

TODAY'S OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG MEN

Article 1: Dr. Andrew C. Smith Speaks of the Medical Profession as a Career.

"It is a puzzle to know what profession or line of work offers the best opportunity to a young man now," says Dr. Andrew C. Smith, physician, surgeon, and president of the State Board of Health. "The great puzzle is now the doctor talks by the book, for he has two nephews whom he has endeavored to launch upon the sea of success, and for one of them he selected the medical profession as a means whereby the young man might attain both fame and riches. Just at present the nephew is laboring in industrial paths having found the study of medicine too expensive."

"A physician," said Dr. Smith, "must have an analytical mind. It is the one requisite without which no student can become a capable doctor no matter how hard he may study."

"What other special qualifications should a young man have who wishes to enter the medical profession?" I asked, and the doctor said there were none.

"Of course," said he, "one must have the power of close application, but then all professions are alike in this respect. The only special talent which is needed in the practice of medicine is the ability to analyze, the gift of inverse deduction, the power to tell what is the invisible cause of a visible effect, the other words to tell why a man is sick. It is the foundation of all medical treatment and a man's ability as a practitioner depends almost entirely upon this single faculty. Without it a physician must always remain a blunderer. And there are blunders in the profession."

The doctor sighed over the last sentence as though he longed to write a book on "Blunders I Have Met," and to illustrate it with sketches from life.

Medical Profession is Attractive.

"Then supposing that a young man has the necessary analytical mind," I said, "what inducements does the practice of medicine offer him?"

"A good living," said Dr. Smith, "an interesting work, a continuous opportunity to benefit his fellows, and a chance of fame—a better chance than is presented by any other pursuit, if we except the Army and Navy."

"And what," said I, "as every grew within me, must a man do to gain these rewards? How long must he study, and where, and what will it cost him?"

"He must study four years," said the doctor. "All reputable schools, I think, have extended their course to four years, with the idea of making the education required for entry to the medical profession more thorough than has previously been the case. A physician always should have been thoroughly educated. In future they must be, or at least they must be to the extent that any common schools can educate. Common sense and contact with the world are educational factors which each man must always provide for himself."

"Next," I continued, "where should a young man study medicine?"

American and European Schools.

"In any good American or European school."

"How does the two methods compare? Which schools make the best doctors?"

"European schools are better than the American colleges in some ways, and in others they are worse. They turn out more scientists, and, I think, less qualified, practical physicians and surgeons. The European systems of medical instruction are better fitted to inculcate a disposition for original research than the American schools are. The Old World students prod more minutely into theories and are less practical than those in this country. It is an uncommon thing for a European young man to be turned out of his medical schools a practical and qualified physician, but it is common in America."

"How much does it cost to make a doctor out of an ordinary young man of ordinary education?"

"About \$6000 on an average," said Dr.

Smith, "but if the young man is only of ordinary ability and possesses only an ordinary education, he will make only a mediocre physician, and it will take him some time to get his money back."

"Where does the \$6000 go? It doesn't cost that much to make a lawyer," said I.

"Why should it?" asked the doctor.

"But about the \$6000?"

"A medical student's expenses for tuition, dissecting material, books and living expenses are about \$3000 a year, and the four years' course makes the total \$6000."

"Can this expense be cut down at all, or does it cost \$6000 to make every doctor?"

"I have known cases where a medical student has gone through college on half that sum," said Dr. Smith, "but it is hard to do, and is getting harder every year. The men who did it have been fortunate enough to get positions in hospitals, which saves them all expense for board or dissecting material. These positions, however, go by favoritism in many cases, and are not open to all students in any instance. Other students add to their revenues by doing janitor work, and others by assisting in administering anesthetics. The number of opportunities to do these things, however, is very limited."

"Does it make any difference what school a student goes to?"

"Not in the matter of expense," said the doctor, "all the good schools charge about the same for tuition, and the other expenses do not vary much. As far as the instruction of the various institutions is concerned, there is about the same difference that there is between secular colleges. One school specializes one thing and another pays more attention to something else. Of course there are schools where the tuition is cheaper and the course shorter, but they are not recognized by the American Medical Association."

Country Doctors Make Money.

Four thousand dollars seemed a considerable sum of money to invest in giving a young man a special education which he might and might not appreciate. "How long will it take the average medical student to get his money back?" I asked.

"The returns are sometimes speedy, and always reasonably certain," said Dr. Smith, "especially in the country where the people are forced to patronize the physician who may happen to have located in the vicinity. In other words there is little competition in the country districts where many points are not well supplied with doctors."

To a question as to whether these recently hatched doctors who began their practice in country towns and districts usually remained there, Dr. Smith made a noncommittal reply.

"As far as I have noticed," said he, "there seems to be a pretty constant progression in the profession. A doctor who begins in the backwoods moves by successive steps to small settlements and then to larger towns."

"What difference is there between the

world of medicine corresponds to these great names?"

But the doctor was obtuse. "There is no master mind in the world of medicine," said he. "There is no Shakespeare of the scalpel, no Napoleon of the materia medica. The growth of opportunity and the spread of knowledge have kept a great number of brilliant thinkers in the front rank of our profession. There is no greatest doctor. There is instead a host of absolutely competent physicians, even great physicians."

And not when I urged that there must be pioneers in surgery, trail-makers in medicine, would Dr. Smith recede from his position.

"There are of course pioneers," he admitted, "but that they are but little in advance of their fellows is shown by the ease with which the profession as a whole follows any new method of treatment or operation. Dr. Lorenz demonstrated a method of treating congenital dislocations of the hip, which he was especially skillful at, and before his visit to this country was concluded many American physicians had successfully copied his work. It was different once. Years ago Billoth towered above all others in the profession, but there is no such figure today."

"Do surgeons become insensible to the suffering of others in time?" I asked.

"Does the continual contact with pain and disease dull the sympathy of a medical man?"

"Doctors are human," replied Dr. Smith. "Familiarity breeds contempt in some cases, and in others it tends additional sympathy because one knows that the trouble is incurable, or because one realizes that the progress of the disease will be rapid and fatal."

With the awfully impressive medical tyro who loudly announces his indifference to scenes of horror Dr. Smith has little patience.

"Insensibility is nothing to be proud of," said the doctor. "It is a very dangerous sentiment to cultivate and most disgusting to hear expressed. The man who possesses it in any considerable degree is a commercial element in surgery which is always to be dreaded. Many people have an idea that in order to become a good physician a young man should not mind the sight of blood and so forth. As a matter of fact, a number or perhaps most of our great surgeons have been among the most timid of beginners."

"Some young students, of course, have not attained years of discretion and may still remain in that period when the young human is the most deliberately cruel of all animals. Their bravado is rarely permanent for as they come to know more both of medicine and of life, they also come to realize what suffering really is. Sympathy is as necessary a quality for a good physician as for a good nurse."

Women as Nurses.

"Do women make better nurses than men?"

"I think they do," replied Dr. Smith. "And yet if we want to get the best

steno-grapher or the best music teacher or the best cook—"

For fear of embroiling the doctor with the womanhood of Portland the rest of his sentence will not be set forth.

"A man has the ability to make a good nurse," said the doctor in conclusion, "but as a rule he is not satisfied to remain a nurse."

"What discovery has had the greatest influence upon medicine in the last 50 years?"

"The discovery of anesthetics, I think," replied the doctor. "This discovery has been followed by a marvelous but logical advance in surgical work, and many of our most valuable operations would be impossible and unknown if it were not for the deadening anesthetic. It almost unverses a surgeon today to operate without it."

Dr. Andrew C. Smith was born on a farm in Wisconsin of Irish parents. In 1885, in 1893 the family came to Oregon. He studied medicine in San Francisco from 1874 to 1877, and after graduating practiced in California until 1888. In this year he went to Europe to study in special lines, and on his return to America came to Portland, where he has practiced ever since. In 1900 Dr. Smith was elected to the State Senate, of which body he is still a member. He was elected president of the State Board of Health in 1902, and was re-elected to that office this year.



DR. ANDREW C. SMITH.

"How does a doctor's income compare with that of a lawyer?"

"Very favorably. A physician has more charity cases than a lawyer, but he also receives more small fees. Excluding the cases for which he makes no charge, a physician gets \$2 or \$2.50 for every office consultation, and in the aggregate the return from this source up to a sum which fully equals the income of the average attorney whose fees may

be larger, but are not nearly so numerous. A man is sick much oftener than he is in legal trouble. The attorney receives a bigger fee than a doctor, and in most cases his work is not more valuable nor as responsible."

"Speaking generally, I would say that the income of the small doctor is better than that of the small lawyer. In the middle grades of both professions the income does not differ materially, while the most successful lawyers probably make

more money than the greatest doctors. I am not certain, however, if it came down to a question of money making, that the greatest doctors could not make a great deal more than they generally do. They are usually too deeply interested in scientific research and study to pay sufficient attention to the financial end of their business, and their incomes are often far exceeded by those of physicians of no comparative worth but fashionable practice."

A. C.

WAR DISPATCHES THAT ESCAPED CENSOR'S EYE
Unshaved Cheeks of Russian Moujik Utilized for Transmission of News.

"He must be shaved," asserted the Telegraph Editor.

"Run out and hire a lawn mower," put in the factious barber.

"You're a funny shaver, ain't you?" sneered the Telegraph Editor.

"Well, I'll put three men to work on him," said the boss at length, "but it looks to me as if the man's beard will keep growing quicker'n it can be shaved off."

With that the three quickest barbers in the shop went to work, and as the hair fell away and before it could grow again each line was photographed. This is what the films told:

SPECIAL WAR NEWS BUREAU OF THE DOUBLE-YOU OR BURST SYNDICATE. COPYRIGHT IN U. S. 1004 BY U. R. BURST. GREAT BRITAIN RIGHTS RESERVED.

By hairiest leasid Russian in the world, St. Petersburg, Feb. 26—I arrived here exclusively after an exclusive trip through exclusive territory. Representing myself to be a Russian army officer, disguised as a military man, I obtained a free ride in an exclusive drooksy. Immediately after reaching the headquarters of the telephone company, I rang up the Winter Palace.

"Hello,sky!" came over the wire, "this is the Czar."

"Lo Czar," I piped up, "I represent the Burst service. I want to interview you. Shake up your phone, there, I can't hear a word at all."

"Phone,sky's all right," said the Czar, "it's the anti-war party exploding bombs against my armored window."

"Well," I replied, "I'll blow up that way and see you."

"Blow up!" muttered the Czar of all the Russias, "oh, yes, blow in, you mean. All right, I'll expect you." And then dropping into English, "Confound this racket!"

Then he rang off the first exclusive telephone conversation with the Czar ever tattooed for any paper. (The last line is somewhat illegible as I jabbed the moujik rather too hard with the electric tattooing needle.)

I was about to leave the telephone office when I was knocked down and kicked by three gigantic men in police uniform. Stiffing my cries they brought me before the "dreaded chief of the Third Section," the head of the Russian secret service, familiar to me from many meetings in the pages of "Exiled to Siberia," and the "Bloody Knout, or the Bear's Hiding."

"I represent the Burst syndicate," and the dreaded chief quailed as I made the exclusive announcement.

"Folled," he muttered, and ordered six helpless women to be brought in and knouted to death. I obtained an exclusive statement of her feelings from one of them, and will dispatch it by leasid moujik on the first opportunity.

Leaving this scene I sprang into a samovar and drove rapidly to the Winter Palace, which is so called because its officials give visitors the frozen face. I found the Czar in an iron mask and bomb-proof pants. As he knew little English and I knew no Russian, we were at a

loss for some time as to how I should obtain a statement of policy. Fortunately I had not forgotten my French, picked up exclusively from the menus of Portland's North End restaurants.

"Consomme a la reine," said I, with a bow.

"Ros bif au jus," responded his imperial majesty.

"Pommes de terre au gratin," I ventured to remark.

The Czar smiled. Evidently I was on the right tack. "Cafe noir," I continued.

"Corn on the cob," he graciously responded.

"Bombs failed," said I.

The Czar flinched.

In referring to bombs I had made a fatal error.

I did not stop running until I had traversed 4 1/2 versts.

(Please turn over check—more.)

Exclusive news indicates that the seat of war is patched with Russian victories. Japanese vessels attacked the fleet at Port Arthur, but the Russian ships completely foiled the enemy by disappearing beneath the surface.

Lake Baikal is breaking up fast. The Ivan Ivanovitchs are crossing on small pieces of ice, holding their whiskers for the breeze for sails. Several thousands have fallen beneath the floating ice, and it is feared they will die unless pulled out. Many of the surviving soldiers are said to be proceeding on skates; indeed, it is hard to find an officer that has not got a skate on. I found myself in possession of one last night, greatly to my surprise, as I merely slipped two or three tubs full of vodka.

Viceroy Alexief is likely to be relieved, as his war reports are not satisfactory. The Czar thinks of giving the job to a member of the Burst syndicate.

I am getting to the end of my check—the moujik's, of course—but this news will enable the Burst syndicate to skin the world. I hope you will be able to take it out of the messenger's hide when you get him.

DOLLY GREEN.

"A Rushin' Down the White-House Road"



(Before the outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan, the Double-you Or Burst syndicate, anticipating the censorship declared by the Russian government, sent Dolly Green, the famous speedier, to St. Petersburg, with instructions to spare no expense or imagination in making and transmitting news. All important messages were to be tattooed upon the faces of moujiks, who were to be shaved for the purpose. As the Russian's beard grows with astonishing rapidity, the chosen moujiks could safely be dispatched through the Russian lines to the offices of the newspapers subscribing for the Burst service.)

The Telegraph Editor of the Daily Dream was seated at his desk, when a messenger boy entered the room. "Oee," said the boy to the man at the desk, "you've got a peach of a package—coming up wid de mailcarrier, I means," he added, hastily, as he saw the look of anger on the face of the editor, who smoked but did not drink. With a sigh of trouble, the editor left unshined an astral telegram he was just receiving, and went to the door.

In the passage a mailcarrier was struggling along with a huge, fur-clad man on his back. Dumping him at the feet of the Telegraph Editor, he wiped his brow and remarked that he thought he'd quit the service pretty soon.

The Telegraph Editor gazed at the huge bearded man that stood before him, and not until the peasant had turned his back did he realize that he had an important dispatch before him. On the peasant's back was this legend:

To the Managing Editor of the Daily Dream.

NEWS MATTER—RUSH.

"News Matter—Russian," all right," observed the messenger kid, but the Telegraph Editor was already excited by the possibilities before him. He saw the state "scopied" the following morning under eight-foot type, one letter to a page. He had, in fact, the head already written in his desk. He felt it was so good that the news should be made to fit it rather than the head changed to fit the news. Hastily grabbing the peasant, the Telegraph Editor, accompanied by a photographer and eight assistants, started for a Washington-street barber-shop. It was then 9 A. M., so there was plenty of time. Entering the shop, he threw the peasant into a chair, and cried to the proprietor that the man must be shaved instantly. The proprietor looked at the Russian, then at the clock, shook his head and said, "We close at 7."

"It must be done," shouted the Telegraph Editor, "that chap's a dispatch."

"He looks more like an ad for a hair restorer," put in one of the barbers.

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