through a low archway that suggests the gate of one of the old fortified French towns. This is the Saint Louis Hospital, famous throughout the world for its great skin clinic, its museum filled with wax reproductions of all known skin diseases, and its renowned skin specialists, Gaucher, Fournier, De Bourmann, Gaston, and Sabouraud.

I went there primarily to see the much-

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talked-of "bald-headed clinic" of Sabouraud. Everybody has heard of this clinic, where those who have lost their hair come by hundreds, and of the great Sabouraud who pulls a hair (provided there is one remaining) from your head, glances at it, and says "Yes, I can cure you; go into the next room"; to another, "You may be benefited; wait here"; and to a third, "Go and buy a wig; nothing can be done for you." It is said that Sabouraud can tell your moral character, the amount of your yearly income, and what you have eaten for breakfast, by looking at a root of one of your hairs. We will admit that this is perhaps exaggeration, but we want to prove the point that he is a great man, a man every dermatologist in every civilized country has heard of. Therefore I was somewhat surprised when, stopping a uniformed attendant in the courtyard and asking for Sabouraud's clinic, the attendant told me he didn't know of such a man. I saw a nurse hurrying past, however, and asked her. She, too, professed ignorance with an extenuating smile, which I accepted at its face value. Finally I captured a young house physician and he directed me.

All this is apropos of a prophet's honor in his own country. I remember once trying to

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find at the University of Pennsylvania a man famous in scientific medicine throughout the world. I made the mistake of going to the University Hospital instead of to his laboratory, which is a building or two removed, and five officials had to be called in rotation before one was found who had ever heard of the eminent gentleman.



A COLLECTOR OF CIGAR "BUTTS"

However it is not Sabouraud that I started in to write about especially, but it is the great daily skin clinic of the *Hôpital Saint Louis* that I wish to attempt to picture. The clinic-room itself is high-posted and bare. Three tables and a few chairs are its only furniture. It is large enough for a hundred people to crowd into at a pinch, though the adjoining

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waiting-room will seat six or seven hundred. Into this room pour daily from three or four to six or seven hundred patients—children first, then women, then men. These people know what is expected of them. The children are quickly divested of clothing and brought naked to the chair of the examiner. Usually there are three examinations going on simultaneously, with Gaucher, or De Bourmann, or whoever is on service at that particular time, going from one to the other and picking out for special study a case that is obscure. Behind the chairs of the examiners are grouped the eager students, among whom will be found men from all over the world who at home would be classed not as students, but as eminent skin specialists.

The patients are disposed of with lighting rapidity. A quick searching look, a skilful moving of the finger over the lesion, and then a green card here, a red card to the next, a yellow card to the third, with perhaps two words scribbled hastily on a prescription blank, serves to dispose of the great majority of the patients.

The room is quickly cleared of children and then come the women. Here is indeed the whole *Comedie Humaine* of Balzac compressed into a straggling line that approaches

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the examiner. Youthful faces, some beautiful and pure, some already bearing the lines of drink and debauchery. Soft eyes, in which the tears are just held back; hard eyes, meeting boldly those of the examiner and the crowding students; aged faces, reflecting a thousand vicissitudes of life. On they come clasping to well-rounded bosoms, with overbejewelled fingers, dainty ribboned *lingerie* of costly lace; clasping to flat breasts, with bony talons, tattered shreds of dirty unnameable rags. They are all here—the gay beauties of the boulevards and of the “*Boul Mich.*”; the bent shape of a woman who offers you matches before the steps of the Madeleine; the grisettes of the shops and of the factories, and respectable wives of the submerged—all touching naked shoulders in this great skin clinic of the Saint Louis Hospital.

And the men! To describe them is beyond my pen. Here a flushed youth suffering the anguish of his first indiscretion, holding a shaking hand to his trembling torso. Next a distinguished looking middle-aged man with gray imperial, who guards his cuffs and false shirt-bosom so carefully for fear of soiling. Beside him a “bum” in rags, with face like sole leather. Then an artist, or perhaps a musician, to judge from his long black hair

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and delicately shaped fingers. Beside him a workman with brown corduroy trousers tied up with a red sash. All are here, with perhaps the fear of the same dread disease staring at them from the purplish-red papules that blotch their skin. For syphilis is not the least frequent of the lesions that come to this clinic. This disease may be seen in almost any of its multiform manifestations, some of which are hideous to look upon.

But there is comedy here, too, for many of these skin lesions are comparatively insignificant, and the patients seem disappointed that it is no worse. An amusing thing is the tattoo marks one frequently sees here. In the ecstasy of his first love a man often has tattooed on his arm a large heart pierced by an arrow and above the name of his adored one, as, for example, "*Marie pour la vie.*" The course of true love, however, is evidently not always life enduring, notwithstanding the tattooed sentiment, and so we may have the "Marie" eliminated by a tattooed line and "Louise" worked in above. I have seen as many as three names erased in this manner



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with a fourth flourishing in a quite elevated manner above the *pour la vie*.

The most common disease one sees here is *la gale*, the common, every-day itch, or scabies as we term it. A French dermatologist can spot this lesion as far as he can see the patient, and the quickness with which these cases are glanced at, given their bath card, and hustled away, is remarkable. A hundred such cases will be disposed of in fifteen minutes at this clinic. It is when a somewhat rare or obscure lesion appears that time is consumed. Then there is something doing. Every physician is called, every student crowds eagerly forward. The patient is passed about from one to another and a voluble discussion arises. It is hours perhaps before the sufferer regains his shirt (or her chemise) as the case may be. All day long the patients pour into this clinic. Not only in the morning, but after a brief respite for lunch there are as many more waiting as were disposed of in the forenoon.

I came out of a morning session with a graduate of one of the largest medical institutions we have in America. "By Jove," he ejaculated, "I've seen more cases of skin diseases this morning than I saw in all my four years in medical school." I didn't dispute it,

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but intimated that if he would follow me to the Marguery, I would introduce him to a *filet de sole* and a variety of *apéritif* which I was sure he hadn't encountered between clinics in the course of his medical education, and which would take the taste of what we had seen out of our mouths.

XIII.

PARIS CONTINUED—IN THE LATIN QUARTER SURGICAL CLINICS

“Je l'appell' ma p'tit' bourgeoise,
Ma Tonki, ma Tonki, ma Tonkinoise—
Y en a d'autr's qui m' font les doux yeux,
Mais c'est ell' que j'aim' le mieux.”

A MODEL, rather a pretty girl with purple velvet eyes, was humming the words to the accompaniment of Schoemaker's violin. There were other girls, also with attractive eyes, and with big drooping-brimmed hats from which fluttered attractively long lengths of fluffy veiling, resting frequently on masses of skilfully coiffed hair of wonderful color, sitting about the room. Here and there with one of the girls, could be seen the interesting face of a youth too clean shaven to be other than American. For we were at Lavenue's, on the Boulevard Montparnasse, in the heart of the artist's Latin Quarter, where the American art students most do congregate. And artists, even though American, do not hesitate to appear in public with their mistresses (or their friends' mistresses) to drink their evening Bock. Neither do prominent American sur-

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geons and physiologists absolutely refuse to come to Lavenue's occasionally on a summer's evening—not to see the models of course, but merely to hear the music.

“And you mean to tell me,” I said to my friend, a chap from Chicago who had been for two years about the hospitals of



Paris, “that you can do any real *work* in this environment?”

“I’ll admit,” he replied, “that the life of the cafés does get into one’s blood, and that after the seriousness of medical courses as they are given in Berlin and Vienna, it would be a bad thing for a man to come to Paris, if he really wanted to do any heavy work in medicine. But there is work enough here, and good work. The chief difficulties are in find-

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ing it in the first place, and then buckling down to it after you have found it.”

And that is the whole story in a nutshell. As I have previously stated, medicine as a business proposition is not organized here as it is in Germany, to catch the golden windfall of American dollars by short, easily obtainable, convenient courses, that one can take in two weeks or a month and go home a “trained specialist.”

In Paris, one must find out things about medicine for himself. There is some of the finest work being done in medicine in Paris that is to be found anywhere in the world. And there are no better men anywhere to work with than here. But you must get into almost everything as the guest of the instructor, and this is not always an easy thing to do. To begin with, a man must know how to speak French. One can study medicine in Germany without a knowledge of German, but one cannot study medicine in Paris without a knowledge of French.

First of all one should go to a medical bookstore and get a copy of “*Hôpitaux et Hospices de Paris, Composition des Services*,” which details a list of all the hospitals of Paris and all the men in these hospitals from the chiefs of clinic down to the externes. It is well also

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to go to *L'Assistance Publique* and get a card, which will admit you anywhere, although this card is seldom necessary. Then you can pick out your hospital and your man, and do practically any work you desire, and this usually as a colleague, entirely free of cost. There is also the *École de Médecine*, where one can take laboratory courses of any sort, regular or specially arranged. There is probably no better place in the world for a man to learn the fine points of anatomy than right here. Plenty of instruction can be obtained for a very reasonable fee.

Another thing a man should know about in coming to Paris is the American Art Student's Association at No. 74 Rue Notre Dame des Champs. Here are always to be found a bunch of good fellows, mostly artists, who, if you are a scholar, a gentleman, a good sport, and have an artistic temperament and the literary touch (and haven't too much money), will see that your name is put up for membership. If you lack all the above qualities, take a plug of good old American chewing-tobacco over with you and you will be made a member even with greater rapidity than on the first count. The dues of the club are something like thirty francs (six dollars) a year. The Art Student's Club certainly brings back

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memories of many pleasant evenings, and I wish I could adequately express my appreciation to "Dutch" Goetsch, "Moskie," "Heine," and all the rest of the fellows who were so good to such a rank outsider as myself.



VISITE A L'HOPITAL (LUXEMBOURG)

But to return to our mutton, as the French say. What can an American, one who is over for a short time only, or one who has been working hard in Germany for a year, do in medicine while in Paris to make his visit profitable? In Paris one is pretty well

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contented to loaf; more so than in any other city in the world, I believe, but afternoons and evenings are quite sufficient for the "sights," the cafés, and the boulevards, and it is well to put in the mornings visiting clinics; all of which are open to any one, provided he can find them.

In surgery for instance there are a number of good men to see. First of all there is Pozzi, as well known in America perhaps since his trip over here, as any of the French surgeons.

Strictly speaking, I should, of course, refer to Pozzi as a gynæcologist, but I take the liberty of including operations of various sorts under surgery. Pozzi is to be found at the Broca Hospital. This is a cosily situated institution of moderate size, tucked away a little to the south of the noise of the Latin Quarter. The first thing that strikes one in walking through the wards of the Broca are the extensive and ornate mural decorations. These were all painted, so I understood, by grateful patients, and some of them are not bad. No worse, at least, than the Chavannes frescoes in the Boston Public Library, remarked a man from Boston who was walking through the hospital with me.

Pozzi's operating-room is small, and, in order that a considerable number of men can

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see a given operation, a sort of gallery has been erected on one side of the room. You put on a (once) sterile gown in a side room and walk up a flight of stairs. Then you turn and, *voilà!* you find yourself on a sort of balcony with the gory field directly below you. Pozzi himself is a rather stout man with swarthy black whiskers, and if you introduce yourself to him he receives you most kindly. His balcony scheme is all right, only it embarrasses one to look down and note that the assistants, the nurses, the anesthetist, and the attendants are all staring up at you instead of paying attention to their own business. But Pozzi doesn't seem to mind, or else he is used to it, for without comment he doubles across the table in his endeavors to reach an instrument extended towards nowhere by a languid assistant, who, to judge from the direction of his gaze, is interested in the neckties, or perhaps the American shoes, of those on the balcony.

Another surgeon who is well spoken of in Paris is Delbet, who operates at the Laënnec Hospital, near the Bon Marché. Delbet is a middle-aged man, deliberate in speech and action; remarkably so for a Frenchman. Nothing jars him in the least. For instance, one day when I was there, he happened to cut

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the ureter in taking out a large ovarian cyst. He made no remark, however, nor scarcely a sign save the slight raising of the eyebrows, and went on and did an end-to-end anastomosis as though it were a part of the operation. While not a rapid operator his technic is finished, and as a consultant his word is of as great weight as that of any man in Paris.

While Delbet has no balcony to interest you, you can amuse yourself by watching his assistants wash up. He operates in a large room, the upper end of which only is used for the operation. Down the middle of this room, for its whole length, is a long table on which is a tremendous array of wash-basins filled with fluids of various colors, yellow predominating. While waiting for the patients to be brought in, the assistants amused themselves by washing their hands in these various basins. I tried to keep count of the number of times each man washed, but as I started, unfortunately, to think in French, my numerals were exhausted before a man got half way down the line.

I promised myself a special treat one morning. I would go to see Faure, whom I had heard called the most skilful surgeon in Paris; "the man who did a hysterectomy in two minutes." I went to see Faure, and undoubt-

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edly he is a clever operator, the best by all means that I saw in France. He did a hysterectomy that morning, and did it beautifully, but not in two minutes—not by something over an hour.

Here at the little Hospital Cochin is also to be found Widal, the man who made agglutination famous. And one can vary a forenoon by making a ward visit with him. The Cochin is a small hospital, and new wards are in process of construction, so one should not criticise things one finds there too severely. But the ward which Widal has in charge, as it is at present, is pretty bad even for temporary quarters. It is a long, low, one-story wooden building, hardly such a place as one would expect to find presided over by a man as famous all over the civilized world as is Widal. And Widal's laboratory is even worse than the ward. I will spare the details. Strangely enough, it is under just such difficulties that the best work in medicine has as a rule been done, and Widal is still delivering the goods.

It is at the Cochin, also, that on certain evenings one can see the famous Lues Line, a long string of men reaching out into the Rue du Fauborg St. Jacques, waiting their turn for their mercury injection. The "Bread



HÔTEL DIEU, FROM NOTRE DAME



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Line" of New York has been made famous, both by story and by picture, but the disease that has given rise to the Lues Line at the Cochin is too common in Paris to excite the pen or the brush of story-teller or painter.

So it is that one can pass any number of mornings in this way, going about from clinic to clinic. I should, of course, speak of Albarran, the great specialist in *maladies du voies urinaires*, who has the only real operating amphitheatre in Paris. The larger places, such as the Hôtel Dieu and the Salpêtrière, I have also omitted as one would more naturally find such places for oneself. Especially should one see Babinski's clinic at the Salpêtrière, for with the possible exception of Widal and Fournier, Babinski is the best-known practitioner of medicine in Paris, and it is a liberal education in itself to see him extract his own reflex in the proper manner, which, by the way, the average practitioner rarely does.

Then the beauty of it all is that after you have salved your conscience with your morning visit to one of these places, there are in a thousand attractive restaurants a delicious lunch awaiting you.

If you are not a bloated plutocrat with a taste and a pocket-book for Foyot's or Mar-

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guery's, and have been to the Broca or the Cochin, I should advise you to drop into Garnier's, on the Boulevard Raspail, which is near, and see how cheaply you can lunch well in Paris. You need not spend over a franc or a franc and a half here at the most, and it is left to your honesty to go inside when you have finished and tell the lady at the counter how many sous' worth you have eaten. And if you are coming again, the lady will put your napkin away for you (but only for a week), and you can save two sous thereby. It is worth saving, for with that two sous you can buy a delicious cup of coffee on the corner, at the "Little Dome," just opposite the "Big Dome" where the American artists and story-writers play poker.

And in the evening there is Lavenue's again, and the artists and their models and the music, and the pretty girl with the purple velvet eyes may finish the song:

"Dans mon cœur j' garderai toujours
Le souv'nir de nos amours."

XIV.

PARIS CONTINUED—THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE —METCHNIKOFF.

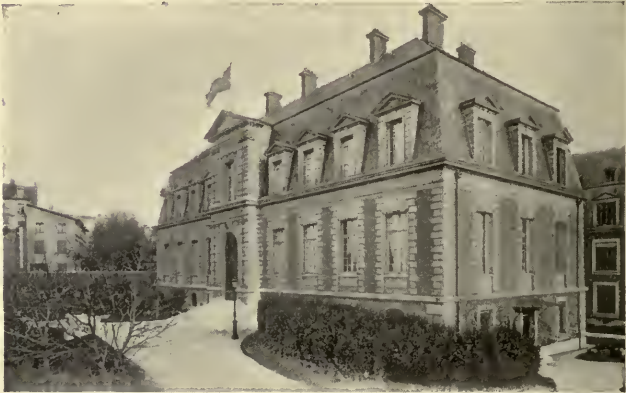
IT was raining the morning I started out for the Pasteur Institute, and instead of climbing to the top of an omnibus, as usual, I took a seat inside. I did not know that the fare was twice as much for riding inside as it was for riding outside, and in consequence I had a long and spirited argument with the conductor, which ended in my paying fifteen centimes more than I thought I should have paid. Therefore I arrived at the gate of the Institute as mad as the collection of dogs that were howling in the little building at the right of the entrance.

As to buildings, the Pasteur Institution does not impress one greatly. It is the thought of what one man can do; the thought of the hundreds of research institutions that have been erected in every civilized country just because Louis Pasteur lived and worked, that makes you take off your hat as you go up the steps of the old *Institut Bactériologique*.

Inside there is nothing particularly striking. There are a number of large rooms, in some

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of which men may be seen at a desk before a microscope, or examining a test-tube. There is a library in which you may see some one quietly studying one of the volumes that fill the shelves about the room. . . . rooms in which rabbits and guinea-pigs, in well-kept cages, nibble at carrots and oats contentedly. You will be shown a tomb, and be told that



PASTEUR INSTITUTE

here, in the place where he lived and worked, Louis Pasteur sleeps. Nothing about all this to interest the Cook's tourist who is seeing Europe in thirty days, and Paris in forty-eight hours. Why, over in the right bank of the Seine is a much more impressive tomb, built for that Napoleon chap, grand in proportion to his rabid life. Moreover, there are the crypts of the Pantheon. One can see a

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whole bunch of sarcophagi,—Hugo, Voltaire, Rousseau, Carnot,—all in fifteen minutes, and so much time saved.

But for a man whose life is wrapped up in medical work and who feels so keenly, in the light of the means, insignificant little work that he has done, what it means to be a great man in medicine, there is no greater, higher privilege than to pay one's respects to the honored ashes of such a man as was Pasteur.

Pasteur, a modest, simple, quiet little man who, I am quite sure, must have been frequently insulted by his *concierge* and his *épiciier*, as all great, but modest, men are; Pasteur, who had neither palace at Versailles nor chateau at Fontainebleau. His palace was a narrow room filled with test-tubes and chemicals, and his life was a striking reverse to the medallions that bore on the obverse the likeness of Louis XIV and of Napoleon.

We are appalled when we read of the enormous sums of money that were spent, and thousands of lives that these latter men sacrificed, either directly or indirectly. But do we sufficiently realize that this simple, modest scientist, Louis Pasteur, saved to the agriculturists of France, by his work on diseases of wines and of silk-worms, more millions than these men and all their kind took

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from the people, and saved more lives than the French Revolution and the wars of Napoleon cost! Pasteur sleeps, but his work goes on.

The Pasteur Institute was made possible by an international subscription started by *L'Academie des Sciences*, by which a sum of 2,500,000 francs was raised. The present service was inaugurated the 18th of November, 1888. This was after Pasteur's study on rabies had created a demand for his treatment that had resulted in his old laboratory in the Rue d'Ulm becoming wholly inadequate for the patients who came to him for anti-rabic inoculation.

In 1894 the communication of Dr. Roux on the treatment of diphtheria by the serum of Behring and Kitasato again aroused public sentiment in regard to serum therapy, and a second subscription, started by the *Figaro*, resulted in a large sum by which additional buildings were built sufficient to immunize a large number of horses for obtaining anti-diphtheria antitoxin. A hospital of 100 beds was made possible by the donation of a million francs from a friend of the Institute, and later the contribution of Baron Hirsch made possible the erection of the physiological chemistry institute on the Rue Dutot.

The name Pasteur Institute has also legiti-



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mately been given to other institutions in different parts of the world, where pupils of *le Maître* (as Pasteur is always referred to here) have been installed to give the Pasteur treatment against rabies. At Lille is Dr. Calmette; at Constantinople is Dr. Nicolle; at Tunis, Dr. Loir.

The personnel of the Institute is divided into services. First is the *service des vaccins*, directed by Dr. Chamberland. Here are prepared vaccines against anthrax, hog cholera, and glanders; and here also tuberculin is prepared. The second service is the *service de la rage*, the purpose of which is to prevent the people bitten by mad dogs from becoming themselves the victims of hydrophobia. This service is under the direction of Dr. Grancher. Since the end of 1885 more than 23,000 persons have submitted for anti-rabic treatment in this place. The mortality of those treated is less than five in each thousand. Before this treatment was instituted fifteen out of each hundred persons bitten by mad dogs died.

Dr. Roux is head of the *service de la microbie technique*. Two courses in bacteriology are given here each year; the first in November–December, the second in February–March. These courses are open to Americans, but

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application for a place should be made some time in advance, for the number of men in the course is limited.

The fourth service is called the *service de M. Metchnikoff*. Here are found the men engaged in original research—research that covers a wide range of medical thought, and has been of the greatest service to mankind. Mesnil, Besredka, Laveran (the discoverer of the malaria plasmodium) and other great men are found working at the benches in this department.

The Chemical Institute we are taken across the street to see. If we are fortunate, Jupille himself may be our guide and may point out to us the bronze statue representing his own struggle with a mad dog. Jupille has the honor of being the only *concierge* in Paris who has his own statue within the portal which he guards. At the Chemical Institute we visit first the laboratories of Etard and Bertrand, which are used only for research work. But here are also the teaching laboratories in charge of Professor Duclaux. The course in bio-chemistry was transferred here from the Sorbonne in 1889, and here are given courses in practical analysis of physiologic and pathologic products. A number of Americans have availed themselves of the opportunity offered for work here.



CHEMISTRY INSTITUTE



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I had no letter of introduction to Metchnikoff, but he received me most graciously. He is a fine physical type of man and most genial. He wears long hair and a beard. Both are well streaked with gray. He impresses you as a strong man both mentally and physically.

The career of Metchnikoff has been an interesting one. He was born in Russia, sixty-two years ago. It was in Russia that he received his preliminary schooling, but his advanced study he did in Germany. In 1870, when twenty-five years of age, he went back to Odessa to take the chair of Zoölogy. He had done the ordinary things well. The great things came twelve years later. In 1882, at Messina, he made the first observations that have led to the most brilliant and interesting chapter that we have in pathology; phagocytosis. This conception of battle between the white blood corpuscles and bacteria has been one of the most dramatic pictures in the whole history of medicine.

This discovery came at a most opportune time. Virchow had established the importance of the cell. Pasteur had discovered the invading microbe. Metchnikoff linked the two. It was natural that such a man was needed in medicine, and Pasteur called Metchnikoff to Paris in 1888. The rest of the

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story we know. Every medical man is familiar with Metchnikoff's two great works—the first, on Inflammation; the second, on Immunity. And his later work, "The Nature of Man," is widely read outside of medical circles.

When Metchnikoff went to work on a scientific study of old age, based on fundamental principles of phagocytosis, the German scientists said he was crazy. They were wrong. Metchnikoff had attacked a big problem. No one realized that fact better than himself, for he was no fanatic seeking a life elixir. When he kept at his side in the laboratory a bowl of *yoghurt*, from which he drank occasionally, he had a reason for it. In this sour milk were bacteria which he considered would "do things" to the flora of his gastro-intestinal tract that were trying to hand his arteries a lemon. And we use the term "lemon" advisedly, for the body may be compared to that much-maligned fruit, which consists of pulp and juice. When we are young we are "full of juice." Old age is the replacement of juice by fiber. Just as a fruit goes "woody," so in old age the parenchyma of the liver, kidneys, and other organs is replaced by fibrous stroma. We know that the yeast germs in wines, beer, and other liquors help this process along. "Why not,"

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says Metchnikoff "combat these organisms by introducing bacteria of an opposite sort?"

However, Metchnikoff merely amuses himself with these things. While all this old-age talk and "craziness of the good old man" was circulating, Metchnikoff had been busy-



METCHNIKOFF

ing himself with studies in ape inoculation with syphilitic virus, and found that the chimpanzee was susceptible to this disease and, moreover, that inoculations could be carried from animal to animal of the same species, but with decrease of virulence. So that an ape could be rendered immune to syphilis.

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Theoretically this gives us, then, a method of vaccination against syphilis akin to the Pasteur method of treating rabies, and Metchnikoff suggests that all prostitutes step up and protect themselves from the danger of this disease, which is an almost certain accompaniment of their trade.

It was too bad that Metchnikoff did not discover the *spirochetæ pallida*. He had the chance, considering the work he was doing at the time that Schaudin published his famous article. It should have been Metchnikoff who gave the cause of syphilis to the world. What a great and fitting climax to the life work of this great man that would have been!

I left Metchnikoff, after seeing his syphilized apes, and being presented with slides of the spirochetæ from the same, without tasting his *yaghurt*. I was afraid that if I took any I might mix up with that omnibus conductor provided I met him on the way home, for I was still sore about my fifteen centimes.

Paris is an interesting city at night, perhaps the most attractive in all the world. One dines in a brilliantly-lighted restaurant filled with beauty and with the laughter and vivacity that come from a mingling of perfectly groomed men and décolleté women who have

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forgotten all save wine and soul and freedom.

After such a dinner one likes to light a cigarette and with cordial and coffee listen to the music that is always good in such a place and dream of the pure joy of life.

But the evening after my visit to the Pasteur Institute I was not content. The dinner had been perfect. I had my cordial and coffee before me, and an artist of the violin was playing Gounod's "Ave Maria," but I was uneasy. The night attracted me, and I walked out on to the Avenue de l'Opéra. It was a perfect balmy, moonlight evening. Down the Avenue was the obelisk that marked the historic *Place de la Concorde*. In the distance rose the Eiffel tower, a huge giant of the night. I did not know where I was going, but I called a *voiture* and told the *cocher* to drive me down the Avenue. Then I kept on; I crossed the Seine, and drove on through the long deserted streets that lie west of the Latin Quarter until I came to the two large buildings that I had visited that morning. I bade the *cocher* stop, and I sat silently and wondered at the genius of the modest little man that had made possible all that those buildings represented throughout the civilized world. Then, through the deserted streets, I drove back to the midnight noon of the boulevards.

XV.

LONDON—SIR A. E. WRIGHT'S LABORATORY—
PURSUIT OF THE OPSONIC INDEX.

THERE would be no fun going abroad unless a man got "stung" occasionally, if only to have the experience to relate after getting back home. I got mine in London. Some one had given me the address of a lodging-house in Bloomsbury Square which he said was fine. Arriving late in the evening, I found that the place was "full up," and the girl at the door in answer to my enquiry pointed out another house down the street, to which I went. I will spare the gentle reader the horrors of that London lodging-house, but if he has been in London he can fill them in for himself, for I am not the only one who has thus suffered.

Perhaps it was this lodging-house experience that prejudiced me against London to begin with; or perhaps it was because I never struck anything save cold and rainy weather there; or perhaps it was because I missed the out-of-doors cafés of Paris and Berlin; or perhaps it was because I didn't understand the language. I asked a man one day how

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to get to "Ludgate-Hill." After some exchange of words, a light suddenly dawned on him and he exclaimed, "Oh, I see; you want Lugget'll," whereupon the congestion of traffic incident to the discussion, was relieved. Anyway, at present I feel as though London were no place for me. If ever I get rich or famous, so that I can live at the Ritz



BLOOMSBURY SQUARE

and have a card to the Carleton Club, and a box at the opera, and be invited to meet the royal family, I'm going back and give the place a fair try. But I'm not going till then.

And this is where London differs from the other great European capitals. In Berlin and in Paris you don't want to be rich, and if you think of prosperity at all, it's in the same terms that Harvard thinks of Yale. (The

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exact expression used to be printed on the stationery.) In Berlin and in Paris you are perfectly contented with things just as they are, and pity the misguided American millionaire who stays at the swell hotels and never knows the joys of cheap, but eminently respectable, student-pensions, and the good hearts of those you find there. In London, on the contrary, you cannot help associating poverty with dirt and ignorance.

But all of this has nothing to do with medicine, and London is, in truth, one of the greatest medical centres in the whole world. I fear we do not know enough of the great work that is being done here. Of course the more popular medical advances, such as Wright's opsonic work, come to us very quickly, but there is a lot of much more truly scientific work being done, that we do not know about because the articles describing it are buried in society bulletins, hospital and laboratory reports, and what not, that we never hear of. German and French scientific publications are so easy of access that we can't help reading them, and we give these latter people a credit for leadership in certain lines of thought, which, perhaps, they do not deserve. On the other hand, all that relates to medical and surgical teaching—the great

LONDON

hospitals, medical museums, and laboratories, are wide open in London and you have but to walk in and help yourself. London is so big that you can scarcely list the more important institutions, much less go into detail concerning them. There are over twenty-five free hospitals of considerable size, where you can get instruction. The principal hos-



pitals, with medical schools attached, are as follows—I hope the information is correct. I have never been to any of them. I was too busy trying to explain to a tailor, to whom I was foolish enough to give an order, how an American desired his clothes to fit:—

St. Bartholomew's is on the edge of the City, and easily reached from all parts of London. The hospital contains 744 beds. The library and the physical science and

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bacteriological laboratories have, now, at their side, a very large building which includes club-rooms for the Student's Union, a writing-room, and luncheon and dining halls.

Charing Cross is situated in the very centre of London, and gives instruction in all subjects of the medical and dental curriculum. The Hospital, with its Convalescent Home at Limpsfield, contains 287 beds.

St. George's, an institution with 248 beds, is at Hyde Park Corner. The school possesses an Amalgamation Club, with well-fitted reading, smoking, and luncheon rooms, on the hospital premises.

Guy's contains 602 beds. Thirty-one beds are set apart for diseases of the eye, and 40 for the most urgent and interesting medical cases, which form the subjects of the weekly clinical lectures. There is a special ward of 32 beds for the treatment of diseases of women, and for cases of difficult labor. The new Gordon Museum of Pathology is worthy of note.

King's College has 220 beds in daily use.

The London, which contains 914 beds, is in Mile End Road, Whitechapel. All the arrangements are very complete and modern. The new departments of Bacteriology, Public Health, Chemistry, and Biology, the new

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Pathological Institute at the Hospital, and new Out-Patient and Special Departments, have been added within the last few years.

The Middlesex is in Mortimer Street, W., and close to Oxford Street and Portland Place. The Hospital contains 340 beds. A wing, containing 40 beds and special laboratories, is entirely devoted to patients suffering from cancer. It offers unrivalled opportunities for the study of this disease, both in its clinical and pathological aspects. In addition to the arrangements for teaching ordinary students all subjects of the medical curriculum, a bacteriological and public health laboratory has been added for the purpose of providing instruction for women desirous of carrying out research work in Public Health, Bacteriology, and General Pathology.

St. Thomas's is facing the Houses of Parliament, and forms one of the well-known architectural features of London. A large library and reading-room and a very complete museum are open to all. The Hospital contains 605 beds, and, in addition to the ordinary provisions of a great hospital, has connected with its Out-patient Department two large, well-ventilated clinical theatres provided with ample sitting accommodation, so that large numbers of students are enabled

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to follow closely the practice and teaching of the out-patient staff.

University College is at the bottom of Gower Street in a new building, erected by the late Sir Blundell Maple. The Medical School is likewise a new building, provided by Sir Donald Currie. It offers excellent accommodation for all the needs of undergraduate study and advanced research.

Westminster is situated in Broad Sanctuary, opposite Westminster Abbey. The Hospital contains upwards of 200 beds.

London School of Medicine for Women is in the Gray's Inn Road in connection with the Royal Free Hospital. The entire school has in late years been rebuilt and greatly enlarged. The laboratories are roomy, well lighted, and fully equipped. The Hospital has 165 beds, all of which are available for clinical instruction.

St. Mary's is situated in Praed Street; the total number of beds is 341. During the past year, as a result of the increasing scope of the Department for Therapeutic Inoculation under Sir Almroth Wright, F.R.S., a block of consulting-rooms, waiting-rooms, and laboratories has been equipped in the new wing of the Hospital, and is now in use.

I will take back a bit of what I said about

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never having been to any of these hospitals. I did go out to St. Mary's to see the great glass-blowing establishment of Sir A. E. Wright. The works are in operation from some time after midday till the small hours of the morning. The only reason I know for this schedule is that the good, husky men who come here from all over the world, are a little diffident about doing this glass-blowing stunt at a time a visitor might be expected to call. There happened to be one man there, however, when I dropped in a little after twelve o'clock one day. But he apologized for being at work so early. He said he had only been at the laboratories for a few days, and, therefore, it shouldn't be held up against him. He showed me a fine collection of glassware that he had constructed, and said he hoped to have a packing-case full to take back to America with him. He also said that he dreamed every night of the way his local medical society would open its eyes when he got up and showed all that glassware.

"But the opsonic index," I said; "are you having any difficulty in learning the technic?"

"Not the least in the world," he replied; "don't you see how much glassware I've made already?"

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I wasn't quite satisfied that the gentleman had fully grasped the true scientific spirit of laboratory work, and so I sought further information. After wandering about the deserted rooms for some time, I finally came upon a diener, who said if I liked he would show me the technic of determining the opsonic index while I was waiting, as it was really a simple matter. He had easily picked it up while helping about the laboratory. I thanked him and sat down as he started in to work. First he took several pieces of glass tubing and cut them into convenient lengths. Then he started in to make pipettes. After he had used up all the glass he had, he hunted up some more and continued to blow pipettes. Suddenly he stopped, looked at his watch and said, "Will you excuse me while I go and get my tea? It's a bit after my hour; I'll finish when I come back." I told him by all means not to miss his tea, and as I had come several thousand miles to beard the index in its lair, I waited. At the end of an hour or so, a bare-armed, rosy-faced, intelligent looking scrubwoman came along. She was a good-hearted soul, and as she said it might be late in the afternoon before the doctors got there, she would show me all about the work herself. She had done quite a bit of it

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in odd hours. So she wiped off her hands, picked up a length of glass tubing, and started in to make a pipette. Then she blew a second and started in on a third. I made my escape, ran down the stairs, out on to the street, and passing the euphonious "Load of Hay" hotel I found my way back to the City, where I at once ordered a long and cooling drink with special instructions to the waiter not to put a straw in it, for I had no desire to be reminded of glass tubes.

Really I have no right to scribble so frivolously regarding so remarkable a work as that developed by Wright and his associates in the last few years. But a man like Sir Almroth, who can do things that will set the whole medical world on edge, and establish a vaccine therapy that promises to have a permanent place in our modern scientific therapeutics, won't be disturbed, I am sure, by a little good-natured raillery. And besides, they do use up a good many miles of glass tubing out at new St. Mary's.



XVI.

LIVERPOOL—THE SUNDAY EXODUS—THE GREAT UNIVERSITY—COÖPERATIVE METHODS.

THERE were several hundred passengers on the boat that landed me in Liverpool one Saturday at about eight o'clock in the evening, and not one of them, so far as I could ascertain, except myself stayed over night there. The others, who were wiser than I, hustled to the railway station and caught the first train out for Chester, Wales, London, or some other place fit to spend a Sunday in.

I dined alone that evening, and the next morning breakfasted alone. So far as I could see I was the only guest at the big Adelphi Hotel. I asked the clerk what the necessity was for hotels in Liverpool, anyway, and he told me that boats occasionally sailed so early in the morning that people were compelled to get to town the night before. Otherwise he quite agreed with me that hotels could easily be wiped off the Liverpool map.

Imagine a city the size of Liverpool, with over a million people, the second largest city in the British Empire, so deserted that I (and

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a friend who came to my rescue and bore me off to Chester for the day) walked from its heart at midday for over a mile to the Bikenhead Ferry without meeting a dozen people.

But on week days Liverpool is a busy town, and I saw here one of the finest medical institutions in all Europe.

The Liverpool School of Medicine was established in 1834, although before then clinical instruction was given at the Royal Infirmary. On the foundation of University College, Liverpool, the Royal Infirmary of Medicine was incorporated with it. That became a part of the Victoria University in 1884, and in 1903 the present University was established in place of the latter.

The four names most prominent on the medical faculty of the University are: W. A. Herdman, Professor of Zoölogy; C. S. Sherrington, Professor of Physiology and Histology; Sir Rupert Boyce, Professor of Pathology, and Ronald Ross, Professor of Tropical Medicine. Of these men probably Ross, he of the mosquito fame, is best known to Americans, although Sherrington, on account of his brilliant work in neuropathology, runs a close second. Herdman and Boyce, however, are names to conjure with here in Liverpool, for they have done many worthy things.

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The buildings and laboratories of the medical school are extensive and up to date. I doubt if there are any better in Europe. The Chemical Department; the Hartley Botanical Laboratories; the Zoölogical Department; the George Holt Physics Laboratory; the New Medical School Building of five floors; The Thompson-Yates Laboratories, (a large block of buildings in itself), and the Johnson Laboratories, devoted wholly to post-graduate teaching and research, all form a group of structures of which Liverpool is justly proud.

I spent most of my time here wandering about the research laboratories. Benjamin Moore, the dean of the school and Professor of Bio-Chemistry, is a charming man to meet. I know an American who dropped in there one day and asked Moore if there was a chance for him to work. The next day he was working on a problem in bio-chemistry. In Germany it would have been the next week or the next month.

Sherrington's laboratory is interesting especially for the black-board method he has of teaching histology. There is a black-board at each microscope, and under each microscope is fixed a certain part of the section he wishes to show. Then Sherrington goes from

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microscope to microscope making drawings of the particular thing at each. For instance, if he is teaching the structure of the kidney, one microscope will show glomerulus only, the next convoluted tubule, the next straight tubule, and so on. As soon as a student has seen and drawn one part he goes on to the next.

In the Cancer Research Laboratory we were shown by Dr. Walker the long-tube microscope and the mono-chromatic light which they use exclusively. The combination gives a picture that is truly remarkable, and cell structure is revealed that it is absolutely impossible to see under ordinary conditions. The work of Moore and Walker along cytological lines in relation to malignant growths is too well known to need discussion here.

Liverpool offers a remarkably attractive array of clinical material, and this is admirably presented to the student at the Royal Infirmary and the United Hospitals Clinical School, which comprises eight hospitals with a total of 840 beds.

The Royal Infirmary was founded in the middle of the eighteenth century, and first erected on the site now occupied by St. George's Hall, and was opened in 1749. In

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1821 the institution was removed to its present situation, where a large building, fronted by a heavy stone colonnade in classical style, was erected, and with additions and alterations remained in use until 1887, when it was pulled down to make room for the present building, which was opened in 1890. No care was spared to make the present Infirmary as perfect as the science of hospital construction at the time made possible, and various improvements have since been introduced, so that the building still remains a model of its kind, and is looked upon as such by authorities on hospital construction all over the world.

The wards are arranged in separate clinics, with a physician or surgeon, and a resident medical or surgical officer attached to each; each clinic having a clinical room in which to interview patients, and conduct microscopical and chemical tests.

The United Hospitals Clinical School, Liverpool, consists of the following institutions associated for purposes of clinical instruction; The Royal Southern Hospital; The David Lewis Northern Hospital; The Stanley Hospital; The Eye and Ear Infirmary; The Hospital for Women; The Infirmary for Children; St. Paul's Eye and Ear Hospital; St. George's Hospital for Skin Diseases.

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The object of the scheme of coöperation which these hospitals have adopted is that of utilizing, to the greatest advantage, the large amount of clinical material which they contain. The regulations which govern this coöperation have received the approval of the University.

One of the most interesting features of the University is the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, which is governed by a committee from the University of Liverpool, the Royal Southern Hospital, and the Merchants and Shipowners of Liverpool. The aim of the school is not only to train men on the special subject of tropical diseases, but to promote research along these lines.

That great progress has been made in the latter aim can be seen from a recent report of Sir Rupert Boyce upon the treatment of Sleeping Sickness and other forms of trypanosomiasis by arsenic and mercury. These discoveries, as pointed out by Boyce, may save millions of lives and make vast tracts of territory now useless, on account of trypanosome-bearing pests, inhabitable and capable of cultivation. Investigation is carried on under Ronald Ross, who is head of the department, both at Runcorn, a few miles out of Liverpool, and also in the Johnson Tropical Laboratory at the University.

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This work in Tropical Medicine attracts men to Liverpool from all parts of the world; especially from the tropics. There is one American working here on a fellowship which supports him, and he is turning out some high-grade work.

The John W. Garrett International Fellowship in Pathology and Physiology of one hundred pounds (\$500), awarded annually and tenable for one year, is open to members of universities and medical schools in the United States.

It was my good fortune while in Liverpool to live in commons or, as it is more stylishly printed in the catalogue, "Hall of Residence." I say good fortune, not on account of the food, or the tiny attic room lighted by a single feeble gas-jet, that I occupied, but rather on account of the experience. I have eaten in Italian, French, German, and various other foreign pensions, but I have never been so out of my natural element as I was here.

The proper costume for breakfast was bathrobe and slippers. The maid did not appear at this meal, but we took our plates to the buffet and helped ourselves to porridge, bloaters, and 'am and eggs, which were set out in abundance; and filled our cups with tea, or with that mysterious mixture of luke-

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warm dishwater and burned vegetable of unknown source which the great British nation jolly themselves into believing is coffee. During breakfast hour the maid is busy polishing our shoes, and we select them from the long row in the hall (provided some one else hasn't already done so) and go back to our room to



smoke a pipe and think about dressing some time before lunch. There are no early hours here as in Germany. If any one appeared in a laboratory before ten o'clock the University would expel him.

Dinner is rendered even more dismal than breakfast, owing to the fact that one has to descend to the sitting-room to wait the dinner

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call and return to the sitting-room after dinner for coffee (I again use the English terminology).

If an English boarding-house sitting-room wouldn't drive one into the last stages of homesickness the conversation that is carried on in one would. And when the deadly drug above referred to is finally passed around, you take a cup, for you have reached the stage when you don't care what becomes of you.

I thought the whole thing was as bad as it could be the first evening I put in there. But the second evening my American friend, who was responsible for my being there, told a funny story and the gloom that settled over that assembly in consequence was to the gloom of the previous evening as is the blackness of a London fog to the auriferous halo of a virgin saint.

This friend of mine, by the way, never could be serious. One of the fellows was telling at breakfast about pawning a watch and chain. The chain had a gold guinea on it, and the chap explained that "the blooming pawnbroker, don't-you-know," had "pared" the gold piece so that it was a great deal smaller than when he "put it up." "Perhaps it wasn't really smaller," my friend said quietly, "but perhaps money looked bigger to you when you pawned your watch."

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“Oh, no,” the Englishman replied. “They really do that sort of thing.” And a very serious volley of confirmatory affirmations went around the room. In trying to keep a straight face I choked on a bloater and had to leave the table.

Really it isn't fair to talk this way about English lack of humor, for that evening I went to a Music Hall and heard much better jokes than we get in vaudeville at home. And all of them set the house in an uproar. An especially popular one seemed to be a remark of Harry Lauder's. “Do you know,” he said, “my poor uncle lost all of his luggage coming from Manchester down 'ere.” 'Ow did it 'appen? W'y, the cork came out of his whiskey flask!” The house was doubled up with laughter before I got the full effect of the joke myself. I remarked to my friend on the quickness with which they caught it. “Well, they ought to get it fairly quickly,” he replied. “Lauder has been springing that joke to the same audiences for fifteen years.”

Liverpool is a great place in which to buy books. There was a second-hand book-store here that I rambled into one morning and didn't leave until late in the afternoon. Not content with exhibiting the thousands of volumes in the main shop, the old bookseller

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took me to his store-house and it was there, with a pocket full of candles, I spent my day amid countless piles of old volumes gathered from the ends of the earth. And my day was by no means wasted, for when I emerged from this old loft, covered with cobwebs and dust and candle grease, I bore in my arms a load of volumes that I had long been searching for and which the old bookseller parted with for a very modest sum.

As a matter of fact I believe the good-hearted old chap rather pitied me when I asked him if he had charged me enough, for he said: "This is all clear gain to me, sir. I've been in this business for a good many years and you are the first man who ever came here looking for old Pathologies. I have to take the things in, in the way of lots, but I never sold any of them before." Alas, for my honored specialty! I felt depressed, despite my unearthed treasures.

Buying books, by the way, is the least bothersome thing one can do abroad, they are so quickly disposed of. When I buy a book I have it done up securely, write my name and home address on it, stamp it, and deposit it in the nearest post-office. That's all there is to it, and when I get back home the books are there waiting for me. All old books



THE LAST GLIMPSE



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in English, and all books not in English, go in duty free, so there are no customs to bother one.

It's an awful temptation to include in this chapter a little pilgrimage that a small but select party of good Americans, whose interests are medical, made down into Wales. How they stayed at one of the cleanest and coziest of Welsh inns ever, whose name, "The Angel," was not the least of its delights. How they went to an old parish church and saw the culmination of an episode that began in a Berlin pension which happened to house at the same time a youthful American medical man and a young and charming Welsh lady. But all of this is a secret. And far be it from the writer to betray confidences.

Liverpool is not only "journey's beginning" but sad to say it may be likewise "journey's end." I do not wish to write a final chapter for this book, for books of travel should have no final chapter. No more, I maintain, than should books of love or of science. Just as no life is wholly complete, so no story of real life ought to be ended. Leave me, if you will then, on a boat that has sailed for home, looking backward for a glimpse of a land that is not by any means being left forever behind.



APPENDIX I.

BERLIN MEDICAL COURSES FOR AMERICANS.

The Year Book Committee of the Anglo-American Medical Association of Berlin has compiled a list of the courses* most frequently taken by British and American physicians studying in Berlin, which is given here in full.

Most of these courses begin on the first day or during the first week of each month and last for four weeks. Unless otherwise indicated the fee quoted is per man. Asterisks indicate the Instructors who speak English.

A. *University Courses.*

Regular student courses at the University of Berlin are designed more for student than for postgraduate work. An occasional visit

*Complete lists of the Berlin Medical Courses are to be found in the following publications:

1. Das medizinische Berlin. Price mks. 1.
2. Schacht, Ratgeber und Wegweiser f. Teilnehmer an ärztlichen Fortbildungskursen. Price mks. 1.
3. Verzeichnis der Vorlesungen (List of University Courses). Price, pfg. 60.
4. Verzeichnis der Monatskurse, gratis
5. Kurse für praktische Aerzte, gratis.
6. Verein für Aerztekurse, gratis.
7. Ferien-Kurse für praktische Aerzte, gratis at Rothacker's book-store, Friedrichstr. 105. B.

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to these courses is welcomed without formality. To attend regularly one must matriculate.

The University work is divided into a Winter and a Summer Semester, the Winter Semester lasting from October 15th to March 15th and the Summer Semester from April



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15th to August 15th. The time for matriculation is comprised in the two weeks preceding the opening of the Semester, and the first two weeks of the Semester. The matriculation fee is 18 marks. Diploma and passport must be shown.

B. *Vacation Courses* (Ferien-Kurse).

Are given twice a year (March and October) during the University Holidays. These

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courses are for graduates in medicine and can be very highly recommended, so they are usually overcrowded.

C. *Voluntary Assistantships.*

May occasionally be obtained at some of the clinics. Application must be made in person.

COURSES.

Internal Medicine.

Prof. Dr. Michaelis, Poliklinik, Karlstr. 18 I; 4 weeks; daily, 12-1. Monthly from March to October. Practical course in Diagnosis and Therapy of Internal Diseases. Fee, mks. 40.

Prof. Dr. Brandenburg, Poliklinik, Karlstr. 18a; 4 weeks; 3 hours weekly. Physical Diagnosis. Fee, mks. 40.

Prof. Dr. Strauss, Poliklinik, Karlstr. 58; 4 weeks. Mon., Wed., Fri., 9.30-10.30. Given any month upon agreement. 1, Stomach and Intestinal Diseases; 2, Diseases of Metabolism; 3, Internal Medication; 4, Rectoscopy and examination of fæces. Fee, mks. 50 per course. Special course: Diseases of Liver and Kidneys, Monday and Friday, 5-6 P.M. Fee, mks. 40.

Dr. F. Klemper, Poliklinik, Luisenstr. 19;

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- 4 weeks; daily, 12-2. Monthly. Especial attention to Diseases of the Heart and Lungs. Fee, mks. 75.
- Dr. O. Jacobson, Jewish Hospital, Auguststr. 14/16; 4 weeks; daily, 1-2.30. Given in April, May and June. Bedside and Clinical Observation. Fee, mks. 75.
- Dr. Mosse, first assistant to Prof. Senator. Institute of Prof. Senator; 4 weeks; daily; hours by arrangement. Bedside work. Oberartz Dr. Steyer, assistant to Prof. Krause. II. Medical Clinic Charité. Time, character of course and fee by arrangement.
- Prof. Lazarus, Charité, "Leyden Wards." Time, character of course, and fee by arrangement.

Stomach and Intestines.

- Dr. Glücksmann, Luisenstr. 15; 4 weeks; 4 days weekly, 10.30-12. Every month. Diseases of the Stomach, Intestines and Liver. Diagnosis and Therapy. Fee, mks. 50.
- Drs. Elsner and Ury, Elsasserstr. 39; 4 weeks; daily 11-1. Monthly. Diseases of the Stomach and Intestines. Fee, mks. 60.
- *Dr. Cohnheim, Karlstr. 20a; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly, 10-12. Monthly. Diagnosis

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and Treatment of Diseases of the Stomach and Intestines. Fee, mks. 50.

Privatdozent Dr. Albu, Ziegelstr. 26; 4 weeks; 4 times weekly, 12-1, by arrangement. Monthly. Diagnosis and Treatment, Diseases of the Stomach and Intestines. Fee, mks. 50.

Surgery.

Dr. W. Bail, Augusta-Hospital. Operative Surgery, Abdominal and Brain. On the cadaver. Fee, mks. 75, for each man in class of 4-6 men; mks. 100 for each man in class of 2-3 men.

Oberarzt Dr. Braun, Krankenhaus Friedrichshain; 4 weeks; 2 hours 3 times weekly. Monthly except August. Operative Surgery. Special Abdominal Surgery. On the cadaver. Fee, mks. 75, mks. 5 for attendant.

Prof. Dr. Borchardt, Virchow-Krankenhaus. Surgical Diagnosis and Therapy. By arrangement.

Dr. Zondels, Poliklinik, Münzstr. 16; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly; 12.30-2.00 P.M. Surgical Diagnosis and Therapy. Fee, mks. 60.

Dr. Helbing, Hoffa's Klinik. Am Circus 9. Orthopedic Surgery, with practical exercises on the patient. Roentgen ray demon-

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strations. Fee and time according to arrangement.

Dr. Wolff, Chausseestr. 3; 4 weeks; 2-3 times weekly; 7.00-9.00 P.M. Surgical operations upon animals and upon phantom. Fee, mks. 30.

Prof. Dr. Schmieden, Prof. Bier's Klinik; 2 weeks; daily except Sunday. By arrangement; number in course 4-6. Fee, mks. 50. One week, six days beginning Monday, 5 to 6 men. Hyperæmia. Fee, mks. 25.

Dr. Eugen Joseph, Prof. Bier's Klinik, 1 week; six days beginning every Monday. Hyperæmia. To 5-6 men. Fee, mks. 25.

Gynæcology.

Prof. Dr. Nagel, Luisenstr. 14; 4 weeks; days and hours by arrangement. Monthly. Gynæcological Diagnosis and Therapy, for Practitioners. Fee, mks. 60.

Dr. T. H. Landau, Philippstr. 21; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly. Monthly when sufficient number of men to take the course. Gynæcological Diagnosis and Treatment. Operations before the class. Fee, mks. 100.

Dr. Runge, in Prof. Bumm's Klinik, Charité; 4 weeks; 5 times weekly, 11.00-1.00. Monthly. Gynæcological Diagnosis and Treatment. Fee, mks. 100.

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- Dr. Blumreich, Luisenstr. 13; 4 weeks; 3 days weekly, 1.30–3.00 P.M. Monthly. Course in practical Gynæcology upon the living subject and phantom. Fee, mks. 40.
- Dr. Rumpel, Kgl. Klinik, Charité, Ziegelstr. 5a; 4 weeks; twice weekly, 6.00–8.00 P.M. Time given indefinite. Course in Gynæcology. Fee, mks. 60.

Obstetrics.

- Dr. Martin, Charité-Krankenhaus; 4 weeks; daily. In March and September. Practical Obstetrics. Number of men in course, 5. Fee, mks. 300.
- Dr. Bosslar, Charité-Krankenhaus; 4 weeks; daily. In October and April. Practical Obstetrics. Number of men in course, 5. Fee, mks. 300.

Skin and Venereal.

- *Dr. Max Joseph, Poliklinik, Ziegelstr. 26; 4 weeks; daily, 9.00–11.00 A.M. Monthly. Diagnosis and Treatment of Diseases of the Skin. Fee, mks. 40.
- Dr. Saalfeld, Poliklinik, Kronprinzen-Ufer 5; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly. Monthly. Practical course in Dermatology. Practical course in Cosmetics. Fee, mks. 75 per course.

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- *Dr. Ernest Frank, Karlstr. 38; 4 weeks; 2-3 times weekly. Monthly. Fee, mks. 50.
- Dr. Blaschko, Neue Jacobstr. 1-3; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly. Monthly. Skin and Venereal Diseases. Fee, mks. 40. Microscopical work in laboratory for the semester. Daily, 8.00 A.M.-4.00 P.M. Fee, mks. 100.
- *Dr. J. Cohn, Friedrichstr. 225; 4 weeks; 5 times weekly. Monthly. Skin and Venereal Diseases. Fee, mks. 100.
- Dr. Arthur Lewin, Oranienburgerstr. 45; 4 weeks; 5 times weekly. Monthly. Venereal Diseases including Cystoscopy. Fee, mks. 100.
- Dr. Ledermann, Friedrichstr. 131-a; 4 weeks; twice weekly, 10.00-11.00 A.M. Monthly. Venereal Diseases. Fee, mks. 30.

Nose, Throat and Ear.

- *Dr. Max Halle, Elsasserstr. 122; 4 weeks; daily except Sunday, 12.00-2.00 P.M. Diseases of the Nose and Throat. Fee, mks. 75; with operations, mks. 100.
- *Dr. Meyer, with Prof. Dr. Heymann, Poliklinik, Luisenstr. 17; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly. In April, May, and June. Practical course in Laryngoscopy and Rhinoscopy. Fee, mks. 60. Histology of the Accessory Sinuses. Arranged at any time. Fee, mks. 50.

COURSES FOR AMERICANS

Dr. Max Scheier, Poliklinik, Johannisstr. 14/15; 4 weeks; 4 times weekly. At any time by arrangement. Laryngology and Rhinology with practical work and minor operations. Fee, mks. 60.

*Dr. G. Ritter, Luisenstr. 11. By arrangement. Operative course on the Ear. At least 3 men in course. Fee, mks. 60.

*Dr. H. J. Wolff, Poliklinik, Reinickendorferstrasse 7; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly, 6.00–8.00 P.M. Monthly. Operative course on the Ear. Fee, mks. 60.

*Prof. Dr. Jansen, Karlstr. 17; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly. Diseases of the Ear. Fee, mks. 50. Information concerning operations by Prof. Dr. Jansen can be obtained at his clinic.

Eye.

*Prof. Dr. Gutmann, Schiffbauerdamm 20.

*Privatdozent Dr. Helbron, University Eye Klinik, Ziegelstrasse 5.

*Dr. Oppenheimer, Saarbrückerstr. 17.

*Dr. Pollak, Karlstr. 18. Klinik of Prof. Dr. Silex. For details consult the Instructors.

Neurology.

*Prof. Dr. Ziehen, with Prof. Köppen, Poliklinik f. Nervenkrankheiten, Charité-Kran-

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kenhaus. Course in research work to experienced neurologists. For details see Prof. Ziehen at the Nervenlinik, Charité, 12.00 m. daily.

Prof. Dr. Oppenheim, Poliklinik, Karlstr. 27 I; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly. In November, December, April and May. Course in Nervous Diseases with demonstrations on patients. Fee, mks. 40.

*Dr. Cassirer, Klinik of Prof. Oppenheim. Time by arrangement. Course in Nervous Diseases with demonstration on patients. Maximum number in course, 4. Fee, mks. 40.

*Dr. Flatau, Klinik of Prof. Oppenheim; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly. Psychotherapy and Hypnotism. Fee, mks. 40. By arrangement. Electro-diagnosis and Electro-therapeutics. Number of men in course, 2. Fee, mks. 50.

Dr. Toby Cohn, Poliklinik, Karlstr. 18a. Time by arrangement. Electro-diagnosis and Electro-therapeutics. Fee, mks. 50. Diagnosis of Nervous Diseases. Fee, mks. 50. Dr. Cohn holds his Polyclinic from 12.00-2.00 p.m. daily.

*Dr. Jacobsohn, Luisenstr. 19. Daily for one month. By arrangement. Histological, topographical anatomy of the cerebro-spinal

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system. Fee, mks. 200 for 1 man, mks. 150 each for 2 men, mks. 100 each for 3 men. Maximum number of men in course, 3.

*Dr. Jacobsohn, Luisenstr. 19. By arrangement. Pathological Histology of the Nervous System. Fee, mks. 50.

*Dr. Lewandowsky, Physiological Institute, Dorotheenstr. 35. By announcement.



FRIEDRICH WILHELM HOSPITAL—BERLIN

Physiological Pathology of the Nervous System with demonstrations on animals. Must be four in course. Fee, mks. 100.

Pediatrics.

Prof. Heubner, Kinderklinik der Universität (Charité-Krankenhaus).

Prof. A. Baginsky, Reinickendorferstr. 32.

Dr. Leo Langstein, Kinderklinik der Koniglichen Charité.

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Dr. Ludwig Meyer, Kurassierstr. 21, 22.
Sanitätsrat Dr. Cassel, Elsasserstr. 27.

Cystoscopy.

- *Dr. Casper, Friedrichstr. 125. Every month by arrangement. 2-3 men in class. Fee, mks. 100.
- *Dr. Frank, Poliklinik, Karlstr. 38. For four weeks. Twice weekly. Each month. 2-4 men in class. Fee, mks. 100.
- *Dr. Thumin, Prof. Landau's Hospital, Philippstr. 21. Every month by arrangement. Fee, mks. 75.
- *Dr. Jacobi, Poliklinik, Königstr. 51. Every month by arrangement. Fee, mks. 60-100.
- *Dr. Karo, Königgratzerstr. 43. 10 lessons by arrangement. 2-3 men in class. Fee, mks. 100.

Pathology.

- Dr. Oestreich, Privatdozent, Augusta-Hospital; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly. Monthly except August. Macroscopic Diagnosis of diseases of the organs. Fee, mks. 40. Pathological histological diagnosis. Fee, mks. 50. Diagnosis of diseases of the Stomach and Intestines. Fee, mks. 40. Pathological Technic. Fee, mks. 60.
- Dr. Westenhoeffer, Privatdozent, Kranken-

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haus Moabit; 4 weeks; daily, 10.00 A.M. till 2.00 P.M. Every month. Gross Pathology and Autopsy Technic. Fee, mks. 50.

*Dr. Pick, Privatdozent, Krankenhaus Friedrichshain; 4 weeks; 3 times weekly. Monthly except August. General and special Pathology. Fee, mks. 75. At Landau's Hospital, Philippstrasse 21, general and special Pathology. Fee, mks. 75.

Prof. Dr. Dietrich, Stadtkrankenhaus Charlottenburg. Courses in pathological Histology. Sections and Demonstrations.

Bacteriology.

Prof. Dr. Ficker, Hygienisches Institut; 4 weeks; daily, 9.30-2.00. In November, February, May and July. Demonstrations of the making of culture media. Bacteriological examination of milk and water. Cultivation, staining and examination of various forms of bacteria. Serum diagnosis. Infection of small animals. Testing of new culture media, stains, and methods of serum diagnosis. Hæmolysin, Præcipitin and Opsonin work. Fee, mks. 65, mks. 5 for attendant.

Prof. Dr. Wassermann, Institut für Infektions-krankheiten. Daily for three months. Once a year beginning in October. Making

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of culture media. Cultivation, staining and examination of various forms of bacteria. Serum diagnosis. Infection of animals. Experimental bacteriology. Fee, mks. 65 per month.

*Dr. Klopstock, Institut für medizinische Diagnostik, Schiffbauerdamm 6/7; 4 weeks; 2-3 times weekly. Every month but August. Clinical Microscopy with especial attention to the examination of urine, fæces, etc. Fee, mks. 60.

Practical instruction in the Theories of Immunity may be obtained at the Hygienisches Institut or the Institut für Infektionskrankheiten. Upon application to the secretary of either of the above Institutes all information will be supplied.

Men wishing to do research work can usually obtain working places in the different laboratories upon personal application. Fee varies.

A knowledge of German is absolutely necessary if one wishes to do bacteriological work.

Blood.

Prof. Dr. Grawitz, Stadtkrankenhaus Charlottenburg. Clinical pathology of the blood.
Dr. Hans Winterfeld, Krankenhaus Moabit.
Practical work in methods of blood exami-

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nation with opportunity to acquire technic on patients.

Prof. Dr. Plehn, Charité. Pathology of the blood, with demonstrations and practical exercises.

Dr. von Bergmann, Oberarzt, II. Med. Klinik der Charité. Practical course in clinical Hæmatology. As these courses are given irregularly, it is necessary to apply to the Instructors for further details.

Anatomy, Histology, Embryology.

Royal Anatomical Institute. Matriculation and information at the University.

Dr. Hein or Dr. Prohse, Royal Anatomical Institute, Luisenstr. 56. 1, Topographical Anatomy. 2, Descriptive Anatomy. Demonstrations upon previously dissected cadavers. Those desiring this work must apply to either Dr. Hein or Dr. Prohse. Not more than 3 in course. Fee, mks. 200 for one man, mks. 200 for course for 2 men, mks. 250 for course for 3 men, for each course.

Dr. F. Kopsch, Royal Anatomical Institute, gives the following courses, by arrangement: 1, General Histology; 2, Special Histology. Student is given 80-90 specimens in each course. Fee, mks. 200 for one man, mks. 100 each for 2 men, for each

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course. 3, Microscopical technic in all its forms. Every day for eight weeks under direct supervision of the Instructor. Fee, mks. 200 for each man, mks. 100 each for 2 men. 1, General Embryology; 2, Special Embryology. By arrangement. Fee, mks. 200. Price according to work. General Anatomy of the Brain and Spinal Cord. Stained specimens of cross sections of the cord and medulla oblongata. Study of the general relationship of the tracts and cell groups in the Cerebro-spinal System. By arrangement. Fee, mks. 100 for one man, mks. 150 for two men, mks. 300 for three men; more than 3 men not taken.

Dietetic Cooking.

Fräul. Elise Hanneman, Lette-Verein, Victoria-Luisenstr. 6; 4 weeks; twice weekly. By arrangement. Class limited to 10. Fee, mks. 30.

Hospitals and Laboratories.

Charité, Charitéstrasse.

Königliche Klinik, Ziegelstr. 5-9.

Krankenhaus am Friedrichshain, Landsberger-Allee 159, Friedrichshain 2.

Augusta-Hospital, Scharnhorststr. 11.

Krankenhaus am Urban.

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Krankenhaus Moabit, Turmstr. 21.

Stadtkrankenhaus Charlottenburg, Kirchstr. 20.

Kaiser und Kaiserin Friedrich-Kinderkrankenhaus, Reinickendorferstr. 32.

Krankenhaus der jüdischen Gemeinde, Auguststrasse 14/16.

Rudolph Virchow-Krankenhaus, Augustenburger Platz.

Laboratories.

Königl. Anatomisches Institut und Biologisches Institut, Luisenstr. 56.

Physiologisches Institut, Dorotheenstr. 32.

Hygienisches Institut, Hessischestr. 4.

Institut für Infections-krankheiten. Nordufer, Föhlerstr.

General Information.

Passports.—It is imperative that citizens of the United States of America bring with them passports from the State Department at Washington, as passports are no longer issued by Ambassadors or Consuls. They must also register at their Consulate in compliance with a recent Act of Congress the details of which will be explained at the Consulate.

Police Regulations.—Registration of foreigners will be explained by housekeeper upon request and should be promptly complied with.

APPENDIX II.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

A COMPLETE account of the German University, its nature, function, organization, and historical development, is given by Paulsen in his book, "The German Universities," and I quote freely from Thilly and Elwang's translation of that work, by kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, certain points that may be of interest.

The German universities are state institutions and the university teachers, with the title of professors, are salaried officials of the state. As state institutions they are founded, supported and administered by the Government. From it they receive their organization and laws. The regulations governing the universities and the faculties are passed by the Government, usually with the advice of the corporations. In Prussia the faculty statutes are prescribed by the Ministry of Education.

But the universities are not only state institutions, they are also independent corporations of scholars. The head of the university, the rector, is always chosen annually

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

by the full body of professors, and is one of their number. He represents the university in its external affairs; the university officials are subject to his orders; he has charge of the immatriculation of students; and he controls the societies and the meetings of the student body. The German rector is the visible symbol of the corporative independence of the university.

The different faculties also possess important functions as self-governing bodies. The full corps of professors, who are the faculty's administrative body, annually elect one of their number as dean, to act as their presiding officer.

The instructor in a university enjoys an independence in the form and content of his duties that is not equalled by that of any other government office. Upon his appointment a professor receives a wholly general commission to teach certain branches, and he is allowed to interpret this commission for himself; he decides for himself what lectures and exercises are to be offered, the number of hours to be devoted to every subject, the topics to be treated, and the methods to be followed. He is merely bound to deliver at least one private and one public course of lectures during each semester. There are no official

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courses of study as in the schools. There is no supervising of the efficiency of the instruction; no revision by supervising officials, and no statements of account, except by the laboratories.

The teaching corps of a German university comprises two kinds of teachers, whose legal status is thoroughly distinct: 1, professors, who are appointed and paid by the state; 2, private docents, or independent instructors, upon whom the faculties have bestowed the privilege of teaching, but who have no official duties and receive no salaries.

A distinction is also made between professors: the ordinary (*ordentliche*) or full professors constitute the administrative body, while the extraordinary (*ausserordentliche*) professors take no part in the administrative affairs of the university or faculty.

A professor's official stipend comes from two different sources: he draws a salary from the state and also receives compensation from attendants upon his private lectures. The most recent regulation in Prussia, dating from 1897, fixes the initial salary of an ordinary professor at 4000 marks (Berlin 4800), of an extraordinary professor at 2000 (Berlin 2400). These figures are increased five (at Berlin six) times, at intervals of four years, by

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

the addition of 400 marks each time. There is, in addition, an extra allowance for domicile of 540–900 marks. The income from the *honorarium* or fee varies exceedingly, depending upon the subject taught, the attendance, and the number of lectures, as well as the personal drawing-power of the teacher; it fluctuates between a few hundred and many thousand marks. The large incomes from



JOHANNSTADT INFIRMARY—DRESDEN

the honorarium are found especially in the large law and medical faculties.

In addition to their salary and honorarium they get decorations.

Originally confined to political and military circles, the decorations, titles, and patents of nobility began to invade the academic world in the eighteenth century, and have multiplied to such an alarming extent during the nineteenth that they are almost in danger of losing their distinction. The *Hofrat* is

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indigenous to the modern court-university. The *Geheimrat* did not become common until the last generation, his appearance being connected with the development of the laboratory system.

The private docent is a scholar to whom the faculty has extended the privilege of teaching, but who is not a member of the official teaching body, and is under no official obligation to teach. He has the use of the university buildings and laboratories; his lectures and exercises are announced in the catalogue, and are, in case the student is formally enrolled in the course, accepted as regular work. As a general thing the private docent of to-day looks forward to a professorship; for the individual the position of private docent is a stepping-stone to a salaried professorship, and for the universities it is a training-school for professors.

According to the German view the university professor has a double function to perform: he is both a *scholar* or a scientific investigator and a *teacher of knowledge*.

The teacher must have *learning*, he must possess extensive scientific knowledge and understand the methods employed in his field, and he must have an *original mind*, the power to see things from an independent point of view, and to handle them in an original way.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

The complete possession of these two qualities characterizes the ideal university teacher.

Academic circles are at present governed in their estimate of a man primarily by his scientific productivity; his ability to teach is a secondary consideration, or rather, it is looked upon as an accident of the former quality. The university has a tendency to regard itself primarily as a scientific institution; the function of teaching is not apt to be emphasized.

The university student selects his field of study, his university, his teachers, and the lectures to be taken. And he also assumes an independent mental attitude towards what the teacher offers him. He can, if he chooses, stay away from the lectures altogether; no one is going to call him to account for that; no one is going to ask him why he is doing it or how he is spending his time, at least no one is officially charged to do such a thing.

But a high relation to the truth is demanded of the student: when he enters the university he theoretically places himself in the service of the truth. To seek for it and appropriate it is the first duty, to apply it and make it fruitful if he can, the further task of every one who considers himself worthy to be counted among the *elect* of the nation.

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German Universities Other than Berlin.

Würzburg, in Bavaria, is a medium-sized university town. Among the men on its medical faculty are Stohr, anatomist, Von Leube in medicine, Hofmeier in gynæcology, and Shoeborn in surgery.

Tübingen, in Württemberg, in the Black Forest, has a university which was founded in 1477. Baumgarten in pathology, Doederlein in obstetrics, Romberg and Vierordt in clinical medicine, are among the men to be found here.

Strasburg, in Alsace-Lorraine, is a considerable city, whose university, which was the only complete one in France except that at Paris, was founded in 1621. It was abolished by the French during the great revolution, but was restored by the Germans in 1872. Chiari, who made Prague so popular a centre for American pathologists for so many years, is now here; he having taken the place left vacant by Von Reckingshausen. Then there is Schmiederberg, Fürstner and Hofmeister, all well known. Krehl and Naunyn are also good men to work with in medicine.

Munich, in Bavaria, is considered by many people the most charming city in Europe. Its university absorbed that of Landshut in 1826. It is a centre of German fine arts and

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here are found hundreds of Americans who devote themselves to things other than clinics. I confess that the Boecklin paintings I found here interested me more than even Müller's living pictures. Müller is one of the first clinicians of Europe, however, and most internists get around to Munich in the course of their travels, to see him conduct his famous clinic. Then there is Krapelin here, also,



THE UNIVERSITY—MUNICH

who all the neurologists have to see to make their European trip complete. Gruber, whose name is linked with Widal's in the Gruber-Widal reaction; Voit, the physiologist; Rückert, the anatomist; Bollinger and Dürck, pathologists; Winckel, the gynæcologist, and Everbush, the ophthalmologist, are important members of the medical faculty.

Rostock, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, has an ancient university, founded in 1419. This is

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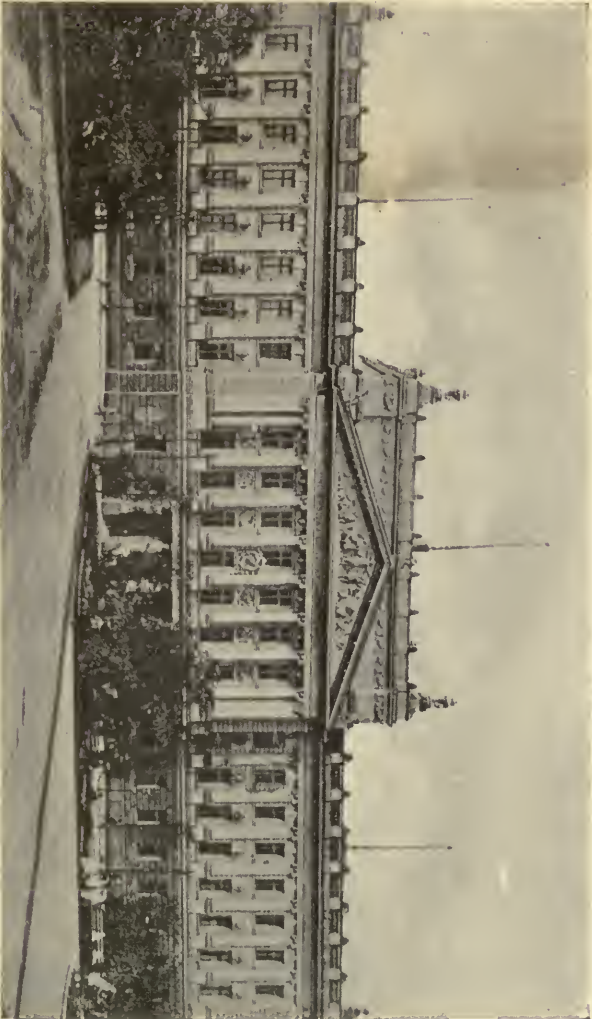
a semi-mediæval town, but little frequented by Americans for medical work. One can get very good rooms in this town for five dollars a month, and dinners for an equal sum. The average cost of living for a student is about fifteen dollars a month.

Marburg, in Nassau, is beautifully situated. It is a small city, and its University was founded in 1527. The great Von Behring's name is enrolled on this faculty.

The University of Leipzig, in Saxony, is made use of by a few Americans for medical study. Leipzig is one of the most interesting of German cities, and one finds there many Americans in various lines of work outside of medicine. On the medical faculty, however, are many worthy men, among whom may be mentioned Curschmann, Trendelenburg, and Marchand.

Königsberg, in Prussia, founded in 1544, has a number of good men on its faculty. A student's club, the Palæstra Albertina, made possible by the gift of Dr. Fritz Lange, of New York, is along the same lines as the Harvard Union, and is open to the entire student body.

Breslau, the most populous city in Prussia after Berlin, is situated at the junction of the Ohlau and the Oder. The university was



THE UNIVERSITY—LEIPZIG



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founded in 1702, and its medical school is in a flourishing condition. Here are to be found a number of famous men: Ponfick, in pathology; Fluegge, in bacteriology; Strümpell, in medicine; Kuestner, in gynæcology; Garre, in surgery; Huerthle, in physiologic chemistry; Czerny, in pediatrics.

Greifswald, in Prussia, was founded in 1456. Loeffler and Grawitz are the two names best known to us on this medical faculty.

Halle, in Prussian Saxony, on the Saale, was united with Wittenberg in 1817. This very pretty town, not far from Leipzig, is well worth a visit. Harnack's laboratory is of interest to all physiologic chemists, and Erberth, whose name is associated with the typhoid bacillus, is here. Fränkel also should not be passed by without mention.

Giessen, in Hesse Darmstadt, founded in 1607, is situated in a plain some thirty miles from Frankfort am Main. Bostroem in pathology, Strahl in anatomy, and Pfannenstiel in obstetrics, are well-known professors in this university.

Göttingen, in Hanover, was founded in 1734. Here are quite a number of well-known men; for example, Ebstein in medicine, Braun in surgery, Cramer in neurology, and Borst (the author of the big book on

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tumors) in pathology. Ehrlich lectures here for three weeks each year on the most recent progress in immunity research.

The different faculties award prizes each year for special work. The problem for 1906 was, "The state of alkalinity of the blood, and red and white corpuscles in nervous and mental diseases." The faculty naïvely state that the problem is not literary, but is to be solved by investigation of the patients.

Heidelberg, in Baden, founded in 1386, is known by name to everyone. So are Arnold, Czerny, Fuerbringer, Erb, Knauff, Roshtorn, Kossel, Gottlieb, and Nissl, to say nothing of a number of lesser lights, for Heidelberg does not have its great reputation for name alone. You will surely go there, if only to say you have been; and if you decide to stay it will be well worth your while. It's a great temptation to write a chapter about Heidelberg alone, but then Mark Twain has written of it so perfectly in his "Tramp Abroad" that anything after that would fall flat.

Freiburg, in Baden, was founded in 1456, and is beautifully located near the Black Forest. The university was best known, perhaps, because of the great pathologist Ziegler, who was here for so many years before his death. He has been succeeded by Schmorl.

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In eye diseases here is Axenfeld; in gynæcology and obstetrics, Krönig, and in surgery, Kraske. Weismann, the famous zoölogist, is also here.

Jena, in Saxe Weimar, a small town, whose university was founded in 1558, is famous not so much for its general faculties, perhaps, as it is for single individuals. First of all there is Ernst Haeckel, the great zoölogist, who has done so much, among other things, to interpret Darwinism and spread the theory of progressive development. Haeckel's "Natural History of Creation" has been translated into twelve languages and has reached its fourth English edition.

Then there are the great Jena glass and lens factories here. It is to Abbe, who filled the chair of applied mathematics, natural philosophy and astronomy in the University of Jena, that we owe the modern microscope. He interested himself in the then modest lens work of Carl Zeiss, laying down exact mathematical formulæ for the grinding of lenses and attempting to establish exact chemical formulæ for glass-making to do away with inequalities in the product. By the aid of the Prussian Government this goal was finally reached, and now Germany leads the world in the manufacture of fine optical instruments.

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Erlangen, in Bavaria, is ten miles from Nuremberg. The university was founded in 1743. The medical faculty here is comparatively small and the men composing it less well known than in many of the other universities.

Bonn is of great antiquity, though the present university dates only from 1818. It is situated in Rhenish Prussia on the left bank of the Rhine, some fifteen miles from Cologne.

It was from here that Bier was called to Berlin to take Von Bergman's clinic. Such well-known men as Pflüger in physiology, Ribbert in pathology, Finkler in hygiene, Fritsch in obstetrics, and Nussbaum and Schiefferdecker, who have added much to our knowledge of the central nervous system, are at Bonn.

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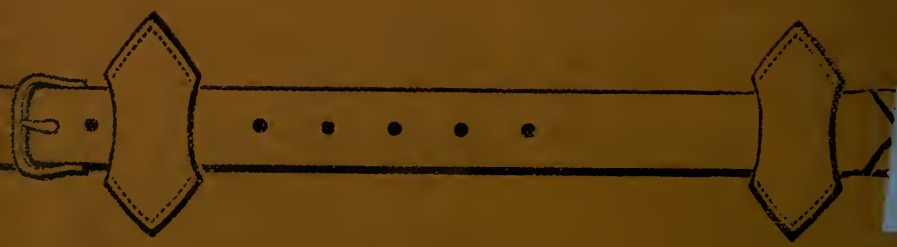
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