A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE

PHYSICIAN IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF

ENGLISH AND THE GRADUATE COUNCIL OF THE KANSAS STATE

TEACHERS COLLEGE OF EMPORIA IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF

THE REQUIREMENT FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF SCIENCE

Lillian Watson Burtch

May, 1934

K. S. T. C.

EMPORIA KANSAS

Approved for the Major Department

Harold M. Priest

Approved for the Graduate Council

Edwin B. Brown

73818

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Acknowledgment is made to the following persons who have helped to make this study possible:

Dr. Harold M. Priest, of the Department of English of the Kansas State Teachers College of Emporia, whose scholarly guidance and friendly criticism have assisted materially in the preparation of the study.

Dr. Edwin J. Brown, Director of the Graduate Division of the same institution, who, like the kindly doctor portrayed often in literature, is a wise counselor, and a sympathetic and inspirational friend to those who seek his advice.

L. W. B.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
	PREFACE	
I	A RESUMÉ OF THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE IN THE UNITED STATES	1
II	A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PHYSICIAN IN THE COLONIAL PERIOD (1607-1765)	22
	Margaret Smith's Journal by John Greenleaf Whittier Scarlet Letter by Nathaniel Hawthorne Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters by Jane G. Austin Dolph Heyliger by Washington Irving	
III	A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PHYSICIAN IN THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD (1765-1800)	41
	The Pioneers by J. Fenimore Cooper The Spy by J. Fenimore Cooper Arthur Mervyn by Charles Brockden Brown Hugh Wynne by S. Weir Mitchell The Red City by S. Weir Mitchell	
IV	A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PHYSICIAN IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY	56
	Dr. Grimshawe's Secret by Nathaniel Hawthorne Dr. Heidegger's Experiment by Nathaniel Hawthorne The Hoosier Schoolmaster by Edward Eggleston The Ways of the Hour by J. Fenimore Cooper	
V	A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PHYSICIAN IN THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY	72
	Elsie Venner by Oliver Wendell Holmes The Guardian Angel by Oliver Wendell Holmes	

Chapter | Page

V (Continued)

Red Rock by Thomas Nelson Page
Dr. Sevier by George W. Cable
The Autobiography of a Quack by Silas Weir Mitchell
My Summer with Dr. Singletary by John G. Whittier
The Poet at the Breakfast Table by Oliver Wendell Holmes
A Mortal Antipathy by Oliver Wendell Holmes
Doctor Zay by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
Dr. Breen's Practice by William Dean Howells
A Country Doctor by Sarah Orne Jewett
The Doctor's Christmas Eve by James Lane Allen
In the Heart of a Fool by William Allen White
"The Country Doctor" by Theodore Dreiser
Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers by James Whitcomb Riley
"The Country Doctor" in _Adventures in Contentment_ by David Grayson

VI A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PHYSICIAN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY 140

Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends by Caroline Abbot Stanley
The Fighting Doctor by Helen R. Martin
Doctor Nye by Joseph C. Lincoln
_K_ by Mary Roberts Rinehart
Dr. Jonathan by Winston Churchill
Arrowsmith by Sinclair Lewis
Magnificent Obsession by Lloyd C. Douglas

CONCLUSION 198

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Primary Sources 206
Secondary Sources 208

PREFACE

Health, side by side with weather, continues to occupy first place as a conversational topic of perennial interest. On every hand one hears the typical greeting, "How are you?" followed by a statement or a question concerning weather conditions. Editors of newspapers, recognizing the universal appeal of these two topics, give them prominent place in the paper. A feature of recent introduction to many papers is the health column conducted by a physician.

Because the average person is very much interested in learning whatever he can about the art of healing - a branch of knowledge which intimately concerns his welfare - and because the physician is prepared to give this information, he occupies a unique position in the life of the community - a position of trust and dependence. This condition has been true since the earliest times.

In the beginning, medicine and mysticism were the same. Disease was considered a manifestation of divine wrath. The ordinary individual, distrusting his ability to cope single-handed with the superior powers of the gods, usually delegated this task to some one wiser and more powerful than he. The person who, by exorcism or propitiation, was able to deal with the gods to the satisfaction of the patient or his friends became a figure of great importance. In many cases, he was not only the primitive doctor but the sooth-sayer, the prophet, and the priest as well.

When Hippocrates, the great Greek physician, taught in the fifth century before Christ, that disease had no supernatural origin, the separation of medicine from the priesthood began. In most countries, the physician, as well as the priest, has occupied a position of respect and trust. Because of his superior knowledge and his mysterious treatments, he has been a distinctive type of person.

The physician of today is shrouded, to a certain extent, in mystery. His training is technical and arduous. His terminology and his remedies are incomprehensible to the laity. He knows dreadful secrets about men which he keeps concealed under the lock and key of his Hippocratic oath. And always he plays an active part in the drama of life as a grappler with disease.

On account of this dramatic and intensely human rôle, he has appealed to authors of many countries. Thus this interesting character in life has become a figure of romance in literature.

A few of the books from the continent which have portrayed the physician are: *Country Doctor*, Balzac; *The Surgeon's Stories*, Zakarias Topelius; *Le Docteur Pascal*, Zola; *The Night Cometh*, Paul Borget; *Our Doctors*, Maurice Duplay.

Some of the books of British literature which have doctors as characters are: *Canterbury Tales*, Geoffrey Chaucer; *Tristram Shandy*, Laurence Sterne; *The Doctor*,

(posthumous novel), Robert Southey; Middlemarch, George Eliot; The Adventures of Philip, William Makepeace Thackeray; Dr. Thorne, Anthony Trollope; Round the Lamp, Conan Doyle; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Robert Louis Stevenson; Hard Cash, Charles Reade; Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush, Ian Maclaren; The Young Physician and My Brother Jonathan, Francis Brett Young; Roper's Row, Warwick Deeping; The Village Doctor, Sheila Kaye-Smith; The Doctor's Dilemma, George Bernard Shaw.

The physician has also been chosen often for delineation in American literature although the writer, in an extensive search, was able to find only two bibliographies listing American writings which portray the doctor. One of these was given in The Saturday Review of Literature of January 31, 1931, which listed sixteen books by American authors, eight of which have been used in the study; the other was the bibliography compiled by the American Library Association on Vocations in Fiction, which listed eight books by American authors, three of which are repetitions. Four from the list have been included in the study.

Statement of the Problem

The principal steps in the work have been the following:

1. To give so much of the history of the medical profession in America as is necessary for background material for the study.

2. To show the manner in which writers of American literature have treated the medical profession.

3. To investigate the predominant traits which have tended to make the majority of the physicians stereotyped characters in American literature.

4. To indicate to some extent the degree to which the physician as delineated in American literature is a practitioner who exemplifies the highest ideals of the profession.

Method Employed

On account of lack of an adequate bibliography on the physician in American literature, the writer has made an examination of all available writings by American authors to find material for this study; however, it is possible that relevant material has been overlooked. Moreover, some material which is known to be pertinent has not been available, and other material, particularly that concerning the physician of the present century, has been rejected because it seems to be lacking in literary merit. The study is not, therefore, claimed to be an exhaustive one. The aim has been to use writings by the most reputable authors; most of them being enumerated in the *Cambridge History of American Literature*.

The study is divided into six chapters. The first presents a resumé of the history of medicine in the United

States. The other five chapters are concerned with the physician as presented by authors of American literature, most of the material being fiction. It is divided into five periods: the Colonial (1607-1775), the Revolutionary (1775-1800), the Early Nineteenth Century (1800-1850), the Late Nineteenth Century (1850-1900), and the Twentieth Century (1900-1934). Although the physicians are placed in the period during which they are supposed to have lived, chronological arrangement within each period is not strictly adhered to in cases where thematic grouping seems more advisable.

Only so much of the plot of a book is given as is necessary for an understanding of the character of the doctor. The aim of the study is to try to interpret the essential traits of each physician's personality and to explain his relation to his profession and to the community in which he practices.

CHAPTER I

RESUMÉ OF HISTORY OF MEDICINE IN THE UNITED STATES

The history of medicine in the United States began with the first settlement, the earliest practitioners being medical officers appointed by the companies instrumental in founding the new colonies. These company physicians were not, as a rule, permanent residents of the colonies.[1] The records of Massachusetts Bay Colony mention an agreement made with a barber surgeon who was to serve three years "on all occasions belonging to his calling to any of this Company that are planters, or their servants."[2] A chirurgeon was also retained by the same company for three years "in that time .... to cure not only of such as came from hence for the general and particular accounts, but also for the Indians."[3]

In Europe the attitude toward surgeons in the Middle Ages and Renaissance period was such that their lives were continually in jeopardy.[4] This feeling was the result of Church edicts which disapproved the shedding of blood and

---

1 M. G. Seelig; Medicine An Historical Outline; Williams and Wilkins Co., Baltimore, 1925, p.126.

2 Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay from 1623 to 1636, collected by Alexander Young; Chas. C. Little and James Brown, Boston, 1846, p. 53.

3 Ibid., pp.165-166.

4 Howard W. Haggard: Devils, Drugs, and Doctors; Harper & Brothers, New York, 1929, p. 135.

the dissection for anatomical study.[5] Under the influence of the Church, the practice of surgery was relegated to barbers and any strolling vagabond who cared to try his hand at the art. These men, for the most part, degraded surgery into a trade of butchery and charlatanry[6] but of course there were exceptions. The fame of the barber-surgeon Ambroise Paré, "the grand old man of French surgery in the sixteenth century," extends to the present time.[7] In France, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the distinction between surgeons and physicians was broken down, and both were required to obtain the degree of doctor of medicine.[8]

It is difficult to decide from Colonial literature the relative status of surgeon and physician in America although the former, in several instances, is mentioned derogatorily.

Cotton Mather gives the following illustration of the inefficiency of a surgeon:

> When the chirurgeon called upon Governor Eaton of the New Haven Colony he remarked, "Sir, I know not how to go about what is necessary for your cure;" but Mr. Eaton answered him, "God calls you to do, and me to suffer!" And God accordingly strengthened him to bear miserable cuttings and launcings of his flesh with a most invincible patience. The chirurgeon indeed made so many wounds, that he was not able to cure what he had made; another, and a better, hand was necessarily implоyed for it.[9]

---

5 *Ibid.*, p. 142.
6 M. G. Seelig; *op. cit.*, p. 122.
7 Ralph H. Major; *The Doctor Explains*; Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1931, p. 269.
8 Howard W. Haggard; *op. cit.*, p. 143.
9 Cotton Mather; *Magnalia Christi Americana or the Ecclesiastical History of New England*; 2 vols., Silas Andrus and Son, Hartford, 1855, v. 1, p. 152.

Edward Johnson, another writer of the period, gives the following account of the death of a very sinful barber-surgeon:

> One of Roxbury sending to Boston his servant maid for a Barber-Chirurgion, to draw his tooth, they lost their way in their passage between, and were not found till many dayes after, and then the maid was found in one place, and the man in another, both of them frozen to death; in which sad accident, this was taken into consideration by divers people, that this Barber was more then ordinary laborious to draw men to those sinfull Errors, that were formerly so frequent.... He having a fit opportunity, by reason of his trade, so soone as any were set downe in his chaire, he would commonly be cutting of their haire and the truth together; notwithstanding some report better of the man, the example is for the living, the dead is judged of the Lord alone.[10]

During the period of Colonial history no regulations governing the practice of medicine were enforced. In 1649 a law was passed in Massachusetts to regulate the practice by "chirurgeons, Midwives, Physicians and others," but it seems to have had little effect.[11]

A New York historian gives the following account of conditions in that state:

> Few physicians amongst us are eminent for their skill. Quacks abound like locusts in Egypt, and too many have recommended themselves to a full practice and profitable subsistence. This is the less to be wondered at, as the profession is under no kind of regulation. Loud as the call is, to our shame be it remembered, we have no law to protect the lives of the king's subjects, from the malpractice of pretenders. Any man, at his pleasure, sets up for physician,

---

10 Edward Johnson; Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Saviour in New England; in History of New England, ed. by J. Franklin Jameson; Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1910, pp. 191-192.

11 Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker; The First Americans 1607-1690; The MacMillan Company, New York, 1927, p. 175.

apothecary, and chirurgeon. No candidated are either examined or licensed, or even sworn to fair practice.[12]

As this condition prevailed throughout the colonies, any person who felt that his suggestion of cures might prove valuable could begin practicing medicine. If his remedies proved efficacious, he might earn a fair living. If they were ineffective, he was soon deserted.[13]

Oliver Wendell Holmes found, in Savage's Genealogical Dictionary, which listed settlers who came to Massachusetts before 1692 and their descendants to the third generation, the names of one hundred and thirty-four medical practitioners. Of these, certainly twelve, and probably many more, practiced surgery. Three were barber-surgeons. Six or seven, possibly a larger number, were ministers and also physicians. One was a schoolmaster and poet as well as a physician. Another practiced medicine and kept a tavern. One, who was a butcher, called himself a surgeon in his will; "a union of callings which suggests an obvious pleasantry," Holmes observes.[14]

Some of the more important men in the colonies had doctoring as an avocation. Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts Bay Colony was said by John Cotton to have been "HELP for our Bodies by PHYSICK and for our Estates by Law." His son, Governor John Winthrop, Jr., and his grandson, Wait-

---

12 William Smith; History of New York - from the First Discovery to the Year 1732; Ryer Schermerhorn, Albany, 1814, pp. 325-326.

13 Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker; op. cit., p. 173.

14 Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Medical Profession in Massachusetts;" in Medical Essays (1842-1882); Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1861, p. 316.

still Winthrop, were also prominent physicians.[15]

Most important, however, of all vocational combinations with medicine was that of the ministry, which Cotton Mather terms the "angelical conjunction."

> I suppose the greatest frequency of the angelical conjunction has been seen in these parts of America, where they are mostly "the poor to whom the gospel is preached" by pastors whose compassion to them in their poverty invites them to supply the want of able physicians among them.[16]

He discusses the six sons of Charles Chancey who preached the gospel as follows:

> Most, if not all of them, like their excellent father....had an eminent skill in physick....which, like him, they used for the good of many; as indeed it is well known that, until two hundred years ago, physick in England was no profession distinct from divinity.[17]

Mather continues his encomium of the "angelical conjunction" by stating that Thomas Thacher, "one of the angels of the churches," might for his medical work truly be called a Raphael.[18]

Indeed, Thomas Thacher, the physician-clergyman, wrote the first medical publication in North America, Brief Rule to guide the Common People of New England How to order themselves and theirs in the Small Pocks, or Measels.[19]

These physician-ministers played an important part in the life of the community by administering to the bodily as

---

15 Ibid. pp. 328-329.
16 Op. cit., v. 1, p. 493.
17 Ibid., v. 1, p. 475.
18 Ibid., v. 1, p. 493.
19 Francis Randolph Packard; The History of Medicine in the United States; J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1901, p. 75.

well as the spiritual ills of the parish "in the application of mustard or hell fire" according to the need.[20]

That the profession of medicine could not reach its full development until it was divorced entirely from that of the ministry is suggested by Oliver Wendell Holmes.[21] The minister of that time was more likely to look for divine causes of ailment than for natural. Michael Wigglesworth, minister and author, whom Samuel Sewall described as "learned and pious and useful as a physician," has left the following bit of verse, God's Controversy with New England, which shows that he was more interested in the spiritual than the physical aspects of the prevailing maladies:

Our healthful dayes are at an end,
And sicknesses come on
From yeer to yeer, becaus ovr hearts
Away from God are gone -
New England, where for many yeers
You scarcely heard a cough,
And where Physicians had no work,
Now finds them work enough.

Now colds and cough, Rheums and sorethroats,
Do more & more abound;
Now Agues sore & Feavers strong
In every place are found.
How many houses have we seen
Last Autumn, and this spring,
Wherein the healthful were too few
To help the languishing.

One wave another followeth,
And one disease begins

---

20 James Truslow Adams; Provincial Society 1690-1763; The MacMillan Company, New York, 1927, p. 60.
21 Op. cit., pp. 363-364.

> Before another ceases, becaus
> We turn not from our sins -
> We stopp our ear against reproof,
> And hearken not to God;
> God stops his ear against our prayer,
> And takes not off his rod.[22]

In fact, there was general ignorance of the composition and processes of the body,[23] and illness was, in many cases, believed by the colonists to be chastisement by Jehovah. Consequently, they placed much confidence in prayer to bring relief. During epidemics, days of prayer were sometimes set apart "to seek the Lord for the assuaging of his displeasure therein."[24] Relatives of an indisposed person often posted bills asking prayers for the sick one. Invocations were also customary in the sickroom. Samuel Sewall's Diary relates numerous instances of such service to his fellow-citizens. On December 21, 1695, he wrote:

> Between 8. and 9. I went to see Dame Walker, and found her very weak and much alter'd... Twas the last day of the Week, and so I went to prayer, insisting on God's being a present help in time of need, and pray'd that God would strengthen her Faith, so that she might enter into his Rest.... I went home to Prayer, Intending after that to go to Mr. Willard to pray him to give her one Lift more heaven-ward.[25]

Nevertheless, in spite of belief in divine intervention, people of Colonial times did not neglect temporal remedies. This was the era when the "doctrine of signatures" prevailed; like was to be cured by like. For instance, the herb eye-

---

22 Francis Randolph Packard; op. cit., pp.38-39.
23 Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker; op. cit., p. 165.
24 Nathaniel Morton; The New-England's Memorial; Reprinted by Allen Danforth, Plymouth, Mass., 1826, p. 101.
25 Samuel Sewall; Diary 1674-1729; University Press, Boston, 1878, 3 vols., v. 1, p. 417.

bright, marked with a spot like an eye, was supposed to be effective for diseases of the eye. Celandine, with its yellow juice, was used for jaundice.[26] Mineral drugs, such as lime, saltpetre, and crocus metallorum were also used. Thaumaturgic remedies, likewise, found great favor.[27] Some of Governor Winthrop's prescriptions are most interesting. In 1656 he wrote:

> Lett me tell you an easy medicine of mine owne that I have seene do miraculous cures in all sortes of Ulcers, and in knitting soddainly broken bones.... Beate to subtile powder one ounce of crabbes eyes, then putt upon it in a high glasse four ounces of strong wine-vinegar. It will instantly boyle up extremely; lett it stand till all be quiett; then strain it through a fine linen; and of this liquor (which will then taste like dead beere, without sharpnesse) give two spoonefuls att a time to drinke, three times a day; and you shall see a strange effect in a weeke or two.

For "all sortes of agewes," he suggested the following remedy:

> Pare the patients nayles when the fever is coming on; and put the paringes into a little bagge of fine linen or sarenet; and tye about a live eeles necke, in a tubbe of water. The eele will dye and the patient will recover.

For fevers, Governor Winthrop used two salt white herrings slit down the back and bound to the soles of each of the patient's feet.[28]

The favorite remedy of Governor John Winthrop, Jr., was nitre, which he gave in doses of twenty or thirty grains to adults, and of three grains to infants. Holmes suggests

---

26 Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker; op. cit., p. 166.
27 Oliver Wendell Holmes; op. cit., pp. 330-331.
28 Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker; op. cit., pp. 168-169.

that it was "a pretty safe medicine in moderate doses, and one not likely to keep the good Governor awake at night, thinking whether it might not kill, if it did not cure.[29]

Other favorite remedies were plasters, the antimonial cup, and bezoar. The latter was a petrifaction formed by digestive juices about some foreign substance in the stomach of an animal. It was used internally as an antidote against poisons, and externally for fevers, various skin diseases, and even for leprosy.[30] Draughts from the antimonial cup, which was made from the metallic substance antimony, were thought to be beneficial for some infirmities. A Colonial writer who found it very effective wrote:

> At the first draught, it made such havock among the several humors that had stoln into my body, that like a Conjurer in a room among a company of little Devils, they no sooner hear him begin to speak high words, but away they pack, and happy is he that can get out first, some up the Chimney, and the rest down stairs, till they are all disperst... by the assistance of God it hath perfectly recovered me.[31]

Probably the most universal cure was blood-letting, by means of the lancet at first and later by cupping or leeches. This pernicious practice continued freely until the middle of the nineteenth century.[32]

That these crude treatments should have persisted for many years seems preposterous to present-day Americans; yet,

---

29 Op. cit., p. 332.

30 John A. Foote; "Medical Fakes and Fakers of All Ages"; in National Geographic; v. 35, p. 79.

31 George Alsop; A Character of the Province of Maryland; First published in 1666. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, 1902, p. 105.

32 Gaillard Hunt; Life in America One Hundred Years Ago; Harper & Bros., New York, 1914, pp. 202-203.

when one considers the lack of educational facilities, such a condition can readily be accounted for. The early colleges in America gave no instruction in medicine. For many years a medically-inclined youth had either to go abroad for study, a plan in many cases financially prohibitive, or to apprentice himself to a practitioner in the colonies.[33]

Oliver Wendell Holmes discusses the early methods of teaching as follows:

> Teaching in New England in 1647 was a grave but simple matter. A single person, combining in many cases .... the offices of physician and preacher, taught what he knew to a few disciples whom he gathered about him....
>
> The body of some poor wretch who had swung upon the gallows, was probably conveyed by night to some lonely dwelling at the outskirts of the village, and there by the light of flaring torches hastily dissected by hands that trembled over the unwonted task. And ever and anon the master turned to his book, as he laid bare the mysteries of the hidden organs....
>
> His teaching of medicine was no doubt chiefly clinical, and received with the same kind of faith as that which accepted his words from the pulpit.... His Pathology was mythology. A malformed foetus, as the readers of Winthrop's Journal may remember was enough to scare the colonists from their propriety, and suggest the gravest fears of portended disaster.
>
> His pharmacopoeia consisted mainly of simples....
>
> The student soon learned the physiognomy of disease by going about with his master; fevers, pleurisies, asthmas, dropsies, fluxes, small-pox, sore-throats, measles, consumptions. He saw what was done for them. He put up the medicines, gathered the herbs, and so learned something of materia medica and botany. He learned these things easily and well, for he could give his whole attention to them. Chirurgery was a

---

33 James Truslow Adams; op. cit., p. 124.

> separate specialty.... There was no chemistry deserving the name to require his study. He did not learn a great deal, perhaps, but what he did learn was his business, namely, how to take care of sick people.[34]

This business of caring for sick people proved, in many cases, to be quite lucrative, but it is probable that the financial status of the doctor varied as much in Colonial days as it does now.

Records in North Carolina indicate that a local physician charged ten shillings a visit. A traveler in Virginia in 1702 reported that "doctors and surgeons are well-to-do and have a large income".[35] Dr. John Clark, who died at Boston in 1661, "left a good property."[36]

On the other hand, there were physicians who did not fare so well. John Winthrop reports in the following paragraph the dissatisfaction of a New England surgeon over his financial condition:

> He had a good practice and wanted nothing. But he had been long discontented, because his imployment was not so profitable to himself as he desired, and it is like he feared lest he should fall into want in his old age, and therefore he would needs go back into England.[37]

In Boston, prior to 1782, one shilling sixpence to two shillings was the charge for the ordinary visit; night calls were double these sums.[38] One Boston physician wrote to a colleague in New York concerning fees:

---

34 _Op. cit._, pp. 278-281.
35 James Truslow Adams; _op. cit._, pp. 61, 62.
36 Oliver Wendell Holmes; _op. cit._, p. 327.
37 John Winthrop; _Journal, 1630-1649_; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1908. 2 vols., v. 2, p. 249.
38 Richardson Wright; _Hawkers and Walkers in Early America_; J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1927, p. 121.

> I have here....practice amongst four sorts of People; some families pay me five pounds per annum each for advice, sick or well, some few fee me as in Britain, but for the Native New Englanders I am obliged to keep a daybook of my consultations, advice and Visits, and bring them in a bill; others the poorer sort I advise and visit without expectation of any fees.[39]

For whatever the Colonial physician lacked in monetary returns, he seems to have been somewhat compensated by the general esteem in which the community regarded him, and by his prominent standing. In contemporaneous literature the physician is often described as knowing, and useful, and much beloved. Packard mentions that the Colonial physician was one of the men who stood forth pre-eminently as representing the learning and intellect of the period.[40]

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who made a study of the early physician in America, gives the following estimate of his work:

> I cannot doubt that our early physicians brought with them many Old-World superstitions, and I have no question that they were more or less involved in the prevailing errors of the community in which they lived. But, on the whole, their record is a clean one, so far as we can get at it; and where it is questionable we must remember that there must have been many little-educated persons among them; and that all must have felt, to some extent, the physic-practising clergymen, who often used spiritual means as a substitute for temporal ones, who looked upon a hysteric patient as possessed by the devil, and treated a fractured skull by prayers and plasters, following the advice of a ruling elder in opposition to the unanimous opinion of seven surgeons.[41]

---

39 James Truslow Adams; op. cit., p. 62.
40 Op. cit., p. 233.
41 Op. cit., p. 358.

During the latter part of the Colonial period, between 1690 and 1763, the medical profession underwent a transition. Physicians who occupied themselves wholly or at least mainly with their professions were becoming numerous. The physician began to emerge as an independent entity and to occupy a social position of some eminence, resulting from successful practice in his profession.[42]

Several other important changes occurred in the eighteenth century. Probably the first real medical advance was made in 1721 when Dr. Zabdiel Boylston of Boston dared to inoculate his son for smallpox.[43] This dread disease had been one of the worst scourges of Colonial times, but the new method of combating it was received with consternation by most clergymen and many others. "Smallpox," they said, "is a visitation from God, and originates in man; but the cow-pox (vaccination) is produced by presumptuous, impious man. The former Heaven ordained; the latter is a daring and profane violation of our holy religion!"[44] The opposition in New York to the practice was so vehement that the governor, in 1747, issued a proclamation strictly forbidding all practitioners and every other person to inoculate "on pain of being prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law."[45] However, science gradually triumphed over religion, and by 1776 smallpox "retreats" and "classes" became quite fashionable. A letter of that year states that "men, women and

---

42 James Truslow Adams; op. cit., p. 62.
43 Richardson Wright; op. cit., p. 118.
44 Howard W. Haggard; op. cit., p. 109.
45 Francis Randolph Packard; op. cit., p. 83.

children eagerly crowding to inoculate is .... as modish as running away from the Troops of a barbarous George was the last year."[46]

In 1800 the first virus of cowpox was sent from England by Jenner to Boston, and by 1802 the newer method of vaccination had become common in that city.[47]

Another innovation of the eighteenth century was the gradual transition from midwife to male obstetrician. This branch of the profession had been entirely in the hands of midwives during Colonial times. In 1752 a Boston physician, returning from London, prepared to practice in obstetrics, had the temerity to offer his services as a "man midwife."[48] That branch of the profession, however, hung upon the borders of respectability for several years. It was discussed in lectures at the University of Pennsylvania in 1780, but was not a compulsory course until 1843.[49]

The University of Pennsylvania (founded as the Philadelphia College), indeed, played an important rôle in the development of medicine, for it was there in 1765 that the first medical school in America was opened.[50] Thus the beginning of formal medical instruction marked the third important development of the eighteenth century. Although medical schools became the center of education and research, for many years in the rural districts the apprentice system

---

46 Alice Brown; Mercy Warren; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1896, p. 129.
47 Gaillard Hunt; op. cit., p. 207.
48 Richardson Wright; op. cit., p. 120.
49 Gaillard Hunt; op. cit., p. 213.
50 The Encyclopedia Americana, v. 18, p. 541.

still prevailed.[51]

The enormous increase in population during the nineteenth century created the demand for medical knowledge faster than it could be legitimately developed. Consequently this period was the golden age of the half educated.[52] The Farmer's Almanack of August, 1813, associated five kinds of pestilence in a prayer for immunity: "From quack lawyers, quack doctors, quack preachers, mad dogs, and yellow fever, good Lord, deliver us!"[53] In the following month, a drastic description of one Dr. Dolt is given:

> A larnt man is the doctor. Once he was a simple knight of the lapstone and pegging awl; but now he is blazoned in the first orders of quack heraldry. The mighty cures of the doctor are known far round. He is always sure to kill the disorder, although in effecting this he sometimes kills the patient.[54]

This also was the heyday of the itinerant dealer of nostrums who often added a side line of doctoring in order to gain prestige with the country folk.[55] Hawthorne, in 1838, came in contact with one Dr. Jaques, a vendor of patent medicines, whom he describes as follows:

> He seems to be an honest man enough....but not a gentleman, wearing a somewhat shabby brown coat and mixed pantaloons, being ill-shaven, and apparently not well acquainted with the customs of a fashionable hotel.[56]

---

51 Richardson Wright; op. cit., p. 119.
52 The Encyclopedia Americana, v. 18, p. 572.
53 George Lyman Kittredge; The Old Farmer and His Almanack; Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1920, p. 100.
54 Ibid., p. 100.
55 Richardson Wright; op. cit., p. 58.
56 Nathaniel Hawthorne; American Notebooks; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1868, p. 115.

From the shrewd drug peddler grew an attraction that flourished for many years - the Medicine Show.[57] Hamlin Garland, as a child, found this attraction quite alluring. He describes it as follows in his autobiography, A Son of the Middle Border:

> One day as Burton and I were wandering about on the fair grounds we came upon a patent medicine cart from which a faker, a handsome fellow with long black hair and an immense white hat, was addressing the crowd while a young and beautiful girl with a guitar in her lap sat in weary relaxation at his feet. A third member of the "troupe," a short and very plump man of common-place type, was handling out bottles. It was "Doctor" Lightner, vending his "Magic Oil"....
>
> In the intervals between the songs the doctor talked of catarrh and its cure, and offered his medicines for sale....
>
> The medicine they peddled was of doubtful service, but the songs they sang, the story they suggested were of priceless value to us who came from the monotony of the farm, and went back to it like bees laden with the pollen of new intoxicating blooms.[58]

Yet the influence of the itinerant doctor and the peddler on the community was inevitably temporary. The practitioner who bore the closest relation to his patients was the man who resided among them. This practitioner, in the predominantly rural America of the nineteenth century, was the country doctor. The old-fashioned general practitioner was a distinctive type of person in the community, a figure of simplicity, sincerity, and real dignity. A present-day author writing of his father, a country doctor of Kentucky, states:

---

57 Richardson Wright; op. cit., p. 58.

58 Hamlin Garland; A Son of the Middle Border; The MacMillan Company, New York, 1927, p. 167.

> It is hard for one who has not known the old country doctor at his best to realize the position which he held in his community - the independence of it, the close relation that he bore to his people, the friendships that it produced, the influence that he exerted, the trusts and confidences that were his.[59]

Innumerable eulogies have been written in newspapers, magazines, and books about this knight-errant who rode on his missions of mercy in sunshine and in storm. A recent editorial of the Kansas City Star pictures the charm of a Missouri country doctor and deplores the passing of this type of practitioner:

> When a concrete highway still was considered an expensive luxury in Missouri "Doc" Gilmore was making his calls on Bates County citizens.... Religious in a jovial sort of way, "Doc" Gilmore could be heard going down a muddy country road in the deep of night singing "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." Characteristic of his profession, he believed in the world and "his" people, and they really were his people, because he had a part in bringing most of them into the world, he attended their families and probably most of them still owed him.
>
> Then one day death closed "Doc's" medicine bag, the dingy office remained dark and no country road re-echoed to his song. The community had lost a great character and a good doctor.
>
> There are not many "Doc" Gilmores left - at least there remain only a few of those who pioneered in quinine and calomel and took their reward in a bushel of corn, a peck of potatoes, or a sack of flour.
>
> Living in a scientific world, one is accustomed to modernness, but at times there comes a desire for the simple magic that came out of "Doc" Gilmore's medicine bag.[60]

---

59 William Allen Pusey; A Doctor of the 1870's and 80's; Chas. C. Thomas, Pub., Springfield, Ill., 1932, p. 146.

60 The Kansas City Star, February 5, 1933, p. 8D.

Hamlin Garland has given a very vivid description of his run for the country doctor during the illness of his father:

> At last a gleam of light! Someone in the village was awake.... Then the green and red lamps of the drug store cheered me with their promise of aid, for the doctor lived next door. There too a dim ray shone ....
>
> At last the door opened and the doctor, a big blond handsome man in a long night gown, confronted me with impassive face. "What is it, my boy?" he asked kindly.
>
> As I told him he looked down at my water-soaked form and wild-eyed countenance with gentle patience. Then he peered out over my head into the dismal night. He was a man of resolution but he hesitated for a moment. "Your father is suffering sharply, is he?" ....
>
> He mused a moment. "He is a soldier. He would not complain of a little thing - I will come."
>
> Turning in relief, I ran down the walk and climbed upon my shivering mare....
>
> Holding her down to a slow trot I turned often to see if I could detect the lights of the doctor's buggy which was a familiar sight on our road. I had heard that he kept one of his teams harnessed ready for calls like this, and I confidently expected him to overtake me. "It's a terrible night to go out, but he said he would come," I repeated as I rode.
>
> At last the lights of a carriage, crazily rocking, came into view and pulling Kit to a walk I twisted in my saddle, ready to shout with admiration of the speed of his team. "He's driving the 'Clay-Banks,'" I called in great excitement.
>
> The Clay-Banks were famous throughout the county as the doctor's swiftest and wildest team, a span of bronchos whose savage spirits no journey could entirely subdue, a team he did not spare, a team that scorned petting and pity, bony, sinewy, big-headed. They never walked and had little care of mud or snow.
>
> They came rushing now with splashing feet and foaming, half-open jaws, the big doctor, calm, iron-

handed, masterful, sitting in the swaying top of his light buggy, his feet against the dash board, keeping his furious span in hand as easily as if they were a pair of Shetland ponies. The nigh horse was running, the off horse pacing, and the splatter of their feet, the slash of the wheels and the roaring of their heavy breathing, made my boyish heart leap. I could hardly repress a yell of delight.

As I drew aside to let him pass the doctor called out with mellow cheer, "Take your time, boy, take your time!"

Before I could even think of an answer, he was gone and I was alone with Kit and the night.

My anxiety vanished with him. I had done all that could humanly be done, I had fetched the doctor. Whatever happened I was guiltless. I knew also that in a few minutes a sweet relief would come to my tortured mother, and with full faith and loving confidence in the man of science, I jogged along homeward, wet to the bone but triumphant.[61]

This trust in the doctor was often justified, for the country physician of the nineteenth century was, in numerous instances, such a skilled practitioner that he was able to make important contributions to medical science.

A few of these rural American doctors to whom the world owes a debt of gratitude are: Dr. Ephraim McDowell, a backwoods doctor of Kentucky, who, in 1809, performed the first ovariotomy;[62] Dr. Crawford W. Long, a village physician of Georgia, who, in 1842, first introduced ether as anaesthetic in a surgical operation;[63] Dr. James Marion Sims, who, during this period, was translated from a rather obscure Southern country practitioner to a world figure regarded as one of the founders of modern gynecology.[64]

---

61 Op. cit., pp. 142-143.
62 M. G. Seelig; op. cit., p. 183.
63 Ralph H. Major; op. cit., p. 259.
64 M. G. Seelig; loc. cit.

But "more has been done in the past half century to combat disease, allay suffering, and prolong life than in all previous history."[65] It is impracticable to attempt to enumerate the many achievements and changes of the American medical profession during this period. One might, however, mention a few significant trends.

The twentieth century has witnessed the development of specialism. One reason for this new phase of medical practice is the progress which has been made during the last two or three decades in the other sciences which constitute the foundation for the science of medicine. There are other reasons, of course: One of them being that, in many localities, the specialist occupies a position in the profession and the community at large which is more respected than that of the general practitioner; another that, since the specialist is the ultimate authority, it is foolish to waste time going elsewhere for attention; still another that the specialist is now available almost as quickly as the family doctor, on account of the advent of good roads and automobiles.

However, many present-day writers on medical subjects deplore the trend toward specialism. One article, in the magazine Hygeia, insists that never was the need for "broadly trained advisers" greater than today to guide the public through "the maze of modern medicine." Although the advantages to be derived from treatment by specialists are

---

65 Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker; op. cit., p. 164.

very obvious, man is, first of all, a human being, not merely an aggregation of organs and systems, and proper care involves an appreciation of his body as a whole, together with the circumstances of his life - knowledge which the family doctor alone possesses.[66]

The trend toward specialism was caricatured years ago by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his preface to The Poet at the Breakfast Table:

> In theology we have many curious subdivisions.... in medicine, if the surgeon who deals with dislocations of the right shoulder declines to meddle with a displacement on the other side, we are not surprised, but ring the bell of the practitioner who devotes himself to injuries of the left shoulder.[67]

Along with the specialist, another significant modern worker should be mentioned. That is the researcher who has been an important aid in combating and preventing disease, the latter "the true ideal of medicine."[68]

The research worker and the specialist are a long way removed from the physician-minister in point of time and of methods; yet each has performed a definite function in the development of medicine in the United States, and each is an equally interesting type of doctor. As they have found recognition in medicine, they have naturally found their place in literature.

---

66 "We Shall Always Need the Family Doctor" in Hygeia, November, 1930, p. 1043.

67 Oliver Wendell Holmes; The Poet at the Breakfast Table; Twentieth Edition, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1884.

68 Sir George Newman; "The Advance of Medicine since 1876"; in World's Work; June, 1926, p. 339.

CHAPTER II

A character study of the physician in the Colonial period (1607-1765) portrayed in the following literary works:

Margaret Smith's Journal by John Greenleaf Whittier

Scarlet Letter by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters by Jane G. Austin

Dolph Heyliger by Washington Irving

CHAPTER II

THE PHYSICIAN OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD

The early citizen who dispensed both spiritual and medical advice has been interestingly described by John Greenleaf Whittier in his Margaret Smith's Journal.[1] This short piece of fiction presents a vivid portrayal of New England in the seventeenth century, allegedly written by a young woman who arrived in the colonies in 1678.

Dr. Russ, the worthy minister and doctor of medicine, who is "settled at a plantation near Cocheco," makes a visit to the town for the purpose of treating many who are ill, and incidentally of preaching.

The good doctor is described as possessing "a cheerful, pleasant countenance" and of being "very active, albeit he is well stricken in years." He is a beloved and benevolent person, "one of the excellent of the earth, and, like his blessed Lord and Master, delighteth in going about doing good, and comforting both soul and body."[2]

Further proof of his usefulness to the colonists is found in the following paragraph:

> He is as a father to the people about him, advising them in all their temporal concerns, and bringing to a timely and wise settlement all their disputes, so that there is nowhere a more prosperous and loving society.[3]

---

1 John Greenleaf Whittier; Margaret Smith's Journal; in The Prose Works of Whittier, V. 1; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1882.

2 p. 87.

3 p. 101.

The doctor himself is evidently not very prosperous, in the financial sense.

> He hath no salary or tithe, save the use of a house and farm, choosing rather to labor with his own hands than to burden his neighbors; yet, such is their love and good will, that in the busy seasons of the hay and corn harvest, they all join together and help him in his fields, counting it a special privilege to do so.[4]

Dr. Russ's sermons are in conformity with his benevolent practices.

> Although accounted a learned man, he doth not perplex his hearers, as the manner of some is, with dark and difficult questions, and points of doctrine, but insisteth mainly on holiness of life and conversation. It is said that on one occasion, a famous schoolman and disputer from abroad, coming to talk with him on the matter of the damnation of infants, did meet him with a cradle on his shoulder, which he was carrying to a young mother in his neighborhood, and when the man told him his errand, the good Doctor bade him wait until he got back, "for," said he, "I hold it to be vastly more important to take care of the bodies of the little infants.....than to seek to pry into the mysteries of His will concerning their souls."[5]

The doctor's opinion on the prevailing question of witchcraft is interesting:

> Dr. Russ....said, in his opinion, the less that was said and done about the witchcraft the better for the honor of the Church and the peace of the neighborhood; for it might, after all, turn out to be nothing more than an "old wife's fable"; but if it were indeed the work of Satan, it could, he did believe, do no harm to sincere and godly people, who lived sober and prayerful lives, and kept themselves busy in doing good.[6]

---

4 pp. 101-102.
5 p. 101.
6 p. 100 .

Another physician of the period is portrayed by Hawthorne in The Scarlet Letter.[7] The scene of the romance is Boston, and the time is during the period between the early days of Massachusetts and the close of the seventeenth century.[8]

At the opening of the story, a man of odd appearance has just arrived in the town. He is small in stature and slightly deformed; his visage is furrowed, and he seems old; yet he could hardly have been termed aged. "There was a remarkable intelligence in his features, as of a person who had so cultivated his mental part that it could not fail to mould the physical to itself."[9]

Just at the time of his arrival, Hester Prynne, wearing a scarlet letter upon her bosom, is released from prison. The stranger is intensely interested in the circumstances of the public ignominy of the young woman; for he is her husband, a scholar, whose coming to the colonies has been delayed several years, first by study in Europe and later by shipwreck and captivity among the Indians.

A townsman informs the old man that it has been decided she must wear forever the mark of shame. The unknown husband replies:

> "A wise sentence.... Thus will she be a living sermon against sin, until the ignominious letter be engraved upon her tombstone. It irks me, nevertheless, that the partner of her iniquity should not,

---

7 Nathaniel Hawthorne; The Scarlet Letter; New York, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., c.1902.

8 p. 29.

9 p. 55.

> at least, stand on the scaffold by her side. But he will be known! - he will be known! - he will be known!"[10]

With this aim in mind the husband devotes the remainder of his life to the detection of the wrongdoer.

> "I shall seek this man as I have sought truth in books; as I have sought gold in alchemy. There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him. I shall see him tremble. I shall feel myself shudder, suddenly and unawares. Sooner or later, he must be mine!"[11]

For this purpose he takes the name of Roger Chillingworth and settles in the village as a physician. He pretends not to know Hester and exacts from her the promise that she will not recognize him "by word, by sign, by look."[12]

Having studied at universities and learned much from Indians about herbs and roots during his captivity, the doctor possesses more than a common measure of learning and intelligence. He is, therefore, cordially received by the village; for skillful men are rare here, the only practitioners being an aged deacon and apothecary, more pious than learned, and a barber-surgeon.[13]

Old Roger Chillingworth arranges his study and laboratory, not so complete of course as a modern man of science would have it, but "provided with a distilling apparatus, and the means of compounding drugs and chemicals, which the practiced alchemist knew well how to turn to purpose."[14]

---

10 p. 58.
11 p. 69.
12 p. 70.
13 p. 109.
14 p. 116.

In outward forms, at least, the learned physician is very religious and soon after his arrival chooses the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, the eloquent and saintly young minister, for his spiritual guide.[15] The minister's health is failing, presumably from assiduous attention to pastoral duties, and the doctor undertakes the restoration of his health.[16] The two men come gradually to spend much time together "as not only the disease interested the physician but he was strongly moved to look into the character and qualities of the patient."[17]

> He had begun an investigation, as he imagined, with the severe and equal integrity of a judge desirous only of truth, even as if the question involved no more than the air-drawn lines and figures of a geometrical problem, instead of human passions, and wrongs inflicted on himself. But, as he proceeded, a terrible fascination, a kind of fierce.... necessity seized the old man within his gripe, and never set him free again, until he had done all its bidding. He now dug into the poor clergyman's heart, like a miner searching for gold; or, rather, like a sexton delving into a grave, possibly in quest of a jewel that had been buried on the dead man's bosom, but likely to find nothing save mortality and corruption. Alas for his own soul, if these were what he sought![18]

This burrowing deep into the poor minister's heart is accomplished so subtly that he is unaware of it, although he has constantly "a dim perception of some evil influence watching over him."[19]

As time goes on, the physician's quiet, studious demeanor completely vanishes and in its place is "an eager,

---

15 p. 110.
16 p. 100.
17 p. 112.
18 p. 119.
19 p. 130.

searching, almost fierce, yet carefully guarded look."
Always there comes a glare of red light out of his eyes
as if his soul is on fire.

> In a word, old Roger Chillingworth was a striking evidence of man's faculty of transforming himself into a devil, if he will only for a reasonable space of time, undertake a devil's office.[20]

The change is noticed by the villagers.

> It grew to be a widely diffused opinion, that the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale.... was haunted either by Satan himself, or Satan's emissary, in the guise of old Roger Chillingworth. This diabolical agent had the Divine permission, for a season, to burrow into the clergyman's intimacy, and plot against his soul.[21]

On one occasion when Dimmesdale is in a deep sleep,
the doctor thrusts aside his ecclesiastical vestments and
finally verifies his suspicions that the minister shares
Hester's guilt.

> Had a man seen old Roger Chillingworth, at that moment of his ecstacy, he would have had no need to ask how Satan comports himself when a precious human soul is lost to heaven and won into his kingdom.[22]

When the minister is about to confess his crime at
last, Chillingworth is greatly perturbed.

> He thrust himself through the crowd, - or, perhaps....he rose up out of some nether region, - to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do!
>
> "Madman, hold!.... All shall be well!.... I can yet save you! Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

After the minister has persisted in his confession,
Chillingworth, with a blank, dull countenance, kneels be-

---

20 p. 158.
21 p. 117.
22 p. 128.

side him and repeats over and over the words, "Thou has escaped!"

After this incident, the physician, wasting away, dies within the year.

Directly opposed to the shadowy Dr. Chillingworth is the stalwart figure of Dr. Lazarus LeBaron, a physician portrayed by Jane G. Austin in her book Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters,[23] which pictures life in Plymouth in the early eighteenth century.

Dr. LeBaron follows no other vocation save that of medicine. He is a man of no ordinary gifts - a born physician, having inherited the worthy traits which had made his father a famous doctor in the Old Colony. The son is "a recognized power for life and death anywhere inside a hundred miles from Plymouth."[24]

He is a conscientious man, who, in accordance with the ideals of his professions, gives his services to friend and enemy alike. This is demonstrated by his punctilious attention to a patient whom he very much dislikes. This distrust, however, does not prevent him from doing all that is humanly possible to save the man's life.

> He had watched by his bedside day and night with unremitting care; nay, he had stolen from the hours of needful repose the time to con over and over not only the medical books his father had found sufficient for every need, but those imported by himself from London, Paris, and Germany.[25]

---

23 Jane G. Austin; Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1890, sixth edition.
24 p. 3.
25 p. 3.

The doctor is a religious man, and often when watching by the bedside of a patient he reads his Bible or kneels in silent prayer. However, he, like Whittier's Dr. Russ, is not so much interested in theology as in practical religion, as shown by his statement to the parson:

> "No man living holds his Maker in more reverence and love than I do; but I cannot with you place John Calvin and his disciples next to God in my allegiance, and.... I think you would be a happier, yes, and a more useful man if you did not do so, either."[26]

Quite unlike any of the other physicians of Colonial times is the doctor of Dolph Heyliger,[27] Irving's romance of his beloved Hudson River country. This is a rollicking story of an irresponsible and untractable youth who becomes an apprentice to Dr. Karl Lodovick Knipperhausen, a native of the Palatinate in Germany, who had come to New York in 1710.[28]

The doctor is a bachelor, who, although a man of much consequence in the village, is completely under the dominance of his housekeeper, "a spare, busy, fretting housewife."[29] Indeed, her domination is even noticeable in the combination laboratory-study, which most assuredly should have been the good doctor's private domain. Here, however, in the open-faced closet among the "awful implements of the healing art" are pots of pickles and preserves, strings of red pepper and fat cucumbers, saved for seed.[30]

---

26 p. 239.
27 Washington Irving; Dolph Heyliger; in Bracebridge Hall, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1865.
28 p. 443.
29 p. 445.
30 p. 442.

Further description of the study might indicate why the doctor is somewhat of an awesome character to the simple village folk. On the table are pestle and mortar, phials and gallipots, and a pair of scales. A human skull grins from the top of the clothes-press which serves as a repository for drugs and compounds. On the mantelpiece are glass vessels which contain snakes and lizards, and a human foetus.[31] Wonderful, too, are the three whole shelves of books, some of mighty folio dimensions - "the talk and marvel of the neighborhood."[32] How much of the books the doctor actually read is a moot question. However, when he is not otherwise busy or is awaiting visitors, he often sits with a book in hand. Sometimes, it must be confessed, he dozes although his spectacles are always wide awake and studiously regarding the book.[33] The villagers, unaware of his delinquency, think a person who has read three shelves of books must certainly be very wise. Indeed, the Lutherans often dispute about which is the most learned man, the Dominie or the doctor. Many think the latter knows more than the governor himself,- in a word, that there is no end to his knowledge![34]

Yet, in spite of such reputed erudition, no one knows where or how the doctor has acquired his medical education. In fact, Dr. Knipperhausen might be classed as an "irregular" physician, for his practice is not like that of most

---

31 p. 441.
32 p. 444.
33 p.444-445
34 p. 444

physicians. The doctor is very successful in treating unusual cases, those "not laid down in the books," such as witchcraft, even curing a buxom country girl in the desperate state of vomiting crooked pins and needles. He is very fortunate, also, in the administering of love-powders to love-sick patients.[35]

> He was one of those infallible doctors that are always effecting sudden and surprising cures, when the patient has been given up by all the regular physicians; unless, as is shrewdly observed, the case has been left too long before it was put into their hands.[36]

As the doctor's fame spreads, his wealth increases so much that he begins to plan his retirement from practice. Swayed by his riches, his position, and his "German pride of territory," Dr. Knipperhausen decides to establish a country-seat, and for this purpose acquires a large farm several miles from town.[37]

To realize fully the doctor's position in the village, one must read the following inimitable description of his frequent trips to his recently acquired domain:

> His little expeditions to his lands were attended with a bustle and parade that created a sensation throughout the neighborhood. His wall-eyed horse stood, stamping and whisking off the flies, for a full hour before the house. Then the doctor's saddle-bags would be brought out and adjusted; then, after a little while, his cloak would be rolled up and strapped to the saddle; then his umbrella would be buckled to the cloak; while, in the mean time, a group of ragged boys, that observant class of beings, would gather before the door. At length the doctor would issue forth, in a pair of jack-boots that reached above his knees, and a cocked hat flapped down in front. As he was a

---

35 p. 447.
36 pp. 443-444.
37 p. 448.

> short, fat man, he took some time to mount into the saddle; and when there, he took some time to have the saddle and stirrups properly adjusted, enjoying the wonder and admiration of the urchin crowd. Even after he had set off, he would pause in the middle of the street, or trot back two or three times to give some parting orders; which were answered by the housekeeper from the door, or....the black cook from the cellar, or the chambermaid from the garret-window; and there were generally some last words bawled after him just as he was turning the corner.
>
> The whole neighborhood would be aroused by this pomp and circumstance. The cobbler would leave his last; the barber would thrust out his frizzled head, with a comb sticking in it; a knot would collect at the grocer's door, and the word would be buzzed from one end of the street to the other, "The doctor's riding out to his country-seat!"[38]

But the prospective principality soon causes the doctor much anxiety. In short, the ever-changing tenants report it haunted, some say by the ghosts of patients whom the doctor has physicked out of the world. At any rate, the doctor does not venture to sleep there himself although he protests loudly at being dispossessed of his demesne by spectres, it being a matter touching both his pocketbook and his pride.[39]

The doctor's patience is exhausted when he thinks of his spirit-inhabited estate and his silly tenants. In fact, patience is not one of the doctor's virtues, as his apprentice can vouch. On occasions when the latter fails to show spirited interest in his work, the doctor frequently flies into a passion. In a succinct description, the doctor is "a little pot, and soon hot."[40]

According to the custom of the time, Dr. Knipperhausen

---

38 pp. 448-449.
39 p. 452.
40 p. 454

always has a pupil who serves in a half-menial, half-medical capacity. As the story opens, his apprentice has just died of a consumption although the scandal mongers have whispered that the boy had been the subject of the doctor's experiments. The author thinks it a matter for speculation why doctors' families are inclined to be lean and cadaverous, and butchers' jolly and rubicund.[41]

The sexton, who has much dealing with the doctor on account of the affinity between their two professions,[42] proposes Dolph Heyliger as the new apprentice, he being also a friend of Dolph's mother. He thinks the boy has parts, and can pound a pestle, and run an errand with any boy in the town; and what more is wanted in a student?[43]

But Dolph is one of the most daring and mischievous boys in the town, somewhat of a problem to his adoring widowed mother. Surely apprenticeship with the doctor would be a wonderful opportunity for him. Dame Heyliger foresees him "with a cane at his nose, a knocker at his door, and an M. D. at the end of his name, - one of the established dignitaries of the town." Some day he "would be able to hold up his head with the lawyer that lived in the large house opposite; or, peradventure, with the Dominie himself."[44]

His acceptance as an apprentice is a matter of grave moment as one can understand from the ensuing actions of the doctor:

---

41 p. 440.
42 p. 441.
43 p. 440.
44 pp. 440-443.

> At length, after many hums and haws, and strokings of the chin, and all that hesitation and deliberation with which a wise man proceeds to do what he intended to do from the very first, the doctor agreed to take the lad as a disciple; to give him bed, board, and clothing, and to instruct him in the healing art; in return for which he was to have his services until his twenty-first year.[45]

And so Dolph finds himself "employed, morning, noon, and night, in rolling pills, filtering tinctures, or pounding the pestle and mortar in one corner of the laboratory."[46] The doctor is not his only dictator, for the housekeeper also keeps him busy running errands for her and accompanying her to church.[47]

Dolph's knowledge, taken as a whole, is little more toward the end of his apprenticeship than at the beginning. Perhaps he is too irresponsible and frolicsome. It is no fault of the doctor's, certainly, for he takes "unwearied pains with the lad, keeping him close to the pestle and mortar, or on the trot about town with phials and pillboxes."[48]

It must be admitted here that Dolph, ousted from the study during the treatment of mysterious cases - witches, love-lorn persons, and the like -, learns more through the key-hole than by arduous application to studies.[49]

Luckily the youth comes into possession of a large sum of money and consequently is never obliged to practice medicine. He becomes a distinguished citizen, and so forgiving is he of the former crabbedness of the old doctor

---

45 p. 442.
46 p. 444.
47 p. 446.
48 _Loc. cit._
49 p. 447.

that he employs him as his family physician, "only taking care that his prescriptions should be always thrown out of the window."[50]

COMMENTS

A modern critic has stated that Margaret Smith's Journal presents a "surprisingly vivid account of life in New England in the second generation," with "the soft light of romance upon its pages, sobered by historical fact and tempered by creative sympathy."[51]

Whittier has given, in many respects, an accurate picture of New England, yet it is probable that the character of his physician-minister has been "tempered by creative sympathy." Like Michael Wigglesworth, an actual physician-minister of the period, Dr. Russ is learned and pious and useful. However, in ecclesiastical matters the two differed most widely.

The doctor of fiction does not harass his hearers with doctrinal or metaphysical subjects but insists mainly on holiness of life. The inference is that he is not particularly interested in theological dogmas. The whole being of the real physician-minister was impregnated with Calvinistic theology, its effect on his imagination being shown in his poem The Day of Doom. One who reads this verse can

---

50 p. 521.
51 Vernon Louis Parrington; The Romantic Revolution in America 1800-1860; v. 2 in Main Currents in American Thought, ; New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1927, p. 363.

hardly imagine the author's missing an opportunity to expound the tenets of his merciless theology.

Dr. Russ thinks it vastly more important to take care of the bodies of the infants than to spend time discussing the question of their damnation. Wigglesworth's poem was very prolix on this subject. At the Bar of Judgment on the last day when the infants plead to be saved from damnation, they are given the answer:

> "You sinners are, and such a share
> as sinners may expect,
> Such you shall have; for I do save
> none but my own Elect.
> Yet to compare your sin with their
> who liv'd a longer time,
> I do confess yours is much less
> though every sin's a crime.
>
> "A crime it is, therefore in bliss
> you may not hope to dwell;
> But unto you I shall allow
> the easiest room in Hell."[52]

The stern physician-minister of fact, so steeped in theology, is quite different from the sweet and benevolent man of fiction who insisted mainly on holiness of life.

Chillingworth is in no sense a representative member of the medical profession of Colonial days or of any other period. His function is to illustrate an idea. The physician, as a physician, is used by Hawthorne merely as an expedient. The person most able to search into a man's soul is he who lives close to him and understands all the workings of his

---

52 A Library of American Literature, ed. by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, 10 vols.; v. 2, Charles L. Webster and Company, New York, 1889, pp. 11-12.

physical being. That person is a physician. Hawthorne acknowledged his use of the medical profession as an expedient when he wrote, "A man burdened with a secret should especially avoid the intimacy of his physician."[53]

That Chillingworth is no flesh and blood physician is shown by the revenge which he plans. An ordinary person would have avenged the wrong by murdering his victim, or ruining his saintly reputation in the community. But Chillingworth plans no commonplace revenge: _he_ is to be avenged on the _soul_ of his enemy. Therefore, he searches his thoughts, burrows and rankles in his heart, and causes him to die a daily death.[54] Chillingworth belongs to a phantasmagoric rather than to a realistic world.[55]

Whether he symbolizes "the skulking ghost of revenge",[56] or the "Mephistopheles of this Puritan Faust,"[57] he can no longer gorge upon the soul of Dimmesdale if the latter confesses his sin. Only so long as the minister lives a hippocrite will he be avenged. Consequently, with a desperate effort, he attempts to retain his hold on the minister by preventing the confession. But he fails, with the following result:

---

53 George E. Woodberry; _Nathaniel Hawthorne_; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston and New York, 1902, p. 114.
54 p. 159.
55 p. 147.
56 John Macy; _The Spirit of American Literature_; Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, N. Y., 1913, p. 84.
57 William J. Long; _American Literature_; Ginn and Company, Boston, 1913, p. 402.

> All his strength and energy - all his vital and intellectual force - seemed at once to desert him; insomuch that he positively withered up, shrivelled away, and almost vanished from mortal sight, like an uprooted weed that lies wilting in the sun. This unhappy man had made the very principle of his life to consist in the pursuit and systematic exercise of revenge; and when, by its completest triumph and consummation, that evil principle was left with no further material to support it, when, in short, there was no more Devil's work on earth for him to do, it only remained for the unhumanized mortal to betake himself whither his master would find him tasks enough, and pay him his wages duly.[58]

Dr. Knipperhausen is an eccentric physician, typical of Irving's humorously whimsical creations. Although some of his traits may have been possessed by contemporary physicians, the author undoubtedly exaggerates them to produce a humorous effect. While Irving does not deal unkindly with the medical profession, he does, in a jocose way, point out some of its shortcomings. In a spirit of play, he directs targets at the "irregular" physician, aiming especially at his lack of education, his mysterious compounds, his superstitions, and his pomposity. The credulity of people who foster the wealth and renown of the questionable practitioner is likewise a butt of the author's sport as is also the medical apprenticeship system. There is probably some truth in Irving's statements of the work required of the apprentice. James Truslow Adams[59] says of

---

58 p. 244.
59 James Truslow Adams; op. cit., p. 124.

the apprenticeship system of this time:

> Boys of from fourteen to seventeen might be apprenticed for from four to seven years, and besides picking up such information from their master as they could, were obliged to perform all sorts of menial work, even those who came of good families.

On the whole, however, the authors quoted can hardly be said to have been historically-minded in their treatment of the Colonial physician: Hawthorne uses the physician as a symbol, Whittier and Austin give a more realistic portrayal. It is probable, however, that Whittier's physician-minister is more sympathetic and lenient than the actual physician-minister of Colonial days. Irving caricatures and exaggerates the eccentricities of a physician.

CHAPTER III

A character study of the physician in the Revolutionary period (1765-1800) portrayed in the following literary works:

The Pioneers by J. Fenimore Cooper

The Spy by J. Fenimore Cooper

Arthur Mervyn by Charles Brockden Brown

Hugh Wynne by S. Weir Mitchell

The Red City by S. Weir Mitchell

CHAPTER III

A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PHYSICIAN IN THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

In a humorous vein corresponding to Irving's portrayal of Dr. Knipperhausen is Cooper's delineation of Dr. Elnathan Todd in The Pioneers.[1] Dr. Todd, physically reminiscent of Ichabod Crane, is a backwoods practitioner in New York. Both his mother and the schoolmaster had urged Elnathan to take up doctoring because they had felt he was peculiarly fitted for the profession.

As a boy he had been sickly and not equal to work; but his tender mother had declared that he might "earn a living comfortably enough by taking to pleading law, or turning minister, or doctoring, or some such like easy calling." Moreover, he had natural inclinations for "doctor-stuff:" he liked to dig for herbs and to take the bilious pills which she had left for her man. The latter always made terrible faces over them, but Elnathan swallowed them as if they were nothing![2]

The schoolmaster had discovered another qualification:

> He had known him advise the smaller children against eating too much; and once or twice, when the ignorant little things had persevered in opposition to Elnathan's advice, he had known her son empty the school-baskets with his own mouth, to prevent the consequences.[3]

---

1 J. Fenimore Cooper; The Pioneers; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, c.1876; 1898.
2 p. 63.
3 p. 64.

As a result of such fitness, Elnathan had been apprenticed to the village physician. Here he could be seen "sometimes watering a horse, at others watering medicines." Then again he might be observed lolling under an apple-tree, with a Latin Grammar in his hand, and a corner of Denman's Midwifery sticking out of his pocket; "for his instructor held it absurd to teach his pupil how to dispatch a patient regularly from this world before he knew how to bring him into it."[4] Elnathan was credited also with "'riding with the old doctor' although they were generally observed to travel different roads."[5]

After two years' apprenticeship, he had gone to Boston to purchase medicines and, as some thought, "to walk the hospital." At the end of a fortnight, however, he had returned with a supply of medicine that smelled very much like brimstone.[6]

In this way, Elnathan had become an active practitioner, regarded by the villagers as a man of "great mental endowments."[7] He proves this, one day at the tavern, when the lawyer quotes Latin. The doctor looks puzzled at first, but, not to be outdone, he remarks with considerable importance: "Latin is a queer language, gentlemen; now I rather guess there is no one in the room except Squire Lippet, who can believe that 'Far. Av.' means oatmeal, in English."[8] (At this mark of erudition, it might be added, the lawyer in turn looks considerably puzzled.)

---

4 p. 64.
5 p. 65.
6 Loc. cit.
7 p. 62
8 pp. 149-150.

By shrewd observation and occasional renewal of his elementary studies, Dr. Todd manages to get along passably well in his practice. By experimentation, too, he increases his medical knowledge, not, of course, taking as subjects any "useful" member of society. Once or twice, however, he tests the contents of all his phials on an unfortunate vagabond. By such means, he acquires the ability to talk knowingly on intermittents, remittents, tertians, quotidians, and the like. In fact, he is thought to be infallible in many cases, and there is many a woman in the neighborhood "who would as soon think of becoming a mother without a husband, as without the assistance of Dr. Todd."[9]

It is in surgery that the doctor is most unprepared although he does, with much trepidation, amputate a leg and extract a bullet. On both occasions, however, he is somewhat emboldened by the unimportance of his patients. The reader last glimpses Dr. Todd about ten years afterward, when, presuming on the reputation obtained by these two operations, he joins the militia as a surgeon.[10]

Another interesting picture of a contemporary physician is given by Cooper in The Spy.[11] Dr. Archibald Sitgreaves, a surgeon in the Colonial army, supplies a touch of comedy in this historical romance of the Revolutionary War.

With the following description, the author first introduces this strange figure, immediately after a battle:

---

9 p. 66.
10 p. 84.
11 J. Fenimore Cooper; The Spy; in The Works of J. Fenimore Cooper, v. 2.; P. F. Collier, New York, 1891, pp. 443-656.

> His head was bald and bare, but a well-powdered wig was to be seen, half concealed in the pocket of his breeches. His coat was off and his arms were naked to the elbow; blood had disfigured much of his dress, and his hands and even his face bore this mark of his profession; in his mouth was a cigar, in his right hand some instruments of strange formation, and in his left the remnants of an apple, with which he occasionally relieved the duty of the before-mentioned cigar. He was standing, lost in the contemplation of a Hessian who lay breathless before him.[12]

The doctor is quite sure that the deceased has been killed by the American officer, Captain Lawton, a man whom he scathingly denounces. His particular grievance is the unskillful mode of the captain's warfare. The doctor has tried to teach that officer how to strike a blow so that he can disable his adversary without destroying life, and yet give him more than a scratch; but, alas, the captain and his men persist in cutting at random.[13] "Such blows as these render professional assistance unnecessary; it is, in a measure, treating the lights of science with disrespect. The saber is a sad weapon in unskillful hands", the doctor soliloquizes. With a bullet there is some hope, the chance being that it hits nothing vital. There is really some pleasure in following a bullet, the doctor thinks.[14]

The officers have at various times been under the care of the surgeon. Captain Singleton is a favorite patient, while Captain Lawton, owing to the aforesaid grievance, is "fairly blackballed" by the doctor.

---

12 p. 491.
13 _Loc. cit._
14 p. 495.

> He frequently declared, with unconquerable simplicity and earnestness of manner, that it gave him more pleasure to see the former brought in wounded than any officer in the squadron, and that the latter afforded him the least; a compliment and condemnation that was usually received by the first of the parties with a quiet smile of good nature, and by the last with a grave bow of thanks.[15]

However, when Captain Lawton is slightly wounded, the doctor treats him with great tenderness and consummate skill.

Indeed, he is very sympathetic, although his face seldom shows the compassion that his heart feels. Occasionally, however, he is so touched that he has to remove his spectacles to wipe an unusual moisture from his eyes.[16]

At bottom, the doctor possesses much good sense; yet, because to him no knowledge is to be despised, he is somewhat of an empiric in everything save medicine.[17] In that he is able and dexterous although he has "the usual weakness of most medical men in military practice," that of practicing in a summary way, especially in regard to the lancet.[18]

Dr. Sitgreaves cannot abide an affront to his education and skill, as the following retort indicates. An English officer, Colonel Wellmere, has questioned his ability by the remark, "There must be some mistake.... it was a surgeon that Major Dunwoodie was to send me, and not an old woman."

> "If, sir," said the surgeon dryly, "the degrees of Edinburgh - walking your London hospitals - amputating some hundreds of limbs - operating on the

---

15 p. 518.
16 p. 584.
17 p. 514.
18 p. 566.

> human frame in every shape that is warranted by the lights of science, a clear conscience, and the commission of the Continental Congress, can make a surgeon, I am one.... Where are you hurt, sir? What! is it then this scratch in your shoulder?" ...
>
> He took a piece of sticking plaster from his pocket and applied it to the part. "There, sir; that will answer your purpose, and I am certain it is all that is required of me."
>
> "What do you take to be my purpose, then, sir?" Colonel Wellmere asked.
>
> "To report yourself wounded in your dispatches," replied the doctor with great steadiness; "and you may say that an old woman dressed your hurts - for, if one did not, one easily might."[19]

Dr. Sitgreaves deplores the war as he thinks there is room for all to live and enjoy themselves in peace if each could be satisfied with his own. "Still," he adds, "war has its advantages; it particularly promotes the knowledge of surgery."[20]

In fact, the doctor views everything in terms of his science. An illustration of this is the interrupted wedding scene of Colonel Wellmere and Sarah Wharton. Here the doctor plays the role of benefactor, yet his usual verbosity delays the action considerably. In his haste, the bridegroom has forgotten the ring. The doctor, sensing his predicament, offers a ring that had belonged to his sister.

> "There is," he observed, "an opinion prevalent that the heart lies on the left side of the body, and that the connection between the members of that side and what may be called the seat of life is more intimate than that which exists with their opposites. But this is an error that grows out of an ignorance

19 pp. 498-499.
20 p. 646.

of the organic arrangement of the human frame. In obedience to this opinion, the fourth finger of the left hand is thought to contain a virtue that belongs to no other branch of that digitated member; and it is ordinarily encircled, during the solemnization of wedlock, with a cincture or ring, as if to chain that affection to the marriage state which is best secured by the graces of the female character." While speaking, the operator laid his hand expressively on his heart, and he bowed nearly to the floor when he had concluded.

"I know not, sir, that I rightfully understand your meaning," said Miss Peyton, whose want of comprehension was sufficiently excusable.

"A ring, madam - a ring is wanting for the ceremony."

He then magnanimously offers his sister's ring.

"There is a strong resemblance between - hem - between my late sister, and Miss Wharton, in stature and anatomical figure; and, in all eligible subjects, the proportions are apt to be observed throughout the whole animal economy."[21]

When there is strong possibility of the peddler's being hanged, Dr. Sitgreaves remarks to Captain Lawton:

"I made Hollister put a stage so high that the neck would not be dislocated by the fall, and I intend making as handsome a skeleton of him as there is in the States of North America; the fellow has good points and his bones are well-knit. I have long been wanting something of this sort to send as a present to my old aunt in Virginia, who was so kind to me when a boy."

"The devil!" cried Lawton; "would you send the old woman a dead man's bones?"

"Why not?" said the surgeon; "what nobler object is there in nature than the figure of a man - and the skeleton may be called his elementary parts."[22]

Further dialogue discloses fully the surgeon's attitude toward the science of medicine. To him it is the sole <u>raison d'être</u>.

---

21 pp. 570-571
22 p. 562.

"What do you think is the greatest pleasure in life?" asked the operator.

"That must greatly depend on taste."

"Not at all," cried the surgeon; "it is in witnessing, or rather feeling, the ravages of disease repaired by the lights of science co-operating with nature. I once broke my little finger intentionally, in order that I might reduce the fracture and watch the cure; it was only on a small scale... still the thrilling sensation excited by the knitting of the bone, aided by the contemplation of the art of man thus acting in unison with nature, exceeded any other enjoyment that I have ever experienced. Now, had it been one of the more important members, such as the leg or arm, how much greater must the pleasure have been!"[23]

Equally fascinated with his profession but devoid of Dr. Sitgreaves' eccentricities is Dr. Stevens in Arthur Mervyn,[24] a novel by Chas. Brockden Brown. While the author, more interested in plot than in character, gives no vivid description of the doctor, the reader concludes that he is an educated and discerning, as well as magnanimous person.

The scene of the story is Philadelphia during the terrible yellow fever epidemic of 1793. Dr. Stevens is ahead of his time in his precautions against the disease, which consist in cleanliness, reasonable exercise, and wholesome diet instead of the usual methods of inhaling vapors concocted of gunpowder, vinegar, or tar.[25]

---

23 pp. 565-566.

24 Charles Brockden Brown; Arthur Mervyn or Memoirs of the Year 1793; 2 vols, David MacKay, Pub., Philadelphia, 1887.

25 v. 1, p. 6.

The doctor, returning home late one evening, finds a poorly dressed stranger, a yellow fever victim, in the street. His sympathy for the young man is aroused, and he takes him into his home for treatment. The patient, Arthur Mervyn, insists that the doctor not jeopardize the safety of himself and family to do a kindness to one who cannot repay it. The doctor replies, "If we save your life, we shall have done you some service, and, as for recompense we will look to that."[26]

Dr. Stevens nurses his protege back to health and offers to take him as a medical apprentice. The physician, with his shrewd knowledge of human nature, recognizes the worthiness of Arthur although circumstances, for a time, seem to indicate that his faith is unfounded.

Dr. Stevens is curiously similar to one of Brown's inseparable friends, Dr. Elihu Smith, although, in the role of benefactor, the fictitious doctor is credited with more magnanimity. The doctor of fiction, fully realizing the danger of contagion, with courageous generosity takes Arthur into his home. The doctor of fact, firmly believing that yellow fever was <u>not</u> contagious, took a young Italian into his home for treatment. Both doctor and patient died.[27]

Dr. Stevens is enthusiastically in love with his profession, a "science whose truths are so conducive to the welfare of mankind, and which comprehends the whole system

---

26 v. 1, p. 7.
27 <u>The Cambridge History of American Literature</u>, ed. by William Peterfield Trent, et. al., G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1921. v. 1, p. 290.

of nature." [28] He enumerates the benefits derived from the study of medicine as:

> "The power which it confers of lightening the distresses of our neighbors, the dignity which popular opinion annexes to it, the avenue which it opens to the acquisition of competence, the freedom from servile cares which attends it, and the means of intellectual gratification with which it supplies us."[29]

Another physician of Philadelphia during the yellow fever epidemic is Dr. Benjamin Rush, portrayed by Silas Weir Mitchell, prominent American physician and author, in his historical novel The Red City.[30] The same character appears in Hugh Wynne, [31] Mitchell's novel of the Revolution.

Dr. Rush was an actual physician, one of the outstanding names in American medicine.[32] He is described by Mitchell as an honourable, honest man, but also a good, permanent hater who sustains his hatreds with a fine escort of rancorous words.[33] The doctor is very intellectual, and also very patriotic - a man deserving well of his country possessing the noble courage of his profession as shown in the great yellow fever plague of '93.[34]

During this period the good doctor works faithfully, sometimes with only three hours' sleep at night.[35] Like

---

28 v. 2, p. 4.
29 v. 2, p. 7.
30 S. W. Mitchell; The Red City; The Century Col, New York, 1909,
31 S. W. Mitchell; Hugh Wynne Free Quaker; The Century Co., New York, 1909, c.1896.
32 M. G. Seelig; op. cit., p. 151.
33 S. W. Mitchell; Hugh Wynne; p. 474.
34 Ibid., p. 475.
35 S. W. Mitchell; The Red City; p. 215.

most of his profession, he fails of no duty to rich or poor.[36]

Although physicians are disagreed as to the best methods of treatment for yellow fever, Dr. Rush insists on bleeding every one.[37] "Yesterday," he says, on one occasion, "was a triumph for mercury, jalap, and bleeding. They saved at least a hundred lives."[38] Although Dr. Rush persists in the practice of blood-letting, he is in some respects far ahead of his time.[39]

COMMENTS

For many years in America the medical profession was overrun by incompetent doctors with their too obvious methods of trial and error. This condition was due to inadequate educational facilities and lack of any proper system of licensing. Dr. Knipperhausen of Colonial times and Dr. Todd of the Revolutionary period are caricatures of this type of physician.

Part of their incompetency may be attributed to the apprenticeship system. Although this method may be excellent, the trouble with it in those early times was that the

---

36 *Ibid.*, p. 213.
37 *Ibid.*, p. 203.
38 *Ibid.*, p. 215.
39 *Ibid.*, p. 213.

master, himself, was not learned enough to instruct his charge satisfactorily. This inadequate training of watering horses, watering medicines, and running errands is pictured by Cooper much the same as it is by Irving.

Both authors, likewise, caricature the gullible villagers who respect the great wisdom of the pompous, half-educated doctor. Moreover, they chuckle at the fond, illiterate mothers who are eager to advance their cloddish sons to vocations of prestige and ease, such as law, ministry, or medicine!

Dr. Elnathan Todd probably represents very adequately the type of ignorant doctor of the Revolutionary period. A footnote in The Pioneers[40] states that the original of the sketch lived for a time about Oswego and the western counties of New York.

Contrasted with Dr. Todd are the well-educated and thoroughly competent physicians of this time. One of these is Dr. Sitgreaves. Besides the virtues of knowledge and skill, he is endowed with kindness and sympathy, although he is an eccentric character who possesses a trait of which the author made fun. That is the characteristic of being so much entranced with his science that he translates all life into terms of it. The English author, Sheridan, understanding this attitude, writes facetiously of a doctor's lament over his deceased helpmate. "Poor

---

40 p. 67.

dear Dolly," says he. "I shall never see her like again; such an arm for a bandage! veins that seemed to invite the lancet! then her skin - smooth and white as a gallipot; her mouth as round and not larger than that of a penny vial; and her teeth - none of your sturdy fixtures - ache as they would, it was only a small pull, and out they came. I believe I have drawn half a score of her dear pearls." (Weeps).

Unlike the two previously mentioned physicians, the last two are thoroughly admirable practitioners, the one modelled after one of the author's friends, and the other a physician of fact.

As a setting for these two characters, both Mitchell and Brown have given very accurate and authentic descriptions of the havoc which the yellow fever epidemic made in Philadelphia, of the methods used for prevention and treatment, and of scenes in the terrible Bush Hill Hospital. Their descriptions are practically the same as the account given by a contemporary writer which is reproduced in Packard's History of Medicine.[41]

It is probable that Dr. Rush in the novel is an exact reproduction of the actual Dr. Rush, for Mitchell always made painstaking preliminary studies for his novels.

> "Suppose," said he, "I have a story to tell and wish to evolve characters amid the scenery and events of an historical episode. Suppose, for instance, the story to lie largely in a great city. For years I must study the topography, dress, manners and family histories; must be able in mind to visit this or that house; know where to call, whom I shall see, the hours of meals, the diet, games, etc. I

---

41 Francis Randolph Packard; op. cit., p. 128.

> must know what people say on meeting and parting. Then I must read letters, diaries, and so on, to get the speech forms and to enable me, if it be autobiography, to command the written style of the day.[42]

Indeed, the three authors quoted in this chapter seem to have been historically-minded enough to have given a very adequate picture of the physicians of the Revolutionary period - the most capable practitioners, as well as their less qualified colleagues.

---

42 Arthur Hobson Quinn; "Weir Mitchell, Artist - Pioneer - and Patrician"; in The Century, vol. 120, Winter 1930, p. 145.

CHAPTER IV

A character study of the physician in the early nineteenth century (1800-1850) in the following literary works:

Dr. Grimshawe's Secret by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Dr. Heidegger's Experiment by Nathaniel Hawthorne

The Hoosier Schoolmaster by Edward Eggleston

The Ways of the Hour by J. Fenimore Cooper

CHAPTER IV

A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PHYSICIAN IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

In striking contrast to the timely doctors of the Revolutionary period are those of the early nineteenth century, who are, in the main, portrayed without thought of the time element.

While the date of Hawthorne's posthumous romance, Doctor Grimshawe's Secret[1], is given variously as "many years ago;" "soon after the Revolutionary War;" or "early in the nineteenth century," it really makes little difference where the doctor is placed. He might, to most intents, be considered a timeless person.

The doctor appears only in the first part of the story, although his influence lives on in the life of his protege throughout the second part. The scene of the first is America; that of the second, England.

Doctor Grimshawe, member of a poor family in England, has been twice wronged by noblemen who unlawfully occupy a large estate. For one hundred and fifty years this branch of the family has illegitimately held the title, the real heir having fled for his life to America. Doctor Grimshawe, possessing important papers in the case, feels if he can find a person who would lay claim to the estate in the name of the dispossessed heir, he can, in a way, be avenged for

---

1 Nathaniel Hawthorne; Doctor Grimshawe's Secret; ed. by Julian Hawthorne, Houghton Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1882.

his wrongs. This idea becomes an obsession with him, as he says, his darling purpose to the accomplishment of which he gives his soul, his success in life, his days and nights of thought, until at last he grows to love the burden of it, and not to regret his own degradation.[2] Accordingly, he emigrates to America where he takes a young boy from an almshouse and rears him as a gentleman, always with the aim of having him displace the present incumbent on the English estate.

Doctor Grim, or the grim doctor, as he is frequently designated, lives in America on the edge of a cemetery with his young granddaughter, the adopted boy, and an old servant. As the doctor has a particular antipathy to broom and brush, his house is completely dust-laden. Visitors aver that the dust is especially disagreeable because it must surely be "the dead men's almost intangible atoms, resurrected from the adjoining graveyard."[3]

The most disconcerting place to be found anywhere is the doctor's study with its books, its machines and contrivances for research, and its innumerable spiders. These creatures dangle from the ceiling, lurk in corners, creep over everything, and weave webs over the entire room.[4] Most awesome of all is an enormous spider, as large as a dinner plate, the pride of the doctor's heart, his treasure, and his glory.[5]

---

2 p. 78.
3 p. 9.
4 Loc. cit.
5 p. 10

Some people think it is the demon to whom he has sold his soul. The old servant always maintains it is the devil with whom the doctor holds secret conferences. "Yet there were sometimes tokens that made people imagine that he hated the infernal creature as much as everybody else did."[6]

The spiders are kept apparently for their webs which the doctor makes into an extract to be used for curing inflammatory cases and for general effects on the system.[7] Although he might have realized a fortune from this nostrum, he never sells it and seldom prescribes it. Indeed, the doctor seems to make no effort to acquire a practice. It has been forced upon him, with the medical title to which he makes no claim. It has grown, largely because of the difficulty in obtaining his services, which are dependent upon his capricious will.[8]

The dust-enveloped, spider-infested den serves as a perfect background for the old man himself. He is a grotesque figure, "black, wild-bearded, heavy-browed, red-eyed, wrapped in his faded dressing-gown, puffing out volumes of vapor from his long pipe," and drinking often of some dark-colored liquid which seemed of vital necessity to his being.[9]

In truth, the doctor is a singular character, gruff and uncommunicative, misanthropic and morose. His morbidity may be illustrated by his answer to the boy's question about the circumstances of his origin and his adoption:

---

6 p. 11.
7 p. 6.
8 p. 7.
9 p. 16.

> "And why did you come? Faith, Ned, he must be a wiser man than Doctor Grim who can tell why you or any other mortal came hither; only one thing I am well aware of, - it was not to be happy. To toil and moil and hope and fear; and to love in a shadowy, doubtful sort of way, and to hate in bitter earnest, - that is what you came for!"10

And yet, in spite of his sullenness, the doctor at times has his jokes - rather grisly jokes, to be sure - but they show that he is not entirely devoid of humor. On one occasion a man from England asks the doctor to help him locate a grave.

> "To find a grave!" said the Doctor, giving way to a grim sense of humor, and relaxing just enough to let out a joke, the tameness of which was a little redeemed, to his taste, by its grimness. "I might help you there, to be sure, since it is all in the way of business. Like others of my profession, I have helped many people to find their graves, no doubt, and shall be happy to do the same for you. You have hit upon the one thing in which my services are ready."11

In spite of the uncouthness of Doctor Grim, whose nature seems incapable of polish, he is a thorough scholar and an able tutor for little Ned. Paradoxically, too, the coarse, gruff man is able to give him instruction in manners.[12]

> The Doctor possessed a peculiar power of rich rough humor on this subject and used to deliver lectures, as it were, to little Ned, illustrated with sketches of living individuals in the town where they dwelt; by an unscrupulous use of whom he sought to teach the boy what to avoid in manners, if he sought to be a gentleman. But it must be confessed he spared himself as little as other people, and often wound up with this compendious injunction, - "Be everything in your behavior that Doctor Grim is not!"13

---

10 pp. 18-19.
11 p. 93.
12 pp. 37-38.
13 p. 39.

The impious doctor pays little attention at first to moral and religious instruction for his pupil. But gradually "though with a singular reluctance and kind of bashfulness, he began to extend his care to these matters."[14] One evening he seems particularly inspired to talk of such things.

> His voice grew deep, and had a strange, impressive pathos in it; his talk became eloquent with depth of meaning and feeling, as he told the boy of the moral dangers of the world, for which he was seeking to educate him; and which, he said, presented what looked like great triumphs, and yet were the greatest and saddest of defeats. He told him that many things that seemed nearest and dearest to the heart of man were destructive, eating and gnawing away and corroding what was best in him; and what a high, noble, re-creating triumph it was when these dark impulses were resisted and overthrown; and how, from that epoch, the soul took a new start. He denounced the selfish greed of gold, lawless passion, revenge, - and here the grim Doctor broke out into a strange passion and zeal of anathema against this deadly sin, making a dreadful picture of the ruin that it creates in the heart where it establishes itself, and how it makes a corrosive acid of those genial juices. Then he told the boy that the condition of all good was, in the first place, truth; then, courage; then, justice; then, mercy; out of which principles operating upon one another would come all brave, noble, high, unselfish actions, and the scorn of all mean ones; and how that from such a nature all hatred would fall away, and all good affections would be ennobled."[15]

In such a strain he soars high until some interruption brings him back to himself, whereupon he bursts into a great roar of laughter.[16] The children have listened to the doctor's recital in great astonishment.

> It was singular....that in both the children's minds this one gush of irrestible religious sentiment, breaking out of the grim Doctor's inner depths, like

14 p. 41.
15 pp. 41-42.
16 p. 43.

> a sort of holy lava from a volcano that usually emitted quite other matter, (such as melted wrath and hate) quite threw out of sight, then and always afterwards, his darker characteristics. They remembered him, with faith and love, as a religious man, and forgot - what perhaps had made no impression on their innocent hearts - all the traits that other people might have called devilish. To them the grim Doctor was a saint, even during his lifetime and constant intercourse with them, and canonized forever afterwards. There is almost always, to be sure, this profound faith, with regard to those they love, in childhood; but perhaps, in this instance, the children really had a depth of insight that grown people lacked; a profound recognition of the bottom of this strange man's nature, which was of such stuff as martyrs and heroic saints might have been made of, though here it had been wrought miserably amiss. At any rate, his face with the holy awe upon it was what they saw and remembered, when they thought of their friend Doctor Grim.[17]

The children are peculiarly drawn to the old doctor by the powerful magnetism of his character. Often after paroxysms of rage he becomes tender and gentle, and at such times they think him as sweet an old fellow as lives.[18] On the whole, they love the grim doctor dearly, one strong attachment being that he is never disturbed by any amount of shouting or noisy mischief.

> He had a hardy set of nerves, not refined by careful treatment in himself or his ancestors, but probably accustomed from of old to be drummed on by harsh voices, rude sounds, and the clatter and clamor of household life among homely, uncultivated, strongly animal people.[19]

It is well that the children show some affection toward the doctor, for the townspeople, in general, regard the morose and unamiable old fellow with antipathy.[20] Various

---

17 pp. 44-45.
18 p. 35.
19 p. 35.
20 p. 50.

stories have been circulated about his eccentricities. One townsman, passing late at night, heard the doctor, on one occasion, hurl blasphemous oaths in the direction of an old elm tree. The next spring the tree failed to bud, having been withered by the profanity.[21] Some suspect, as he lives near the graveyard, that he makes free with the relics of mortality therein.[22] Many deplore his irreligion and his failure to send the children to church or school. The selectmen have even pondered the advisability of taking them away from the doctor, but have decided the expense of keeping them up would drain too much from their own pocket-books.[23] Some of the spinsters have called on the doctor to give him advice about the way to rear the youngsters, but have met with a very ungracious reception. Another contributing factor to the town's hatred is that the doctor is an Englishman, and so soon after the Revolution old prejudices remain.[24]

However, Dr. Grim cares little for the antagonism of his fellow-citizens, and even toward the end of his life wants no communication with them. During his last hours, the old servant summons a physician and a clergyman, who are received in a most rampant manner.

> Upon showing their heads, the Doctor flew into an awful rage, threatening, in his customary improper way, when angry, to make them smell the infernal regions,

---

21 pp. 79-81.
22 p. 53.
23 p. 51.
24 p. 50.

> and proceeding to put his threats into execution by flinging his odorous tobacco-pipe in the face of the medical man, and rebaptizing the clergyman with a half-emptied tumbler of brandy and water, and sending a terrible vociferation of oaths after them, as they clattered hastily down the stairs.[25]

Although Doctor Grim has devoted his whole soul to the task of preparing Ned to replace the nobleman in England, on his death-bed he seems to repent of his intention, for in his mutterings he always calls, "No, Ned, no. Drop it. Drop it."[26]

His last admonition to the child is:

> "Do not be cast down, my boy. Face the world; grasp the thistle strongly, and it will sting you the less. Have faith in your own fist! Fear no man! Have no secret plot! Never do what you think wrong! If hereafter you learn to know that Doctor Grim was a bad man, forgive him, and be a better one yourself."[27]

Indeed, the old doctor, busy with his own fantasies and entangled in his own cobwebs, lives and dies a paradox. He is a singular man, a person of evident accomplishments and great abilities in spite of his animal nature, - so pugnacious and yet at times so strangely tender.

In the same vein, Hawthorne has portrayed another physician in his short story Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.[28] With his remarkable gift for creating the proper atmosphere for characters and incidents, he has pictured Dr. Heidegger's study as vividly as he did Doctor Grimshawe's.

---

25 pp. 123-124.
26 p. 125.
27 p. 118.
28 Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment"; in Twice-Told Tales, v. 1, Thomas Y. Crowell and Co., New York, 1900, pp. 199-209.

> It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases.... Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chamber-maid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said - "Forbear!"[29]

Dr. Heidegger, like Doctor Grimshawe, fits very naturally into his queer study, for he, too, is an eccentric old gentleman, given to performing strange experiments.[30]

For one of his tests, he asks the help of four old friends, who, like the doctor, are sometimes thought to be beside themselves.[31] The doctor wishes to note how the

---

29 pp. 200-201.
30 p. 201.
31 p. 199.

subjects will conduct themselves after they have drunk water from the Fountain of Youth and have, for a time, become young again. The four are quite sure with another chance at youth they will display far more wisdom and prudence. But the experiences of a lifetime prove of no advantage, and again they make the same foolish mistakes.

Dr. Heidegger, who decides that tampering with life's natural order is tragic, says to his friends at the conclusion of the experiment:

> "If the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it - no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"[32]

The characterization next in order transports the reader from a queer office where a supernatural experiment has been performed to the Indiana backwoods where a gang of thieves operates. Dr. Small, the young physician in Edward Eggleston's book The Hoosier Schoolmaster,[33] is a member of a good family and reputedly "the most exemplary Christian young man in the county,"[34] although in reality he is one of the most unprincipled physicians in American literature. The doctor diversifies his work as a physician by leading a gang of burglars who rifle the homes of the Indiana community.

> Small was no ordinary villain. He was a genius. Your ordinary hypocrite talks cant. Small talked nothing. He was the coolest, the steadiest, the most silent, the most promising boy ever born in

---

32 p. 209.

33 Edward Eggleston; The Hoosier Schoolmaster; Grosset & Dunlap, New York, 1871.

34 p. 200.

> Lewisburg. He made no pretensions. He set up no claims. He uttered no professions. He went right on and lived a life above reproach. Your vulgar hypocrite makes long prayers in prayer-meeting. Small did nothing of the sort. He sat still in prayer-meeting, and listened to the elders as a modest young man should. Your commonplace hypocrite boasts. Small never alluded to himself, and thus a consummate egotist got credit for modesty.... Everything was done in a modest and matter-of-course way beautiful to behold.... Wild boys were sick of having Small held up to them as the most immaculate of men.[35]

An example of his subtlety is shown in his opportune visit to old Granny Sanders, dispenser of herbs and gossip. By a question or two about her magical cures, the doctor enshrines himself in the old lady's heart. Soon, without any prodding, she advances some choice observations which the doctor hopes she will gossip to the community. But Dr. Small is far too cunning to agree openly with her. It is only by the shine of his eyes in assent or a barely perceptible move of his body that he conveys acquiescence.[36] In fact, the doctor consistently "bore himself in a quiet, gentlemanly way like the admirable villain that he was."[37]

Finally when his depravity becomes known, he is almost mobbed but succeeds in escaping. Two reports concerning his subsequent actions are current - one that he is running a faro-bank in San Francisco, the other that he is curing consumption in New York by some quack process.[38]

The antithesis of Dr. Small is found in the last of J. Fenimore Cooper's medical creations, Dr. Edward McBrain,

---

35 p. 119.
36 pp. 123-124.
37 p. 270.
38 *Loc. cit.*

in The Ways of the Hour.[39] The doctor is a minor character introduced solely for his testimony at a trial.

In expressing his opinions here as elsewhere, he is cautious and prudent, always with sufficient justification for his judgment.[40] The doctor, too, having modesty of knowledge, never assumes an attitude of superiority.[41] In fact, he is quite timid and wary except in two matters: one, the practice of his profession where he works boldly and decisively; the other, in making up to women, for the doctor is about to marry his third wife. His friend, the lawyer, mindful of his conservatism and timidity in most matters, says, "If Mrs. Updyke were a new fangled theory, now, instead of an old-fashioned widow, as she is, hang me if I think you would have ever had the spirit to propose."[42]

Always kind-hearted, the doctor takes an interest in a friendless young woman accused of a crime. The entire community thinks her guilty, but Dr. McBrain, feeling that she is innocent, secures legal counsel for her. In fact, in all his dealings the doctor shows love of his fellowman, goodness of heart, and integrity.[43]

Although he practices in town, he has a small place in an adjoining county where he likes to go when possible. Here he is exceedingly well-liked on account of his skill and

---

39 J. Fenimore Cooper; The Ways of the Hour; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1850.
40 p. 53.
41 Loc. cit.
42 p. 29.
43 p. 15.

generosity, being always ready to serve his neighbors without compensation. So popular is he that they might have sent him to Albany except for the objection of a foresighted wag. His suggestion is that the doctor could not treat his neighbors if he were attending to political affairs. Consequently the doctor's advancement is curtailed although his popularity remains unchecked.[44]

COMMENTS

Although Dr. Grimshawe is described vividly, there are many inconsistences in the book which make it difficult to understand his character thoroughly. As a story, it is complete with a beginning, a middle, and a legitimate conclusion, but it lacks the finesse of the author's finished works. Had Hawthorne lived longer, he would, doubtless, have recast much of it.

Dr. Grimshawe resembles, in some respects, the physician of _Scarlet Letter_. Like Chillingworth, he is obsessed with the idea of avenging a wrong, yet he plans to do it in no such abnormal way as the Colonial physician does. He is, moreover, a much less shadowy figure and far less abhorrent to the reader. But with his contradictory nature, his dusty, arachnoid den, and his communication with the immense spider - probably symbolic of the Evil One - he, too, partakes of the supernatural.

---

44 p. 20.

Dr. Grimshawe's extract of cobwebs may seem fantastic to the average reader, yet, at least since the first century, literature on medicine abounds in references to the use of spiders and their webs. In old works one finds frequent references to cobweb, which was then administered in the form of pills. Even in present-day practice of medicine tarantulas are employed by homeopathic physicians.[45]

Thus, the cobweb medicine is not so extravagantly fanciful as the fact that the doctor lives satisfactorily with the multitudinous spiders and holds significant communications with one as large as a dinner-plate.

Dr. Heidegger, like Hawthorne's other physicians, is portrayed romantically, and his science is treated as alchemy.[46] The function of the alchemists was to transmute, if possible, the baser metals into gold; but, realizing that so much gold would be of little value unless the life of man were long enough to spend it, they set about trying to find an elixir which would prolong life and restore youth.[47] _Dr. Heidegger's Experiment_ is a romantic treatment of the subject because the elixir has presumably been found, but, contrary to expectations, has proved to be no blessing.

---

45 J. F. Lloyd; "Spiders Used in Medicine"; in _Scientific American Monthly_, July, 1921, pp. 33-34.
46 George E. Woodberry; _op. cit._, p. 147.
47 A. C. Eycleshymer; "Growing Old and the Search for an Elixir of Life:" in _Scientific Monthly_, May, 1928, p. 401.

The other two physicians of the period, one good and one bad, could have been actual characters anywhere and at any time. In fact, Eggleston states in the preface[48] that Dr. Small is drawn so baldly from the original that he seems a rather unrealistic villain, yet the author knew him well in his boyhood.

Contrasted with him is Dr. McBrain, an excellent character. He has only one weakness which is intimated instead of definitely stated. That is his extreme caution - the reserve of a man of science in committing himself on unknown and uncertain ground. This prudence in building up his standard of judgment and afterward in zealously guarding it is very commendable in most respects. Yet, on account of this very conservatism, the doctor sometimes fails to approve estimable work. This is especially true in regard to anything related to his own field. He is, in other words, unable to see value in any of the "opathies" except his own particular "opathy."

---

48 p. 22.

CHAPTER V

A character study of the physician in the last half of the nineteenth century (1850-1900) in the following literary works:

<u>Elsie Venner</u> by Oliver Wendell Holmes

<u>The Guardian Angel</u> by Oliver Wendell Holmes

<u>Red Rock</u> by Thomas Nelson Page

<u>Dr. Sevier</u> by George W. Cable

<u>The Autobiography of a Quack</u> by Silas Weir Mitchell

<u>My Summer with Dr. Singletary</u> by John G. Whittier

<u>The Poet at the Breakfast Table</u> by O. W. Holmes

<u>A Mortal Antipathy</u> by Oliver Wendell Holmes

<u>Doctor Zay</u> by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

<u>Dr. Breen's Practice</u> by William Dean Howells

<u>A Country Doctor</u> by Sarah Orne Jewett

<u>The Doctor's Christmas Eve</u> by James Lane Allen

<u>In the Heart of a Fool</u> by William Allen White

<u>The Country Doctor</u> by Theodore Dreiser

<u>Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers</u> by James Whitcomb Riley

"The Country Doctor" in <u>Adventures in Contentment</u> by David Grayson

CHAPTER V

A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PHYSICIAN IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

During the latter part of the nineteenth century a new type of physician is introduced to American literature, the kind of practitioner who is hereafter most consistently portrayed. That is the kindly old country doctor, whose tribulations are described vividly by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his novel Elsie Venner:[1]

> Oh, yes! country doctor, - half a dollar a visit, - drive, drive, drive all day, - get up at night and harness your own horse, - drive again ten miles in a snow-storm, - shake powders out of two phials.... drive back again, if you don't happen to get stuck in a drift, - no home, no peace, no continuous meals, no unbroken sleep, no Sunday, no holiday, no social intercourse, but one eternal jog, jog, jog, in a sulky, until you feel like the mummy of an Indian who had been buried in the sitting posture, and was dug up a hundred years afterwards![2]

Most of the physicians described by well-known writers of this period are examples of the finest type of country doctor, differing in minor details, to be sure, but resembling in all essential characteristics.

The first of these very superior practitioners is Dr. Kittredge, the country doctor in Holmes's novel Elsie Venner. Perfectly trustworthy in his profession, the Doctor is often called as counsel in cases all over the county and beyond it.[3] Having practiced in the community for many years, he knows thoroughly the metabolism of his patients, and, although he has no time to read all the newest medical books, he feels

---

1 Oliver Wendell Holmes; Elsie Venner; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1861.
2 pp. 20-21.
3 p. 98.

that he is able to meet most situations requiring his services.

> "When a man that's once started right lives among sick folks for five-and-thirty years, as I've done, if he hasn't got a library of five-and-thirty volumes bound up in his head at the end of that time, he'd better stop driving round and sell his horse and sulky. I know the bigger part of the families within a dozen miles' ride. I know the families that have a way of living through everything, and I know the other set that have the trick of dying without any kind of reason for it. I know the years when the fevers and dysenteries are in earnest, and when they're only making believe. I know the folks that think they're dying as soon as they're sick, and the folks that never find out they're sick till they're dead." 4

Besides serving his clientele in a medical capacity, he is their counselor and confidant, listening patiently to their troubles and then in "his large parental way" giving words of wholesome advice and cheer.[5]

> The doctor was a shrewd old man who looked pretty keenly into his patients through his spectacles, and pretty widely at men, women, and things in general.... The doctor knew the difference between what men say and what they mean.... When he was listening to common talk, he was in the habit of looking over his spectacles; if he lifted his head so as to look through them at the person talking, he was busier with that person's thoughts than his words.[6]

The doctor sometimes gives dry, hard advice, but it always comes from a kind heart and is couched in cheerful and sympathetic tones.[7] Indeed, his is a genial nature. His eyes twinkle and he laughs good-naturedly as he replies to the eager inquiry if there is any "ketchin' complaint goin'

---

4 pp. 210-211.
5 p. 405.
6 pp. 98-99.
7 p. 195.

about in the village!"

"Well, yes.... I should say there was something of that sort. Measles. Mumps. And Sin - that's always catching."[8]

In fact, Dr. Kittredge's good spirits are a characteristic that make him a welcome visitor to the sick room. Here he always comes with a quiet, cheerful look that seems to imply he is bringing sure relief with him.[9] Sometimes he is in the room almost before the patient knows he is in the house, and he comes to the bedside "in such a natural, quiet way that it seems as if he were only a friend who had dropped in for a moment to say a pleasant word."[10]

This tranquil attitude is reflected in the doctor's tolerance of human weakness. When the minister reproaches him for being too charitable toward a young man with a "lost soul", the doctor replies:

> "I can't judge men's souls.... I can judge their acts and hold them responsible for those, - but I don't know much about their souls. If you or I had found our soul in a half-breed body, and had been turned loose to run among the Indians, we might have been playing just such tricks as this fellow has been trying."[11]

Although the two old gentlemen are the best of friends, they have many good-natured arguments like the following:

> "_Ubi tres medici, duo athei_, you know, Doctor. Your profession has always had the credit of being lax in doctrine, - though pretty stringent in _practice_, ha! ha!"

---

8 p. 429.
9 p. 424
10 p. 425.
11 pp. 402-403.

"Some priest said that," the Doctor answered, dryly. "They always talked Latin when they had a bigger lie than common to get rid of."

"Good!" said the Reverend Doctor; "I'm afraid they would lie a little sometimes. But isn't there some truth in it, Doctor? Don't you think your profession is apt to see 'Nature' in the place of the God of Nature, - to lose sight of the great First Cause in their daily study of secondary causes?"

"I've thought about that," the Doctor answered, "and I've talked about it and read about it, and I've come to the conclusion that nobody believes in God and trusts in God quite so much as the doctors; only it isn't just the sort of Deity that some of your profession have wanted them to take up.... I grant you ....ministers and doctors are very apt to see different in spiritual matters....

"We don't separate God and Nature....as you do potent and omniscient, we are a little more apt to mean it than your folks are. We think, when a wound heals, that God's presence and power and knowledge are there, healing it.... We think a good many theologians working among their books, don't see the facts of the world they live in....

"For instance: you don't understand or don't allow for idiosyncrasies as we learn to. We know that food and physic act differently with different people; but you think the same kind of truth is going to suit, or ought to suit all minds....

"We see all kinds of monomania and insanity. We learn from them to recognize all sorts of queer tendencies in minds supposed to be sane, so that we have nothing but compassion for a large class of persons condemned as sinners by theologians, but considered by us as invalids....

"Besides, though our libraries are, perhaps, not commonly quite so big as yours, God opens one book to physicians that a good many of you don't know much about, - the Book of Life. That is none of your dusty folios with black letters between pasteboard and leather, but it is printed in bright red type, and the binding of it is warm and tender to every touch. They reverence that book as one of the Almighty's infallible revelations. They will insist on reading you lessons out of it, whether you call them names or not. These will always be lessons of charity."[12]

---

12 pp. 315-325.

The minister is not offended at the freedom of the physician's speech, for he knows him to be honest, kind, and charitable, with a cheerful trust in the great Father. Although the senior deacon of the minister's church has called the physician an infidel, the minister feels the doctor to be the better Christian of the two if they are to be judged according to the text, "By their fruits ye shall know them" .... He says to himself that he shouldn't be surprised if he meets the Doctor in heaven yet, inquiring anxiously after old Deacon Shearer.[13]

Very similar to Dr. Kittredge are two other of Holmes's physicians in his novel The Guardian Angel.[14] These are old Dr. Lemuel Hurlbut and his son, Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut. The former is ninety-two years old and, of course, too infirm for active practice although his sagacity is such that he is still a respected counselor. Having treated five generations of villagers, he understands the predispositions of the present generation of patients better than his son does. In fact, the old gentleman says: "Live folks are only dead folks warmed over,"[15] another way of stating a premise of which the author is particularly fond: "This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans is not a private carriage, but an omnibus."[16]

---

13 pp. 326-327.
14 Oliver Wendell Holmes; The Guardian Angel; Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, c.1867.
15 p. 128.
16 p. 23.

Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut is a "man of vigorous nature, and of refined feeling" whose conduct is so meticulously in keeping with his conscience that he would relinquish his practice rather than violate any principles of that oldest of medical documents, the Oath of Hippocrates.[17]

The Southern doctor of this period resembles in essentials his Northern colleague. Thomas Nelson Page in Red Rock,[18] his novel of the Civil War and Reconstruction era, gives an interesting picture of Dr. Cary, a Southern plantation owner, who, according to one of his friends, quotes Plutarch and practices his principles.[19]

During the feverish pre-war days when the whole South is astir with excitement, the doctor's neighbors are advocating immediate secession; but Dr. Cary, wiser and more farseeing, fights dauntlessly against secession with its promise of ensuing war. One of his ardent speeches is recalled years afterward:

> "Do you know what War is?" he said...in reply to a secession-speech.... "War is the most terrible of all disasters, except Dishonor. I do not speak of the dangers. For every brave man must face danger as it comes, and should court glory; and death for one's Country is glorious. I speak merely of the change that War inevitably brings in the destruction of everything that exists. You may fail or you may win, but what exists passes, and something different takes its place. The plough-share becomes a spear, and the pruning-hook a sword; the poor may become richer, but

---

17 pp. 142, 143.

18 Thomas Nelson Page; Red Rock; Grosset & Dunlap, New York, c.1898 by Chas. Scribners Sons.

19 p. 244

> the rich must become poorer. You are the wealthiest people in the world to-day - not in mere riches, but in wealth. You may become the poorest. No people who enter a war wealthy and content ever come out of war so."[20]

At another time he says:

> "You ask for war, but you do not know what it is. A fool can start a conflagration, but the Sanhedrim cannot stop it. War is never done. It leaves its baleful seed for generations."[21]

However seriously the neighbors disagree with the doctor, they are moved by his eloquence and his sincerity.

When the war eventually comes, Dr. Cary flings in his lot with his friends. "Go home and make ready," he says to them. "If we have talked like fools, we shall at least fight like men."[22]

True to his word, the doctor, as a surgeon in the army, is always at the front. He could hardly have been there more if he had been the Colonel. He says he can save at any time those not badly wounded; those who are badly shot he can save only on the firing line. Every wounded man, Yankee or Confederate, Dr. Cary attends. A wounded man isn't an enemy, he says, he is a patient. The story is told of the doctor's tenderness to a dying Northern boy who begs for his mother. The doctor stoops down by him, and putting an arm around him, says, "Now I lay me," just for all the world like a woman. The next minute after the boy gets quiet, he leans over to get a ball out of the man right by him.[23]

---

20 p. 12.
21 p. 198.
22 p. 41.
23 p. 557.

Indeed, whatever the circumstances, the doctor enters whole-heartedly and courageously into his work; and, after the War without wasting time or repining about the past, he tries to pick up the tangled and broken threads of the old life and to form them with the new. He, like others who love the South, are "overwhelmed but not whipped; cast down but not destroyed."[24]

Cheerfully and bravely the doctor tries to restore his plantation to its former state. To this end he offers homes and employment to all his old servants,[25] but he tells them that they are free to leave if they desire. His place has supported two hundred souls in the past and he thinks it can do so again. All negroes who remain he promises to treat well and to pay fairly if it takes every acre he has to do this.[26]

But, as the doctor had prophesied before the war, he, with many other rich men, becomes very poor during the Reconstruction period. Finally in desperate circumstances, he decides to collect some of the money due him for professional services. As he has never sent out bills in his life, he now decides to go on a collecting tour. He is successful in getting some of the money, but during his ride he finds such poverty-stricken conditions among his clientele that he distributes what he has already collected to those poorer than he. To his wife he announces on his return, "It is the first time I ever dunned a debtor, and it is the last."[27]

24 p. 86.
25 Loc. cit.
26 pp. 61, 62.
27 pp. 213-214.

Because of the doctor's kindness and wisdom, he is much beloved by the community. In fact, he has become the general adviser of his neighbors. There is in his calm face and quiet manner something which soothes them and gives them the feeling of being sympathized with even when no practical aid is given.[28]

In his professional relations, too, Dr. Cary is imbued with an ideal of unselfish service; and when he is old and ill, insists on going to treat one of his worst enemies, a disreputable man responsible for the carpet-bag government. His friends beg him not to risk his life to treat one who has caused him so much trouble. The messenger says to the doctor, "They told me to tell you he'd pay you anything in the world you asked."

The doctor turns and faces him, "He has not money enough - the Government has not money enough - to induce me to go if he were not ill.... I am going because he is sick and I am a physician."[29]

After a strenuous night with his patient, the doctor returns. "I am glad I went," he says, "He would have died if he had not been relieved." But the exertion and excitement have been too much for the old doctor: he crumples to the floor and dies.[30]

---

28 p. 216.
29 p. 555.
30 p. 556.

Another picture of a Southern doctor, a city man, however, is given by George W. Cable in his novel Dr. Sevier,[31] the scene of which is New Orleans between 1856 and 1870.

Dr. Sevier - "tall, slender, pale, sharp of voice, keen of glance, stern of judgment"[32] - is a very busy man, with his ward in the great Charity Hospital, his chair in the school of medicine, and his office in Carondelet Street.[33] Although the doctor is a man of wealth, he seems strangely out of harmony with his neighbors of the financial center, who, subordinating all other of life's activities to the acquiring of wealth, live by the maxim "Time is money."[34]

> "It's a great deal more, sir; it's life.... Yes, I have money. But I don't go after it. It comes to me, because I seek and render service for service's sake. It will come to anybody else the same way; and why should it come any other way?"[35]

So vexed does the Doctor become on the whole matter of money-getting that he actually falls into a disbelief regarding the needs of the poor. He begins to regard a run of bad luck or inability to find employment a result of obvious shiftlessness. "If he wants work, he will find it. As for begging, it ought to be easier for any true man to starve than to beg," the doctor opines.[36]

Dr. Sevier, himself, has never known want. To have known want is "a liberal education," and, although the

---

31 George W. Cable; Dr. Sevier; Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1916, c.1883.
32 p. 6.
33 p. 5.
34 p. 7.
35 p. 8.
36 Loc. cit.

doctor is learned, he has missed the humanizing experiences in this school of poverty.[37]

The doctor, severe, untender, but always aiming to be just, in these early days of the story, wages constant war against malady and against evil.

> To fight; to stifle; to cut down; to uproot; to overwhelm, - these were his springs of action.... To face it (evil) in its nakedness, and to inveigh against it in high places and low, seemed the consummation of all manliness; and manliness was the key-note of his creed. There was no other necessity in this life.
>
> "But a man must live," said one of his kindred, to whom, truth to tell, he had refused assistance.
>
> "No, sir; that is just what he can't do. A man must die! So, while he lives, let him be a man!"[38]

The doctor loves to take his stand on political matters too, but, his intentions being as pure as snow, he is far removed from a mere party contestant or spoilsman.[39] He is too unconventional a thinker to find himself in harmony with all the declarations of any one party. He arrives at his own deductions, his own theories of political rights and wrongs, which he, as a sincere lover of his country, on occasions expounds in political meetings.[40]

But Dr. Sevier is seldom very demonstrative or emotional. Always he has a horror of expressing personal sentiment in words. It seems to him utterly hollow to indicate by speech an affection which has not already been shown in behavior.

---

37 p. 9.
38 p. 7.
39 p. 34.
40 p. 45.

Indeed so far removed from effusiveness and insincerity is the doctor that he has "barely enough room left to be candid."[41]

This description may make the doctor seem too unsympathetic, and yet, he is in reality a philanthropist who sometimes gives more than any one else for projects which he knows to be worthy.[42] However, Dr. Sevier feels that it is much wiser to correct the causes that make charity a necessity than to give indiscriminately.

A friend, on one occasion, brings him a subscription list taken for children orphaned from the yellow fever epidemic. The paper begins with the words, "God in his mysterious providence." The doctor immediately protests:

> "O, sir, what a foul, false charge! There's nothing mysterious about it. We've trampled the book of Nature's laws in the mire of our streets, and dragged her penalties down upon our heads....the book of Nature has its commandments too; and the man who sins against them is a sinner.... A community has got to know those laws and keep them, or take the consequences - and take them here and now....this sort of work....is right, of course. It's good. But it's the mere alphabet of beneficence....whenever philanthropy takes the guise of philanthropy, look out. Confine your philanthropy - you can't do it entirely, but as much as you can - confine your philanthropy to the motive.... Reduce crime and vice! Reduce squalor! Reduce the poor man's death-rate! Improve his tenements!... The time has come when beneficence, to be real, must operate scientifically, not emotionally. Emotion is good; but it must follow, not guide."[43]

In all his relations Dr. Sevier tries to be just, not niggardly. When his bookkeeper goes to war, his

---

41 p. 29.
42 p. 289.
43 pp. 287-291.

salary is continued so that his old aunt will be taken care of. Even after the young man's death, the salary continues.[44]

In his relations to his patients, too, the doctor's austerity is noticeably lacking. In the sickroom he is so calm, so full of cheer, and with a touch so gentle as to seem almost motherly.[45]

But perhaps that is the doctor's true self which, slumbering for years beneath his stern exterior, begins gradually to be awakened. By a quip of fate, first in a professional way, later as an interested observer, and finally as a friend, he comes in close contact with two strangers in the city, a young husband and his beautiful wife. The young man, John Richling, member of a prominent Kentucky family, has been disowned for his marriage to a Northern girl. Educated as a gentleman and by nature unfitted for battling with the hardships of life, he has a difficult time although, in his extremity, he makes a valiant fight. Failure confronts him at every turn, and the doctor learns through his years of acquaintance with Richling that, contrary to his early beliefs, it is not always possible for a man to find work if he wants it and that financial success does not necessarily come through service rendered for service's sake.

When young Richling is too independent to seek help

---

44 p. 470.
45 p. 344.

from the doctor, the latter, likewise, changes his opinion about its being easier for any true man to starve than to beg. He upbraids the young man for his pride, "I'm not a man to teach men to whine after each other for aid; but every principle has its limitations."[46] Then the doctor talks so long and earnestly to the young couple that they forget he has ever spoken a grating word to them. His gentle voice is like that of an older and wiser brother, and his arrangement for assistance seems so irrestibly logical that they have to agree.[47]

As Dr. Sevier crosses Canal Street on his return to the office, a full-fledged mendicant begs alms. The doctor passes by but falters and stops. Then, looking around to see if his "pernicious example" is observed and calling himself a "drivelling sentimentalist", he drops a dime into the cup.[48]

There is no doubt that his austerity is being mellowed by a kindlier mood and that he is attaining that "double grace" of being just and at the same time tender toward the erring.[49]

A final step in the re-creation of Dr. Sevier occurs when he admits that his former belligerent aim of demolishing evil is much less fine and satisfying than his recent love-inspired one of doing good. To John Richling, his im-

---

46 p. 154.
47 p. 157.
48 *Loc. cit.*
49 p. 9.

practical, generous, but thoroughly loveable friend, who has taught the doctor the satisfactory solution to life's problems, he says:

> "Well, Richling....only just here, very lately, I've learned to call the meekest, lovingest One that ever trod our earth, Master; and it's been your life, my dear fellow, that has taught me....
>
> "Nature herself appoints some men to poverty and some to riches. God throws the poor upon our charge - in mercy to us....it's easy for the poor to feel, when they are helped by us, that the rich are a godsend to them; but they don't see, and many of their helpers don't see, that the poor are a godsend to the rich. They're set over against each other to keep pity and mercy and charity in the human heart. If every one were entirely able to take care of himself we'd turn to stone....
>
> "Riches don't always bless the man they come to, but they bless the world. And so with poverty; and it's no contemptible commission....to be appointed by God to bear that blessing to mankind which keeps its brotherhood universal. See now....from what a distance he brought our two hearts together. Why, Richling, the man that can make the rich and poor love each other will make the world happier than it has ever been since man fell!"[50]

An intruder into the midst of this benevolent company of physicians is the scoundrel, Ezra Sandcraft, who is characterized in The Autobiography of a Quack,[51] written by Silas Weir Mitchell.

This charlatan, suffering from Addison's disease, is a patient in the Massachusetts General Hospital. When he asks for something to do, the attending physician suggests that he write the story of his life. This autobiography,

---

50 p. 446.

51 Silas Weir Mitchell; The Autobiography of a Quack; in The Century Magazine, v. 37, pp. 109-119; 291-298; 385-394. November, 1899; December, 1899; January, 1900.

which gives an interesting account of his years as a selfish child and a reprobate adult, spares no details, although the writer considers fate partly responsible for his rascality.

At the insistence of his father, he had spent two years in Philadelphia at medical college where he had done as little work as possible to complete his course,[52] after which he had opened an office in a poor section of the city. Here he had neglected, as in medical school, to perform his duties conscientiously. Unscrupulous at first in the care of his patients, he had gone, step by step, into worse practices in connection with his profession. On one occasion he had received five hundred dollars for making out a false certificate of health, and at another time three hundred and fifty dollars for a spurious death certificate.[53]

The following attitude indicates one reason for his depravity: "There is no poverty as painful as your own, so that I prefer to distribute pecuniary suffering among many rather than to concentrate it on myself."[54]

By and by he had changed his sign to homeopathic physician and had sold, at a high price, his medicines which consisted chiefly of milk-sugar.[55]

After several scrapes with disreputable characters, he had gone to St. Louis where, in league with an actor,

52 pp. 113-114.
53 p. 119.
54 p. 291.
55 p. 293.

he had practiced further artifices. The actor, pretending to be a prominent man whom the doctor had cured, would engage the waiting patients in conversation to find whatever information he could about them. Then, having told them that he could wait no longer, he would leave. However, by a side entrance he slipped into the doctor's office where he told him facts which would enable the quack to astonish the patients in his diagnoses.[56]

During the Civil War, Dr. Sandcraft, in return for seven hundred dollars, had enlisted as a substitute for another man, but to avoid going to the front had simulated fits. This ruse, successful for a while, had been finally discovered, and the doctor had been sentenced to hard labor.[57]

Developing Addison's disease after the war, he had gone to the hospital where he subsequently wrote his autobiography.

Contrasted with the agitated life of Dr. Sandcraft is the quiet and serene existence of Dr. Singletary, the chief character in Whittier's sketch _My Summer with Dr. Singletary._[58] He is a New England doctor who serves his village faithfully and well in many capacities - as a physician, a member of the school committee, an overseer of the poor, and a "standing reference" in all disputes on almost any question.[59] With his breadth of sympathy, his geniality, and his humanity, he is well fitted to perform his many duties.

---

56 p. 297.
57 p. 394.
58 John G. Whittier; _My Summer with Dr. Singletary_; in v. 2, _The Prose Works of John Greenleaf Whittier_, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1882. pp. 176-232.
59 p. 188.

Besides these characteristics, he is a man of intelligence whose educational facilities have been supplemented by earnest and industrious private studies. But contributing more to his learning than any other factor, according to the doctor's notion, are his simple instructors in all walks of life, the blacksmith, the skipper, the farmer, and even the vagabond hunter or angler. From them he has gathered practical knowledge; from his books he has mastered profound learning. Familiarity with these two sources enables him to talk well and fluently on every-day matters as well as on abstruse questions.[60]

His favorite resort is a hill back of his house, which affords a view of the long valley and the sea. Here the doctor often goes to enjoy the lovely landscape, and here he is frequently joined by his old friends who come to converse with him.[61] Although Dr. Singletary at times "carries too much sail"[62] for the others, they are fond of listening to his observations and his philosophy of life.

> "Human life," he would say, "is the same everywhere. If we could but get at the truth, we should find that all the tragedy and comedy of Shakespeare have been reproduced in this little village.... On the surface, everything about us just now looks prosaic and mechanical; you see only a sort of bark-mill grinding over of the same dull, monotonous grist of daily trifles. But underneath all this there is an earnest life, rich and beautiful with love and hope, or dark with hatred, and sorrow, and remorse.... Ah,

---

60 p. 190.
61 p. 188.
62 p. 232.

> what have I not seen and heard? My profession has been to me, in some sort, like the vial genie of the Salamanca student; it has unroofed these houses, and opened deep, dark chambers to the hearts of their tenants, which no eye save that of God had ever looked upon. Where I least expected them, I have encountered shapes of evil; while, on the other hand, I have found beautiful heroic love and self-denial in those who had seemed to me frivolous and selfish."[63]

In answer to the speculation on why there is so little evidence of immortal life, the doctor says to his friends:

> "May it not be....that Infinite Wisdom sees that a clearer and fuller revelation of the future life wouldwrender us less willing or able to perform our appropriate duties in the present condition? Enchanted by a clear view of the heavenly hills, and of our loved ones beckoning us from the pearl gates of the city of God, could we patiently work out our life-task here, or make the necessary exertions to provide for the wants of these bodies whose encumbrance alone can prevent us from rising to a higher plane of existence?"[64]

The Skipper thinks that the doctor preaches better than the Elder. "Very likely," says the Elder...."for....I must stick to my text; but the Doctor's Bible is all creation."[65]

Although the friends feel that the Doctor sometimes speculates falsely "without warrant in Scripture", yet "he lives truly, which is by far the most important matter," they decide.[66]

The doctor wishes that everyone would live truly, taking counsel of his conscience and his affections without too much regard to the opinion of the public. On this subject he gives the following views:

---

63 p. 189.
64 pp. 211-212.
65 p. 232.
66 _Loc. cit._

> "Public opinion....is, in nine cases out of ten, public folly and impertinence. We are slaves to one another. We dare not take counsel of our consciences and affections, but must needs suffer popular prejudice and custom to decide for us, and at their bidding are sacrificed love and friendship and all the best hopes of our lives. We do not ask, What is right and best for us? but, What will folks say of it? We have no individuality, no self-poised strength, no sense of freedom."[67]

But the doctor is speaking of mankind in general and not of himself, for he possesses a vigorous individuality and a "self-poised strength" which, together with his lovableness, endear him to all alike. Especially do the inmates of the poor-house love him, for his influence seems to have power to arouse the better natures of the poor unfortunates and to cause their faces to brighten as from an inward light at his approach. The doctor sees the man or woman and not the pauper, and no condescension enters into his charitable ministrations. So kind and tender is he in performance of his duties, however disagreeable they may be, that his labors have "the effect of Murillo's picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary binding up the ulcered limbs of the beggars. The moral beauty transcended the loathsomeness of physical evil and deformity."[68]

To children, too, the doctor is generous and kind; and boys and girls of the neighborhood, mindful of his good nature and heedless of the housekeeper's remonstrances, romp

---

67 p. 193.
68 p. 205.

happily over his homestead.[69] The doctor's surgical ingenuity is, on occasions, taxed to repair a broken-limbed doll belonging to a youthful playmate.[70] At least two generations of children have ridden with him in noisy hilarity whenever they have encountered him on their way to school.[71]

One can readily guess from a description of the doctor's character that he is not at all eager to transmute the aches and ailments of the community into gold for himself; consequently at the end of his life he has little more than when he began his practice.[72] Such services as the doctor's cannot be requited suitably by money. His rewards come in the satisfaction of a life of useful labor, and in the gratitude and affection of those whom he serves.

At the doctor's death the shadow of the bereavement falls alike on old and young. In one way or another he has been a friend and benefactor of all.

> If there were few, among the many who stood beside his grave, capable of rightly measuring and appreciating the high intellectual and spiritual nature which formed the background of his simple social life, all could feel no common loss had been sustained, and that the kindly and generous spirit which had passed away from them had not lived to himself alone.[73]

One of the very few young physicians of this period is Dr. Benjamin Franklin, member of the famous boarding-house group characterized by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his book _The Poet at the Breakfast Table_.[74]

---

69 p. 187.
70 p. 180.
71 p. 178.
72 p. 188.
73 pp. 179-180.
74 Oliver Wendell Holmes; _The Poet at the Breakfast Table_; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1884. Twentieth edition.

He has just returned from study in Europe[75] and is now beginning practice in a very small office with a very large sign.[76] The author, another member of the group, consulting Dr. Benjamin about a slight discoloration on his forehead, is awed at the doctor's "alarming array of implements for extracting a confession."

> There were Ophthalmoscopes and Rhinoscopes and Otoscopes and Laryngoscopes and Stethoscopes; and Thermometers and Spirometers and Dynamometers and Sphygmometers and Pleximeters; and Probes and Probangs and all sorts of frightful inquisitive exploring contrivances; and scales to weigh you in, and tests and balances and pumps and electro-magnets and magneto-electric machines; in short, apparatus for doing everything but turn you inside out.[77]

Like most young physicians beginning practice, Dr. Benjamin is zealous in his diagnosis. As the author is probably one of his first patients, he makes the most of the occasion. He seats the patient before his window and begins looking at him with such a "superhuman air of sagacity" that the poor man feels as if he can see clear through his "inside arrangements."[78]

> First he looked at the place inculpated, which had a sort of greenish-brown color, with his naked eyes, with much corrugation of forehead and fearful concentration of attention; then through a pocket-glass which he carried. Then he drew back a space, for a perspective view. Then he made me put out my tongue and laid a slip of blue paper on it, which turned red and scared me a little. Next he took my wrist; but instead of counting my pulse in the old-fashioned way, he fastened a machine to it that marked all the beats on a sheet of paper.... In the meantime he asked me all sorts of questions about myself and

---

75 p. 44.
76 p. 75.
77 pp. 76-77.
78 p. 77.

> all my relatives, whether we had been subject to this and that malady, until I felt as if we must some of us have had more or less of them, and could not feel quite sure whether Elephantiasis and Beriberi and Progressive Locomotor Ataxy did not run in the family.[79]

After this extraordinary scrutiny, the doctor suggests something about "exploratory puncture," and then enthusiasticall hazards the opinion that it may be a case of Addison's Disease, Morbus Addisonii, a most interesting and rare affection.[80] Cutis aenea, bronze skin, it is called sometimes.

The Latin names, the serious mien of the doctor, and his suggestion of a rare complaint combine to make the patient quite nervous and faint. Finally, Dr. Benjamin decides it may not be Morbus Addisonii after all, and, giving the patient a prescription, he pockets his fee with the air of a man in receipt of a great income.[81]

The author, feeling considerably depressed about the possibility of Addison's Disease, wonders why doctors have to mention their guesses about a case. After he has returned home, he asks the landlady's opinion about the discoloration on his forehead. She concludes it is merely the result of a bump and recommends a piece of brown paper dipped in vinegar.[82]

Dr. Benjamin is a worthy and promising young physician whom the author does not wish to injure in any way by undue criticism; however, it is evident that his report does not minimize the details of his visit to the doctor's office.[83]

---

79 Loc. cit.
80 pp. 78, 79.
81 p. 80.
82 p. 81.
83 p. 136.

Dr. Benjamin complains that the author has taken too seriously his statement of Addison's Disease. He insists he did not mean to say that the author was suffering from the rare disease but merely mentioned that the color reminded him of it. In short, he thinks the author has colored the whole story. The latter suggests that the doctor not mention hereafter the English or Latin names of diseases, for he says he dreamed about _cutis aenea_ half the night after his visit.[84]

The doctor is very pleasant about the whole matter. He must make his way in the world and is finding it rather difficult at first as people are afraid to trust young doctors, no matter how much they know. Then he relates an incident to prove his point:

> One of the old doctors asked him to come in and examine a patient's heart for him the other day. He went with him accordingly, and when they stood by the bedside, he offered his stethoscope to the old doctor. The old doctor took it and put the wrong end to his ear and the other to the patient's chest, and kept it there about two minutes, looking all the time as wise as an old owl. Then he, Dr. Benjamin, took it and applied it properly, and made out where the trouble was in no time at all. But what was the use of a young man's pretending to know anything in the presence of an old owl? I saw by their looks, he said, that they thought _I_ used the stethoscope wrong end up, and was nothing but a 'prentice hand to the old doctor.[85]

But the author is pleased later to report that young Doctor Benjamin is doing well in his practice and, since he

---

84 p. 137.
85 p. 138.

has charge of a dispensary district with forty or fifty patients daily, is becoming more practical in his work.[86] His second professional encounter with the doctor is much more satisfactory. Having received an ugly cut from a carving-knife, he goes to the young man for treatment. His report of the second visit differs greatly from that of his first.

> It was astonishing to see what a little experience of miscellaneous practice had done for him. He did not ask me any more questions about my hereditary predispositions on the paternal and maternal sides. He did not examine me with the stethoscope or the laryngoscope. He only strapped up my cut, and informed me that it would speedily get well by the "first intention," - an odd phrase enough, but sounding much less formidable than _cutis aenea_.[87]

Returning to his old country doctors, Holmes gives an adequate portrayal of Dr. Butts in his novel _A Mortal Antipathy_.[88] Dr. Butts, leading practitioner of Arrowhead Village as well as the surrounding region, is a replica of Dr. Kittredge, the physician in _Elsie Venner_.

He is a fine specimen of the country doctor of the nineteenth century, "self-reliant, self-scarificing," and a hard, persistent worker. With an adequate share of learning joined with sagacity, the doctor is a man of keen penetration and judgment - one who "cannot be taken in by names."[89]

In his professional relations, the author intimates that the doctor has the attributes of caution, modesty, and

---

86 _Loc. cit._
87 p. 139.
88 Oliver Wendell Holmes; _A Mortal Antipathy_; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1891.
89 p. 82.

faith - essential characteristics of those who follow this "most deceptive of all practical branches of knowledge."[90]

One of Dr. Butts's good friends is the rector, and like those two worthies in Elsie Venner, the doctor and the rector in this novel enjoy friendly verbal skirmishes relative to their two professions. The rector maintains that physicians contract a squint which turns their eyes inwardly, while the muscles which roll their eyes upward become palsied. The doctor retorts that theological students develop a third eyelid, the nictitating membrane, well known in birds, which enables them to shut out all the light they do not want.[91]

The doctor, in accordance with the tendencies of the Victorian era to deprecate the entrance of women into the professions, gives his views concerning women in medicine:

> "You will often spoil a good nurse to make a poor doctor. Doctors and side-saddles don't seem to me to go together. Riding habits would be awkward things for practitioners.... I am for giving women every chance for a good education, and if they think medicine is one of their proper callings let them try it. I think they will find that they had better at least limit themselves to certain specialties, and always have an expert of the other sex to fall back upon. The trouble is that they are so impressible and imaginative that they are at the mercy of all sorts of fancy systems.... Charlatanism always hobbles on two crutches, the tattle of women, and the certificates of clergymen, and I am afraid that half the women doctors will be too much under both those influences."[92]

Perhaps the old-fashioned doctor judges all the sex by his wife, who has a slight tendency to tattle. Always

---

90 p. 172.
91 p. 81.
92 p. 164.

charitable in judgment, he thinks it barely possible that professional secrets have occasionally leaked out by way of this worthy woman who sometimes forgets the rule "that a doctor's patients must put their tongues out but a doctor's wife must keep her tongue in."[93]

A disproof of Dr. Butts's belief that a woman physician should always have an expert of the other sex to fall back upon, is the thoroughly capable and self-reliant young woman physician characterized by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in her novel Doctor Zay.[94] The author has given a picture of a contemporary woman physician, particularly with respect to a man's reaction to her work.

Waldo Yorke, a wealthy young man from Boston, is seriously injured in an accident while on a business trip to a small village in Maine. He is treated by a young woman, a homeopathic physician; unconscious half of the time, he at first does not know his doctor is a woman. In fact, an attempt is made to keep the information from his for a while lest it hinder his recovery, women physicians being rather rare at this time.[95]

As the patient improves, he learns some facts about Dr. Zay, most of them coming from the villagers instead of the young woman. During childhood she had spent much time in the laboratory of her father, a wealthy physician.[96] She had become a doctor on account of her "beautiful inborn

---

93 p. 93.
94 Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Doctor Zay; in Atlantic Monthly, v. 49, 1882. pp. 518-530; 630-650; 764-770; v. 50, 1882, pp. 28-41; 206-213; 325-339.
95 v. 49, p. 639.
96 v. 49, p. 645.

fitness for the art of healing,"[97] and her desire to live a useful life. She had been educated in New York, Zurich, and Vienna.[98] Her work in school had been difficult at times, particularly in foreign lecture rooms among the men, although they had always been courteous to her.[99]

She had come to the small Maine town because she understood the great need of a woman doctor by the women in country towns.[100] In fact, most of her patients are women and children, whom she much prefers to treat.[101] During her four years' residence here, her practice has grown so much that she now leads a very strenuous life, pouring out "her abundant personality into half a hundred empty lives a day."[102] The villagers are quite sure that she understands her business. One of them says of her, "You don't suppose Providence didn't know what he was about when he planned out her life! He sets too much store by her."[103]

Then the speaker adds other facts about Dr. Zay's practice, particularly among the poor people:

> "The poorer they are, the more nobody else goes near 'em, and the more they get of her.... She has such a spirit! You'd expect it if she wasn't smart.... There's more woman to the doctor than to the rest of us, just as there's more brains. Seems to me as if there was love enough invested in her for half the world to live on the interest, and never know they hadn't touched the principal. If she didn't give so much, she'd be rich on her own account before now.... She will do it for anybody, when folks ain't able to pay. Why....if Doctor got all that's owin' her she'd do a five thousand dollar practice every year of her life;

---

97 v. 49, p. 775.
98 v. 49, p. 640.
99 v. 49, p. 642.
100 v. 49, p. 641.
101 v. 49, p. 643.
102 v. 50, p. 28.
103 v. 49, p. 645.

73818

> as it is, she don't fall short of three. She's sent for all over the country. If she lived in New York, I've no doubt it would be twenty-five."[104]

Heretofore, young Yorke has known nothing of the natural history of "doctresses." He has thought of them "chiefly as a species of higher nurse, - poor women who wore unbecoming clothes, took the horse cars, and probably dropped their 'g's' or said, 'Is that so?'"[105] This singular young woman is well-dressed, educated, and cultured. Moreover, she has retained her femineity.[106] A village man has remarked, "There's woman clear through that girl's brains."[107]

The young man feels that he is placed in an anomalous position as Dr. Zay's patient. As a woman, she should be dependent upon him; not he, upon her. He chafes under his unprecedented consciousness of dependence, and all the man in him rebels at her authority. He is somewhat piqued also that interest in her profession overpowers interest in her patient. He wants to be talked to as other women would talk to him; and he wonders if there is no point at which his personality can struggle through to meet her own, man against woman on level ground.[108] However, it appears that she is a woman thoroughly absorbed in her business to whom a man must be the accident, not the substance, of thought.[109]

---

104 v. 49, p. 644.
105 v. 49, p. 637.
106 v. 49, p. 648.
107 v. 49, p. 649.
108 v. 49, p. 646.
109 v. 49, p. 773.

Aside from his disconcertion at being dependent upon a woman physician, he at first questions her ability; however, in a short time, he begins to respect this strong, busy, conscientious young woman, who goes about her work with admirable independence yet without losing her finest feminine qualities. It is her ability to forget her role as a woman in her role as a physician that he comes eventually to admire, along with her other excellent qualities.

> She gave out of herself, as if she possessed the life everlasting before her time.... Her splendid health was like a God to her. She leaned against her own physical strength, as another woman might lean upon a man's. She had the repose of her full mental activity. She had her dangerous and sacred feminine nerve under magnificent training. It was her servant, not her tyrant; her wealth, not her poverty; the source of her power, not the exponent of her weakness. She moved on her straight and narrow way between life and death, where one hysteric moment would be fatal, with a glorious poise.... She was a balanced and beautiful creature.[110]

The strength of Dr. Zay's steadfast character transforms the young man from the aimless existence of the idle rich class into a useful member of society. Ultimately, the two fall in love; but Yorke, proud of her superior ability as a physician, is glad for her to continue her work in Boston where they go to live after their marriage.[111]

The antithesis of Dr. Zay is found in another young New England woman who studies medicine, Grace Breen, principal character in Dr. Breen's Practice,[112] a novel by William

---

110 v. 49, p. 767.
111 v. 50, pp. 332-333.
112 William Dean Howells; Dr. Breen's Practice; in Atlantic Monthly, v. 48, 1881, pp. 145-164; 289-309; 433-452; 577-593; 721-734.

Dean Howells. She does not particularly like the study, which has caused her "more than the usual suffering it brings to persons of sensitive nerves."[113] She has entered a homeopathic school in New York chiefly on account of a disappointment in love and because her Puritan heritage has made her feel that riches and ease are sinful and somehow to be atoned for.[114]

The scene of most of the story is a summer resort where Dr. Breen goes for a vacation while trying to decide upon a permanent location.

Here she has her first case, a petulant, peevish woman who, in the course of the treatment, becomes dissatisfied with the woman doctor and insists on having a man. Dr. Breen, voicing the distrust which her patient feels, says:

> "Talk about men being obstacles! It's other women! There isn't a woman in the house that wouldn't sooner trust herself in the hands of the stupidest boy that got his diploma with me than she would in mine."[115]

However, she finds that men, too, hardly take her work seriously when, to please her patient, she goes to consult another physician in a nearby town. This other doctor betrays "something of the air of one who humors a joke" when she introduces herself as a doctor.[116] He tells her that he, an allopath, cannot consult with her because they belong to diametrically opposite schools of medicine.[117]

---

113 v. 48, p. 148.
114 p. 734.
115 p. 159.
116 p. 300.
117 p. 301.

She decides then, for the good of the patient, to relinquish the case to him. Because of failure in her first case and her dislike for the work, she decides to give it up entirely. In discussing her decision, she says:

> "I don't give up because I'm unfit as a woman. I might be a man, and still be impulsive and timid and nervous, and everything that I thought I was not.... The wrong is somewhere in me individually.... I believe that if Mrs. Maynard had had the same confidence in me that she would have had in any man I should not have failed. But every woman physician has a double disadvantage that I hadn't the strength to overcome - her own inexperience and the distrust of other women."[118]

Dr. Breen does, after her marriage, however, practice among some of the factory people in the mill town where she lives. "Under the shelter of her husband's name the benevolent use of her skill was no queerer than the charity to which many ladies devote themselves."[119]

Dr. Leslie, principal character in Sarah Orne Jewett's novel A Country Doctor,[120] unlike most country doctors of literature has unwillingly undertaken rural practice. Family reasons have accounted for his decision to remain in Oldfields for a short time, but his work in the country has become dearer and dearer to him. Consequently after the death of his wife and child, he is loath to break the old ties and to transplant himself to a more prominent position in a larger place.[121] His is a vegetable nature, he says,

---

118 p. 590.
119 p. 734.
120 Sarah Orne Jewett; A Country Doctor; Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, c.1884.
121 p. 94.

without power to change its locality or to better itself by choosing another and more adequate or stimulating soil.[122]

Naturally a man of uncommon reserve,[123] he lives a rather solitary life after the death of his family. His leisure time is spent in reading,[124] and in the studies which always delight him. By his assiduous application to study, his wisdom, and his great power of holding to his projects,[125] he has gained much repute among his professional brethren.[126]

One of his medical friends tells Dr. Leslie that he, himself, like many physicians, can come to a satisfactory diagnosis of a case only after all sorts of experiments and painstaking analyses, and a comparison of the results with scientific books of reference. On the other hand, Dr. Leslie, he says, without doing such work, can reach a true diagnosis by being with a sick man only five minutes.

> "You have the true gift for doctoring, you need no medical dictator, and whatever you study and whatever comes to you in the way of instruction simply ministers to your intuition. It grows to be a wonderful second sight in such a man as you. I don't believe you investigate a case and treat it as a botanist does a strange flower, once a month. You know without telling yourself what the matter is, and what the special difference is, and the relative danger of this case and one apparently just like it across the street, and you could do this before you were out of the hospitals".[127]

Dr. Leslie receives tribute and honor also from the younger physicians, who are glad to hear him speak at medical meetings.[128] It often happens that through study or

---

122 p. 95.
123 p. 70.
124 p. 84.
125 p. 143.
126 p. 94.
127 p. 108.
128 p. 189.

K. S. T. C.
EMPORIA KANSAS

experience he has grasped some knowledge that is new to them. He frequently declares himself an old fogy, a rusty old country doctor - a statement which his young colleagues know to be untrue.[129]

Dr. Leslie is tolerant of the young practitioners who find it necessary to follow their text-books closely until they have learned through experience to think for themselves.[130] He recognized the contribution that the truly progressive younger men are rendering to the profession, but he deplores the tendency of those days to place the health of the patient secondary to the promotion of new theories. Often he praises useful old-fashioned drugs which have been neglected by those who like to experiment with newer remedies in vogue. Dr. Leslie, untiring scholar that he is, always tries to dig under the surface for the truth.[131]

But he is a scholar and thinker in other phases of knowledge besides medicine. Most of his acquaintances think it unfortunate that he is burying himself alive, as they term his devotion to his provincial life.[132] However, the doctor cares little for the opinions of society.

Living a secluded and independent life, he becomes less and less inclined to participate in the organized social pleasures of the community.[133] Nevertheless, he

---

129 *Loc. cit.*
130 p. 110.
131 p. 187.
132 p. 44.
133 p. 122.

does enjoy loitering about the village in conversation with his friends or taking for rides anyone in need of friendliness.[134] Dr. Leslie is a repository of many secrets and a friend who can be trusted always.[135] From his great knowledge of human nature, he understands and helps many of his patients whose ailments are not altogether physical.[136]

According to his belief, spirituality is the motivating force in life. If one lives without it, he is attempting to move his machinery by some inferior motive power, he says. One must educate his faith and his spiritual intellect and not lose sight of his relation and independence upon the highest informing strength - the great Master of every man's craft.[137]

The doctor, with his sagacity and skill, his beneficent manner so satisfying to his patients,[138] and his deep spirituality, is capable of taking the responsibility which, according to the author, should be assumed by every good physician:

> Nobody sees people as they are and finds the chance to help poor humanity as a doctor does. The decorations and deceptions of character must fall away before the great realities of pain and death. The secrets of many hearts and homes must be told to this confessor, and sadder ailments than the text-books name are brought to be healed by the beloved physicians. Teachers of truth and givers of the laws of life, priests and ministers, - all these professions are joined in one with the gift of healing, and are each part of the charge that a good doctor holds in his keeping.[139]

---

134 p. 123.
135 *Loc. cit.*
136 p. 33.
137 p. 111.
138 p. 33.
139 p. 343.

In spite of Dr. Leslie's extensive country practice, his studies, and his friends, he is a lonely man until a small orphan girl, who becomes his ward, brings him a new happiness in life. This girl, Nan Prince, decides as a young child that she would like to become a doctor. All of her heroes are the great physicians, and her heart is stirred by the duties and needs of the profession. From her father, who had been a physician, she seems to have inherited a singular talent for the work.[140] Dr. Leslie, leaving her to solve her own problems, has not encouraged her to take such a step, although he is delighted with her decision. The villagers, however, think medicine hardly a suitable occupation for a girl. In fact, as Dr. Leslie is a rich man,[141] it is deemed unnecessary for Nan to do any kind of work. Comments of her acquaintances range from indignation to amusement,[142] but Nan enters so zealously and so proudly into her study with Dr. Leslie that the public comes finally to accept her work as a matter of course.[143]

Nan gives the following reasons for her decision to study medicine:

> "I believe that God has given me a fitness for it, and that I never could do anything else half so well. Nobody persuaded me into following such a plan; I simply grew toward it. And I have everything to learn, and a great many faults to overcome, but I am trying to get on as fast as may be. I can't be too

---

140 p. 192.
141 p. 297.
142 p. 183.
143 _Loc. cit._

> glad that I have spent my childhood in a way that has helped me to use my gift instead of hindering it. But everything helps a young man to follow his bent; he has an honored place in society, and just because he is a student of one of the learned professions, he ranks above the men who follow other pursuits. I don't see why it should be a shame and dishonor to a girl who is trying to do the same thing and to be of equal use in the world. God would not give us the same talents if what were right for men were wrong for women." 144

After having completed a course at medical school, she declines the offer of a fine position elsewhere and returns to Oldfield to practice.

Another country practitioner of the latter nineteenth century is Dr. Downs Birney of Kentucky, principal character in James Lane Allen's novel The Doctor's Christmas Eve.[145]

As a youth, Dr. Birney, member of the landed gentry of the South, displays much the same traits as the young colts which his uncle raises. The older man, with whom the boy lives, realizing that the youth's nature is one which cannot be forced or commanded, wisely allows him to solve his own problems. As he is nearing manhood, "the imperious splendid dark glowing young animal"[146] renders the following verdict about himself: "If I am ever going to do anything, it is about time I began."[147]

The boy disapproves any kind of work which would take him away from the Kentucky farm to live, but he would like, he thinks, to be a soldier, a farmer, or a doctor. "Men

---

144 pp. 281-282.
145 James Lane Allen; The Doctor's Christmas Eve; The MacMillan Company, New York, 1910.
146 p. 141.
147 Loc. cit.

were all three in pioneer Kentucky," his uncle remarks. "The Kentucky farmer and soldier was also sometimes the scout of Aesculapius."[148]

His uncle had received a medical education although he had returned to Kentucky to raise fine horses. However, he has always hoped young Downs would become a doctor. Perhaps he has never ceased to have a fondness for the profession which he has declined, just as a woman will to the last send some kind thoughts toward the man she has rejected.[149]

Continuing his discussion of the two professions, he says:

> "In times of peace there is only one profession that furnishes the active soldier: and that is the profession of medicine.... There is no kind of manhood in the soldier, the fighting man, that is not in the fighting physician and the fighting surgeon - fighting against disease. (During the War) The professions divided: some going with North, some going with South.... All except one: the profession of medicine remained indivisible. For that is the profession which has but a single ideal, a single duty, a single work, and but one patient - Man."[150]

"I am going to be a Kentucky country doctor," young Downs decides.[151]

His uncle gives the boy the best education obtainable: five years in medical school in New York, and two years in Berlin and Vienna, after which he returns to Kentucky to practice. He has lost his youthful wildness and has, as

---

148 p. 146.
149 p. 151.
150 pp. 149-150.
151 p. 149.

his uncle had foreseen, set his "course toward the virtues of the world."[152] "When I became a country doctor," he announces sometime later, "it was for life. No greater world for me! My only future is to try to do better the same work in the same place - always better and better if possible till it is over."[153]

Beginning practice in a neighborhood where he had been remembered as its wildest boy is a difficult task. However, at the end of a year, he decides that he has made a good start. "Neighbors have long memories about a budding physician's first cases - when he fails." But young Dr. Birney does not fail because most of his cases are unimportant ones. The only way in which he could have lost a patient is to have murdered one.[154]

His practice gradually increases, however.

> About a year later there reached Dr. Birney one morning a piece of evidence as to how his reputation was spreading: from another neighborhood a farmer of small means rode to his door and besought him to come and see a member of his family: this request implied that the regular family physician had been passed over, supplanted; and when the poor turn against their physicians and discharge them, it is a bad sign indeed - for the physicians.[155]

During the ensuing years his fame as a practitioner grows to such an extent that he has patients in remote county seats.[156] He becomes "a man of the highest consequence in this part of the world,"[157] one who worthily up-

---

152 p. 140.
153 p. 183.
154 pp. 152-153.
155 pp. 173-174.
156 p. 177.
157 p. 1.

holds the tradition for brilliancy established by Dr. Ephraim McDowell, Dr. Benjamin Dudley, and other famous Kentucky physicians. Indeed, in some ways he advances it, particularly in his treatment of children's diseases.[158]

Except for the necessity of providing for his clientele the services of a general practitioner, Dr. Birney would have made a specialty of children's diseases. The happiest time of his life is a day when his skill triumphs in the saving of a young life, and the saddest when he loses one.[159] He has such faith in the future of his science that he looks forward to the time when there will be no such tragedy as infant mortality, when immunization will be developed to such an extent that disease will never be permitted to reach a child.[160]

Dr. Birney uses increasingly in his practice the power of suggestion. He feels that there are cases where the weight of a mental sunbeam is all that is needed to decide the issue. One of his methods during the Christmas season is to use a sleigh with sleigh bells, for he thinks that the tinkle of the bells may have value: it will not only announce the coming of his sleigh but will also suggest to the children the approach of the mysterious sleigh which they are expecting on Christmas Eve.[161]

Every success in his long list of cases brings renewed pleasure and happiness to the doctor. The phase of his

---

158 p. 91.
159 pp. 43-44.
160 p. 44.
161 pp. 77-78

practice which he regards with repugnance is the valuation of his services.

> It was to him one of life's ironies that in order to live he must take toll of death.... His heart was never in his bookkeeping.... To be forced to sit there and say to the world: My feelings have nothing to do with it: you must pay what you owe! Because all life is payment; everything is a settlement. There is but one that is exempt - Nature.[162]

The author mentions the fact that a city physician practices his profession with complete segregation from his family, while with a country physician the exactly opposite situation is the rule. Before the doctor's family is displayed the entire drama of his life.

> This life is twofold: for the physician must demonstrate as no member of any other profession is required to do - that whoever would best serve mankind must first best serve himself. In this service he must reach a solution of the selfish and the unselfish, he must reconcile the world's two warring philosophies of egoism and altruism. The outside world has its attention fixed solely upon the drama of the physician's public service to it; for the members of his own family is reserved acquaintance with the drama of his devotion to himself.[163]

The two Birney children respond in entirely different ways to this situation in their home.

> From the time of the little girl's beginning to observe her father she was influenced by what looked to her like his self-love: his care about what he ate and drank; his changing of his clothes whenever he came home, whether they were drenched or were dry; his constant washing of his hands; all this pageant of self-adulation mirrored itself in her consciousness. When he was away from home, she could still follow him by her mother's solicitude for his comfort and safety....Thus there had been built up in Elsie herself the domineering idea that her father was the all-

---

162 pp. 85, 88.
163 p. 45.

> important personage in the neighborhood as a consequence of thinking chiefly of himself....
>
> With the boy it was otherwise. The earliest notion of his father the boy had grasped was that of always travelling toward the sick - to a world that needed him. All the roads of the neighborhood.... met at his father's house; if you followed any of them long enough, sooner or later you would reach some one who was sick....
>
> Such countenances people had as they followed his father out to the buggy.... Souls hanging on his father's word as though life went on with it or went to pieces with it. Actually his father had no business of his own: he merely drove about and enabled other people to attend to their business! He one day asked him why he did not _sometimes_ do something for himself and the family![164]

But Dr. Birney is a tender, loving, and wise father, and, although Elsie sometimes satirizes him, she immediately makes amends by approving him.[165]

An inspection of the doctor's suite of rooms in his home helps to analyze his character. His office is modern and complete in equipment. That fact, together with his several diplomas on the walls, bears testimony that he is a country doctor from choice and not because he has been crowded out by abler members of the profession in the city.[166] In a second room are articles pertaining to his personal life, a tennis racket, fishing and hunting equipment, his Masonic regalia, and his uniform of the State Guard. On the walls of his library are a series of pictures connecting great epochs in the progress of Medicine. Scattered

---

164 pp. 47-48.
165 p. 21.
166 p. 89.

about the room are old pipes and boxes of cigars, playing cards and poker chips. On the sideboard are temperate decanters. An easy chair, and a table with a reading lamp stand in the middle of the room, surrounded by many bookcases, for the doctor's closest friends are his books. Some of them are medical works, others are books that come and go like a stream from which one drinks as it flows by; but the majority of them are books which hold for him life's laughter, life's calm, and life's tears. These books he can find in the darkness. Always he loves books of victory in which some life is fighting its path through to successful conquest. Here are the books which disclose "the mettle of a character: the last magnificent refusal to be ruined by evil which is the very breath of a man."[167]

To appreciate the doctor's love of books of victory, one must know that he constantly is fighting a hard battle; for he is a man who lives under the shadow of a great tragedy, a hopeless love for the wife of his dearest friend, who is to him the ideal of womanhood. Each of the four actors in this irremediable situation, recognizing fully the tragedy of it, responds to it as only the great of soul are able to do.

Further description of Dr. Birney discloses the magnetism and charm of the man. Physically he is a fine specimen of manhood, with his well-set soldierly figure,

---

167 p. 95.

his head of curly blue-black hair, his wonderful grayish eyes with glints of blue in them.

> They were eyes that could look you to the core with intelligence and then rest upon you from the outside with sympathy for all that he had seen to be human in you whether of strength or of weakness - but never of meanness. Under the blunt nose a thick stubby mustache trimmed short, leaving exposed the whole red mouth - the mouth of great passions - no paltry passions - none despicable or contemptible.
>
> On the whole a man who advances upon you with all there is in him and without waiting for you to advance upon him; no stepping aside for people in this world by this man, nor stepping timidly over things. Even as he stood there a motionless figure, he diffused an influence most warm and human, gay and tragic, irrestible. A man loved secretly or openly by many women. A man that men were glad to come to confide in, when they crossed the frontiers of what Balzac, speaking of the soldiers of Napoleon, called their miserable joys and joyous miseries.
>
> But assuredly not a man to be put together by piecemeal description such as this: the very secret of his immense influence being some charm of mystery, as there is mystery in all the people that win us and rule us and hold us.[168]

One of the most unusual physicians in American fiction is Dr. James Nesbit, a character in William Allen White's novel <u>In the Heart of a Fool</u>.[169] This book is a story of two generations of people in the small middle western town of Harvey, beginning shortly after the Civil War and extending into the present century.

During this time Dr. Nesbit is busily occupied with his professional duties and his political projects. In

---

168 p. 72.

169 William Allen White; <u>In the Heart of a Fool</u>; The MacMillan Company, New York, 1918.

the latter he achieves a distinction which enables him to become "the calif of Harvey",[170] and his wife the "fountain head of all the social glory" of the community.[171] Politics to the doctor is an exceedingly personal chess game[172] which he loves to play for the fun of it as well as for the winning of it. He has been "born to politics as the sparks fly upward."[173]

"Old Linen Pants" he is dubbed by the community from his custom of wearing white linen clothes much of the time. The judgment of Public Opinion concerning him is interesting:

> Old Linen Pants is a bland old scoundrel....he is as ruthless as iron, as smooth as oil, and as bitter as poison when he sets his head on a proposition. Buy? - he buys men in all ways the devil teaches them to sell - offices, power, honor, cash in hand, promises, prestige - anything that a man wants, Old Linen Pants will trade for, and then get that man. Humorous old devil, too.... Laughs, quotes scripture, throws in a little Greek philosophy, and knows all the new stories, but never forgets whose play it is, nor what cards are out."[174]

During the early days of Harvey the doctor as Mayor plays his game to make it the county seat, to bring a railroad here, and to promote bond elections for necessary improvements.[175]

These accomplishments, together with his natural ability as a leader of men, make him a power in the community. Men look to him for guidance, and the Doctor is delighted with his large following. He knows and loves

---

170 p. 14.
171 p. 40.
172 p. 139.
173 p. 13.
174 p. 265.
175 p. 35.

each person of the community; but he is a jealous leader who, in return for this affection, expects loyalty from his subjects.[176] Dr. Nesbit is conscienceless in gaining his own ends, and yet, strange as it may seem, he labors for the good of the town as he sees it[177] and not for selfish gain. "He buys men....and sells 'em in politics like sheep - not for his own gain; not for his family's gain; but just for the joy of the sport,"[178] one of his townsmen remarks.

Dr. Nesbit uses his power to make others happy. Constantly he finds work for those who need it. Men in ditches, men on light poles, men in the court house, men working on city and county contracts know him as the single source of authority in Harvey.[179]

> If Dr. Nesbit made his business to see that Dick Bowman had work, it was somewhat because he knew how badly the little Bowmans needed food. And if he saw to it that Dick's vote in the council occasionally yielded him a substantial return from those whom that vote benefited so munificently, it was partly because the Doctor felt how sorely Lida Bowman, silently bending over her washtub, needed the little comforts which the extra fifty-dollar bill would bring that Dick sometimes found in his monthly pay envelope. And if the Doctor saw to it that Ira Dooley was made foreman of the water works gang, or that Tom Williams had the contract for the stone work on the new courthouse, it was largely in payment for services rendered by Ira and Tom in bringing in the Second Ward for John Kollander for county clerk.[180]

Nor does Dr. Nesbit's blithe and cocksure scheme of politics include punishments for his enemies; his desire is that every one shall be his friend.[181] As his political

176 p. 14.
177 p. 35.
178 p. 25.
179 p. 35.
180 pp. 35-36.
181 p. 36.

maneuvers are made with the general welfare in mind, he condemns all who would willingly exploit the public. Particularly is he vehement in censuring his unscrupulous son-in-law, a lawyer.

> "What if the top of the medical profession was composed of men who devoted themselves to fighting the public welfare for life! We have that kind of doctors - but we call them quacks. We don't allow 'em in our medical societies. We punish them by ostracism. But the quack lawyers who devote themselves to skinning the public - they are at the head of the bar.... A damn nice howdy-do we're coming to when the quacks run a whole profession."[182]

But ordinarily the doctor is amiable. There is about him an exuberant zest, a sort of cheeriness pervading his whole being.

> His cheeriness was vocalized in a high, piping, falsetto voice, generally gay and nearly always soft and kindly. It expressed an incarnate good nature that disarmed enmity and drew men to him instinctively. And underneath his amicability was iron. Hence men came to him in trouble and he healed their ills, cured their souls, went on their notes and took their hearts for his own, which carried their votes for his uses.[183]

The doctor's heart is exceedingly soft in spots, particularly those spots near his home, for he is domestic and fond of home joys.[184] He adores his daughter and is in every respect a gentle, tender, and understanding father.[185] On her wedding day, despite his uneasiness for her happiness and his grief at losing her, his habit of composed indefatigability persists.

---

182 p. 345.
183 p. 14.
184 p. 127.
185 p. 85.

> As a part of the day's work, he did the honors of the town, soothed the woes of the weary, healed the sick, closed a dying man's eyes, held a mother's hands away from death as she brought life into the world, made a governor, paid his overdue note, got a laborer work, gave a lift to a fallen woman, made two casual purchases; a councilman and a new silk vest, with cash in hand; lent a drunkard's wife the money for a sack of flour, showed three Maryland Satterthwaites where to fish for bass in the Wahoo, took four Schenectady Van Dorns out to lunch, and was everywhere at once doing everything, clicking his cane, whistling gently or humming a low crooning tune, smiling for the most part, keeping his own counsel and exhibiting no more in his face of what was in his heart than the pink and dimpled back of a six-months' baby.[186]

From his circumscribed position as political dictator of a small community, Dr. Nesbit gradually extends his influence to the whole state, while serving for many years as a state senator.

As he remains longer and longer in his political role, the game begins to lose some of its earlier savor.[187] The new order of commercialism and industrialism invades the state, and its coming marks the disintegration of many virtues for which the doctor has stood. In all his maneuvers he has tried to be fair to the man in the streets, and he is entirely out of sympathy with the merciless greed of capitalism. It is a sad day for him when he realizes that his influence is waning and that he has remained the boss merely because he can be trusted by great corporations which have taken the state by storm.

> As the Doctor stood by his office window that day....he knew the truth - and the truth was wormwood in his mouth - that he had been only an errand

---

186 p. 114.
187 p. 265.

> boy between greed in the bank and self-interest in the stores. In a flash, a merciless, cynical flash, he looked into his life in the capital, and there he saw with sickening distinctness that with all his power as boss, with his control over Senators and Governors and courts and legislators, he was still the errand boy - that he reigned as boss only because he could be trusted by those who controlled the great aggregations of capital in the state - the railroads, the insurance companies, the brewers, the public service corporations.... The gay enthusiasm of the diver plunging for the pearl was gone from the depressed little white clad figure. He was finding his pearl a burden rather than a joy.[188]

One of the doctor's last political moves is made in the interest of the working people. That is his law to compel employers to pay workmen for industrial accidents as they replace broken machinery.[189] This is one of his most cherished schemes to aid the poorer classes, for, by its terms, a man is enabled to receive damages without going to law and dividing his compensation with some lawyer.[190] The doctor wins his fight for the legislation, but is defeated for re-election as senator.[191]

One of the highest tributes in American Literature has been paid the country doctor by Theodore Dreiser in his encomium _The Country Doctor_,[192] first published in _Harper's Magazine_ and later in his book _Twelve Men_.

Probably the most interesting characteristic of Dr. Gridley is his profound indifference to a richer, smarter world in which he might readily have become an important

---

188 pp. 295-296.
189 p. 457.
190 p. 531.
191 p. 460.
192 Theodore Dreiser; _The Country Doctor_; in _Harper's Magazine_, v. 137, June, 1918, pp. 193-202.

figure. His acquaintances marvel at his lack of interest in the distinction which urban practice would undoubtedly have brought him; for he is an extremely able physician, often consulted by colleagues from surrounding towns and even as far away as Chicago.[193]

However, the doctor has renounced a wider reputation to devote himself and his talents to a simple rural community.[194] It is probable that here, removed from the bustle of the outside world and surrounded by his Rabelais, his Burton, his Frazer, and his Montaigne,[195] he has achieved a calm satisfaction in the joys of a simple life.

Nevertheless Dr. Gridley is not an ascetic. He knows life, much of it, and he is constantly being called into service by rich and poor. To both alike he gives the same degree of painstaking skill.[196] Possibly he finds a humanity or an art interest in the very poor which fascinates him.[197] At any rate, he is a little more disposed to linger with a destitute and neglected patient than with a more affluent one. He loves an unfortunate person; "the greater the misfortune, the greater his care."[198]

As might be predicted from the preceding statements, another significant trait of the doctor is his indifference

---

193 p. 195.
194 Loc. cit.
195 Loc. cit.
196 p. 196.
197 Loc. cit.
198 Loc. cit.

to money. His wife, a thrifty, hard-working woman, frequently reprimands him for this attitude, but with no result; for the doctor cannot be made to charge where he does not need to nor collect where he knows the family is needy.[199]

On one occasion he becomes angry with a relative who offers to collect his bills for three per cent commission. At another time he dissolves partnership with a physician who insists that he be more careful in his charges and collections.[200]

His generosity frequently leads him to return money offered by a poor person.

> On one occasion....when he was sitting out on his front lawn....a poorly dressed farmer....came up and, after saluting the doctor, began to explain that his wife was sick and that he had come to get the doctor's advice. He seemed quite disturbed and every now and then wiped his brow, while the doctor listened with an occasional question or gently accented "Uh-huh, uh-huh!" until the story was all told and the advice ready to be received. When this was given in a low, reassuring tone, he took from his pocket his little book of blanks, and wrote out a prescription, after which he handed it to the man and began talking again. The latter took out a silver dollar and handed it to him, the which he turned idly between his fingers for a few seconds, then searched in his pocket for a mate to it, and playing with them awhile as he talked, finally handed back the dollar to the farmer.
>
> "You take that," he said, pleasantly, "and go down to the drug-store and have the prescription filled. I think your wife will be all right."
>
> When he had gone the doctor sat there a long time, meditatively puffing the smoke from his cob pipe and turning his own dollar over in his hand. After a time....he said:

---

199 p. 195.
200 _Loc. cit._

> "I was just thinking what a short time it took me to write that prescription and what a long time it took him to earn that dollar. I guess he needs the dollar more than I do."[201]

Another story illustrates further the doctor's generosity.

> He was one day sitting in his yard....when two men rode up to his gate from opposite directions and simultaneously hailed him.... Both were men in whose families the doctor had practiced for years. One was a prosperous farmer who always paid his "doctor's bills," and the other was a miller, a ne'er-do-well, with a delicate wife and a family of sickly children, who never asked for a statement and never had one sent him, and who only occasionally and at great intervals handed the doctor a dollar in payment for his many services. Both men talked to him a little while and then rode away.... Mrs. Gridley, who was naturally interested in his financial welfare and who at times had to plead with him not to let his generosity stand wholly in the way of his judgment, inquired of him as he came out?
>
> "Now, Doctor, which of those two men are you going with?"
>
> "Why, Miss Susan," he returned, coaxingly, "N - can go to Pierceton and get Doctor Bodine, and W - can't get any one but me. You surely wouldn't have left him without any one?"[202]

Many of the doctor's patients are so poor that they cannot pay for expensive prescriptions. Consequently he seldom orders medicine from a drugstore but takes the drugs from his case and compounds them during his visit. Often he gives simple home remedies, an effective one being peach sprig tea.[203] The doctor's word is law, and, whenever he orders a remedy which a neighbor must provide,

---

201 p. 196.
202 *Loc. cit.*
203 p. 193.

the latter hurries to supply the material although he may never have heard of such a use for it. According to his notion, "The doctor knows what he's talkin' about. He usually does,"[204] an opinion shared by the community.

The doctor's large practice carries with it an intense emotional strain, and sometimes he is thoughtful, and sad, and a little crusty.[205] However, he frequently seeks relief from this excessive tension by practical jokes, carefully planned and executed.[206]

The solemnity of the sick room, too, is usually mitigated by his kindly humor and his hopeful predictions.[207] In fact, only those who know Dr. Gridley in the sick room ever discover his finest trait of character. That is his "keen, unshielded sensibility to, and sympathy for, all human suffering" which makes it difficult for him to inflict the slightest additional pain. His tones are soft, his step is gentle, and his touch is tender. His devotion to duty carries him "far beyond his interests or his personal well-being."[208]

This latter trait is demonstrated during the time when he is suffering from a severe form of rheumatism. So ill that he can hardly move, he hobbles around town on crutches, administering to those who, in his opinion, need his services more than he does his rest.[209]

---

204 p. 194.
205 *Loc. cit.*
206 p. 199.
207 p. 193.
208 p. 199.
209 p. 195.

Equally interesting with the doctor's physical activities are some of the tenets in his philosophy of life.

> He was a constant student of the phenomena of dissolution, and in one instance calmly declared it as his belief that when a man was dead he was dead, and that was the end of him, consciously. At other times he modified his view to one of an almost prayerful hope, and in reading Emily Bronte's somewhat morbid story of Wuthering Heights.... I noted that he had annotated numerous passages relative to death and a future life with interesting comments of his own. To one of these passages, which reads: "I don't know if it be a peculiarity with me, but I am seldom otherwise than happy while watching in the chamber of death, provided no frenzied or despairing mourner shares the duty with me. I see a repose that neither earth nor hell can break; and I feel an assurance they have entered where life is boundless in its duration, and love in its sympathy, and joy in its fullness," he had added on the margin: "How often I have felt this very emotion. How natural I know it to be. And what a consolation in the thought!"[210]

During his last illness, he greets his old friend with a statement which shows his trust and his hope in a future life:

> "I am almost gone. I am in the shadow of death .... It is the end, but all is well with me. I have no fear. I have said and done things that would have been better left unsaid and undone, but I have never wilfully wronged a man in my life. I have no concern for myself. I am concerned only for those I leave behind. I never saved money and I die as poor as when I was born. We do not know what there is in the future now shut out from our view by a very thin veil. It seems to me there is a hand somewhere that will lead us safely across, but I cannot tell. No one can tell."
>
> This interesting speech, made scarcely a day before he closed his eyes in death, was typical of his whole generous, trustful, philosophical point of view.[211]

---

210 p. 202.
211 Loc. cit.

The following eulogy, given in the local paper after the doctor's death, illustrates fully the regard in which the community has held him:

> If there be green fields and placid waters beyond the river that he so calmly crossed.... preserved for those who believe in and practise upon the principle of "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," then this Samaritan of the medical profession is safe from all harm. If there be no consciousness, but only a mingling of that which was gentleness and tenderness here with the earth and the waters, then the greeness of the one and the sparkling limpidity of the other are richer for that he lived, and wrought, and returned unto them so trustfully again.[212]

Another interesting old country physician is Dr. Sifers whom James Whitcomb Riley eulogizes in verse of Hoosier dialect in Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers.[213]

This old gentleman is a most versatile person. Besides his work as a physician, he finds time to farm, keep bees, train pets, invent labor-saving equipment for his house and farm, and perform such civic duties as fighting fire, solving crime, and participating in politics.

But he does not neglect his practice, and plods through all kinds of weather to visit the sick.[214] His recipe for happiness is "Go help the sick and put your heart in it."[215] He thinks that there is no lack of joy in life for those who try to do their work faithfully and well.[216]

---

212 Loc. cit.
213 James Whitcomb Riley; Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers; The Century Co., New York, 1897.
214 p. 32.
215 p. 54.
216 Loc. cit.

The doctor claims no creed, and his real religious views nobody knows, nor needs to know.[217] He raises "no loud, vainglorious prayers" in public, but the incorruptibility of his principles means more than public invocations would. Dr. Sifers has total faith in the Life to Come. "From that Land o' Bliss," he says, "we'll haf to chuckle some a-lookin' back at this."[218]

When the gang at the general loafing place tries to settle profound questions of philosophy and religion, the doctor smiles and says he supposes pretty soon some lightning bug will indignantly investigate the moon.

> "No, Ike," says Doc, "this world hain't saw
> no brains like yourn and mine
> With sense enough to grasp a law 'at takes
> a brain divine. -
> I've bared the thoughts of brains in doubt,
> and felt their finest pulse, -
> And mortal brains jes won't turn out omnipotent results!"[219]

Although the doctor on occasions mildly expresses his opinions, he never participates in wrangles or disputes. He says the side he takes is the one he never hears. He likes to see people agreed and taking equal interest and universal heed of the words and ideas of everybody else.[220]

Dr. Sifers hates pretense and display. A really great man, he says, is "not the outward dressed, all uniforms, salutes and bows, and swelling out of chest."[221]

---

217 p. 31.
218 p. 36.
219 p. 42.
220 p. 90.
221 p. 97.

Unpretentious in all matters, the doctor cares little for the accumulation of wealth. He hates more than anything else the collection of his debts, and occasionally lends money instead of collecting it, as he had originally intended doing.[222] Some people, knowing the doctor to be careless in financial matters, have been unscrupulous enough to take advantage of him.[223] One of the villagers has compiled statistics to show that Dr. Sifers has earned about three fortunes - one every ten years. Yet his possessions are quite negligible with the exception, perhaps, of his library, which contains, besides medical books, many novels and historical works.[224]

In addition to his reading, Dr. Sifers, for recreation, enjoys hunting, fishing, and driving during dull seasons over the state on a pleasure trip. A circus is another form of enjoyment to him.

Possessing as he does the traits of naivete, versatility, and sagacity, he is united by a bond of sympathy to all classes and conditions of persons; and every one for miles around respects and venerates the sociable, polite, agreeable old gentleman "with perfect faith in God and man a-shinin' in his eyes."[225]

Another writer who eulogizes the country doctor of this period is David Grayson in his book Adventures in

---

222 p. 59.
223 p. 63.
224 p. 50.
225 p. 111.

Contentment.[226]

Dr. John North has just died, and the text chosen for the funeral talk is "He that is greatest among you, let him be....as he that doth serve."[227]

This statement is, indeed, applicable to the country doctor who has served his community faithfully for many years. He had been born here and, except for a few years away at school or in the army, had spent his entire life in his native place. Consequently, the neighborhood knew him well. A community may be deceived by a stranger but never by one of its own people. It is a supreme triumph, "having grown old, to merit the respect of those who know us best."[228]

Although Dr. North's life - the plain, hard life of a country doctor - had not been eventful, he had surely left his mark upon the neighborhood.

> I saw the mystic sign of him deep-lettered in the hearthstone of a home; I heard it speaking bravely from the weak lips of a friend; it is carved in the plastic heart of many a boy. No, I do not doubt the immortalities of the soul; in this community.... dwells more than one of John North's immortalities - and will continue to dwell.[229]

One of his influences had been in giving courage to weak men and women by impressing upon them the necessity for standing up to their fate. "The doctor despised those who fled from wholesome discipline."[230] Several stories

---

226 David Grayson; "The Country Doctor" in Adventures in Contentment; Grosset & Dunlap, New York, c.1906.
227 p. 196.
228 p. 180.
229 p. 179.
230 p. 185.

illustrating his hatred of whimperers is told.

> A young fellow once went to the Doctor.... and asked for something to stop his pain.
>
> "Stop it!" exclaimed the Doctor: "why it's good for you. You've done wrong, haven't you? Well, you're being punished; take it like a man. There's nothing more wholesome than good honest pain."[231]

And yet for forty years the doctor alleviated pain in the community.

On another occasion, a woman went to the doctor with a new trouble. After telling the doctor about it, she said:

> "I've left it all with the Lord."
>
> "You'd have done better"...."to keep it yourself. Trouble is for your discipline: the Lord doesn't need it."[232]

Such admonishment came straight from the heart of one who had exercised discipline and a stern control over his own weaknesses. Forty years ago, the doctor had loved a young woman who had refused to marry him because he was a drunkard. One of his neighbors, in telling the story, described the young doctor as "handsome, wild, brilliant," the victim of the habit of drinking, which he had acquired in the army.[233]

> "They all thought," said Horace, "that he'd up and kill himself. He said he would, but he didn't. Instid o' that he put an open bottle on his table and he looked at it and said: 'Which is stronger, now, you or John North? We'll make that the test,' he said, 'we'll live or die by that.' Them was his exact words. He couldn't sleep nights and he got haggard like a sick man, but he left the bottle there and never touched it."[234]

---

231 Loc. cit.
232 p. 186.
233 p. 194.
234 p. 195.

This silent struggle, more than any other happening, endeared his neighbors to the doctor. By his splendid example and in innumerable other ways he made his community a better place in which to live. He considered himself responsible for the health of the community, and, being "a sort of self-constituted health officer, he was always sniffing about old wells and damp cellars - and somehow with his crisp humour and sound sense, getting them cleaned."[235]

On one occasion, the doctor said to a neighbor:

> "Horace....why don't you paint your barn?"
>
> "Well," said Horace, "it _is_ beginning to look a bit shabby."
>
> "Horace," said the Doctor, "you're a prominent citizen. We look to you to keep up the credit of the neighborhood."
>
> Horace painted his barn.[236]

The doctor, feeling that nothing was too good for his neighborhood, had the best medical equipment that money could buy, although he was not a rich man. To the credit of the community, it may be said that the doctor never suffered financially; yet he rarely presented a bill.

> It was not because the community was poor, though some of our people are poor, and it was certainly not because the Doctor was rich and could afford such philanthropy.... He simply seemed to forget that people owed him.
>
> It came to be a common and humorous experience for people to go to the Doctor and say:

---

235 pp. 188-189.
236 p. 189.

> "Now Doctor North, how much do I owe you? You remember you attended my wife two years ago when the baby came - and John when he had the diphtheria -
>
> "Yes, yes," said the Doctor, "I remember."
>
> "I thought I ought to pay you."
>
> "Well, I'll look it up when I get time."
>
> But he wouldn't. The only way was to go to him and say:
>
> "Doctor, I want to pay ten dollars on account."
>
> "All right," he'd answer, and take the money.[237]

Concluding his eulogy of Dr. North the author terms him a hero of a new age.

> In olden days he might have been a pioneer, carrying the light of civilisation to a new land; here he has been a sort of moral pioneer - a pioneering far more difficult than we have ever known. There are no heroics connected with it, the name of the pioneer will not go ringing down the ages; for it is a silent leadership and its success is measured by victories in other lives.[238]

COMMENTS

While most of the physicians pictured in this chapter are elderly country doctors, diversity is offered by characterizations of the quack, the young physician, the women doctors, and the doctor-politician.

As sick people are usually eager to try any kind of treatment which might effect a cure, the charlatan has no

---

237 p. 188.
238 p. 197.

difficulty in finding some one to gull. P. T. Barnum said that there is a sucker born every minute. Joseph Jastrow modified the phrase by saying that there is also born a swindler or a charlatan every hour to take care of the sixty suckers.[239] The story of Sandcraft, the quack, was written by the famous American physician Dr. S. W. Mitchell of Philadelphia. An editorial in The Century Magazine in which the story appears commends Dr. Mitchell for so ably calling the attention of the public to the chicaneries of quack doctors.[240]

Contrasted with the quack who is never conscientious in any phase of his practice is the young physician who is so eager to do his work well that he is too meticulously zealous. Although Holmes satirizes this conscientious beginner in The Poet at the Breakfast Table, when he, himself, was a student in Paris, he wrote in a letter to his parents upholding the young physician:

> "If I was asked: Why do you prefer that intelligent young man, who has been studying faithfully in Paris, to this venerable practitioner who has lived more than twice as long? I should say: Because the young man has experience. He has seen more cases, perhaps, of any given disease; he has seen them grouped so as to throw more light upon each other; he has been taught to bestow upon them far more painful investigation; he has been instructed daily by men whom the world allows to be its most competent teachers; by men who know no master and teach no doctrine but Nature and her laws, pointed

---

239 "Ingenuity of Quackery" in Hygeia; January, 1928, p. 47.

240 The Century Magazine, v. 37, p. 634.

out at the bedside for those to own who see them, and for the meanest student to doubt, to dispute, if they cannot be seen; he has examined the dead body oftener and more thoroughly in the course of a year than the vast majority of our practitioners in any ten years of their lives. True experience is the product of opportunity multiplied by years, until we come to a certain point, when years become a minus quantity."[241]

Another young physician of the period is Dr. Birney, who is by far the most virile physician thus far delineated. He is the kind of person who is sometimes termed "a man's man."

The three novels depicting women physicians were written in the latter part of the nineteenth century when the question of the advisability of women in medicine was a much discussed one. Some of the reasons for discriminating against the woman physician were that she lacked the strength and capacity necessary for medical practice; that it was unwomanly and indelicate for her to engage in the profession, and that for her own good she should be excluded; that she was not capable of mastering the knowledge necessary for practice.[242] When Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman desiring to study medicine, sought to enter medical school, she was rejected by all schools except one, Geneva Medical College, Geneva, New York, from which she was graduated in 1849.[243]

---

241 John T. Morse, Jr.; Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1897, v. 1, p. 108.

242 H. J. Mozans; Woman in Science; D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1913, p. 292.

243 The Encyclopedia Americana, v. 4, p. 48.

The finest type of woman physician is portrayed in Dr. Zay - courageous, kind, and capable, a woman who would have been a credit to any profession. The same kind of person who realizes the responsibilities of the work and is ready to meet them, is Nan Prince, the medical student in Jewett's novel A Country Doctor. In the delineation of these two characters, the authors make a convincing plea for woman's rights to an independent career.

Contrasted with these two capable women is Dr. Breen, who is a person without stamina enough for any kind of successful career. The reader feels that the perplexities which upset her are not paraded as triumphant obstacles to the practice of medicine by women, but rather that Howells is merely using them to throw light upon the character and behavior of one woman. To readers of the twentieth century who are used to women successful in all walks of life, Grace Breen seems a rather weak character, yet she is probably a very good example of a certain type of woman of the Victorian era.

The politician-doctor is a peculiar little man who is portrayed in the light of his political rather than his medical activities. Dr. Nesbit is a contradictory person, zealous in gaining political power, not for purposes of self-aggrandizement but merely for the sport of the struggle. To many present-day politicians who work so ruthlessly for spoils, Dr. Nesbit would be an enigma.

The country doctor has become a type in American literature. Ten examples of this distinctive old gentleman have been discussed in this chapter, each doctor differing only slightly from the other nine.

The typical country doctor of literature is a rural practitioner from choice. His services are in demand over a wide area, and, day and night, through all kinds of weather, he is called to go on his missions of healing. He is a skillful practitioner in whom the community has unbounded confidence.

The country doctor knows his people, their virtues and their frailties, and he is sought by them as counselor and confidant in matters of all kinds. He is a personification of the ancient Indian adage:

> When you are ill, the physician will be to you a father; when you have recovered from your illness, you will find him a friend; and when your health is fully re-established, he will act as your protector.[244]

Nor does contact with disease and death make him hard-hearted or indifferent to human suffering. He is, in fact, particularly sympathetic and tender. His life is, moreover, an exemplification of the Golden Rule, although he has little regard for religious doctrines.

Another matter in which he is little concerned, is the compensation for his services. In this, he practices the dictum of Plato:

---

244 Albert H. Buck; op. cit., p. 38.

> No physician, as far as he is a physician, considers what is advantageous for the physician, nor enjoins it, but what is advantageous for the sick; for it hath been agreed that the accurate physician is one who taketh care of sick bodies and not an amasser of wealth.[245]

Perhaps the most suitable, concise description of the American country doctor of literature is the one which has been given to the famous seventeenth century English physician, William Harvey: "He was grave, but humorous; gentle, but courageous; magnanimous, truthful, patient, and religious; and, above all, simple."[246]

Whether the country doctor has been portrayed too romantically by authors, is a debatable question. The writers quoted were obviously acquainted with country physicians who possessed fine intellectual and moral qualities. Otherwise, they would hardly have portrayed so consistently this type of physician.

An interesting biography of a nineteenth century country doctor of Kentucky has been written by his son, William Allen Pusey.[247] The writer feels that the rural practitioner, having been described in such warm terms by authors, has been made an unreal figure. He is a person, according to Pusey, who does not need the glamour of fiction to make him interesting. Yet it is significant

---

245 Albert H. Buck; op. cit., p. 78.
246 Silas Weir Mitchell; Characteristics; The Century Co., New York, c. 1891, p. 141.
247 William Allen Pusey; op. cit.

that his biography, which purposes to give a true picture of the nineteenth century doctor, differs in only one essential respect from fictional accounts. That is in the question of remuneration. His actual doctor, not so impractical as the fictional doctors, attended to the business side of medicine in the collection of debts. However, he did not crowd an honest debtor, and he did not send out bills. He was "not a sharp business man but rather an effective business man."[248]

---

248 William Allen Pusey; *op. cit.*, p. 22.

CHAPTER VI

A character study of the physician of the twentieth century portrayed in the following literary works:

Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends by Caroline Abbot Stanley

The Fighting Doctor by Helen R. Martin

Doctor Nye by Joseph C. Lincoln

_K_ by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Dr. Jonathan by Winston Churchill

Arrowsmith by Sinclair Lewis

Magnificent Obsession by Lloyd C. Douglas

CHAPTER VI

A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE PHYSICIAN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Several of the following characterizations carry the reader from quiet rural districts where the physician rules as priest and healer to bustling cities where doctors work efficiently in large hospitals or perform experiments in laboratories. In urban districts with their codes of commercialism, the doctor has a more difficult time living up to his ideals of unselfish service, the reader is told by Sinclair Lewis in his detailed picture of the medical profession of the twentieth century, which emphasizes especially the phase of research work. One other author characterizes a scientist, and several others give studies of specialists and surgeons; however, interest has not deviated entirely from the rural doctor, and he, too, is pictured again in this chapter, although the authors of this period, unlike those who pictured the physician of the nineteenth century, seem to be more interested in plot than in character study.

The first of the small town physicians is Dr. Llewellyn, portrayed by Caroline Abbot Stanley in her book _Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends_,[1] which is composed of a series

---

1 Caroline Abbot Stanley; _Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends_; Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, 1914.

of stories centering around the people living in Putney, Missouri.

William Llewellyn has been born in Putney where his father has practiced medicine. He has received his education in New York but has returned to Putney after the death of his father. The name of Llewellyn means much in the community, and young Dr. William worthily upholds the family tradition by making a success of his practice. His methods are considered better (though somewhat reluctantly) than those of the old physicians; however, there are at the outset some objections to a few of the doctor's suggestions. Some people think that he has come back from New York with "some foolish Yankee notions about hygiene and sanitation."[2]

One of the matters upon which most of the conservative citizens disagree with him is about the water supply for the town. The doctor, certain that a typhoid epidemic is caused by bad water, urges the council to install a modern system. When the members object on the ground that they cannot pay for it, Dr. Llewellyn, becoming very indignant, tells them that they will pay and pay heavily if the system is not installed. It will be a heavier toll than dollars and cents, for it will be an exaction of flesh and blood, he insists.[3]

---

2 p. 12.
3 p. 14.

This prophecy comes true during another epidemic. Dr. Llewellyn works day and night under his increased burden. For once his genial optimism leaves him, and he is moody and taciturn everywhere except in the sick room.[4] Finally he, too, becomes ill.

As a result of the terrible epidemic, the water system is installed immediately, and the mortality of the town is subsequently greatly decreased - a fact more commented upon by everyone else than by the doctor, who is the person mainly instrumental in effecting the change. But Dr. Llewellyn, having gained his end, feels that he can retreat to the background and give to the council the glory, which they willingly assume. However, the town knows to whom the honor is due.[5]

The doctor's prophecy about the epidemic helps to establish confidence in his knowledge, and the townspeople become very proud of him.

> "They admitted that when it came to sickness, William knew what to do and rarely made a mistake in diagnosis. They felt a kind of wondering pride that he, a Putney boy, should know so much. His practice grew. He was called often in consultation and generally had the case from the first the next time. It was natural to trust William Llewellyn. People told him their troubles as they related their symptoms. Personal magnetism goes a long way in a doctor, and when it is united to professional skill and a big heart it results in a winning combination. There were those among his patients who said that he himself did them as much good as his medicine.[6]

---

4 p. 16.
5 p. 23.
6 pp. 11-12.

"William ain't just a doctor," old Miss Nancy Akron often says, "he's a friend."

Miss Nancy, who makes a spare living by dress-making, is attended during a long illness by Dr. Llewellyn. When she recovers, she asks for her bill with no response from the doctor. Finally one day when she becomes importunate, he tells her the bill is in her Bible. There, instead of an account for his services, she finds a ten dollar bill.

When she remonstrates, he laughingly replies:

> "You are worth that to me as an advertisement, Miss Nancy. Everybody said you were going to die, and I said you shouldn't. We couldn't spare you. You've saved my reputation." He stooped over to pat her withered cheek, and after that Miss Nancy adored him.[7]

In such ways as this through the years, the doctor works his way into the hearts of his people. When a lawyer from the city suggests that urban practice would have been less strenuous and more remunerative, Dr. Llewellyn replies:

> "That's true. But money isn't everything in this world. These people are my friends....<u>my friends</u>. They are not just my patients. I've grown up with them. I've gone down into death's valley with them. Usually I have brought them back with me, though I haven't always. But when I have left them there their families are still my friends. You come very close to people in my profession - closer than in yours, I imagine. The human element counts for more."[8]

A physician with a different point of view is portrayed by Helen R. Martin in her novel <u>The Fighting</u>

---

7 p. 12.
8 p. 34.

Doctor.[9] Dr. Thorpe practises in the country because he likes the rural life and not because he is particularly fond of the people with whom he comes in contact. He has moved to the rural Pennsylvania district because he wants to live in the open spaces, which "liberate the soul," and to have land enough to plant a few roses and potatoes. He feels that the life of a country doctor will not be so hard since the advent of automobiles and good roads.[10]

It is on the question of roads that the enterprising young doctor finds himself in conflict with some of the conservative Dutch inhabitants of the community. To them, Dr. Thorpe is a "city stranger" who does not mind his own business, but goes about trying to stir up the whole sleepy township with his cry for good roads and no graft.[11]

Dr. Thorpe has always been suspicious of the reformer's role, maintaining that self-righteousness must be nine-tenths of the reformer's make-up. In a letter to a college friend, he admits the irony of his present situation:

> "It was their damnably muddy roads that started me - and landed me (by the devious paths of local political graft) upon the truth that a doctor's work in a community, to be effective, has got to begin with the _soul_ of that community.... It was _mud_ that taught me that spiritual fact."[12]

---

9 Helen R. Martin; _The Fighting Doctor_; The Century Co., New York, 1912.
10 pp. 190-191.
11 p. 3.
12 p. 23.

At another time he says:

> "I'm not a politician....I'm a doctor. But before we can make this community physically wholesome we've got to clean it up morally. It's mud I'm fighting, the mud in the roads and the mud in the community's life."[13]

The doctor is not a person to give up easily when he has once decided upon a course of action.

> His stubborn jaw and stocky build, his countenance of mingled sternness and good humor, the sharpness of his black eyes, gave an impression, at sight, of a personality strong enough to meet with an unruffled front, almost any sort of emergency. Indeed, difficulties were, to a temperament like his, only a stimulus to his energies, and the unexpected antagonism he had met in this community, into which he had dropped upon the death of the former doctor, had served to develop all his fighting powers.[14]

The doctor manages to acquire the position of road supervisor so that he can get rid of muddy roads, in spite of the antagonism of the political boss of the community.

The latter is antagonistic to everything which the doctor does, even deprecating his suggestions for the care of the sick, some of which he considers the notions of a crank, especially those pertaining to fresh air and cleanliness.[15]

Another matter in which the doctor has difficulty is in collecting his debts. Here, too, he has learned to be persistent as he never receives a dollar in payment for his services that is not contested. He insists that patients pay if able. If not, he will donate his services.[16]

---

13 p. 14.
14 pp. 5-6.
15 p. 27.
16 p. 20.

It is presumed that the perseverance of the doctor finally effects his reforms. Most of the story is concerned with his love affair with a school teacher in the township.

Another story of a doctor who finds antagonism - for a different reason, however - among the citizens of a small town is Doctor Nye in the novel of the same name by Joseph C. Lincoln.[17]

This is the story of a physician's struggle to regain his practice and his respectability in North Ostable, a small town in Massachusetts.

Dr. Nye, who has specialized in obscure diseases of the nerves, becomes a general practitioner in North Ostable at the insistence of his wife, a native of the town. Here he establishes a flourishing practice and becomes prominent in church and civic activities.[18] Suddenly, however, about the time of his wife's death, he is accused of the theft of church money, which he does not deny.

Most people believe him guilty, but one of the villagers who trusts him gives the following reason for his belief in the doctor's innocence:

> "He was absolutely impractical, would leave a rich summer patient to go and see a no-account Portygee that he thought needed him more, even though he knew he would never get a cent for

---

17 Joseph C. Lincoln; Doctor Nye; D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1923.
18 p. 33.

> it....I would have bet my last dollar that he was honest....If there was no other reason I would have sworn he didn't care enough about money to steal it."[19]

On circumstantial evidence, he is sentenced to a prison term of several years after which, instead of seeking a new location, he returns to North Ostable.

One of his friends says of him regarding this move:

> "I was surprised of course....I couldn't imagine why he had come - here, of all places. But I think I know now why he came. He came to fight down his disgrace, to work out his salvation in the very hardest spot of all. It is characteristic of him. He is brave, and proud, and - yes, stubborn, I suppose - and perhaps quixotic.... But....in spite of everything, things we can neither of us understand and probably never shall, I know that Ephraim Nye is a good man. I <u>know</u> he is!"[20]

Yet most of his old friends shun him, and he finds practice at first only among the poorest people of the town. His worst enemy is Judge Copeland, his brother-in-law, who feels that his family has been disgraced by him. The judge is especially vehement at the doctor's attitude toward a new town water system which is sponsored by the judge for whom it will be especially profitable. The doctor fights the proposition because he feels that the source of the water supply will be unsafe, and not because of any ill feeling which he has for the sponsor.[21]

However, he loses his fight, and shortly after the new system is installed, a typhoid epidemic sweeps over the town. Dr. Nye's foresight, for it is he alone who

---

19 p. 43.
20 p. 368.
21 p. 246.

has realized the danger, together with his unceasing work in caring for the sick, greatly alters the attitude of the town toward him.[22] People once more say commendatory things about him.[23]

Eventually, the judge learns that Dr. Nye is innocent of the theft, when the latter, to save the happiness of two young people, one of them the judge's daughter, divulges the secret of the forged check. Dr. Nye's wife, the judge's sister, ill from a nervous disease and caught in the maze of her own extravagances, had stolen the money, and the doctor had magnanimously assumed the guilt. He desires, however, that the matter continue as a secret to the outside world.[24]

Another physician who has a secret is the hero of Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel _K_.[25] K. LeMoyne is in reality Dr. Edwards, a very famous young surgeon, originator of the difficult and equally famous Edwards operation. Desperate over three failures in operations for which he cannot account, he has given up his practice and has gone to a Middle Western town where, under an assumed name, he has secured employment in the office of a gas company.

Work in the gas office, he tells a friend, is attended by no great anxiety and sense of responsibility for

---

22 p. 301.
23 p. 302.
24 p. 388.
25 Mary Roberts Rinehart; _K_; Grosset & Dunlap, New York, 1914.

human life. He may occasionally make a mistake which costs him a few dollars from his own pocket, but that is all.[26]

Commenting further on his retirement from medical practice, he says to his friend:

> "I had everything for a while. Then I lost the essential. When that happened, I gave up. All a man in our profession has is a certain method, knowledge - call it what you like,- and faith in himself. I lost my self-confidence; that's all. Certain things happened; kept on happening. So I gave it up. That's all. It's not dramatic. For about a year I was damned sorry for myself. I've stopped whining now."[27]

In fact, K, always imbued with the ideal of unselfish service, becomes so busy helping other people that he has little time to think of his own troubles.[28]

Eventually his identity is revealed, and, when he successfully performs his famous Edwards operation in order to save the life of another young surgeon, his old confidence returns. During the absence of this other surgeon, Dr. Max Wilson, K. takes his place in the hospital and thus returns to the work which he loves.

Eventually, too, he learns that he was not in any way responsible for the failures in the three earlier operations. They have been caused by the negligence of a nurse who, in this way, has sought revenge on the hospital for her impending dismissal.

---

26 p. 144.
27 p. 145.
28 p. 301.

The selfish, egotistical, and pleasure-loving Dr. Max Wilson whose life is saved by K. is one of the most successful young surgeons in the city. He is so handsome, his touch is so sure, and his technique is so flawless that he is the envy of all the other doctors.[29] "Even the most jealous of that most jealous of professions, surgery, had to admit that he got results."[30]

Aware of his accomplishments, he revels in his triumphs over the others; however, occasionally he sighs as he sees "things again with the eyes of his young faith: to relieve pain, to straighten the crooked, to hurt that he might heal, - not to show the other men what he could do, - that had been his early creed."[31]

Even though he has enjoyed his superiority, he asks K. to come into the hospital with him, knowing well that such an arrangement would mean his own subordination,[32] for K. - the famous Dr. Edwards - is a much greater surgeon than he.

One of the few physicians who is actively interested in social and economic problems is Dr. Jonathan Pindar, chief character of Winston Churchill's play _Dr. Jonathan_.[33] He is a scientist who, after several years of research work at Johns Hopkins, returns for his health to a New England industrial town in which the Pindar family has lived for years.

---

29 p. 72.
30 p. 71.
31 p. 58.
32 p. 149.
33 Winston Churchill; _Dr. Jonathan_; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1919.

Dr. Jonathan's uncle, Asher Pindar, owns large factories here, which he rules with an autocratic hand. The young scientist, sympathizing with the workmen and understanding their aims, advocates a more lenient and compassionate treatment of the employees. In fact, he is certain that the real end of the World War, which is being fought, is industrial democracy - economic freedom without which political freedom is a farce.[34]

Although Asher Pindar often calls his nephew a Socialist, and disapproves of his liberal ideas, he comes to him for advice just as the workmen do.[35] Indeed, a great part of Dr. Jonathan's time is taken from his experiments to minister gratuitously to the bodily and spiritual needs of the laborers, who love him dearly.[36]

However, he manages to fill very ably both capacities of practicing physician and scientist, and eventually perfects a medicine for the cure of soldiers suffering from shell-shock. Dr. Jonathan is also famous for his book on the Physical Effects of Mental Crises.[37]

Contrasted with the researcher Dr. Jonathan, who finds time to practice philanthropy, are the pure scien-

---

34 p. 36.
35 p. 64.
36 p. 62.
37 p. 136.

tists in Sinclair Lewis's Arrowsmith,[38] who are so engrossed in their work that they have little time or inclination for thinking of other people.

The author takes his chief character, Martin Arrowsmith, from childhood to middle age, during which time he pictures him in various phases of medical work. One of these in which the reader will, doubtless, be particularly interested is the period of his medical training in the university. The laborious and exacting methods of modern education he will find to be a striking contrast to the training of rolling pills and running errands under the apprenticeship system.

In order to understand fully the character of Martin and to get the panoramic view of the profession which the author presents, the reader must get the details of the picture. Consequently, this book, being such a comprehensive presentation, is discussed more copiously than any other.

Years ago, an indomitable girl of fourteen, presiding over a wagon load of younger brothers and sisters and caring for a sick father, had refused to turn back from the pioneering trip. "We're going on jus' long as we can. Going West! They's a whole lot of new things I aim to be seeing!" she says.[39] That young girl was the great-grandmother of Martin Arrowsmith,

---

38 Sinclair Lewis; Arrowsmith; Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1925.
39 p. 1.

the main character in Sinclair Lewis's novel Arrowsmith.

In 1897, Martin, a fourteen year old boy living at Elk Mills in the half Eastern, half Mid-western state of Winnemac, has become, by sheer brass and obstinacy, the unofficial assistant to Doc Wilkerson. For him, far more exciting than his father's clothing store, is the doctor's office, the lure to questioning and adventure.[40]

> A fat old man and dirty and unvirtuous was the Doc; his grammar was doubtful, his vocabulary alarming, and his references to his rival, good Dr. Needham, were scandalous; yet he invoked in Martin a vision of making chemicals explode with much noise and stink and of seeing animalcules that no boy in Elk Mills had ever beheld.[41]

The other boys in the little town, in fact, hold Martin in awe because of his efficiency in bandaging stone bruises, his dissection of squirrels, and his explanation of astounding secret matters in the back of his physiology.[42] This youngster, so much interested in the doctor's office, has a characteristic look of impertinent inquiry, an expression of independence and energy, and a hint that he can fight.[43]

Yet the author insists that this is a biography of a young man in no sense a hero, who regards himself as a seeker after truth, but who stumbles and

---

40 p. 3.
41 p. 5.
42 p. 2.
43 p. 2.

slides back all his life and bogs himself in every obvious morass.[44]

Within the space of a few years, Martin's insatiable curiosity is being somewhat gratified by his classes in chemistry, physics, and biology at the state university of Winnemac where he is studying medicine.

However, he is disappointed in various professors and their methods of instructing. He has a conviction that experiments should deal with the "foundations of life and death, with the nature of bacterial infection, with the chemistry of bodily reactions," and he is annoyed at the "fussy little experiments, maiden-aunt experiments" which Professor Robertshaw drones about in physiology class.[45]

Another instructor who disgusts him is Dr. Stout, professor of anatomy, who, possessing precise and enormous knowledge, repeats in his dry voice more facts about the left little toe than anybody, it seems, "would care to learn regarding the left little toe."[46]

Perhaps the instructor whom Martin abhors more than any other is Dr. Roscoe Geake, professor of otolaryngology. Dr. Geake is a pedler who believes that tonsils "have been placed in the human organism for the purpose of providing specialists with closed

---

44 p. 44.
45 p. 20.
46 p. 21.

motors."[47] He roundly denounces the cant of Letting Nature Alone. The average man, he declares, thinks little of specialists who do not operate on him now and then. His classic address, which he gives annually, evaluates medicine and explains the best methods of getting suitable fees:

> "Knowledge is the greatest thing in the medical world, but it's no good whatever unless you can sell it, and to do this you must first impress your personality on the people who have the dollars. Whether a patient is a new or an old friend, you must always use salesmanship on him."[48]

Dr. Geake's talents for salesmanship are properly appreciated by the New Idea Medical Instrument and furniture Company of Jersey City, and, to Martin's relief, he is called to the vice presidency of that organigation. In his last talk to the students, he reiterates his theory that the world judges a man by the amount of good hard cash he can lay away, and that the one way in which a physician can make patients appreciate his skill is by having an office which sells them the idea of being properly cured. There is no doubt that Dr. Geaks is an important addition to a firm which publishes an "up-to-the-jiffy catalogue" picturing fine instruments to be bought on the easy payment plan and persuasive paragraphs like the following:

---

47 p. 83.
48 p. 84.

> You may drive through blizzard and August heat, and go down into the purple-shadowed vale of sorrow and wrestle with the ebon-cloaked Powers of Darkness for the lives of your patients, but that heroism is incomplete without Modern Progress, to be obtained by the use of a Bindledord Tonsillectomy Outfit and the New Idea Panaceatic Cabinet, to be obtained on small payment down, rest on easiest terms known in history of medicine![49]

Still another instructor whom Martin finds particularly tedious is Dr. Lloyd Davidson, professor of materia medica, although he is a very popular teacher. From him the future physicians learn the "most important of all things: the proper drugs to give a patient, particularly when you cannot discover what is the matter with him."[50] His students zealously memorize the one hundred and fifty favorite prescriptions - fifty more than his predecessor had required, an advancement of which the doctor is very proud.

But Martin, often rebellious, sometimes engages in a word battle with the professor:

> "Dr. Davidson, how do they know ichthyol is good for erysipelas? Isn't it just rotten fossil fish - isn't it like the mummy-dust and puppy-ear stuff they used to give in the olden days?"
>
> "How do they know? Why, my critical young friend, because thousands of physicians have used it for years and found their patients getting better, and that's how they know!...
>
> But Martin insisted, "Please, Dr. Davidson, what's the use of getting all these prescriptions by heart, anyway? We'll forget most of 'em, and besides, we can always look 'em up in the book."

---

49 p. 154.
50 p. 41.

Davidson pressed his lips together, then:

> "Arrowsmith, with a man of your age, I hate to answer you as I would a three-year-old boy, but apparently I must. Therefore, you will learn the properties of drugs and the contents of prescriptions because I tell you to! If I did not hesitate to waste the time of the other members of this class, I would try to convince you that my statements may be accepted, not on my humble authority, but because they are the conclusions of wise men - men wiser or certainly a little older than you, my friend - through the ages. But as I have no desire to indulge in fancy flights of rhetoric and eloquence, I shall merely say that you will accept, and you will study, and you will memorize, because I tell you to!"[51]

However, one member of the university faculty Martin adores even before he knows him. That is Max Gottlieb, professor of bacteriology, a testy middle-aged Jew, born and educated in Germany, and famous for his work in immunology. Dr. Gottlieb associates little with the other teachers because he cares little for companionship and because he is usually toiling many hours every day in his laboratory. Thus, he has become a man of mystery about whom many fables have originated.[52] Ever the true scientist, Gottlieb, as one of his colleagues states, takes a diabolic pleasure as great in disproving his own contentions as in challenging those of other famous scientists.[53]

Dr. Gottlieb is the one bright spot in Martin's life at the university, for the boy is unsympathetic with the ideas of his fellow-students as well as those of most of his instructors. The students are not trying to learn science, he cries: they are simply learning a trade. They

---

51 pp. 41-42.
52 p. 9.
53 p. 10.

talk about losing cases and dollars instead of saving lives. Most of them insist that the doctor who "gets ahead" is not the one who knows his pathology but the man "who gets an office on a northeast corner, near a trolley junction, with a phone number that'll be easy for patients to remember!"[54]

Martin is particularly irritable during examination weeks when he and the others have to drudge at memorizing long lists of names which enable them to crawl through the examinations. He deprecates this method of study, and argues long with his fraternity brothers about it. He despises their "sweaty fact-grinding" and does not hesitate to tell them so. "I tell you, you fellows are the kind that keep medicine nothing but guess-work diagnosis," he complains.[55] Finally, he decides to resign from his fraternity.

> Martin was alienated from the civilized, industrious, nice young men of Digamma Pi, in whose faces he could already see prescriptions, glossy white sterilizers, smart enclosed motors, and glass office-signs in the best gilt lettering. He preferred a barbarian loneliness, for next year he would be working with Max Gottlieb, and he could not be bothered.[56]

In his second year, after a particularly exciting laboratory period during which Gottlieb has inoculated guinea pigs with anthrax germs, one of the Digammas remarks that the German is an old laboratory plug who could be a first-rate surgeon making fifty thousand dollars a year instead of four; another, studying to be a medical missionary, is worried about the slaughter of the animals, forgetting that he often exalts the sacrifice of the lamb;

---

54 p. 25.
55 p. 30.
56 p. 31.

still another remarks about the jerk of the guinea pigs; Martin, alone of all the number, sees himself doing the same experiment, and, as he remembers Gottlieb's unerring fingers, his hands curve in imitation.[57]

The confusion of the laboratory is ecstacy for the embryo scientist.

> There was for Martin in these days a quality of satisfying delight; the zest of a fast hockey game, the serenity of the prairie, the bewilderment of great music, and a feeling of creation. He woke early and thought contentedly of the day; he hurried to his work, devout, unseeing.[58]

Often he works at night in the laboratory, probably "in youthful imitation of Gottlieb."[59] The master, noticing his work, remarks one evening:

> "You have craftsmanship....there is an art in science - for a few.... Not five times in five years do I have students who understand craftsmanship and precision and maybe some big imagination in hypotheses. I t'ink perhaps you may have them. If I can help you - So!
>
> "I do not t'ink you will be a good doctor. Good doctors are fine - often they are artists - but their trade, it is not for us lonely ones that work in labs."[60]

Sometimes Martin has midnight lunch with him, during which Gottlieb talks of his work and experiences. After these sessions, the young student runs home, drunk with joy.[61]

During his third year in medical school, he is appointed Gottlieb's undergraduate assistant in bacteriology.[62] His emotion, however, outranks his achievement in his small

---

57 p. 36.
58 p. 37.
59 _Loc. cit._
60 p. 38.
61 p. 39.
62 p. 50.

original experiments, but Gottlieb is usually patient. During the Christmas holidays, nevertheless, he expects Martin to work in the laboratory. The latter, lonely and unhappy, is tired of working. Always his work has gone on - "assisting Gottlieb, instructing bacteriological students, attending lectures and hospital demonstrations - sixteen merciless hours a day"[63]- studying enough subjects "to swamp a genius."[64]

Consequently, he plays in the laboratory during the holidays, and his notes are incomplete. Instantly, Gottlieb becomes grim. "Do you call these notes? Always when I praise a man must he stop working?"[65]

But Martin's listlessness persists after the holidays, and whiskey seems to offer his only relief from loneliness and work. Gottlieb, nervous and irritable from working eighteen hours each day on new experiments, discharges him on the spur of the moment for impertinence after having reprimanded him for a foolish mistake.[66]

Martin leaves school for a short time, goes to Wheatsylvania, North Dakota, and marries Leora Tozer, who has been a student nurse in a town near the university.

Leora deserves far more than a paragraph in this characterization of Martin Arrowsmith. Their marriage is the beginning of a serene and happy comradeship during which she encourages him, gives him her unbounded loyalty, and shuts out the world that always pounds at him.[67] It is

---

63 p. 83.
64 p. 40.
65 p. 87.
66 p. 94.
67 p. 111.

Leora who, through the years, bears the real tedium of Martin's scientific work, yet she never complains. She possesses the remarkable ability of being cheerfully non-existent even when she is present;[68] and through long, weary hours, she sits quietly, cheerfully, and loyally in the corner of the laboratory, knowing well that her unobtrusive presence has a calming and soothing effect on Martin's jaded nerves. Although she perhaps never grasps very much about the actual details, she understands his philosophy and the basis of his work.[69]

However, the foregoing statements are too far ahead of the story. Martin returns to the university, determined to be a practical and wealth-mastering doctor. Yet he is always obsessed with the desire to look behind details for the causes of things,[70] and Gottlieb's eyes, as he passes him on the campus, seem to say, "Why have you never come back to me?"[71] Nevertheless, toward the end of his senior year, decision regarding his future seems to be necessary, and, moved by a eulogy on the fine old country doctor, he decides to settle in Wheatsylvania in that capacity. If he aches a little for research and Gottlieb's divine curiosity, he thinks he can at least be a country doctor like Robert Koch.[72]

But first he must serve his interneship. In the hospital he finds the routine slightly dull. He can never

---

68 p. 338.
69 p. 111.
70 *Loc. cit.*
71 p. 122.
72 p. 116.

develop the bedside manner, and, although he feels sorry for the suffering patients, he soon tires of them and longs for new experiences. The ambulance work outside, however, offers him excitement and stimulates his pride, for The Doctor is a man of importance wherever he goes on his emergency calls.[73] But on night duty, alone, Martin, facing the self which he has been afraid to uncover, realizes how homesick he is for the laboratory.[74]

Nevertheless, he begins his country practise in North Dakota, and at the end of his first year in Wheatsylvania, he is an inconspicuous but not discouraged doctor. He has gathered a small and sound if not a very remarkable practise.

Yet the most disconcerting part of his life in the little town is not his small practise but the fact that his private life is a matter of too much interest to the villagers. They gossip that he drinks and gambles too much and that he never goes to church. They are sorry to see a young man like him "going to the dogs."[75] Martin feels, too, that the lightest word said in his consultation room will "be megaphoned from flapping ear to flapping ear all down the country roads."[76]

Leora is his only refuge. To her alone can he talk of his work. Martin feels that unless he struggles, he will not only harden into timid morality but will be fixed in a routine of prescriptions and bandaging.[77] As one means of

---

73 p. 119.
74 p. 12.
75 p. 168.
76 p. 169.
77 *Loc. cit.*

escape, he decides that they must "get educated" at any cost. Leora, as usual, is agreeable, and together they read history and literature during the long evenings.[78]

Suddenly, he is thrown into a research problem. Commercial blackleg vaccine has proved ineffective during a blackleg epidemic. Martin, working in an improvised laboratory, manufactures his own vaccine with which he arrests the epidemic, then gives his notes and the supply of vaccine to the state veterinarian. But the latter denounces him for intruding into his realm, while the neighboring physicians hint that he is likely to ruin the dignity of the profession by such experiments.[79]

His next venture, in which he undertakes the duties of health officer, almost ruins his private practise. His vigorous work irritates his townsmen. Although no one questions his honesty and earnestness, he lacks wisdom in dealing with the public which cannot understand his mission, partly because he scarcely tries to make them understand.

> The citizens had formerly been agitated by his irreligion, his moral looseness, and his lack of local patriotism, but when they were prodded out of their comfortable and probably beneficial dirt, they exploded.[80]

As he has never taught the people to love him and follow him as a leader, they question, they argue long on the doorsteps, and they cackle that he is drunk.[81]

---

78 p. 170.
79 p. 180.
80 p. 186.
81 p. 188.

During this period of uproar, Martin is appointed assistant director of public health for the city of Nautilus, Iowa. All the village, forgetting the recent disturbance, bids him farewell with regrets that appear to be sincere.

To Leora he says: "I've learned a little something. I've failed here. I've antagonized too many people. I didn't know how to handle them."[82] Yet, in spite of these experiences, he stumbles again in Nautilus when he tries, in the course of time, to enforce his health edicts in the larger town.

Totally unlike the precise scientist, Martin is the "seventy-horse-power-booster"[83] Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh, Director of Public Health in Nautilus, Iowa. Dr. Pickerbaugh's bogus statistics on health and his methods of wheedling the public into observance of health rules, some of which Martin considers of doubtful value, are rather bewildering to his young assistant. Yet, influenced by his enthusiasm, Martin succumbs occasionally to Pickerbaugh's demands that he assist in sensationally spreading the propaganda for good health. After his first Sunday afternoon speech, Martin is somewhat intoxicated by his success until Leora reprimands him rather severely.

> "You belong in a laboratory, finding out things, not advertising them. Do you remember once in Wheat-

---

82 p. 189.
83 p. 259.

> sylvania for five minutes you almost thought of joining a church and being a Respectable Citizen? Are you going on for the rest of your life, stumbling into respectability and having to be dug out again? Will you never learn you're a barbarian?"[84]

Although Martin has anticipated long hours in the department laboratory, he finds that other duties crowd out his research work. He must attend to all kinds of routine drudgery, such as dictating letters, giving publicity to newspapers, buying supplies, and placating voluble voters who complain about everything.[85]

Martin has no talent for pacifying grumblers. In fact, his vigorous actions pursued in food and dairy inspection arouse more complaints. When Pickerbaugh, having been elected to Congress, is ready to leave, he tells Martin that his work is satisfactory except in one respect: that is in his lack of "enthusiasm for getting together with folks and giving a long pull and a strong pull, all together."[86] He thinks that he will probably improve in this respect when he assumes the acting directorship.

However, Martin fails to heed Pickerbaugh's warning. Under him the department of public health changes almost completely. Although the routine work is continued as before, Martin has much more time for research work. His inspections are more thorough because he lacks Pickerbaugh's buoyant faith in his lay inspectors, one of whom he replaces, to the consternation of the German population. The

---

84 p. 218.
85 p. 200.
86 p. 247.

Mayor objects to the director's work in the laboratory when he can hire a "competent lab fellow for thirty bucks a week.[87] He tells Martin:

> "What you ought to be doing is jollying along these sobs that are always panning the administration. Get out and talk to the churches and clubs, and help me put across the ideas that we stand for."[88]

But Martin is persistent in his efforts to clean up the town by deeds and not by words. Other mistakes follow: He antagonizes the county medical society; he burns down a block of tenements which he denounces as "murder-holes"; and he offends the influential smart set which has supported him in the past, but cannot understand why he should now desert their poker parties to spend hours in his laboratory.

Martin, realizing that he is lost, tries to analyze his unpopularity.

> "It isn't just Jordan's plotting and Treadgold's grousing and Pugh's weak spine. It's my own fault. I can't go out and soft-soap the people and get their permission to help keep them well. And I won't tell them what a hell of an important thing my work is - that I'm the one thing that saves the whole lot of 'em from dying immediately. Apparently an official in a democratic state has to do these things. Well, I don't!"[89]

Finally, after his salary has been reduced from thirty-five hundred dollars a year to eight hundred, he gives up his public health work to join the Rouncefield Clinic in Chicago as pathologist.[90]

To Leora he confides:

---

87 p. 259.
88 p. 259.
89 pp. 263-264.
90 p. 267.

"I never knew I could be so badly licked. I never want to see a lab or a public health office again. I'm done with everything but making money.... I'll stick to Rouncefield Clinic till I'm making maybe thirty thousand a year, and then I'll....start my own clinic....and collect every cent I can. All right, if what people want is a little healing and a lot of tapestry, they shall have it - and pay for it. I never thought I could be such a failure - to become a commercialist and not want to be anything else. And I don't want to be anything else, believe me! I'm through!"[91]

For a year Martin is a "faithful mechanic in that most competent, most clean and brisk and visionless medical factory, the Rouncefield Clinic."[92] This well-equipped establishment practices the theory that "any portions of the body without which people could conceivably get along should certainly be removed at once."[93] Martin never questions the efficiency of the renowned specialists, and he would have submitted willingly to any kind of operation by them had he been convinced of the necessity of the operation. He admires the firmness of purpose of the "keen taut specialists", and he has for them "the respect of the poor and uncertain for the rich and shrewd;"[94] yet he criticizes their suavity and their air of importance. He terms them "dollar-chasers",[95] and "men of measured merriment" on account of their careful way of smiling.[96]

Nor is he satisfied with his work - the routine work of a pathologist - which he performs too easily with his

---

91 pp. 268-269.
92 p. 270.
93 pp. 270-271.
94 p. 270.
95 p. 274.
96 p. 272.

quick hands and the use of only one tenth of his brain.

> All the while he was dead, in a white-tiled coffin. Amid the blattings of Pickerbaugh and the peepings of Wheatsylvania, he had lived, had fought his environment. Now there was nothing to fight.[97]

After the first dazzle of the clinic has worn off, Martin works again on his streptolysin research which he had begun in Nautilus. One of the directors of the clinic offers the following objections to such work:

> "If I were you I wouldn't....waste too much energy on mere curiosity. We'd be glad to have you do all the research you want, only we'd like it if you went at something practical. Take for instance: if you could make a tabulation of the blood-counts in a couple of hundred cases of appendicitis and publish it, that'd get somewhere, and you could sort of bring in a mention of the clinic, and we'd all receive a little credit - and incidentally maybe we could raise you to three thousand a year then."[98]

However, Martin publishes the results of his experiment, sends a copy to Gottlieb, and is asked by that scientist, who is now associated with McGurk Institute in New York, to become his assistant in the research laboratory.[99]

Martin's only thought as he enters the McGurk Building is that he will soon see Dr. Gottlieb for the first time in five years. The scientist, old and feeble now, is delighted at Martin's coming, and immediately they are lost in conversation.

> "Ah! Dis is good....Your laboratory is three doors down the hall.... But I object to one thing in the good paper you send me. You say, 'The regularity of the rate at which the streptolysin disappears suggests that an equation may be found - "

---

97 p. 271.
98 p. 274.
99 p. 275.

"But it can, sir!"

"Then why did you not make the equation?"

"Well - I don't know. I wasn't enough of a mathematician."

"Then you should not have published till you knew your math!"

"I - Look, Dr. Gottlieb, do you really think I know enough to work here? I want terribly to succeed."

"Succeed? I have heard that word. It is English? Oh, yes, it is a word that liddle schoolboys use at the University of Winnemac. It means passing examinations. But there are no examinations to pass here....Martin, let us be clear. You know something of laboratory technique; you have heard about dese bacilli; you are not a good chemist, and mathematics - pfui! - most terrible! But you have curiosity and you are stubborn. You do not accept rules. Therefore I t'ink you will either make a very good scientist or a very bad one....

Half an hour later they were arguing ferociously....

It sounded bellicose, and all the while Martin was blissful with the certainty that he had come home.[100]

However, he finds disagreeable features even in this new paradise. Ross McGurk has bought the Institute for his own glorification ahd the diversion of his wife Capitola, so that she will keep her "itching fingers out of his shipping and mining and lumber interests."[101] Capitola has fascinating little problems for her husband's pensioners. On one occasion, she bursts into Gottlieb's laboratory to tell him that large numbers of persons die

100 pp. 277-278.
101 p. 293.

annually of cancer for which he should find a cure. Moreover, she gives important but boring scientific monthly dinners to express her interest in the Institute.[102]

Another disagreeable feature is the existence of factions among the Institute workers.

> No rocking-chair clique on a summer-hotel porch, no knot of actors, ever whispered more scandal or hinted more warmly of complete idiocy in their confreres than did these uplifted scientists.[103]

Here, too, Martin finds his "men of measured merriment" just as he had found them at Rouncefield Clinic. Yet he has two loyal friends in Gottlieb and the brusque young Terry Wickett. The latter, in spite of his seemingly sour temper, is most kind in helping Martin to master all branches of mathematics. And the young scientist, forgetting everything else, charges enthusiastically into his experiments.

> With all his amateurish fumbling, Martin had one characteristic without which there can be no science: a wide-ranging, sniffing, snuffling, undignified, unself-dramatizing curiosity, and it drove him on.[104]

Finally, when he thinks he has made an important discovery in his "X Principle", he gives some of the original Principle to a doctor in a hospital for the treatment of boils, and from him receives excited reports of cures and inquiries regarding the mysterious substance.

---

102 p. 294.
103 p. 297.
104 p. 293.

Swelling with pride, he tells Gottlieb of his new triumph, but the master is disdainful.

> "Oh! So! Beautiful! You let a doctor try it before you finished your research? You want fake reports of cures to get into the newspapers, to be telegraphed about places, and have everybody in the world that has a pimple come tumbling in to be cured, so you will never be able to work? You want to be a miracle man, and not a scientist? You do not want to complete things? You wander off monkey-skipping and flap-doodeling with colon bacillus before you have finish with staph - before you haf really begun your work - before you have found what is the nature of the X Principle? Get out of my office! You are a - a - a college president! Next I know you will....get your picture in the papers for a smart cure-vendor!"[105]

Martin continues his work, but he has learned his lesson. When Director Tubbs desires to proclaim the results of his research, he objects on the ground that he must be absolutely certain before publishing his results. Dr. Tubbs insists:

> "I admire your caution, but you must understand, Martin, that the basic aim of this Institute is the conquest of disease, not making pretty scientific notes.... We'll extend this to everything! We'll have scores of physicians in hospitals helping us and confirming our results and widening our efforts.... Efficient universal cooperation - that's the thing in science today - the time of this silly, jealous, fumbling individual research has gone by.... We may have found the real thing.... We'll publish together! We'll have the whole world talking!"[106]

Another important official in the Institute says to Martin:

---

105 p. 316.
106 pp. 320-321.

> "If this work really pans out, there's no limit to the honors that'll come to you.... Acclaim by scientific societies, any professorship you might happen to want, prizes, the biggest men begging to consult you, a ripping place in society!"[107]

Martin perceives "the horror of the shrieking bawdy thing called Success, with its demand that he give up quiet work and parade forth to be pawed by every blind devotee and mud-spattered by every blind enemy."[108]

Before Martin completes his problem, the French scientist D'Herelle publishes a report on "bacteriophage" which is identical with the "X Principle."

After his first disappointment, Martin says to Gottlieb:

> "I'll go back to work. Nothing else to do.... I'll have time to really finish my research - Maybe I've got some points that D'Herelle hasn't hit on - and I'll publish it to corroborate him."[109]

Gottlieb is glad of his decision: "It iss nice that you will corroborate D'Herelle. That is science: to work and not to care - too much - if somebody else gets the credit."[110]

Martin reads D'Herelle's report minutely, enthusiastically, chuckling at the end, "There's a man, there's a scientist!"[111]

At the end of a year, Director Tubbs insists that Martin find some practical use for the "phage." "Enough of this mere frittering and vanity. Let's really <u>cure</u> somebody!" he says.[112]

---

107 p. 322.
108 p. 323.
109 p. 327.
110 <u>Loc. cit.</u>
111 p. 328.
112 p. 330.

Consequently, Martin, fearing dismissal, abandons his quest for the fundamental naturé of phage and sets about fighting the bubonic plague. During long experiments, he finds that rats fed with phage fail to develop the plague.

In the meantime, Gottlieb succeeds Dr. Tubbs as Director. Rumor persists that the Institute has something that may eradicate the plague, and pleas for assistance come from St. Hubert in the West Indies, during an epidemic. Gottlieb discusses sending Martin to the island to test his phage.

> "If I could trust you, Martin, to use the phage with only half your patients and keep the others as controls, under normal hygienic conditions but without the phage, then you could make an absolute determination of its value, as complete as what we have of mosquito transmission of yellow fever.[113]

Martin swears faithfully to observe test conditions, and, when Leora refuses to let him go without her, Gottlieb, in "his only act of craftiness as Director of the Institute, makes her 'Secretary and Technical Assistant to the McGurk Plague and Bacteriophage Commission to the Lesser Antilles.'"[114]

Martin's experiment in the initial stages seems to be successful. He finds that the pest attacks the unphaged half of the parish much more heavily than those who have been treated.[115] But while he is away from headquarters for several days, Leora, always frail, dies of the plague. When Martin finds her dead, he is half-crazed, and, cursing

113 p. 348.
114 p. 352.
115 p. 387.

experimentation, gives phage to everyone who asks for it, with bitter satisfaction in the wrecking of his own purposes.[116]

At the end of six months, "whether from phage or rat-killing or Providence," the epidemic ceases and Martin becomes the hero, the savior of the island, although he derives no pleasure from his triumph.

> The more they shouted his glory, the more he thought about what unknown, tight-minded scientists in distant laboratories would say of a man who had had his chance and cast it away. The more they called him the giver of life, the more he felt himself disgraced and a traitor.[117]

Worst of all, he has betrayed the confidence of Gottlieb, and he dreads the meeting with his master. He might have been spared some of his discomfiture had he known that Gottlieb, in a state of senile dementia, will never know of his dereliction.[118]

The acting director of the Institute writes to congratulate Martin on his "sensational success" in establishing the value of phage in plague "by tests on a large scale."[119] His salary is doubled, and he is made head of a new department.[120] Although his figures seem to indicate the value of phage, no final conclusion can be truthfully given, and Martin is furious when his original report to the Trustees is published officially under the seal of the Institute, but with "quaint" revisions by the

---

116 p. 393.
117 p. 397.
118 p. 403.
119 p. 396.
120 p. 402.

director.[121]

After his return he is forced to depend entirely upon his own ingenuity instead of referring to Gottlieb. His first really important paper is praised in Europe as well as in America. He desires, more than ever, to perfect his technique "in the quest for absolute and provable fact", and "ease and repute in the market-place" hold no charms for him.[122]

Eventually, however, he stumbles again: in the marriage to a wealthy society woman who tries to make him into a fashionable scientist. She cannot understand his absorption in his work and his refusal to become director of McGurk Institute.

At last, realizing anew that the social whirl is not for such rebels as he, Martin joins his fellow-barbarian Terry Wickett in his laboratory in the Vermont woods. Here, happy in their isolation and unhampered by the demands of society, they prepare enough sera to earn a living while continuing their beloved experimentation.

> (Martin) began incredulously to comprehend his freedom. He would yet determine the essential nature of phage; and as he became stronger and surer - and no doubt less human - he saw ahead of him innumerous inquiries into chemotherapy and immunity; enough adventures to keep him busy for decades.[123]

Infuriated by discrimination against Jews in Germany, Dr. Max Gottlieb, at forty years of age, has come to the United States. For twelve years he drudges at the Univer-

---

121 p. 405.
122 pp. 405-406.
123 pp. 445-446.

sity of Winnemac as professor of bacteriology. Not once during his years of experimentation there does he talk of "practical" results. His colleagues say, with reason, that he is "so devoted to Pure Science, to art for art's sake, that he would rather have people die by the right therapy than be cured by the wrong."[124] Where clever scientists publish five papers a year, Dr. Gottlieb publishes not more than twenty-five papers in thirty years, each one exquisitely finished.[125]

All who work at science are not scientists, he tells Martin. "So few! The rest are secretaries, press-agents, camp-followers!" If a man is born to be a scientist, he must do two things: work twice as hard as he can, and keep people from using him.[126]

Rarely does Gottlieb find a student who is inherently a scientist, and, year by year, he deplores the increasing number of students who consider his work as merely another hurdle to be leaped as quickly as possible.[127] He looks at Fatty Pfaff in the front row of his class, his face vacant as a doorknob, and he wonders why he should murder guinea pigs to teach _Dummkopfe_. Would it not be better to experiment on that fat young man?[128]

---

124 p. 124.
125 _Loc. cit._
126 p. 280.
127 p. 127.
128 p. 34.

Indeed, his colleagues have good reason for calling him pessimist, for although he is a great benefactor of humanity - his work having been an important factor in reducing infectious disease - he often doubts the value of reducing infectious diseases at all.[129]

In fact, Gottlieb is never conventional nor practical. During his professorship at the university, he becomes obsessed with the idea that a medical school, altogether scientific, ruled by exact quantitative biology and chemistry, should be organized there to replace the existing school. For his insistence on such a scheme, he is discharged for "disloyalty to recognized medical and scholastic ethics, insane egotism, atheism, persistent failure to collaborate with his colleagues, and inability to understand practical affairs."[130]

Dr. Gottlieb is a poor man, and, after his dismissal, he is forced to enter the employ of a large pharmaceutical firm which he has often damned for its commercialism.[131]

While working with this company, he succeeds in his master-labor which promises to revolutionize immunology; however, when the company desires to patent his processes and put them immediately on the market with a big advertising campaign - "high-class ethical advertising" - Gottlieb objects on the grounds that he disapproves of patenting serological processes and that he needs to "clear up a

129 p. 125.
130 p. 130.
131 p. 135.

few points" to be sure of his results.[132]

During the period of dissension over this matter, he is invited to join the staff of McGurk Institute in New York, which he considers one of the three soundest and freest organizations for pure scientific research in America.[133]

Here he forms a strange friendship with the wealthy and powerful Ross McGurk, owner of the Institute.[134] Eventually Dr. Gottlieb assumes the directorship, not for the honor, but because he feels that, in this capacity, he can do a greater work in helping earnest young scientists like Martin.[135] He accepts the position, however, with the proviso that he be allowed to spend most of his time at his own work. Having no talent for administration, he finds his executive duties burdensome. Moreover, he is autocratic, and the Institute soon quivers with petty intrigues. If it has once been over-managed and over-standardized, it now has no management and no standardization at all. However, this condition does not last long, for Gottlieb is soon forced to retire. Worry over the muddled state of affairs probably contributes to his infirmity which ends shortly in senile dementia.[136]

Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh, Director of the Department of Public Health, Nautilus, Iowa, makes a regular practise

---

132 p. 140.
133 p. 142.
134 p. 294.
135 p. 333.
136 p. 403.

of setting aside a period for scientific research, he tells Martin at their first meeting.[137] In fact, he has published scientific articles often in the Midwest Medical Quarterly, of which he is one of the fourteen editors. One of his many projects has been the discovery of the germ of epilepsy and two entirely different germs of cancer. With his usual celerity, Dr. Pickerbaugh is able to make a discovery, write his report, and have it accepted within two weeks' time.[138]

However, his most important contributions as Director of Public Health are concerned with the manifold tasks of making the city health-conscious. The success of selling the idea of Better Health, he declares, is dependent upon the right leader:

> "What the world needs is a really inspired, courageous, overtowering leader - say a Billy Sunday of the movement - a man who would know how to use sensationalism properly and wake the people out of their sloth."[139]

Indeed, he modestly asserts that he, himself, is sometimes compared to Billy Sunday. Among his various methods employed in converting the town to the religion of Better Health is the use of placards with original slogans, such as the following:

> You can't get health
> By a pussyfoot stealth,
> So let's every health-booster
> Crow just like a rooster.[140]

---

137 p. 195.
138 p. 248.
139 p. 195.
140 Loc. cit.

Another slogan which he has found to be effective in pointing out a practical need instead of merely stating a general abstract principle is the one:

> Boil the milk bottles or by gum
> You better buy your ticket to Kingdom Come.[141]

These jingles, he assures Martin, "serve to jazz up the Cause of Health." Each one of his efforts is operative

> "just by having a good laugh and a punch and some melody in it, (it) does gild the pill and make careless folks stop spitting on the sidewalks, and get out into God's great outdoors and get their lungs packed full of ozone and lead a real hairy-chested he-life."[142]

Moreover, Dr. Pickerbaugh furthers the Cause of Health by composing appropriate songs which his eight bounding daughters, the famous Healthette Octette, sing on various occasions.[143]

Another plan for promoting his work is the observance of special Weeks, some of which are: Better Babies Week, Banish the Booze Week, Tougher Teeth Week, Stop the Spitter week, Clean-up Week, and Swat the Fly Week.[144]

In addition to directing such activities, the doctor publishes a pamphlet called "Pickerbaugh Pickings", devoted to verse and aphorisms recommending "good health, good roads, good business, and the single standard of morality." To emphasize his points, he uses convincing statistics. One impressive item, for example, discloses the fact that in cases of divorce in Ontario, Tennessee,

---

141 p. 196.
142 p. 197.
143 pp. 202-203.
144 p. 222.

and Southern Wyoming in 1912 "fifty-three per cent of the husbands drank at least one glass of whisky daily."[145]

In fact, the doctor is a fluent maker of figures, which Martin sometimes questions. But possessing the "personal touchiness of most propagandists", Dr. Pickerbaugh believes that, because he is sincere, his opinions must always be correct.[146] In reality, his scientific knowledge is "rather thinner than that of the visiting nurses."[147]

However, the doctor's deficiency in knowledge is requited somewhat by his bustling energy and enthusiasm, and his popular lectures are "loud alarums of his presence" in other places as well as Nautilus. Among his subjects are such edifying ones as: "More Health - More Bank Clearings" and "Health First, Safety Second, and Booze Nowhere A-tall."[148]

Yet in the doctor's most ardent eloquence, his assistant director is dismayed to find the "slimy trail of the dollar."

> When Pickerbaugh addressed a church or the home circle he spoke of "the value of health in making life more joyful," but when he addressed a business luncheon he changed it to "the value in good round dollars and cents of having workmen who are healthy and sober, and therefore able to work faster at the same wages." Parents' associations he enlightened upon "the saving in doctors' bills of treating the child before maladjustments go too far," but to physicians he gave assurance that public health agitation would merely make the custom of going regularly to doctors more popular.[149]

---

145 p. 197.
146 p. 225.
147 p. 210.
148 p. 198.
149 p. 227.

Moreover, when Martin suggests that all milk be pasteurized, and certain tenements known to be tuberculosis breeders be burnt down instead of perfunctorily fumigated, that all such action would be much more effective than ten thousand sermons and ten thousand years of parades, the doctor objects on the ground that there would be too much opposition from dairymen and landlords. "Can't accomplish anything in this work unless you keep from offending people," he says.[150]

Besides Pickerbaugh's indefatigable health work, which consists largely in being inspirational and eloquent, his scrapbook attests to his various other activities as the founder of the first Rotary Club in Iowa; superintendent of a Sunday School; president of the Moccasin Ski and Hiking Club, of the West Side Bowling Club, and the 1912 Bull Moose Club; organizer and cheer-leader of a joint picnic of all the lodges in Nautilus; winner of a prize for reciting the largest number of Biblical texts, and another for dancing the best Irish jig at the Harvest Moon Soiree of a Bible Class for Grown-ups.[151]

"He's a real guy," declares a policeman in answering Martin's question about how the city likes the Director of Public Health.

> "Well, if you want the straight dope, he hollers a good deal, but he's one awful brainy man. He cer-

---

150 Loc. cit.
151 p. 198.

> tainly can sling the Queen's English, and jever hear one of his poems? They're darn bright....
>
> "Yes, sir, he's a great old coot - he ain't a clam like some of these docs.... We fellows on the Force all like him, and we have to grin, the way he comes around and soft-soaps us into doing a lot of health work that by law we ain't hardly supposed to do, you might say, instead of issuing a lot of fool orders. You bet. He's a real guy."[152]

On the basis of such opinions of Pickerbaugh, although there are those who are bored by his antics, Martin foresees his advancement. "Some day," he concludes, "Pickerbaugh will get a bigger job.... He's just the kind of jollying fourflusher that would climb!"[153]

After a summer Chautauqua tour, the doctor decides to extend his activities to the whole nation by becoming a congressman. For his publicity campaign, his most important feat is the organization and management of a Health Fair during which he becomes a hero by leading spectators safely from a burning building. That act insures victory in his campaign.

"I am not running because I want office, but because I want the chance to take to the whole nation my ideals of health," Pickerbaugh tells the voters. He is diffusive but rather vague regarding his political policies.

> Yes, he was opposed to our entering the European War, but he assured them, he certainly did assure them, that he was for using every power of our Government to end this terrible calamity. Yes, he was for high tariff, but it must be so adjusted

---

152 p. 209.
153 *Loc. cit.*

> that the farmers in his district could buy everything cheaply. Yes, he was for high wages for each and every workman, but he stood like a rock, like a boulder, like a moraine, for protecting the prosperity of all manufacturers, merchants, and real-estate owners.[154]

After Pickerbaugh's election to Congress, he goes to Washington early to study legislative methods and to start his propaganda for the creation of a National Secretaryship of Health.[155]

Several years later on a May evening, Congressman Almus Pickerbaugh, dining with the President of the United States, is rewarded by a statement of the latter: "When the campaign is over, Doctor....I hope we shall see you a cabinet-member - the first Secretary of Health and Eugenics in the country!"[156]

Quite different from the Arrowsmith, the Gottliebs, and the Pickerbaughs, are the two brain specialists portrayed by Lloyd C. Douglas in his story Magnificent Obsession.[157] At the opening of the novel, Dr. Wayne Hudson, famous brain surgeon, is urged by the other members of the staff at Brightwood Hospital in Detroit to take a vacation from his strenuous duties. Overwork, worry about his pleasure-seeking young daughter, and a weak heart have combined to undermine his health to such an extent that the other physicians are uneasy about him.

---

154 p. 252.
155 p. 254.
156 p. 447.
157 Lloyd C. Douglas; Magnificent Obsession; Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago, 1929.

One of them remarks:

> "....the chief is the most important figure in the field of brain surgery on this continent. But he did not come to that distinction by accident. He has toiled like a slave in a mill. His specialty is guaranteed to make a man moody; counts himself lucky if he can hold down his mortality to fifty per cent."[158]

Acting upon the advice of his friends, Dr. Hudson builds a country place on a lake to which he goes frequently for rest and recreation. At this cottage are the miscellaneous instruments of sport - golf clubs, fishing tackle, a gun, and the like, as well as an impressive row of silver cups which testify to the fact that Dr. Hudson is an expert at his play as much as in his work.

> It was a frequent remark of his intimates that Hudson possessed an almost uncanny capacity for projecting the sensitiveness of his cognitive fingers to the very tips of whatever tools he chose to manipulate. There were nerves in his niblick, in his casting-rod, in his scalpel.[159]

Among his trophies is an aquatic one which he had won for a first place in a mile swim. Although Dr. Hudson swims regularly still, he does it from a sense of duty. For some unexplained reason he has developed a phobia for the water; but one of his notions, according to one of the doctors in the hospital, is that he must not be afraid of anything. He believes if a man harbors any sort of fear, no matter how benign and apparently harmless, it percolates through all his thinking and damages his personality.[160] Consequently the doctor, attempting to overcome his fear, swims

---

158 p. 5.
159 p. 18.
160 p. 5.

often. He does, however, possess an elaborate inhalator which he has shown his caretaker how to use. But, at the very moment that it is needed to save the life of the doctor, it is being used on the opposite side of the lake to resuscitate the young rake Bob Merrick, grandson of a millionaire.

The death of the famous specialist is mourned far and near. Flowers for the funeral arrive from many places and from many people whose relation to the doctor is difficult to establish. For days afterward, callers come to inquire if they can do anything to help his daughter and his wife.

The latter discusses with a friend incidents relative to the visits of the many strange people who mourn the doctor's death.

> "Yesterday a queer old Italian turned up and tried to present me with a thousand dollars. That's just a sample. Their stories are quite different, what there is of them - for they are strangely reticent - but one fact is common to all....sometime, somewhere Doctor Hudson had helped them meet a crisis - usually involving money loaned; though not always money; sometimes just advice, and the aid of his influence."
>
> "He surely had a big heart!" said Masterson.
>
> "Yes, certainly; but there's more to it than that. Lots of men have big hearts, and are generous with their money. This is a different matter. His dealings with these people were something other. They all act as if they belonged with him to some eccentric secret society. They come here eager to do something, anything, for me, because they want to

> express their gratitude; but when you pin them down and invite them to tell you by what process they got into our family's debt, they stammer and dodge. It's very strange."[161]

However, no one is able to throw light upon the matter. Nancy Ashford, superintendent of the hospital, who had worked with Dr. Hudson for years, says with conviction:

> "You may as well put it down as a fact....that the curious manner of Wayne Hudson's costly investments in these cases, from which he never expected or accepted any reimbursement, was occasioned by no mere whim. He was not given to whims. He was not an eccentric. I never knew him to do anything without an adequate motive. Nobody could have said that he was reckless with his money or incompetent in business. He could drive a shrewd bargain. He knew when to buy and when to sell. Plenty of business men, with more commercial experience, asked his advice on probable trends in the real estate market and took his judgment about industrial stocks. I am convinced he did these strange things for certain people, in this furtive way, with a definite motive. In some fashion....his professional success was involved in it. When you find out what that motive was, you'll know why Wayne Hudson was a great surgeon!"[162]

At this same time, another person is wondering also about some mysterious happenings. That person is young Bob Merrick whose life has been saved by Dr. Hudson's inhalator. His head has been injured, and he has been taken to Brightwood Hospital where it is some time before he regains consciousness. When he begins to recover, he cannot understand why the nurses and doctors, although kind and attentive to him, seem to resent his being there. They feel, with reason, that this dissolute young fellow

---

161 p. 57.
162 pp. 86-87.

is a poor exchange for the brilliant and beloved surgeon. Finally, Bob overhears a conversation which partly explains the situation. When he questions Nancy Ashford about the circumstances, she discusses them with him and insists that he should, in some way, try to compensate for the useful life which has been lost. Bob has much time for meditation during his convalescence and, realizing his worthlessness in the past, resolves to pay his debt by becoming a brain surgeon like Dr. Hudson.

At State University he has been a good student when he wanted to be,[163] but he has, heretofore, given no promise of success. His grandfather, a fine old gentleman, has been much worried about his irresponsibility and has pictured a rather unpromising future for him:

> He would drive and drink, gamble and golf, hunt and fish, marry some dizzy, dissipated, scarlet-lipped little flapper and tire of her; he would summer in Canada, winter in Cannes, clip his coupons, confer with his tailor, subsidize the symphony orchestra, appear on the stationery of a few charities and on the platform when the Republican candidate for President came to town; and, ultimately, be pushed into a cript in the big echoing, gothic mausoleum alongside Clifford, the waster.[164]

On the morning after Dr. Hudson's death, an acquaintance in Seattle, putting down his paper, says to his wife:

> "Hope this youngster will be able to realize how valuable a person he is....now that he has had his life handed back to him at such a price!"
>
> "What do you suppose the boy said," speculated Mrs. Bliss, "when he learned what it had cost to save his life?"

---

163 p. 40.
164 p. 67.

> "Well," reflected the doctor glumly, "from my own observation of the type of young cub whose father is dead, whose mother lives in Paris, whose doting grandfather is a retired millionaire, and who gets himself bumped off his boat by a boom in broad daylight, I should suppose he just scratched a match on the head of his bed and mumbled, 'Whadda yuh know about that!"[165]

However, having more character than he is credited with, Bob holds seriously to his purpose of becoming a brain surgeon. Nancy takes an interest in him and encourages him in his work. During this time, while looking through Dr. Hudson's effects, she finds his journal, written in code. She feels certain that it holds the secret of what the doctor has considered his formula for successful living.

She gives the journal to Bob to decipher, and together they finally solve the mysterious code which tells of Dr. Hudson's life and his theory. After the death of his first wife whom he had cared for devotedly, he becomes despondent and discouraged in his profession, which he almost decides to abandon. During this time of discouragement, he meets a sculptor whose philosophy of the projection of personality subsequently gives the doctor a new outlook on life and enables him, he believes, to achieve eminent success.[166]

The sculptor tells him that a person can develop a more satisfactory personality from a small, inadequate one by using for building materials other personalities -

---

165 p. 23.
166 p. 61.

not building <u>out</u> of them, but building <u>into</u> them. By this method of constructing personality, Dr. Hudson's profession becomes a means of releasing himself instead of a weapon of self-defense.[167]

Because he wishes his theory to be passed on to his successors or his admirers if they care to know it, he decides to put it in code so that it will not be available for any stupid person who, finding it by accident, might misunderstand and ridicule it. He feels that a person, patient enough to decipher it, will be genuinely interested.[168]

This theory, founded upon a few statements in the Bible, calls for a life of helpfulness to others; but every act of benevolence is to remain secret, and the recipient of the charity must promise to tell no one of it. The donor builds his own personality into other personalities with whom he comes in contact. It is like the principle of blood transfusion. One man puts his life into another man, but it has to be done steathily. No leak must occur along the line. When a person loses a friend in whom he has invested part of his personality, that part is lost from him; so it behooves him to keep the fragments of it collected, in order that he may have an integrated personality. But he must not keep his personality grounded; he must receive power from the Major Personality to help in his scheme of self-investment. With this power, nothing is impossible to him. He can do whatever he wills.

---

167 p. 143.
168 p. 119.

This is the idea which has obsessed Dr. Hudson, and has, he feels, accounted for his great success. This "magnificent obsession" fascinates young Merrick so much that he, too, decides to practice it. His first act of philanthropy is to lend money to a deserving but poor young medical student to enable him to continue his work. Bob becomes intensely interested in this fellow student, who, with the help of his young wife, is making great sacrifices to secure an education; and he declines to take first honors in his class, which he could easily have won, in order to give this place with its reward of a year's study in Europe, to his colleague.

Other opportunities to practice the theory of self-investment come to Bob, and through them he successfully builds up his own personality, which he feels will be immortal. At length he explains the theory to his grandfather:

> "Once you've experienced a vital contact with the Major Personality, Grandpere, you become aware that the power of it is quite independent of material things.... To my mind, that's clear. Personality is all that matters! The roses in that vase have no meaning for each other; no meaning for themselves. A tiger doesn't know he is a tiger. Nothing in the world has any reality except as it is declared real by our personalities. Count personality out of the scheme, and there's no significance left to anything! Include personality in the scheme, and the whole business is automatically explained!
>
> "I've thought a good deal about the soul lately.... It strikes me that the things one reads about souls are frightfully misleading. They inquire, 'What are you doing to, for, and with your soul?' as they might ask, 'When are you going to turn in your old car?'....I can't say 'my soul,' as I would say 'my hat', or 'my canoe,' or 'my liver'.... I AM a soul. I HAVE a body! My body is wearing out, and when I

can't tinker it back into service any more, I'll drive it out to the junk-pile; but I don't have to be junked with it! I'm tied up to the Major Personality!....like a beam of sunshine to the sun!.... I'll not lose my power unless He loses His!.... If that's religion....I'm religious! But I'd rather think of it as science!"[169]

When his grandfather asks Bob if he is a Christian, he replies:

"That's what I'd like to know, myself.... For some time I have been very much absorbed by the personality of Christ. Here was the case of a man who made an absolutely ideal adjustment to his Major Personality. He professed to have no experience of fear. He believed he could have anything he wanted by asking for it.... The story interests me at the point of his bland assurance that anybody else could do the same thing if he cared to. I'm amazed that more people aren't interested in that part of it.... Now - if that's being a Christian, I'm a Christian."[170]

Through this new interpretation of Christian teaching, Bob feels that he is able to achieve happiness and success in his work. Moreover, he is able to make an important contribution to brain surgery by his invention of an electric knife which cauterizes as it cuts.

With the honest scientific worker's shyness of publicity, he is embarrassed by the "well-intended eulogies on the editorial pages and dailies, and the sentimental twaddle" which embellishes his biographies in the newspapers.[171]

As for his colleagues in the profession, their gratitude and generous felicitations had been a source of much pleasure. Every day brought dignified encomiums from well-known men of his own specialty, thanking him for the unselfish manner in which he had promptly made his find available to his fellows. He had had letters from every civilized country of the world.[172]

---

169 pp. 231-232.
170 *Loc. cit.*
171 p. 282.
172 p. 284.

COMMENTS

The first four books discussed in this chapter are not unusual ones. The play Dr. Jonathan was written during the World War, but was never produced, probably because of the dissension which might have been the result, at that time, of its economic propaganda.

The two outstanding books of the chapter are Arrowsmith and Magnificent Obsession.

Arrowsmith is a full length portrait of a physician who is a born seeker and experimentalist. Whereas most authors have portrayed the doctor in only one phase of medical work, Lewis has drawn a detailed picture of his hero in various situations pertaining to the practice of medicine: as a student in medical school, a country practitioner, a public health official, a clinician, and finally a pure researcher.

In all of these situations the protagonist displays certain traits which keep him constantly out of harmony with society in general. One of these is his attitude of superiority to decent normal people.[173] Another is his inability to make people love and follow him, which accounts for his failure as a general practitioner and a public health official. His scorn of success, in the usual sense of riches and fame - admirable though that

---

173 p. 199.

attitude may be - is an added factor contributing to his inability to live in concord with other people in a capitalistic world. Yet there are times when his disdain for commercialism yields to satisfaction in the glorification[174] and the wealth which come to him.[175]

Again and again, however, he returns to his ideal of pure science. Indeed, the struggle of the two opposing forces - the idealism of pure reason and science versus the practical standards of the capitalistic world - is dramatized within the breast of the hero as well as within the society in which he lives. In the end, Martin's ideal triumphs over every other motive.

His exemplar is, of course, Dr. Gottlieb, who is relentless in his condemnation of every obstruction in the straight path of investigation. One of his colleagues calls him the very spirit of science.[176] His own discussion of a scientist characterizes him admirably: Science, he says, makes its victim different from the good normal man. The average man does not care much what he does except that he eat and sleep and make love, but the scientist is so intensely religious that he will not accept quarter-truths because they are an insult to his faith.

He wants everything to be subject to inexorable laws. He is equally opposed to the capitalists who think their

---

174 p. 402.
175 p. 416.
176 p. 184.

silly money-grabbing is a system, and to liberals who think man is not a fighting animal; he ignores all the blithering of American booster and the European aristocrat. He is, in fact, a man that all nice, good-natured people should naturally hate!

He must be heartless. He lives in a cold, clear light. Yet, really, in private, he is not cold nor heartless - much less cold than the professional optimists.[177]

An adequate foil for Dr. Gottlieb is Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh, who spreads his health propaganda by vaudeville methods. Dr. Pickerbaugh, sincerely believing that the health of the community is insured solely through his efforts, succeeds rather well in impressing that notion on a gullible public. Martin understands exactly the reciprocal relationship of Pickerbaugh and the public when he says of him: "He's just the kind of jollying four-flusher that *would* climb!"[178]

Although the author has caricatured this bombastic type of person, he says:

> "Actually, I like the Babbits, the Dr. Pickerbaughs, the Will Kennicotts, and even the Elmer Gantrys rather better than any one else on earth. They are good fellows. They laugh - really laugh. I have for them three utopian ideals: that they should know a little more about history; that they should better comprehend the difference between Irish stew in America and fried mushrooms at Schoener's in Vienna; and that they should talk of the quest of God oftener than the quest for the best carburetor."[179]

---

177 p. 279.
178 p. 209.
179 Sinclair Lewis; "Mr. Lorimer and Me" in *The Nation*, July 25, 1928, p. 81.

Sinclair Lewis's knowledge of the medical profession is comprehensive, and his interest in it is more than superficial. There is, in fact, an autobiographical factor in this book. All his life has been associated with medical men, his father, his grandfather, his uncle, and his brother having been physicians. With such a background, he says that the work and ideals of doctors have always been more familiar to him than any others.[180]

This knowledge he utilizes in his panoramic view of modern medicine presented in Arrowsmith. He discusses unsparingly the disagreeable features of medical education, private and public practise, and research work; the strenuous and often impractical requirements of medical schools; the discouragements incident to the establishment of a practise in a small and rather suspicious town; the political factor in public health work; the tendency toward commercialism in all phases of the work, particularly of certain private clinics, pharmaceutical firms, and great research institutions.

Apropos to the last phase of the subject, the thought running through the entire book is that it is almost impossible for a man to live in accordance with his ideal of disinterested service in a society organized around special interests.

---

180 Grant Overton; "The Salvation of Sinclair Lewis" in The Bookman, April, 1925, p. 184.

The interpretation of a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, discussed in *Magnificent Obsession*, is a new and interesting one. Although Dr. Hudson first practises this theory as a rule for insuring material success, he finds that the happiness which it brings is more satisfying than the financial returns.

Although this book, as well as several of the others, may be considered timeless, *Dr. Jonathan* and *Arrowsmith* are representative discussions of present-day matters. Mary Roberts Rinehart, who was educated as a nurse, gives a very adequate picture of the modern hospital and its personnel in *K* although readers may feel that a nurse would hardly be able to execute her plans for revenge in a well-organized and strictly disciplined hospital of the present time.

CONCLUSION

Oliver Wendell Holmes has remarked that the state of medicine is an index of the civilization of an age and country - one of the best, perhaps, by which it can be judged.

> A medical entry in Governor Winthrop's journal may seem at first sight a mere curiosity; but, rightly interpreted it is a key to his whole system of belief as to the order of the universe and the relations between man and his Maker. Nothing sheds such light on the superstitions of an age as the prevailing interpretation and treatment of disease.[1]

While the main aim of this study has been to present a series of pictures, from the literary standpoint, of a profession from its beginning in America to the present day, it has shown in a subsidiary way the customs which furnish an index to the various stages of evolution which the country has undergone. The reader has, doubtless, been interested in contrasting an age which produces a physician like Dr. Russ, who has time to attend to his patients, to perform his ministerial duties, and to farm, with the present period which makes such strenuous demands upon specialists like Dr. Hudson that they must take an enforced rest on account of overwork; an age which produces a Dr. Knipperhausen, who treats a case of witchcraft

---

1 Oliver Wendell Holmes; Medical Essays, pp. 313-314.

"in the desperate state of vomiting crooked pins" with an age which produces an Arrowsmith, who is never satisfied with an explanation not proved by facts; an age which requires an indifferent medical education of "pounding the pestle" and riding with the old doctor to an age which requires the mastery of a vast amount of exceedingly difficult and technical material pertaining to all phases of medical practice. Although the above conditions have been depicted in fiction, they are founded upon facts; and they furnish an interesting commentary on the change of American life from a leisurely colonial society to a highly developed mechanistic and commercial society.

A more important phase of the study, however, has been to show the attitude of various authors to the medical profession. Of the forty-one physicians characterized in the study, Hawthorne's three doctors have been portrayed romantically. Irving's and Cooper's doctors have been presented as caricatures of certain aspects of the profession, as have some of Sinclair Lewis's minor characters. The others, almost without exception, have been portrayed by the realistic method. Of these, Lewis has pictured two physicians of the laboratory, unusual in their worship of pure science; Eggleston and Mitchell have shown two reprobates of the profession; Rinehart has delineated a brilliant, but selfish and egotistical young surgeon. The remaining authors have given consistent portrayals of a fine type of physician who is guided in his

practice by the ideal of unselfish service. He is a man who is intelligent, efficient, cheerful, tolerant, and self-sacrificing. In short, in the majority of cases, he is a man who is lovable and widely loved. He is not bound by the tenets of narrow ecclesiasticism, yet he is not atheistic, and his life is an exemplification of the Golden Rule. Moreover, he disproves the theory, sometimes expressed, that contact with pain makes one calloused and unfeeling. Holmes said of this aspect of practice:

> You may be sure that some men, even among those who have chosen the task of pruning their fellow-creatures, grow more and more thoughtful and truly compassionate in the midst of their cruel experience. They become less nervous, but more sympathetic. They have a truer sensibility for others' pain, the more they study pain and disease in the light of science.[2]

This stereotyped physician of literature is representative of the highest ideals of the profession. How nearly the actual physician approaches this criterion is a question which would be difficult to answer. The writer found an article in the _Literary Digest_ which suggests, in a general way, the results of one symposium relative to the attitude of laymen toward the physician. It is relevant in that it presents an evaluation of the medical profession by a number of people:

> With the intrepid object of learning the attitude of representative laymen toward the modern physician, _The Medical Review of Reviews_ recently asked a

---

2 Oliver Wendell Holmes; _The Professor at the Breakfast Table_; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1885, p. 333.

> considerable number of well-known men and women, largely authors, the question, "What is the matter with the medical profession?" All of them have no doubt been patients at one time or another, and their answers printed in its last number are largely favorable and even laudatory, tho they include some caustic criticism.[3]

James Mark Baldwin, the psychologist, believes that physicians "live up to their light possibly better than any other" body of men, although medical education in the United States "is inadequate and insufficiently controlled."

George W. Cable, author, knows "no other calling that so faithfully, unselfishly, and constantly toils to put itself out of business."

Wallace Irwin, journalist and author, gives what he terms "the prevailing fault of the medical caste:"

> The fact that a physician has the life of his patient in his keeping, as it were, renders him necessarily cautious. In smaller men this caution becomes an inordinate narrowness which renders a great many doctors incapable of entertaining any new idea in medicine....
>
> The trouble with medicine, as I see it, is that any man with an average mind can, by work, obtain a diploma. Exceptional men, men of genius, also go into the medical profession and, of course, do the world an incalculable service. I do not say that the average doctor is not also a benefit to his fellow men, but said fellow men must not make a fetish of him or reverence him as one who has acquired merit through the offices of a mysterious priesthood.[4]

Theodore Dreiser, author, is unwilling to say there is anything wrong with the medical profession as a whole.

> The trouble with most professions, including priests and soothsayers, is not the tenets which

---

3 The Literary Digest; v. 54, pp. 241-242 (Feb. 3, 1917.

4 Ibid., p. 241.

> govern them, but the weak, confused, aspiring, selfish animals who are called to be made into professional men. And back of them is nature breeding the above-described animal. Some of the best men I have known have been doctors, and some of the worst. An evil-minded or shallow or careless doctor is to me as bad as a burglar or a murderer.[5]

One criticism of the profession, sometimes expressed, pertains to the amount of fees charged, yet the doctor of literature is usually portrayed as a benefactor who serves the rich and the poor impartially, in the former case often without any compensation. An editorial in the _Scientific American_ discusses this phase of the subject in present-day practice as follows:

> That this high ethical standard is by no means dead in this money-making age is proved by certain statistics which have recently been made public by a director of the National Endowment Fund for the Physicians' Home for Aged Physicians and Surgeons and their Families. It seems that the physicians and surgeons in New York give the public annually, free of charge, services which are estimated to be worth at least fifteen million dollars; while the country at large receives free services worth one hundred and thirty-five million dollars. This statement is based only on what is known as "free hospital days", and it takes no note of visits to patients who can not, or will not pay for such services. The estimate was arrived at from returns from one hundred and seven out of one hundred and forty medical and surgical serving institutions.... So when anyone of you finds himself the subject of exorbitant medical charges (and that such charges are too frequently made is attested and condemned, now and then, by leading physicians) bear in mind the enormous amount of charitable work mentioned above, and do not allow the extortions of a few to cloud the honor which belongs to a great body of medical men as a whole.[6]

Whether or not the profession falls short of the

---

5 Loc. cit.
6 _Scientific American_; v. 134, p. 156 (March, 1926).

ideals portrayed in literary characterizations, the writer believes it would be difficult to find in American literature men of any other profession more consistently portrayed than the physician has been. The country doctor, in particular, is a stereotyped figure.

Another interesting fact is that the doctor has not been introduced into this literature as a deus ex machina. Nor is he a sensational figure: only two of the forty-one physicians, Dr. Edwards in K and Dr. Merrick in Magnificent Obsession, perform miraculous operations which mean saving of life by a hair's breadth! The majority of them live very uneventful lives devoted to the routine mission of visiting the sick. Yet the interesting fact is that authors, in the main, have found the ordinary physician's personal habits and his relation to the community important enough to make an intensive character study of him. In the event that the actual physician has been the prototype of the doctor in literature, then American society owes as much to the medical profession for its fine spirit and leadership as it does to the ministry; for the physician, if judged by literary portrayal, has stood for "the highest citizenship, the broadest culture, and the most noble character."

The material upon which this statement is based represents thirty-six literary productions - fiction, essay, drama, and poetry - used in the study. As only nine of these have been listed in the two bibliographies mentioned

in the preface, this study has contributed twenty-seven new titles to the list of those delineating physicians. Whereas the literature mentioned in the bibliographies has portrayed only doctors of quite recent times, this study has attempted to trace the physicians in literature from the Colonial period to the present. Consequently, it has contributed bibliography of the physician in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and first half of the nineteenth centuries, which appears to have been neglected previously.

The study has also proved that the field is a prolific one, which offers opportunity for further investigation. Although an eminent physician and author, in a letter to the writer on the subject of the doctor in American literature, stated, some time ago, that he feared the field was a rather sterile one, the present study has proved it to be otherwise.

Moreover, the supply of doctors in American literature is not diminishing. Although depiction of the physician up to the present time has been largely in fiction, two of the four most important plays of the New York theatrical season just closed have doctors for their main characters. These two plays are _Yellow Jack_ by Sidney Howard and _Men in White_ by Sidney Kingsley. The latter, a story of a young doctor's struggle between devotion to his profession and a desire for a happy, private life, has been awarded

the Pulitzer drama prize for 1934.

The research worker, the specialist, the psychiatrist, the contemporary woman physician, and others not often portrayed heretofore offer illimitable fields for present-day writers. It will be interesting to observe their manner of characterization - whether they will present the same stereotyped traits in practitioners in the newer phases of the work, or whether they will strip the profession of its shining virtues.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Primary Sources

Allen, James Lane; The Doctor's Christmas Eve; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1910.

Austin, Jane G.; Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters; Sixth Edition, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1890.

Brown, Charles Brockden; Arthur Mervyn or Memoirs of the Year 1793; 2 vols.; David MacKay, Philadelphia, 1887.

Cable, George W.; Dr. Sevier; Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1916.

Churchill, Winston; Dr. Jonathan; The MacMillan Company, New York, 1919.

Cooper, J. Fenimore; The Pioneers; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1876.

Cooper, J. Fenimore; The Spy; in Works of J. Fenimore Cooper; v. 2, P. F. Collier, New York, 1891.

Cooper, J. Fenimore; The Ways of the Hour; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1850.

Douglas, Lloyd C.; Magnificent Obsession; Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago, 1929.

Dreiser, Theodore; "The Country Doctor"; in Harper's Magazine. v. 137 (1918), pp. 193-202.

Eggleston, Edward; The Hoosier Schoolmaster; Grosset & Dunlap, New York, 1871.

Grayson, David; "The Country Doctor," in Adventures in Contentment; Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, 1907.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel; Dr. Grimshawe's Secret; ed. by Julian Hawthorne; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1882.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel; Dr. Heidegger's Experiment; in Twice-Told Tales, v. 1, Thomas Y. Crowell and Co., New York, 1900.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel; The Scarlet Letter; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, 1902.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell; A Mortal Antipathy; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1885.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell; Elsie Venner; Houghton, Mifflin and and Company, Boston, 1861.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell; TheXGuardian Angel; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1867.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell; Over the Teacups; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1891.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell; The Poet at the Breakfast Table; Twentieth Edition; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1884.

Howells, William Dean; Dr. Breen's Practice; in Atlantic Monthly; v. 48, (1881) pp. 145-164; 289-309; 433-452; 577-593; 721-734.

Irving, Washington; Dolph Heyliger, in Bracebridge Hall; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1865.

Jewett, Sarah Orne; A Country Doctor; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1884.

Lewis, Sinclair; Arrowsmith; Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1925.

Lincoln, Joseph C.; Doctor Nye of North Ostable; D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1923.

Martin, Helen R.; The Fighting Doctor; The Century Co., New York, 1912.

Mitchell, S. Weir; Hugh Wynne Free Quaker; The Century Co., New York, 1896.

Mitchell, S. Weir; The Autobiography of a Quack; in The Century Magazine; vol. 37, New Series, pp. 109-119; 291-298; 385-

Mitchell, S. Weir; The Red City; The Century Co., New York, 1909.

Page, Thomas Nelson; Red Rock; Grosset & Dunlap, New York, c. 1898 by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart; Dr. Zay, in Atlantic Monthly; v. 49 (1882) pp. 518-530; 630-650; 764-770; v. 50, pp. 28-41; 206-213; 325-339.

Riley, James Whitcomb; Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers; The Century Co., New York, 1897.

Rinehart, Mary Roberts; K; Grosset & Dunlap, New York, 1914.

Stanley, Caroline Abbot; Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends; Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, 1914.

White, William Allen; In the Heart of a Fool; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1918.

Whittier, John Greenleaf; Margaret Smith's Journal, in The Prose Works of Whittier; v. 1; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1882.

Whittier, John Greenleaf; My Summer with Dr. Singletary, in The Prose Works of Whittier, v. 2; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1882.

Secondary Sources

Historical Material

Adams, James Truslow; Provincial Society 1690-1763; The MacMillan Company, New York, 1927.

Alsop, George; A Character of the Province of Maryland; First published 1666, The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, 1902.

Brown, Alice; Mercy Warren; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1896.

The Encyclopedia Americana, v. 4, v. 18.

Hunt, Gaillard; Life in America One Hundred Years Ago; Harper & Bros., New York, 1914.

Johnson, Edward; Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Savior in New England; in History of New England, ed. by J. Franklin Jameson; Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1910.

Kittredge, George Lyman; *The Old Farmer and His Almanack*; Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1920.

Mather, Cotton; *Magnalia Christi Americana or the Ecclesiastical History of New England*; 2 vols. Silas Andrus and Son, Hartford, 1855.

Morton, Nathaniel; *The New England's Memorial*; Reprinted by Allen Danforth, Plymouth, Mass., 1826.

Sewall, Samuel; *Diary 1674-1729*; 3 vols.; University Press, Boston, 1878.

Smith, William; *History of New York - from the First Discovery to the Year 1732*; Ryer Schermerhorn, Albany, 1814.

Wertenbaker, Thomas Jefferson; *The First Americans 1608-1690*; The MacMillan Company, New York, 1927.

Winthrop, John; *Journal, 1630-1649*; 2 vols., Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1908.

Wright, Richardson; *Hawkers and Walkers in Early America*; J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1927.

Young, Alexander, ed.; *Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay from 1623 to 1636*; Chas. C. Little and James Brown, Boston, 1846.

Literary Material

Books

Garland, Hamlin; *A Son of the Middle Border*; The MacMillan Company, New York, 1927, c.1914.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel; *American Notebooks*; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1868.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell; *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1885.

Long, William J.; *American Literature*; Ginn and Company, Boston, 1913.

Macy, John; *The Spirit of American Literature*; Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, N. Y., 1913.

Mitchell, Silas Weir; Characteristics; The Century Co., New York, 1891.

Morse, John T., Jr.; Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1897.

Parrington, Vernon Louis; The Romantic Revolution in America 1800-1860; v. 2, in Main Currents in American Thought; Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1927.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence and Hutchinson, Ellen Mackay, editors; A Library of American Literature; 10 vols.; Charles L. Webster and Company, New York, 1889.

Woodberry, George E.; Nathaniel Hawthorne; Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1902.

Periodicals and Newspapers

"Four Vie for an Award"; in The Kansas City Star; March 18, 1934, p. 12D.

Lewis, Sinclair; "Mr. Lorimer and Me"; in The Nation; July 25, 1928, p. 81.

Overton, Grant; "The Salvation of Sinclair Lewis," in The Bookman; April, 1925, p. 184.

Quinn, Arthur Hobson; "Weir Mitchell, Artist - Pioneer - and Patrician"; in The Century, v. 120, p. 145.

Medical Material

Books

Haggard, Howard W.; Devils, Drugs, and Doctors; Harper & Brothers, New York, 1929.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell; "The Medical Profession in Massachusetts"; in Medical Essays (1842-1882); Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1861.

Major, Ralph H.; The Doctor Explains; Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1931.

Mozans, H. J.; Woman in Science; D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1913.

Packard, Francis Randolph; The History of Medicine in the United States; J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1901.

Pusey, William Allen; A Doctor of the 1870's and 80's; Chas. C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill., 1932.

Seelig, M. G.; Medicine An Historical Outline; Williams and Wilkins Co., Baltimore, 1925.

Periodicals and Newspapers

Eycleshymer, A. C.; "Growing Old and the Search for an Elixir of Life"; in Scientific Monthly; May, 1928, p. 401.

Foote, John A.; "Medical Fakes and Fakers of All Ages"; in National Geographic, v. 35, p. 79.

"Ingenuity of Quackery"; in Hygeia; January, 1928, p. 47.

Lloyd, J. F.; "Spiders Used in Medicine"; in Scientific American Monthly; July, 1921, pp. 33-34.

Newman, Sir George; "The Advance of Medicine since 1876"; in World's Work; June, 1926, p. 339.

"The Country Doctor is Passing"; in Kansas City Star; Feb. 5, 1933, p. 8D.

"Physicians and Philanthropy" (Editorial); in Scientific American; v. 134, p. 156 (March, 1926).

"We Shall Always Need the Family Doctor"; in Hygeia; November, 1930, p. 1043.

"What Patients Think of Doctors"; in Literary Digest; v. 54, pp. 241-242, (Feb. 3, 1917)

LIST OF DOCTORS

Name	Book	Page
Arrowsmith	*Arrowsmith*	153
Birney	*The Doctor's Christmas Eve*	109
Breen	*Dr. Breen's Practice*	102
Butts	*A Mortal Antipathy*	97
Cary	*Red Rock*	78
Chillingworth	*Scarlet Letter*	25
Davidson	*Arrowsmith*	157
Edwards (K)	*K*	149
Franklin	*The Poet at the Breakfast Table*	93
Geake	*Arrowsmith*	155
Gottlieb	*Arrowsmith*	176
Gridley	*The Country Doctor*	121
Grimshawe	*Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*	57
Heidegger	*Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*	64
Hudson	*Magnificent Obsession*	184
Hurlbut, Fordyce	*The Guardian Angel*	77
Hurlbut, Lemuel	*The Guardian Angel*	77
Jonathan	*Dr. Jonathan*	151
Kittredge	*Elsie Venner*	73
Knipperhausen	*Dolph Heyliger*	64
LeBaron	*Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters*	29
Leslie	*A Country Doctor*	104
Llewellyn	*Dr. Llewellyn and His Friends*	141
McBrain	*The Ways of the Hour*	68
Merrick	*Magnificent Obsession*	187

Name	Book	Page
Nesbit	In the Heart of a Fool	116
North	"The Country Doctor", in Adventures in Contentment	129
Nye	Dr. Nye of North Ostable	147
Pickerbaugh	Arrowsmith	179
Prince	A Country Doctor	108
Rush	Hugh Wynne Free Quaker	51
	The Red City	51
Russ	Margaret Smith's Journal	23
Sandcraft	The Autobiography of a Quack	87
Sevier	Dr. Sevier	82
Singletary	My Summer with Dr. Singletary	89
Sifers	Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers	127
Sitgreaves	The Spy	44
Small	The Hoosier Schoolmaster	66
Stevens	Arthur Mervyn	49
Stout	Arrowsmith	155
Thorpe	The Fighting Doctor	144
Todd	The Pioneers	42
Tubbs	Arrowsmith	172
Wickett	Arrowsmith	171
Wilson	K	151
Zay	Dr. Zay	99

73818