As a teacher, Professor Gibbs is said to have possessed great originality and to have inspired all who came under the spell of his genius. In his classroom there were often revealed

> Rich stones from out the labyrinthine cave
> Of research, pearls from Time's profoundest wave
> And many a jewel brave, of brilliant ray,
> Dug in the far obscure Cathay
> Of meditation deep . . .

The late Professor Bumstead, who was among those privileged to study under him, writes:

> Although long intervals sometimes elapsed between his publications, his habits of work were steady and systematic; but he worked alone and, apparently, without need of the stimulus of personal conversation upon the subject, or of criticism from others, which is often helpful even when the critic is intellectually an inferior. So far from publishing partial results, he seldom, if ever, spoke of what he was doing until it was practically in its final and complete form. This was his chief limitation as a teacher of advanced students; he did not take them into his confidence with regard to his current work, and even when he lectured upon a subject in advance of its publication, the work was really complete except for a few finishing touches. Thus, his students were deprived of the advantage of seeing his great structures in the process of building, of helping in the details, and of being in such ways encouraged to make for themselves attempts similar in character, however small their scale. But on the other hand, they owe him a debt of gratitude for an introduction to the profounder regions of natural philosophy such as they could have obtained from few other living teachers. Always carefully prepared, his lectures were marked by the same great qualities as his published papers and were, in addition, enriched by many apt and simple illustrations which can never be forgotten by those who heard them. . . . No student could come in contact with this serene and impartial mind without feeling profoundly its influence in all his future studies of nature.

As a man Professor Gibbs was singularly retiring. With the exception of those few years spent as a student in Europe, he lived quietly during the academic year in New Haven and passed his summer vacations among the mountains of New Hampshire. He never married but made his home with his sister and her family. Professor Gibbs was unfeignedly modest with regard to his achievements, so much so, in fact, that those who were nearest to him believe that he failed to realize his remarkable mental endowments. He never permitted the importance of his scientific work to interfere with the most trivial duties as an official of the college, and he was ever ready to give generously of his time to those of his students who came to him for advice or assistance. In looking through some of his correspondence recently, a member of his family was particularly impressed by the patience he displayed in endeavoring to help those who were victims of some scientific delusion. In several instances he carried on lengthy correspondence with such people, even though they might not be open to conviction, in the effort to point out where their fallacies lay. Ex-president Hadley said of him, "his plain way of seeing straight where other people's preconceived ideas compelled them to see crooked was characteristic of the man and of his work from beginning to end." In a review of his collected papers which appeared in the *Nation*, the opinion was expressed that "Josiah Willard Gibbs advanced science the world over more than it has ever been given to any other American researcher to do," while one who knew him intimately said of him, "the greatness of his intellectual achievements will never overshadow the beauty and the dignity of his life."

> Wherever he be flown, whatever vest
> The being hath put on which lately here
> So many-friended was, so full of cheer
> To make men feel the Seeker's noble zest,
> We have not lost him all; he is not gone
> To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;
> The beauty of his better self lives on
> In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye
> He trained to Truth's exact severity.

FREDERICK H. GETMAN

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

MEDICAL RESEARCH

MANY of the less reputable characters of history have found charitable interpreters in our time. M. Anatole France, for example, put the case for Gallio in a very favorable light. But Gallio's contemporary, Simon, alleged to have been a sorcerer but perhaps only a psycho-pathologist with a *flair* for promising therapeutic improvements, remains proverbially infamous. Yet, on the evidence, it seems that Simon was treated a little harshly. He appears to have made to the Apostles a proposition which would surely have seemed neither novel nor heinous to the Academic Registrars of the schools of Athens or Pergamos. One wonders what Peter would have said if Simon the magician, instead of merely offering the Apostles a fee for a course of lectures, had invited them, for a substantial consideration, to devote their entire energies to research into one problem of psycho-pathology named by himself. This at least is certain, that any such proposal in the twentieth century would be welcomed by a large majority of the general public and an important minority of the medical profession as a praiseworthy, public-spirited action to which the offensive word "simony" could not possibly be applicable.