

# The Doctor's Diary



(Tribune Color Studio photo.)

## One Physician's Fight Against Syphilis

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**O**CT. 3.—I am a doctor. My training qualifies me as a skin specialist, but since I opened my office I have had only a few skin disease patients. The rest were all venereal cases. My friends had told me it would be like that. Now I know they were right and I no longer hope to be able to treat only skin ailments. Nevertheless my practice is interesting.

Today a middle-aged man came into my office. He looked like a well-to-do salesman. I soon found that he had an infection. I had to question him insistently, however, before he would admit he was married and had been maintaining a sweetheart on the side for years. He was sure he could not have caught his affliction from her.

"Bring her here and let me examine her," I said. The woman came. She was a typical coquette. Her diamonds glittered; her sable neckpiece dangled down her back. She had on in all several thousand dollars' worth of adornments.

The microscope confirmed my suspicions. Of course, her disillusioned lover was incensed and the break between them is now irreparable. The worst is that he may have infected his wife. I made an appointment for her tomorrow.

Oct. 4.—The wife has just now left. It is as I suspected. But I am interested in this case less as a doctor than as a student of human nature. I was still busy in my bedroom early this morning when Ludovica, my housekeeper, rapped and said there was a woman out in the office. "She is very plain," she said. "She looks like a scrub-

## Foreword

With this page The Tribune begins the publication of an unusual document. Bearing the title "The Doctor's Diary," it is a physician's honest and nontechnical account of his observations as a specialist in the treatment of syphilis. • The purpose in publishing it is to bring home to the individual that he has an important contribution to make in the war against this insidious plague. He can begin it by designating himself as an honest and open-minded observer on all matters of health. Not an observer who will report on others, but one who will study himself with respect to syphilis and all other diseases. • The Tribune believes that "The Doctor's Diary" will inspire the general reader to this duty to society. The picture to be presented may be shocking. But it is not nearly so shocking as the discovery that an individual has become the victim of precisely this malady. • For these reasons it is considered necessary to preach this plain sermon.

woman, or something." When I saw her I thought the same, for she did not even have on a hat, and sat there in a much-worn work dress.

"Why do you wish to see me?" I asked.

"Didn't my husband make an appointment for me?"

"Your husband? You must be mistaken."

"Why, yes, doctor—that was my husband. He was here yesterday and said I should come today."

So this plain, impoverished woman without even a hat was the wife; and the woman in diamonds and sables, the mistress! Such a contrast I shall not soon forget.

Oct. 5.—My prosperous friend, Baron von L....., who is affectionately known as "Beau Eugene," called on me today about an affliction he had. He seemed annoyed when I told him that the treatment would take weeks—perhaps months. He could not understand why he should have to undergo such discomfort, for he had not

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"had anything," as he put it, for over seventeen years. The dear man thought that when he was rid of his infection he was rid of its after-effects.

I met Beau Eugene many years ago at a dinner given by a local government official. My companion at the table whispered that Beau Eugene was a millionaire manufacturer and the most notorious Don Juan in town, "in spite of his charming wife," who was also present. I observed this wealthy Don Juan with interest. He sat across the table from me and next to a very lovely girl. His wealth must have influenced our hostess to assign him this unsophisticated creature, for there

was a sufficiency of elderly married ladies in the party. The company did not seem to see anything odd in this arrangement; they were evidently accustomed to his philanderings.

But the girl! She knew all about her partner and resembled some wild thing that goes circling about the bait in curiosity, terror, and fascinated premonition. The looks of admiration, shyness, and desire she stole at him were plainly prophetic of the outcome.

He meanwhile proceeded systematically with his purpose, keeping the conversation in an undertone. She would look down the length of the table from time to time, now blushing, now laughing, toying with dangerous and delicious fancies. Despite his graying hair, he possessed all the charm that a man needs in order to turn a woman's head. There was no suggestion in his face of the life he was known to lead. He looked his forty-five years, but the manly beauty of his features had not suffered. Large, black, (Continued on page four.)