

Steps should at once be taken to effect a more permanent organization. The membership of the general ASSOCIATION should be canvassed by the permanent secretary, by special committee, or by the council of this Section, and those members who wish to devote the whole or a share of their time to the work of this Section, be asked to declare themselves so that they may be counted upon hereafter to contribute to the work of this Section either in individual or associate papers or discussions. I personally very much doubt if this result can be brought about to the satisfaction of those interested in the permanent growth of this Section without making the secretaryship a permanent office, so that through his efforts the valuable experiences and products of successive years be preserved.

By such a change as this—a permanent secretaryship—our Section will begin to take on a vertebrate existence, but without one, at least, of such centers of ossification our undifferentiated, ameboid membership is likely to continue. I am aware that this suggestion, if thought worthy of adoption by you, will require a change of organization which transcends the powers of this Section, but in the interests of more efficient work we should not hesitate to ask that the power to effect such change be granted.

When once a fixed, rather than a floating membership, is secured, it will then be possible for the officers and council of the Section to institute changes in the method of preparing for the annual meetings that will make them much more effective.

If this Section is to fulfil its mission in bringing together the men and the conditions by which the science of neurology and medical jurisprudence are to be advanced, and if it is to serve, as it should, as the channel through which the latest and most enlightened conclusions in these special fields are to reach the great body of physicians, and so the laity, throughout this broad land, then such measures must be adopted as will keep the work of the Section at each meeting up to the requirements of the times, and prevent the wasting of valuable time and opportunity with trivial, trite, or inconsequent matter.

The main topics for consideration and discussion for each meeting should be determined upon many months in advance, and every care should be taken to have them fully presented. With a permanent secretary our official board would be well constituted to enable us to follow out a consistent plan and purpose in this regard, and our meetings could then be made the source from which the final and most authoritative word would be heard on the live topics of the day in our special departments of medical science and practice.

Into this Section of our ASSOCIATION should be brought the representatives of the various departments which are contributing to the advancement of those branches of knowledge which we are attempting to foster. The most learned anatomists and biologists, the ablest pathologists and physiologic chemists, the most experienced alienists and neurologists, and the wisest jurists which this great nation can furnish, are needed here to fitly deal with the problems which are continually before us for consideration. And where more suitably than in this special Section of our AMERICAN ASSOCIATION, representing as it does all departments of medical activity on this continent, could all these elements combine with greater expectation of evolving well rounded truth? It is my opin-

ion that only in an association of this character, composed of a membership representing all phases of the body-medical, are the conditions fully secured for eliciting the broadest and clearest conceptions of the origin and natural history of disease, the tendencies that lead to it, and the measures needful to combat it.

With such an organization and such a membership as here suggested, this Section would be capable of advancing in its proper sphere of work purposely and consciously, and in the direction of humanity's greatest needs. We would then, by co-operative and predetermined action, be able to concentrate our thought and attention on the settlement of questions with respect to the etiology of certain diseases which now affect the highest functions of the nervous system.

It must be apparent to all, that as the future progress of mankind is of necessity along the lines of intellectual, moral, and spiritual attainments by the individual, and that such progress is possible only as the lower powers of our nature become subject to the higher and that, since these higher powers, as we are now constituted, reside in and have their expression and depend for their growth and development upon the activities of the nervous system, the most important problems involving human destiny are laid at the feet of the members of this Section for solution. Do we appreciate this? Do we recognize that it is from just such associations as this that mankind must receive the authoritative word declaring that the researches of science have completed the circle of the universe, and that she has clasped hands with revelation and joined with it in the utterance that intemperance, lust, licentiousness, self-seeking are degrading and debasing, blasting and dwarfing man's higher capacities for attainment, since they directly operate to the injury of his nervous organism, sapping its energies, and cramping its expanding powers; while on the contrary, temperance, purity, peace, and a continent life and conduct are evidence of a well balanced organism, and is in harmony with all law, human and divine.

These are, perhaps, far reaching conceptions of the growth which it is possible for us to attain. But I do not doubt that you concur with me in the opinion that this is the line of destiny and so of duty for neurology, and if so why waste time on less inspiring ideals and narrower conceptions of our function?

THE GROWTH OF COMMERCIALISM IN MEDICINE.

Read before the New York State Medical Association, Oct. 12, 1897.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

In approaching this complex theme there are many besetments which involve more or less controversy. Indeed, there may be suspicions of ulterior motives for, mayhap, an untried form of ambush, since it is widely conceded that statecraft may even masquerade as diplomacy. At the outset, however, there need be a disclaimer to the effect that there is to be any eulogy of honesty in any form, lest it be set down as cant in favor of the code. The purpose, then, to be announced is that of self-examination as to whether or not there may not be some sins of our own which require the penitential tear.

We have heard not a little of the outrages that have been perpetrated against us in the way of non-recognition, or what hurts our pride not a little, of that indefi-

nite something which we consent to call ingratitude. It is not to be gainsaid that self-esteem has been sorely wounded and that we have been balked in our efforts to hoard up the Klondike surface washings amid unesthetic surroundings of that barbaric simplicity which makes the want of probity fatal. That there have been hardships of no mean sort, the best panoplied of us stoutly maintain, for did not this very Borough of Manhattan begin the history of our profession with a petition for the monopoly of shaving?

But in those days of unusual sanitary conditions, when the ocean breezes did not sough against cloud-piercing towers, nor even whirl around the massive chair of a De Peyster in Bowling Green, there was little heed given to aught but pastoral joys or nocturnal frolics. There were then no heavy licenses for the sale of very small wares, and the little learning in vogue was easy of capture without question of its source. In very truth, the local color had then a sober tint and the picture a deep perspective. Since then, posterity has garnered the honest fruitage of not over-much labor, and has whet its appetite with the spiced offerings of the luxurious voluptuaries from every clime beneath the sun. But those halcyon days are gone, for the home of commerce has come where once were quaint cottages and low-bending trees. The counting-house has crowded away the May-pole, craft has displaced honesty, and the agent with his satchel of samples crosses the threshold with the ambling grace of Mephistopheles.

Now the schoolboy chuckles over his barter, for has he not early learned the power of wealth, and that money is current everywhere no matter how obtained! He has mastered business long before his prayers, and knows the biography of every merchant prince. How much, and how readily, is about his only ritual! If money comes not quickly what time can there be left to him for the wild carnival, which scatters what it can not use. Thus, with a starving soul he goes to the banquet of life. Gold, gold, but never the idolatry of the great, the unselfish and the true, is his prospective award. He bites the rosy apple but to fill his mouth with ashes. Aye, he is to be denied what he has won from the unsuspecting, for the irony of fate has long ago taught him that the calm of philosophy is not the accompaniment of the pride of possession. Still he ever searches for new fields, sterilized by auriferous deposits. Grown to manhood with the empty shout of public weal, he saps the foundations of public morals. But what boots it, he hugs his gatherings from which the eyes of angels are averted, and deludes himself into the belief that his conscience-smitten gift is charity. Now of this name, or *umbra nominis*, we have heard much. Business men claim to practice it with the click of machinery and vaunt it even in their supplications, while they wince at the voice of the whining beggar who plies his art upon their credulity with the saddest eyes. They keep a syndicate and the forms need no revision, for they have been passed upon by their board of managers, who investigate but seldom find their standard of poverty. What shall we say, is it high or low? With such seeming virtues romance endows the rosy-cheeked milkmaid, and to it the rollicking tourist scatters his coin. But here, in this boasted metropolis, the cajoler of the best traits of a common humanity skulks away with his rags and tatters from off the face of the cleanest streets. His picturesque outfit and beseeching face no longer linger to be

beckoned into a studio as the model of a grand old Lazarus. Duty, the synonym of all that is obnoxious, is limited to the nickel-in-the-slot and the almoner is invisible. Faith is Charity—the sisters have the confusion of twins.

To this, we add without sarcasm, that we have no need to question the wisdom of business men, who have caught up with the nineteenth century in the rant of its worship. Is poverty, then, a sham only to be mitigated when abject? Is it never to be led by the gentle hand? Must starvation never be relieved except behind the poor-house door? Say not rather that charity ceases when regretted, and that the personal equation vanishes when there is too much organization. Justice at a lynching bee likewise is but a mockery when diffused through many hands gripping a long rope. Like the still remembered cartoon, thumbs point to the culprit with a "t'was him" around an unbroken circle.

When we physicians of the long ago, for the years flow swiftly, were wont to say but little of fees and chanced with the future for a livelihood, was there less recompense than now? Was there not more gratitude and more tender remembrance than in this age of rampant misgiving and shocked responsibilities? Did then the poor talk of our experiments or vivisections? Did we then chase the coin down to its covert? Rather did not the turmoils of conscience make us penitent and tender? Did we not point to the tribunal somewhere, only too glad that the deception was not ours and that we had missed the sickening potion of discovery? Did we then care to cast the sinless stone? Did not our humility grow with our years, for was there not before us a shore bordering the misty sea of all knowledge?

Someone has defined charity to be the telling of A to B what C ought to give. This is undoubtedly the commercial custom. As professional men we have always been more practical with what few virtues we are supposed to possess. We scarcely protest with the hand outside of the pocket. Think all guilty until proven innocent, has never been our motto. In truth, have we ever been on the alert for "the little heaven below" which cash-in-hand is supposed to give? Knowing that we have more rights than we ever cared to claim, we have waived them for the sake of a swifter progress. We have turned from our ledgers to our books, from our regrets to our cases. Why should we bandy words with a chattering crowd, or carry our right of petition up to a legislative hall? Who cares for our woes, for have we not always been too proud to parade them? In the present drift toward paternalism we might even say with Emerson, we are only "bartering subsidies for privileges." Know you not that there was long a scribbled inscription in one of the rooms of Temple Bar, London, "Law is dear, but it is prime, it is prime." The price is high and the commodity invisible. The year between us and Santa Claus has ever been exceeding long and the gifts contemptible. But then does the long-shoreman get any more for the dripping body that he has fought to the dock? Does our lawyer friend ever forget to note an interview?

Let us indulge in a little introspection. Let us see if we have not ourselves fallen away from our high standards. Let us admit that we have adopted some of the formulas of trade, for what else can we say when such advice as, "You must make your market," is baldly flaunted with never a zest of Machiavelli, that all governments are liars. Let us refer to

that other almost criminal insinuation, "Well, there are more ways than one," which is, oh, so well hammered into our ribs. Our love of greed has been stimulated by the rarity of exceptions, and a vendetta has been established for mutual extermination. There has been rife a persistent effort for undivided possession, for a kingdom without satraps, for a dogmatic isolation conjoined with a shameless effrontery. Covert arts have been in vogue to cut off the opportunities of the honest plodder, who is assigned the rôle of the unskilled workman for the chance of a minimum reward, while stupendous fees are deemed attainable by the merest clutching. All these, not with design, we admit, but still the consequences are not a whit less deplorable—aye, to the verge of abject degradation. But the great public has been enlightened by the usual slipshod methods, to-wit, with information on just enough to alarm their fears. To be sure, there has been no flagrant offense offered to the most exquisite taste, none of the nimble art of the street preacher balancing as wares the coarsest virtues on his finger tips, but still the suggestions are dire and exact. The rattle and clatter of the plates only tell of old tests and old escapes.

The journalist may have trimmed from the common heap, the jewel of modest merit, but the gravity of our doubts is most oppressive. His zeal for the public may have been of the "purest ray serene," but unfortunately there are many judgments at variance. He has his friends, too, who stoutly defend him against the charges of purloining microscopic slides, portraiture and photogravure misfits for newspaper columns. Still he is persistently correct in his minature, but somewhat obscure in his statements of superb excellences. This editor of ours so loves to revel in surprises, so well uses the power of the press, and pirouettes so trippingly away from the latest scandal to the worship of the latest paragon. Thus jocularly do some men their duty regardless of the woes of their victims. But seriously, we would excuse such blunders, were they not so fatal to budding reputations. Yet these catastrophies may befall the humblest Fellow of our Association, even him, who storms over being found "among the distinguished persons present" and who is so vexed at the absurd praise, oh, so lavishly bestowed.

What an outrage upon a physician who simply tries to do his duty, just as does every other brother of the profession who seeks not his own but another's welfare. If he elects to mitigate an eulogy by a declaration of his merit (alas, far below the average), he is incontinently accused of an attempt to prolong a controversy for the sake of notoriety, and not at all in the interest of a nobler standard in his own calling. He has laid his tribute before a shrine and is therefore roundly denounced for keeping a mascot. Should he be convinced of the virtues of a mineral water, his jealous brethren accuse him of merely stringing his hard-earned honors after his name! But he has really been duped by an advertising agent, who has played upon his credulity. His simple scientific disposition has been made to subserve the ends of an enterprising manufacturer, who is exploiting his discoveries throughout the land. Even those references "by permission" on the cards of struggling nurses may have been an abuse of the best of natures. Alas, such is the enterprise of trade! Such are the indiscretions of our blatant admirers who keep not within the bounds of their own affairs!

It is just by such methods as these that civilization is retarded by the only "still small voice" that our too trusting consciences are made to hear. We can never be brought to understand why it is that the merchant from behind his bargain counter keeps forever giving out his malicious opinion that no physician can be made over into a business man, why our modes are held to be crude, the language of his science, jargon; for says the advertising expert, where is the art of not saying, where the non-obviousness of the delicate insinuation that our commodities are just a mite superior to those of our rivals? Have we done more than our duty to the public? Where are our arts of faint praise of possibilities? Where the long vista of years yet to come, where the negative yet to be developed and where the well-graced actor yet to enter? Sweet plaudits such as these says our man of a commercial emporium, may be cheaply had just at the cost of a quizzical shrug or a tone of sadness; if not thus won, why not be content with the "reading notice," stumbled on unawares and thus cheap at any price? That neighbor of yours in yonder palace, who stands up grandly in his pew and essays to deceive with pious interjections, has fared in his day and generation much better, for the wails of his victims possess the soft cadence of a longer distance; aye, just the width of the gulf between Dives and the poor man in Abraham's bosom. Still in the seesaw of an inevitable destiny the one as ever looks down and the other up. The one has a scowl, the other a smile; for joy has fled from one, but abided with the other. But let us not therefore refrain, for after all retribution may be only a myth! Fall down and worship, the wealth of the valley is yours.

What says the State—the state of all nations, grades, forms and conditions, which but enforces fealty to itself and jeopardizes naught for its own interests. It is not strictly charitable, but it suavely does the work of charity, without heed of the hardships or perils of the person. Aye, along its moving armies there ever rings out the hoarse high-pitched order: "Wounded to the rear." If it helps it is without coddling and without the soothing stroking of kinship, only as a conglomerate mass it moves and flounders; like the leviathan buffeting the waves it is merely powerful for displacement. On its day of danger it may call for levies, but the pay it gives is the sense of duty and a tinsel crown of martyrdom. It may have a thrift of its own, but has made no provision for the legacy after death. It talks of ignorance and vice, but not at all of misfortune, for with it a blunder is worse than a crime. It may fight, but seldom arbitrates, and when revolution or carnage comes it dies washing its hands with a supercilious curl of the lips. The prating is for justice, swift, stern and sweeping, not for mitigating mercy, charity or any other persuasive grace. Like the street gamin, it is disappointed that the patrol wagon holds only thieves instead of murderers, for the former may work out the charity won by their enterprise while the latter would have been chief in some grand lurid drama, with defiant and mock-heroic faces. This gamin of ours but wants the sensation, the curdling little red rivulet. He, too, needs the carnage that leads to glory, but never the glow of the fireside that beckons on the slumber of peace. Why then should we mix our appeals with clamor for the royalty of a meagre patronage or a short official life? Let us rather be dumb before our shearers that our submission may pass for stoicism, our self-

conquest for grit. May we, too, not have honor for our scars?

That as a moiety of the community we have suffered in the financial depression of the past few years, none will have the temerity to deny. But acknowledgements are more or less painful. In a politico-economic sense, we have become versed in the maxims of supply and demand, we have heard much of over-production and have had many experiences of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. We have imbibed trades-union ideas, and have insisted on immediate and adequate recompense. We have catered to the prejudices of the dependent classes by informing them that our revenue was from the rich and that the surplus was cheerfully bestowed upon the unfortunate in lieu of fee-less skill. Why therefore should we complain if the much-talked-of gratitude was absorbed in the mere sense of a cancelled duty? If we referred our cases without demur to your hospital and dispensary, because our skill was far beyond the means of the applicant, why protest that damage came to our prestige? If we exalted the charity of our neighbor, why cavil if he received the credit? If we enhanced his reputation, why deprive him of the emoluments, be they what they may, if only such were the returns for his toil and trouble? Why not allow the wage we have scorned?

How few read the lesson of the right to give in the parable of the Prodigal, and how many waste their indignation upon him, who served his father, lo, these many years! The fault lies with a slinking away from our individual charities and a reference of what is our plain duty to a corporation or to the state itself. Both of which may relieve—be not startled by the harshness of the phrase—through motives of policy. In the squabbles of our childhood how soon we learned to conceal our grievances from our parents! How much more precious was the redress when the settlement was all our own! How much less the rancor when the skirmish was too brief to grow into a battle! How much happier when we had no grim judge to face whose regret was that the law provided insufficient punishment for the crime! Let us not, therefore, saddle our shortcomings upon those who bestow merely to escape importunity and appoint grand almoners because their sympathies are shocked at the mere sight of misery. Just so the brigands of old hoped to win eternal happiness by the pittance at the shrine. The self-tormenting saint, in his life-long practice of Samaritan virtues, erects a higher ideal and is much more sure of the hosannahs "to the good and faithful servant." What need, we ask, for that perpetual delegation of our very virtues along with our liberties to a hazy unification of a something we call power divorced from wrong? Is it any more distinct and select than the hug of the crowd?

As a profession, too, we have allowed ourselves to be deceived by over-statements of success on the part of those who have won the popular favor. We may even have enhanced our own merits by well-directed self-laudations, which in the young pass for enthusiasm; in the old for candor. While the merchant has speculated with capital we have sported with reputations. What have we gained; only an ownership insignificant and transient. Beginning a career when the votary of commerce is arranging for retirement, we find that our attainments do not advance us beyond the rank and file, whom we have been taught were created to furnish us with cases, to them incomprehen-

sible. Gathered up by the wayside and hurried into the institutions of learning, we have been taught the progressive glories of medicine, and especially that all of life was antiseptic. We have found that, after an awakening from our disillusionings, our preparations have been mainly for a sham battle and that Jupiter, after dividing with the warrior and the merchant, allows the poet the whole world just because he has divorced it from its most desirable treasures. The ample room above, we have carried as a tradition, some of us from the kindergarten, and have striven as well to escape from the multitude, among whom statues are dwarfed and visions bereft of their tawdry mockeries. We soar, but soon strike the bars of the cage.

Somehow the self-deceptions of our commercial part do not beguile us, inasmuch as in our investigations we become annoyed, like John Hunter, by the quest after the guinea and envy the pipe and simple needs of some Virchow, poring over the deepest problems of life. To us in what should be the valley of content fit for a Rasselas, the luring invitation of the mountain top, upon which a castle may be built, has as ever withstood the flattery of our prayers. Let us not look upon legislation as a panacea or seek to abolish hospitals as a lesser remedy for our grievances. Let us not stultify ourselves by demolishing what for centuries we have been erecting. Much of our best work has been within hospital walls, and few would willingly part with the memories of our first "God bless you." We have been disappointed, it is true, but because of too much expectation and the absence of cringing appeals. How could we hope from the law but an extension of advantages and an enlargement of a community to which none of us can be admitted to full membership. How can we be exempted from competition by legal enactments! Still as we are expected no longer to pass upon questions, as jurors, we may become useful as signers of petitions and as a colleague expressed it, "practice medicine as a blind." We have not been the only ones who have worked outside of our proper spheres. Judicious investments rather than accumulated earnings are made by one of the English journals to explain the rather insignificant fortunes left by practitioners of more than national fame. With our diplomas we carried off the vows of the clergy, of whom we were once an integral part. We have always preached philanthropy, let us still defend the text and cease our strictures upon flaws in doctrine. Let us learn from the multitude how much may be done with a little.

Many are the arts of trade and often have we, as a profession, essayed to adopt them, but the glamor has not strictly deceived and our mimicry has been much too awkward. The intellect of the many headed we have already learned is by no means dull and the ways of the charlatan are soon divined. Our dignity is not of that order which prompts to stuff the bosom and to ride erect with a long curved sword for the homage of an hour. Why not, says our lawyer, the fee is large and a portion may buy a home? Somehow we have come to dread the "nevermore" of the croaking raven and even to belittle our services. The salesman of glib tongue, the financier of plastic conscience and the inventor of ready brain emerge from the mine far richer than we, whose competitors are too apt to be of our own household. Our pay is the bulky coin of the iron age, much too heavy for the convenience of commerce. Nay, further, it is our born prerogative

to serve our fellows, to defer their doom by kind offices and select none even for the value of their lives. The tradesman, the landlord and all who gain a livelihood out of the necessities of others, may flourish under the ægis of the law, but preferably not ourselves, for legislation knows but one remedy, that of a different and leveling method. It takes care to spread only on the thin slice. Much toil and much self-conquest is the screed of our book of fate. Let us read it with a contrite submission and like the beggar in the market place wait until the pittance grows into an investment.

It is not for us to waste life in banquet halls with well-rehearsed laughter and invite placid slumber to the sound of the lute. Reverently, our kingdom is not of this world, for though art may make the Sybarite, science never, and "then too," rejoins the cynic, "there may be no more sleep upon a bed of down than upon a pallet of straw, no more content with millions than the frugal meal with much liberty." "Anyhow," continues a modern Diogenes, "we could much better enjoy our outing were it not for that ponderous book of questions so pompously borne in our rear."

THE PATHOGENESIS OF LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

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The gradual attainment of our present knowledge of the disease known as locomotor ataxia, is one of the fascinating stories of medicine. While it is undoubtedly true, as one writer says, that it is the most common and the best known today of all the nervous affections, and while it is also true that the advances made toward the recent conception of its etiology and pathology have within the last few years been something marvelous, it is nevertheless a fact that after all we have only entered upon its elucidation. Many of the newer discoveries have only added to the complexity of our knowledge. We are almost as much in the dark as ever in regard to the real cause or causes of the trouble, nor have we found as yet any sufficient reason why those causes should exert a selective action upon special nerve areas. One comprehensive definition has it that locomotor ataxia is a degenerative sclerosis of the sensory apparatus, involving this side of the nervous system anywhere from periphery to cortex. But why should the sensory elements be the subject of deleterious influences in this disease more than the motor elements which lie in such close proximity to them, and which so far as we can see are histologically identical? There must be a reason for this, and it is the object of pathology to discover it. In regard to the differences between sensory and motor elements, anatomy is silent and physiology only declares that one is centripetal and the other is centrifugal in function. Even should some agreement be arrived at in regard to the character of the lesion in all cases, whether it is inflammatory, degenerative, interstitial or parenchymatous; and even should a happy conclusion be reached in regard to the much vexed question of etiology, whether it is syphilitic, traumatic, hereditary, sexual, etc., the all important contention still remains as to why these causes should always produce the degeneration, the

sclerosis or the inflammation of the sensory elements as they always do in locomotor ataxia. To be sure they often give rise to similar lesions in other parts of the nervous system, but still they must possess some special influence in locomotor ataxia, since this disease is so much more common than all the other nervous diseases. When one attempts to extensively examine the literature on this subject he is soon overwhelmed with confusion; for he observes that almost every writer promulgates a theory of his own, based largely upon facts and observations interpreted in accordance with his own mental bias and limited experience.

Consider for a moment the etiology of the disease. Syphilis has been assigned as a cause of locomotor ataxia in from 5 to 90 per cent. of all cases, and by equally competent authorities. When in 1876 Fournier first called attention to the wide association of syphilis and tabes, he was severely criticized because his field of observation was chiefly among syphilitics. But Duchenne, who first named and described the disease in 1864, so that it was thereafter given a place by itself in the text-books, indicated his suspicions of its specific nature by urging the efficacy of the iodid of potash in its treatment. Testimony has been steadily accumulating in favor of the tremendous influence of syphilis as a causative factor until at the present time there is not wanting high authority for the assertion that locomotor ataxia is nothing more nor less than a sequel of lues, and that the cachexia venerea constitutes the background whereon all cases are projected, no matter what may be the exciting cause that starts them into activity.

Möbius of Leipzig declares that tabes is a syphilitic disease. Darkschewitsch of Kazan argues that syphilis must be considered as the cause of the disease because the specific peripheral neuritis (toxic polyneuritis) is the primary trouble, the cord lesion being merely a subsequent secondary manifestation. Blathner of Berlin, points out a sort of crossed action of syphilis in tabes, as revealed in the not infrequent insufficiency of the aortic valves. It is to be noted, however, that though Gowers states that valvular heart disease "is the most important" complication of tabes outside of the nervous system, it has been shown, after a careful study of the question by Bailey, that "while organic cardiac changes occur in a small proportion of cases, their occurrence is not more common in tabes than in any other disease of a senile character." Minor of Moscow, brings forth apparently some strong proof of the syphilitic origin of locomotor ataxia upon ethnographic grounds. Out of a series of 1642 cases of nervous diseases of all kinds among the native Russians, 496 were males and 264 females, while among the Jews, 449 were males and 433 females. Of the male Russians, 25 per cent. were syphilitic; of the females, 11.4 per cent. Of the male Jews, on the other hand, only 7 per cent. were syphilitic, while of the females only 1.5 per cent. had had syphilis. It is strikingly significant, therefore as bearing upon the question of the syphilitic origin of tabes, to find that the latter disease is five times more frequent among the Russians than among the Jews. But note in connection with this the equally significant fact, long ago pointed out by Grimm, that syphilis is particularly rife in Japan, while tabes is exceedingly rare.

Of 1016 optic nerve atrophies examined by Galezowski, 800 were found in tabetic subjects, and more than half of these were syphilitic. In Schwarz's tabulated list of thirty cases of tabes, all were syphilitic. Germeix