

**TRIP TO THE "LAND OF  
THE MIDNIGHT SUN",  
SUMMER OF 1905**

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Trip to the "Land of the Midnight Sun", Summer of 1905 by Flavel B. Tiffany

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**FLAVEL B. TIFFANY**

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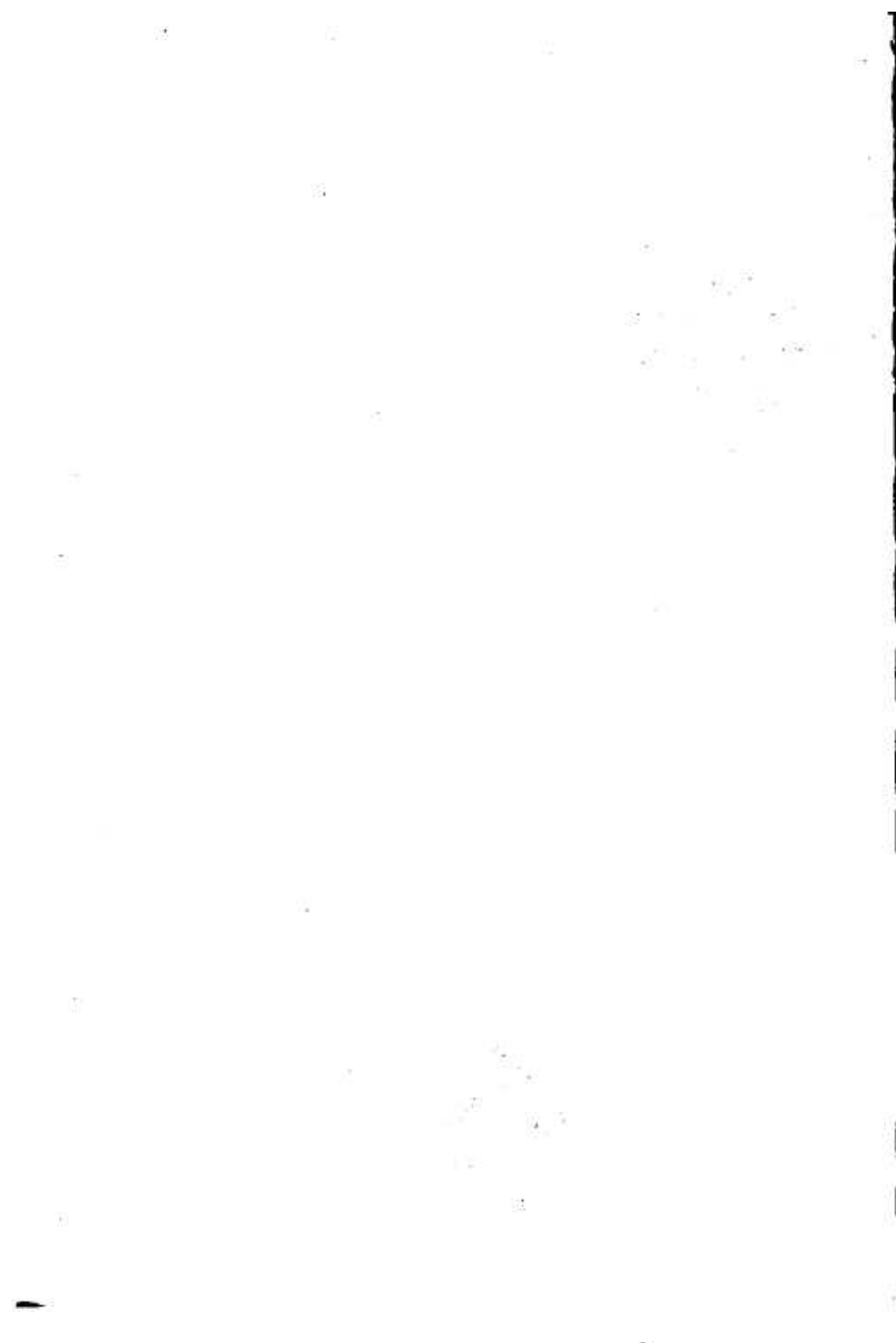
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TRIP TO THE "LAND OF  
THE MIDNIGHT SUN":

*SUMMER OF 1905.*

BY  
DR. FLAVEL B. TIFFANY.





*To the Students of the University Medi-  
cal College of Kansas City, Missouri, who  
have been and are a constant inspiration  
to higher endeavor.*

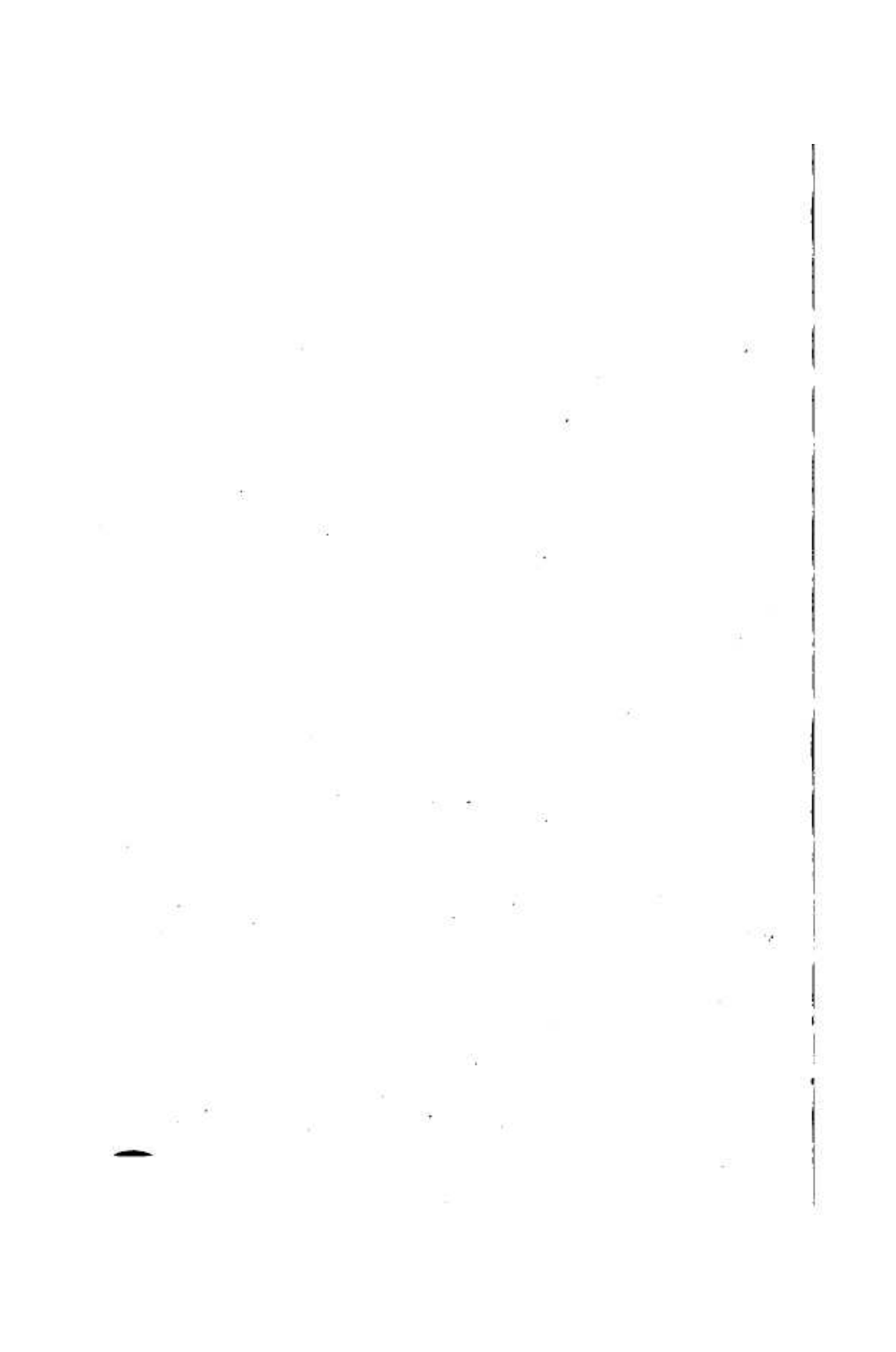
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## Trip to the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

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### CLINICAL NOTES.

*Gentlemen of the University Medical College,  
Class of 1905-6:*

It seems but a few days since I addressed you as Juniors, but during these few days you have stepped from the rank of Junior to that of Senior, and during these few days I have traveled more than twelve thousand miles, crossed eight different waters, traversed as many different countries, and visited and used the moneys of as many different nationalities. And at the farthest point east in my journey, while you were retiring at bed-time, I was making my morning toilet for breakfast.

After our winter's semester, my time was taken up about as usual. Of course there were no students here, nor lectures to give, but the work at the eye and ear clinic, as well as at 805 McGee Street, went on as usual, with now and then a visit to the farm. For it is there in sweet Nature, with the birds and the squirrels, the rabbits and the woodchucks, picking apples and berries, drinking spring water, apple cider, and Jersey cow milk, climbing trees, etc., that I go once or twice a week for recreation, for renewed strength and vigor.

In the language of the poet, I would say:

"To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,  
Comes a still voice." \* \* \* \* \*

It was my purpose this summer to visit the Pacific Coast and attend the American Medical Association at Portland, Oregon (in fact, I was booked for a paper before the Section of Ophthalmology); but Mrs. Tiffany wanted to see the "Land of the Midnight Sun," so, as a compromise, with the understanding that I should spend a portion of the time in the eye and ear clinics with the oculists and aurists, we planned our journey through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

After looking up several routes and sailings of the different ships, we finally decided upon our old friend that had taken us safely and comfortably across several times before—the good ship *Ivernia*, of the Cunard Line; a floating palace, as it were, for here on this large, commodious ship, of 14,000 tons, more than 2,000 people are nicely housed, and one has all the comforts and many of the luxuries of home, besides enjoying the inspiration of kindred spirits.