

THE PHYSICIAN

A Vivid and Correct View of His Life—The Necessary Steps Which Must Be Taken to Become a Doctor—Handicaps Along the Road to Medical Success.

By NATH'L C. FOWLER, JR.

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The physician is one of the noblest products of civilization. His associates are of the highest grade; his surroundings are refined, broad, progressive and civilized. He lives both under the sunshine of life and under the shadow of death, and by day and by night, he feels the pulse of humanity, and continually listens to the beating of the public heart.

Practically every doctor in good and regular standing is a man of ability and a credit to his community.

No man can occupy a more honorable, a more respected and a more responsible position than does the regular doctor. In the actions of his brain, and in the skill of his hands, he often holds the control of life. He is our friend at birth, and he remains with us until we die. He is a necessity, for without him we could not be properly born, nor could we properly live.

Not one boy in 10,000 has the natural abilities to make him fitted for the medical profession, and the parent who pushes his son in this direction, unless the boy shows marked characteristics which point to this profession, not only wrongs the boy, but the community as well.

The boy most likely to succeed as a doctor is one who takes life seriously, and yet is not morose; for successful seriousness sees the bright side of life as often as it does the cloudy side. While it is true that some frivolous boys have later acquired great sobriety of demeanor and thought, and have become eminent physicians, yet the majority of good physicians have developed from thoughtful and serious lads, who early realized that life has its responsibilities, and that there was something in it besides chance and pleasure. The embryo physician is likely to be a student, almost always an experimenter, and one who does not readily accept any statement unless it is backed by probability.

Such a boy loves nature, and in his crude way is an evolutionist, and a believer in cause and effect. He feels the growth of life, and becomes familiar with its different forms. Physiology is his favorite study, and he may even acquire a fair knowledge of anatomy. He may faint at the first sight of blood and become unnerved in the presence of suffering, so that his parents may conclude that because the boy does not seem to have the strongest of nerves, therefore he is unfitted for the medical profession.

The physician has nerves. The greater the physician, the greater the amount of feeling he possesses. But he also has the power of nerve concentration, which allows him to cut in mercy and to seem not to care while in action; but no man of fine intellect, no man of consummate skill, can idly stand unmoved beside the bed of suffering. Good butchers are not good doctors, and the man without tender feeling never made a good surgeon.

The wild boy, the thoughtless boy, the boy who does not possess the characteristics of manliness, and who is not willingly a student, will never become more than a mediocre doctor. One of the first indications of ability in this direction is the perceptible enjoyment which the boy shows at the visits of the family physician, and the earnestness with which he listens to all that the doctor says. As he grows older, he associates with medical men, and probably borrows medical books, and studies them earnestly. The chances are that he does not display marked money-making ability, and probably he thinks more about becoming a man and a useful member of society than of being a mere money getter. It is the exceptional, not the average boy, who is fit to become a doctor.

The physician is reasonably sure of a livelihood, but he must not expect to be self-supporting during the first year, and perhaps not during his second and third years of practice. His chances are much better in the country than in the city, unless he possesses remarkable skill or has strong social influence. A very few physicians in large cities enjoy incomes of about \$25,000 a year, and possibly there are some whose receipts exceed this amount. The average physician in large cities probably receives from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year, and comparatively few established city doctors have annual incomes of less than \$1,500. There are in large cities quite a number of family physicians who are not specialists, who have practices worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

The average annual income of the physician established in some country center is from \$2,000 to \$3,000; the minimum probably being not over \$1,000, and the maximum not in excess of from \$6,000 to \$7,000, comparatively few receiving more than the larger amount. Well established country physicians earn from \$800 to \$2,500 a year.

Many young physicians begin in the country by succeeding some old doctor, who either has become too old to practice or who removes to the city. The so-called specialist is a regular physician, who, after years of practice, devotes his time to some one disease, or class of diseases. Comparatively few physicians have the peculiar ability necessary for becoming a successful specialist. The majority of physicians will do better, especially financially, to continue their family practice.

Regular family physicians, who are not specialists, and who practice in large cities, usually receive from \$1 to \$3 per office call, the majority of for outside calls, the \$2 rate being the usual one. The country center physician seldom receives more than \$1

choose, do not allow a young man, whose character is of the commercial or politician, ambitious, selfish type, to choose the medical calling.

"In no other calling, not even in pure science, is there such an opportunity to make great discoveries of tremendous value. And these discoveries are for all men, for the whole world, and for all time. Moreover they are practical, affect the very warp and woof of life, reaching into the daily and hourly well-being—or ill-being—of the lowest and the highest. There is a peculiar reason for this consisting in the fact that no two men's diseases or 'cases' are exactly alike. The cause and nature of every one's illness differs from that of every other that has been or may be. This gives an individuality to practice and supplies the basis of the art of healing, which is unlike that of any other calling. The great 'case,' the unique experience, the illuminating discovery may just as well come in the country town to the 'unknown' family doctor, as to the most erudite in the city laboratory.

"And, after all, when we view the ill-seeking (and not finding), the material rewards of the conscientious physician average well with those of the others. His calling is not unhealthful, in spite of the fact that he handles infection and disease. He has, as a rule, good food, warm clothing, a roof over him, wife and little ones, and a position of trust and honor among his fellow workmen. These things 'pay' no man for his highest work—and higher work is not rewarded; and the coveted excess of food, clothing, roofs, and even wives, one learns to believe, like all excesses, brings—well, they do not bring happiness and well-being.

Jay W. Seaver, M. D., of New Haven, late of Yale university, and president of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education, in a letter to the author, says:

"If I advised a young man to study medicine, it would be because I found that he was a man of sympathetic nature, and had a mind that was quick and resourceful in meeting the emergencies of life, and a body that was strong and able to bear all the possible hardships, and that was under such control that it could be depended on to do the bidding of the mind in the most exact and easy manner.

"He must possess both mental and physical accuracy and a fund of patience and optimism that will carry him through all the experiences of a physician's life without letting him drop into pessimism or cynicism, for the physician must believe in man as well as in God and have an enthusiasm for service.

"If I advised a man not to study medicine it would be because I knew him to be unhealthy morally, mentally or physically. If a man has an ambition to gain wealth or notoriety or influence or social prestige, I would advise him to seek some other avenue to his goal. The lack of certain necessary qualities, such as have been indicated above, would also lead me to advise a young man not to become a physician."

John H. Kellogg, M. D., superintendent Battle Creek Sanitarium, editor "Modern Medicine" and "Good Health," president International Medical Missionary and Benevolent association, International Health association and American Medical Missionary College, author and lecturer, in a letter to the author says:

"The study of medicine is the study of man and of his relations to his environment. It is the broadest and most useful of all the professions. A skillful physician can find opportunity for the employment of his highest skill in a hotel as well as in a palace. He is alike welcomed by the king and by the peasant.

"The exactions of the physician's calling are more severe than those of any other profession. The burden of knowledge to tax his brain, and of anxieties to weigh upon his heart, exceed those of any other profession. His life must be irregular. He must constantly unload great masses of stored facts which have become obsolete, and learn new. He must be content to hold all his personal plans for pleasure, profit or recreation subject to the exigencies of many other lives as well as of his own, so that his life must be less regular than that of other men. He belongs to the social fire department. He must often imperil his health, even his life, to save the health and lives of others. He must be content with a short life. But all these disadvantages are inducements to the man who desires to live up to the highest and noblest ideals."

George M. Gould, M. D., of Philadelphia, editor of American Medicine, and author of many medical works, in a letter to the author says:

"The choice of a profession is rarely made by a young man's own free will, and still more infrequently by a due consideration of his peculiar fitness for the special work. Whim, accident and circumstances usually rule. Physicians seldom advise their sons to become physicians, since by the time of the son's majority, life has demonstrated to the 40 or 50-year-old father that the world has little thanks and thought for the true doctor or his work."

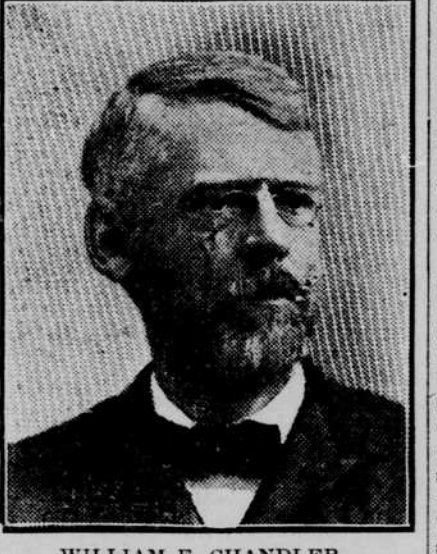
"For the sake of decency, humanity and medical art and science, do not

HAS A FIGHTING RECORD A LESSON IN TACT.

EX-SENATOR CHANDLER IS KNOWN AS "HUMAN WASP."

Man Who Caused Recent Row Over State Bill Noted as a Troublemaker—Now Head of Spanish Claims Commission.

Washington.—Out from the musty rooms and the somnolent recesses of the scarcely known Spanish claims commission there emerged a few days ago a wiry, restless little man with a dynamic capacity for making trouble. Ferrier-like in activity, vitriolic in satire and searing in sarcasm William E. Chandler has ever been a disturber when he took a hand in public matters. It occasioned no surprise that his should be the hand to create a situation capable of keeping the senate in a boiling turmoil for a week, the White House in a foment of recrimina-



WILLIAM E. CHANDLER. (Head of Spanish Claims Commission Who Stirred Up Trouble at Washington.)

tion and denunciation and the whole country in a state of agitated interest. The cause for surprise is not so much that Chandler rocked the political structure of the country to its foundation, but rather that he has been quiescent for so long.

"The human wasp," was the title the senate bestowed upon Chandler and well he deserved the name. He is a stormy petrel of politics. "Born in a cyclone he has never ceased to revolve," thundered David B. Hill on one momentous occasion defining and denouncing Chandler. This outburst came after Chandler had driven the usually imperturbable Hill into a fit of passion approaching the apoplectic.

Chandler seems to take an impish delight in creating trouble and once he has set the trouble going he quietly slips out from the vortex and with

diabolic gloe watches the frantic struggles of those he has precipitated into a row.

The whole life of Chandler has been tumultuous. When Garfield appointed him solicitor general he had a feud on with congress and had his name rejected. Arthur made him secretary of the navy and he served there until elected senator in 1887. He served continuously in the senate until 1901. There has never been a time since he entered public life that he has not been embroiled, with the possible exception of the last four years during which time he has served on the Spanish claims commission. That quiet and slumberous body housed in an antique brick headquarters on a sleepy thoroughfare induces serenity and acts as a deterrent to activity.

Chandler is probably the only man in the country so shackled with droning quietude who would have kicked out of his deadening surroundings to rouse a tempest in congress. He is a product of New Hampshire. He is small, wiry, singularly active and intense. He reminds one irresistibly of a fox terrier. He is regarded as a man of singularly clean private and public life. There has never been a question against Chandler's honesty or his veracity until the president's assertion that he made statements unqualifiedly false.

A favorite scheme of Chandler in his senatorial day was to foment trouble in that body. He would stand by the entrance to the senate floor and listen to the droning procedure. His eyes would dance with impish mischief and suddenly he would dart in and ask a question or two. He had the instincts of a scavenger. He knew where the sore spots were. He could find a wound and tear it open and start it to bleed afresh with unerring instinct. Once he had precipitated a row and had half a dozen senators wrangling and fighting like wild cats he would quietly slip out and from the side watch the struggle go on. When it was all over and senators stopped to think what it was all about and look for the cause Chandler would be nowhere to be found.

Chandler's retirement to private life can be traced to the railroads. He got in the bad books of the Maine Central and that august corporation thought the affairs of the United States would be handled better if Chandler took no active part in the management. They sent a few able-bodied citizens into New Hampshire, and when the legislature elected a senator to succeed Chandler the wiry little fighter found himself left out.

Roosevelt, however, as a great and good friend, stepped in and appointed him to the Spanish claims commission, a newly created body, with little or nothing to do. There he has rested ever since until the row with the president and the Democratic senators occurred.

NOVEL JAPANESE CASTLE.

Large Solid Gold Dolphins Once Bedecked Structure—Is Used by the Emperor.

New York.—Is the novel castle at Nishima, Japan, the palace which Marco Polo described in his tale of the marvels of Far Cathay as covered with gold slabs? At the ends of the ridge of the pyramid structure are large, solid gold dolphins. Beneath the pile is a well which is literally a salted gold mine. It is gold lined and will hold sufficient water to supply 5,000 persons. The dolphins, which were placed on the top several centuries ago, have excited the curiosity of foreign relic hunters, as anyone might imagine they would. So many have climbed to the top of the high structure to discover by testing if they are real gold that the dolphins have become seriously disfigured. Strong steel wire bags have been put over them to prevent further vandalism.

Only by good fortune does one of these dolphins still grace the old castle. A number of years ago it was taken down and sent to Vienna for exhibition at the world's fair held there as a rare specimen of ancient Japanese art. The vessel on which it was being returned sank, and it lay at the bottom of the sea for several years



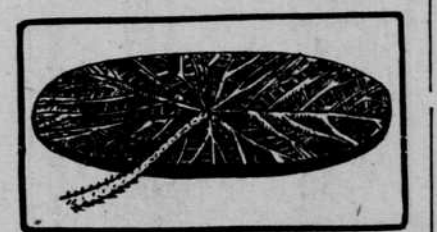
THE GOLD BEDECKED CASTLE IN JAPAN.

In spite of every attempt to raise it, Persistence was rewarded at last, for it was finally recovered and placed again in its old position. The castle is used by the emperor of Japan as his headquarters during the army and navy reviews. State balls are also held there.

LARGEST LEAF IN WORLD

Grows from Plant Named in Honor of Queen Victoria and Measures Over Five Feet in Diameter.

New York.—The plant which has this most remarkable leaf is named after Queen Victoria. It was the tribute of a British traveler in a far away land when he discovered the unusual growth. The leaf was more than five



feet in diameter, and around it extended a rim about the size of five inches high, on the inside light green, like the surface of the leaf, on the outside like the leaf's lower part, of a bright crimson. The stem of the flower was an inch thick near the calyx and stud-

ded with sharp, elastic prickles about three-quarters of an inch in length. The calyx was four-lobed, each upward of seven inches in length and three in breadth at the base; they were thick, white inside, reddish brown and prickly outside. The diameter of the calyx is 12 to 13 inches; on it rested the magnificent flower, which, when fully developed, covered completely the calyx with its hundred petals.

When it first opens the flower is white, with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age, and it is generally found the next day of a pink color. As if to enhance its beauty it is sweet scented; like others of its tribe, it possesses a fleshy disk, and petals and stamens pass gradually into each other, and many petaloid leaves may be observed. "We met them afterward frequently," says an explorer, "and the higher we advanced the more gigantic they became; we measured a leaf which was six feet five inches in diameter, its rim five and a half inches high, and the flower across 15 inches."

PAYS FOR A PAIR OF TWINS.

Secretary Shaw Helps Out Treasury Clerk Who Was Burdened.

Secretary Shaw learned recently that a clerk in his department was in debt and made inquiries as to the cause. The clerk said it was due to his "last pair of twins."

"For goodness sake, how many pairs have you?" asked the secretary.

"Oh, they come in pairs at my house; we've had three pairs now. I managed

to keep even with the doctor till the last pair came."

The secretary reached down in his pocket. "How much do that last pair cost?" he asked.

The man estimated the figure.

"Well," declared the head of the treasury department, "I guess you're entitled to have the slate cleared. I'll pay for the last pair." And he did.

Brides in Australia are pelted with rose leaves.

DON'T BECOME PERSON ALWAYS SAYING THE WRONG THING.

Schoolgirls Should Study to Be Tactful Without Being Insincere—Bridal Sincerity Sometimes Unpardonable—How One Girl Offended Three Friends—The Truth-Telling Tale-Bearer a Disagreeable Person.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Louise, who is a girl neighbor, came into my living-room the other day looking very forlorn. She flung herself into a chair, the corners of her mouth drooped and I saw that tears were not very far from her honest brown eyes. Louise has those big brown eyes that show a soul so true and loyal that it has in it not the faintest possibility for deceit. I have seen dogs with eyes that have exactly that expression.

"What is the matter?" I said. "Have you found out that your doll is stuffed with sawdust, or has your dearest friend picked up her plying-things and gone home? You appear to have met with some provoking disappointment. Did you not get on the promotion list after all your work? Come, dear, pour out your trouble. Tell me what has happened. Perhaps I can help you. I've been in hard places myself."

Louise managed to smile a little as she answered: "The trouble isn't one that you can cure. It is just that I am such an idiot of a girl, always saying the wrong thing and making mistakes and setting people against me. I have done it three times to-day; I have three times said the wrong thing, and I am completely discouraged."

"In the first place I met Mena Carson on her way to school this morning. She was in very good spirits and told me that she was sure she would have a perfect recitation in geometry as she had worked out every proposition correctly last evening. I had nothing better to answer than: 'That will be a change for you. I know that your Cousin Tim is visiting your house, and I suppose he helped you.'

"Now, that was the worst and most insulting remark I could have made, for Mena is very dull in mathematics, and, as everybody knows, her people at home are not particularly well-educated. I called attention to a breath to her own stupidity and to the fact that she couldn't have made her preparation unless Tom Winthrop had been there to help her. She left me abruptly, and she hasn't spoken to me since. Anyway, I was sincere."

"Yes, Louise," I assured her, "you were sincere, but you were not tactful. I fear that you did hurt your friend's feelings quite needlessly. Go on, dear. Let me hear the rest."

"At recess," said Louise, "Marjorie Dean asked me if I liked the fashion of her new frock. Without stopping to think, I told her frankly that the fashion was pretty enough for some people. It would suit a tall, slender girl like Nancy Kent, but it made Marjorie look too dumpy and short. It was the truth, but Marjorie flushed up and said: 'You do say such horrid things, Louise. One never knows what you will tell her when she asks you a civil question.' Then she walked off, and I know she does not like her frock so well as she did before."

"As if this were not sufficient," Louise proceeded, "I blundered again. Miss Tilson, our teacher, asked me whether I would have to go out of my way to post a letter for her, when I went home to luncheon. The post office is three blocks from our house in an opposite direction from the school, so I could not oblige my teacher without taking some extra steps. I hesitated a moment before I answered: 'I shall have to go a little out of the way, but I shall not mind that; I can hurry, and I will be happy to post your letter.' 'Never mind,' said Miss Tilson, 'here comes Rose Elliot, I think she can oblige me without any inconvenience.'

"You should have seen Rose. She just beamed. She seized upon that letter and bore it off in triumph, and Miss Tilson looked after her as much as to say: 'There goes a young girl who takes delight in doing favors for people.' Louise sighed and was silent.

"The error you make, Louise," I said, after a pause, "is a common one with young people. They lack a sense of proportion. You are naturally candid and open, and you have formed an excellent habit of always telling the truth. I like your sincerity. I even like your bluntness, and yet I must

tell you very plainly that sincerity, without tact is often cruel and brutal, and sometimes unpardonable. Tact means touch.

"The tactful girl is very quick to understand a situation. She knows how people feel without having their sentiments explained. She never goes out of her way to show a schoolmate as you did Mena, that you have noticed how frequently she is deficient. In no circumstances does she venture to inform an acquaintance that her hat or her dress is unbecoming, when the dress and hat have been bought and paid for. And she understands how to undertake a commission without actually saying that it will put her to some inconvenience. This morning you had only to say to Mena, when she told you about the geometry: 'Dear Mena, how glad I am, and you might have stopped your comment on Marjorie's frock at the point of admiration for the fashion. As for Miss Tilson you had merely to say: 'Why, of course; it will be a pleasure to post your letter.'"

"One of our greatest perils is in this direction. We exalt one virtue at the expense of another. I had a schoolmate who not only never made friends, but really made enemies through her determination never to say the least thing that was not altogether true. She carried her truth-telling so far that she constantly involved other people in trouble by doing what has been regarded by school people as shocking from the days of the Romans until now. She was a sort of tale-bearer, not because she wanted to be so, but because her conscience obliged her to reveal everything she knew, whether it was her own affair or that of another."

At this Louise sat up very straight. "That girl," she said, "was a goose. Everybody knows that telling tales is perfectly abominable."

"I agree with you in that, but Caroline unfortunately never learned that simple thing; in consequence she was shunned as a girl and disliked when she grew older."

"A very important study for girls, as important, I think, as Latin, algebra or German, is to learn how to be both tactful and sincere. We must never knowingly violate the truth, but there are times when we may be silent and commit no sin. A lie may be told by one who is a hypocrite, without her opening her lips. There are times when deception is carried on by looks. One must speak truth if she speaks at all, and one must not be a coward. A sincere nature reveals itself in tones and glances, as well as in speech, but one who is tactful will learn delicacy. She will be careful not to wound anyone's feelings. She will refrain from putting herself forward and will be quick to do and say agreeable things."

"For instance, your friend Marjorie has a beautiful complexion. You might have said 'that color suits your hair and eyes,' without calling attention to her figure. Although Mena is not quick at mathematics, she writes good compositions, and I don't believe you have ever complimented her on that talent. As for Miss Tilson, whom you adore, you can make it all right with her by being on the watch to accommodate her next time. Does she not let the girls sometimes make her a cup of tea at the noon hour? And do you not sometimes carry your luncheon with you to school? The tactful person looks out for opportunities to be helpful, without ever being obtrusive."

"Cheer up, Louise, you have done nothing very dreadful after all. Nineteenth of the difficulty is in finding out where our weak points lie. Once they are discovered, it is very easy to guard against them. I expect to see you as tactful as your sister Genevieve by the time you are 20."

Louise went away consoled. Genevieve is her ideal, as elder sisters should always be.

Hot Water Bag. Put a bag of hot water to your feet when you have a cold, to your back when you have a backache, or to the nape of your neck when you have a headache or cannot sleep.

For Hollow Cheeks. Cleanse the face each night with cleansing cream, wipe it off at once with a soft towel, massage with the massage cream for ten minutes, do this with rotary motion.

Pompadour Silks. Pompadour silks grow lovelier and lovelier, and prove the prettiest sort of things for making stunning afternoon gowns of.

VOILE GOWNS IN STYLE.

Return to Favor Again and the Trimming Most Approved is Different Widths of Ribbon.

Silk voiles and grenadines are not of necessity associated with large quantities of taffeta or broadcloth, although those combinations are very desirable. The sheer silky stuffs, which wear surprisingly well, in spite of their sherpiness, are made up into the most charming of little frocks, mounted over silk of the same tone or of harmonizing color and trimmed in satin or velvet ribbon, with lace about the throat and shoulders and on the sleeves.

Ribbon trimming is particularly effective upon stuffs of this class, and often a skirt will be adorned with rows of rather narrow ribbon for fully half its depth, the ribbon being laid on flat and stitched on the upper edge. Ribbon and material are, of course, in the same color.

Sometimes two widths of ribbon are used, a single wide ribbon and a group of narrow ribbon alternating; or, as in the case of a charming white silk voile model, wide laset lace insertion may be combined with ribbon bands of varying widths. Many ideas may be worked out in this simple trimming, and the effect of velvet ribbon upon silk voiles of the same shade but made up over white is especially good. Ribbon trimming is used too upon the silk mousseline and indeed upon all the sheer stuffs and is not only laid on straight and flat, but is plaited, quilted, ruched, etc.—a Second Empire echo.



VOILE OVER SILK.