

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE CONDUCTED BY WOMEN



THE CLINIC. A MAJOR OPERATION ON AN IMPORTANT CASE

Unique Institution in Pennsylvania Where No Man is Professor, Doctor, Nurse, Attendant or Student



AT WORK IN THE DISSECTING ROOM



DOING MICROSCOPE WORK IN THE LABORATORY



EIGHT WOMEN MEDICAL STUDENTS OF AS MANY DIFFERENT NATIONS

WHAT a sensation it would have made a few years ago if the world had been presented with the spectacle of a hospital clinic, a patient in imminent peril of death on the operating table in the middle of the amphitheatre, and about her only women surgeons, and women nurses, which filled the students' benches! Not a man within call, a fight between life and death under way and yet not a feminine quality! On the contrary, the highest medical science is here combined with that peculiarly delicate and almost intuitive skill which is developed in the woman physician.

And this is the daily spectacle in at least one institution in the world, as yet unique, but surely destined not to be long. Woman as doctor and surgeon has quickly come into high recognition and schools like the Woman's Medical College, of Pennsylvania, will soon be demanded in every state if the "weaker sex" is to have its desires for a professional career satisfied.

You will find it interesting to come with us to the clinic of this college, for it will

give you an entirely new insight on "the sex." A hundred or more young women—apparently just the sort of everyday girls that scream at the sight of blood or a mouse—sit around curiously and intently watching the operation, while over the patient the operating physician and her assistants, in antiseptic clothing, caps and rubber gloves, work in calm serenity, though with infinite deftness and sureness of touch. There is not a symptom of panic or hysteria in the corps of attendants and nurses who quickly and silently take their stations, each with her part assigned to her before hand and each ready to fill it on a word or a look, quickly and silently.

Another feature of this remarkable scene is that among the attractive listeners to the doctor's lecture are students from several foreign countries. A young Chinese woman is in her third year at the college and when graduated will return to the Orient to practice a more recently taught method of curing human ills than that in vogue in the Flowery Land, where shark's fin tonic and dried frog lozenges are con-

sidered potent medicaments. Another interesting student comes from Constantinople and intends to minister to the physical needs of the women of the Sultan's domain when she has won her degree; still others are from New Zealand, Australia and one is an Italian.

In order that the true significance of the success of this unique institution may be realized, it is only necessary to hark back to the early days of the efforts of women to break into the profession of medicine. In a volume written by the dean of the Woman's College of Pennsylvania, Dr. Clara Marshall, the following is extracted from one of the leading newspapers of Philadelphia, the report having reference to a clinic at the Pennsylvania Hospital, on November 6, 1899:

"The students of the male colleges, knowing that the ladies would be present, turned out several hundred strong, with the design of expressing their disapproval of the action of the managers of the hospital particularly and

of the admission of women to the medical profession generally.

"Pangling themselves in line, these gallant gentlemen assailed the young ladies as they passed out with insolent and offensive language, and then followed them into the street, where the whole gang, with the fluency of long practice, joined in insulting them. It was an action which deprived every man in the crowd of all claim to the title of gentleman. If these women had given gross offense, if they had indulged in unwomanly behavior, if they had intruded themselves in the hospital in violation of the rules, even then there would have been no excuse for such infamous conduct as this on the part of the students. But these ladies had absolute right there; they were admitted by precisely the same authority that admits men, and more than this it was right that they should accept the privilege offered them if they wished to do so."

Subsequently there appeared as a communication to the same paper the following:

"When the ladies entered the amphitheatre they were greeted by yells, hisses, catcalls, mock applause, offensive remarks upon personal appearance, etc. During the last hour masses of paper, tinfoil, tobacco quids, etc., were thrown upon the ladies."

It is a great transformation from this scene of disorder at the clinic in 1899 to that of the year 1908, but in reality the progress has been painfully slow and laborious. The women have fought their way upward in the medical profession, meeting all opposition firmly and bravely, and mounting step by step, until today they have their own college, their own clinics, their own examinations, their own degrees, and their own sphere of action.

The course at the college extends over four years, at the end of which time the student may try for her degree. During the course opportunity is afforded for practical instruction at the Woman's Hospital, and at public clinics in other institutions open to students from the colleges where bedside talks are given, as well as clinical demonstrations. Bandaging

operative surgery, and the application of fraction dressings are taught, maternity cases attended by the advance students, work done in the dissecting-room and frequent operations witnessed in the clinic by the advanced students. Clinical lectures are also given by specialists in diseases of the skin, the nervous system, the eye, the ear, the throat and the nose.

What becomes of the graduates? There is a mistaken notion existing that most of them marry and cease to practice their profession. To prove how erroneous is this idea, an effort was made some time ago to trace the careers of 24 of the graduates of the college. Of this number 196 responded affirmatively to the question: Are you now engaged in actual medical practice? Twenty-three responded in the negative, giving as their reasons, domestic duties, 8; philanthropic work, 11; health, 5; rest, 3; no reason assigned, 6. 75 of the women written to replied stating the monetary value of their practice per year. Twenty-four made \$100 a year or more, but less than \$200; 20 as much as \$200 and less than \$300; 10 as much as \$300 and less than

\$400; 5 as much as \$400 and less than \$500; 3 as much as \$500 and less than \$15,000. Four reported sums varying from \$15,000 to \$30,000 per year; ten reported less than \$1000 a year. The average income was found to be \$2567.30.

Women holding the diplomas of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania have been appointed as physicians or surgeons at over 150 public institutions, chiefly hospitals, dispensaries, infirmaries, refuges or sanitariums. The college has graduated pupils from more than 40 states and territories of the United States and from Canada, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Jamaica, Brazil, England, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Russia, Syria, India, China, Japan, Burma, Australia, and the Congo Free State. Its living alumnae number about a thousand and are found in nearly every part of the American Republic and in many foreign countries, among them Egypt, India, China, Japan, Persia and Korea.

Can one ask any finer proof of the progress of women as real partners in the world's work?

MEN'S FASHIONS IN OLD EUROPE

London Rules Them All Except in Details—Freaks of Clothes in Germany.

THE report from London that tailors of all nations are flocking to Biarritz to study the clothes of King Edward and thereby to learn London modes ought to satisfy the patriotism of the English tailors; yet it is a fact that there are many persons who have lost confidence in the overwhelming supremacy of the London designer.

It is not alone in this country that there is a disposition to be in a degree independent of what London has to say about men's dress. Even in other countries there is no longer a slavish adoption of what London says is right. It is true rather that the fashions of other countries have in recent seasons had an undeniable effect on the dress of London.

This is seen more especially in the tendency to wear tighter clothes.

"As a matter of fact," said one of the New York tailors who follow the plan of the dressmakers and go twice a year to Europe to see the newest developments in styles, "London tailors would have been dressing their customers as much like bags as ever if they had not seen from the models of men's dress that came from the Continent that there was a limit to looseness as a characteristic of men's dress."

"Young men especially came to the conclusion that there was something in trimness and smartness. They saw young men of other nations showing how slim and athletic they were and decided that it was not necessary for them to go about draped in the loose garments that London tailors considered the only possible kind."

"They impressed this fact on their tailors and the styles changed. The smartest clothes of the day are rather tight-fitting. That is one effect of the despised Continental fashions on London dress."

This tailor goes into the details of his profession with the interest of a savant and has just made a tour of Europe to study men's dress. He landed in Naples

when the men had just begun to put on lighter weight clothes.

"Contrary to the usual impression," he said, "the Italians are well-dressed men, probably the best dressed in Continental Europe."

"This I attribute in part to the fact that Italians are easy to fit. They keep their figures under 50 in chest, 50 is unusual among men of the better class."

"The sack coats were particularly well cut. Like the trousers, they differed from the London styles in that they fitted the figure somewhat more closely, although they retain the best trait of the London cut in fitting tightly over the shoulders only and not attempting to follow the lines of the waist and hips. The coats were always cut low enough in the neck to show part of the waistcoat."

"In Germany there is little or nothing to satisfy the American standard of dress, unless it is found among the men who are dressed by the best London tailors. The wealthy officers and aristocrats wear English clothes and stand, therefore, in the class of the international dressers and do not count as Germans."

"Moderate price tailors in Germany vie with the most expensive in turning out appalling specimens of clothing. Remotely they must follow some modern style, but their object seems to be to eliminate every trace of modishness."

"The military cut obsesses every German tailor, who seems to have the idea that he is making a uniform. All German clothes look like military uniforms gone wrong."

"Shoulders are padded to ironlike stiffness. Coats are cut so close to the body that their wearers, since long sack coats have become the fashion, look like sausages or dashboards. Trousers must fit as tightly as if they were to be strapped down over the boots."

"This military idea floats before the

eyes of every German tailor, whatever may be the style of the year." Even dress suits are made on the military plan. The shoulders are padded out until they are square and the body of the coat cut so closely in to the figure that every line is revealed, whether or not it happens to be the kind of figure adapted to such revelations. Many of the officers are of the physical type that makes such a fit very becoming. When the round-shouldered, paunchy civilian is dressed in the same inflexible fashion the result is not nearly so successful.

"In Vienna the men are much better dressed when they make any pretense to dressing well at all. Their clothes follow much more closely the London models and they have a suspicion of the Italian chic in their cut."

"There is much less padding about the clothes worn by the well-dressed Austrians, who have not the German desire for stiffness and primness. Nor do coats fit so tightly as to show every curve. Austrians, and one means by them also the men of Budapest, take much more interest in dressing than the men of Germany."

"One weakness will always prevent the Germans from being as well dressed as other Europeans or as Americans. They find too much delight in any patent contrivance to save trouble in dressing."

"If they can get anything that saves time in getting their clothes on they are happy. They dearly love a ready-made necktie that snaps into place under their collar button and stays there. They love a large plastron tie that covers a flannel shirt and comes up to the celluloid collar, which looks like genuine linen."

"All these devices they call practical. Any race that makes mere practicality its ideal in dress can never turn out smart looking men."

"London models prevail in France, and several of the best-known tailors in the West End have branches by the Seine. These establishments include among their

customers many Frenchmen. Tailors come over every two weeks for fittings.

"The cutters are brought every fortnight from London because the Frenchmen feel that they are getting the fashions much more directly when the cutter does not make his abode in Paris. These men defer to the tastes of their foreign customers in a way that has been powerful enough to affect the London styles."

"One of the first influences to bring into style the tighter clothes worn now by the Englishmen came through the Paris customers of the London tailors. They would not accept the London bagginess. No Frenchman would ever feel himself dressed while rolling around in so much room."

"The cutters who went over from London saw the advantage of this change in the style and promptly introduced it for those at home that wanted it. Thus came into existence the present style of wearing tighter clothes."

"This influence of a Continental taste on London dress will have the effect of making her arbiters of fashion a little broader in the future. They will not try to be so absolute in decreeing what is wrong or right."

"France had previously influenced men's fashions in London, however. The light waistcoats worn at all times, the pale fawn or gray gloves and the white topped shoes—all those came from France. So did the turned over standing collar, which was a year ago regarded as a Gallic freak only to be laughed at by proud Anglo-Saxons. So long as the King of England has his shirts made in the Rue de la Paix and wealthy Englishmen go to Paris for their boots France will have some influence on London fashions."

The Map of the Heart.

New York Sun.

Old worlds are new and new worlds are old. To each Columbus are paths unrolled.

By the map of the heart.

The seas are narrow and streams are wide, Mountains unite and plains divide.

The capital city of all the world Is a little town in a valley curled.

By the map of the heart.

The latitude is the breadth of love, The longitude is the height above.

By the map of the heart.

Through blinding desert or trackless foam One never is lost if he but roam.

By the map of the heart.

FETICHISM KILLS THOUSANDS

Crimes of Witch Doctors in Darkest Africa, Where Victims Fall Dead Every Hour.

THE whites in barbarous Africa say that in spite of the evils the white race has inflicted upon the natives, the good they are receiving, especially the protection to life and property which the new governments are giving them, vastly outweighs the evil.

All authorities have much to say of the horrible misery which fetich doctors impose upon the natives. They assert that fetichism is the cause of more crimes and suffering than all the native wars, epidemics and cannibalism that afflict parts of the Dark Continent. These brutalities can be excused only because the people have always lived in savagery.

Lieutenant Poupard, of the French army, who has been traveling thousands of miles in the French Congo, says that the victims of fetichism are falling every hour all over that vast domain. Many of the victims drop in their tracks and are dead in a few minutes.

"One of the first things that meet their death, and so do all the natives, but they do not dare to breathe his name. It is the fetich doctor who has caused poison steadily to be mixed with their food."

In January, 1906, while Poupard's party was passing through a little village they saw a vigorous young man surrounded by natives, who were accusing him of crime. A bowl filled with a red fluid was given to the young man, who drained it.

A few minutes later he fell on his face and was soon dead. He was a victim of the poison test. If his stomach had refused to retain the liquid and he had lived his innocence of the crime would have been proved. The poison killed him, and this was clear proof of his guilt.

Some days later at Mbeto the same party heard a great hubbub and found a woman on the ground covered with wounds. Her left shoulder and her right

forearm had been cut to the bone, there was a gaping wound in her hip and her body was covered with contusions.

She had received no care, though her injuries had been inflicted several days before. The white men came in time to save her life. They dressed her wounds and cared for her until she was well.

She told them that her husband had died and in the course of his interment the fetich doctor cried out to the people that their friend had not died a natural death, but his evil-doer had killed him. All the men in the village immediately set upon the unfortunate woman and only one of them lived to describe the crime.

Poupard on another day came across some women running at top speed with babies on their backs, pursued by a crowd of men who were hurling poisoned javelins at them. The fetich doctor had accused these women of looking upon the bier, a sacred object that had been taken out of its box for an airing. Any woman who even inadvertently should look upon this object would be put to death.

On the River Muni lives an old man with 22 wives, some of whom are young and attractive. For two years past it has been observed that every young man who has attempted to settle on the adjoining lands has mysteriously died. There is no doubt that the aged husband, in league with the local fetich doctor, has brought about their death.

Most of the tribes do not believe that a man dies naturally. Some enemy is always the cause of his death, and the fetich doctor is brought into the case and points out the criminal.

Mr. Bret found at Nombi in October last three natives weighed down by stones at the bottom of a box, where they had lingered in agony for days because the fetich doctor suspected that they had cast a spell upon a boatman who had been drowned in a shipwreck.

On February 13 last Commandant

Moll, in a lecture before the Paris Geographical Society, told of bereaved widows who had been compelled to take the poison test to show who were responsible for their husband's death. Some of the women survived because their friends gave presents to the wizard, who thereupon mixed an innocuous dose for them. The bodies of the murdered women were eaten.

These are not isolated cases, but far and wide over Africa superstition is still claiming the lives of thousands. But the influence of the fetich doctor is already beginning to decline because it is now a crime severely punished under the laws of the Congo Free State, the French Congo, and all Rhodesia to practice the black acts of the fetich doctor. The bonds in which he has held the helpless people will some day be broken.

Fences and Offenses.

New York Sun.

Inside of the fence you may ramble And bet like a regular sport; Outside of the fence, if you gambler You may have to answer at court.

The thing is as old as creation; Indeed, it began with the race; Inside was beatified, but outside, Outside of the fence was disgrace.

For Eve was the very first piker; She let a red apple to win; And now there are lots of us like her— We bet, and are caught, and we sit!

Just what is considered a virtue Depends upon where you may be; The things that can morally hurt you Are matters of geography.

The fellow who lives in Missouri May smoke what he pleases, and yet In Illinois face a jury. If caught with a vile cigarette!

Oh, let us be glad there are places Where still we may do as we choose, And get down our bet on the grass Inside of the fence, though we lose.