

protection to the vaccinated—the subject we have in consideration—I will advance it; and also as a reason for this second communication.

Cut two triangles out of any piece of cloth which may be at hand; a lesser triangle cut from the base of the first and larger triangle, and you have a V, the first letter of vaccine. Vaccination as a word is peculiar, in suggesting to the most illiterate that it begins with V, and V seen on the arm of a person is hence suggestive of *vaccinated*, and is at once a danger signal to the wearer. Railroads protect by signals their charges, and why should not the medical profession protect its vaccination train? Prophylaxis is considered by many to be the highest sphere in medicine; if this is so, is it not desirable to make it as perfect and complete as possible? Something cheap, simple, expeditious and efficient it seems to me is in this manner obtained. It is easy to make, easy to sew on (easier than a band), and no choice necessary (except, perhaps, to select the most conspicuous, if there is a choice), in selecting the kind of cloth.

Let us hope some one will present this subject to the ASSOCIATION, and something in this much needed direction be accomplished by the profession at its next National meeting. Very truly,  
H. L. GREEN, M.D.

### Big Things.

To the Editor:—In a friendly chat with one of my medical friends, recently, I asked him why he did not take the JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. His reply was as follows: "It is too full of *big things*." There is some truth in this assertion. The JOURNAL is often full of big things; my friend claims that the so-called expert and the specialist are allowed too much space in which to air themselves; that it requires too much effort upon the part of the country doctor to digest the "big things." He says the country doctor's time is better spent in reading a few practical *truths* than in trying to analyze a lengthy article on "Electro-anesthesia and Frequency of Induction Vibration;" "The Esoteric Beauty and Utility of the Microscope;" "Appendicitis with Original Report of One Hundred and Forty-one Histories and Laporatomies for that disease under Personal Observation." To the specialist these big things are really *big*, but to the average country practitioner they are too utterly too too. He has neither the time nor inclination to read these effusions, even if he had the ability to digest them. For the above reasons the country doctor will subscribe for a journal that deals in things not quite so big.

I take the JOURNAL because its contents are from the pens of the ablest men in the profession. (I write, occasionally, *myself*). But I never get on a high horse and try to say things that the reader can not possibly understand. I believe it was Josh Billings who pointed out the folly of learning too many things that were not so. Most of the *big things* in all the journals are examples of this kind of knowledge. I have often thought of writing an article on microbes; in fact did write a squib on the "Microbe of Drunkenness" and suggested the name of Cloridi of Dwightii or Goldii, I have forgotten now which, but it does not matter—*microbes* are *little things* and I am on another subject. But before I forget it, I will say that filth and vermin are often found together, therefore vermin are (or is) the cause of filth, or filth is the cause of vermin, I do not know which; but this is a very clear proof of the correctness of the germ theory. It is very plain to a man who understands it, but I don't understand it, you see.

The next "big thing" to which I call attention, is the nostrum vendor. This dare-devil worries me; every mail brings some of his diabolical literature or some of his infernal stuff, "all free gratis and for nothing." I will treat any doctor in the United States to a plug hat who will show me how to stop this fellow from writing me. One day he

tells me about tablets, the next about pills, the next about elixirs, and then comes the "Ines," "L—ine," "H—ine," "P—ine," "H—ine," "T—ine," "Y—ine," "M—ine," last but not least "B—ine," all of which are certainly *asinine*. If this monster can be killed off I would be glad to know it.

Kentucky has made a raid on him and I hope will rout him. Other States ought to follow suit. Recollect, I am not making war on the "Ines;" they are inoffensive *per se*.

What I object to is the knave who puts on the almanac attachments. "A—a" with its almanac attachment is no better (to me) than "Jayne's Expecto-rant." If a remedy will not sell without this attachment I'll never buy it. If quinin, morphin, opium, chloral, chloroform and calomel should be accompanied with an almanac attachment, together with all the lies that usually go with such, then they too would be stricken from my list of remedies. A remedy that will not sell on its own merits is like a doctor who depends upon a newspaper for his reputation. Neither one will do to trust (in my estimation). The genuine medicine needs no almanac attachment. The first class doctor never advertises. The nostrum vender is a big thing *as a nuisance* and ought to be abated. The advertising doctor belongs to the same category and if you will watch right close you will see these two fellows very close together. The newspaper doctor prescribes nostrums. "J—e," "O—n," "S—c," are favorites with him,—but I must close.

Respectfully yours,  
W. P. HOWLE, M.D.

### The Code and Railroad Corporations.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 16, 1894.

To the Editor:—I have hitherto refrained from discussing Code revision, though mentally applying to *some* of the diatribes forinst the dear old Magna Charta, that well-known couplet:

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw  
With good opinion of the law."

For more than thirty-five years I have associated it with the Decalogue and the Hippocratic oath, never realizing that either of them was particularly irksome, nor believing that all men could be induced to abide by them, however modernized. In elegance of diction and loftiness of sentiment I know of no instrument comparable with it. Its quaintness lends to it an additional charm, and I much fear if we begin to revise and amend it we shall leave nothing worthy the name. Perhaps a better solution of the problem would be to adopt the suggestion and the language of the poet as he saw vandals carrying off the good ship, *Constitution*, piecemeal. He wrote, as you remember,

"Ay, tear that tattered ensign down,  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky.  
Nail to the mast that holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the God of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!"

But if the suggestion of the Committee, to drop the section covering the duties of the laity to our profession, shall prevail, I hope some equally good advice to railroad corporations will be substituted in its place. And this, in connection with Dr. Lichty's timely contribution to your April 7 issue, suggests a reminiscence, for which the indulgence of your readers is solicited.

In the spring of 1869, near Wasatch, on the U. P. Road, the writer was seated in one of five coaches that plunged down a thirty-foot embankment. Upon recovering his equilibrium he closed the door of a stove suspended above his head, to prevent a threatened conflagration, and walked out on the *ceiling* to a place of exit. Several persons were killed outright, among them the nephew of Chief of Police Crowley, of San Francisco, and many more sustained various injuries. For hours the doctor stood in the melting snow, treating all applicants until both of his pocket cases were exhausted, and possibly saving the Company thousands of dollars in the matter of suits for damages. Upon reaching home he was laid up for