his work or more fair and receptive in his understanding and judgment. He accepted all duties referred to him and carried on the work entailed with thoroughness and a disinterested desire for public good. I always felt that he would do his best and do it with loyal affection to the cause and with no desire for personal aggrandizement. No one has been taken from us whose loss has caused more regret or deeper feeling that a real element of effectiveness and personal charm has gone.

CHAS. L. DANA

GEORGE MONTAGUE SWIFT

Dr. Swift belonged to a family of doctors: his father was a doctor, his two brothers were doctors and his son is a doctor. Dr. William Swift, his father, graduated from Harvard in 1809, was surgeon in the navy for fifty-one years and was married at the age of seventy-two. He became the father of three husky boys and was seventy-eight years old when George was born. During the War of 1812 Dr. William Swift entered the service of the navy as the youngest kind of medical officer, rank not exactly defined, an assistant. He was present on the deck of the Chesapeake when General Lawrence gave the command "Don't give up the ship" and the scabbard of the general's sword has been recently presented by the Swift family to a museum.

Dr. George Montague Swift was born in Brooklyn, Sept. 2, 1856. His preparation for college in Riverdale, N. Y., and Amherst was followed by his graduation from Amherst College in 1876 and from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia, in 1879. After two years of service in Bellevue Hospital from 1879 to 1881, he studied in Vienna and Prague for two years and while abroad he was invited to come home to a position as house physician at the New York Foundling Hospital, without examination. My acquaintance with him, begun at medical college, was now renewed and our duties brought us into daily contact, working and lunching together.

It was just at this time that one of the happiest incidents of Dr. Swift's life occurred. At the period when many young doctors are wondering how they may make a start and make a living for the few first years, Dr. Henry F. Walker, whom he adored and who was the attending hospital physician at Bellevue, asked

him to become his assistant, an association which later developed into a partnership. Dr. Henry F. Walker was an exceptional family physician of the good, old-fashioned type; consequently when the two men became partners they were identified with that general practice already beginning to give place to the groupings of specialists. No two doctors of my acquaintance were more trusted and beloved than these. Of Dr. Walker it may be said that he probably took care of more doctors' families than anyone else in the city. His students in the hospital, among whom I may without risk refer to Dr. M. A. Starr, will testify that he was the beloved teacher and family adviser. It has been humorously said by a neighbor, Dr. John S. Thacher, "Walker and Swift fairly littered Fifth Avenue." In those days a doctor's carriage had a distinctive appearance and not so many vehicles were moving on the Avenue as in these times. Dr. Swift's hospital attachments consisted chiefly of his services as attending physician at St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children. Among his associates were Dr. Charles Poor and Dr. Charles N. Dowd, attending surgeons. Besides giving his time and attention to the ward service, he taught students from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Children were always his special interest.

In 1887 Dr. Swift married Bessie Putnam Ely, of Brooklyn. Four children were born to them of whom three survive. Dr. Walker Swift, his son, carries on the name and professional inheritance of the partners, Walker and Swift.

In 1915 Dr. Swift suffered right-sided paralysis with almost total loss of speech, followed by slowly improving paralysis of the arm and leg. It was ten years later that he died and during that ten years his courage and cheerfulness were never failing. Although able to speak but a few words and walking with difficulty with the help of a cane, he was the sunny and plucky member of the household. By going to the opera, movies and lectures and by listening to reading (although he could not discuss), he kept himself informed. Even baseball was a fresh interest to him always. The activities of old friends in the profession were the delight of his life. After one evening of Christmas festivities he went to bed, having had a glorious day with family and grandchildren. Next morning on arising he fell to the floor and immediately expired.

Dr. Swift was a member of the following societies: American Medical Association, New York State and County Medical Associations, The Clinical Society, Harvey Society, Medical and Surgical Society, Academy of Medicine and The Century Association. Among his published works are the following: "Remarks on Adherent Pericardium" in The Medical News, February, 1903; "Chorea, a symptom, not a disease," in the American Journal of Medical Science, September, 1909; "Carditis" in the Medical Record, February, 1914.

When it comes to speaking of one's personal feelings after the death of a very dear old friend of fifty years, living as neighbors and practicing the same profession, the limits of propriety are binding. I cannot refrain, however, from characterizing George Swift as upright and clean. He was handsome and big in physical appearance, always neatly dressed and immaculate. He was clean in language and thought, charitable in his judgments of men and things, generous and sympathetic.

Dr. Swift was essentially a general practitioner, of the type which belongs to the age when the family had a medical adviser and a friend. When he came to be a patient himself, his old patients never ceased to show their sympathy and to shower him with evidences of their appreciation. Among many others the writer will ever regret the passing of the many-sided, brilliant, almost extinct class of wise counsellors and able family physicians among whom we may mention in loving memory the names of Henry F. Walker and George Montague Swift.

WILLIAM P. NORTHRUP

WILLIAM KINNICUTT DRAPER

"Twilight and the evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark."

Happy the man, who has completed his span of life, and has crossed the Great Divide, while still in the full enjoyment of his mental and physical vigor. Still more fortunate will be the lot of that man, if it is permitted that the period of his crossing be brief, and without suffering. Such was the case of our loved and respected colleague, Dr. William Kinnicutt Draper, who in