

various ailments and afflictions,—recipes for diseases of the eye and the stomach, festering sores and broken bones, for ingrowing hair (our bald-headed friends will be interested and comforted to know that there were others of old equally sadly afflicted), to keep away snakes (real, not imaginary), fleas, etc. Many of the mixtures would make Warburg's Tincture, with its multitudinous ingredients, look like a simple element, so "shotgunny" are they. These old surgeons evidently believed that if one thing didn't hit the other night; so, to make sure, they put them all in.

Also our New Thought neighbors may derive great satisfaction from the knowledge that their several convictions and beliefs have had the sanctioning stamp of long usage and hoary antiquity. In the Rigvedas of the Hindus, the "Books of Kings" of Confucius, and the "Book of the Dead" of the Egyptians can be found the only and original "Science of Health, with Key," etc., which seems to prove that if there is anything new under the sun we must go back a long way to find it. But that is another story.

In the Susruta and Charaka of the Hindus—so called from the names of the two gentlemen who compiled them—a comprehensive knowledge of surgery is shown. Susruta described more than one hundred surgical instruments, mostly of steel,—trochars, needles, caustic holders, scissors, bone-forceps, scoops, blunt hooks, scarifiers, besides all that the Egyptians possessed. Then there were catheters, syringes, and fourteen varieties of bandages.

Fractures were diagnosed by crepitus, the grating sound made by moving the broken ends of the bone over one another. They used magnets for extracting particles of iron; they sewed up cuts; they practised blood letting; did amputations, pouring boiling oil over the

stump and applying a pitch bandage to prevent hemorrhage. They cut out tumors, tapped for dropsy, operated for hernia and intestinal concretions, and beyond all doubt they were the original beauty specialists,—straightened crooked noses, lopsided features, flap ears, and many other things that marred the dignity, repose, and grace of the human countenance. Their students developed surgical technique on gourds, cucumbers, and other soft fruit; tapping was practised upon a leather bag filled with water or soft mud; scarification, puncturing, and plastic operations upon dead animals; bandaging upon flexible models of the human body—and so on.

EVER since Count Wu Ting Fang invaded this country, and asked so many leading and embarrassing questions, the Chinaman has had the reputation of poking much into other folk's affairs. This disposition is inherited from a gallant and busy mob of forefathers who discovered three hundred and sixty-seven places in the human body into which they could stick a needle without injuring great blood vessels or vital organs. They fancied that they could cure rheumatism and neuralgia by this means. Of course they couldn't; but they gained much profitable experience, and perhaps some amusement, thereby.

Lack of space forbids more than a mere mention of the great advances in anatomy and surgery by the Greeks, Alexandrians, Romans, Arabian, and Jewish physicians, and the Byzantine Paulus—truly a marvelous man!

Then the mantle of night—rightly called the Dark Ages—fell upon Europe. To dismember, dissect, and study that which was believed to be destined for a material physical resurrection became sacrilege, a crime punishable by all the refinement of torture that the in-

genuity of fanatical bigots could devise. Mortification of the body and stultification of the mind went hand in hand with brutal repression of the development of physical science.

It is a history that would make Christendom hide its head in shame, did we not leniently regard their brutalities as merely the expression of the crass ignorance of the time.

The day of knowledge finally broke in the fifteenth century with the advent of Paracelsus,—Paracelsus the iconoclast,—the first to unclasp the dead hands of medical authority.

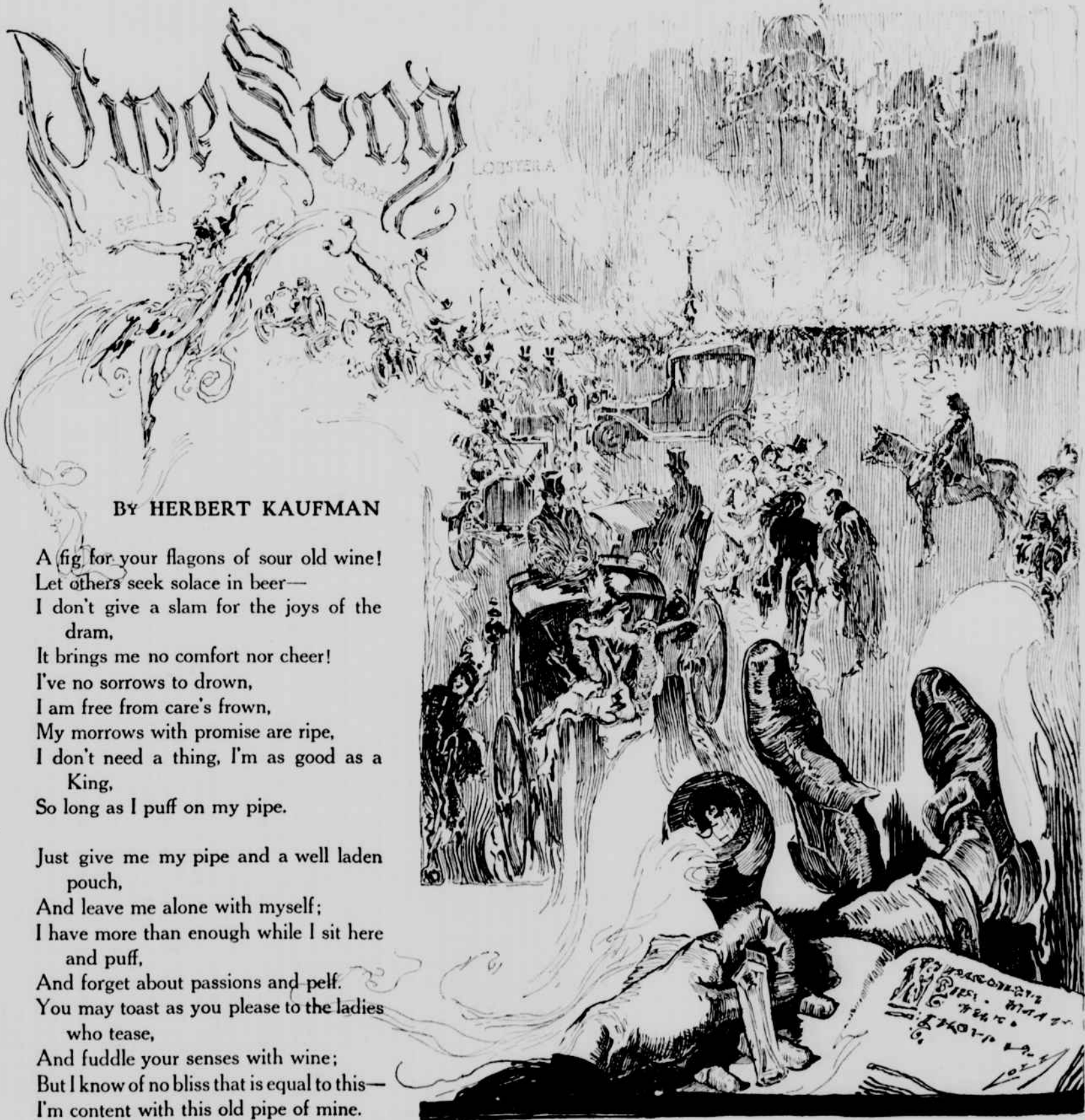
Browning, in the most profound of all his poems, pays tribute to this strange man, half charlatan, half seer. He epitomizes his life and characteristics with—

Are there not two points in the adventure of the diver.—
One, when a beggar he prepares to plunge;
One, when a prince he rises with his pearl?

With audacious contempt for the age-old dominion of Galen, Hippocrates, and the "fathers of medicine," Paracelsus leaped into unknown seas of thought—rising with gleaming pearls of knowledge. He was the spiritual ancestor of Darwin, contending that the origin of everything lay in the transformation of germs already existing. He first declared that each disease had its definite cause and course, and could be cured only by remedies or methods directed toward the removal of that cause. He anticipated the psychical discoveries of Mesmer, of which our own Ben Franklin and the French Commission were too "practical" to see the significance.

This short sightedness opened wide the doors to all the host of quacks who misuse this splendid medicine of the mind. Paracelsus knew the principles of *similia similibus curantur*—the "like cures like"—of Hahn-

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BY HERBERT KAUFMAN

A fig for your flagons of sour old wine!
Let others seek solace in beer—
I don't give a slam for the joys of the
dram,
It brings me no comfort nor cheer!
I've no sorrows to drown,
I am free from care's frown,
My morrows with promise are ripe,
I don't need a thing, I'm as good as a
King,
So long as I puff on my pipe.

Just give me my pipe and a well laden
pouch,
And leave me alone with myself;
I have more than enough while I sit here
and puff,
And forget about passions and pelf.
You may toast as you please to the ladies
who tease,
And fuddle your senses with wine;
But I know of no bliss that is equal to this—
I'm content with this old pipe of mine.