FRIENDSHIP.

"By friendship I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the sweetest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds of which brave women are capable."—Jeremy Taylor.

It would be difficult to define the term friend, because its meaning is interpreted so differently, even by nations, not to mention individuals of a race. With the Germans, for instance, to address one as "mein freund" is to admit him to the closest relationship, the most affectionate intimacy. With us Americans, however, the term is elastic and variable—it may mean a mere acquaintance, or "one who knows all your faults and still likes you."

In our modern way of putting a materialistic value upon everything, do we admit that there really exists such a thing as true friendship, the kind that knit the soul of Jonathan to David, the platonic kind, and, if so is it ever found among women? It is often said that only men know how to be real friends, to remain true to one another through adversities, to be uninfluenced by gossip, to be broad and sympathetic enough to overlook and forgive faults. Now, such a friendship does occur between women, but less often than between men, because the type it takes to make such a friendship is rarer among women than men. Women in general are prone to be self-centered, narrow, jealous, vain, critical, love attention and flattery, are pleased more by attentions from men than women. Such traits are sand foundations for true friendship.

And yet, are there not among your acquaintances women of the other type, whose friendship for each other is a thing to be reverenced, respected and emulated? They are friends in the truest, best sense of the word—loyal, true, helpful, inspiring to each other, neither the slave of the other, but each giving to the other the traits she possesses and the other does not, and each bringing out and developing in the other the best? The individuality of neither is lost, and they are not so absorbed in each other that others are excluded, or else feel ill at ease in their presence. But, on the contrary, this friendship is the nucleus of larger, deeper friendships with others; the circle is widened, the heart is made bigger, the sympathies broadened and love deepened, until all women are their sisters, for whom a service is at any time gladly rendered unselfishly and with love.

This is undeniably different from that unfortunate, mistaken idea of friendship called "a crush," "a flame," to-day one of the evils of our boarding schools and colleges—a thing unnatural to wholesome, healthy affections and friendship. It sometimes springs up and vanishes as suddenly as the will-o'-the-wisp. Occasionally it persists and gradually transforms into a worthy, lasting sentiment. In its worse forms it is an unwholesome thing, perhaps a passing phase necessary to the development of some natures. Yet somehow it does not ring true to the world's standard of a great friendship. The genuine type of friendship has its own sane, fine, elevating quality. Its supreme test is that it never weakens or degrades its ob-
ject. Its course is always onward, upward—“ad astra.”

"God never loved me in so sweet a way before:"
'Tis He alone who can such blessing send;
And when His love would new expression find,
He brought thee to me, and said, 'Behold, a friend.'"


Woman's Qualifications for the Medical Profession.

In attempting this discussion, we know, of course, that all that will be said in this paper, and much more, has already been said, and is on record in the literature of the subject. It is well, however, that subjects of vital interest to the public in general, or to a definite class of people, should be frequently restated. In this way old interest in the matter presented is renewed, and new interest aroused in minds that have never given thought along such lines. There is time and space for only a few statements and their discussion.

In defining what is meant by so-called professional women, one must differentiate them by a clear line of distinction from that other class of women, known as the "domestic" type. The domestic woman is not merely one who appreciates a home, that is equally a trait of her professional sister. She is a woman who considers that her chief happiness and personal fulfilment depend almost entirely on having a husband and children. She may or may not be a notable housekeeper—quite often she is not—but she does want and does need a family. We have all met women of that type, who have either missed or refused an opportunity into the one field which would have given them adequate personal scope, and we know their chief external characteristic to be a bitter, railing dissatisfaction with all created things.

The non-domestic woman is rarely a man or children hater. She is likely to have a genuine appreciation and feeling for both classes. She is, however, a woman who feels tugging at the leash of her will other needs, other urgent calls, for the fulfilment of which she will make any self-sacrifice of the usual relationships of life, and of the comforts and protection of her home. Such a woman is wasted, or worse than wasted, if bound to the average home duties and opportunities; there is no use for the specific class of abilities in that sphere of action.

Granted, therefore, a class of women called, like Abraham, to a "far country" of work and endeavor, what are some of the qualifications of the sex for the medical profession?

In this age of higher education for all classes, with close records kept of the work done, it ought to be self-evident that women have the intellect, the quality which the laity call "brains," to master the details of any profession to which they set their minds. In the colleges where co-education is being vigorously pushed out of doors, the one complaint of the endangered stronger sex is that they cannot compete with the women in scholarship. These offending "weaker vessels" take most of the high honors, and pretty much all the prizes. They are persistently incessant, infinitely painstaking students when in competition with men. They go over each subject with a fine-tooth comb, and appear at quizzes and examinations as complete arsenals of accurate information, ready for rapid-fire delivery. The sex proves itself abundantly able to do the studying required at medical schools.

Furthermore, women have a genius for doing an infinite amount of work in the most inconspicuous places in life, and along most prosaic, unromantic lines. Women have been "hewers of wood and drawers of water:" they have washed and scrubbed, woven, dyed, sewed, cleaned and cooked, nursed and studied. They have run farms, plantations, business houses,
and schools, and churches, and town politics, and city philanthropies and obscure reforms. Many a man owes his fame and position as much to the foresight and ability of his wife as to his own efforts. Women have had the sound sense to prefer an inconspicuous place where they can get done something worth doing, without the distraction of more public life. That is the underlying reason for the famous traits of uncomplaining, patient toil with which the sex has been credited.

Those who run the streets and haunt public places, whether they be men or women, have a short shrift of usefulness or fame. The man or woman who really counts is the one who prays for some years, at least, of peaceful obscurity in which to work out the conceptions of the fertile brain.

Woman has been able to do through the ages much of the many difficult, remote, dragging, exhausting, unseen work of the world—has done it without supervision, without urging, and often without any remuneration but a bare existence, and she has done this not primarily from servility or fear of man, but because of an inherently just standard of values, a sense of cause and effect, the desire to see some worthy product of time and energy.

There is nowhere so unemotional, wooden, resistless, relentless force as a woman when she has given herself wholly to a piece of work she thinks is worth doing. Even the domestic man shudders at the semi-annual house cleaning or the absorbing interest of the Ladies' Aid quilting bee. Might as well try to stop the march of the planets or the wagging of our ex-President's mandible.

This trait or composite of traits comes in very handy in the life of an effective physician.

Another qualifying trait in a woman is a comparative indifference to money as an end in itself. She does want a good living, but she will do without it without much grumbling. She can live on a miraculously small amount—live well and happily. When a strong woman is money-mad, the motive will usually be found in something outside herself, some person or cause. Many of our medical women do have considerable wealth, but one cannot help but feel that it is rather an incident in their lives than a main feature. Just send in an emergency call to a great and unpaid service in some great need, and see how these women will turn their backs on this incidental wealth and comfort and go where they are needed, and the finer the woman the stronger this instinct. This relative indifference to wealth and willingness to give largely unpaid services is both valuable to a profession that involves comparative poverty and creditable to the honor of the men and women who follow it.

Since the time of Homer, and doubtless before that, there has been a great deal said, chiefly by man, about that part of a woman called her "emotional" side. This would appear to be a thing "sui generis," having as many sides as a porcupine has quills, being self contradictory, mostly unreasonable and utterly baffling, not to say terrifying, to mere man. Marion Crawford says that no man understands any woman for more than five minutes at a time. He is right. However, the trouble is with the man's traditional education in the matter, and his immovable conviction that no woman can be happy, except as she admires and serves him. Like most obsolete dogmas, that is a great hindrance to any real understanding of the actual question.

Without attempting to analyze all the traits of woman studied from the emotional side, we may look at some of the things that apply to our subject. A woman naturally has a deep sympathy with pain and misery, especially human physical suffering. She seems to be able to actualize at least in imaginative feeling the anguish she sees and the throb of pain in the shrinking flesh under her touch. There
is the rushing impulse to gather in, to tend and to heal the living thing which life or disease has broken and thrown aside. This tremendous sweep of feeling, usually disguised behind the impassive, impersonal mask of the effective doctor, lends her hope for the most hopeless and makes her see a way out of well-nigh impossible situations. Any thoroughly good woman has this capacity for devotion to the unfortunate. She will fight like a fiend, dare like a hero, suffer like a martyr, and endure like the everlasting hills in her protective and healing ministry to the needy and suffering, once she has set herself to the task. Some one has said that the way to win a man is to do something for him, and the way to win a woman is to need something from her. That is probably a true distinction, especially the latter half. We may be sure that this sensitiveness of the sex to others' suffering and the impulse to try to succor the suffering constitute a kind of divine call to some of us to study medicine. No one struggles against destiny with any success, and so great opportunities of service as the profession offers will keep on attracting some women into its ranks.

Another trait, and one which women share with earnest men, is the need of an absorbing life work, one that appeals not only to mind and temperament, but also wrings from them every ounce of energy, every shred of strength, leaving no residue unused.

When St. Paul said of Christ, as a striking characteristic, that He "emptied Himself," put all there was in Him into His life work, the apostle brought to light no anomaly. He merely stated one of the first elements of mature human nature—its need to exhaust its every resource in useful, congenial work.

In earlier times, perhaps, women were the greatest sufferers from unabsorbed, unused abilities. The belief that all women attain such complete fulfilment through maternity and maternity nearly explodes. We all know that some of the most restless, dissatisfied people on the footstool have been women who have pleasant homes, good husbands, and delightful children, while the majority of single women, especially in the professions, bear up under their afflictions with a buoyancy and serenity that seem suspiciously sincere and genuine.

The trouble with the first class is that they have gathered together all their forces—physical, mental, temperamental—and staked the whole thing on one throw, and they pay the usual penalty awarded those who mistake the part for the whole. Some one has said, the really enviable woman is a healthy, intelligent washerwoman, with nine little fatherless children to provide for. Well, there is more in that statement than at first appears. Such a lady surely has not the time to sit around and feel of the toes of her soul—lacking the chance of any more useful work. Part of her wealth is the nine children, the other part is the poverty, if it be not too crushing, that give full scope to all her powers of mind and body in the successful hand-to-hand contest with real life. No one who has tried to study medicine doubts that it takes all its followers have to give, and can completely use up every force any woman can put into it.

Further, and as a corollary of much that has gone before, the sex is peculiarly given to the rather monastic type of life that a doctor must live. As a usual thing a man or woman who succeeds in medicine—whether in research, teaching or practice—has to stand aside from society, business, politics and association with the leisure classes. He is a lucky man who, wanting to go to church, has a chance to get there. Disease and death respecting no Sabbath, Jewish or Christian, and the doctor has to work seven days a week. If he cannot find his necessary social vent among his patients, if he is not reconciled to giv-
ing many or most of his disengaged hours to medical reading or the furnishing of his instruments, if he does not love his profession to the point of infatuation, he bids fair to be a most unhappy man. He has taken "orders" quite as exacting and probable, if he will rise to it, quite as holy as any church can give, and in that socially semi-cloistered life he must live.

When one looks at the great hosts of women teachers, living—by choice—in isolated "cells" in various boarding houses, living unchaperoned, uncompanioned, unprotected, occupying most of their out-of-school time in their rooms, with an occasional shopping excursion or theater trip, and apparently contented—certainly effective in their work—nobody can doubt that women are able to stand whatever separations and isolations the medical profession may involve.

There are many other minor qualifications that woman has for the profession, resulting not so much from deep temperamental causes as from inherited surface habits.

For instance, she is by instinct often quite as much of a nurse as a doctor. A man will go through the usual set of questions and depart. A woman tends to note everything in the environment, and where the patient is fairly open to reason and suggestion, the woman doctor is likely to mention a number of facts or suggestions that are of value. She is often able and wise enough to do a lot of little fussy, inconsequential, entirely feminine things that divert and amuse the patient and take off the tragedy of the situation. She is apt to chirp to the canary, make advances to the family cat, arrange the bed covering, shake up a heated pillow, and a hundred other little things of no seeming moment. There is nothing like feebleness to predispose a conscious patient to the immense and satisfying comfort that can be gleaned from merest trifles. And the woman doctor is or may be a true hypnotist, gathering up the scattering, enfeebled mental faculties, cuddling warmly in a strong hand of the spirit, and giving the harassed and uncertain mind peace.

Some men have these gifts; practically all women strong enough to survive the medical course have them, at least latent, and they are vastly worth cultivating.

If a woman likes medical work, and keeps on liking it, she will find in it a wider field for her type of ability, a greater expression of her whole self and a larger community of warm human interests than in any other profession she might enter. If she be a woman of high moral force; strong, yet gentle personality, unselfish service, undying hope for the race and invincible faith in its ultimate possibilities and destiny, she may accomplish a ministry to the mind and heart that makes her life work a kind of genuine, if secular, high priesthood.

ABSTRACT


H. D. Chapin, New York, has studied ill-nourished children and the causes of their condition in New York. The weak action of the stomach, especially of its muscular power, is a source of much trouble in these cases. At best, the musculature of the stomach and intestines is not highly developed in the first years of life, and, while the general muscular tone is below par, the condition is more marked. This fact will throw some light on cases in which serious symptoms have been observed during life, but little pathologic changes observed in the mucosa after death. He examined twenty-one children, and found that in nearly all of them the stomachs had not emptied at the end of two or three hours, and the others gave nearly all a positive Fehling test, and in four cases there was a positive Gram test. In thirteen cases the butyric acid fermentation could be demonstrated. There is little doubt, he thinks, that, in the large majority of cases, the fee-
ble infant with digestive disturbances is fed too frequently, and the stomach does not have time to empty itself between the feedings, and thus each successive feeding becomes contaminated and butyric acid fermentation is set up. In a few cases dilatation was marked. It is interesting, he thinks, to trace the analogy between this condition in the infant and myasthenia gastrica in the adult. While the conditions are not exactly parallel, there is a great deal of similarity, and it may be expected that many symptoms would be improved if care were taken to insure the stomach being empty before again feeding. Chapin calls attention to the changes of view in regard to nutrition of late years; the recognition of the fact that there are different kinds of proteins, carbohydrates and fats, and their digestive properties vary according to the combinations. There is no one rule for feeding infants; some thrive on one thing and some on another, and the question of what is theoretically correct must be subordinated to what will practically work. Some infants thrive on a high proportion of carbohydrates, others on a low, and the same variations are observed with proteins and fats. He has long advocated the use of dextrinized gruels, as some patients seem to thrive especially well with a mixture of carbohydrates in high proportion and a low proportion of fats. This is the reason of the success of Keller’s malt soup in many cases, though it sometimes signal fails. The general method to be employed in feeding in difficult cases will have to be determined to a certain extent by experiment with the individual infant. The care taken in trying to find a universally applicable food would better be spent in testing the individual capacities and idiosyncrasies. The author has tested Finkelstein’s method of feeding, based on the theory that digestive disturbances are caused by the sugar of milk, but his results are not very promising. When results follow this method of feeding he thinks it is due more to the form of protein given than to the lessened amount of sugar.

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AN ARABIAN LETTER.

To The Esculapian.

Let us imagine that you have come as a delegation from our Alma Mater to find how it seems to be a medical missionary in Bahrein, Arabia. It is a great day when we go out to join you on the Persian Gulf boat, which has brought you from Bombay to our pearl-fishing island, Bahrein, and we are delighted beyond measure with this opportunity to introduce you to the land of our adoption.

A native boat, manned with its half-naked negroes, chanting their weird Oriental song with each heave of the ropes, brings us to the shallow water, where we mount the backs of donkeys and so reach dry land. It is not very far to the mission compounds, but our walk will give us many glimpses of Bahrein life. We are soon in the very heart of the bazaar, winding our way through the narrow, dirty, ill-smelling streets, lined with open shops and booths, where bearded Arabs are drinking coffee and exposing their cheap imported wares for sale. We are followed by a mob of staring, noisy men and boys. A loud voice calls in Arabic, “Get out of the way!” and we line up along the side of the street to let a huge camel pass with his load of goat skins, filled with water. We mop our brows and wonder if our pith hats and umbrellas are really enough protection against the relentless rays of the tropical sun. If you could have come in April instead of August, you would have pronounced the Arabian climate delightful.

Now we have left the bazaar and make our way along a maze of paths between bare crumbling houses of mud and coral, among hundreds of squatty mat huts, now past wells, where jesting, splashing crowds of men and negro women wash their
clothes, bathe, and then carry away skins of water for drinking purposes; past dignified Arab men, with their erect stature and flowing robes; past shrouded, unrecognizable women and little children, dressed gaily—or not at all. The little girls run along, taking us by the hand or calling from their houses, "Salaam khatoon!" (lady). Nor are we allowed to forget the animal population, for all along the way are horses, donkeys, sheep, goats, chickens, cats and dogs—most of them alive.

Now there is more breathing space, and there, right at hand, are the mission compounds, with broad verandas and irrigated patches of trees, a welcome sight after the long stretches of barren sand. There are two dwelling houses, accommodating eight missionaries, a good-sized hospital and a chapel and school combined.

First let us visit the women’s clinic. Are these women—these crouching black heaps on the floor? Yes, Moslem women. "Salaam abayhuni," we greet them, and from behind the black coverings comes the response, "Alaykum es Salaam." Gradually after much peeping and whispering, most of the veils are withdrawn, hesitatingly, for they find it hard to distinguish by a Westerner’s dress whether he is a man or a woman. Soon they become very much interested in the American guests, and many of them are very friendly.

After a short Bible talk and prayer, to which some listen, upon which some turn their backs, the clinic begins. There are coughs, worms of every description, many ulcers, much traucoma, rheumatism and malaria. Sometimes the spleens are so enormously enlarged from malaria that the abdomens have become much distended. Many are the pitiful tales we hear of divorces on account of sickness, for a Moslem can divorce his wife with a word, or of the usurpment of places by new wives, for a Moslem can lawfully have four wives at a time. There are many cases which need operation, and there is much suffering resulting from the unspeakable methods of native midwives.

And so the women pass by—poor, degraded, downtrodden women, hardly ever pretty; old, while yet young, and many of them with hearts and bodies scarred with sin, which the mock modesty of the veil is powerless to prevent.

A call has come for a woman doctor to attend a sick Arab woman in her house. The house is one of the most aristocratic in the town, and we shall see Arab life at its best. In many such households the women never are allowed to venture beyond the four walls of their house. Some of the women are beautiful, with their soft, dark eyes, long, black, glossy braids, silken draperies and jewels.

We find the patient surrounded by a bevy of women, children and flies. It is not easy to make the diagnosis, for not only must one consider the probable employment of nature quackery and the use of imported patent medicines, sold in the bazaar, but one needs to remember that the Moslem lies as easily as he talks.

Having administered treatment, we are invited, according to true Arab hospitality, to visit with the other women of the household. So we sit in places of honor on the floor in the women’s quarters, and are refreshed with very black coffee, very sweet tea, cakes, fruit and sweets that remind one too much of axle grease. Then we are showered unmercifully with rose water and saturated with the smoke of incense. The women are shy at first in the presence of so many American guests, but soon there is a flourishing conversation on the subjects of wearing apparel and matrimony. "Don’t you put oil on your hair? Don’t you blacken your eyelids? Don’t you color your hands and feet red with henna? How strange!" They cannot understand why any grown woman should be unmarried. Of any who are married they ask, "How many wives has your hus-
band?" "Only one!" "Will he never have more than one wife?" "Wonderful!" "How often does your husband beat you? Will he never divorce you? Do you eat with him? Does he consider you his equal?" A short time ago one Arab bride acknowledged, "Yes, your way is better, but what shall we do?"

It is sunset. Such a glorious, fiery sunset. A short distance out in the desert the date gardens rise in graceful relief against the glowing sky. The sea looks very blue, dotted with its white sails. Just outside one gate a Moslem crier is giving the call to prayer from the tower of a mosque, and all around we see men standing, kneeling, prostrating themselves toward Mecca in their evening prayers.

And now the day is over. Beneath the soft starlight of Arab skies we hear the Moslems chanting in their mosque, "Le Ulla il Allah" ("There is no God except Allah"), over and over again, until we wonder if it would be possible for the rhythm to be broken.

You ask, "Is it worth while?" "Do you not despair of making any impression on this the center of the Moslem world?" We would if we were not here by the command of Him to whom all things are possible. But listen! In places from which our mission was driven out, twenty years ago, in its infancy, our missionaries are now being solicited and treated as honored guests. We have an ever increasing number of schools, hospitals and Bible shops scattered through the towns along the coast. Best of all, we have already seen some Moslem lives actually transformed by the Light which has found its way so quietly into the land, and we believe that in this generation shall come the time when, even into the heart of Arabia, the cradle of Islam, that Light shall have penetrated and proved itself the life of men.

Arabia needs more women medical missionaries. Will you not come and help?

Eleanor Taylor Calverley, M. D.,
Class of 1908.

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Woman's Medical College Honored at Bryn Mawr.

The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania received high honor when, at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Bryn Mawr College, representatives from our institution headed the line of delegates. Order of procedure was given to colleges according to the date of opening to women. It was with pleasure and pride that students and friends from here were recognized as leaders in the long procession of college presidents, deans and professors—Dean Marshall, Dr. Tallant, Dr. Lathrop and Dr. Peckham. Many of us never have realized before the distinguished place held by the institution. Women were studying medicine here before they were studying for bachelor's degrees in any universities or woman's colleges.

A new sense of pride and responsibility comes to us daughters of W. M. C. as we realize the place she holds in the history of education of women.

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A new movement is being set on foot by the Vicereine of India, with a view to the creation of a woman's Indian medical service, under the immediate authority of the government, to be entered by a competitive examination, and to insure a pension after a certain number of years. At present about two-thirds of the women doctors of India are natives, but there is great demand for properly trained English women. Indian women would rather die than be attended by men physicians, but the force of women doctors is far from adequate. Perhaps some American women would like to enter the competitive examinations.
We regret to announce the resignation of Miss Perez-Marchand from the editorial staff. Miss Gisela von Poswik has been appointed by the Senior Class to take her place, and is cordially welcomed by the staff as its Senior Literary Editor.

SOCIAL.

On arriving at College recently our eyes were greeted from every corner by the following imposing poster:

    HARK! YE freshmen,

    We, the Class of 1913, your ordained guardians and advisers, do hereby issue this Proclamation:

    In as much as—
    1. We had hoped that no admonition from your superiors would be necessary.
    2. We had hoped that your preparation and your former experiences might have prepared you for seemly and proprietous conduct in your present state of verdant freshmanism.
    3. Our hopes have been shattered and these mild measures have been deemed absolutely necessary.

    Therefore, we have leniently delayed until this late date to proclaim to you, this, our friendly but weighty advice and commands.

    We do hereby command you to refrain from:
    1. Sucking your thumb in public.
    2. Allowing your hair to protrude more than eleven and seven-eighths inches in the rear.
    3. Maintaining a horizontal position in the Students' Parlor, while the upper classmen are standing.
    4. Holding forth on the pleasures of Histology, Anatomy, etc., in such loud tones that the lecturers in the next room have to elevate their voices to high G.
    5. Wearing brilliant red neckties until October 28.
    6. Inserting your nasal protuberance into the affairs of upper classmen.

To Remember that—
1. Information is less conspicuously and more readily obtained from...
Alfred, the College Janitor, or the office, than from lecturers addressing upper classes.

2. Although your past or your future positions in the world may have been or may be, high, mighty and important, in your own estimation, you are at present freshmen, whose proper sphere is one of humility, submissiveness and inconspicuousness.

3. One of your duties is to laugh audibly at all jokes propounded by your instructors and professors.

4. Homesickness is out of date after October the first.

5. You are always to Knock at the door of the "Sanctum Sanctorum" before presuming to enter.

6. It is proper never to borrow books from upper classmen unless you intend to pay for them.

7. The darkest table in the Students' dining-room is set aside for the exclusive use of the freshmen.

8. Last, but by no means least, freshmen as a general rule, are not invited nor expected to attend lectures to upper classes, clinics, nor any gathering where knowledge, which they as freshmen are not considered to have attained, is necessary for a comprehension of the subject-matter.

We do trust that after these gentle suggestions your deficiencies may no longer be in evidence. "A Word to the wise is sufficient." Show Your Wisdom and in All things look for tender care from

The SOPHOMORE CLASS.

On the 22d of October the Seniors passed a most heroic physical examination under pathological auspices. The attempt was made to exercise the extensors and flexors of the lower extremities. The association fibers were taxed to the utmost to calculate the volume of the smallest square of the Thoma-Zeiss country chamber, while the NH₄OH test for albumen was also an important feature.

Parenchymatously speaking, we hope the Class of 1911 has escaped with flying colors.

YE COOLER CUP.

Coldly grim in ye College Hall
Ye cooler stands; and unto all
Offers mute, a precious sip
To all who will apply the lip—
But, when ye quaff ye ardent sup
Remember! 'tis ye cooler cup!

Watch how ye patients lurking by—
Ye crippled, halt, ye modest, shy,
And see ye cup enticingly
Point to ye top so lovingly!
So, down they step, and take it up
And joyous quaff ye cooler cup.

Ye sportive germ, so quaint and queer
Doth relish cups as much as beer,
He sits aloft in proudest trim,
Not in ye depths, but on ye brim;
And brings his billion children up
To sport around ye cooler cup.

Now, children, mind my logic clear
And watch ye cooler cup with fear.
It sitteth there to give its best
But, if ye should imbibe with zest,
Ye quaff, when ye do take it up
Ye deadly germ with ye cooler cup.

M. E. B. '11.

Freshman (in Chemistry Lab.)—
"Miss Davies, where do I get 'tap' water?"

Miss Davies—"Why, out of the spigot, of course."

Chemistry Lab.—"What is the formula for chloroform?"

Freshman—"Why, U. S. P."

Miss Joyner, '14, is quite ill at the Woman's Hospital. We sincerely hope she will soon be able to rejoin her class.

PUZZLED.

"Well," said old Ben Williams, "I've taken a powder for my headache, a pellet for my liver and a capsule for my gouty foot. Now, what puzzles me is, how do the things know the right place to go after they get inside?"
We left our happy homes in many ways,
And started out to study medicine,
Believing that the wicked verb "To haze"
Was unknown in a Woman's College Gym.

But when we first arrived they called us "Freshmen";
We, who were simply bathed in saline tears.
They hazed us with the song we loved the best.
We won't sing "Home, Sweet Home" again for years.

Next; things called Sophomores put posters up
With "Hark!" writ big and "Freshmen" written small,
Saying, we humble and submissive be,
And inconspicuous, both one and all.
Oh, what a task we have before us now,
For how can "Smithy" inconspicuous be;
Who will make little "Sparklet" humble bow,
Or sweet submission in our "Waide-lieh" see.

And then there's "Downey" with opinions rare,
"Oh, any stick a President can be,
But takes a head to make a Treasurer."
So we elected her immediately.

Our "Ingersoll," with subcutaneous bones,
And "Hinkie," whom you know is Ph.B.,
And Mrs. Drinker, straight from famed Bryn Mawr;
And "Croasie," with her "Wissahickon Plea."

How can a class with spirits such as these
'Ere dream to hope for "Mere Non-entity."
Others might do it—let us ask '13,
But we must follow out our destiny!

When Mary tried to light her lamp,
It would not burn, and so
She went into the store to buy
C₂H₅OH
What cruel fate may lie in wait
For us, none can foretell,
For on the very steps she met
An old NaCl

He, at the sight of her, exclaimed:
"O'er many a stormy sea,
'Tis destiny that to your side
My footsteps have Pb."

"Ship with me for the voyage of life
My second mate you'll be."
"O, sir," she said, and hung her head,
"This is so ppt."

"Of course I have been wooed before,
By scores of gentlemen,
But what I'm looking for is one
With plenty of Sn."

The sailor laughed a mocking laugh;
"O grasping jade, adieu!"
He cried and fled, "You don't want me
I've nothing but Au."

O, what was life to Mary then,
Her heart was full of woe,
She went into the store and bought
HO

"LIFE."

On an October morning the Freshmen indulged in a walk along the Wissahickon. We are glad to note their eye for the beautiful.

Miss Marguerite Millikin, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Marie Millikin, has returned to school in North Carolina.

Miss Edith Morehouse entertained her sister and a friend a few days last week.

We regret to learn that Miss Morgan has left college.

Senior Obstetrics Quiz—"Miss P., how would you stimulate a patient suffering from shock?"
Miss P.—"I'd give a hypo. of coffee."
The Freshmen Class is glad to welcome another new member, Miss Madeline Beall, from Montana.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

College Hospital.

Dr. Faughnan, who is at present externer at Barton Dispensary, has been suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis. She is now away on a short leave of absence, and Dr. Seiler is acting as substitute.

The seven typhoid cases, some of whom were very seriously ill, are all convalescent.

A sale will be held at 258 South Sixteenth street on the afternoon and evening of December 3 for the benefit of our College Hospital. Donations of aprons, fancy articles, home-made candy and cakes, and money will be gratefully received. Visitors welcome.

The managers of the College Hospital have started a fund for the purchase of an x-ray apparatus.

On November 1 the managers of the Hospital held their meeting, for the first time, in the new superintendent’s office.

Dr. Irene Copeland-Coombs, ’88, of Yonkers, N. Y., has sent some valuable instruments as a gift to the College Hospital. Her interest in her alma mater is greatly appreciated.

Woman’s Hospital.

The following internes are at present on duty in the various departments:

Dr. Whaland, W. M. C., ’10—Medicine.

Dr. Beaty, W. M. C., ’10—Clinic.

Dr. Updyke, W. M. C., ’10—Out-practice.

Dr. Kinney, W. M. C., ’10—Obstetrics.

Dr. Dranga, University of Pittsburgh, ’10—Laboratory.

Dr. Morris, W. M. C., ’10—Senior Surgery.

Dr. DeLand, W. M. C., ’10—Junior Surgery.

The Medical Society of the Woman’s Hospital held its regular bi-monthly meeting in Clinic Hall Monday evening, the 17th inst. A paper on “Practical Notes on the Modern Hospital” was read by Dr. Seabrooke, and several interesting cases reported by Dr. Cogill and Dr. Sime.

The Board of Managers will give a tea on the afternoon of November 16, when visitors will be shown the Annie E. Bromall Maternity and the Mary Chenes Dulles Children’s Ward. Students are invited to attend.

The attending staff on duty at the Woman’s Hospital of Philadelphia at present is as follows:

Medicine—Dr. Clara Dercum.

Gynecology—Dr. Sarah Lockrey.

Obstetrics—Dr. Ella Grim.

Pediatrics—Dr. Eleanor Jones.

Ophthalmology—Dr. Mary Gettys.

Rhinology and Laryngology—Dr. Margaret Butler.

Dermatology—Dr. Esther Weye.

Surgery—Dr. M. Toland Sime.

Dr. Virginia Fickes, ’08, is acting as anesthetist in the absence of Dr. Mary Rupert, who is convalescing from her recent illness, and who expects to resume her duties in the near future.

The cases at the Hospital during the summer have been many and varied, and the internes on duty are having very valuable experience.

During the present Surgery service there have been twenty-eight operations for appendicitis, two of which complicated pregnancy, and another of which reached the Hospital for immediate operation, with the appendix,
The obstetrical department has been especially busy, one case of eclampsia was particularly interesting. The patient had fifteen convulsions, seven preceding and eight following delivery.

The medical department has a convalescing case of pernicious anemia, the red blood count increased from 699,000 (with hemoglobin 25 per cent.) to 3,300,000, and the patient is rapidly recovering.

The auxiliary of the Woman's Hospital, 2137 North College avenue, will have an oyster luncheon at the hospital, on Thursday, November 3, from 11 to 5. Miss M. C. Biddle, president of the auxiliary.

The woman's medical club of Philadelphia, met with Dr. Seabrooke in the hospital parlors on the evening of September 12. Papers were read by Dr. Roberts, Dr. Cowie and Dr. DeLand, and discussed by those present, after which the members enjoyed a social hour together.

ALUMNAE NEWS.

MARRIAGES.

Dr. Matta Louise Berry, '05, to Dr. John P. Longwell, October 12, 1910. Dr. Berry-Longwell was interne for a year at the College Hospital.

Dr. Dott Case, '07, to Dr. Julius Bleckschmidt, September 14, 1910. At home after October 15 at 2928 Girard avenue. Dr. Bleckschmidt, a native of Saxony, came to America several years ago, where he studied medicine in Jefferson College, graduating in 1908. Since that time he has traveled extensively in Africa, Asia and Europe, and has studied in London. Dr. Case-Bleckschmidt is one of our clinical instructors.

Dr. Jane Ketchum Wildrick, '09, to Dr. Charles Conrad A. Barnes.

Dr. Dorothy Donnelly, '08, is assisting in the clinics at the College Hospital.

Dr. Laura Hunt, '08, has opened an office at 2215 Thompson street. Our best wishes are extended to her.

Dr. Elizabeth S. Winter, '92, conductor of the Inwood Sanatorium in West Conshohocken, has recently received a great loss in the burning of the sanatorium buildings. The seventy-five patients were all saved and taken to Norristown and Bryn Mawr hospitals.

Y. W. C. A.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness or speaking a true word or making a friend.—Ruskin.

ANNUAL RECEPTION.

Brinton hall was the scene of a very pleasant social function on the evening of October 8, when the annual Y. W. C. A. reception, in honor of the new students, was given. About one hundred students, friends, and faculty were present. In the receiving line stood the President of the
Y. W. C. A. and some of the members of the Advisory Board—Mrs. J. R. Milligan, its President, and Drs. Everett, Tracy and Potter, and Mrs. J. B. Howell, and Miss Mary E. Allis. The reception rooms were tastefully decorated with cut flowers. During the evening refreshments were served. Each new girl had an “old” girl as an escort, who introduced her to everyone else, consequently soon there was quite a hum of happy, joyous voices.

Mission Class.

Once a week, on Wednesday or Thursday evening, 7 to 7.30 P. M., in Brinton Hall Library, a cordial welcome is given to all to join an informal group studying Medical Missions. At the last session interesting talks were given by Miss Bash and Miss Tsao on China; Miss Sassen, on Persia, and Miss Perez-Marchand on Puerto Rico.

Rummage Sale.

It is actually coming—if the rummage comes first—on 3d to 5th of November.

Vice-President.

Miss Ethel Polk, '12, was recently elected Vice-President of Y. W. C. A.

Dr. C. A. R. Janvier.

In his lectures, every other week at Brinton Hall, on the “Fundamental Principles of Christianity,” he is setting forth the great historic arguments of the Church. So far the arguments have been for the existence of God—arguments from causation and design, the moral argument and the categorical imperative. The next lecture is to be on the argument from experience for the existence of God.

Delegates to Conference.

The Territorial Y. W. C. A. Conference for Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania, was held at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., October 28-30, and was attended by Miss Annie R. Elliott, '12, and Miss Lora G. Dyer, '14, as delegates from the Y. W. C. A. of W. M. C.

VOLUNTEER BAND.

The annual Eastern District Student Volunteer Conference is to be held this year, December 3 and 4, at the University of Pennsylvania. The Program Committee promise us a very good set of speakers, among them our friends Deaconess Goodwin and Dr. Janvier. Our College is to entertain the women delegates. All students in W. M. C. are invited to attend this conference.

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Notice.—Students and Nurses of the Woman's Medical College are allowed a discount of 10% on Trunks, Bags, Physician Cases and Fancy Leather Goods made by Simons & Co., 700 Arch St. Estab. 1864.