A medical tour in Europe / [Fielding H. Garrison].

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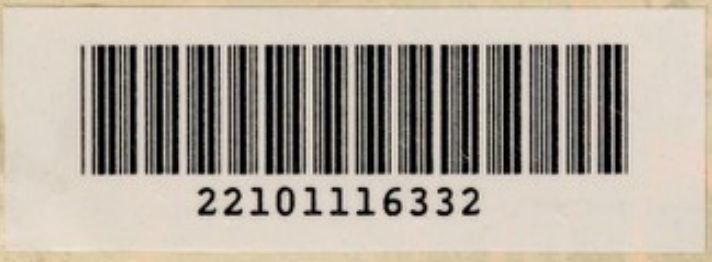

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EDITORIAL

A MEDICAL TOUR IN EUROPE

Leaving New York on the night of August 9, our objective was the meeting of the Germanic Society of History of Medicine at Buda Pest, September 5-11. Our English ship proved an uncommonly steady sailer, and with the exception of a fire which broke out in the hold, handled by the captain with the cool, collected self-possession of his race, our voyage across was as smooth and uneventful as a steamboat ride on the Potomac or the Mississippi in good weather. Arriving in port, August 19, we were domiciled in Wellbeck Street, near Harley Street and its mews, in the heart of medical London. We patrolled the entire length of Harley Street at midnight, admiring its polished dark green doorways of hard wood and the tiny lettering of so many distinguished names on the brass door-plates. In respect of the medical ethics of self-advertisement, this is the most exemplary street in the world.

London

To see such a vast metropolis as the British capital in four days might be conceivably baffling or tedious. Yet through the kindness of Sir D'Arcy Power, Dr. F. G. Crookshank, Dr. Charles Singer and Mr. L. W. G. Malcolm, I was shown everything of consequence, with no particular trouble to myself and a minimum of that stupefying variant of the Erb-Goldflam symptom-complex (*myasthenia levis*) which is apt to go with perfunctory sight-seeing. Sir D'Arcy Power did the honors of the Barber Surgeon's Hall, and other remains of London's medical past, with that genial old-world courtesy which survives in him; and Kew Gardens, Richmond Hill, Hampton Court, Windsor linger in the memory as places of supreme beauty, set off by Crookshank's engaging *flair* in the fine art of conversation. At Singer's, I met Elliot Smith, just back from Java, a handsome, largely moulded man, of solid abilities and stable character, bearing no malice for such trivial accidents as mere differences of opinion. His views on Javanese music, the status of Egyptian excavations, the

teaching of anatomy, the philosophy of medical museums, proved extraordinarily stimulating. Singer showed me the Hunterian and South Kensington Museums, the illustrated medical MSS. of the Middle Ages in the British Museum, the libraries of the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons, the Indian serpents in the Zoological Gardens, or whatever I may have requested; and Malcolm everything else.

On the whole, one's impression of medical London centers in a certain evocation of the past which can be elicited from its medical remains and the fine efficiency and reverent spirit with which its library and museum collections, its MSS. and other mediæval relics are preserved and kept. Here, as we shall see, London is better off than Paris. Among the most remarkable of the scientific foundations in newer London are those instituted by Dr. Henry S. Wellcome, an American naturalized in England, whose gifts to the United Kingdom bid fair to rival the philanthropies of Andrew Carnegie in America. Apart from the Tropical Research Laboratories, established at Khartoum in the Soudan (1901), the Wellcome foundations include Laboratories for Physiological Research at Langley Court, Beckenham, Kent (1894), Chemical Research in London (1896), Entomological Research in the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society at Wisley, Surrey (1915), a Bureau of Scientific Research (London, 1913), the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum (London, 1913), and a Museum of Medical Science and Tropical Medicine (1914); not to stress the extensive excavations he has conducted in the Upper Nile region since 1910 and his many charities in Asia and Africa. Within the Medical Department of the United States Army, Dr. Wellcome will always be held in especial esteem by reason of his annual prizes, which have done so much to encourage grappling with basic problems in medico-military administration. Of his London foundations, we were able to see but two in the limited time at our disposal, viz., the Museums of Medical Science and Medical History. The first, housed in a large building

in Endsleigh Court, is in effect, an entirely modernized extension of the fundamental idea inherent in the Hunterian Museum, viz., a teaching plant which aims to set off "mere literature" by visualizing all that is known of the pathogenesis, treatment and prevention of outstanding diseases afflicting present day humanity. Each disease is epitomized by display of objects and placarding in black and white, in a way to make the museum what Sir Walter Fletcher calls "a sumptuously illustrated text-book." Exhibits of the same educational tendency have been made on occasion by the U. S. Public Health Service, but here we have a presentation of the essential data in each case, a *multum in parvo,* which is compact, not too extensive, never wearying, and does immense credit to the director, Dr. S. H. Daukes. One gets somewhat different reactions from the Historical Medical Museum, which is directed by Dr. Wellcome himself, with Mr. L. W. G. Malcolm as his conservator. About one tenth of this extraordinary collection is housed temporarily at Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, but most of it is still unpacked and in storehouses. This fact alone will give some idea of the zeal and enterprise of its founder in the single detail of collecting specimens. Since the tentative opening of the Museum, in connection with the International Medical Congress of London in 1913, the difficulties in the way of organization and development have been well-nigh insurmountable. There was first the long interruption of the World War and the reconstruction period in England, then the dearth of competent museum personnel, then the manifest need of a building of suitable size. Yet Wellcome has persevered bravely in pursuit of his basic ideal, to illustrate phases of evolutionary development in medicine by object teaching. Before venturing an opinion as to the essential project, it is worthwhile to cite the sympathetic appreciation of Sir Arthur Keith:

"When Buckle tells of the discoveries made by William Smith in the opening years of the nineteenth century—of how the crust of the earth was arranged in strata and that the order and age of the strata could be told by the fossils contained in them, he did not perceive that geologists had discovered a new way of writing history by deciphering things and not

words. In this new way the history of the world on which we live is now being written. It was Pitt-Rivers who demonstrated how reliable human history could be built up, bit by bit, in the shelves and show-cases of a museum. . . . What Pitt-Rivers did for human culture in general, Dr. Wellcome has sought to do for a great branch of human knowledge—all that pertains to the art and science of healing. . . . Now the evolution or history of medicine is more difficult than any other branch of knowledge to illustrate by museum methods. The trend of evolution is nearly always toward complication, . . . but in medicine it is otherwise; even amongst the most primitive races of mankind, we find that the practice of medicine is founded on an elaborate code of beliefs; these beliefs are the fine-drawn gossamer of savage fancy—altogether too delicate threads for the clumsy fingers of museum curators to touch. . . . Our difficulties begin when we seek to portray how the native practitioner looks upon the human body when it is well and when it is ill. Until we have surmounted this difficulty we cannot appreciate the riches which are shown in Mr. Wellcome's "Hall of Primitive Medicine." . . . In that Hall you will find a wealth of amulets, charms, talismans, mascots, phylacteries, totems, fetishes, divination bowls, effigies, idols, masks and ceremonial dresses. When you examine the contents of that room you are really surveying a massed field of therapeutic artillery—the batteries by which ancient physicians sought to banish illness and disease from their patients, thus staving off death. The counterparts of the native artillery in Harley Street are the stethoscope, the bismuth meal, notebook for prescription and a certain professional air."

These sentences convey, without irony, what Dr. Wellcome is after, what he has thus far accomplished and the pitfalls which lie in wait for him. The exhibit of primitive medicine is as above described, there are rows of objects illustrating the "evolution" of surgical instruments, of spectacles, of the obstetric forceps, there is a gallery of medical portraits, a collection of Jenner memorials, a reproduction of Lister's original Glasgow ward, an alchemist's laboratory of the 16th century, a barber surgeon's shop and a series of Chinese, Turkish, Italian and English apothecary shops of different periods; but the objects are so crowded in the small space available that interest is apt to be distracted and attention wearied by the profusion of exhibits in a single case. The obvious desideratum is a larger building in the medical quarter of London; but with the great object lessons of the Warburg Library (Hamburg) and the Germanic Museum (Munich) fresh in mind, it may be seriously doubted if the essential themes

of medical history (as a phase of the history of ideas) can be taught in any museum, even the very best conceivable.

One may even doubt Keith's dictum that "museum-making and history-writing are the same thing," for even Sudhoff's great catalogue of the Dresden Hygienic Exhibit of 1911 makes no such pretensions. What the museum man does, in effect, is to display the crude symbolism or materialism behind primitive modes of thought, to stake out lines of approach and attack upon difficult problems and to visualize isolated bits of achievement. In primitive medicine and the history of hygiene, some of these exhibits may be more eloquent and informing than the printed page; but it is plainly impossible to elucidate the medicine of classical antiquity, of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance and successive periods by any such method. As in the collections in the Josephinum (Vienna), there is a distinct disadvantage in exhibiting too many objects at one and the same time. The smaller and more select the collection, the better will it illustrate medicine in relation to the history of ideas. In this regard, the historical exhibits made by the late Admiral Flint in the National Museum or by Majors Callender and Ash in the Army Medical Museum at Washington, albeit insignificant in size, have considerable teaching value. When the Wellcome Museum is fully developed, in a *milieu* of sufficient magnitude it will undoubtedly be the most astounding collection of medico-historical treasures in existence. What is set down here, is stated frankly as honest opinion, without reference to the esteem one has for the founder of the London collections. There is no finer, more modest gentleman living than Henry S. Wellcome and none more deserving of any honor that might be accorded him by the British or the American nation. To him, the British Empire, in particular, owes much, and one was painfully surprised that he should be subjected to any criticism whatever. We are privileged to quote his own statement (from a private letter):

My only apprehension in regard to criticism of this Museum in its present unfinished state, is that through misunderstanding of my methods, intentions and purposes, it might be thought that I regard the Museum as *now* being perfect and complete; while as a matter of fact it is merely in its infancy and still at an early stage of organization.

For many years, I devoted as much time as I could spare from my other activities to collecting material for a projected Historical Medical Museum and Library, to be founded at some propitious time in the future.

In 1913, when the International Medical Congress was held in London, it was proposed to form an Historical Section. The chief Officials of the Congress, and other eminent men interested in medical history who had encouraged and assisted me in my project, insistently appealed to me to make selections from my collections and to organize a temporary Museum as a centre of the Historical Section of the Congress.

This was long before it was possible for me to begin proper detail study and classification of my extensive collections of material, and many years before I anticipated the provision of a suitable building, and the founding of my projected Museum.

I responded to the appeal and hastily secured the present temporary premises and equipped them for the occasion.

However, so much interest was manifested in the collections during the Medical Congress, that at its close I was prevailed upon (contrary to my own inclinations and settled plans) to keep the Museum open, permanently. Then I secured a lease of the present inadequate buildings. Soon after, the Great War followed and wiped out my trained and experienced staff. The aftermath of war continued to paralyse my efforts to secure adequate qualified staff and a suitable building in which to carry out my plans and ideas. It is only quite recently that I have secured the services of a group of qualified assistants whose time is devoted almost exclusively to studying, working up and classifying the material of certain sections. This work is necessarily slow and cannot be rushed. Some members of this technical staff are working in the Museum and others at the storehouses.

Greatly to my regret, plans for the development of the Museum and Library have been thwarted by unfortunate difficulties. Sometimes I have wished that I had persisted in my original intention to postpone the opening of the Museum until the collections could be properly and completely studied, classified and catalogued, which plan I have rigidly pursued in respect to the Library.

However, the Museum is now in a state of evolution, and my plans are being gradually developed in accordance with my original ideas and intentions for constant progress on scientific lines. I anticipate that it will in the course of time attain to the high ideals to which I aspire.

Copenhagen

The little packet-boat, which propelled us across the North Sea from Harwich to Essjburg, is the rightest, tightest, smartest little craft we have yet the good fortune to sail upon. It was beautifully decorated within by a dark polished hard wood finish of unusual lustre and the profuse lay-out of Scandinavian *hors d'œuvres* on the dining room tables was equally cheering to the eye. In the tiny salon was an excellent piano upon which I strummed a few vagrant tunes, when a pretty Danish girl, of unusual type, appeared, and played for me the national melodies of Denmark, explaining them, as she went along, with a perfect English accent. Essjburg was reached in a driving rain and a night walk through its streets demonstrated, if nothing else, that the passing of the Nordic in Nordic latitudes is piffle. The Mitropa sleeper, which had the same sumptuous appointments and brilliant hard wood finish noted in the North Sea steamer, reached the Danish capital on Sunday morning.

Copenhagen is one of the most beautiful, charming and viable of all the European cities. Not as yet spoiled by over-expansion and motor traffic, you can wander through its attractive streets in any direction and always come back somehow to the central square, as in the delightful towns of old. Strolling down the Gothersgade after breakfast, for instance, you come in succession to the Royal Gardens, the Rosenburg Castle, the Botanical Gardens and the huge Communal Hospital. Here we inquired in vain for sundry Danish medical historians, but were mercifully spared the inevitable invitation to "see the hospital," in the sense of futile tramping through lengthy wards and corridors, now pretty much the same anywhere. Around the corner is the Art Museum, which contains a few medical items, with some stunning bits of sculpture, suggesting that native talent for the plastic did not die out with Thorwaldsen. Among the statues outside was a wrestler by Gauguin, of no outstanding merit beyond the indication of corpulence and a faint demonstration of the *cremaster*

reflex. The Royal Library, like several other European libraries, is "under the shadow of swords." The fine building is situated in a pretty Hampton Court Garden invested by the *Tojhaus* (arsenal), but the Moschion Codex and other MS. treasures were not accessible on Sunday afternoon.

Stockholm

Passage across the Baltic to Malmö was effected on an ordinary large sized ferry, of the type familiar to New Yorkers; and the ride across Sweden by rail was, to our sense, Minnesota over again—the same landscape, the same red barns, the same types of dwelling houses, made by the same people. Stockholm, one of the finest cities of the north, was a-bustle with the noise and dust of motor traffic in its busier streets, so much so that the tense, grave, annoyed expression of passers by, an otherwise sturdy, stolid, well-set-up people, seemed actually to derive, as in all such cases, from the dust, the wind, the jarring clang of the motor tram and the noise of vehicles over the cobble-stone pavements. The same self-contained people were moved to tears at a Swedish opera, based upon that earlier section of the Gősta Berling saga (Selma Lagerlöf) in which the great army lady and industrial magnate rescues the demoralized, unfrocked clergyman, freezing to death in the snow, and turns him into an outstanding figure of a man through a rugged appeal to his manhood. The men and women of Sweden are physically handsome to a degree, the Nordic *in excelsis,* but their faces in the streets have the set, determined expression of a people used to coping with hard, bitter winters. The Royal Art Gallery, which contains the Breda Withering and a fine exhibit of the school of etchers deriving from Zorn, the magnificent tapestries and embroideries of barbaric pattern, the decorations in the churches, the appointments in the hotels, the *Skànsen* or national dances, all these afford so many interesting sidelights upon the essential note of Swedish civilization—French elegance and charm, derivable in part from the Bernadotte tradition, superimposed upon a rugged, Nordic

background—the sort of thing that Friedrich cultivated in the accessories of Potsdam. Of medical libraries, there is an excellent one in the domicile of the Svenska Läkäresällskapet; but the medico-historical treasures in the Royal Library, such as the queer, bisected, Janus-faced specimens of the *Fünfbilderserie*, which Sudhoff found there, are buried in it, as in the libraries of the British Museum or Leipzig University. Through the courtesy of Dr. Carl Efvergren, the assistant librarian, we were able to see in detail this splendid collection, the arrangement and administration of which are of ultra-modern type.

Germany

We entered Germany by the island of Rügen, and the first thing we encountered was a roguish twinkle in the eyes of the customs official, as he put the usual questions: *Tabak? Alcohol?* A few minutes later, we were drinking some of the best Pilsener to be had in Germany, made at Donaueschingen, at the very sources of the Danube, where Sudhoff made one of his best finds in the way of MS. anatomical drawings of the Middle Ages. This auspicious beginning augured well for a journey which, we had been led to believe, would be a matter of sour looks, repelling manners and general intransigence. As a matter of fact, our progress, from the ferry crossing at Rügen up to the moment when we waved adieux from the train to our hospitable friends at Munich, was an uninterrupted succession of pleasurable incidents, courteous, impersonal, fair dealing at the hands of those in authority, and, on our own side, of unqualified respect for the manly, upstanding way in which the German men have weathered the fortunes of war, of renewed admiration for women, who, in the face of privation and poverty, have chosen to remain women, in the sense of being friends of man rather than competitors within his citadel. As the train proceeded from Rügen to Hamburg, pretty girls began to blossom by the wayside like daisies in a meadow, and in Hamburg we encountered a *Schalk*, who accurately diagnosed the dour-faced kill-joy

by my side: "You smoke too much pipe, mister." Revisiting Germany after a lapse of twenty years, one finds no shadow of turning from the paradigms of the Italian anthropologist: *bionda e cerulea e bianca; fatta piu per le lunghe tenerezze che per gli incendi subitanei, organizatta in modo d'essere miglior moglie che amante; piu donna che femina; piu vicina all' uomo che non molto altre sue sorelle d'Europa*—the maternal type, "nearer to man than all the rest of her European sisters;" so near, in fact, that even a little girl, a gentle maid in her teens, tried to mother me. One sensed the wings of the dove, as if momentarily promoted from our place among the *chthonioi* into the realm of the *beati sunt.*

Hamburg

Our mission in Hamburg was to visit the Warburg Library, which is situated in one of the most attractive suburbs, and was founded in 1902, as a collection of books and pictures centering upon investigation of the influence of the antique upon the Italian Renaissance. It was expanded later to cover the effect of the same influence upon the post-antique cultures of the Orient and the Occident. Latterly, the lines of investigation have converged upon scientific iconology, *i.e.,* the function of symbolism in the total development of humanity. Although strangers, we were most courteously received by Dr. Warburg in his waiting room, decorated by a copy of Whistler's portrait of Carlyle and a photograph of Charles Elliot Norton, whom he regards as a solitary outpost of advanced culture in the New World. The library, confined to the science of religions and the history of art, numbers some 50,000 volumes, classified and arranged with relation to the fundamental idea which activates the library. This, Dr. Warburg expounded about as follows: In the earlier or primitive stages of human culture, an idea is always conceived *ab initio* as a thing or a symbol of a thing, This science converts, by abstraction, into an idea, which is then reconverted into a concrete entity by applied science. Thus, the

planets were initially conceived as living, sentient beings or material things by ancient astrologers; they were then studied mathematically by astronomers and eventually recognized as concrete things, having physical and chemical properties, by astrophysicists. An apotropaic scarab of Egypt symbolizes the warding off or prevention of disease, by averting its demons, which we conceive, by ideation, as altered physiological states of the body and proceed to treat or prevent by opposing the concrete things at the back of them (bacteria, parasites, chemical states of substance) by very material warfare of chemical or physical nature. The Library has already issued a remarkable series of publications, printed by Teubner, illustrating this trend of thought in astrology, which is basic for the study of pre-Hellenic and mediæval medicine.

Leipzig

At Leipzig, we were shown the famous Institute for the History of Medicine by its Director, Professor Sigerist, a man of great personal charm and broad culture, who has gathered around him a most engaging group of loyal and capable young pupils. The Institute is housed in a suite of rooms in the Mathematical-Physical Institute, one of the University buildings, at the corner of Leipzigstrasse and Talstrasse, forming an attractive studio for research work in medical history. Considerable rearrangement has been effected since Sudhoff's time. Many of the glass case exhibits have been removed, probably by reason of the growth of the library, which now occupies a separate room, and is probably one of the best working collections of its kind in Europe. The advantage of reducing the number of show-case (vitrine) exhibits in a place devoted to teaching and investigation is that, as already stated, too profuse and too miscellaneous a collection of such objects is apt to distract and divert attention from things of more moment. The total number of objects which might conceivably illustrate medical symbolism and medical ideation is, in all probability, not more than 30-50 at most. All

this would seem to be along the line of departure taken by the Leipzig school with regard to modes of investigation. The trend of Sudhoff's teaching, with reference to his own work and the problems assigned to his students, was factual and archivistic—to ascertain data and dates beyond peradventure, to edit and publish MSS. or other unprinted material, as *Bausteine* for future syntheses. The trend of Sigerist, who early made his mark by work upon Swiss archival material, is philosophic, analytic, ideational, the tendency of the Warburg foundation. It is illustrated by such recent contributions of the Leipzig school as those of Dr. Ernst Hirschfeld on romanticism in German medicine or his keen analysis of Virchow, Wolfram Illing on the concept "neuroses" in French medicine of the 19th century, or of Sigerist himself on changes in the ideals of physicians. This philosophizing tendency has become very general in German medicine of late, notably in the historic *opus magnum* of August Bier. It is said to be due to lack of funds for laboratory investigation and general research work. To discover and investigate unknown or unprinted archives, in out of the way places, requires such a travel-fund as Sudhoff had; to make such archæologic excavations as Wellcome is forwarding requires his financial resources. The philosophic trend is thus a natural outcome of initial conditions, and will doubtless spend itself as conditions improve. Its only danger is that it is based upon ratiocination with reference to ideas rather than rigorous deduction from facts, and so tends to diffuseness and sometimes to reasoning from false premises. On the other hand, conclusions and syntheses from factual or archivistic data are apt to be premature, ill-considered, beyond the middle distance of the picture, unless all the data are known in advance. What seemed most attractive about the Leipzig school was the character and quality of the pupils, whom Sigerist fathers with genial *cameraderie*, taking them into all the pleasures of his own life—a pleasant, friendly group of boys and girls, some of them very learned, yet addicts of dancing, swimming and walking tours, and all of them very attractive young ladies and gentlemen.

Buda Pest

The best way to enter this magnificent city is down the Danube from Passau, between which and Vienna are such picturesque places as Linz, Grein, Melk, Schönbühel, Schwallenbach and Dürnstein. Boarding the little vessel at Vienna, we found on deck Professors Sigerist, Sticker, Drs. Darmstaedter, Ferckel, Hirschberg, Marzell and others, with our jolly little band of Leipzig students. The voyage downstream from Vienna was less eventful than the Passau–Vienna journey, for the most part, indeed, like the passage of an ordinary small sized American river; but we stopped at Pressburg (Bratislava), where the Hungarian kings were crowned, Gran, surmounted by the imposing cathedral for which Liszt composed his loveliest mass *(Graner Messe)*, and the fortress of Visegrad, associated in our minds with an album of piano pieces by Robert Volkmann. Buda Pest, seen from the river by night, is a gorgeous spectacle, surpassed only by the great mountainside of Hong Kong, which, illuminated, is the most delectable column of light in the world. At the foot of the lofty Blocksberg, apparently lighted up for our benefit, lies the St. Gellert Hotel, where after a cordial greeting from Sudhoff, we were domiciled. At a *Kneipe* later on in the evening, we met Diepgen, Haberling, von Brunn and many others whom we had known hitherto by their historical writings only. Around the *Stammtisch*, Sudhoff was soon in his element, astonishingly witty and vivacious for his years, with suggestions of Bardeleben, Billroth and Brahms in his countenance, a being of quaint ways and gusty humors, breaking out into the *Kasernenstimme* with a merry twinkle, a man who knows how to play with children or to play like a child himself, and, by the same token genial, cordial and charming *au fond*. His vocabulary is astounding, for, like Aristophanes, he compounds new words as he goes along and his syntax, so peculiarly his own, is at whiles intelligible only to his intimates. German in fact, is spoken by the Germans of to-day at an amazingly rapid tempo, but with a little practice and some familiarity

with *nuances,* one is at length oriented. A master of clean-cut phrasing and unmistakeable clarity of expression is Paul Diepgen, only just called to the chair of medical history in Berlin, a Toledo blade of trenchant concision and incision, hard-boiled and hard-headed in his dealings, a bit cocksure in his views about America no doubt, but so polished, witty and well-poised withal, that his conversation was a perpetual stimulus to thought. Of quieter mentality and mien is Sticker, one of Germany's most eminent scholars, whose sober, serious *allure* is an index of that unfailing surety and security in methods and results which is the portion of the contemplative mind. Our most jovial and amusing companions were Haberling and von Brunn, sometime medical officers in the German Army, imbued, both of them, with the cheerful, laughter-loving spirit of the most attractive type of soldier, contagious, ringing laughter, expressive of the *nempe fortitudo* and somehow suggesting the life-enhancing chords at the end of Siegfried. Remarkable friends these, who took possession of us at once, were never up-stage or stand-offish, and greeted us each morning with a pleasant smile. With these preliminaries, we may now approach the Buda Pest meeting itself.

With the exception of the London Congress of 1913, which Osler made so successful, medico-historical meetings are apt to be *peu de chose.* That at Buda Pest was notable for a series of papers which were all of them carefully and elegantly written and some of them most interesting. Outstanding were, of course, the contributions of Sudhoff on Toledo and its medical MSS., Sigerist on the changes in physician's ideals, Sticker on the epidemiology of bubonic plague in Hungary, Diepgen on the earlier history of medico-historical studies, Darmstaedter on the Archidoxæ of Paracelsus, and a new life of Hippocrates from an old codex, discovered by Dr. I. Fisher of Vienna; but papers of unusual merit were presented by some of the younger men, notably those of Englert on the early history of the doctrine of qualities and humors, Hirschfeld on the romantic

period of German and European medicine, d'Irsay on the historic relations of medicine to the university, Marzell on mediæval pictures of the mandragora plant, Reinhold Müller on medicine in the Rig Veda and Temkin on Celsus. Frau Haberling, a jolly, rugged soldier's wife, presented a fascinating series of lantern slides illustrating the first glimpses of midwifery (organisation of the puerperium) in pictures from religious MSS. of the Middle Ages showing Joseph and Mary with the infant Christ. Of the younger pupils of the Leipzig school, Englert is the most learned Grecian, Hirschfeld the most acute and well-informed, Temkin the most serious and independent in aims. Dr. Reinhold Müller, *a privat docent* of Einsiedeln, stands quite apart as a protagonist of the new lines of approach and attack on the puzzling welter of ancient Indian medicine, which Singer has so aptly described as a "weary waste." The extraordinary findings of Le Coq and Grünwedel as to evidences of Hellenistic culture in Central Asia (Chinese Turkestan) before Alexander, and those of Hertel and Laufer on Indo-Iranic and Sino-Iranic sources, have given us an entirely new slant on this difficult problem. It was a genuine pleasure to converse with Dr. Müller on these questions and judging from his capacity to convey his remarkable learning in such a simple, lucid manner, one may venture, with confidence, to predict an interesting future for him. His published contributions are of unusual depth and merit, and he himself is a most likeable Teuton of the good old-fashioned rugged mould, upstanding, unpretentious, inflexibly honest and absolutely sincere.

Through the good offices of Dr. Tiberius von Győry, leading medical historian of Buda Pest, the entertainments and courtesies extended by the Hungarian government were of the most lavish character, lasting over eight days and including visits to the state buildings, the Roman excavations at Aquincum, the bathing resort at Balatonfüred, the new Medical Institute and clinics at Debreczen, a dedication of the Semmelweis monument (Elizabethplatz) by Sudhoff, two festal dinners given by the Hungarian gov-

ernment and the city of Buda Pest, and a joyous demonstration of the effects of different vintages of Tokay in the great national wine-cellars at Budafok. One regretted only the contretemps whereby the nice boys and girls of the Leipzig Institute were housed in the horrid Collegium medicum, and were thus driven (bless their hearts!) to sit out the greater part of the night in cafés to evade the alternative of becoming *Wanzenfutter*. Yet, so sturdy is the Germanic stock that they were up and about, bright and early each morning, to participate in the events of the day, making light of their troubles and sporting in the *Wellenbad* as gay and cheerful companions. It was somewhat of a "jolt" to a tired elderly American to be confronted by a handsome girl with the proposition: "*Willst du mit mir wuschen?*" We compromised collectively by being photographed in ring formation as "alligators."

Vienna

To all outward seeming, the *Kaiserstadt*, once the capital of the Holy Roman Empire, has risen gloriously out of the precarious position in which it found itself at the end of the war. By the hard conditions imposed upon it by the Paris Treaty, Austria was reduced to Vienna itself and the narrow ring of farmlands investing it, an arrangement which made it wholly impossible to feed the immense Viennese population from such a diminutive granary or commissariat. The only possible result was dire poverty, the utter abjection of all cultivated, refined, noble or decent people by subjection to the harsh extortions of greedy, fleecing profiteers, and an enormous increase of prostitution, even among women to whom such an economic adjustment was otherwise unthinkable. The reactions of the starving Viennese were none the less brave, hopeful, devoid of specific whine, and may be sensed, perhaps, in Godowski's *Alt Wien* ("smiling through tears") or their own invocation *(Gott wird für uns sorgen)*. One rejoices, then, that this imperial city, with its gorgeous window-dressing, wears a smiling front, is "game," is thoroughbred, whatever of sorrow and sadness it may conceal within.

Our objective in Vienna was the Josephinum, where Professor Neuburger was to lecture to the personnel of the Leipzig Institute on the Vienna School, old and new. As the veteran teacher of medical history in Europe, albeit younger in years than Sudhoff, Professor Neuburger has weathered his troubles well, is genial, amiable, patient, sympathetic and, in every sense of the word, an accomplished gentleman. His lecture was informing and thoroughgoing, interspersed with many amusing anecdotes and pleasant reminiscences, and setting forth the immense resources of his Museum, made up largely of relics of the great Vienna tradition and otherwise admirably adapted for instruction in the history of modern medicine. With a group of undergraduate students, for instance, one might easily utilize such a collection as a *point d' appui* for working backwards from the Vienna of Billroth's time to the earlier periods, and thence to ancient and pre-Hellenic medicine. The lecture was really a demonstrâtion through the several rooms of the Institute. At the close, we had to rush to Cook's for tickets on the Munich sleeper. At the invitation of Professor Sigerist, we dined delightfully with the Leipzig group at a mountainside hotel overlooking Vienna, winding up at Grinzing, where Schubert once composed some of his most charming songs to discharge a beer-score. Our transit to the station by auto was accomplished at a furious pace, and waving from our compartment in the sleeper, we bade our Leipzig friends good-bye for the last time.

Munich

Apart from the art collections, the great show-place of Munich is the Deutsches Museum, now moved from its old quarters in the Maximilianstrasse to occupy a structure of vast extent. To this we repaired on a Sunday morning, in company with our courteous guide, Dr. Ludwig Englert, who showed us through the immense subterranean mines and then (what I was really after) the exhibits illustrating the history of public hygiene, viz., heating, lighting, ventilation, food-supply, sewage-disposal and water-supply.

These are immensely instructive and so ordered that, in passing through the spacious rooms, the eye is never distracted by that profusion of objects with which most museums are cluttered up, but rather arrested by unique exhibits, each of which is conspicuous as a milestone or *résumé* of progress. In beautiful sense of arrangement, in unique *flair* for what is really important, there is no better object-lesson in the world than the Germanic Museum. A long row of actual flames, for instance, illustrates the evolution of lighting from torch and tallow dip to Welsbach burner and Mazda lamp; while huge cross-sections show just how the population of a large city obtains its water-supply from soil and surface waters, just how central-heating is accomplished, just how the wastes of a large city are disposed from house *viâ* purification plant to farm. Visualization of this kind does for the mind's eye what hundreds of tedious pages could never accomplish, the kind of thing that, in Swinburne's phrase, "makes incision in the memory." Sight-seeing over, we were given three memorable glimpses of the social and private life of Munich by those learned antiquarians, Täuber and Weil, who lunched us at a famous outdoor café, by Dr. Englert, who gave us tea in his elegant rooms overlooking the Isar, and by Dr. Darmstaedter, the learned historian of alchemy, who dined us in sumptuous state in his apartment, after showing us his wonderful library. And again, as we took the sleeper for Strasbourg, most of these friends were on hand at the depot, after the Germanic habit, to wave us farewell.

Strasbourg

We arrived in Strasbourg on a raw, cold, "distinctly dank" morning, suggesting the harsh climatic changes of our Eastern seaboard states. Our mission was to visit my friend Dr. Ernest Wickersheimer, Librarian of the University and Municipal Library, whose wife (an American lady) I had already met in Washington. We found Dr. Wickersheimer readily accessible in his sanctum and immediately embarked upon a friendly discussion, which was

prolonged up to the moment of leaving for his hospitable home at Schiltigheim, for luncheon. Dr. Wickersheimer, a pupil of Sudhoff, is easily the ablest living medical historian of France, a worthy continuator of the traditions of Daremberg and Chéreau; yet through the queer bureaucratic fluke whereby a possible candidate for a French university position has to be conditioned in subjects having no relation to his own, he has been excluded from the chair in the Paris Faculty, and *quâ* historian, can function only through his published writings. This condition he has accepted cheerfully and manfully; but as there is no provision for medico-historical teaching in the Strasbourg Faculty, it involves him in a curious isolation which awakened a vague feeling of sadness. As a bibliographer, palæographer and cataloguer of mediæval MSS., Wickersheimer is one of the most competent and efficient of living librarians, a handsome man, of virile personality and fine essential courtesy, with definite capacity to shine as a teacher latent, no doubt, within him. But no worthwhile man can function at half-power, with capacities for development under arrest, and feel entirely happy. With the delightful indifference of the childless married man who has remained something of a bachelor, Wickersheimer seemed more interested in the status of the Berlin and Baltimore chairs than in anything concerning himself. Our only ground of contention lay in certain intellectual problems, and after he had shown us the great Strasbourg Cathedral, that wonderful evocation of the Middle Ages, I parted from this esteemed and honored friend with a distinct feeling of regret.

Paris

It takes some time to get the genuine feel of Paris. It was in the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg, on the fifth and last day of our visit, that I first acquired that peculiar sense of a pulsating center of social life in which this city surpasses all others. Too much time was expended in perfunctory sight-seeing, too little in studying the people themselves, in participating in their simple pleasures.

There is nothing quite like the tempo of Parisian intelligence, with which even a poverty-stricken hotel chambermaid is apt to be better endowed than most. If privation so sharpens the mental faculties that assistants in the Pasteur Institute or the Library of the Paris Medical Faculty manage to be "content with little" and *faire des économies* on a beggar's pittance, consider our sensations on seeing the rows of people seated at little tables with their packages of food, in the enclosures outside the Théâtre Française, waiting patiently all day long for a cheap ticket to the night performance. These d'Irsay pointed out as evidence of the superb pluck with which the French intelligentsia have maintained their culture since the war. An American *pur sang* would forego a thousand such performances rather than put up with a fraction of the discomfort involved, yet possesses a marvellous capacity for sitting out movies made for morons, with no apparent sign of *s' ennuyer*. A few conversations with Mademoiselle Droz, that plucky little publisher of ancient medical texts in a dismal quarter of Paris, brought out another phase. As in Henry James's "Ambassadors," one aspect of a subject had been very obviously presented to her in advance, yet at table she speedily apprehended the other, which was, in truth, as self evident and as commonplace as the existence of a bachelor uncle or a maiden aunt. Paris, then, in women at least, develops the intelligence up to the point of making them highly civilized human beings; while one is perpetually delighted with the polite *air narquois* of the men, who see into things and people, yet give no sign, beyond the possible implication that what is commonplace and obvious is never discussed. Intelligence, such as this, can never be the portion of Mencken's "beauty-hating races." To the Parisians, conversation is a fine art and France remains, as Heine and Emerson found it, "the land of intelligence."

Visits to the Luxembourg, the Museum of the Paris Mint, the Louvre, could evoke but one sensation: *"La beauté est la seule chose qui n'existe qu' à demie."* Visits

to the Musée Carnavalet (Mme de Sevigné's old house) or the domicile of the Paris Medical Faculty awakened quite another—a feeling of stupefaction that the great monuments of French history and medicine should be permitted to languish in such forlorn condition through the apparent parsimony of government. On a dim, mournful afternoon, *triste* and momentous as the sombre finale of Chopin's F minor Ballade, I was politely escorted, after luncheon with d' Irsay at the Foyer Médical, to the Library of the great Paris Medical Faculty by Mr. Gregg, of the Rockefeller Foundations; and there, M. Cornillot, the learned sub-librarian, told us with grave, sad modesty, of its fallen fortunes; how it can no longer subscribe to foreign medical journals through lack of funds and how his assistants have to eke out a living on salaries of $200-$300 a year. At the end of this interview, in the halls where much of modern medicine was actually made, I felt so weary that I resolved to see no more.

Envoy.

In the decade following the World War, Europe has learned much, and if its future belongs (as it should) to the younger generation, it must surely be borne in upon them that another conflict of such magnitude will spell the destruction of what still remains of the great European civilization. Here, Spengler's Decline of the West becomes of paramount importance. In vast chapters, interwoven like counterpoint, he predicts that it has still some 400 years of good running but that its doom is foreordained and ascertained—an apocalyptic line of thought like that of the Danish poet, Paludan-Müller. A common feeling is that there can be no ultimate reorganisation and rejuvenation of European society until the present generation of talkative oldsters and Bobadils everywhere has had "the good taste to die." There are no people who have such extraordinary capacity for geniality, for creating the sensation of joy of life out of the most rudimentary materials, as the Germans in Germany. In this regard, they remind

us of Edith Wyatt's account of the German girl—born to be happy herself and to make everyone else happy. Yet, at the beginning of the war, with a superb opportunity to maintain the peace of Europe by sheer strength of hand, Germany, like the old South, made the serious mistake of ignoring Bismarck's warning that it is fatal to challenge fate—

> "Fordre nicht, Du hast zu geben!
> Ungeschehn ist unverloren;
> Noch ruht Sieg in Deiner Hand."

To-day General Hindenburg has shown that a great soldier can also be a great statesman in the maintenance of peace, that "the main thing for a soldier is to be silent and the least of his virtues never to complain." The younger people of Germany are in process of becoming true citizens of the world, with a lively interest in their new birthright, the *res publica,* with that serious devotion to the things of the mind which has ever been the abiding portion of their race, with a dignified concept of their proper position as individualized units in their country's welfare. As a race can rise no higher than its women, an old U. S. consul once predicted, in my hearing, an immense future for the women of Germany; and there are already signs that the part they will play is not inconsiderable. Out of the poverty and privation of the post-bellum period, Germany is beginning to evolve, in sufficient numbers, a special variant of the type lauded by poets, from Andromache in the Iliad and Nausikaa in the Odyssey to Charles Lamb's Hester—what to a *bona fide* American is, in fact, the pearl and fine flower of creation—"the dainty little maiden with the twinkle in her eye." Her dewy morning freshness is unassailably her own; her personal charm unfailing, She has arrived. *Elle prie pour nous.*

F. H. GARRISON.