mentary lift from some one of the sciences, ready then to work out alone her hidden processes; and so unconscious has become our impressment of these aids into the healing art that we take little thought of it. Thus it appears that all art is, at bottom, science—that is to say, has its nucleus of classified facts or knowledge. But he who would attain to the art must first grasp well the science, and then resublime it with his own personality. Then, and then only, does it become art. It would be difficult to say just what the materialist lacks as he essays a canvas, a bust, a bas-relief, a sonata, a sonnet. It would be unfair to say that he is wanting in color sense or perspective in the fundamentals of modeling, of the laws of harmony or of the construction of verse. Without these he is nothing. They are the cardinals of his work. What he does seem to lack is the Divine spark that, fusing all these needed things, rises above them and imprisons Nature's secrets, even the most elusive. With some—indeed, with many—this height will be attained only by the fiercest, the most intensive industry. But the man is none the less an artist, neither a genius because of that fact.

Equally difficult is it to criticise the medical man who brings nothing but pure science to his patient's bedside. He certainly does not lack book or laboratory knowledge of physics, chemistry, bacteriology, biology, physiology or pathology; neither is the work of his brethren in foreign fields unknown to him. These are the very tenets of his faith. Of things material he is easily master. But that is only half the proposition. This materialism reveals itself in the tendency to look on patients as so much flesh and blood; to treat the outer casement rather than the individual within; to forget that "we are such stuff as dreams are made of"; to take little thought of hereditary impress, prenatal influence, temperament, domestic and commercial status and a host of other nonmaterial factors. Any or all of these may produce all manner of perversions of nerve function. The insufficiency of such methods has been shown by none more clearly than by Weir Mitchell. Mind and matter sustain a practically complete relation to each other in the healthy human body, and the correlative of this quality in the body is the dual nature of medicine.

So, if the ultrascientist would realize the full measure of his possibilities, he must possess more or less intuition. He must have a genius for affinity—what Goethe called *Weltverwandtschaft* and Griggs "humanism". It is really a species of telepathy. Discreetly used, it is the best and safest short-cut into the patient's confidence, without which we are powerless in most cases. This faculty of insight—of seeing the unseen—is what distinguishes the *artist* physician from the materialist. It removes him infinitely from the monger of patients who plies his profession for revenue only. It is difficult to believe there are many of these inside the guild. Moreover, if such there be, they are "punished, not for their sins, but by them." Innate, instinctive appreciation of the myriad outworkings of human nature makes of the clinical worker at the bedside, the artist physician. Of the well-rounded man of science it makes a mental giant, a savant—the very flower of our cult.

It should be the aim of the body medical of to-day to cultivate this spirit of affinity in every way, and to multiply its present great usefulness by evolving its members into the artist physician with wide-angled mental vision. This is the man who, while ministering to the physical sufferings of his patient, will never lose sight of the psychic element—which is no small matter in this day of exceeding heteropathy (mental healers, "osteo" quacks and fortune-tellers included!).

We to-day hear much of the *science* of medicine. It is not amiss to reiterate that, classify our knowledge as we will, there remains an outlying, an unaccountable factor in successful healing, the presence or absence of which marks the true physician from the medicine giver pure and simple. This is the *art* factor. The true physician is no less a genius in striving for perfection in healing than is the painter, the sculptor, the orator, the musician, the literateur, in trying to attain their highest ideals. The passion for perfection is the hall-mark of the true artist in medicine as in all things pertaining to the higher life. All art is one, and not least among its votaries are the priests of Hygeia.

WENDELL REBER, M.D.

The Journal's Advertising Policy.

TOLEDO, OHIO, April 17, 1900.

To the Editor: When THE JOURNAL's recently announced policy concerning advertising is in full force, the enjoyment I have heretofore gotten out of its perusal will be heightened, because there will be lopped off from it the only disquieting feature which has ever manifested itself. I have always had an antipathy for unethical medical advertisements, possibly from pharisaical inclinations, but then, the antipathy exists nevertheless.

My thoughts on the subject of medical advertising have been the same for so long that grooves have been worn so deeply in my gray matter that now I can not change my views. I am in fact a crank on that subject. In consequence of this life-long habit, whenever I come across a quack advertisement in a religious newspaper, or in any paper which claims to be respectable, I make a note of it, and when I have spare time I write to the one who is responsible for its appearance. I have written to judges, reverends, D.D.S.'s, mayors, in fact, to all sorts of people, who have given testimonials, and to editors and publishers of all kinds of periodicals. I have had more enjoyment and entertainment than would pay me for the trouble of writing the letters, out of nearly all of my correspondence. The exceptions have been when some publisher told me that he was advertising the same secret preparations to his subscribers that the best medical journals were advertising to physicians, and that their readers know as much regarding the composition of the medicines as do the physicians. Not all of them would see that point, but whenever I have received a letter like that, I have written my next rainy day letter to some one else; because, while I like argument, and have never been known to stop arguing as long as the other man would talk, still, when I can get out of so doing, I never go up against a stone wall. The carrying out of THE JOURNAL's policy will remove what has been to me a thorn in the flesh.

I tell the publishers of religious newspapers that if they would get out and hustle for business the same as other men do, they could get advertisements and not be obliged to sell their columns to quacks. I know that many physicians differ with me, but I can see no harm in publishing in THE JOURNAL advertisements of every good thing which people buy.

It is our business to oppose everything of a medical character which is not in accord with the best teaching of scientific medicine. That we may do so successfully and consistently, THE JOURNAL must not only be as clean as the best, but absolutely above reproach. It ought not to be a question with us whether THE JOURNAL is a financial success, so much as whether it represents only the principles of scientific medicine. We surely should never think of blaming the Trustees or the Editor if THE JOURNAL met with a financial loss on account of the rejection of bad and questionable advertisements. Scores of times publishers of religious and other papers have sought to justify the appearance of quack advertisements in their columns, by telling the money value of those they had rejected. THE JOURNAL should be, and is, governed by a higher standard. Success to it!

JAMES L. TRACY, M.D.

Deaths and Obituaries.

GEO. E. FROTHINGHAM, M.D., Detroit, Mich., died April 24, aged 64 years. He was born in Boston, in 1836. He attended St. Phillip's Academy, in Andover, Mass., then went to Ann Arbor, Mich., where he was graduated from the medical department of the University of Michigan, in 1864, and in 1867 was made demonstrator of anatomy there. In 1870 the chair of ophthalmology was created, and he was appointed to fill it. In 1889 he resigned and went to Detroit.

WILLIAM F. ROBINSON, M.D., editor of the *Hatborough Free Spirit*, died in Philadelphia, April 15, aged 63 years. He was born in Boston, and was a graduate of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and practiced for ten years in Hatborough, where, in 1873, he established the journal which he edited until his death. He was for six years a