This volume is respectfully and lovingly dedicated to our former Professor of Materia-Medica and Therapeutics

Dr. J. Scott Todd
SKETCH OF DR. TODD'S LIFE.

Many who read these lines will recall with the greatest pleasure a familiar sight of their college days of the tall distinguished Southern gentleman, the subject of this sketch, as he walked up and down before the class, introducing them to the Mysteries of Materia Medica, and the problems of Therapeutics. They will be reminded of many suggestions made by him that have proven valuable to them in their practice; and not one nor two smiles only will flit across their faces as they remember some of his jokes. All will admit that there is a very warm spot in their hearts for Doctor Todd, for in many ways he has won his way into the hearts of his students, patients, and associates.

Not many of these know the story of his life; some only have looked deeper to appreciate the real man beneath his jacket. It is the purpose of this brief sketch to unfold it as it appears to the writer.

James Scott Todd was born on Feb. 16th, 1847, in a country home in Alabama, near West Point, Ga. He received his education at Brownwood Academy, and later at the Georgia Military Institute. It was as a mere stripling of seventeen years of age that he, like many other beardless boys in those times that stirred men's souls, volunteered, to fill up the depleted ranks of the Southern Army. His experience as a soldier was brief and bitter; for six months later, while fighting Sherman's army, in the attempt to resist his merciless march to the sea, the young soldierboy lost his right arm at the shoulder joint, at Oconee Bridge.

Young Todd, however, was not to be crushed by his misfortune. He rose above difficulties that would have staggered some men; he used these obstacles as stepping stones to success. He entered the Jefferson Medical College, the best school in the country then, and graduated in 1869. Dr. A. W. Calhoun, lately of Atlanta, and Dr. J. C. Wilson, of Philadelphia, were two of the more distinguished of his classmates.

Doctor Todd showed his courage by going back to his boyhood home to practice, remaining there from his graduation until 1875. After his marriage in that year to the young lady who had been his only sweetheart from childhood, he moved to Atlanta, as it seemed to offer a large opportunity for service. Here for thirty-six years he has been going in and out amongst the people of this city soothing the sick, cheering the disheartened, and comforting the sick at heart; he has risen to a place of prominence in his profession, and maintains it.

He has always taken an active interest in the medical matters of the State other than his purely professional duties. He joined the American Medical Association as soon as he graduated; the writer heard him speak of this connection recently as one of the things of which he is most proud, for he has been a member continuously since then. In 1878 he was the assistant Secretary of that body. He held every office in the Atlanta Academy of Medicine, now the Fulton County Medical Society. He was a Censor of the Georgia State Medical Association, later the Orator, and subsequently the President of that body.
In 1877 his connection with this college began, which continues until today. For one year he was Proctor and Lecturer on Diseases of the Skin. The succeeding year he was made Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. He filled this chair most acceptably until his resignation in 1908; as a fitting testimony to his faithfulness he was not allowed to sever his connection with the College entirely, but was elected Emeritus Professor. One of the pleasures of the student body now is to hear the series of lectures given by him each year on special subjects.

These are the more prominent facts in the man's life, but they give only a superficial idea of the man. A somewhat intimate acquaintance with him impresses us with at least four characteristics which stand out prominently. These are his love for the profession of medicine, his business ability, his genial nature, and his religious life.

He loves medicine; not drugs, but the study of the art and practice of healing. He has often said that he hoped to practice until he gets too old, and then he wants to enter College again, and begin over. This love of his profession has been one of the secrets of his success; he has watched with interest the wonderful advances made, and has been big enough to put away the old and partial and take up the new and more complete knowledge.

Combined with professional ability has been a good business capacity. While he has not practiced for money, he has had business sagacity enough to make money out of his practice. He has been able to collect what is due him in large measure. He always has change for five dollars in his pocket, and has thus collected many a one dollar fee that he would otherwise have lost. He has also the capacity to save without being close, and to invest wisely what he has saved. These are no mean qualities, but most excellent ones, and unfortunately too rare in the members of our profession.

How he loves a joke! Not a small portion of his success has been due to the cheer his presence has brought into the sick room. He does not leave a patient gloomy if he has found him such. He has a great fund of good stories; and here is how he accumulated it; he hears a good story, writes a note or two of it to refresh his memory, and then tells it to every one he can until it is indelibly fixed in his own memory; when he can recall it at the appropriate time. Up to the death of his wife, nine years ago, whom he adored, and who was a constant source of inspiration to him, he was always in a joyous mood. Since then, he has been more depressed, but his natural geniality is more often on top.

Dr. Todd is essentially religious. He recognizes the guiding hand of his Lord in all his life. As a boy of eighteen years of age, just out of the army, he joined the Methodist Church, and has been a consistent member ever since. He has not once exercised the Methodist privilege of falling from grace. He is a regular attendant at Sunday-school, because, he says, he has not yet grown old enough to quit.

The Aesculapian wishes for him many more years of usefulness, and when he gets old, a peaceful old age.
A SKETCH OF THE ATLANTA COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

In the early fifties, of the last century, a group of Atlanta physicians gathered in the office of Doctor John G. Westmoreland, to discuss establishing a Medical College at Atlanta.

In reviewing the practical needs of such an institution at this point, the geographical situation of the southern medical schools then organized, was carefully considered. That we may better appreciate their viewpoint of the necessity of a medical college at Atlanta, it is well to mention the points at which medical schools then existed.

The first medical school in the south was organized at Charleston, S. C., in 1823, it was called the “Medical College of South Carolina.” The second one, the “Medical Academy of Georgia,” was established at Augusta, Georgia, in 1828. These were followed by the “Medical College of Louisiana,” at New Orleans, in 1834; and the University of Nashville Medical Department, at Nashville, Tenn., in 1850.

At Savannah, Georgia, the “Savannah Medical College” had been incorporated in 1838, but it was not organized until 1853. Its organization was shortly followed by that of a rival institution at the same place, the Oglethorpe Medical College, in 1856.

It will be seen, that at the time this matter was broached in Atlanta, that there was an immense territory, extending from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from Nashville and Augusta on the north, throughout Florida to the South, without a medical school of any kind. In that day of slow travel, these distances were much greater than now, and Atlanta then, as now, the Gateway of the South, seemed a fitting place to establish a medical college.

The meeting ended with the decision, for a medical school, and the Atlanta Medical College was founded. And in 1854 the First Annual Session of Lectures was given in the City Hall.

Money was raised, and the present site of the “Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons” was selected to build upon. But money was scarce, and they could not secure sufficient for their needs. So Doctor John G. Westmoreland, a man of energy and perseverance, turned politician, was elected to the State legislature, and hied himself to Milledgeville. He returned from the legislature with a fifteen thousand dollar appropriation, with which to complete the buildings. Doctor W. F. Westmoreland, his efficient aid, had in the meantime sailed for Paris to secure the necessary equipment for the college.

This institution has had its vicissitudes; scarcely was its building completed and its equipment installed, than the civil war began, and lectures ceased that the Faculty and student body could go to the front.

During the war the college building was used as a hospital, and the hills around it were dotted with hospital tents, and there the blue and the gray were nursed and cared for, as they lay side by side.

With the close of this war, began the period of Reconstruction, and this period gave this college the hardest struggle it has ever had.

The professional ranks had been depleted, physicians were needed in every section and needed quickly. There were students but no money.

In 1865 the Faculty reorganized and met this emergency by opening the college, and teaching two terms a year, giving a winter and summer term of four months each, and allowing the students to come up for examination and graduation at the end of these two sessions.
The expenses of the school were paid from the Professor's pockets and as compensation for tuition the college took the student's notes. These notes were divided between the Professors at the end of the year. Few of these notes were ever met.

As the stress of circumstances were relieved, conditions gradually improved, until the high standard of today was reached.

It is a trite saying, that where there are two doctors in a town there is a row, and that where there is one or more medical colleges in a town there are several rows. A classical illustration of this, may be mentioned. The old Transylvania Medical College at Lexington, Ky., was the first medical school in the West, it was established in 1817, by that brilliant "stormy petree" of the medical profession, Doctor Drake. The Faculty consisted of Doctor Drake, the distinguished Dudley and Doctor Richardson. After a time Doctor Drake had so stirred up the Faculty that there was serious trouble, and Doctor Dudley challenged Doctor Drake. A duel was arranged between the two.

Doctor Drake did not appear on the field, but Doctor Richardson was there, just as angry, and took Doctor Drake's place. Doctor Dudley shot Doctor Richardson through the femoral artery; Doctor Dudley immediately become the active surgeon, ligated the artery, saving Doctor Richardson's life. After this cessation of hostilities they become warm friends, and at the next Faculty meeting, expelled Doctor Drake. Doctor Drake afterward established the Louisville school, that at one time brought together, probably the most distinguished Faculty any school ever had.

The Atlanta Medical College proved no exception to the rule, as a result of friction growing out of the administration of its affairs, opposition was created that ultimately led to the organization of another medical school at Atlanta.

This school, the "Southern Medical College," was established in 1878. After twenty years of rivalry, differences were adjusted, animosities forgotten, and the Faculties recognizing the immensely greater value and efficiency of one school, "got together, and in 1898 consolidated the two schools under the present name of the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons.

The wisdom of this consolidation has been proved, by the increasing prestige of this institution. The stability, the financial soundness, and resources of this institution are only equaled by one other school in the South, that of the University of Tulane.

The fact of the school is not in the hands of any crowd of men. Endowed by the State, the control of this institution is vested in perpetuity in a Board of Trustees.

Its magnificent property consists of a group of college buildings, arranged upon the modern university plan. They occupy a plat of ground, covering half a square, which is centrally located in the city. The Grady Hospital was built across the street from it.

This Institution stands with unquestioned supremacy at the head of medical colleges of the South. For over half a century, its name has been connected and its history interwoven with the story of medical education, thought and progress in the Southern States. And it has been the leader in all that pertains to a better and higher standard of medical education.

It has sent out over three thousand graduates, no men stand higher in the communities where they have located.
It has technical salaried men in its laboratories and technical branches, who devote their whole time to teaching.
Honesty is an integral part of this institution, it does not promise, it acts.

This college stands for higher ideals in Medical Education, honestly achieved.
BOARD OF TRUSTEES.
Judge T. P. Westmoreland, President.
Hon. T. A. Hammond, Vice-President.
Col. J. S. Prather, Secretary.
Dr. W. S. Elkin,
Dr. W. P. Nicolson,
Dr. Jas. B. Baird,
Dr. S. W. Foster,
Hon. H. H. Cabaniss,
Hon. R. F. Maddox,
Col. Robert J. Lowry,
Mr. C. E. Currier,
Hon. J. H. James,
Judge George Hillyer,
Hon. J. Carroll Payne,
Judge J. T. Pendleton.
FACULTY.

J. Scott Todd, M. D., Emeritus.

George Bachmann, M. D.,

Wm. Simpson Elkin, A. B., M. D., Dean.

Cyrus W. Strickler, M. D.,

Willis F. Westmoreland, M. D., President.

Dunbar Roy, A. B., M. D.,

F. Phinizy Calhoun, A. B., M. D.,

John Funke, M. D.,

John G. Earnest, M. D.,

Bernard Wolff, M. D.,

Dunbar Roy, A. B., M. D.

Floyd W. McRae, M. D.,

Chas. E. Boynton, A. B., M. D.,

Wm. S. Goldsmith, M. D.,

J. C. Olmstead, M. D.,

E. Bates Block, M. D.,

Stewart R. Roberts, A. B., M. Sc., M. D.

Marion H. Hull, M. Sc., M. D.,

FACULTY.

A. L. Fowler, M. D.,

ADJUNCT FACULTY.

J. Clarence Johnson, M. D.,

Stephen T. Barnett, A. B., M. D., Treasurer.

T. C. Davidson, M. D.,

Justin F. Grant, Ph.B., M. D.

F. G. Hodgson, M. D.,

A. H. Bancker,

A. G. DeLoach, M. D.,

Leroy W. Childs, A. B., M. D.,

John Funke, M. D.,

Guy L. Bush, M. D.,

C. S. Hardin, M. D.,

John Calvin Weaver, M. D.,

W. E. Person, M. D.,

Roy Blasser, M. D.,

C. R. Andrews, A. B., M. D.,

H. M. S. Adams, M. D.,

L. T. Patterson, A. B., M. D.,

G. K. Varden, M. D.,

J. D. Mangat, M. D.,

C. C. Aven, Ph.G., M. D.,

J. E. Paullin, A. B., M. D.,

R. G. Dunwody, Ph.G.,

Joseph H. Hines, M. D.,

Miss M. Estelle Daughtry, R. N.,

Guy D. Ayer, M. D.,

Miss Cornelia Cunningham, Ph.G.,

C. C. Stockard, Jr., M. D.,

C. T. Key, M. D.,

Albert B. Mason, M. D.,

Miss M. Estelle Daughtry, R. N.,

Newton Craig, A. B., M. D.,

W. Boyd Hunter, M. D.,

Clarence Rhodes, M. D.
CALENDAR 1910-11

1910

September 15, Examinations for men previously conditioned.
September 20, Registration of students.
September 21, at 10 a. m., Fifty-Sixth Annual Session begins.
October 17, Examinations for men previously conditioned, who have not removed
them.
November 24, Holiday (Thanksgiving).
December 21 (at 6 p. m.), Holiday recess begins.

1911

January 2, Exercises resumed at 9 a. m.
January 9, Mid-term examinations begin.
February 22, Holiday (Washington's Birthday).
April 10, Final Examinations begin.
April 29, Board of Trustees meets.
May 2, Alumni Association meeting, 11 a. m. Luncheon 2 p. m.
May 2, Commencement exercises, 8 p. m.
In the preparation of the first issue of the Aesculapian it has been our purpose to present those influences, phases and incidents of our college life that have added somewhat of courage, pleasure and wholesome amusement to the routine of our duties. Our institution was conceived and organized by men whose minds were single to the call of humanity and whose every talent was directed toward the promotion of medical science in the South.

Springing from such principles and fostered by such ideals, its success has but proved the measure of its founder’s motives. It has ever stood for manhood and professional efficiency and it has ever kept time with the onward march of civilization and the steady tread of advancement in sciences.

Aside from the serious aspect of the study of medicine much transpires. Those “little, nameless, unremembered” things are the spice of an otherwise too sober vocation. It is our purpose in this volume to incorporate some few of these things that give color to the personnel of our community. The methods employed are those which have seemed best suited to the subjects. Those things of real human interest which we may chance to hit upon are inserted for what they are worth, with malice toward none and in the kindliest spirit of good humor.
H. G. CANNON
Editor-in-Chief.

J. ADDISON PRICE—Business Manager

L. E. MORTON—Art Editor.

J. SMILEY BUSH
Associate Editor.
DREAM

REality

SENIOR
CLASS OFFICERS.

DeWitt Payne ...............President.
John Wallace ...............Vice-President.
Warren E. Benson ..........Secretary.
T. C. Clodfelter ..........Treasurer.
Abraham Schwartz ..........Orator.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

(Invitations, Pictures and Arrangements.)

Clarence B. Greer ..........Chairman.
Robert D. Harden,
Leslie L. Blair,
Charles H. Paine,
Carl B. Fluker,
John Wallace.
1908 -- CLASS HISTORY -- 1911

"Happy are those people who have few annals."

By the above token we should be as happy as kings. Annals mean war, bloodshed, intrigue, back-stair bargains, etc. We have had none of them, unless Pounds vs. Johns be taken the substitute of war, the organized sweats preceding finals that of bloodshed, manoeuvres for class officerships that of intrigue, and as for back-stair bargains, the student Machinville himself has not risen (?) to those. Four years ago a valiant company arrived in town, arrived, indeed, with a vengeance, poured forth from 100 points of culture, situated in the heart of the Tennessee Blue Ridge, the red old hills of Georgia, and even from sunny Florida. At home they were the regarded, the petted, the lions; they were coming to outcarve DaCosta and outkill Osler at their own game. What a transition when the big city was reached! What a disillusionment! So many people, so much noise, and no medical school to be seen anywhere around the depot! They wandered lorn and leg-weary until some friend was found to steer them to the school. "Bill" Folks was asked by a friend how the town looked, and he sagely replied that the kind of land in Atlanta could not be told for the houses. Dr. Morton inquired if there was a circus in town, and Dr. Tom Smith was rescued from an untimely fate by a friend, when he blew out the gas at the Leland House. The raw bunch of "rookies" began to get used to autos by the end of the first term, and all members of the class procured professional looking satchels in which to carry about their—lunches! By the end of the Freshman year geniuses were as thick as hops; medicine had at last been conquered. The author pleads quietly to the above long-abandoned thought. (We wish to state that here all hopes were shattered when the reports came home in the summer.) The crowd assembled September, 1909, was a sadder and wiser bunch, yearlings, in fact, who realized that a few points had been left unlearned (the above point gets stronger in the mind with each passing year). During the first term we suffered the loss of one of our brightest and most beloved men, Louis Bye. With regret we note down the fact, and with the hope that we be remembered as kindly as he has been. At the end of this year several of our class received their degrees in the gentle art and practice of "shooting" pool. These have been in active practice ever since. Several of our class have never recovered from the shock of meeting Dr. Harris. Our third year found every man back and hitting 'em up for all he was worth. In the annual collision with the faculty at the end of this year several knights of the scalpel were dumped into the discard, and we came up for the last leg of the long race with the present creme de la creme!

We are now about to leave the class-room, and those long, delightful "smoky" off hours for the big busy "world," about to cast off the ugly cocoon as represented by the word "medical student's and assume that highly honorable title of 'doctor.'" No longer tend we the Ethiopian for little price and jeopardize our "reputations" ? ? for a song.

To those wonderfully kind and wise men, our mentors through these pleasant years, only our deepest gratitude, affection and fidelity go out and we beg that the small honors we attain and the trifling good we may dispense, will inspire them to greater efforts for the Alma Mater we all love.

G. SUTTER
HENRY WALTER BIRDSONG.
A quiet citizen of Boaz, who left his "Ruth" at home. Can't carry a tune (in a basket) and so belies his name.

LESLIE LENTON BLAIR, X Z X.
Oh you "Tom Thumb"!! Sporting authority on anything from gubernatorial races to fights at Reno. Rip Van Winkle when it comes to 9 o'clock.

WARREN EDGAR BENSON.
Marietta High School. The Bean Brunnel of the syrian Marietta. Will soon outrank "little Joe" as citizen premier of Cobb County. Loud suits his specialty. So honest that though secretary of the class he has never taken a minute.

FRANK BIRD X Z X.
One of the near relations of the far famed "Peckerwood." In fact, the fountain of eternal sunshine plays (around his dome). Got a "Willis" walk in his third year. Obstetrician to class 1911.

HINTON MILTON BELFLOWER.
One of the pocket editions of the class of '11. Shorty claims, that he would have been a 6-foot if he had the advantages or modified milk given him, when young. It is rumored that the buggy he uses in Dooly County will have a stool for Bel's little pedals to rest upon.

LESLIE LENTON BLAIR, X Z X.
Oh you "Tom Thumb"!! Sporting authority on anything from gubernatorial races to fights at Reno. Rip Van Winkle when it comes to 9 o'clock.

HINTON MILTON BELFLOWER.
One of the pocket editions of the class of '11. Shorty claims, that he would have been a 6-foot if he had the advantages or modified milk given him, when young. It is rumored that the buggy he uses in Dooly County will have a stool for Bel's little pedals to rest upon.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Herbert Lee Bryans</td>
<td>An “oyster” from Florida, only man game enough to acknowledge Griffin as home. Paper weight of ‘n. Ask for “Emaciation.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leon Edward Brawner</td>
<td>Expects to practice in Florida. Shades of Cousin Caruso! Look who’s here. The refined physiognomy above belongs to our nightingale. From the sweet barber shop chords this statuesque throat emits we predict a musico-therapeutic success for our classmate. True to his artistic temperament, he wears the genuine blase expression.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benjamin Randolph Bussell</td>
<td>Don’t blush fair damsel, he’s not as bad as his name! Takes notes even on the sayings of Mr. Everhart and learns them well. Will get out a treatise on the technique of note taking, soon after graduation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Hudson Brabson</td>
<td>This is the exception which proves the rule. Behold the only one who “Came Back”! “Erat” left us for one year but found nothing to equal the inspiration he received from the P. and S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Luke Cousins</td>
<td>Oh you Sputum! A youth who grew and waxed strong on “Benscot” and “Bozvden,” etc.; gay until he married, one of the members of our auburn haired galaxy.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THOMAS CLARENCE CLOEFELTER.
The boy that made 3,000,000 leucocytes to the cubic centimeter famous. We call "your particular attention" to the original mimic in our midst. His performance, "Prof's. past and present" is a side splitting skit from start to finish.

WALTER HAMMON DYER.
He came among us a modest youth, he leaves us a heart-breaker from tau. The way that boy has mopped up with the ladies has been a nine days wonder to your humble servant.

ANDREW CORNELIUS DORMINY.
Stop, look back and listen! South Georgia will be pie for our friend, if he ever acts mad. Attention! Hookworm and Malarial Parasites.

CARL WINDSOR EDMONDS.
Another of our Titan haired beauties. Gum shoes up and down the thoroughfares in search of local color in the shape of skirts. Our brother once rented a 8-inch and 12-inch section of pavement in front of Goodrum's.

LEO PAUL DALY, X Z X.
They say he used a depilatory to acquire that glistening dome. Not as old as the knob indicates. Was a financier before becoming a "pill shooter." Dink is some pugilist.
ROBERT McGEHEE EXLEY.
The “Mayo Juniors.” When these kids go back to that part of the State where “booze” holds forth they intend to out-rank the Laurences, Criles, etc., who have in the past occupied the limelight in the medical world. Represent the best pair of Attendance Records.

CLARENCE BARNES GREER, K.Y.
He is a charter member of the Kentucky Cardinal Club, explanation of the colored thatch is the surplus of energy exhibited by the carroty gent. Held every office in the class and runs Dr. Jones a close second on the colored practice proposition.

HOWARD TRIVERS EXLEY.

WILLIAM MORGAN FOLKS

“Little Willie.” Bill just loves to figure on the nutrition of a young American? It’s a case of I love milk, but Oh you Great White Whey! “I’ll just be so fair with you,” but he is a sticker when it comes to glad rags.

CARL BARNES FLUKER.
CLAUDE GRIFFIN, K Φ.
Did you ever see "Gri" with
tie awry or hair rumpled; really he
must have his eye on
some fair boarder.

JOHN LAFAYETTE HARRISON.
A prototype of "Log Cabin
Harrison." John Lafayette was
bewitching the vine-clad rocks of
S. C. when he received the
divine call to hew anatomy.
His name is slightly different
from H. F. but—"Lookout
Bugs!"

ROBERT DURANT HARDEN K Φ.
Hold your breath ladies,
behind the disciple of the "Fa-
lozaa Neordhim" troupe when
"Bob" steps out upon the glas-
sy floor (in tight pumps) the
fair Terpsichore blushes and
hides her head for shame.

LOUIS HANNAH.
A message from sunny Flor-
da, he's no lemon either. Tho'
built on the lines of a "Between
the acts, he has a predilection
for banatellas, which you see
shows no eye for symmetry.

WILLIAM THOMAS HEAD.
A rough, loud talking fellow,
nervous, never quiet? One of
the original sharks of the class,
will get out a work soon after
graduation on the "Physiologi-
cal effect of Lydia Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound."
ELLIS WELCOME HOLLOWAY.
The real six cylindered article. What can you say to a student who runs a wife and an anto at one and the same time. Remember, old boy, the pitcher that went to the well too often. Speed on!

ERFORD HASHELL LAMB.
He's no "lamb" he's a "bear" or from externals one might say a "fatted calf." A town sport who I fear has kept t-town red hot in being a Midnight Son.

GEORGE WASHINGTON KELLY.
The bouncing youngster of the class. His weight curve is about normal. Kelly is a gloomy funeral sort of kid. Great gobs of solemnity are felt in the air when he comes about. "Has there anybody here seen Kelley?"

JAMES CAPERS JONES,
K Ψ.
When it comes to Drummond's Natural Leaf, this embryonic doctor is "Open all Night." Has the largest private practice in our Alma Mater. Any day one may hear some colored damsel inquire the whereabouts of one "Doctor Jones."

JESSE BOWERS McAFFE.
One of our North Georgia delegation. The writer has never investigated Maces supply of Dalton moonshine. A late dispatch to this office tells us that the gentleman in question is the "Set Back" king of the Leland House.
JAMES CALHOUN
McDOUGALL, X Z K.
Oh, you features of Apollo,
(whomever he was.) Paranoiac
about the Grady Hospital, has
a fixed delusion that he is an
ambulance horse and stamps his
feet when the bell rings.

EMORY ALLEY MOODY
The human Hercules. This
boy would be a championweight
lifter if he had not decided to
juggle pills instead.

CHARLES HERMAN PAINE,
Φ X Β S.
Behold above rotund Charlie. A hot sport, a vicious
circle. Charles is a slender,
reedlike fellow who is a re-
markable passer of exams.

EARL HOBART McRAE,
Κ Ψ
No, gentle reader, this is not
the great surgeon, this is only a
deluding “student doctor.” Mac
has, by conservative farming,
fertilization and rotation of
crops, gotten a magnificent
yield on his cranium. Wish you
luck, kid, when you start on
the chin curtains.

LLOYD ERNEST MORTON,
Φ X.
A length of sweetness long
drawn out. Behold the “Knight
of the crayon.” Our long
friend is some plunks when art
is the theme of the hour. Real-
ly when Morton labels his out-
put one can see a resemblance
to the article described. (Read-
er will mark the above point
as he investigates further.)
There is a report out that it is cold, in the altitudes around James Edward's head. Jimmy Britt's name was "Chames Edwards." Pounds is a copy of the gent, having swatted one of the instructors in the fantanelle and being swatted in return. Oh, you hook to the jaw.

"Sarah" is quite a philosopher. He can also answer any question from the riddle of the Sphinx to How Old is Ann. You should hear him go into action, when, in the clinics a foreigner is presented.

An "Old Hickory" from the Blue Ridge, been "coming strong" for four years. He tried out for one year at another school but life was insupportable without us and he "came back."

Schmitty is a un-calibre short. When young he was infected with the Bacillus Infantitis and has never recovered from the set to. He is the hottest little sport within the classic P. and S. halls. He will probably stalk bacteria in Valdosta.
WILLIAM KIRK SWANN.
Comes from Rex, boards at "The Rex." Come on Chattanooga! The genial gent depicted above is the justly celebrated traveler Kirk Swann. Kirk used up the Philippines several years ago, and bears a few marks of his rambles in the jungles. You can believe anything he says about his experience in the army. (If you don't know him.)

WALTER CARL TROUTMAN, A K K.
One of our really distinguished and professional looking students. Did you ever see Trout without a dark blue tie? Maybe it's a second case of Samson, no tie, no strength.

WILLIAM EDWARD THOMASSON.
A noisy chap who when it comes to talk is like the brook he "runs on forever." Just nuts about being vaccinated.

DENNIE DANIEL TROTTER.
Dennie wears a Howard watch. If there is one thing he believes in, it is punctuality to classes. For his accuracy with cue and rubber and elastic we intend to send him to Sea-girt next season. The South's only "Eagle Eye."

SMITH LANIER TURNER.
Here is the "latest edition." and a sporting one at that. The chap above has been with us only one year. We wish it might have been four.
WILLIE JOSEPH VINSON, A K K, A man from the big fish place. (Florida.)

JOHN WALLACE. John is there with the goods. He is a model man, but gentle reader, "there's a reason." He's married now.

EARL KINION WHEELIS. Last, but not least, note ye the features of the man behind. Always in the rear rank of the roll call, he has a distinct purpose of being first in the hearts of his countrymen. E. K. will probably "eke out" his existence in Alabama.
MISS CORNELIA CUNNINGHAM, Ph.G.—Pharmacist.
MISS M. ESTELLE DAUGHTRY, R.N.—Operating Nurse.
JUNIOR CLASS.
J. E. G. GREER
President Junior Class.

N. C. DOSS
Class Editor.

OFFICERS JUNIOR CLASS.
J. E. GREER—President.
H. L. BOGGS—Vice-President.
H. W. WADE—Secretary.
C. T. SKIPPER—Treasurer.
HISTORY OF JUNIOR CLASS

The class of 1912 originally numbered ninety and nine, with not a man by the name of Jones, and with but one red
head. It is fortunate enough to have within its realm a Smith and a Brown, and even a White—popularly known as “Fetus”
—whose propensities would seem to indicate that he is destined to take up research work where Rossi-Dorio and Leopold left
off delving deeply into what is today shrouded in mystery, and expound the embryological theory.

No doubt you will be surprised that this class does not claim to possess a single physical giant, but it does point with
pride to several of its individuals whose cortex abounds in gray matter with a production of philosophy which would rival that
of Socrates; and to others whose embellishing oratory would cause Demosthenes to be stricken with dumbness; and even
further upon the solicitation of a goodly gentleman endowed with the tact of a Clay, and the graeces and dignity of a Chesterfield,
a modest expression, may be had from most any of its members to the effect that he believes he “totes” more of this world’s
“goods” which appertain to medicine than any Junior of the A. C. P. & S., who has gone before him.

We have lost from our original number twenty-seven. Some of the boys went home early in the autumn of ’08, because
they could not condescend to accept the watchwords “Grind and Grill,” which was passed around soon after their matriculation.
Others, possessing more courage, deferred their contemplated excursion until a subsequent date, when they “backed” off appar-
etly with some reluctance, adding, apologetically, that he “could never learn to love bones.” While among those who have more
recently taken their departure to regions unknown, are some with frank and tender hearts, who came to the conclusion that their
presence as a factor in the field of surgery had at least resolved itself into a disappointment.

But the thing this class is proudest of, and even holds hallowed and sacred, is the fact that it has gained for itself a
reputation unparalleled by any of its predecessors, of being able, when “called upon,” to “deliver the goods.” To the fellow
who is from Missouri he is referred to the records which speak for themselves, and in the meantime will corroborate the above.
Another thing which even the mere casual observer would note, is the spirit of accord and reign of good will and fellowship
which exist among its members. This is best understood and appreciated when one its members is closed in on by any one of
the dignitaries who has temporarily converted himself into a pugnacious quiz master. If, under these circumstances, the lad
behaves himself with decorum and acquires himself equal to or above three quarters of a whole, congratulations in the form
of a smile, a nod, or a wink, greet him from every quarter of the room. On the other hand, if the “quizzed,” after a twist and
a final squirm is made to realize that his visionary scheme of verbosity has failed him, and that the only way out is rendered
impervious, the painful sympathy of his fellow-classmen is expressed by a sigh, a yawn, a grunt or a groan. But the Junior class,
in its struggle to attain loftier heights, has been prompted by principles as well as by pressure. The sinceritiy of its purpose was early recognized and appreciated by the faculty and its various adjuncts. And while it has received with every onward step the
very kindest encouragement from its numerous able instructors, it is mindful of the fact that such kind favor and hearty co-opera-
tion was only made possible through its members deporting themselves in a manner becoming the highest and noblest type of
true manhood.
JUNIOR CLASS ROLL.

J. J. Anderson
W. L. Ballenger
I. F. Bean
E. B. Beaver
B. C. Bird
H. L. Boggs
J. E. Bradford
H. Brinson
F. Brown
H. Bucknell
J. S. Bush
J. E. Calhoun
H. G. Cannon
D. T. Cappleman
D. M. Carter
B. H. Clifton
W. G. Crumley
N. C. Doss
Geo. M. Dunne
N. Dykes
A. Q. English
J. W. B. Fitts
W. A. Gardner
G. Gheesling
F. E. Gibson
A. Godwin
A. Graham
F. G. Granfier
J. E. G. Greer
T. F. Guffin
G. L. Harrell
E. L. Huggins
J. W. Humber
C. A. Hutchinson
J. C. Johnston
W. R. King
F. P. Lindley
R. C. Lovvorn
R. C. McCurdy
W. H. Malone
C. M. Mashburn
O. L. Miller
H. W. Minor
V. R. Nobles
J. C. Pate
W. H. Pirkle
W. H. Powell
W. B. Prescott
W. L. Pressly
J. A. Price
W. J. Robbins
J. G. Saggus
J. S. Sappington
W. O. Shepard
H. T. Scott
C. T. Skipper
M. F. Smith
C. J. Stallworth
C. S. Stokes
T. H. Stokes
R. W. Todd
J. R. Turner
C. H. Verner
H. W. Wade
C. E. Ware
G. O. Whelchel
B. L. White
W. E. White
W. F. Wiggins
R. L. Williams
R. L. Williams
J. N. Wilson
W. L. Woodruff
R. E. WRIGHT—President Sophomore Class.
N. O. TRIBBLE—Sophomore Editor.

CLASS OFFICERS.
R. E. Wright, President.
C. G. Moye, Vice-President.
K. Wood, Secretary.
L. C. McIntosh, Treasurer.
HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy from heaven to dwell among men, and it is the ambition of the Sophomore class to have it said that we brought philosophy out of closets, libraries, schools and colleges to dwell among students who are following so closely in our footsteps. However fabulous this statement may seem, I could prove it if I had time, space, and ability to take up each member of this noble class, and give a short sketch of each. Perhaps no class of this college has ever possessed so much excellent material, and so many strong men who are striving persistently to dethrone the prevalent idea that it is the “bonehead” who studies medicine. These efforts will surely be realized in some future day when the students of this college, and even the professors, will wonder at our accomplishments.

To take up the work in chronological order, let us turn to those memorable days of September, nineteen hundred and nine, when we filled the office presenting certificates of eligibility, and getting receipts for the money paid to have our name entered upon the roll. The secretary was kept busy for several days, for we lisped in numbers, for the numbers came, and the final count gave up a hundred and nineteen men—the greatest enrollment of any Freshman class in the history of the institution. The opening of school was commonly known as the “sight-seeing period” which was characterized by many and various escapades. There was no place of general amusement wherein we did not make our appearance; often we were seen thrusting our heads around the corner at Goodrum’s, where an excellent view of the “five main drives” could be obtained. Likewise our faces became familiar at the cafes and theatres. Fortunately this game was soon called off and we were rushed in rapid succession from lecture room to laboratory. The realization of what was to be learned hit some of the members so forcibly that they departed to other climes, while others, following the law of the survival of the fittest, fell by the wayside. (They are still remembered.) They remaining number, keen, bold and aggressive, remarkable for their ability in assimilating the desirable qualities of the environment were wonderfully successful in imparting their energies to the new subjects. We adopted the laws and modes of the college; we were foremost in promoting the rules and manners of society; we made ourselves at home among the silent ones of the dissecting room; forgot the old spring down on the farm, and began to learn the peculiar language of the medicine man.

The real dread of the first year was anatomy. It was a dread for several reasons. In the first place the book weighed a ton—in our estimation. It was very necessary to have it along at every recitation, which came daily, and seemed to last for hours. The attempt to obtain some of the knowledge caused many restless nights, filled with dreams and illusions... We received much sympathy from the upper classmen, who would inquire of us: “How are you coming in anatomy?” The question called forth thoughts of a serious nature, and was usually answered in a negative manner. Nevertheless, we clung to it and studied diligently, for the approaching of the final examination served as a stimulus. It was a hard fight, but deep in the heart of every Freshman was a burning, increasing desire to reach the Sophomore class, which is the second step toward the goal. The majority succeeded, while some had to take a second trial, and sad to relate a few were counted out entirely.

Surely the scholastic year, almost ended, has been one of unequalled success in the history of the Sophomore class. In spite of the hardness of the road, the disappointments and depression, we have advanced slowly, but steadily, in our career. The embryo stage has passed and no longer the foolish tendencies of a Freshman appeal to us. This year the class has been welded with those friendships that make college life not only a pleasure, but a benefit. In every department of the college activities the class has always responded to the call for aid. A special feature has been the method of working. It was particularly graphic, and cost the life of many poor amphibians. It goe without saying, that every member has realized that a follow mind can not suffice. We still shudder at the thoughts of those mid-term exams. They struck us like a storm, and many a brave body was found lying in its path with upturned faces scarred and pitted to the quick. Weeping and wailing prevailed. However, some of the men came out without a scratch. During the period that followed, there was a desperate effort for redemption. Let us hope that it will be rewarded.

The Sophomore class needs no boasting. Its record will speak for itself—will speak much louder than words. We have had a glorious past, and are laboring in the present, and the future depends upon what we make it.
SOPHOMORE CLASS.

L. H. Aarons
W. S. Armor
T. B. Armstrong
O. O. Austin
J. T. Banks
W. E. Barber
J. R. Barfield
H. A. Barron
T. R. Beech
W. D. Bishop
W. D. Branch
D. T. Brock
M. Q. Burnes
W. R. Buttram
R. T. Camp
E. D. Carter
H. G. Carter
H. G. Carter
G. O. Castellau
J. H. Cooper
B. C. Duncan
J. P. Edmondson
H. G. Estes
T. M. Ezzard
B. B. Gay
T. P. Goodwin
J. H. Harris
D. B. Hawkins
J. Roy Hawkins
H. Henry
W. A. Hobbs
W. A. Hodges
C. F. Holton
H. F. Hope
E. H. Huff
L. Izgur
L. L. Jameson
A. S. Johnson
R. C. Kemp
L. S. King
F. C. Ledbetter
L. L. Lewis
W. L. Lovett
J. F. McClelland
F. L. McDaniel
L. C. McIntosh
C. R. Marney
J. J. Martin
W. T. Martin
W. L. Mathews
L. C. Melvin
D. M. Moore
C. G. Moye
L. H. Muse
Jos. C. Patterson
B. W. Penn
G. C. Pettigrew
H. K. Phillips
C. S. Pittman
J. F. Pitman
D. W. Pritchett
H. L. Redd
E. E. Reynolds
J. M. Reynolds
J. W. Roberts
F. W. Rogers
J. O. Rountree
A. Ros
H. C. Sauls
E. D. Shanks
W. K. Sharp
M. R. Sims
S. J. Sinkovitz
M. C. Smith
F. A. Stegall
H. D. Templeton
H. L. Tippin
G. L. Tootle
J. C. Trentham
N. O. Tribble
C. T. Vickers
A. A. Watson
J. A. Wells
C. D. Whelchel
B. O. Whitten
L. E. Williams
F. L. Williams
S. C. Williams
C. H. Wilson
W. E. Wofford
K. Wood,
E. H. Wright
R. E. Wright
R. S. Wynn
J. G. Burch, President.
G. W. Fuller, Vice-Pres.
Quintard Taylor, Sec'y

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS.
J. G. Burch, President.
G. W. Fuller, Vice-Pres.
Quintard Taylor, Sec'y
FRESHMAN CLASS

A Freshman, according to the dictionary, is a person who wears loud socks, steals the bell out of the college chapel tower, and enters the Sophomore class. He stands pre-eminent in things obscure, and is a unique specimen of the genus homo who has a past and a future, but no present. He is not a positive quantity, but just a coincidence, and as did the immortal Topsy, “just grew.” In the annals of history he has no place, and to the world at large the only record of his existence is an old gold and violet class pennant hanging in some girl’s room, or a sketch in the advertising section of the college annual depicting a baby playing with his bottle and wooden blocks. In Dr. Eliot’s “Five Foot Shelf of Books” we find everything from Dante’s “Inferno” to sacred music, but not so much as a semi-colon relating to the Freshman. In the histories of the lives of great men we can find recorded their every little movement from the time they left the log cabin until they had saved enough money from clerking in the country store to go to college. Then that chapter of their lives invariably begins: “He entered the State University, and during his second year won the cross-country race and the prize for oratory.” And so it has been for all time, even since the year 1, when Adam entered the University of Eden. He passed through the first year as usual, quietly, and we have no record of him until during his second year, when the University was made co-educational.

In recalling the works of the philosophers you will recall in vain a treatise on the Freshman. He is not “among the present.” Epictetus, Aristotle, Schopenhauer, and George Ade, all have held up the mirror of Life, but nowhere in the reflection do we see our young hero. By this process of elimination there remains but one class into which the Freshman can be placed—that of Psychic Phenomena. And truly, is not that the correct diagnosis, for to what process of direct reasoning can we attribute his adornment of his person with a thermometer and minor surgery set while his green schedule card still smells of printers’ ink? And in the amphitheatre we find him witnessing a major operation with an expression on his face of the most profound knowledge—and his Gray’s Anatomy still crackles when he opens it.

We started out with the intention of writing a class history. However, it would seem that such a term as “Freshman Class History” is a paradox, and so we speak of the class as individuals, rather than taking it collectively. As such, we find a range of histories of great diversity.

Class History.

Some of us have come here fresh from universities; some of us from the city, and some from the country, each in his own way learned in things of the curriculum, and things not of the curriculum. From the North we have representatives, from the Pacific coast, one among us comes even from far away Burma; in fact, from all parts of the civilized world—and one man from Griffin.

As a class the resume of our activities must necessarily be brief. As yet we have reared no magnificent structure of deeds from which we might stand off at a distance and point to with pride. She strains of the overture linger still in our ears and the curtain has but begun to rise upon the drama of our career. Into its preparation we have put the very best of which we are capable, and have allowed no detail to go unfinished. From the manuscript a line has been struck out here and one added there in our endeavor to construct a play which shall reflect the high standard for which we strive. Our settings are such as to inject into the atmosphere of our different scenes that sense of completeness which comes of perfection of detail and on the proper rendering of our various roles we have received the most efficient of schooling. When, after the last act, the curtain goes down and there be no encores, it shall not be because any man in the class failed to do his level best.

Quintard Taylor.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Adams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. W. Allen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Anthony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. F. Arthur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. L. Aycock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. G. Baggett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. W. Bagley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. B. Bailey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. T. Beasley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. M. Beggs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. E. Bickford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. J. Blackshear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. W. Blake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. C. Bonner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. T. Brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. G. Burch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Byrd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. F. Caldwell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. J. Calhoun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. T. Caraker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. B. Cash</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. L. Cheshire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Childs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. P. Coffee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. L. Corley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. B. Davis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. T. Dillard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. W. DuPree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O. A. Eddy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. A. P. Ebbert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Ferguson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. F. Ferguson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geo. W. Fuller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Fuller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. B. Gibson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. R. Gray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. E. Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. H. Haralson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. A. Harrison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. W. Hodges</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. Hodges</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. R. Holt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. G. Houser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. J. Hudson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. R. Hutchinson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. J. Keeling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. W. Irvin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. King</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. A. Knight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. P. Knight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. L. Loden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. E. Lunsford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. S. Lynch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. S. McCoy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. A. McAllister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. D. McFadden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. P. McGill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. F. McLeod</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. W. McLeroy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. R. Markey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. B. Mathews</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. P. Moore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. L. Morrill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. A. Newsom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. W. Nisbet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. K. Nyun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. C. Patterson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. H. Fearce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Penton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Rawiszner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. T. Redfearn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. W. Register</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. L. Richardson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. C. Robles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. E. Rogers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. E. Rushin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Rutherford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. A. Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. Taylor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. P. Terrell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. C. Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. C. Tillman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. R. Timberlake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Tindel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. C. Touchton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. M. Tribble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. Vermilye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. L. Webb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. L. Wilkinson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. G. Williford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. F. Wilson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. W. Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. L. Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. H. Workman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. A. Ybanez</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In April, 1909, a meeting of all graduates of the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons was called in the main building of our college. The purpose of the meeting was to perfect the organization of our alumni and promote the interests of our Alma Mater.

The call was heeded by a large body of enthusiastic practitioners from all sections, who were glad to devote themselves to the service of our institution and the furtherance of her purposes. At that time a corps of officers was elected, as follows: Dr. W. S. Goldsmith, President; Dr. C. W. Strickler, First Vice-President; Dr. T. M. Mullins, Second Vice-President; Dr. Chas. T. Nolan, Third Vice-President; Dr. A. L. Fowler, Secretary and Treasurer. They served the Association most efficiently and all were re-elected for a second term of office.

The Association holds annual meetings during our commencement exercises, at which time addresses are heard and matters of medical education discussed. A buffet luncheon at the college is a feature of each meeting. These occasions could not be surpassed in the point of professional fellowship, enthusiasm and good will.
Fraternities

CHI ZETA CHI
PHI CHI
KAPPA PSI
X. Z. X. ROLL.
Epsilon
Founded 1903
Epsilon Chapter Installed
October 24, 1904.

T. B. Armstrong
E. W. Allen
L. W. Aycock
L. L. Blair
L. W. Blake
Frank Bird
J. R. Barfield
J. E. Calhoun
H. G. Cannon
W. G. Crumley
L. P. Daly
B. B. Davis
H. G. Estes
C. B. Gibson
B. B. Gay
E. H. Huff
J. C. Johnston
J. C. McDougall
T. H. Smith
C. J. Stallworth
R. L. Winn
J. A. Wells

Fratres in Facultate:
Marion McH. Hull
Hugh M. Lokey
L. T. Patillo
Guy L. Bush
Roy Blosser
H. M. S. Adams
Guy D. Ayer
J. Calvin Weaver
E. B. Beaver
Howard Bucknell
David Ferguson
W. M. Folks
Goodwin Gheesling
C. R. Gray
L. E. Morton
L. H. Muse
C. H. Paine
J. F. Pittman
J. A. Price
J. W. Roberts
J. O. Rountree
H. C. Sauls
Gerald Shelby
M. R. Sims
L. R. Timberlake
G. O. Welchell
W. L. Wilkinson
B. L. White
E. H. Wright
J. H. Vermilye

PHI CHI FRATERNITY.

Founded 1895.
Sigma Chapter.
Installed at A.C.P.&S.
2-25-1911
Chapter Roll—Session
1910-1911.

Associates:

Dr. W. F. Westmoreland
Dr. C. H. Boynton
Dr. Phinizy Calhoun
Dr. W. E. Person
Dr. W. F. Nicholson
Dr. J. H. Hines
Dr. A. L. Fowler
Dr. T. C. Hodge
Dr. C. W. Strickler
Dr. Dunbar Roy
G. P. Huguely
N. Craig
KAPPA PSI Fraternity

Founded 1879.
RHO Chapter
Founder 1908.
Colors: Scarlet and Grey
Flower: Red Carnation.
Number Chapters: 28.

-1911-
E. H. McRae
C. B. Greer
R. D. Harden
L. E. Brawner
H. L. Bryans
C. Griffin
S. L. Turner
J. C. Jones

-1912-
W. H. Malone
B. H. Clifton
J. W. Humber
R. C. Lovvorn

-1913-
W. C. Doss
J. S. Bush, Jr.
J. G. Saggus
W. H. Minor
T. F. Goodwin

-1914-
J. C. Burch
T. J. Blackshear
F. L. McDaniels
G. W. Fuller
A. A. Knight
W. L. Woods
T. B. Matthews

Fratres in Falcultate.
Justin F. Grant
J. D. Manget
W. B. Hunter
UNIVERSITY OF GA.
CLUB.

H. C. Cannon, President.
O. L. Miller, Vice-Pres.
J. A. Price, Secretary.
N. O. Tribble, Treasurer.

Members:
Dewitt Payne
Calhoun McDougall
Carl Fluker
Guy O. Whelchel
Jno. W. Fitts
Jno. Cooper
B. B. Davis
E. W. Allen
J. M. Beggs
A. F. Caldwell
Edward King

Faculty Members:
Dr. Marion McH. Hull
Dr. Phinizy Calhoun
Dr. Charlie Andrews
Dr. Calvin Weaver
Dr. Fritz Hodgson
Members:
J. L. Adams
T. J. Bean
M. Q. Burns
H. L. Bryans
O. Eddy
D. T. Coppleman
A. Q. English
E. W. Holloway
J. R. Hawkins
G. L. Harrell
L. Hannah
A. J. Hudson
W. A. Hobbs
A. A. Knight
L. L. Lewis

E. H. McRae, President
A. A. Knight, Vice-Pres.
H. L. Bryans, Secretary.
A. Q. English, Treasurer

TOAST.
Here's to the land of the long-leaf palm,
The summer land that is always calm,
Her orange blossoms, with their fragrance sweet
Is another pleasure with which you meet.
The tourist from both far and near
Find in winter their paradise here—
As a “Land of Flowers” she is ever the same
For it was from this she derived her name.

—Bryans.
THE ALABAMA CLUB

"The Sons of Rest."

Mids't enthusiasm unbounded, and with matchless loyalty beaming from the eyes of every son of Ala's. in the A. C. P. & S., a splendid meeting was held and this club was organized on January, 1911.

The purpose of this organization was three-fold: First, to make possible the intimate acquaintance of the representative members; second, to develop the spirit of fellowship and fraternal good will; third, to openly avow the staunchest patriotism of the state concerned to our grand old mother state.

The membership is made up of representatives from Alabama's every section "From thy Southern shore where groveth by the sea the orange tree to thy Northern vale where floweth deep and blue the Tennessee."

Likewise from every vocation hail these "eminent surgeons of the future." Some have abdicated their tyrannical reign in the village school where with scepter of birch they hastened the sagging footsteps of young America along the pathway to knowledge; and from the office desk they come, leaving the music of the typewriter and the dancing of the pen; others were railroad men, but the alluring call of the engineer's whistle or thunderous roar of wheels was insufficient to sway them from their intentions. Along with these are the college chaps whose faces are yet aglow with youth, whose hats are still adorned with screaming bands and whose voices are wont to escho their favorite college yell. Some few, alas, forsook the plow and the charms of "the simple life;" (all this for the sake of ambition).

So here's to the Alabama Club, may each member strive unceasingly to reach his goal keeping in mind that: "Rightly indeed he fares who all his days with heart elate and purpose fixed and true turns not aside in devious aimless ways, but fronts the life-work he has planned to do."
SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB.
John Wallace
J. L. Harrison
J. C. Pruitt
W. E. White
H. T. Scott
C. L. Allgood
Geo. M. Dunne
W. L. Pressly
P. L. Williams
W. K. Sharp
L. L. Jameson
M. C. Smith
W. T. Martin

SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB.

G. C. Pruitt, President.
D. M. Moore, Vice-Pres.
W. L. Pressly, Secretary.
J. P. Knight, Treasurer.

E. H. Henry
B. O. Whitten
D. M. Moore
F. C. Ledbetter
G. C. Pettigrew
J. B. Cost
C. H. Workman
D. W. Register
C. B. Gibson
L. N. Wood
J. P. Knight
J. F. Asthin
L. W. Blake
MASONIC CLUB OF
JUNIOR CLASS.

Conrad L. Allgood
H. Brinson
H. Bucknell
D. M. Carter
Alvin Q. English
Eugene F. Gibson
Thos. F. Guffin
Wm. H. Pirkle
Ralph L. Williams
Will T. Woodruff
Willie F. Wiggins
Jno. Napoleon Wilson
Carl H. Verner
GLEE CLUB.

C. T. CARAKER—Bass
M. R. SIMS—Bass
W. L. WILKERSON—Baritone
L. E. BRAWNER—First Tenor
H. E. BICKFORD—Second Tenor
C. R. GRAY—Second Tenor
C. T. SKIPPER—First Tenor
ED. KING—Baritone
Abner Wellborn Calhoun was born on April 16, 1846, at the family home in Newnan, Ga. He was the son of Dr. Andrew B. Calhoun, who in his generation was one of the most eminent physicians in Georgia. His mother before her marriage was Miss Susan Wellborn, of Wilkes county. She came of one of the oldest and best families in Georgia.

In after years, when he had become a great and famous specialist, Dr. Calhoun frequently said that a great measure of his success was due to the thorough knowledge of medicine which he got from his father. He was associated with him in his practice for several years, becoming well grounded in the working principles of the profession, and the experience was ever since of the highest value to him.

His earlier education was gained in the common school at Newnan. He learned easily, and took the lead in his classes. From the very first he was imbued with a thirst for knowledge, without which not even the brightest pupil can ever learn much that will do him a very great deal of good in after life, and his books were a constant source of interest to him. He read eagerly and his reading was of the right sort.

The Call to Arms.

At the age of 15 years his education was interrupted by the outbreak of war. He was a member of a military company at Newnan. Like many military companies of the present day it was a sort of society organization. Calhoun was the youngest member. In a few days after the issues were finally settled, and was on, young Calhoun's company got orders to report for duty. There was a great stir and bustle, and much making ready. It made no difference to young Abner Calhoun that he was a mere boy in age. He was just as eager to hurry away to war as any of the rest, and just as determined.

But he reckoned without the objection of his father. "You're too young, my boy," said the doctor. "You're only 15 years old. You can't go to the war. The hardships would kill you, even if the bullets didn't."

Young Abner looked his father in the eye. "Do you want me to be called a coward?" he asked. "If every other member of my company goes to the war and I stay at home, I will be called a coward."

That was enough. The doctor gave his consent and in a few days his son was gone.

At the age of 15 years Abner Calhoun was remarkably well grown. He stood nearly six feet then, and though slim and undeveloped as yet, his frame was well proportioned, and he was in perfect health.

More than once the father's prediction about the hardships of war pretty nearly came true. Young Abner was brought home several times very ill. But each time he pulled through, recovered his strength and went back to join his company. This was during the first two years of the way. The last two years did not hurt him at all. He had stood the test, made good, and his constitution came out the better for it.
And when he finally came back home for the last time after surrendering with Lee at Appomatox, he was the picture of health and youthful vigor.

A LITERARY CAREER

For two years following his return home young Calhoun studied, reviewing all his literary work, and making still further advancement. Then he went into his father’s office and took up the study of medicine. Coupled with his wonderful bright mind was an inherent fondness for the practice, and he learned as rapidly under his father’s tutelage as he had in school. Two years of study with his father brought him to the age of 23 years, and by that time he was ready to enter the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia.

Few students at that institution have made such a record as did young Abner Calhoun, of Georgia. He took the lead in his class the first year, and held it up to the day of his graduation. It was not a small class, either, there being between 400 and 500 diplomas given out on Calhoun’s graduation day.

On leaving home to go to Jefferson College the young doctor’s father, with wonderful foresight, had advised him to take up some particular branch of the medical science and make a specialty of it.

“Before you leave I want to say this,” said he. “We’ve got some mighty good doctors in this community, and this state. You are just starting out. They have established reputations and large practices already built up. So the best thing you can do at college is to learn something they don’t know. Suppose you take up the study of the eye, as a specialty. In the last ten years the leaders have discovered a whole lot about the eye that isn’t generally known yet. This is your chance. You can learn it at Jefferson. Go after that knowledge.’

BECOMES A SPECIALIST

And the young doctor did. He not only went after it, but he got it all. And thus it fell out that before he had been back home a week he performed an operation that instantly gave him a reputation throughout his section of the state.

There was an old negro woman known as “Free Charity.” She had been stone blind for 20 years, and begged. This probably accounted for her nom deplume. A few days after his return the enthusiastic young student and eye specialist got hold of “Free Charity,” performed an operation for cataract and she went about seeing as well as anybody.

If he had performed a miracle the news wouldn’t have traveled any faster. In the whole countryside Dr. “Andy” Calhoun’s young son was hailed as a wonder. His reputation was established.

Dr. Calhoun took a man’s pride in his strength. He was fond of remarking that his constitution was a wonder even to himself. “It looks like I can’t keep a capable assistant long,” he frequently said, “for they break down after a time and have to go away and rest.”

From the time he opened his office until about a year ago, he practiced actively.

But wonderful as his strength was, the greatest thing about Dr. Calhoun’s practice was the amount of charity work he did. It will be for this that he will be remembered and beloved by hundreds all over the southern states and in remote sections of the country long after the present generation has passed away.

In the medical world Dr. Calhoun won every honor. He was as well known in Europe as he was in America. A great New York specialist accounted for this remarkable fact by saying that Dr. Calhoun’s articles in the medical and scientific journals were invariably translated and copied by similar publications abroad. “What Dr. Calhoun writes has something in it that we don’t know,” he said.

He was professor of the eye and ear at the old Atlanta Medical College in a year after he came to Atlanta, and that connection continued up to a year or so ago. The institution was one of his prides. He frequently donated to its support, and endowed a chair with one of his contributions. In all the various medical and scientific societies related to his specialty, Dr. Calhoun was a leading member, and held most of the chief offices in them.

SUCCESSFUL IN BUSINESS

Though his attention to business was only casual, Dr. Calhoun’s success in that was no less than in his profession. He made many investments and every one was fortunate. A prominent Atlanta banker once remarked that every security in Dr. Calhoun’s strong box was as good as gold. Though no estimate of his financial worth is given out, it is known that Dr. Calhoun had accumulated a large fortune.

Love of home was one of the strongest traits of his character. He was elected a member of all the clubs of Atlanta, but each of these invitations he declined with thanks and appreciation. “What time I have to spare from my practice I spend at home with my dear wife and children,” he wrote in one of these declinations.

The pit of his life said a member of the family, Monday, “was that just when his children were all grown and he had accumulated a fortune, and was ready to retire from his practice and spend the declining years of his life surrounded by all the joys and comforts a man could wish, disease struck him. Thus his greatest pleasure was in his work and the gift it did for humanity.”

In every line of life Dr. Calhoun was a success. He was a good son, a good brother, a good husband, a good father and a good citizen.”

A. B. ELKIN.
WILLIAM BUCKINGHAM ARMSTRONG

Dr. William Buckingham Armstrong was born in Atlanta, Ga., in 1874. His boyhood days were spent in the public schools of this city. In 1890, he entered the University of Georgia and was graduated from that institution in 1894. The next year he entered the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, remaining here one year. The next year he went to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York from which school he received his degree in 1899. After doing post-graduate work in the hospitals of New York he returned to Atlanta and began the practice of his profession in 1900.

In 1901, he married Miss Ruby Dart, of Brunswick, Ga. To Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong was born one son, William Buckingham Armstrong, Jr.

In the few short years of his work among us he won the confidence of his fellow-practitioners and the people. Although a man of unusual talents he was ever modest, and though given many distinctions he bore all honors with becoming grace. He was a scientific physician, never satisfied with superficial knowledge, always sincerely endeavoring to fathom the depths of every problem he was called upon to solve. He had a high regard for the dignity of his profession; he was ever conscious of his responsibility; he was ever faithful to the call of duty, whether it led his footsteps to the homes of the rich or the hovels of the poor.

In his death the Medical Profession has lost a zealous, conscientious worker, a truly scientific man, whose mind was actively directed to the discovery and development of means for the cure of disease. His death is a loss to the state and the city of his birth.

It is said our places are soon filled and we are forgotten. It is not true of all.

Many times will his deeds be recalled with tender recollection and long will he live in the hearts of his patients and friends.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was a young man, he had made his presence felt and had convinced all who knew him of his capability and worth. We can best judge of his kindness and charity by the tears and saddened hearts of the many men, of both high and low estate, who mourn his untimely death. If we may take his work during the few years he was with us as an earnest of what he might have accomplished, we are the less able to estimate our loss. With truth it can be said that in him God made a real man, a true friend, a devoted husband and a loving father.

Cyrus W. Strickler.
OUR LIBRARY

At the beginning of the session 1909, a library, containing about 1,000 volumes, was opened in connection with the College. Today there are about 4,000 volumes of the medical literature, in addition to which the Library constantly receives all the standard medical journals which are used by the students as a source of information and help in connection with their studies and to keep them in touch with the advances made in medical science.

We owe the success of the Library to the kindly co-operation of physicians, publishers, dealers, students and other friends who have contributed the larger number of the books, without which the Library would be incomplete, also to the excellent management of the ex-librarian, Mr. Earl H. McRae.

It is the intent and desire of the faculty to enlarge the library and many more contributions from friends of the College are expected.
Aesculapius! a god indeed art thou!
Each day the sun, each night the stars
Shall see thy altar-fires aglow.
Could human mind the aeons scan,
Unfold the great futurity,
Look on the minds of mortal man
And mark their deeds of loyalty,
Priests and princes would they seem, who,
In thy name had lived and wrought
Unselfish, kindly and unknown,
Save to the glory of thy art.

H. G. Cannon.
THE DOCTOR

Born of science and suffering, he lives amid the sadness of death and the gladness of birth. Pain is his problem and his pursuit; death, his constant enemy, and the exactness of science is his strong right arm. He is the human brother of all the human race, and every human being soon or late must feel the need of his tender touch and the strength of his helping hand. He leads in calm confidence, trusting woman through the new, mysterious ways of throbbing life, and brings her wavering between hope and fear, between longing and losing, safely into the joy-land of motherhood to the tug of her baby’s love. He lifts unconsciousness into consciousness, animal life into human life, one soul into two souls, one love into love, joins the wonder world of life to the wonder world of love, and limits his labors by the limit of human effort. Neither the blackness of night nor the sob of rain, nor the pinch of cold, nor the ship of mud, can hold him from the call of his patient and the need of his presence. There is no human figure, no offspring of God or man, more supreme than he. The general leads in pomp and glitter brigades of regulars, but the Doctor follows in the midst of the wounded and the weak, and the hospital corps is the backbone of the army. Navies drop anchor and the work of the world must wait when the Doctor orders rest in the name of the pestilence and the plague. The scarlet cord of contagion is as strong as the challenge of the sentinel. He makes habitations healthy, and cities clean, directs hospitals and ministers freely to the poor sick, sits in sympathy beside the sick child, winds in decilute accuracy the handgales about the broken bones, plunders nature in the laboratory for her secrets of disease, and teaches the mysteries and glories of his art to those who come after him.

To him whose daily life is such as this, who knows best of all the hopes and fears and frailties of men, to whom came, Jew and Gentile, Mongolian and Ethiopian, the bad and the good, the cultured and the crude, who serves every race and nation, heathen and Christian, creed and dogmas and races, are dregs that sink in the ocean of humanity, and the wail of human pain and death and loneliness flow upward to Him whose mercy is as wide and as deep as life. Sometimes the stress of nearness to his race, the fangs of pain, the despoticism of death, make one year seem two years, a decade a score, and life a century of breathing. He is measured by his character and by his science, and his art can offer him but little if he lacks in either. The foundation of his art and the supremacy of his calling were laid long ago by a young Physician who came by way of Galilee, and by His living guaranteed the perpetuity and standing of character. A Doctor is no mere transportation agent acting between medicines and diseases, but a man strong in purpose, pure in living, unselfish in service, accurate in science, and skilled in practice. The wear of his work and the ceaseless turn of the windlass of time changes his hair from black to iron-gray, the into gray and white, the wrinkles come and the veins appear, the still muffled drum beats down the funeral march to the last tattoo, the eyes go weak and far away. Old and full of years, he leaves behind and yet mingles with those he served, and starts on the long journey common to the sons of men.

March, 1911.

Stewart R. Roberts.
A SONG OF MYSELF.

I am older than the breaths I've drawn,
Wiser than the sum of the things I've seen,
Millions of dim dawning years lie behind me,
Millions before in roscate sheen.

My memory spans more than the reach of recent years,
Harking back to ages song and history never knew,
But, somehow, stored in the sentiment matter of life
It guides me in the untaught things I do.

I dream dreams that are not mere shadows,
For I shudder and shake and cry-out with fright,
As I see monsters not of this age,
Or plunge downwards in my arboreal flight.

Before birth I was scarred with the struggle of life,
And branded with the hissing iron of Fate,
To ever remind that I am but a Nature's child
Though supreme I reign in man's high estate.

With infinite toil and pain I've forged my way,
And not always with the clash of metals clang,
For I've lived under the law of the club
And felt in my flesh the rip of the fang.

Before cave and cliff, before roof and tree,
Before I dreamed of the power of a club
I fought under the spur of fear, hunger, and hate,
Simply, fiercely, as a beast for its fair and cub.

But this primal struggle for life and mate
Is of my long story but a meager part;
For I could not but cherish the thing I won,
Thus sprang seeds of love in my savage heart.

From mate to young—this love,—it grew apace,
Encompassed clan and land, to throw its span
From sun to sun, till the struggle of life
Is lost in love and the brotherhood of man.

Strength thus tempered, knowledge into wisdom grows
Progress sets her signboards along the path I've trod
Temples of Truth and Justice, Love and Mercy,
Daily adorn Life's highway building up to God.

So to feel that I was once less human
Humbles not one whit the pride in me
For to be as I was and become as I am
Is but an earnest of what I hope to be.

Smiley Bush.
PLAY BALL.

I.
Pneumonia's starring in the "box"
   With strikeouts by the score
While "T. B." "catches" quite superb
   And cuts off runs galore.

II.
Typhoid fever plays on "first"
   And Ptomaine's down at "short";
It takes some biff to get by him
   For he's a dead game sport.

III.
Malarial works on number "two"
   And often muffs the ball,
But the way old Cancer holds down "third"
   Is something to appall.

IV.
Pellagra tends his maize in "right,"
   A most productive field;
And Incimaria's "center" plat
   Brings forth abundant yield.

V.
We doctors haven't got a chance
   By science, bribe nor theft,
For Arterio Sclerosis
   Takes in everything that's "left."

H. G. CANNON.
“Life is just one damn thing after another.” Such has been said of life in general, but the philosophy of the saying has a peculiar bearing on the medical student's life.

We began this period of existence under circumstances somewhat different from those who followed other trails. We can all remember our last days at home and the character of advice meted out by friends and relatives. No statistician (whatever that is) could enumerate the times we were advised to “specialize.” “Today is the day of specialists” was spouted from lips that knew no other wisdom. We were cautioned amant the wiles of the Big Busy City, the menace of Robbers, Pick-pockets and various other ill-disposed individuals plus all the sins that beset the youth of said cities. In fact, the final admonition we received would suffice for the creed of a set of angels on earth.

On our own account we had so familiarized ourselves with the catalogue of our school as to be able to quote any section verbatim. Furthermore, we had a right, by virtue of a most prolific correspondence, to expect the Dean to recognize us on sight and call us by our first name. Under such an impression, we presented ourselves at the college at the appointed hour. With fear and trembling we were ushered into the Assembly Hall where we were greeted with the first glimpse of an awe-inspiring Board of Trustees and Faculty. Forthwith, we were received with all smiles, words of welcome and the usual happy predictions. That body of men dished out such a menu of aliment as might dispel any ideal, we could not but feel the most profound elation. Only history can recount the variety and nobility of ideals engendered during that hour of supreme exhilaration. Such were our impressions as closed the first seance.

The initiation over, the first real problem, and, by the way, the problem of problems, was next to be solved—BOARD. Without doubt, the original of Dante's Seventh Sojourn has its prototype in the south-side Hashery! Bunyan; according to private confession, was aware of this obstacle, but permitted this cup to pass from the lips of poor Pilgrim for the evident reason that his hero was needed for future action. Even Job escaped this tace of trials and was permitted to establish the long distance record for endurance. We, alone, are persecuted.

Impressed with the seriousness of our purpose, and a sense of predestined achievement, we meandered our way to one of those places which, at certain seasons, display such placards as “Rooms for Rent,” “Boarding,” “Sleepers Wanted” and the like. Gladly were we conducted through elegant (?) apartments, advised as to the superiority of service and elegance of cuisine until the secret of our occupation was disclosed. Then was our happy illusion dispelled. The results are most accurately expressed in terms of fractures, dislocations and bruises—the majority of which, being complicated by arrests. Strange it may seem that these unhaptires were more blessed than those of us who secured shelter under these propitious roofs.

After we had acquainted ourselves with the intricacies of the technique of bath tub and gas jet, we advanced only to be initiated into the mystery and difficulties of a routine breakfast. Shades of Epicurus be with us yet! Think of a repast of kangaroo tendon, eggs that Sherman spared (on account of senility) untanned integument of some ancestral swine and chicory!
No wonder we move every week. Our dinners are no less instructive from a standpoint of costume, variation and disguise. In no way can we arrive at the versatility and mental acuity of an imaginative land-lady better than by analysis of one of those noontime fests. For instance, what does a bowl of soup represent to the naked eye? It appears to settle into three layers of standing. The first stratum is of about the consistency, color and Schneiderian reaction of Mica Axle Grease. This same section of the specimen presents a tinge that might owe its presence to one or more of several ingredients. We have occasionally seen tomatoes impart such a hue, but the boiling of certain unstable calico prints might have given a not dissimilar optical effect. Be it said, that any solid objects, vegetable or animal, floating in this portion, were not specified in the original prescription and should be removed in due silence and secrecy. The second layer is of the consistency and appearance of serum and contains nothing that might not be found in normal dish-water. Space does not permit the enumeration of the varieties of fragments that gravity compels to the bottom of the dish, and besides, there is some uncertainty regarding these particles, since it is denied that anyone has ever braved the dangers incident to exploring those parts. Wishing to confine ourselves to facts, we shall therefore not venture a discussion, but await some daring Dr. Cook for the details of that mystery.

A supper is easily prognosticated by nothing the articles left from breakfast and dinner, allowing for certain alterations and combinations.

It was once our privilege to mark a grain of rice and for two days observe the transformations and indignities it suffered. It first came under observation at the breakfast table, steamed to a Queen’s taste. Marking it with blue pencil, it was not difficult to recognize it in the soup at dinner, and after a second marking, it was again left to its fate. At supper it was revealed in the interior of a nice brown rice-ball and immediately given a third blue mark. Breakfast again, and lo! it was in the gravy, which gave occasion for another penciling. Dinner progressed without any signs of our despondent acquaintance and the trail was given up. But wait, here is your dessert, Doctor!—Rice pudding and—our Friend.

Our week having expired, we were forced to leave off our observations.

Week after week, we traveled, thinking each move might discover the Pole, but in vain. Thus glide by four years of fruitless search for habitation, finding shelter in “just one damn house after another.”

The careful eye will not have spent these years in vain. It will have observed certain characters and features sufficiently similar to identify and isolate the boarding house as a distinct disease. The constant fat land-lady with the ungainly daughter of unquestioned social preferment, historic concrete china ware, a pedigree punctuated with illustrious, learned, witty and wealthy representatives, and housewives of unprecedented industry and knowledge of the science of home management are pathognomonic. Of all these blessings, we were the undeserving and ungrateful recipients.

Finally, in justice to our Faculty and our abused but submissive stomachs, let us render thanks for our regular five months respite. Mizpah!

H. G. CANNON.
Doctor: My dear sir, you are a very sick man. Is there anything you wish before you cash in?
Patient: Yes, I wish I had some other doctor.
A GEORGIA PHYSICIAN

As we launch our first college magazine before the students of this institution and before any who might happen to scan its pages I think we could not afford to do less, than to at least make mention in its columns of Crawford W. Long—a physician, a Georgian, and one of the greatest benefactors to the human race the world has ever produced. This physician and Georgian is the discoverer of ether—the most universally used anesthetic in the realm of surgery.

In the life of this man there was nothing spectacular save the announcement of his achievement. His routine life was one of a patient, steady, hard-working country doctor. He was born at Danielsville, Ga. in 1815 and it was there that his boyhood days were spent. He was a student in the University of Georgia and graduated there in 1835. Later he was a student in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania and graduated from that institution in 1839. Then he began the practice of his profession back in his home state at Jefferson. For the first few years after his graduation we can imagine him as having to pass through the stage of incubation of a “young doctor.” This he passed successfully and established himself as a careful, conscientious physician. We must think of him too, as being an observer and investigator unusual, for it was only in the seventh year of his medical career that he made his famous discovery.

Dr. Long not only discovered the use of sulphuric ether as an anesthetic but at the same time made practical use of it in a surgical operation. It had become quite popular for some students at this time around the doctor’s office to inhale the fumes of sulphuric ether just for the hilarious sensation of the first stage of ether anesthesia. During these occasions, and it seemed the doctor indulged too, the boys become very rough and boisterous and bruised themselves up considerably, and it was just here upon one of these occasions that Dr. Long’s close observation and ingenious mind brought him his fame. He saw that the boys bruised themselves but were never sensible of the pain while they were under the influence of the ether. The idea struck him to administer this gas to some patient and produce this insensibility when it was necessary to cause pain.

The occasion come to put his idea into action on March 30, 1842 when he anesthetized James M. Venable, made an incision, and removed a tumor from his neck without pain. This was the first ether anesthetic ever used for surgical purposes.

Four years later, before Long’s discovery had been published, two doctors, Morton and Jackson, demonstrated the use of ether as an anesthetic and immediately proceeded to establish themselves as the discoverers of this drug. They failed to do so. They should have failed to have gotten first credit, for both attempted to take out a patent for it and present it on a commercial basis. Dr. Long’s discovery was open and above board. He allowed his neighboring physicians and friends to know of his work. He did not try to make a money speculation of it. He published it before the world and was only waiting to test his find in a major operation before sending his communication to some scientific medical journal. Major accidents were rare to a country doctor in that quiet secluded country town and it was during this period that Morton and Jackson published their achievements in the North. Before their publication though, Dr. Long had done several operations under his new anesthetic, but the world generally gave the former doctors credit for the discovery and did so until 1877. At that date Dr. Sims, a South Carolinian practicing in New York, collected and compiled the facts and established through the press Dr. Long’s claims to the
honor of this discovery. At that time also the Georgia Medical Society adopted and published resolutions to that effect, and a point worthy of mention is the fact that about this time Henry L. Stuart of New York presented to the State of Georgia an oil painting of the noted doctor, in honor of the memory and just fame of this eminent physician and useful citizen and to make his record complete as the discoverer of anesthesia. This painting now hangs in the halls of the Georgia state capitol. Dr. Long lived to see his precedence established but died shortly afterwards in 1878, in Athens, where the latter years of his life and practice were spent. He practiced 40 years and died in the harness” at the bedside of a patient.

Since his death there has been raised to his memory in Jefferson, Georgia a monument. And many things have been written and spoken in his honor but the greatest monument of all is his achievement, and that will stand forever as he would have it—a blessing to suffering humanity. We commend him and we should, in every way possible. He has set us an example of a life of service and in it has shown what close application and observation may bring to the most unassuming. He never cared to ride to pomp and independence on his possible notoriety but stayed in the ranks as a commoner and a friend to administer to the suffering among the poor and needy.

His discovery has allowed surgery to reach a perfection which it otherwise could never have reached. Before his day many surgical conditions that were considered fatal are now corrected with ease and safety. It has then not only made it possible for the patient to endure an otherwise painful operation but has given such a stimulus to surgical efforts that now almost marvelous things are done in that field.

Of monuments and statues are due to be erected and history written in commemoration of the achievements of men who have led armies to victory how much higher monuments and statues are due the memory of a plain, working scientist whose efforts, though not heralded by the beat of drum or blast of trumpet, have done more to relieve individual human suffering than any man’s yet born.

Then he leaves us a lesson, that all that is great and good in this world is not that which makes for notoriety but a life can be just as productive, if lead in the simple way and as a close observing student. Dr. Long would like to have us remember him, not so much as a scientist but a citizen as well. He was a public spirited private citizen and had a host of close admiring friends. Dr. Lipscomb, the minister who preached his funeral, said of his character. “No one can value his profession who does not value his manhood. He only wished to be remembered as a benefactor to his race. He regarded his profession as a channel through which his inner and outer life might flow in blessings to the world. And in that channel, it did flow; a stream tranquil, but strong, deepening and widening as it went onward, a water from the fount that bore healing to many. He assumed nothing, pretended to nothing he was not, was thoroughly truthful in look, tone, manner, and action, lived simply, treated everyone considerately and walked humbly and uprightly in his everyday life. He had strength of will and much power of endurance. The minor heroisms which made so large a share of a Physician’s experience, and of which the world knows so little, wrote many a paragraph in the annals of his life.” And now in the whirl of an age where nothing is remembered for long let us stop sometime and speak a silent word of praise:—for the man who made our profession better for having lived in it; for the man whose memory will live forever in his deeds.

Oscar L. Miller.
WHAT'S THE DIAGNOSIS?
FACULTY FAVORITES.

“Every little teacher has a hobby of his own.”

What-a Society-bug Elkin, our delectable Dean, by whose ingenuity and plastic surgery, every woman may be restored to her social station, regardless of the nature of her chief complaint.

Why-not-use-catgut Sutures Goldsmith, alias Dr. Jokesmith, who sews everything from peritoneum to front lawns with cat-gut.

Strictly-diagramatic Tiresome Barnett, who “as I have told you” and shall no doubt “tell you at a future time,” is always able to deliver the goods, “as it were.”

Just-gotta-know-it Funke, better known as “Dutch,” whose chief objects in life are the performance of post-mortems and quizzing N. Dykes.

Care-for-the-babies E. Boynton, the original “isolator,” who has diagnosed scurvy by telephone, telegraph, correspondence, graphophone and wireless. Also our foremost advocate of modified milk and the cold pack.

Ever-been-to-Bermuda Block, to whom “Every little looney has a lesion all its own.”

Make-'em-a-new'-one Hoke, who has his own methods for setting wandering footsteps in the straight path; the one among few who loves to deal with “crooked” people.

Dr. Fowler, prospective Congressman, who is in a very vital sense qualified to accept the appointment as Chairman of the Irrigation Committee.

Dr. McRae—it is reported as authentic that he has not a single book in his library from which the “appendix” has not been removed, with due aseptic precautions.

Dr. Hull, our devoted doctrinaire of ice-water, rice water, beef-tea, concentrated liquid diet, phycho’ and electrotherapy fame.

Dr. Strickler: “Gentlemen, I call your particular attention to the necessity for absolute rest in bed and a simple, bland, nutritious diet for these patients.”

Dr. Persons, of “Spiral reverse,” and “Brachial plexus” fame. Nuf sed.

H. G. C.
Dr. Funke is saddened the most
When the patient's won't give up the ghost—
Why they ever recover
He wants to discover
Because then he can make a post.

Westmoreland; the surgeon you know,
In the corner will quietly go.
The words in his lecture
We largely conjecture
His voice is so quiet and low.

Dr. Roy, as kind as can be
Tries to make every blind person see,
But the "thirsty eye cure"
He cannot endure
He says, none of that sir, for me.

To say or not to say; which shall it be?
If they were only here, soon would they see
My pedagogic style is all my own
And those beneath my rule have always grown
More wise, if day by day they follow me—
Though I don't like to say; it's up to me
To tell them how to teach; for all agree
My pedagogic style will scholars make
Of Jays, fresh caught from forest field or brake
If only day by day they follow me.
My lore is not contained in books they see,
And what they could not buy, I give them free.
My pedagogic style will turn the trick
If all I put into their heads will stick
And if they learn, each day, to follow me.

Dr. Hull tells us; we know it is true,
You can anesthetize with light of its blue,
A hypnotic glance will chase any pain
And chase it so far it won't come again,
A pigeon egg poultice of sawdust and ice
And ice water enemas, too, are quite nice
Electrical treatment will cure any ill,
But when he is sick he hikes for a pill.
PASSING OF THE MEDICINE MAN

Gone today is my once happy home,
   From me forever my native pleasures;
Forced for aye, discontented to roam,
   Robbed and removed from my natural treasures.

Curst be the day that the pale faces came!
    Curst be the day that my wigwam was burned!
O bring me back to my loved ones the same,
   Who wandered away and never returned!

Woe is my soul and dark my foreboding,
    Here in this prison I cannot dwell long.
My heart and my soul are with sheer grief corroding,
    My nation and race now sings its "swan song."
Fast from this vale with its haunts so enticing,
    My people are passing with scarce a lament;
But may the Great Spirit, our virtues rewarding,
    Remove us to isles of eternal content.

H. G. CANNON.
INVENTIONS.

I.
Some hand it to Franklin
(And they may be right).
For the wonderful stunt
He pulled off with his kite.

II.
Others say Fulton
Who rigged up a team
With nothing to pull
Or to push it but steam.

III.
Then Selden some think
Comes in on the deal
For the credit of making
The first automobile.

IV.
Next swoop the Wrights
Suddenly down on the scene
With all praise for perfecting
The flying machine.

V.
But to my mind, these heroes
Are but as black sheep
When compared to the gentleman
Who originated sleep.

H. G. CANNON.
DR. CUPID AND COMPANION—NURSE—HEART'S DESIRE.
THE BACILLUS OF LOVE  Bacillus Amoris
RECENTLY DISCOVERED BY DR. CUPID—THE PASSING OF THE BOW AND QUIVER.

DISTRIBUTION.—Occurrence very wide; contagious with sentiment and civilization.
CHARACTERS.—Sporulated bacillus; very resistant to adverse conditions and environments; viable after extreme dessication of prolonged absence; retain powers of growth after months of storage on the ice-block of break-ups and unreciprocated affections; very resistant to the ebullitions of irate parents.

The most virulent types are found in cozy-corners, dimly lighted parlors; moon-lit, vine-clad verandas, isolated hammocks, and similar places with poor lights and seclusion.

CONVEYED.—By all ordinary methods, but the most common is close personal contact, such as holding hands, embracing, and especially kissing.

DISEASE.—Philandrogynous Cardalgia.
DEFINITION.—An acute or chronic inflammatory heart and the emotional centers of the brain; characterized by marked instability of the nervous system, tension of the affections, with specific localization in the inducing severe and typical heart-storms resulting in a bizarre perversion of conventional conduct; often complicated by delusions, illusions and hallucinations.

INFECTION.—Most common among young adults—in old individuals the course of the disease is abortive—symptoms non-emotional and uninteresting. Children are not immune however, and condition engendered is known as puppy-love. Constant companionship of opposite sex seems to be about the only relief, but unless closely watched embarrassing complications may result.

THE HEART.—Seems to be the chief seat of infection, causing rapid pulse, palpitation, disturbances of circulation, sudden rises in body heat, flushing; other symptoms are loneliness in company, sighing, embracing of imaginary objects; dreams of a most vivid and paradisical nature are commonly enjoyed.

NATURAL IMMUNITY.—Tends to occur in certain abnormal human monstrosities known as old maids and bachelors. When infection does result emotional paroxysms sorely tax their valous calmness.

TREATMENT.—The only possible cure is to give as companion-nurse for life, his or her heart's desire, though some, with disastrous results, have resorted to the conventional emotional hypnotics and anaesthetics, viz.—alcohol, fortune hunting, misanthropy, poodle-dogs, suffrageete crusade, etc.

NOTICE.—All normal individuals become infected at some period of life,—and while most wait for the infection to occur in Nature's way, the highest success does not always result. So Dr. Cupid is prepared to give innoculations of the genuine bacillus and with a nurse exactly suited to your nature and needs, this inevitable disease will terminate most happily and permanent immunity for all pseudo-types be established.

DR. CUPID.
Office Aching-Heart Sanitarium
or Call by Telepathy
Smiley Rush, Jr.
THE EVOLUTION OF THE MEDICAL STUDENT IN THE ATLANTA SCHOOL.

The development and evolution of the medical student to his present status as presented during an observation of thirty years has been to me a matter of great and abiding interest. My service as a teacher in the medical school began in 1879. Since then I have been in continuous service until the present time. At the time that this service began every school in this country required two courses of five months each as a requisite to graduation and I think I am correct in the statement that there was no educational requirement necessary to entrance. It was a case of acceptance of all and the survival of the fittest. At that time the border counties and remote moral districts had not felt so keenly the words of progress. The quota furnished by them was in many instances crude in the extreme. The classes thus presented a heterogeneous mixture in attainment, as well as appearance, but frequently the city and town students fell before him of the short jeans trousers at the end of the term, for he was full of sturdy determination and persistent application. Our examinations gave an advantage for the man of minor educational qualifications, so that a retentive memory served its possessor with great stead.

In many individual instances the contact with city environment served to work a great change in the personal appearance of these men of the "Reuben" type, and friction against the fellow students gave a wonderful and rapid polish, but some retained the same peculiarities of dress and manner to the end. Thus the commencement stage presented a conglomerated mass of varying dress, from which it has been a long jump to the cap, gown and dress suit and carnations of the present day. As the years have rolled by there has been a gradual and steady improvement, too gradual to be noted even by individual years, but ever constant, just in proportion as the communities from which they come have joined in the modern march of progress.

It has always been my opinion that the evolution of medical teaching must and will keep pace with the increasing education of the body politic. As soon as a man's educated above his environment, a change of base becomes a certainty.

In looking back over the years covered in my teaching experience, I find that many of those who represented the type of exceedingly green class, have won distinction in their communities in the practice of medicine. I recall the instance of one for whose safety upon arrival his preceptor felt uneasiness, for he wrote to request that I meet the train at 5 a. m., and that I would know the young man by a "handkerchief tie daround his left arm." He is now one of the most prominent physicians in this state, and deserves his high and commanding position. Men with college degrees and otherwise well educated now take the places of those who when filled the bencher, and in a field broadened beyond comprehension, almost, assume the responsibilities produced by the demands of modern medicine. The classes found here will compare favorably with those to be seen anywhere, and could we go back over thirty years and place them side by side, we would think we had awakened from a Rip Van Winkle dream. But the student of today, from his grand position, must not fail to bear in mind that those who have done so much to make medicine and surgery what it is, come from out of the classes described above. That their training was obtained in the two short courses that then formed the basis of a medical education.

The green and awkward freshman has departed to be seen no more, but those of us who remember him will ever recall with pleasure the bringing out of his buried charms by contact with the almost new world in which he found himself. The more polished student of this day might find many virtues in him the evolution of which would be a valuable asset.

Wm. Perrin Nicolson, M. D.
FACING THE BAR.

I.
Sunset and evening star
And one neer-beer for me
And may there be no boozers at the bar
When I drive in for tea.

II.
But such a crowd as drinking don’t get drunk
Too full to find their room.
So that if I should take on too much junk
They’d take me home.

III.
Lamplight and evening bells,
Eleven bells, it seems,
’Tis time to bid the good old bar farewell
And pleasant dreams.

IV.
But lo! I hear the sound of rumbling wheels,
The city’s private car!!
Let’s hope to find some mercy in ‘Judge Briles’
When I have faced his bar.

H. G. CANNON.
CHEATS.
Why work my friends? Some notes, an hour well spent
Behind some fool, who toils through half the night
Who wastes his health, his strength and even sight,
And works and strives and thinks with fixed intent,
Is all we need. Our lives were never meant
To be such dull events. They should be bright,
We do not hate a lie; our hearts are light
And free from care, for we're on pleasure bent—
A pledge? Mere words. All blithely will we sign
A pledge and proudly tell the grade we won.
By theft? Who says we stole? Who dares malign?
We only took another's grade. 'Twas done
So easily! With pride and line by line
Our notes we scanned. Success is well begun.
THE HOLE IN THE DOUGHNUT

It seems that in this age there is nothing that is free from attack. There seems to be no person or thing, however inoffensive, that may not awake some morning to find himself or itself the object of attack by something or somebody.

But recently I have noticed an attack being made on something that is as inoffensive and long-suffering as anything in the world, and weak and helpless as it is, it needs defense. No one seems to have thought enough of it to undertake to do anything in its defense, and, frail though my pen is, I must say a few words in its behalf.

The subject of my defense is the old, easy-going, inoffensive doughnut, or, to be more explicit, the hole in the doughnut.

Now who can stand by quietly and peacefully and see the staid companion of his childhood, the friend of his youth, and the ever present solace and space-filler of our ten-cent lunch, maligned by people who do not understand or appreciate it, without feeling within himself a voice cry out to defend! Who can stand by and say nothing without turning away with shamed face and downcast eyes and a feeling that he has been a traitor to an old friend!

Some people seem to think that the hole in a doughnut amounts to absolutely nothing, and by their sneers and implications say that it is of no importance whatever. I have recently seen it exploited in an answer in the "Foolish Questions" department, that an empty candy box was "full of doughnut holes." I have seen it maligned in the daily press by the epigrammatic implication that many a man spends a long time in finding out that he is as "worthless and unimportant as the hole in a doughnut." I have seen the doughnut caricatured in political campaign literature, one candidate's worth being represented by the rim of the doughnut, the other's by the hole—meaning thus to say that his worth was absolutely nothing—a mere emptiness!

And yet of how much worth is this much berated hole in the doughnut! In spite of all these slurs and this low-rating, the doughnut continues to look down at us from its place on the lunch counter with the same confident manner; it realizes its own worth and knows that some time people will come to know that the hole is of vastly more importance than it has been represented to be. Would that more of us mortals were of as much importance as the hole in the doughnut! Would that more of us were as indispensable! For what would the doughnut be without the hole? What is it but the hole that differentiates it from a mere piece of baker's cake? And who wants to eat a piece of mere cake when he can have a doughnut? Would a doughnut without a hole be a doughnut? Imagine such a thing! The answer comes emphatically "No!" True the hole in a doughnut is merely a small cylinder of probably three-quarters of a cubic inch of air, yet without it the doughnut ceases to be a doughnut. Then of what vast importance is it! It is like the old story of the despiited and cast-off stone that was found to be the capstone of the building; like the cast-off keystone of the arch, without which the arch would cease to be an arch, and would be valueless. It is the old, old story of the little, apparently unimportant things on which the larger, greater things depend—without which there would be no greater things.

Then let us be careful whom we honor by saying that he is "as useless or worthless as the hole in a doughnut." Consider the fact that without the hole the doughnut would not be a doughnut—the doughnut would cease to exist. Are any of us so indispensable? Many of us may be worthless, but probably very few as "worthless" as this simple, much abused, all-important hole in the doughnut.

J. E. Calhoun.
THE Last night I was talking
With a Doctor, aged and gray,
Who told me of a dream he had,
I think 'twas Christmas Day.

While snoozing in his office,
The vision came to view;
For he saw an Angel enter
Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the Angel: “I'm from Heaven,
The Lord just sent me down
To bring you up to glory
And put on your golden crown.”

You've been a friend to everyone,
And worked hard, night and day;
You have doctored many thousands
And from few received your pay.

So we want you up in glory,
For you have labored hard
And the Good Lord is preparing
Your eternal, just reward.

Then the Angel and the Doctor
Started up towards glory's gate;
But when passing close to Hades
The Angel murmured: “Wait.”

I have a place to show you,
It's the hottest place in Hell
Where the ones who never paid you
In torment always dwell.

And behold the doctor saw there
His old patients by the score;
And grabbing up a chair and fan
He wished for nothing more.

He was bound to sit and watch them
As they'd sizzle, singe and burn,
And his eyes would rest on debtors
Whichever way they'd turn.

Said the Angel: “Come on Doctor,
There the pearly gates I see.”
But the Doctor only murmured:
“This is Heaven enough for me.”

He refused to go on further,
But preferred to sit and gaze
At that crowd of rank old deadheads
As they lay there in the blaze.

Just then the Doctor's office clock
Cuckooed the hour of seven,
And he awoke to find himself
In neither Hell nor Heaven.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.
MEDICO-SURGICAL-COLLEGITIS.

DEFINITION: A self-limited infection, characterized by a violent on-set with high fever (usually surgical) loss of appetite, prostration, mental depression and incontinence of currency.

ETIOLOGY: Although not definitely proven most authorities regard the bacillus dementia juvenis as the cause. Some cases are congenial. The chief predisposing cause is ignorance.

PATHOLOGY: Ninety-nine per cent. of the cases show early enlargement of the cranium which often severely taxes the sutures. At about the same time the brain shows marked atrophic changes. In the beginning, the purse is dilated, but degeneration soon becomes marked and the contents are disseminated, leaving that organ in a state of complete aetlectasis.

SYMPTOMS: One of the earliest symptoms is raiment mania, which is often very severe. Owing to the cerebral changes mentioned, the patients are usually voluble, but speak incoherently or ask millions of foolish questions, e.g., "What time does the 11 o'clock mail come?" In the early stage of the affection, the aimless movements and lack of facial expression are characteristic, the general appearance of the patient gives one the impression that Spring is here. In the last stages, patient is troubled with insomnia, nerasthenia, melancholia.

DIAGNOSIS: Conversation for one minute means positive diagnosis in every case. Mr. Everhart has never failed to properly diagnose a case yet.

PROGNOSIS: Well developed cases usually run a definite course, complete recovery being exceptional.

TREATMENT: Several authorities are credited with having aborted certain cases in an early stage. Of these observers, perhaps Drs. Paulin Davison, Grant, Funke and Bachmann are the most prominent. By special request of the Dean, their methods, as yet, have not been disclosed.

H. G. CANNON.
FRESHMAN VERSUS CADAVER
PHIL. EDMUNDS0N.

In beginning a theme, writers generally preface their composition by giving a brief harrangue on a definition of the subject to be dealt with. Now in this instance, such a course is clearly impossible, without infringing too seriously upon one or the other of my subjects, and it is not for me, only a second year man, to offer a criticism or definition (one necessarily meaning the other) of either Freshman or Cadaver.

However, for the enlightenment of the uninitiated, I may offer a few explanatory remarks without compromising seriously the rights of any one concerned. In the beginning, we know that the folks at home all expect great things of their oldest son when he firmly announces his intention to become a doctor, and await breathlessly the first letter home, saying that he has paid his tuition in full and is entitled to all the privileges of a real, existent medical college.

Somehow this seems to “cinch” matters, and all feel sure at once that Freddy will become a model young physician. He doubtless will, for Webster defines the word “model” as being “a small imitation of the real thing,” and just leave it to a Freshman to put up the proper amount of “hot-air.” If a good bluff counts for anything, then I repeat that Freddy will indeed be a model physician!

But here’s where the Cadaver comes in—Without a doubt, the most widely recognized branch of the Study of Medicine is Dissecting. Everyone has heard of it, everyone is interested in it, and everyone abhors it! Promising Freshmen sit for hours beguiling fair maidens with it’s horrors, complacently delighted at their expressions of wonder and amazement. Becoming interested in their own stories, they “pile on the agony” in dramatic tones, and win for themselves eternal admiration for their prowess with the hook and scalpel.

Forgetting for the time his tender years and still more delicate learning, the “near-doctor” assumes the position of surgeon, old and experienced, versed in every use of knife and forceps, secure in the knowledge of origins and insertions of every muscle on the fore-arm!

Now for the discussion. It has long been a question in my mind as to just who deserves the credit for Freddy’s becoming a “model physician”—the Cadaver or Freddy himself. It is at once evident that without dissecting Freddy would not have a leg to stand on, and certainly the Cadaver occupies the most prominent position in this branch. If it were not for him, through what source would our Freshman receive that overpowering inspiration to become said model physician that his home-folks and lady-friends have prophesied?

How could he hope to obtain knowledge of all the awe-inspiring instruments from curett to stethoscope if it were not for having used them all on the uncomplaining Cadaver? And again, how much real credit should be attached to complacent Freddy, utterly happy and care-free, when the still, silent figure in our Dissecting Room “gave up his life that we might learn?”

So it is an open question:—“Freshman vs. Cadaver,” and I am more or less inclined to side with the “stiff!”
LIFE.
To be born poor, to struggle and strive and never rest;
To accumulate a little, then heed the Siren song “To invest.”
To waste your years on a dip that others have made pay;
Yet you starve in your office while the people stay away.
To love a woman and feed her on the fat of the land;
To deck her with jewels, while the other fellow wins her hand.
To dream dreams of the bounty that’s to follow the strife.
Yet get none of it—it’s hell—but such is life.

—J. Smiley Bush.

Dr. Person: Mr. Stegall, what is peculiar about the seventh cervical vertebra?
Mr. Stegall: Doctor, it is a very important landmark in obstetrics.

Dr. Person: Mr. Winn, what are the grooves in the parietals for?
Winn: They are for the Fallopian tubes, Doctor.
THE MICROBE'S SERENADE.

By George Ade.

A lovelorn microbe met by chance
At a swagger bacteroidal dance
A proud bacillian belle, and she
Was first of the animalculae.
Of organism saccharine,
She was the protoplasmic queen.
The microscopical pride and pet
Of the biological smartest set,
And so this infinitesimal swain
Evolved a pleading low refrain:

“O lovely metamorphic germ,
What futile scientific term
Can well describe your many charms?
Come to these embryonic arms,
Then hie away to my cellular home,
And be my little diatom!”

His epithelium burned with love,
He swore by molecules above
She'd be his own gregarious mate,
Or else he would disintegrate.
This amorous mite of a parasite
Pursued the germ both day and night.
And 'neath her window often played
This Darwin-Huxley serenade—
He'd warble to her every day
This rhizopodical roundelay:

“O most primordial type of spore,
I never met your like before.
And though a microbe has no heart.
From you, sweet germ, I'll never part.
We'll sit beneath some fungus growth
Till dissolution claims us both!”

—New York Sun.
A BEAUTIFUL LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Justice Walter Lloyd Smith, who presides over the Third Department of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, brought with him to the dinner of the New York University Law Alumni Association some time ago what he said was the most remarkable document that ever came into his possession—the last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, who died in the Cook County Asylum at Dunning, Ill. Here it is:

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to dispose of my interest in the world among my succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law, and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposition of in this my will.

"My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item. I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously as the needs of their children may require.

"Item. I leave to children exclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely accordingly to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item. I devise to boyhood jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all the pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may knit, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover-blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, the echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hinderance and without any incumbrance of care.

"Item. To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need; as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the blooms of the hawthorn; the sweet strains of music, and aught else which they may desire to figure to each other the lastness and beauty of their love.

"Item. To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sport of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they may be rude. I give to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item. And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

"Item. To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."
CHEMISTRY OF GIRLS

HOWARD R. RAPER, INDIANA AUXILIARY.

It is with no little feeling of timidity that I, great chemist that I am, treat of a subject we all know so little about. However, soliciting your kindest indulgence, I will do the best I can.

Definition: Girls are a polymeric, allotrophic class of substances, with two legs each.

History: The first girl was discovered in a garden, under a leaf, the same year apples were discovered. Like the man who first made arsenic, the discoverer forfeited his life.

Occurrence: Free and in combination with men.

Physical Properties: Like crystals, girls may be distinguished from one another by their color, odor, density and form. They have the power of changing their form and color. Once or twice in a lifetime you run across one altogether different from the rest, though observers do not seem always to be able to see the great difference you observe so easily.

Chemical Properties:

“Sugar and spice
And everything nice;
That’s what little girls are made of.”

The foregoing is not chemically true. Neither is it true that they are made up (though many are), made up, I say, altogether of dust. On the contrary, water forms seventy-five per cent of their composition. Just think of it! Seventy-five per cent water, plus dust, equal girls! Can it be that these lovely creatures, with the funny hats and the high-heeled oxfords, are, after all, only so many solidified puddles, so to speak, as it were? Perish the thought!

Truly, there is more to girls than just water and dust. After years of study and experiment I have succeeded in isolating the following elements which are quite constant in their occurrence in these wonderful bodies: Laughs, Cries, Smiles, Frowns, Loves, Hates, Dates, Kisses, Deceit and Sweetness.

I cannot give the technic employed to reveal all of the foregoing elements. However, I will take the time and give in detail the procedure for obtaining kisses.

Experiment: The partial absence of light is desirable. Choose a girl whose nose turns up. This is important; you do not want a nose in your way just at the critical moment. Place said girl on a divan and get thereon yourself. Apply hot air. Add a little taffy and mix in soft soap and salve. Squeeze her hands. Snuggle. And kisses will begin to ooze to her lips, from where they may easily be removed.

The author does not claim that the foregoing is the only method of obtaining kisses; not at all. There are many others. The one just described, however, is perhaps the most efficient. In case of failure to obtain kisses it is invariably due, either to awkwardness on the part of the operator—that is, faulty technic—or employment of the wrong method for the particular case in hand. For, remember, kisses are constant in their occurrence as a part of girls.

Girls have a great affinity for new bonnets, jabott talcum and rosaline, and will combine in any proportion with bonbons and soda water. Their combinations with men result in the production of some queer products.

Girl’s reactions to criticism is accompanied by a great deal of effervescent fuming, spiteful explosions and a marked elevation in temperature.

Uses: Used very largely in the making of trouble.

Conclusions: But do we care a slate peckil about the chemistry of girls? NAW! It’s the girls we care about.—Desmos.

One touch of winter makes the whole world sneeze.—Desmos.

SIMLEY BURT, JR.
For reservations on the “Johnston Special,” see Dr. Stewart R. Roberts.
SLEEPY

One more bloody day's exam.,
Only blooming night to cram:
Not half through—don’t give a damn
I’m sleepy.

Two hours more would load me well,
As it stands, I haven’t a smell;
M. D. (?) Let it go to H - - l
I’m sleepy.

J. AMBUS WELLS
Suggested by the work of Carrel on extra-corporeal tissue growth and grafting:

Miss Shiney Pate: “Doctor, I would like to see some scalps please.”

The Doctor: “Here’s a beauty with long luxuriant tresses that will exactly match your type and complexion. It was taken from Miss——— the famous actress killed last year in an aeroplane accident at Palm Beach.”

Mr. Clubman: “I would like to bet another set of kidneys doctor, mine have gone to the bad.”

The Doctor: “Very well, here’s two hearty ones from the Rev——— the famous prohibitionist; you are fortunate to get these since he left no request that they should not be used on a toper.”

Mr. Peg-leg: “I would like to be fitted up with a number 7 foot with about 6 inches of leg.”

The Doctor: “This will match beautifully, though a 7½, also the little toe has an unsightly bunion and the nail is imperfect.

Mr. Hen Peck: “Doctor, I wish a new disposition for my wife, she’s a hell-cat. I thought perhaps, your services might be more economical and less notorious than divorce and alimony.”

Mr. Hamburger: “I’ve got to have another appetite for my wife—she craves garlic, sour kraut and Limburger. It will be quite a saving to cut it down somewhat, doctor, as she’s an omniverous brute.”

Mr. Pug: “Doctor, my nose doesn’t suit my face, have you a Roman effect.”

Mr. Smoke, the ex-champion pugilist: “Doctor, I’ve gotta have a new complexion—dis ethropian tint don’t match my bank book and station in life. I don’t want no Chinaman’s skin neither.”

The Doctor: “Do you merely wish a white face and hands or an entirely new epidermis?”

Mr. Smoke: “Just dat, doctor, unless you can make my chillin white.”

Mr. Fop: “Doctor, I’m up against it; my sweetheart says I’ve got to do something big before she will have me, and my present cortex is unequal to it. How about this rail road magnates brain, here in this case.”

The Doctor: “My dear sir, that brain would never feel at home in your cranium; you would develop pressure symptons and wind up in a padded cell. I fear your case is hopeless.”

J. Smiley Bush, Jr.
There's a professor in college, Stephen B.  
Who tells you L. O. A., L. O. P.,  
When it seems that we must  
Know what's being discussed  
Says “I'll tell you that later, you see.”  
Westmoreland's name we hold dear.  
And we see him quite oft through the year.  
When he's finished the roll  
He often says, rather droll  
“If you don’t answer your name, you're not here.”

Dr. Ayer: What is the most powerful narcotic known to Medical Science?  
Freshman: Osteology.
BACK HOME ON THE FARM FOR THE HOLIDAYS
A HISTORY OF MEDICINE.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
Perhaps our wiser sons will think us so.

It is customary to speak of the history of medicine, but no doubt it goes farther back and had it beginning among our annual ancestors. Certain of these carrying a bigger stick and more coctical matter, soon had a monopoly on the medicinal Apollo, though uxoricide, came into possession of his son and gawaters and healing herbs, and exacted lord-ship for their use by their ailing brothers.

Like kings, we rule the suffering world by divine right, having inherited our whiskers and the healing art from one Æsculopius, who, though a god, and born of Apollo, seems to have had the stigma of parental incompatibility hanging over him. We him into the care of Chiron, the centaur, the dean and faculty of the first medical school. This wonderful professor was the ideal combination—being upper half man and lower horse, and nodoubt, Æsculopius, astride his instructor, had many a mad, midnight race with the stork up and down the hills of Olympus. Judging from the early history of medicine, however, this strange professor might well have had his teratomatics anatomy in reverseorder.

Nothing shows the wonderful development of medicine more than the evolution of our professors from the strange “hippandion” into the cultured, capable man of today. Though certain of our unfit student and state board flunks, assert that degeneration and otavism are abroad in the land.

The followers of Æsculopius, the Æsclepiade, were both priests and physicians who developed a chain of sanitaria or temples in healthy localities where accident and chronic cases came for the rest-cure; the interners chiefly interpreted dreams and offered propitiary sacrifices for their patients. Medicine for centuries remained hereditary in the family of Æsculopius, and like all hand-me-downs, developed little, though three famous schools were founds—Cos, Cuidas and Rhodes. The Cuidas were said to be leaders in surgery, while the school at Cos insisted on objective investigations, and taught medicine according to the methods of Hippocrates.

Pythagoras, also of this period, was a great teacher, and seemed to have first recognized the necessity of some knowledge of anatomy, though he never had nerve enough to desecrate a human “stiff,” but used animals instead. He believed in diet and gymnastic exercises; was said to have used poultices and salves, though eating cabbage, for its magic properties seem to have been his hobby. Since disease was due to demands, music, prayers and offerings, were his chief therapeutic measures.

THE PHILOSOPHIC PERIOD OF MEDICINE.

Hippocrates (460-357 B. C), the father of medicine, was the truly great mind of the period—and won enduring fame by taking histories of all cases, though, of course, he never had the bother of a card index system. He parted company with the priests and practiced medicine in an artistic and scientific manner, and founded a medical ethics in the “Hippocratic oath,” which is highly appreciated even today.
His simple pathology consisting of the cardinal fluids—blood, mucous, yellow and black bile—was made to explain all diseases. He developed diagnosis and described a role as a bubbling of boiling vinegar—palpated for fever, but never thought to count the pulse, though this is not strange, since the circulation of the blood was not discovered until the Seventeenth Century.

Hippocrates was well up on fractures and dislocations, and his treatment of clubfoot reads very much like a modern text-book. He had about 265 remedies, including cabbage juice, and the flesh of horses and dogs, while seven pints of asses' milk was considered a mild purgative.

His anatomy was hardly at par with the modern freshman—the brain he regarded as a gland which condensed into mucous the ascending vapors which then flow down through the nose. The food was cooked in the stomach.

Despite the ridiculous ideas he held, he is indeed the father of medicine, and deserves fame for his "oath" and aphorisms which show a genuine humanity for "where is love for art, there is also love toward man."

Plato was a great philosopher, but no anatomist, according to modern dissection. He shared the common idea that the heart was the seat of the mind, the source of warmth, motion, sensibility and desire, a view that still holds in the school of cupid.

The heart has, as a radiator, the lungs which carried to it both air, the pneuma, and water. Anstotle, who named the aorta, had a rather confused idea of the blood-vessels—one ran from the liver to the right arm; another, from the spleen to the left arm. His fame is founded on comparative anatomy and philosophy, however, rather than medicine.

The Roman people were both a martial and a healthy people, and we might add, a fortunate people, since more than 600 years they were without physicians. They were highly superstitious, and medicine is absolutely incompatible with that drug. Slaves looked after their master, not only in health, but also in sickness.

Aesculapius, 100 B. C., founded the school of methodism and taught an atomic theory of disease, which is due to stagnation of the solid atoms; health existed when these were vibrating in a quiet and regular manner; sickness, when they became feeble and boisterous. Fever was also explained on the atomic vibration theory.

Celsus was a writer on everything, medicine included. His list of operations shows no mean surgical ability, and, like the moderns, as soon as he realized he knew a few things more than his brothers, founded a medical school. The "Pneumatics" explained disease on the air-pump basis. His clinical description of inflammation hold even today.

The Eclectic School was founded 90 A. D., and from its infancy has been famous for cutting corners in order to get there. Claudius Galen, 131-204 A. D., was the greatest ancient of this sect. Like all great doctors, he studied abroad and wrote numerous text-books, and for 1200 years no greater medical authority was known.

Galen pathology consisted of four elements, viz.: Air, fire, water, and earth, and to these, respectively, the four primary qualities: Coldness, warmth, moisture and dryness. To these correspond four cardinal humors: water predominates in the means which is secreted by the brain; fire in the yellow bile, which has its origin in the liver; earth in the black bile formed by the spleen, while in the blood, which is prepared in the lives, these four elements are uniformly mixed. The life-giving principle is the soul or pneuma which is taken in by the respiration. This pneuma, in the brain and nerves, is animal spirits; in the arteries, the vital spirits; while in the liver, it is the natural spirits.
Both the respiration and pulse serve to bring in air for cooling off the heart—during diastole the pulse sucked in air through pores in the skin. The blood manufactured in the lower was carried to the different parts of the body through the veins and the small amount unused returned by an ebb flow through the same channels.

His psychology was equally as startling. The heart being the seat of passion and courage, the liver the seat of love, while the brain was merely a radiator for cooling off the heart and secreting mucus.

He was a fair anatomist, rather osteologist, having had access to two human skeletons in Alexandria, one having been cleaned by the Nile, and the other by birds. He described every bone in the body, of course, with inaccuracies. Osteology was well developed when the anatomy of the soft parts was still a jumble of fancy and misinterpretation.

But Rome fell, and Constantinople became the world’s capital.

Ætius became famous in medicine in this city. He, having embraced the Christian religion, was an interesting mixture of superstition and practical good sense.

In preparing salves, best results were obtained by continuously repeating: “The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob give virtue to this medicament.”

His treatment for bone in the throat was to grasp the patient by that organ and cry in a loud voice: “As Lazarus was drawn from the grave, and Jonah out of the whale, this, Blasius, the martyr commands: ‘Bone, come up or go down.’” He practiced venesection extensively.

The early Arabian physicians, followed Greek medicine very closely, introducing chemistry—rather alchemy—which fascinated the philosophic and unscientific minds of that period. At first they utterly excluded practical anatomy and midwifery.

Rhozes (932-1010) followed Galen, and won fame by describing smallpox.

Aviceuna wrote a text-book including the main facts of anatomy, physiology and materia medica of that period. In it are mentioned rhubarb, camphor, iron, amber, aloes and manna. Gold and silver being considered blood purifiers, especially efficacious pills were gilded and silvered.

Albacasis was the most famous of the Arabian surgeons, and practiced about as the average of that period, mainly by venesection.

The Arabian school is said to have been the first to found a hospital for the clinical instruction of students.

Intellectual darkness, history tells us, reigned throughout this period, and most all knowledge was conserved in the monasteries. The Monks were the practicing physicians, and wherever religion and medicine are too closely associated, superstition and fanaticism flourish. Sickness was either a punishment from God or a citation from the devil, hence prayer and amulets were cure-alls. However, they held to the principle of simila similibus, and treated a patient who had swallowed a toad by making him swallow another toad.

Later, the monastic infirmaries, particularly that of Salerno, gave no little impetus to medicine, since a dessection of a human body was allowed every five years. Another infirmary went one better and dissected annually a criminal corpse.
About this time, surgeons are required to study for at least a year and pass the primitive “state board. During the fourteenth century anatomy was revived and excellent dissection and descriptions of the human body made. Modino de Luzzi was one of these early anatomists yet he sought to escape the “mortal sin” of dissection by not opening the skull; the anatomists become bolder and began to steal bodies wherever the authorities failed to provide them.

The crusades, with its many wounds, the revival of anatomy, and the mention of gunpowder and its use in warfar, developed surgery wonderfully. Creditable plastic surgery was being done in Italy, especially in artificial noses and ears.

The close of medievalism and the beginning of the modern era of medicine:
This period is characterized by a revolt against Galen, the Arabians, and the superstitious of the monks and priests.

Also the formidable epidemic of the latter part of the middle ages threw the doctors on their own resources, since there were no authorities to outline their treatment for them; epidemics of sweating sickness leprosy, ergotism, or “Holy fire,” scurvy, influenza, and the Black Death carried off large numbers. Influenza was said to be so rapidly fatal that the patients died in the sneezing fits and thus it become general to say, “God help us” after a sneeze.

Paracelsus, with unbounded egotism, led in this revolt against the ancients and declared himself the moses of medicine. He was the greatest chemist of his day and even wished to name diseases after the drugs which cured them, and that the color and physical properties of a drug should correspond to the disease under treatment e. g. gold was good for heat diseases since it was the calistic correspandent of the heart. He also introduced Opium—rather laudanum. Though practical in certain respects, he was highly philosophical in others. The parts of the body stand in reciprocal relations to the stars—the brain, heart, lungs, gall, kidneys, and spleen, correspond to the woom, the sun, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn. Since there were seven planets there were seven pulses:—Epilepsy resembles the earth quake, apoplexy the lightening; flutulence the winl storm; dropsy muntations; the chilliness of fever the quaking at the origin of new worlds.

In surgery Amhoise Pare became famous; beginning a “barber surgeon” he later spent many years on the battle field and there by accident had to dispense with treating gunshot wounds with boiling oil, and use instead a plain clean dressing; the results were so encouraging that it was generally adopted. He also popularized the legation of bleeding arteries, used this method in amputations instead of of the cautery. It is interesting that in ligations the nerves were also included to prevent the escape of vital spirits. He also introduced the truss for rupture and is credited with the invention of feeding bottles for infants.

Vesalins of the University of Padua (1514-1564) may well be called the father of anatomy, for, he threw Galen’s works aside because of their evident inaccuracies, and trusted to his own senses for his anatomical findings. To description he added statements as to functions. Despite his excellent work the arteries till carried vital spirits while the veins alone wer eblood vessels.

The universities, the principal ones being Padua, Tubingen, and Strossburg, had great trouble in getting subjects for dissection, since papal grants for same had to be secured. The ceremonies of such occasions resumed one of a jubilee and the process by which a disreputable “stiff” became reputable is very interesting.

The wealthier students received their instruction at the universities, but the Traveling students went about from school to school and in their pilgramges committed the worst sort of atrocities and crimes; lived by various methods, e. g. singing, begging and stealing. A few became famous, but many developed a wonder lust and led dissolve and vicious lives. Judging from the status and reputation of medical students in certain communities, we seem to have inherited not only the virtue of the ancients but their vices as well.

Smiley Bush
A VACATION

It is not without some degree of trepidation that I approach a subject of such magnitude and importance, however as I think a short sketch of my experience will be of an incalculable benefit to mankind generally, and my posterity in particular, I feel it my duty to publish it.

To begin with, I left college prematurely in order to make my alliance with the necessary lucre wherewith to satisfy the dean of the college, the landlady, et. al., during the next term.

Not having any friends on the first part of the route, I was compelled to pay railroad fare, as the distance was not more than seven hundred miles. However, I fortunately found warmer-hearted friends on the road the farther South I got, and hence my ride came more freely.

After reaching my destination, a little town on the Florida East Coast, I had charge of a tomato packing house. The tomato season only lasts about two months, but notwithstanding the short season, if my vitality had not been something phenomenal, it would have been severely sapped, as the boarding-houses there are such only in name, and manifestly they understand the practical application of the Scripture where it says, "It is not good for man to be alone." They put from three to six in the room with him. Still it is not worth while to ask them to change their plans.

You are all familiar with that grand old song,

"Home, home, sweet home,
Be it e'er so humble, there's no place like home."

With some people the tune is the same; the words varying after the following manner:

"Beef, beef; beef, beef hash,
Be it e'er so gristly, there's nothing like hash."

At the close of the packing season, and after thoroughly demonstrating my powers of endurance, I accepted a position with the State of Florida as a compiler of Agricultural and Horticultural statistics, under the direction of the Department of Agriculture. This necessitated my going from house to house and asking a great many questions in regard to the above. I was surprised and indeed horrified to see so many bulldogs scattered throughout the country, and on one occasion, on the spur of the moment, I was led to fear that I might soon be glorified. However, prompt and heroic applications of concentrated shoe leather works wonders in such cases.

While engaged in this work, I saw a great many cases of Hook Worm disease, some of them very pronounced, and in one case I suggested there was at least a possibility of a certain boy having them. His father explained to me that this "Hook Worm racket is all stuff," and only a scheme of the shoe manufacturers to force children to wear shoes, thereby increasing their business.

This work lasted until the opening of the college, and you may be sure that it is like being called from labor to refreshment to again be associated with a bunch of all-round "good fellows," such as medical students are.

A. Q. English, '12.
THE ART OF HEALING IN BURMA.

In Burma, as elsewhere, the treatment used, depends largely upon the practitioner's diagnosis of the case. Many of the ordinary ailments of life are very well understood by the Burman doctor, and for these, the leaves, roots, and fruits of the country mostly supply his medicine chest; but as his knowledge of anatomy and physiology is limited, there are many diseases which baffle him, and for these, he resorts to more powerful and awe-inspiring drugs, such as powders made from tiger's teeth, snakes, and other hideous reptiles.

If a patient has fever, the first step is to produce perspiration by covering him from head to foot with blankets and administer about 4 grains of powdered tiger tooth. If the patient lives, it is entirely due to the treatment, but if he dies, it is the work of an evil spirit, and the doctor is not to blame. If a person is bitten by a mad dog, the dog must be killed and his flesh with the liver and kidneys is cooked and fed to the patient to counteract the poison. In the treatment of measles, pig's dung is employed. Diseases of the mind are thought to be spells inflicted by an enemy; so, medicine man resorts to charms; sometimes he has a Buddhist priest to charm the midicen by uttering certain incantations, or he may write certain lines on a bit of gold or silver leaf which is given to the patient to wear as preventive against any further working of so-called inflicted spells.

Outbreaks of cholera, smallpox, or plague, especially among the hill tribes, are considered due to evil spirits or finite, and no amount of medicine will avail for the patients. So the doctor is called and he soon has the whole village—men, women and children, who are bodily able—employed in frightening off the evil spirits. The children arm themselves with old tin pans or earthen ware vessels, and in addition to their vocal organs, endeavor to make all the noise they can, while their elders brandish torches and with clubs and sticks vigorously beat the fences, walls, and roofs of their houses, and everything whereon a spirit is likely to rest. This is kept up all night till the participants drop off one after another from sheer exhaustion, and the village looks as if a destructive cyclone has just swept over it.

The Burman Doctor practices no surgery, but he is a skillful tattooer, and as a preventive of disease tattoos various charms—mystic figures and images on different parts of the body. The instrument he uses is about two feet long, weighted on the top by a brass figure; the stylus part is solid with round, sharp points split in four parts by slits at right angles, which hold the coloring matter.

Such ignorance and superstition, I am glad to say, is on the wane, and giving place to the light of Western Science.
PATRONIZE OUR FRIENDS

Joy; I-DO.

I'm goin' to

Aesculapian Apps.

Ouch! I didn't

You may have the stuff but you've got to let the people know it.

SMILEY BUSH
Walter Ballard
Optical Company

WE ARE
Exclusive Opticians
NO SIDE LINES

We are not selling everybody spectacles and eye glasses in Georgia who need them, but there is a class who wants good glasses at reasonable prices; this is the class we are catering to, and if you will visit our store and see who are patronizing us, you will need no further guarantee as to the kind of work we are doing; or send us the pieces of broken glass and see how quickly we will return them.

85 Peachtree Street
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

In Eiseman Bros. Own Make of Clothing we are able to show you styles ranging up to $40, the equal of which have never before been shown in the City of Atlanta.

We want an opportunity of showing you these garments, letting you compare their style, their quality and their fit to any reputable make you have ever worn—

We are sure that the test of comparison will convince you that Eiseman Bros. Own Make of Clothing is the best your money can buy.

Before you buy your next suit, just make up your mind to do a little shopping before deciding. We want to show you Our Own Make of Garments, let you try on your size, and make a careful, painstaking comparison, then do your own judging.

EISEMAN BROS.
11-13-15-17 WHITEHALL ST.
PHYSICIANS’ SUPPLY HOUSE

JOHN B. DANIEL

Surgical Instruments
Hospital Supplies
Surgical Dressings
Rubber Goods
Orthopedic Appliances
Trusses, Etc.
Drugs, Pharmaceuticals,
Chemicals, Etc.

34 WALL STREET
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Long Distance Phone 211
HAYS, HAYGOOD CO.
“TO THE MAN OF TODAY”
Furnishers, Hatters & Tailors
OPEN TILL EIGHT

161 Peachtree St. ATLANTA, GA.

Hammack’s Pharmacy
CALL ON “TED”
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

104 Butler Street 460 E. Fair Street

Before and After Graduating
Get Your Supplies From

PERRYMAN & CO.
10 N. BROAD ST.

Elkin-Watson Drug Co.
OPEN ALL NIGHT
The Original “All Night” Drug Store

Prescription work has and always will be our Specialty

Peachtree and Marietta Sts.
Peachtree and Ivy Sts.

ATLANTA, GA.

Everything that a Physician Can Use
..FOR..
SPRING SUIT, HAT
..(IK..
FURNISHING GOODS
Essig Bros.
CORRECT CLOTHES FOR MEN
29 WHITEHALL ST.

White Tailoring and Pressing Co.
148 Peachtree Street
(3 FLOORS)
We Make Clothes
We Dye and Clean Clothes
We Alter and Repair Clothes
We Press Clothes
The Largest Pressing Club in the World
WM. A. FLORENCE, Prop.
Bell Phones M 2427, 614
Atlanta 2427

WATSON-PICKARD
(The Grand Pharmacy)
PREScriptions

PIEDMONT SODA COMPANY
H. A. BECKHAM, Manager
81 PIedMONT AvenuE
SODA WATER, CIGARS AND TOBACCO

A FIRST-CLASS LUNCH
COUNTER IN CONNECTION
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED
AND APPRECIATED
Ashford
TRUNK & BAG CO
PHOME 265 MAIN
"ASHFORDS' TRUNK STORE"
166 Peachtree Street Atlanta
TRUNKS BAGS SUITCASES
Leather Goods Novelties
ESTABLISHED 1861
THE
Lowry National Bank
OF ATLANTA, GA.
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY
Capital, . . $1,000,000
Surplus, . . $1,000,000
Banking in all its Departments Can furnish upon application Brown Bros. & Co. Letters of Credit and American Express Co.'s Travelers' Checks, available in all parts of the world.
FOR
100 Engraved Cards, $1.00
A. C. P. & S. Pennants
Sofa Pillows
Picture Framing
Base Ball Goods
Free Kodak Developing
SEE SHELLLEY IVEY
AT 97 PEACHTREE ST.
THE COLLEGE "CO OP."
MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED
MEN'S FINE SHOES
We Cater Exclusively to
THE MAN WHO CARES
Florsheim Shoes $4 $5 & $6
Worthmore Shoes $3.50 & $4
McCARDLE SHOE CO.
Opposite Piedmont Hotel
101 Peachtree Street

TROY LAUNDRY
OFFICE
38 N. Forsyth St.
The Only Laundry Giving Special Terms To Students
WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

STEPHENSON
Photographer
38 1-2 Whitehall Street Over Kutz
All Home Portraiture. Interior Flashlights and Exterior Views, Groups, Etc.
Special Attention To Convention Work Copying and Enlarging
Commercial and Theatrical Work Specialized
Managed and Executed by WILL F. NELSON
: Bell Phone M-255
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
UP TO THE MINUTE IN EVERY WAY

LIPPINCOTT'S
NEW MEDICAL DICTIONARY

BY HENRY W. CATELL, A.M., M.D.

Octavo 1108 pages. Freely illustrated with figures in the text. Flexible leather, thumb indexed, $5.00 net.

FOR SALE BY
The A. C. P. & S. Book Store
MAIN BUILDING

“Not better than the Best
But better than the Rest”

THE FORSTER COMPANY
PRINTING
In all its branches

Rhodes Building
Atlanta