

THE GREATEST SURGEONS ON EARTH

FAMOUS MAYO BROTHERS OF ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA.

SO REGARDED BY OTHER DOCTORS

FROM TEN TO TWENTY SKILLFUL OPERATIONS EVERY DAY.

FROM STANPOINT OF PATIENT

Wonderful Success of These Two Young Surgeons Which Has Given Them a Place at the Very Head of Their Profession.

Last April the writer left St. Mary's hospital at Rochester, Minn., thirteen days after he had been successfully operated on for gall stones by one of the two greatest surgeons in the world, Dr. Charles Mayo, who, together with his brother William, now rightfully bear that reputation. That the Mayos today stand at the very front of their profession is conceded by medical men all over the civilized world, and it is said that there is never an operation performed by one of the Mayos that is not witnessed by from ten to fifty brother surgeons from as many states and countries to study the methods employed by the Mayos in their wonderfully successful work. The morning that the writer was operated upon there were thirty surgeons to see how it was done, one of them a studious looking old surgeon from Germany, two from the state of Washington, one from Baltimore, another from New York, and others from states all over the nation. More than that, if a doctor or any of his family must submit to an operation he immediately takes the train for Rochester and becomes the patient of one of the Mayos. During the time we were in Rochester last spring there were doctors there for operations from Tacoma, Mississippi, Texas, Iowa, California and two brothers from Arkansas. These two brothers are practicing physicians and surgeons of Little Rock, and one accompanied the other to Rochester to be operated on for gall stones. The day after the patient was considered out of danger, the brother was stricken with an acute attack of appendicitis and it was necessary to operate immediately to save his life. The operating surgeon at the head of a hospital at Winona, Minn., only forty or fifty miles distant and a strong competitor of the Mayos, was here for the removal of gall stone trouble, the physician recognizing, even in the face of the jealousy which naturally exists on the part of the rival institution, that the Mayos are the most skillful men in their line in the world, and came to Rochester for treatment.

Stand High With Surgeons.

As illustrating the place these surgeons hold in the minds of brother surgeons, there is a current story in Rochester of a southern practitioner of considerable note who, finding himself compelled to undergo a serious abdominal operation, went to New Orleans to put himself in the hands of a celebrated specialist. He found the specialist's office closed on account of illness. There was a fine operator at Memphis. Thither the patient went only to be confronted with the announcement: "Away for a month." Cincinnati was his next stop. The man he wanted to see there was in Europe. He telegraphed to the Mayos and took a train for Rochester.

"You've come quite a distance, doctor," said the superintendent, who greeted him. "Yes, but not direct," replied the Southerner. "Frankly, I intended to go to Dr. M—, of New Orleans, but failed to find him."

"Yes," said the superintendent, "he's been here for ten days, and is convalescent now."

"Then," pursued the patient, "I tried Dr. S— of Memphis, but—"

"He'll be able to see you by the time you're able to see him," said the smiling superintendent. "He's in the second room down that hall."

"You haven't got Dr. L— of Cincinnati, here, have you?" asked the other, looking at him suspiciously. "They told me he was in Europe."

"He is by this time. We shipped him off last week to recuperate after a gastrotomy operation." The evening the writer entered the hospital the first person he came in contact with other than the nurses was a doctor from Mississippi. The doctor had been operated on a few days before for ulcer of the stomach. For six years he had been unable to eat anything but liquid foods and he had fallen in weight from over 200 pounds to less than 100. He left the hospital within two weeks from the time he was operated on and went to a boarding house near by, where he ate ham and cabbage for dinner.

The Mayos are thus shown to have the fullest confidence of their co-workers in the mission of saving lives.

Fellowship in Hospital.

There is a certain fellowship among people who find themselves in a hospital, and in a very short time every patient becomes interested in the well-

fare of other patients around him and is much pleased when one of his newly made friends is able to leave. Sometimes there is a death, but this fact is studiously kept from the patient, because of the influence the knowledge might have on him. The evening of the day the writer was operated on, the patient in the next room who had been operated on for the same trouble died from hemorrhage, but the writer was not informed of this until after he had left the hospital.

Second Operation.

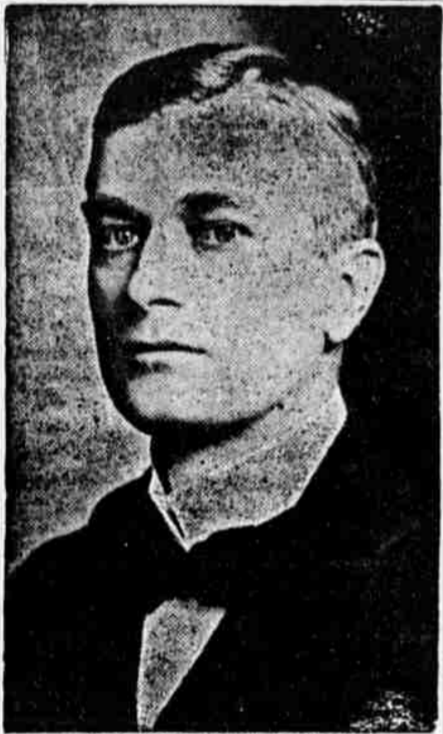
The writer went to Rochester a year and a half after he had submitted to an operation for gall stones by another surgeon in another hospital. After the first operation he had remained in the hospital for more than five long weeks, the first three of which he was so weak that he was unable to turn over in bed, and finally when he did come home he was far from cured and remained a semi-invalid for the next year and a half.

When he made up his mind that another operation was necessary to save his life, he started for Rochester, accompanied by Dr. Salter, to try it again, leaving here at 6:30 and arriving about 8 o'clock that evening.

The following morning, Dr. Salter accompanied the patient to the general offices of the Mayo Brothers in the business portion of Rochester, a town of probably 7,000 or 8,000 people. This office is a building as large as the Marquardt block, the ground floor of which, with the exception of a small drug store in one corner, is occupied entirely by the consulting specialists of the Mayo Brothers. Entering the front door a person sees a long row of chairs down the whole length of the building on one side and for a considerable portion of the other side. All these chairs are frequently filled with people with all the ailments that flesh is heir to, each waiting his turn for examination. One side of the long room has frequent doors to small offices occupied by the examining force of the famous surgeons, each an expert in his especial line of work. The two front rooms are occupied, first by the library of the Mayos and next by the business office, where the financial portion of the business is taken care of. Back of these is the registering desk and then the offices of the specialists.

All Are Alike.

The patient is directed to the registering desk, where he is given a card



DR. WILLIAM MAYO.

directing him to the examiner in whose department his trouble is supposed to come by the person at the office. Then, without going near the financial office, the patient takes his seat in line as near the door of the doctor as he can get and waits his turn. After getting the preliminaries out of the way, the patient begins to look around and finds himself one of a motley crowd of sick people with a number of well ones who are there to look after their friends unable to care for themselves. There are the lame, the halt and the blind, the rich and the poor, those who have come to the door in carriages, in ambulances and on foot. No matter what their position outside, no matter whether their station be high or low in life, just so soon as they cross the portal of the Mayo Brothers office they are all on a level, and each in turn is given the very best attention that is possible by the Mayo specialists, and that is the best in the world. Each sufferer is taken in his turn to one of the small offices, where the examiner starts in to find out what the trouble is. If it is a complicated case, then the patient is sent to another examiner and another, each making a record of what he finds, and the whole are submitted to the great surgeons when they appear at the offices in the afternoon. If the patient has succeeded in being examined during the morning hour he is in luck for then he will be directed to come again for final examination by the Mayos at 2 or 3 o'clock. By this time all the records of the case have been brought together from the various specialists who have made examinations and are submitted to one of the Mayos, who makes a final examination. By the time the patient has run the gauntlet of the various examiners and has been passed upon by one of the Mayos, there is no doubt in the mind of the man who is to perform the operation as to just where to cut with the least loss of blood and the smallest per cent of danger.

If the hospital has a vacant room, the patient is directed to go there at once, or a time is fixed when he may enter the hospital. Many times it is necessary to wait a few days before room can be made for a new patient, unless his is an emergency case, then he is always taken care of according to the necessities of the case.

Entering a carriage at the door the patient is driven to St. Mary's hospital, about a mile distant, which is a magnificent structure of its kind and is a Catholic institution, conducted by the Sisters of St. Francis. A spacious building, scrupulously clean, perfect in its appointments, with large well ventilated rooms, is entered and he is greeted by a mild-mannered sister who takes his name and other memoranda and directs him to his room.

The Difference.

Here begins to appear the difference between the treatment of the Mayo Brothers and that of other institutions. When one enters some hospitals, he has had the life practically drenched out of him before he arrives and then he is given another tremendous dose of salts and put to bed without supper. At St. Mary's when the patient for operation enters, the sister hands him two small wine glasses both filled with liquid, which he is directed to drink. After downing



DR. W. W. MAYO, Father of the Famous Surgeons.

them, and by the way they are not unpleasant, because the first tastes a good deal like beer and the other he knows is beer, if he has been through the performance before, he asks when he is to take the salts. The gentle nurse assures him there are no salts, nothing more to take. This pleases him very much, as he dreads the reduction of his strength that he knows will follow a dose of salts. The first glass contained what is known in the hospital as "Mayo cocktail," being a mixture of castor oil and beer, not at all unpleasant to the taste.

He enters the hospital at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon without having paid his hotel bill down town, and all the preliminaries having been arranged at the hospital he re-enters the back, which has been waiting at the door, and goes back to town until 6 o'clock. From past experience he believes he will go to bed hungry that night, but to his astonishment a nurse brings in a nice supper, without meat, and he is directed to eat. Again he feels his spirits revive, because he realizes that again his strength is being conserved against the morrow. Then, as an experiment, he asks if he may have a glass of water. The reply comes in the form of a large pitcher of the precious fluid and he is told he may drink all he wants before midnight.

Sleeps Like a Boy.

Thus encouraged by the mild treatment he has received and fortified by the strength that had been retained through this treatment, the patient goes to sleep at a reasonable hour and sleeps like a boy going out on a picnic the next morning. When he awakens, he is of course not allowed to eat or drink, but he takes a bath which refreshes him, and he gets along pretty well until 11 o'clock, when his operation is scheduled, which is tenth on the program of fourteen for that morning. He walks calmly over to the electric elevator which lifts him to the top floor of the building, where the operating rooms are located. There are two of these, in one of which Dr. W. H. Mayo works and the other for Dr. Charles Mayo. And to correct any misunderstanding about the work at this hospital, it is asserted that except for a few minor operations which are performed by Dr. Judd, Dr. Charles Mayo's assistant, no operation has ever been performed in St. Mary's hospital except by a Mayo.

The Operating Rooms.

There are two large operating rooms, with marble floors and marble walls, big windows giving a north light as well as large sky lights which give a light from directly overhead. The two rooms are only separated by a small storage room where assistants are constantly at work sterilizing instruments during the hours of operation. When both the surgeons are at home each works in his own room, but when either is away, as was the case when this writer was on the table, then the other Mayo alternates his time between the two rooms, the anaesthetic being given to the next patient in one room while the surgeon is taking care of the last one, in the other. Dr. Charles Mayo performed fourteen operations the morning spoken of, commencing at 8 in the morning and working until 1 in the afternoon. From ten to twenty-one operations are performed every day in the year except Sundays by these two wonderful surgeons, more than in any other hospital in the United States, not excepting the great Johns Hopkins hospital, and the percentage of loss is the lowest of any in the world.

A Luxurious Jag.

Having been agreeably surprised at the ease of the treatment he had received thus far, the patient mounted the operating table in good strength and with every confidence that he

would at least wake up again to the beauties of the world.

When he was in position, he was again agreeably surprised that he was not strangled with ether fumes, as had been his experience before. The anaesthetic was administered so slowly and easily, a sufficient quantity of air being allowed to prevent smothering, that it was a real pleasure to take it. After he had begun to inhale the anaesthetic a beautiful bright light first appeared before his eyes, a feeling of comfort and satisfaction suffused his body and he voted that no other drunk was the most glorious intoxication ever invented. He became indifferent to everything, lost interest in the toils and strifes of his life, and didn't care a rap what happened in the conversation that was going on around him. He heard Dr. Salter say, "He is certainly taking it well," but he really did not think it necessary for the doctor to make any comment upon the actions of a person who was having such a good time, and then—

"Mr. Huse," called some one in a strange voice, "it's all over now. Don't you want to wake up?" This was the nurse. Then the presence of the wife and Dr. Salter became known for a few moments. Again the scene shifted and I was trying to do some difficult work in my office and was being pursued by unwelcome visitors. "Didn't I tell you this was my busy day," I demanded, "and didn't I leave word that I wasn't to be bothered?"

Then this dream drifted away as I began to remember, and I wanted to know whether I was dead or alive. After being told that only an hour and a half had elapsed since I went up to the operating room, I fell into a natural sleep. I learned afterwards that the operation was considered a difficult one and that a considerable section of my internal arrangements had been removed, including my gall bladder.

The Disagreeable Feature.

When I awakened again I was tortured with thirst, such as no one knows who has not taken an anaesthetic. Thirst is the only real suffering a person has from an operation, and while one dreams of western cascades of beautiful water just beyond his reach, it is a suffering that only lasts a short time until it is safe to drink. Here again the Mayo system comes to the relief of the patient, for while in other hospitals the patient is tortured with thirst for two or three



DR. CHARLES MAYO.

days, at St. Mary's they commence administering a little moisture within twelve hours and at frequent intervals after that, so that by the third morning he is allowed to drink rather freely and eat a little. And every other drink is a sip of beer!

It will be remembered that following the first operation, the patient was in a hospital five weeks. At St. Mary's, after an operation that was much more severe and dangerous, the patient was able to sit up on the tenth day, to ride about the hospital in a wheeled chair on the eleventh, to walk on the twelfth and to leave the hospital for a down town hotel on the thirteenth.

A Model Institution.

St. Mary's hospital is a model in every way. At the head of the institution is Sister Joseph, Mother Superior, a most competent and worthy woman, who is also assistant to Dr. Will Mayo, which position she has held for eighteen years, and is thoroughly inspired with the work she is doing for humanity. Dr. Judd, Dr. Charles Mayo's assistant, is yet a young man, and he is in training to supplement the work of the Mayos, as they will soon be obliged to have assistance or turn away many sufferers who come to them for relief. The most careful treatment is given every patient of the hospital. Two or three times a day there is a procession of the two house physicians, Dr. Judd, Sister Joseph and the two Mayos to the room of the patient and each one satisfies himself as to his condition. Besides, the faithful Sisters are always within call and they are ever willing to render him every assistance that will contribute to his comfort. These Sisters are a brave band of self-sacrificing women who have dedicated their lives to the work, and their unselfishness is an inspiration. Frequently the friends of a patient will send flowers or fruit to a Sister, but instead of using it herself the article is usually found a few moments later at the sick bed of a patient who is there without money or friends.

After a convalescent has been discharged from the hospital he usually is obliged to report at the down town office each day to have his wound dressed. This is done by competent

assistants and at the end of three weeks he is ready to take the train for home.

Charges Are Reasonable.

In the meantime he has visited the financial office of the Mayo to ascertain how much he owes. Usually the bill is ready for him but if he comes too soon he is asked to wait a few days. Because the financial office has been looking up one's standing at home while he has been in the hospital and the charge against him is gauged by his ability to pay. While one man's bill for a certain operation might be \$200, his next door neighbor in the hospital might be asked to pay \$500, and both have had identically the same service. In this as in everything else the Mayos are carrying out the principle of being fair to everyone, according to their means. The charges at the hospital are very reasonable, cheaper than at most hospitals.

Ten to Twenty Operations a Day.

The Mayos perform from ten to twenty operations every morning, and it is said that their net income is more than \$1,000 a day, after paying the expenses of expert specialists, maintaining down-town offices, and the supplies they use, which are the very best and most expensive. And yet they care little for the money and are very democratic in their tastes and are cordial and genial with every one with whom they come in contact. But the town of Rochester realizes the benefit they are to the community in the free public parks and many other public benefits that the city has received at their hands.

The Mayos are the busiest men we have ever known. At the hospital at 7 o'clock in the morning, after a short round of visits to their patients, they go to work in the operating rooms and usually remain until 1 o'clock. Then they take an hour for lunch and at 2 o'clock are at the office ready to pass upon the reports of their specialists and make final examinations of those who are to be operated upon the next day. After this has been done a stenographer is called and a type-written schedule is prepared for the work, estimating how many operations can be performed by the length of time each will probably take, giving preference to those who are in greatest need of attention. One day when we were on the convalescent list, the schedule was being made up and not quite enough cases had been prepared to occupy all the time wanted. An assistant came forward and said "Let's get some of these appendicitis cases out of the way." Appendicitis operations only require about seven minutes at the hands of the Mayos, so a few of them were thrown in to make up the full time. But those few received just as careful attention as the most difficult case on the program. The Mayos pride themselves on the low percentage of losses and the minutest detail might mean the life or death of a patient, so that nothing is neglected.

Reference was made to the fact that one or the other of them is away a good deal. They are indefatigable travelers, always searching after something new in their science. They visit the operating rooms of other surgeons and when they see the execution of an idea that is new to them they very promptly adopt its good points. So they have developed at Rochester the very best that is to be found in the world's hospitals and are acknowledged as the foremost in their line of work today.

Born in Minnesota.

William J. Mayo was born in Le Sueur, Minn., and his brother Charles was born in Rochester. The former is now about forty-five years of age and the latter two years his junior. The father, W. W. Mayo, also a doctor, is now over eighty years old, and he makes regular visits to the hospital every day. He is a strong admirer of W. J. Bryan.

Dr. Mayo, sr., is an Englishman, who came to this country as a young man nearly sixty years ago, and became an army surgeon. He was stationed at various posts in the west, was engaged in garrison duty and in Indian fighting, and later took an important part in the settlement of Minnesota. Thus long ago he established a reputation of strong local importance as an accomplished physician and a wise man of affairs. He married and settled first at Le Sueur, Minn., and later in Rochester, where he has resided for about forty-four years. Dr. William J. Mayo, the eldest son, was born at Le Sueur in 1861 and now is in his forty-fifth year. Dr. Charles H. Mayo was born in Rochester two years later than his brother.

A Calamity's Aftermath.

In 1883 a tornado swept the valley in which Rochester lies and killed or injured some eighty people. Then it was that the Mayos came before the public in the light of heroes. At that time the Sisters of St. Francis had a convent school at Rochester, and under the direction of Mayo, the father, they nursed the wounded. This experience, together with recommendations of the father, resulted in the building of St. Mary's hospital, which, though started in a small way, with Dr. W. W. Mayo as physician in charge, has grown into the famous hospital which is widely known in the profession today.

Dr. William J. Mayo, the eldest son, was educated in the public schools of Rochester. Later he worked as a drug clerk in the town for three years, after which he entered the university of Michigan, from which he graduated as M. D. in 1883, receiving an honorary A. M. from the university in 1900.

When 22 years old, and without further collegiate experience or the advantages of foreign travel, he began the practice of medicine in association

Headache



Can be cured only by a remedy that will remove the cause. The oftener you stop it with headache powders or pills the quicker will it return. Generally, headache comes from a disturbed stomach or irregular bowels, and almost invariably

Lane's Family Medicine

(a tonic laxative) will cure headache in short order by regulating the bowels and reinvigorating the stomach.

It is a great blood medicine and the favorite laxative of old and young.

At drugists', 25c. and 50c.

with his father. This was in 1883. Five years later his brother followed a somewhat similar course and began the practice of medicine also. At that same time (1888) St. Mary's hospital was opened with the father as surgeon-in-chief, and the two sons, assistant surgeons, and down to the present day none other than the Mayos or their immediate associates have ever performed a surgical operation in that institution. For several years they all followed an extensive general practice, traveling over the Rochester district many miles daily and going through the same arduous routine that marks the daily life of a country doctor. With the lapse of time and increasing years the father gradually retired from practice, and now, a vigorous old man of eighty-seven, holds the honorary position of consulting surgeon to the hospital. Gradually, too, the two brothers retired from general practice and for several years have devoted themselves to surgery exclusively. Their wide reputation as accomplished surgeons rests upon unusual abilities, a devotion to the welfare of their patients, marvelous capacity for hard work, and a keen appreciation of the importance of perfection, toward which every detail of their daily life is aimed. As their ambitions have broadened with increasing opportunities they have come to grasp the possibility and to realize the fact that the highest professional achievements may be attained in the wilderness, as well as in the great city.

Apologies to Drs. Mayo.

This article should have been written months ago, but when the writer left the Rochester hospital he was given to understand that it was against the wish of the two surgeons that any newspaper publicity be given to their work. Much against the writer's inclination he has respected this request and would yet were it not for the fact that other writers have seen fit to give long descriptions of the Mayos and what they are doing. But so long as the ice has been broken, the writer feels that he would not be doing his duty by others who find it necessary to secure surgical assistance if he did not recall some of the methods of treating the sick by the Mayos from the standpoint of one who has been a patient. Hence this is offered with apologies to the Drs. Mayo, whose modesty induces them to shun newspaper notoriety.

SULLIVAN SPANKS BOYS.

Ex-Champion of the Prize Ring Put an End to Newsboys' Fight.

Waterbury, Conn., March 12.—John L. Sullivan stopped in Main street yesterday to watch two newsboys, "Pickles" and "Patsy" Sweeney, pummel each other. Pickles had just landed a hot one on Sweeney's nose when Sweeney landed a swift kick on Pickles' stomach that doubled him up.

"Here, here," cried John L., seizing the combatants by the collars, "what are you kids fighting about?" They poured out tearful explanations.

"Both lying," said Sullivan. "Fighting ain't good for you. I'm going to spank you."

The crowd cheered. The ex-champion of the prize ring knelt in the street and laid the yelling Patsy across his knee. "I'll begin on you because you didn't fight fair," he said, administering several resounding whacks. The crowd meanwhile was holding on to the terrified Pickles.

"Please don't," he pleaded. "I always bet on you."

"Another lie," roared Sullivan. "You weren't on earth when I was champion. Lying's worse than fighting. I'll give you an extra one for that," and he did.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

It is easier to tell the truth than to tell a lie; particularly a plausible lie.

A "streak of yellow" is not so bad if it happens to be a mining prospect or who discovers it.

There is one breach of etiquette no woman ever commits: Failure to express admiration for the baby.

The man who returns home empty-handed, frequently carries a larger load than his more provident neighbor.

Some people imagine they are being complimentary when they say: "Well, you look so nice I did not know you."