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FUN IN
A DOCTOR'S LIFE

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(Clevenger, S.)
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FUN IN A DOCTOR'S LIFE

BEING THE ADVENTURES OF AN
AMERICAN DON QUIXOTE IN HELPING TO MAKE THE
WORLD BETTER, AND HOW THE
PROBLEM WAS SOLVED FOR HIM BY OTHERS,
IN ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY

ALSO AN ENDEAVOR TO CONVERT WHAT IS USUALLY STUPID, EGO-
TISTICAL AND UNINTERESTING IN AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, INTO
MANY SHORT, READABLE STORIES AND ESSAYS.
DIDACTIC ONLY THROUGH ENTERTAINING

BY
SHOBAL VAIL CLEVINGER, M. D. E

AUTHOR OF

Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity, Evolution of Man and His Mind, Spinal Con-
cussion, Therapeutics Materla Medica and Practice, Artistic Anatomy,
Method of Government Surveying, Etc., Etc.

1909

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My son

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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Shobal Vail Clevenger

FUN IN A DOCTOR'S LIFE

SOME KINDS OF FUN.

The world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel."—Horace Walpole.

When the upper Wisconsin lumber region was "rough and tumble" there was a yarn that a traveler met several men, one after the other, looking ragged and mutilated as though just from a battle.

The pilgrim naturally asked what was up.

"Oh, nothin', only havin' a little fun with the boys at Oshkosh."

Similar responses were made by the others as they passed and were asked to explain their wounds and disorder. They had evidently had a royal good time, such as Sir Walter Scott described in the career of Richard III with Friar Tuck, or Dumas tells of the roystering fete of Landi, and legends hand down to us of Donnybrook and Kilkenny fairs.

Little Fauntelroy goes forth spotlessly clad and returns mud-spattered, tattered and with a "black-eye" (ecchymosis), to be upbraided by his mother with: "Didn't I tell you not to play with those naughty boys?"

"I didn't, they played with me!"

The first troglodite ape-man who disturbed vested interests by proposing to ventilate and cleanse the caves they dwelt in, had fun with the boys and their stone hammers.

The last reformer who yawped against gang-rule and was put in the penitentiary on a trumped-up charge because of his daring to fight the machine boss, afforded fun to the gangsters and incidentally picked up a lot of it himself, the recollection of which consoles him as he "plays checkers with his nose" in the spaces between crossed iron bars of his cell window.

And he had the fun of trying to reform things.

Fighting is fun for soldiers, and when the fool reformer is a self-appointed soldier to an underestimated task, that grows bigger as he is alternately knocked down and scrambles onward, he can get amusement and satisfaction out of accomplishing trifles or being defeated.

Base ball, foot ball, and other survivals of gladiator and bull fighting entertainments are relished by both sides, participators and "rooters." Gog-Magog eats Davids and Jack Giant Killers daily. Demagogues discomfit reformers perpetually, and if the principles for which the reformer troubled himself and his sleepy neighbors prevail for a time, he is merely remembered as having done something disagreeable on a remote occasion, and the same identical gangsters he fought label themselves reformers, stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, and crowd him out of any participation of benefits.

There are many old saws to comfort him :

“Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,” and the remark of the philosopher Schopenhauer that : “No one can teach this old world anything and hope to escape with a whole skin,” similar to Professor White’s comfortable assurance that : “Everyone who has attempted to do good to his fellows in this world has been made to suffer for it.”

The comfort being in the limitation to “this world.”

Slowly things grow better as we trample over the bones of those who made them so, and so long as right prevails in the end what more can we ask ? There is genuine satisfaction in feeling that you deserved to succeed, whether you did or not, and you have the fun of being on the right side.

Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

Mental evolution develops high types of men who seek wholly the good of their fellows, not necessarily perfect in other matters themselves, for they are mortals like those whose welfare they promote ; who cheerfully sustain privations, misunderstandings, revilings, anything for the sake of the cause they believe in.

The dogged determination of the soldier who stood guard at the gate of Pompeii while the volcano

ashes buried him, may be united with an intellectual conviction that however relative may be the terms right and wrong, when it comes to doing good to others there are spirits of absolute right and wrong, on whose sides are arrayed enlightened good against fathomless evil. No one is more aware of this than the scientific student who, as things of this earth recede, acquires clearer vision and conceptions of what might be worthy of a better world to come.

STRENUOSITY.

Talk about your strenuous life!

Contrary winds, and storms that were not contrary, blew the French barque Duc d'Orleans zig-zagging ninety days from Leghorn to New York, at one time very nearly stopping altogether in the vegetation and drift-covered Sargasso sea.

And in those times, of 1843, barks did much of the passenger carrying, so you had to put up with what the winds and waves afforded you in making time across the Atlantic, instead of rising superior to both as in this twentieth century.

A martinet English captain and timid crew of Italians, a few American passengers and a cargo of marble made up the load, dipping below what is now Plimsoll's mark.

A leak with such a load would have postponed the writing of this book indefinitely, for my parents with their three children were returning to the United States on that vessel. We are descendants of New Jersey and Ohio Quakers, Huguenots and Metho-

dists, but I had to start in life with the equivocation of having been born in Florence, Italy, and thereafter remain under suspicion of being a "dago." One tires of explaining things away, and at the polls foreign born Americans being naturalized by "Act of Congress" takes time to explain, and one runs the risk of challenge as to his right to vote at all.

Saying nothing of the question of eligibility to the presidency on account of foreign birth, because the last heard of the old gag about rather being right than president it was extinguished by some statesman assuring the one who used the expression that he "would never be either."

A "day's sail" from Gibraltar sails were furled, the vessel was "put about," the English burial service was read by the captain, and at the words: "We consign his body to the Deep," a corpse, wrapped in sail cloth with cannon balls at the feet, was slid into the ocean from under its American flag covering, by tilting the board bier.

It was a passenger who had died on the boat, and had asked that his body be kept till the straits were passed and he could be buried in the Atlantic, the waters nearest America. He was my father, the American sculptor, an account of whom appears in some cyclopædias.

Then followed a three days' storm, in the track of which the bark scudded with bare poles with passengers lashed to berths. The discoverer of the laws of cyclones, Piddington, the English merchant

marine captain, was then studying out the material for his celebrated "Horn Book," finally completed at Calcutta, his preface being dated 1859. He showed that by observing the wind direction and keeping track of the barometer ups and downs you could tell what part of the circular storm you were in to be able to avoid it, manage in it, or profit by it. He was a reformer and caught it good and heavy from the wiseacre mariners and officials of the admiralty. They had their fun in abusing him for a fool who pretended to know about storms far in advance and many more things besides, and about the time poor Piddington was ready to die his theories were sustained, and now no ship, big or little, ventures from port without a copy of Piddington's Horn Book. The "horns" are two transparent sets of concentric circles, one for each north and south hemisphere, for cyclones run with the hands of a clock in one and against that direction in the other. One of these flat glass-like sheets is placed over the chart of the ship's position to correspond with the wind and barometer indications and at a glance the navigator knows exactly where he is in the storm and many other particulars a mariner should know, but up to Piddington's time could not know.

Had the captain of the Duc d'Orleans known the laws of cyclones we might have been saved much danger and suffering on that trip, but had Moses had a Ben Holliday stage route he could have gone through his 40 year wilderness in 40 hours, as Mark

Twain suggested. A rail road and locomotive might have reduced the trip to minutes, if the children of Israel had not taken to the woods at sight of the anachronism.

A month or so later,—think of being three months on a trip like that,—the captain was bawling angrily at the man at the wheel, "Hard up!" "Hard up!" and the poor chap evidently was pulling the wrong way, but with every snort of the captain's "Hard up," he crowded the wheel further in the same direction. My little brother Albert translated the command into: "Sopra!" and the wheel flew around in the opposite spin; the captain including boy and steersman in his scowl. Thereafter the little fellow was looked for eagerly when the sailors puzzled over English orders from the officers, but the average Englishman thinks other languages have no rights they need respect.

On arrival at New York, John Jacob Astor, the founder of Astoria, advised my mother in disposing of the marble statuery of my father. The bust of Daniel Webster, now in the Metropolitan Art Gallery in New York, brought \$500, Henry Clay's bust a similar sum, and Washington Allston's friends presented the bust of that celebrated artist to the Boston Athenæum, giving my mother a handsome amount for it.

The newspapers and magazines of that period contained full notices of what the sculptor had accomplished and his death, and Edward Everett, the author statesman, upon receiving the bust he had

ordered and sat for, wrote the following lines, dated Boston, Dec. 21, 1839:

Time, care and sickness bend the frame
 Back to the dust from whence it came;
 The blooming cheek, the sparkling eye
 In mournful ruins soon must lie;
 The pride of form, the charm of grace
 Must fade away, nor leave a trace.

They shall not fade; for Art can raise
 A counterpart that ne'er decays:
 Time, care and sickness strive in vain
 The power of genius to restrain.

Thou, Clevenger, from lifeless clay
 Can'st mould what ne'er shall fade away,
 Fashion in stone that cannot die,
 The breathing lip, the speaking eye;
 And while frail nature sinks to dust,
 Create the all but living bust.

What I take the most pride in is a line at the conclusion of Henry T. Tuckerman's biography of my father, in the "Book of Artists:"

"Brief as was the life of Clevenger, it was for the most part happy, and altogether honorable."

His mother was a French Huguenot of a family of Bunnells, a woman of extraordinary intellect, married to Samuel Clevenger, of New Jersey, probably related to Captain Job Clevenger, of the Burlington militia, who was killed by the British at Crosswicks in the war of the Revolution.

There is also in the history of New Jersey an account of a petition to the king dated 1690, "for better government of East Jersey," and among the signatures is that of John Clevenger. His signature appears in very black ink as witness to wills dated

1702 and 1712 on file in the office of the Secretary of State in Trenton.

Some of the ancient manuscripts and signatures remain quite distinct, as though the nut galls and iron made better ink in those days, about like "beef, wine and iron" tonics of our time. John Hancock's name is the only legible one to the Declaration of Independence.

Oliver Wendall Holmes dissected the "pride of ancestry" business, in showing that the female line has equal claim to character transmission, so a long list of Jones is related to multitudes of Browns, Smiths and Robinsons, any one of whom might as well be taken as a starting progenitor. The 2-4-8-16-32 ratio of forefathers and foremothers lands any of us back to all of the Goths, Huns and Vandals, whose forebears were the wildernesses chuck full of apes. Dr. Baboon, Rev. Gibbon, Prof. Chimpanzee, Gen. Gorilla and Orang-Outang, Esquire, prominent among cebidæ, capuchins, lemurs and successors to amphibia, reptilia, pisces and a sea full of invertebrates.

While glad to hear of John Clevenger of 1690 being an early un-settler of vested interests through his signing the protest, it is likely that the sculptor Shobal Vail Clevenger inherited his ability from his mother, whose Bunnell ancestors escaped from France in the time of Louis XIV, the all around bigot and vulgar ideal of a monarch.

It seems queer in this enterprising period that

some one has not set forth the history of evolution in moving pictures, the gradual transformation by descent of the heavy-jawed, retreating forehead, pointed-eared, furred and tailed Pithecanthropus into the cave dweller, the savage, the barbarian, and finally this last animal with his veneration of "civilization."

The child could be shown growing to adult age and stature, the flower unfolding from the bud, in turn from the leaf and so on, back to the cryptogamous beginning of plant life.

Rapid movement of such historical representation would give startling effects; but were it practicable to put everything one ever did into such kinetograph, at the rate of an hour for a generation of doings, the monkey-shine absurdity of the most solemn, dignified life would be plainly seen. Lord Bacon's for instance. Hop-skipping and jumping around majesty for favors, bobbing into and out of bed, gobbling food, writing, sneaking, scheming and finally repenting and getting into a hole in the ground.

Reversing the order of pictures of this sort gives amusing appearances; I recollect a collision of trains ending with their fall from a cliff. Running the machine backward presented the cars and engines rolling up the hill to the track and the reconstructed trains backing away from one another. But take the life of animals and men either backward or forward, and give bird's eye rapid views of them; then

observe the ant hill, the bunch of earth worms, the writing in the sand.

“Men run to and fro and knowledge shall increase.” Further, the rolling stone does not become a “mossback.” Rough edges are liable to be polished off, also.

Running the biograph a little faster we can look at general results, and later group any details that seem to be entertaining.

But describing caperings up and down the earth's surface without assigning reasons for doing so could include man and the Japanese dancing mouse in the same moving picture.

First Italy, then the sea crossed to New York and Boston, thence to St. Louis, a small Indian trading village on the Missouri river, the “Mound City.” These earthworks of the ancient Mandans I saw dug down and carted away. My earliest recollections began in this town. Then I found myself on my uncle's farm in Ohio, near Cincinnati on the Rocky Run creek, where my big brother Albert took me on rabbit hunts and to see him chop down great trees. I can hear his whistle and songs now, as they echoed among Ohio forests and hills, airs and words popular in the forties and fifties:

“Cob corns twist your hair,
 Cart wheels surround you,
 Fiery dragon carry you off, and
 Mortar and pestle pound you!” and:
 “Did you eber see de debbil,
 Wid his wooden, iron shovel,
 A diggin' up de groun'
 Wid his big toe-nail?”

Then we went to New Orleans and lived there till first my brother died in the yellow fever epidemic of 1853 and my step father followed with consumption, as people persist in calling phthisis.

Back then alone to St. Louis I went, which by 1855 had become a large city of 100,000 inhabitants; leaving school I worked as shipping clerk in my uncle John Yates' boat store. I like to look back on the activities in McEnnis & Co.'s honest old ship chandlery. There never was a hint of any kind of wrong doing, the stores were pure, the accounts straight, the men were well paid, and maybe that was why the firm busted.

Another uncle, John J. Roe, put me in the States Savings Institution as messenger, and I was soon promoted to a collectorship. This was the largest bank in the West. There were no clearing houses and the three collectors ran around to the other banks and to merchants and the sub-treasury, some days taking in a million dollars in gold, silver, bankable funds, as Missouri bank notes were called, and currency or "wild cat," as the notes of banks from other States were known. These last ranged between 10 and 90 per cent. discount, and fluctuated, making a collector as alert as Mark Twain tells how a pilot on the lower Mississippi river had to be, with the shifting banks, sand bars, snags, changing currents and fogs peculiar to navigating that stream. Then doing so at night. He tells of a pilot who took his great steamer safely over a long stretch of the very

worst part of the river, not only at night when nothing could be seen, but as the pilot was a somnambulist, it was on one of the occasions when he was asleep. Twain's comment being: "If he could do that when he was asleep, what couldn't he do if he was dead?"

I took one trip with Sam Clemens when he was a cub pilot on the boat named after my uncle Roe, and another trip with him on the Falls City, a great passenger packet. I think he mentions me in one of his books as a mischievous boy.

I got the California fever and studied Spanish from Ollendorf's Spanish Grammar, and it happens to be about the only language on earth you can pick up from a book, the reason being the invariability of the pronunciation of the letters. Esperanto is largely based on it, and I believe Spanish is the ancient Latin as pronounced in far off ages. Certainly Spaniards are more Roman than those who live in Rome.

But the Indians were too fierce on the California route, so I was switched off to Colorado and New Mexico. Such things as railroads were not dreamed of then. Freight was hauled by "prairie schooners," big wagons, from Leavenworth and Kansas City to Santa Fe and way places.

Back I came to St. Louis and took another trip to New Mexico, wintering near Ft. Wise, afterwards Ft. Lyon, Colorado. In this trip a characteristic experience was in living in my uncle's "palatial"

house while in St. Louis, and turning up in a couple of months in an Indian wigwam on the plains. A school mate of mine, George Bent, a half breed Cheyenne Indian, asked me to come to his stockade at the mouth of Pergatory creek, near Ft. Wise, and to my surprise the stockade was built around some log store houses and we had teepees or buffalo skin tents to live in.

The Civil War was advancing and returning to "the States" I enlisted as a private in a regiment being raised in Kansas City, bobbed around on scouting, recruiting and clerical detached service, along the upper Missouri river from St. Joseph to St. Louis, then went with the troops to New Madrid, next to Nashville, Tennessee, where in the U. S. Engineer Corps we built bridges and railroads, and I was promoted to a first lieutenancy in another regiment and took charge of Sherman Barracks, the general recruiting rendezvous for Tennessee troops, till after the battle of Nashville, when we were ordered to North Carolina, and the war ending I was mustered out of service, started a couple of newspapers in Chattanooga with some officers and soldiers from our army. The papers failed, and with my wife and child we were ninety days going to Montana. I met my wife that was to be during the siege of Nashville, she was far better educated than I was, having graduated from the Western Female College, of Oxford, Ohio, a school on the Holyoke method of Mary Lyon.

At Ft. Benton, Montana, I was probate judge,

hotel keeper, U. S. Court Commissioner and U. S. Revenue Collector, to secure which last position I resigned the judge's place. Previously I held the office of justice of the peace of Jefferson County, Montana, at White Hall, then called White Tail Deer creek station, on the stage route from Helena to Salt Lake City, a fifteen hundred miles route on the way to Omaha by way of Cheyenne, all by stages of Wells, Fargo & Company, whose express receipts read: "This company will not be responsible for the acts of God, Indians or other public enemies of the government." I sent one of these blank receipts to Harper's Monthly Magazine. At White Hall I learned telegraphing, and in Helena earned quite a sun at typesetting on a rush job, having mastered the printing business in Tennessee.

In addition to my "concentrated citizen" occupations at Fort Benton I studied astronomy, meteorology, navigation, and surveying, and soon had a contract to survey the military reservation. The long quiet winters at that isolated fur trading post enabling me to profit by my wife's instruction and help. Indeed I used her school books and through all my subsequent surveys for the government carried a copy of Loomis' Trigonometry and Logarithms that she had used at school in Ohio.

At Sioux City, Iowa, I soon had a lot of friends, among them being a grand old fellow named John H. Charles, who owned a fleet of steamboats on the river. I surveyed in Iowa and Nebraska, finally

building a telegraph line through Dakota in which I owned a third interest, then became a Deputy U. S. Surveyor, surveying many thousand miles of what is now divided into North and South Dakota, then a territory. The Dakota Southern Railway was built later and appointed me its Chief Engineer.

At Yankton, Dakota Territory, I tried to unify three factions of the Republican party by buying separate newspapers, consolidating them into the Press and Dakotian. This was in 1872.

General Alfred Mayer, the chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, then in the Signal Service part of the War Department, asked me to take charge of the weather observing station in Ft. Sully, Dakota, where I spent nearly a year of the happiest time of my life, for I had scientific companionship in the army surgeons, under whom I studied anatomy and chemistry preparatory to my medical school course. Between telegraphing and the signal service I had good pay, but Captain Howgate boodled so much of the signal service funds that the Sully office was discontinued, and under my friend, Commodore Charles, I became a steamboat clerk till I had enough to go through medical school. Graduating in medicine I settled in Chicago, was a physician at the County Insane Asylum, and later had charge of the State Asylum for Illinois at Kankakee; meanwhile and afterward practising my specialty of nervous and mental disease in Chicago at my office and in two of the best and largest hospitals in the United States, with a

small sanitarium at Riverside near the city; writing many books and articles on medicine and science, then coming east to start a great hospital and asylum for nervous and mental disease, but being disappointed took out a New Jersey license to practise medicine and settled at Atlantic City, where I am at this writing.

Incidental trips into Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, and to Washington, D. C., while surveying, and later as an expert in insanity matters, about sum up this egotistical narration. I think it was Charles Lamb who described an egotist as "one who always wanted to talk about himself when you wanted to talk about yourself." You have had no chance on this occasion, and I fear the telling sounds rather dry, but I will try to make up for it by more entertaining stories. And, by the way, a scientific man is handicapped in romancing as he sticks so rigidly to facts. But if a chap tells precisely what has taken place, if he has had such a stormy life as mine, he need do no romancing to beat anything in story books. So, while sticking to what has actually taken place in this narrative, my endeavor has been to keep stupidly unnecessary things out and boil the stories down to matters that one need not doze over.

THWARTING A PROPHECY.

Old Sambo's advice was: "Don't ye never profesy, onless ye know !"

There are instances of patients predicting their own deaths and of attempts by their physicians to keep them alive over the time set for the event.

I had one such case.

The old gentleman took to bed with nothing in particular the matter but loss of interest in life. He concluded finally that on a certain Saturday noon he would depart, and seemed to be bent on the fulfillment of his prophecy.

It is said that natives of Hawaii can lie down and give up the ghost at will, but that a civilized human being would even try to do so while sane, seems preposterous, but we have all sorts of folks among us.

He dwelt so incessantly upon the approaching event I feared that he had some suicide scheme to make himself a prophet, so I set about circumventing him.

The clock was on a shelf on the wall at the foot of his bed, so that any notion of tampering with it by methods familiar to congressmen in legislating 30 hours into 24 was impracticable. In the meantime he was quite jolly and told me of physicians who had

attended his family and for whom he had regard when living in a small country town before coming to Chicago.

One old chap he remembered with positive affection for having saved the lives of every member of his family during long years of attendance as his family physician.

"There wasn't anything old doc didn't know, and at any time of day or night he would leave a meal or get out of bed to come over and fix us up, and he was awful careless in collectin' as lots of good doctors are."

"Once I owed the old doc \$150, and gave him a six months note for it, and in three or four months he said he was so hard up for cash that if I would put up \$50 he would give me back the note and call it square, and as I didn't know any easier way to make money than that I took him up, and the old simpleton didn't know he could hev sold the note and got more than I giv him."

"Manys the time I've seen the old fellow so hard up his family must hev lived on thin air, but he never failed to help everyone whether they paid or not, and I think underfeedin' used him up sooner than if he had ben a good business man. Old doc was thought so much of he mite hev faked it and made big money, but he thought more of curin' folks than gettin' paid for it, and you know how big doctors' bills look after you get well, and we jest keep puttin' off payin' of 'em till we jest hate the sight of the doctor and

feel like gettin' even for the oncomfortable feelins his bill gives you. Naturally you get another doctor next time that you don't owe nothin' to, as you don't feel like payin' old bills that ain't pressin'."

Well, the old patient who got off all this rigmarole about how he loved his other doctors, approached the time he had set for buckling on his wings, and I got his wife's consent to keep him asleep over Saturday, and he got back his senses late Sunday afternoon to find the voluminous Sunday editions of newspapers handy for convincing him that he had slipped a cog or two of time and was still alive.

It seems ridiculous, but the old hypo was mad clean through about it. He cussed and took on as if he had been swindled. One of his remarks being "You think yer dam smart, don't yer?"

But he got up and for years was trotting around the streets trying to put up with the world awhile longer. If any thing could have induced him to consent to live it would have been to have had a hand in the profits made on Wall street by selling cats and dogs to the government, as the stock gamblers did in 1907.

WIRELESS FROM MARS.

The wireless telegraph operator merely took down the words as they came, with no idea of their origin, or for whom they were intended. Some previous understanding doubtless had been made as to a future communication which was now radiating to stations other than the one intended.

And this was the message:

The planet you call Mars is a billion years old, of your length of years. About a hundred million years ago we had passed through all the monkey stages of development that earth folks are still experiencing, and began to see that our mountains were washing down, our seas were drying up, and that sandy deserts were not only spreading over the planetary surface, but rains were ceasing, the atmosphere was thinning and vegetation was scarcer and more difficult to cultivate.

Many contending nations killed each other off, however, before the survivors would listen to astronomers, geologists and other scientists as to what should be done to prolong the lives of the miserable few who remained scattered over the surface wherever an oasis permitted existence. Even then false teachers misled

the people for their own ends, as your politicians and sovereigns do with you.

Finally a remnant of survivors began a co-operative system of engineering expedients to widen the oases upon which they lived, the seas having by this time entirely disappeared, the hills being flattened, and the extremes of alternating temperatures killing off everything animate, whether plant or animal, save in a few green spots here and there; and in only one of these was there any intelligent plan for bettering conditions; the fittest to survive in the other places up to that time being those exerting the most fraud or force. But nature could not be controlled by such means, and when it was found out that intelligence had increased possibilities in the one spot of expanding cultivation, it was suggested that an expedition should set out to wrest the place from its inhabitants and enslave them so the conquerers could enjoy the new land without working themselves.

But only a few families reached the destination, and they were in a sorry condition appealing for help to those they meant to injure, as repentant miscreants do, till the next chance they have for mischief.

By ages of training the owners of the last farms and factories were so different from the race that had perished, the remnant of the portion which had taken refuge with the intelligent workers became a serious problem to the good community. The old plan would have been to slay them, isolate them by jailing or banish them; but recognizing their common origin

from remote monkeydom and being unable to transport them to earth, where they would soon be riding in automobiles about Newport, buying up legislatures and as New York bankers duping weak minded secretaries of the treasury into handing over the national billions for gambling purposes. So the martians took up the burden and started in for conversion, knowing that thousands of years must pass before results were apparent. And a big thorn in the social body was this pariah set, for eternally were they cooking up schemes for turmoil, wreckage, self aggrandizement, and to subvert all plans of the community upon whose hospitality they lived. Eventually, however, the malcontents grew up to the standards of the others and became more like their hosts, with reversions here and there in hospitals and asylums.

Through dire necessity the planet was worked over into canal systems to bring the water from the poles as the ice melted, guiding it to the hot equator whence it was returned by parallel canals to melt more snow and to provide for navigation and irrigation of widening oases with their vegetation.

In northern summer time the polar ice and snow partly melted flowed southward, even beyond the equator. In the northern winter the south pole furnished water to the southern set of canals connecting with the north system, the heated equator water warming the temperate regions. The "white spots" above the equator are lagoons for shunted ice to remain till melted and returned to the canals as

water. Cold water runs from poles to equator and beyond and back again in other canals as warmed water, accounting for the doubling of canals so puzzling to you earthly observers.

We have engineering methods here you could not understand, as you have not advanced in physics and chemistry enough to comprehend them. We are also vastly stronger than the earth people, not only bodily but mentally, so that we know all that you do and more that you are incapable of knowing, though the entire secret lies in what a teacher told you a couple of thousand years ago, whose words you repeat as the parrot does, with no meaning conveyed to most of your brains, with no actual following of what he gave up His life to teach, for you slew Him and still persecute His real followers, heaping wealth upon the organizations that pretend reverence for His name and memory, while mocking His teachings.

We people of Mars are of one mind, we see the truth as in a few million years you will be able to do, and we know of no wealthy class, no wretchedly poor such as you have, no rulers who while claiming to be public servants rob and enslave you.

We are happy with every breath we draw of the attenuated air we still breathe, but know the time is approaching when the air being all used up, the water vanished from the planet, life as we now live it will have ceased, to be followed by some forward step in the evolution of the universe, inevitable and best for all of us, yourselves as well as us and the other planet-

arians in this solar system, all of us but a drop in the universal ocean.

Your world will pass through the same experiences, for you are younger than we are, having been cast off from the sun much later than was Mars.

You will find that vicissitudes are your best friends and instructors that working together for the common welfare will give you the only heaven you can have on earth; that until you pass your monkey rapacity, vanity and treachery you will not even know that you have a soul.

As the laws of nature could not be juggled with there ceased to be use for other professions than the medical in charge of laboratories and hospitals, and the engineering to superintend vast public works. The planet being one vast system of united co-operative workings.

OLD NEW ORLEANS.

Some boasting of earliest memories was silenced by one telling that he remembered crying before he was born, for fear he was going to be born a girl.

I distinctly remember being blown up with some gunpowder I was playing with, in trying to imitate my bigger brother's show of the burning of Moscow. He had shown me how he lighted a train of powder and it exploded under a box at the farthest end. I had merely lighted the wrong end, and when I came to, with eyelashes, brows and hair singed off, remarked to the little girl in whose honor I was making the demonstration, that I "wished I did run faster." This was at the fifth year or so, previous to this I had rolled out of a window upon a porch roof from which I was about to fall several stories when a man, attracted by my sister's screams, caught me by the hair just in time. This I only know of through hearing of it.

But the mishap that preyed upon my youthful dreams and made me shiver with terror, was dated from the spoiling of my first pair of pants. I had stained the white garment with the green juices of a wet lawn upon which I sat. My mother changed me

back to frocks, saying, "that settles it, you will have to wear petticoats as long as you live."

Terrific pictures of myself grown to big manhood, but still arrayed in short gowns, disturbed my repose for long years afterward, and to this day the anguish of the anticipation is well remembered. It also reminds me that my youngest boy made up his mind to remain in bed the rest of his life because he did not fancy some new garments his mother handed him one morning.

Poor kids! what a nuisance parents are with their eternal scolding about your making too much noise, getting your feet wet, not washing face and hands; telling you over and over again till you get sick of it, that you must hold your knife, fork and spoon just so; not to make slobbering noises when you eat soup, and not to wipe your hands on the table cloth.

This constant looking at every little thing you do makes you wish you never had parents. Can't they let a feller grow up natural, and not spoil his fun always? They forget they were young once, and they make you wear your overcoat to school all sorts of weather for fear it might turn cold. Why, its better to run the chances of getting pneumonia than to be nagged about clothing all the time.

Professor Hall thinks we ought to be allowed to act like savages and to use slang and fight; that it is natural and is in the order of development, but fool parents say its hard enough to bang the monkey and savage out of us at any age, and the sooner they begin

the less there will be for the rest of the world to do in trying to civilize us.

We must reconcile ourselves to the time when we will know as little as father.

For a year previous to 1880 I had worked on a scientific article entitled Plan of the Cerebro-Spinal System, and in the summer read it at the Boston Institute of Technology to a great assemblage of scientific men, and fagged out took a run down to New Orleans to a meeting that winter of the American Public Health Association, the badge of which gave us free car rides. But we could not get on Jim Crow "Star" cars unless we smoked, an intimation that smokers were not as good as white men.

After the yellow fever epidemic which carried off 35,000 in a population of only three or four times that number, in 1853 and 1854, I had been in the north, but found few changes in all these years on my return, except that everything was turned around from what it was when I was a boy. If you come to a familiar city and happen to be asleep or otherwise miss the turnings from the straight line you fancy you are traveling, you have to right yourself by a positive effort upon arrival. Well, I was so badly about-faced that when I made up my mind to go to a certain part of the city I recollected quite well, I had to turn my back on it and go away from where I thought it ought to be, and I would then arrive safely. The river banks towering above the town had whirled off to where the bayous had been, and the ends of the city had swapped

places, the canals ran the wrong way, but after I had met my boyhood friend, Gid. Folger, and had been welcomed to his house, things spun around to their places again.

A flood of early impressions were recalled, as I sought out my childhood haunts. Gideon had been in the first Louisiana artillery as a lieutenant, and claimed he would have double shotted his 12 pounders had he seen me among the yankees. Gid.'s skull was shattered and he had cuff-buttons made of bones from his head injury.

His father had a good home on Apollo street, with a big library I was permitted to enjoy. Gid. took me to the stables and asked me if I recollected chalking a door with "Cave Canem," pointing to what was left of the marks during a quarter century. It gave my heart a thump or two, and pleased me to think my playmate had kept the souvenir.

The Folgers had several slaves and among them was Aunt Chloe, who always claimed to be a "tousan' years ole," she told of "de elephants what knocked down de nigger huts on de Congo."

In experience of savagery and the thing we call civilization may be she was that old. I have felt like it myself sometimes.

I recollected the negresses carrying trays on their heads crying "Marchand cakes, Marchand pies, Latania," the latter being a species of fan palm with iris like blades used for weaving baskets and similar wares. In the 50's great hoop skirts were worn, but

the peddlers could only afford a hoghead hoop at the bottom of their single garment, making them cone shaped, and when too near a wall causing disasters that amused the gamins.

Where Apollo street ran into Carondelet street there was a Ponchartrain Depot, now a Jewish Home of some sort. Tivoli circle, now Lee's monument, was a filled up basin for ships from which extended a canal with the famous "shell road" over which "2.40" races were run by gigs. In my time part of the canal was filled up and the basin called the new one was constructed farther away from town. Boys were forbidden to swim in the canal nearer town than the second bridge, and as that was pretty far the law was broken if no police saw them swimming.

One hot day the water was so inviting that a school full of boys risked capture. Soon the cry of "Police!" went up, and there was a scurry with varying luck of escaping with or without clothes. I did not know how to swim, but did so all right, getting across the canal and out of danger of the calaboose, but the gendarmes with crescent badges sat on my duds and invited me to come and get them.

Hiding till night fall a boy friend found a barrel for me, with which I clothed myself and by going unfrequented ways reached the mulberry tree near my window, climbed it and got into bed. Next morning I was thrashed for daring to put on my Sunday clothes to go to school in, bringing out the explanation of having no others.

Beating was too much the vogue in those days. At home and at school the rod was being worn out over every one too helpless to prevent it. Teachers here and in St. Louis whipped children so much that it brutalized them and caused them to fight each other constantly as the approved caper.

John Russell Young, who was ambassador to China under President Grant, attended the same school with me in New Orleans. The teacher was partly deaf, and to hear whether the strokes he made on the children's hands with the rattan were the causes of the queer sounds accompanying his performance in castigation or not, he sometimes held his ear quite close to the hand he was smarting, whereupon to make it more realistic the youngsters would buzz louder than ever. He did not seem to discover that the boys made the buzz, buzz, whiz noises with their mouths in time with the descent of the rattan, but he caught me laughing at the absurdity of it all, and called me up for a taste of the music. Then I quituated through a window opening down to the porch. In fact that was a habit of mine and I finished several schools in the same way. Every time there was a prospect of getting a licking I left.

Quaint old New Orleans with its mediæval like houses, some of them in the French quarter with gargoyles pouring water from the roof; the wall being dryer came in old times to be accorded the place of honor, particularly for females, and many silly duels

were fought to gain the wall side; today we still place the lady inside the walk dating from this origin. Then there were sconces or large iron link rings on other walls in which to place torches. Link boys still lighted you through the streets for a picayune. Gas lighting had been adopted in many places in Europe and America, but in the 50's in New Orleans I recollect lard oil lamps with wicks from square tin boxes being the means of illumination, and I saw people turn out on Canal street to look down the row of twinkling dimness, and remember one remarking that there would not be so many murders now at night in the streets.

I broke my leg with a heavy iron swing I pushed at Cheltenham park in playing, and for months was abed, but devoured books, among them Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which I read over many times and which affected all my subsequent life. From my window I watched the erection of a vast hotel, the St. Charles; towering to the skies with massive pillars fronting a deep porch. I recall wonder that there was money enough in town to afford so grand a structure. On my return in manhood, the hotel had diminished to a cracker-box size of three small stories, and the pillars were hollow and wooden. How things shrink as we grow!

Gulliver must have had the same feeling in Lilliput. My boyhood haunts; the houses, staircases, cisterns above ground, parks, cemeteries, so imposing in dimensions; all shrunken to toy-like sizes.

Great cane brakes lined the shell road along the canal to the sea, tall bamboos that crowded so close that a few feet in the brake shut one away from sight or finding a way back. The bayous were around the city and from the cypress stumps boys crayfished. Once, barefooted, I saw a queer looking crayfish coming up the stump toward me with his tail curved over his back and a sting on the end of the tail. "Scorpion!" I yelled and went up in the air, string, pin-hook, bait and twig-rod; losing interest from that moment in bayou fishing.

The old fire companies were interesting. A fat boy weighing about 400 lbs. ran with number 18; he was known as the "Apollo street baby," and made more noise at fires than ten other firemen. The machine was the old brake pump box, with ram on top, and fire plugs were fought for and the captain mounted the ram yelling creole French oaths and trumpeting to the pumpers, a row of whom were at each pole at the ends of the wonderful squirter.

These volunteer fire companies came out in new rigs when a clothing store burned, and the saying was that they set fires themselves to make their living. Bloody fights accompanied each conflagration; getting first to the blaze seeming to be the most creditable thing, so if two machines came to a plug simultaneously nothing but battle could determine to which engine it belonged, and sometimes the house had burned down before it was settled.

Our monkey mannered forefathers used to argue

right and wrong in similar ways; walking over red hot plow-shares, stabbing each other with lances. Law suits were adjusted that way and the present usually is about as sensible a method. Bellowing before a judge and jury, who might as well pull straws for a verdict.

The plebiscite of Napoleon III by which he tricked France into making him emperor was still talked of in the 50's, as it took long months for sailing vessels to bring news across, and I well remember following the events of the Crimean war between the allied English and French against Russia. Every great war since has taught me much geography and history and hanging other information around what is thus acquired is the natural way of learning and should be made use of in teaching also. "Authority" repels the one who can only learn by reasoning. Interest your youngsters after the Froebel plan in something worth knowing, then add, to that other, related affairs.

Madri Gras processions and tomfooleries always disgusted me, particularly as malicious people threw quicklime in the faces of bystanders, pretending to throw flour, which was customary.

The lagniappe or extra something claimed by purchasers at groceries, etc., in New Orleans is a peculiar custom, and finds a modern parallel in the absurd stamp gift added to your goods by storekeepers. A moment's reflection would convince any one with a head on his shoulders that the buyer pays for such

lagniappe, and big round prices too; the way out would be to refuse such temptations and not deal with stores that offer the stamps.

When the river broke its banks and flooded the city it was called a crevasse, and many a time I poled my way on a raft to school, the houses sometimes, as school buildings were, being built upon brick pillars to lift the first story above possible floods.

The surface of the streets was but a few inches above permanent water and bricks that tipped in the sidewalk and squirted mud on the frilled shirts and duck trousers were called "dandy traps."

The highest part of town was where Cypress Grove cemetery is, where my brother and step-father are buried. During the yellow fever of 1853 and '54 trenches were dug into which the dead were laid and covered with quick lime. A strange forerunner of efficient prevention, had it been largely enough practised, was in burning tar barrels in the streets occasionally during the epidemic. Mosquitoes could have been suppressed by that means and the plague stopped, but alas, no one knew anything about the disease then. A third of the city was slain. I had the fever at the same time with my mother and brother. I heard the corporation cart drivers back up their wagons to the curb, and cry out: "Bring out your dead." The coffins were mere boxes daubed with lamp black. All the carriages were used for hearses and mourners walked if enough were left to accompany the corpse. The negroes did not

seem to suffer from the sickness, at least not generally.

Dr. Edmund Andrews and I had a room at the great St. Charles while we attended the Health Meeting in New Orleans in 1880 ; an honor I could not have anticipated when I saw the hotel built ; and as we stepped into a Pullman car to go to Chicago, bang went a pistol and a ball flew between us, sounding like old times ; Andrews also had been in the army as a surgeon. A pallid commercial traveler of Memphis ran down the aisle chased by the female who fired the shot, and who cried out : "I love you and I kill you."

Dr. Andrews always had a keen sense of the absurd, and laughingly remarked, "In logic that's what we would call a non-sequitur. But this is the Sunny South, sure enough."

Dear old Doctor Andrews, one of nature's noblemen. An original thinker, a skillful surgeon, gifted scientist and writer, truthful, honest, a well wisher for every one, and like many another happy hearted genius he liked his joke. I have often seen him at clinics and college quizzes laughing heartily at some comical answer a student had made. He would stand on one leg and laugh, and then stand on the other leg and laugh, and the boys with him. For instance : "Mr. Hayes, what would you do in case of post partum hemorrhage?"

"I would tie the post-partum artery."

Another freshy was asked to bound the cervical

triangle and in the course of his replies included the ramus of the pubes.

The doctor wanted to know if that wasn't rather a long triangle.

We always welcomed the clear, thorough lectures of Professor Andrews, illuminated with his wit and kindness.

The train stopped at a Bayou station just outside of New Orleans, and put off both the Memphis drummer and his sweetheart, leaving them standing side by side, dejectedly. Some one said she was a chambermaid at a hotel in the city. Further deponent knoweth not.

The old French ditty seems applicable:

*Le petit homme tant joli,
Qui toujours chante, et toujours rit,
Qui toujours baise sa mignonne;
Dieu gard' de mal le petit homme.*

THE SONS OF SENEGAMBIAN SIMIANS.

The Grand Patriarch rapped the meeting to order and asked :

“What am the objecs of our noble order?”

The response of the assembled brotherhood was :

“Hope, coslosterousness and polotomy!”

“Who suggested dat motto fur us?”

“George Ade!”

Finally the committee on charity reported that the request for aid from the widow of a former simian was unfavorably regarded, as she had six children who in a few years might earn enough for her support; and besides, the funeral expenses of her husband had used up much of the charity funds.

A brother attracted the attention of the patriarch and remarked :

“Whaffur is dat expense charged to de charity fun'? it orter ben de vanity fun', fur dese niggers jest showed themselves off, struttin' de streets in regalys an' banners. Mity pore charity to spen' so much on tomfoolery an' let de widder and kids starve!”

“De brudder simian is out of order an' mussn't

asparage de committee wisdom!" said the patriarch as he banged his gavel on the stone.

"Whars all dat money de treasurer had lass year?"

"Disbussed in expenses, ob course."

"Yass, but wot kin' er expenses. Paradin' and showin off, picknickin, funeral percessioning and sich like.

"And lemme ax, brudder simians, whas de good ob all dis paradin' and showin' off? Makin de sidewalk niggers jealous and wantin' to pull razers on ye; an' all dis time dere aint a cent fur der widdy an' de orfan we chew de rag about so much!"

"Let de widdy and orfan take in washin, de sassiety cant support all de lazy niggers in creation," replied another member.

"No, but ye give some odder lazy niggers jobs as secretary and treasurer an' wot dey don't get fum de treasury we spen' in marchin' and celebratin', as dough we cared a mity lot fur de contents ob de hearse. If you fuss over me dat way I'll hant yer. You jest pay my ole woman de cost of a nonsense blowout, and give me a fifty cent funeral. Dats more like charity!"

The chaplain said: "De munificens ob dis sassiety muss be kep up. If we do our alms on de quiet who is goin' to know what a charitable order we is, an' if we don't do no paradin' whos goin to care to jine?"

The patriarch then ended the discussion with: "De interruptin' brudder has lived a couple of hun-

dren years too soon; why, even white sassieties don't give up parade money fur fool charity no one ever hears on."

In another organization of white men there was a matter of fact secretary who wanted to run things too much his own way, and was a crank concerning new ideas no one had ever thought of but himself.

Upon returning from a funeral of a former organist of the society, the secretary reminded the members that the undertaker's bill and banquet at two dollars a plate figured up about \$500, and suggested that at least another hundred dollars should be appropriated to the widow and her children, as they were penniless.

No one responded.

The secretary was surprised, but repeated the reason for the appeal, and added that she was a very respectable and worthy person, as all present knew, and her cupboards, walls and floor were bare and she had nothing to buy food for her family.

Not a sound.

The peppery secretary was mad: "Will no one second the motion?" He asked. As silence continued he pointed to one after the other, asking: "Won't you second it?"

"Won't you? or you? you? you? you?"

They were dead ones.

Peppery took off his regalia collar and slammed it down on the desk, with: "I am no longer a member of the order!"

Long years afterward another assembly turned

down Peppery's suggestion that cases of suspected suffering should be investigated and aid given even though no application were made, as deserving persons entitled to help frequently preferred starvation to being under obligations to any one; even though the order claimed to help worthy members. Such folks, he reminded them were foremost in assisting others but would never claim help for themselves.

In fact, one needy member replied when asked why he would not accept assistance that belonged to him: "Yes, and have it thrown up to me every day of my life, and be handicapped in all business thereafter. No, thanks!"

Peppery was making himself unpopular by objecting to the too free use of the funds by a select few, the other members remaining neutral, even saying nothing when the coterie jumped on Peppery for his suggestions. But rings watch for opportunities to get even, and when Peppery found a widow of a member sick, helpless, with no money, having no means to pay railway fare to where she might have aid, the committee reported gleefully that she was not worthy as she had an able bodied son who was working in a restaurant. Now things superficially stated may sound badly for an applicant, and it is the uncharitable way to always construe things against the needy. It was true she did have an able bodied son, a chap 20 years old, who was at work when the committee called on her, but that son had been six weeks sick near to death and was bravely trying to

keep on his feet, the mother and son parting with all they had even prospectively, when both were disabled from working.

After the committee report had been received, the committee discharged with thanks, the matter of a Fourth of July parade was taken up and appropriations galore rushed through.

Aggregate human nature is made up of individual human nature. There was an old druggist whose face smiled benignly perennially, and whose heart was on his sleeve with beaming charitableness. But, lo and behold, let a beggar approach, and the mask dropped. Hard, harsh lines and a scowl repelled the mendicant, who was lucky if he got off without a free opinion of tramps, bums and similiar undesirables. And all this when knowing absolutely nothing about the seedy person, or waiting for him to ask for aid.

As Bulwer says:

'Tis a right good world to live in;
To lend, to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
'Tis the damnedest world that ever was known.

AMONG MEXICANS.

Mexicans and Indians of many tribes swarmed the plains and mountains in the fifties, and before there was such a place as Denver I was at Pike's Peak and saw the early prospectors thronging there.

Pat Casey was a rich mine owner, and to be one of "Colonel Casey's night hands," was a password. He bought his mine from men who had abandoned it on reaching bed rock, but Casey ignorantly worked through bed rock and struck it rich. His managers could not steal him poor. He could not write his name, and gave great sums to anyone who flattered his vanity; for instance, boot blacks calling him colonel got ten dollars for it. He paid \$300 for one night's use of the bridal chamber in a New York hotel, sleeping alone in the gorgeous bed with his boots on.

Several other instances of sudden fortune, usually with return to poverty were known to me.

An angry Mexican mayor domo, as wagonmasters are called, threatened me with a knife and called me a "damned American." The title amused me so much I laughed, as the possibility of such a thing had

never occurred to me. Boy like, I thought any other people could be damned but our own. The following year I met the same Mexican in Kansas City, and as I had on an army uniform he was greatly perturbed and apologized, but I dismissed the matter with, "el es nada," it's nothing.

Those scamps of many colors, mixed with Indians, Moors, Spanish and Africans, are picturesque, but when I first saw Las Vegas I wanted my mother, and was awfully homesick. They were so utterly foreign in everything.

A respectable white Sonoran, Senor Don Epifanio Aguirre, took me over the plains and paid me a salary out of proportion to my services, and it gave me a swell-head that later happenings had to subdue. He was courting an American lady, and as I wrote his Spanish and English letters, he came to trusting me with translating his letters to his sweetheart, but the fulsome Spanish idiom does not admit of literal change to English words, and he knew enough English to know that I had anglicized the sentiment of his love letters too coldly, as he thought, so he asked me to make a literal translation, and I did to his admiration, and he resisted all my arguments that he would be ridiculous in her eyes if he sent it; but he was obstinate and did so; then she requested him to write in Spanish and she would have her father's clerk translate for her. She seemed to think it a trick of mine, as when younger I had been sweet on her myself.

About as pretty a sentiment to be found in Spanish is a little verse:

Saber lo mucho que te amo
Si contares las flores del suelo,
Las estrellas que cubran al cielo,
Y las olas que baten la mar.

Which is about the only thing of the kind in that language I ever found capable of almost literal translation into English with preservation of sense. Trying my hand at the change to our tongue I succeeded to this extent:

To know how much I love thee,
Thou must count the earth's flowers o'er,
The stars that shine in the heavens
And the waves that beat on the shore.

Several old time songs I frequently heard in those days I find are unknown to the Mexicans of today, so I may be pardoned for wishing to perpetuate a couple of them. One was an old love song: una canta de amor:

El corazon me palpita,
Al oir tu dulce voz,
Quando la sangre se advierte,
Se pone en agitacion.

Tu eres la mas hermosa,
Tu eres la luz del dia,
Tu eres la estrella mia,
Tu eres mi dulce amor.

Que importa que noche y dia,
En te sola estoy pensando,
El corazon palpitando,
No cesa de repirtir.

Negro tienes tu cabello,
Tu taille linda y airosos,
Manos blancos, pies preciosos,
Ton aire tienes al fin.

Meaning that he was terribly agitated over her beauty and his heart would not behave itself. The chorus is very pretty and the air like our modern rag time: syncopated.

A teamster's song tells of a child talking to her mother, that here come the wagoners, mother, they are nearing the lagoon, and the wagoner in front, mother, is already making a fire:

Ya vienen los carreros, mamma,
Llegando a la laguna,
Y el carrero delante, mamma,
Llegando haciendo lumbre.

At Albuquerque the big merchant of that period, Senor Don Ambrosio Armijo, who was red-headed, a rare thing among Mexicans, asked me to come to his house to see a piano he had brought across to Taos and then to Albuquerque at much expense. It had only been opened to dust it, as no one knew how to play on it. I sat down on the stool, causing wonder at the screw adjustment for height, a mystery previously to them, and having been taught some accompaniments by my sister, which was about all my instrumental repertoire, I tinkled off a few American airs and then waded into the "Canta de Amor," just mentioned.

Whirling the stool around, I found the floor filled with squatted Mexicans, called in by admiring Armijos, and the family wanted me to stay and teach la senora music at a prodigious salary. My inborn civil service instincts revolted at making a humbug

of myself, pretending to teach what I did not know, and I told Armijo that if he advertised in a New York paper for a music teacher at that salary, \$300 a month, the plains would be covered with excellent ones breaking their necks to get to him. Remember it was fifty years ago.

I wintered once with the Cheyenne tribe which was warring with the Utes in Colorado, and observed that the vaunted Indian remedies were *hocus pocus* nonsense, like osteopathy, Christian science and other fakes. A few things they did were serviceable, but most of their medicine was repulsive or consisted in scaring devils of disease with noises. My feet were frost-bitten once and an old squaw chewed up some rabbit manure and applied it in my moccasins, with soothing and curative results, but the most of their other "remedies" are ineffective, superstitious and silly.

How mystery is liked by those who think the Indians "know it all!"

Another popular mistake is that the Indian is dignified. Quite the contrary, he has boyish love of fun, and constantly plays pranks and invents coarse jokes. Some of their nicknames are too filthy to repeat.

SOLDIER FUN.

General Sherman's remark that "war is hell" can be realized as true by those only who participated in it.

Yet, incidentally, comic situations occur, and yells of laughter may go up in battles, as when at the siege of Nashville I saw one of our bomb-shells meet a rebel shell about half way between us, taking it out of each other harmlessly for either side; the extreme rarity of such a thing making our armies at confronting lines of earthworks, caper and yell with delight and surprise; but over went a lieutenant of artillery who had been waiting for his 12 pounder to cool, seated near the embrasure reading an Ohio newspaper some weeks old. He was shot by a sharpshooter while peeping along his cannon to see what impression other gunners' shots were making in riddling the cupola of a distant seminary where the rebel sharpshooters aimed at us. A surgeon and I were on horses in the first day's fight, looming up like pictures of fool generals above the embankment, in ways generals never do. An old artillery sergeant walked to us, saluting and suggesting: "Gentlemen, you had better move your horses down hill; them sharpshooters is gettin' your range."

We then recalled having heard the zip, zips in

the branches and leaves over head, and as we had no business there anyway we took his advice. "Pap Thomas'" headquarters were in the old Acklin place below the outer line of fortifications, and a picturesque pagoda tower served the mansion as a water supply means.

Going back to my barracks I heard that Andy Johnson, the military governor of the State, had been captured by a squad looking for citizens to dig earthworks. The old chap was fond of his joke and never said anything in protest, but, as they passed his yard gate he slid in and bolted it, and probably the soldiers never saw his escape, as they were busy gathering up others for the press gang.

My boys presented me with a petition to be permitted to leave the barracks and go to the front. This sort of thing was quite common, and the adjutant general to whom it was referred ordered us on picket duty that night, and we had all we wanted of that rumpus before we got through the second day's fight.

Awhile before this an Ohio regiment was camped near my barracks and the officers were very friendly, especially Colonel Hurd, who had lost a brother in Andersonville prison, and whose life seemed embittered in consequence. His regiment had been raised in Cleveland and he had a vacancy he wanted me to fill, the major's position, and sent to the Governor of Ohio for my commission, which came in due time and was celebrated by a feast at my barracks, the recruiting rendezvous of the State.

A day or so later came a telegram recalling the commission, as the men of the regiment claimed the right to select their own officers from that part of Ohio, and as my folks were from near Cincinnati, the difference in location cut me out; but the poor captain who served as major in that regiment, with about half of Colonel Hurd's men, was killed at the battle of Nashville a few days later in a charge after General Hood on his retreat.

When Hood was investing Nashville the rebs we captured said the queerest sound they had heard for years was the crowing of roosters, and when my boys seated some captives at the long commissary table and fed them well, they gazed in amazement, exclaiming: "White bread!" why we were told you Yanks were starving to death, and didn't have even the corn pones we lived on."

The penitentiary stone quarry was filled with thousands of rebel prisoners taken in that battle, and soldiers on guard above the big hole called out that John Morgan had been captured. The yell of derision and cries of "Liars," and "Like hell, he is," showed their faith in Morgan's invincibility; but he was shot later at Greenville, Tenn., in escaping guards.

A travesty of Tannenbaum, a German college song, was sung in war times:

John Morgan's foot is on thy shore,
Kentucky, oh, Kentucky;
His hand is at thy stable door,
Kentucky, oh, Kentucky.

The same air was used for "Maryland, my Maryland," though the tune is one that was sung in Germany before there was a Maryland.

A darkey rushed into my camp about thirty miles from the Tennessee river with the news that: "You gemman better get outer here quick, fer Pettijohn wid a hundred million men is after you, and he cuts heads off and puts 'em on poles wid 'dis is de way Pettijohn serves nigger lovers' writ underneaf."

As I had only thirty men at the time, being on a scout, I took his advice, being greatly outnumbered, reaching and crossing the river at Johnsonville in time to hear his "millions" on the shore we had just left.

The negroes seldom betrayed a federal soldier, as they realized then that though we were not fighting expressly to free them, their freedom was incidental to the war. They were "contraband of war," and were confiscated as cotton was.

An old "sanctified" white lady in slavery times used to come from her Sunday meetings and cruelly flog niggers the rest of the day; but fifty years later the wife of a civil war veteran happened to say something about "niggers" 'in a crowd of them coming from a "holiness" meeting of their own, and a "sanctified" wench cussed and ripped and objurgated "dirty white trash wid one foot in de grave, and de odder orter be dere," all merely for incautiously calling them by a name they call each other.

The veteran himself getting off a street car was

tripped up purposely by a prize fighting darkey, who could not use filthy enough language to the old soldier for remonstrating, ending by saying he wasn't alive in the civil war and didn't ax any one to free him. This display is to convince us "dat dey are jiss as good as any dam white man."

They esteemed themselves by money value in times before the war, as when a flock of "cullud pussons" was being baptized through holes in the ice-covered Ohio river near Louisville, when one greasy saint slipped through the grasp of the officiating baptizer into the hole and disappeared, but bobbed up through a distant hole from which he was pulled with the indignant remark that "Some genman is go'in to lose a mity fine nigger, one of dese days, wid dis damfoolishness."

A combination war and camp meeting song in the sixties ran:

Stand up saints in de middle,
 Fall in sinners on de flanks,
 And we'll all git a pension,
 And a'onrable mention,
 What stan' up stiddy in de ranks.

A soldier has to go where he is ordered, and consolidating of regiments after battles brought me from scouting duty in upper Missouri to quartermaster clerking in Benton barracks, St. Louis, then to Fort Peabody near New Madrid, and recruiting service in St. Joseph, Mo., and then to join the Engineer Corps constructing railways and bridges from Nashville to the Tennessee river; then on Sherman's

march to the sea, from which I was turned back by promotion to a lieutenancy, to get into the seige and battle of Nashville; later ordered to North Carolina to make a juncture with General Grant, who was surrounding General Lee's army in its last stand at Appomatox.

Sometimes in comfortable barracks from which at a minute's notice we had to march dusty roads in a broiling sun with parched throats, and on forced marches going to sleep in the ranks supported by comrades' elbows in touch with the mechanical, monotonous swing of the soldier's step till shocked suddenly awake by passing through cold streams breast high; throwing oneself by the road when resting to go profoundly asleep till the fife and drum pulled you together again. It is wonderful what a band can do on a march. We have dropped, "dead tired" from a long march, expecting to make camp for a few days in a certain place, and after thinking we could not go a step farther the regimental musicians would start into an inspiring air, a national one, the bugles would get us in ranks again, and the colors let fly at the head of the column, and to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," we started afresh for several miles more before camping.

In actual battle there is no band playing except in books; the musicians then carry litters for the wounded, but in forming columns for attack the boys step out lively to music: "Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia." At the second

day's fight in Nashville, from the center of our position I saw an army winding over the hills from Fort Negley, many thousand strong, going to the final defeat of Hood, who said he was bound for Nashville or hell on coming in sight of our fortifications; and as he started for Texas the last we heard of him, we have been able to locate the two places as contiguous ever since. Our right wing extended down the Cumberland river to Harpeth shoals, from which cavalry joined the routing of the Confederates in their last visit to Tennessee. The division marching from Ft. Negley was like an enormous black snake, our army blue appearing black far off, as the column waved en echelon over the hills till in chasing the rebels from their entrenchments it became a vast smoky cloud, with high dust columns rising from cavalry charges on the other side of our center.

Speaking of music influence, though: when we were mustered out at Knoxville, Tennessee, by orders from the War Department at the end of the war, in our last march as we went to the paymaster's, where we dissolved, the last tune we heard from our band was "Home Again," and the boys blubbered like babies, even some poor old soldiers who had no home to go to and maybe never had one.

As one by one the boys were paid off and departed the company dog ran after first one then another, and howled in despair as company "K" perished from visibility.

INDIANS AND GOLD MINES.

When the Civil War ended a big slice of the rebel army went to Montana, they were said to be the whole "left wing of Price's army," but at the same time there came the worst set of highwaymen the west had known, and whether they were previously rebs or not is known to but few. There were vigilance committee hangings in great numbers, one of the most active in such events was X. Beidler, the assistant U. S. Marshal.

At the Indian fur trading post of Ft. Benton, 18 miles below the falls of the Missouri river, a small garrison of regular soldiers occupied the adobe barracks with bastions at the angles, in one of which I found relics of the Lewis & Clark expedition of President Jefferson's time. Buffalo robes were traded for goods by the Indians, and these pelts tanned were shipped down the river and plentiful enough to cost but a couple of dollars up to \$20 ordinarily, but a white robe was priceless, I saw but one such albino. I have been on steamboats that had to tie up to the bank till a herd of buffaloes miles in length swam the river, and in Colorado and Kansas in the fifties I saw the prairie covered with these animals going north, and our wagons were coralled

three days to allow them to pass, keeping our cavyard or oxen inside the circle of wagons, the "corall," and the roar of the rushing feet and trembling of the ground for this time was like thunder and an earthquake. As far as the eye could see in any direction the buffaloes covered the flat prairie, and not a blade of grass was left where they had passed. Indians and whites alike ruthlessly exterminated these animals merely for the "sport."

My mother had a hotel on the river bank in Ft. Benton, and the house was rented from a couple of merchants, one on each side of the hotel, and when it was ascertained that no liquor was to be sold in our place, at once a gambling and drinking saloon was put up next door to us. These merchants violated the Indian intercourse laws by selling rot-gut whiskey for buffalo robes, and they evaded the revenue laws by smuggling unstamped whiskey, they also skinned customers, including hotel keepers who bought goods of them at the outrageous prices of that place and time. Miners used to mention crucifixion between two thieves as similar to our situation.

All business was done during the two months when the steamers came up from St. Louis, the remainder of the year we were frozen up. But expeditions were sent out to Belly river and the Saskatchewan above the British line to trade with Indians in spite of the international prohibition of such trade. And worse still, so-called whiskey was the main commodity for trading; the Indians would sell anything at any price

for a cup of intoxicants, their tanned skins of deer, buffaloes, wolves or coyotes, their ponies, lodges and even their wives. But they revenged themselves when sober, so a trading company had to be very quick or very strong to escape vengeance. Many massacres were created by such swindling of the Indians, especially by government Indian agents, politicians.

When I was United States gauger I determined the character of this whiskey business to be inexpressibly foul, and concluded to fight it every way possible, so I had several lots of liquor condemned and forfeited to the government either as beastly chemicals with tobacco juice and fusel oil in cologne spirits, diluted heavily with water and red peppered up to scrape the throat, or it was strong spirit used to make hundreds of barrels out of one, but on which revenue had not been paid. I had the fun of emptying hundreds of barrels of the first kind into the Missouri river and sending as much more of the other sort up to Helena under guard, forfeited for absence of revenue stamps. One politician who became a senator to the United States congress would not give up his fraudulent whiskey till I had a file of soldiers led by a corporal placed at my orders by the commander of the fort.

Then as deputy collector of internal revenue I carried on the warfare against rotten whiskey, and finally as United States Court Commissioner (one office at a time, only) I presided over trials of violation of Indian intercourse laws and bottomry admir-

alty cases concerning steamboat troubles. Only in my biggest case, where I had sent a company of soldiers to overtake a wagon train crossing the British line and brought back the wagons to Benton, the stockade of a merchant not supposed to be interested in the deal was used to imprison the goods, and the merchant and his men by working all night removed all evidence of the whiskey trading.

As judge of the probate court no orphan or widow was allowed to be swindled while I held the office; both in Montana and Dakota Territories criminal and civil laws were codified, so that we were not bothered with a lot of common law misinterpretations, and if these Codes did not suit my ideas of equity I decided as justly as I was capable.

Probably not as arbitrarily as "czar Reed" and "Wall St. Cannon" did in the House of Representatives, though possibly as much so as the justice in Idaho in those times when a horse thief was being tried. His honor cut proceedings short by saying: "Constable take this man out and hang him."

The amazed lawyer for the prisoner ejaculated:

"Why, your honor can't make such a ruling as that!"

"Can't, eh! well just look at the docket!"

As probate judge I performed the marriage ceremony at three weddings, one on a newly arrived steamboat, the bride coming to Montana to marry a Helena banker, and this marriage turned out well, taking the cuss off the three, for the others did not

turn out so well. One was a gambler who got a divorce later, due it was said to her being on the wrong side for the bride when standing up at the ceremony, and the other was altogether unfortunate. During a cold winter a young man came to me and asked me to come to a certain cabin that evening to marry him. As I knew everyone in the settlement I thought it strange, but concluded some lady must have come over the frozen hills on the mail buck board, a hazardous trip in several ways, as Indians were beginning to be hostile on the route.

At the house I found several well known citizens and the groom and asked him the usual preliminary questions as to his name and residence, then asked him the name of the lady, his intended wife; he colored and kicked his heels in an embarrassed manner against the bunk he sat on, and to my astonishment replied: "Damfino!" All I could do was to ask him to please find out. He went into another room and returned after a conference with his friends, giving me some French-Canadian name as that of his intended. When she came in I protested, for I recognized her as the wife of a villainous half-breed called "Star," who was alive yet. But the witnesses claimed that she was not married to "Star," so there was nothing to do but comply. The wood chopper took his new wife to near the Missouri Falls and soon a Sioux Chief named "Left Hand" called at his cabin to forcibly abduct "Star's" wife, but when the woodman shot at the Indian a friend present threw

the gun up, and the savage left vowing to finish things later; and he carried out his threat, for a general massacre took place on Sun river and around Benton, and the whites made reprisals by hanging Indians, and things got so lively that Captain Baker went with a cavalry troop to the Marias river and wiped out a village of hostile Blackfeet Sioux, for which his eastern friends ostracized him. When surveying I met some of the same tribe, but though they may have felt like doing things they refrained.

One morning looking from my window in Benton I saw a man hanging from some lodge poles on a flat piece of land near my house. Just above his hands tied behind his back, was a large card with "Vigilance Committee" on it.

He was one of the night watch of the town, had waylaid and robbed a stranger who, recovering from the assault intended to kill him and reporting to the vigilance committee, he was secreted and the night watch was tried in his absence and then sent for and told that a murder had been committed, and the man who did it was to be hung and they gave him some fictitious name. The night watch actually got a rope and a box to stand the man to be hung on, and made the noose, throwing the rope over the top of the Indian lodge poles where they were tied, and placing the box looked around with: "Where is the man to be hung." He was grabbed and put on the box, and it was kicked from under him before he could finish his yell of fright at being discovered.

All my life I have noticed this willingness of miscreants, particularly the political sort, to make innocent suffer even to death for their own crimes.

The officers of the military post at the fort asked me to go with them to a picnic once to the great falls, and I did so, but as they grew drunk I warned them they should keep their senses, as at any moment a hostile band of Sioux might descend on us, but they were too hilarious to care, and I dug out for home afoot, leaving the ambulance for them.

Crawling up hill after hill, Indian fashion, and looking all around for Indians, I would then descend, keeping off the traveled road till I had gone the 18 miles, and just as the sun declined arrived opposite Benton; but our yawl had been taken to the other shore.

I saw King, the telegraph operator, leaning, hands in pocket, at his door, and he was the only one visible, and it took some time for me to get his notice across the mile wide river. Finally I got a tree branch and wig-wagged in Morse code to him to send over the boat quickly. He waved O. K. and ran down to the bank of the river, soon bringing the yawl over to me. It would have compelled me to stay all night in that Indian infested place had I known no signal means of informing my friend.

The officers, sober enough the next morning, made a hazardous escape into Fort Shaw on the Sun river, as the Indians cut them off from Benton.

Soon after this I went on a survey of the mili-

tary reservation and made about five hundred dollars for so doing, leaving the hotel in charge of a strange clerk who stole about that amount from the money drawer. So things are evened up, the law of compensation enabling the rich man to get his ice in the summer while the poor man gets his in the winter, and no one has a short leg without the other being long enough to make up for it.

What the clerk stole I evened up on my survey, and had I staid at home and done my own clerking I wouldn't have made any more than I did, for I couldn't then have done the surveying. Nothing like optimism, unless it is idiocy.

A mishap that recalls my anxiety to earn all I could to pay my way through medical college, and at the request of an express agent at a small town called Elk Point in Dakota Territory, who wanted to leave there to see his dying father, I took charge of his office, but as he was in a great hurry and there was no time to check up before the train came on which he jumped I signed a receipt for everything and took it for granted he was honest.

I earned about thirty dollars in his absence toward my college expenses, but out of this I had to pay the express company thirty-five dollars for "Old Horse" shortage he had stolen. I used to wonder if he would chuckle over his good fortune in skinning a sucker when he sat on live coals and brimstone subsequently for the trick.

The miners carried buckskin bags for their gold

dust instead of coin and poured the dust into a pan called a blower, whence, after having the black sand removed, it was weighed on small scales. I used to grub-stake wandering prospectors on shares, but if they ever found pay gold they did not report. The place I lived in at White Hall, on a small stream, afforded "color" to every spadeful, but not enough for panning or cradling, though pay gulches were all around us. Years after I left White Hall I was told that hydraulic mining there made many millions. We were literally walking over wealth unattainable by ordinary mining methods. But prices were awfully high and my brother-in-law Eastman, in charge of the Fur Company at Benton, used to say that he did not like a country where dried apples was a luxury. Once flour ran to a hundred dollars for a hundred pound sack; one merchant hiding his supply hoping it would more than double that price, but the miners when he refused a hundred and fifty confiscated the whole supply covered by hay-stacks.

I saw a miner come to the International Hotel in Helena before the fire destroyed the town, handing Jules Germain, the owner, his gold sack to weigh out enough dust for a night's lodging. Jules blew the pan, and poured out nearly an ounce, when the miner asked his terms and was told that fifteen dollars was due for breakfast and bed. "I only had a bed," said the miner, but as he did not get up to breakfast till too late it was to be paid for anyway. "You charge

high," said the gold hunter. "My rent is high," replied Germain. "But you don't expect a night's lodging to pay a year's rent," was the retort. The miner drew his pistol with the advice to put that dust back in the sack. Germain did so, went to the door and told the stage driver to hand down the baggage of this man. The miner covered the driver, who did nothing, and the stage went off with a landlord minus an unreasonable demand.

I have deeds and stock to about fifty thousand dollars face value in Nevada mines and would sell them all for a five dollar bill. I got them on horse trades and saddle swaps; but I saved the thousand dollars or more taxes I didn't pay.

Every store had a bottle of muriatic acid to test gold with, and some scamps substituted water in a saloon keeper's vial for the acid. He wondered at business being so good, and the brass filings "didn't fizz" when the bartender tested the "pay dust."

One beautiful day in spring I rode my little black California morgan horse to Virginia City from White Hall, and had no sooner arrived than a blizzard began, but I talked over the wire to the station and the operator told me that my two year old little girl had met with an accident, and before he had time to explain further the line broke. In spite of my friends insisting on my not risking the storm I mounted and ran over the Bald range of the Rockies in the face of one of the fiercest snow storms the country has known, hundreds perished in it in

the territory. I gave Katy the reins, as I could see nothing, and she danced over the hills to Jefferson river station, and I was carried into the ranch frozen stiff and was months in recovering. The baby had shut a massive door on her little finger and my wife splinted it; to our gratification the finger, though mashed flat, recovered full use and symmetry, due to the cartilaginous and not osseous development at that age.

It took sixty-seven days to go up the Missouri on the boat Mountaineer, but we returned in much less time down stream. One of my fellow passengers was a boarder of mine at the hotel who skipped his bill, and the porter said his trunk was too heavy to bring down; it was full of gold, or maybe bricks. An investigation revealed that it was screwed to the floor and empty.

It was useless to even refer to the matter, so we chatted of other things and I heard the boom of the six pounder on the shore and saw some bon-fires lighted as our boat swung into the stream and started down to civilization, and asking him if he knew what it meant he assured me that the saloon keepers were rejoicing over my departure from the territory.

OLD SAINT LOUIS.

Until the beginning of the Civil War the custom of making calls on New Year's day persisted as evidence of the Darwinian theory of our descent. Troops of young men roamed the streets visiting young ladies who from tables spread in their parlors pressed them to eat dainties, and from well stocked sideboards plied their boy friends with drink that formed life long bad habits for many.

It was the thing to be tipsy that day, to fall out of and into houses to the laughter of girls and matrons; respectable people who merely followed the custom for want of ability to think, just as we permit paupers, insane and criminals to be made by rum-sellers in this century.

In 1855 the post office and a block of stores faced the river and on Main street, behind them on the corner of Market street, was the Merchants Exchange, and that constituted the most imposing portion of the business part of St. Louis; later the post office moved to Olive street above Main, then to Walnut and Third streets the great three story Custom House, about 30 by 50 feet.

Fourth street was the retail store promenade; Almond street was tough. The old Mandan mounds up the river still remained with a flag on the top, from which came the name of "Mound City." Beer gardens surrounded the spot. This was Frenchtown where the Germans lived, and down the river near the arsenal the French lived in Germantown, reminding me of the Democrat, the favorite newspaper of Republicans, and the Republican patronized mainly by Democrats. An instance of "lucus a non."

As a boy I went hunting beyond 15th street, where sink-holes abounded, in some of which boys swam in summer and over which they skated in winter. My gun was rainbow hued; yellow stock, red barrels, blue butt and green hammers. Seeing a flock of geese overhead while swimming once, I got to shore, waded to the middle of the pond, placed the gun on my shoulder straight upward, and when the geese came in range let off both barrels, making a good imitation of a pile driver, for I was rammed downward into the muddy bottom, leaving my variegated fowling piece to be discussed by antiquarians centuries hence, as I was too much occupied in escaping the smother of sink-hole mud. That ended my desire to hunt birds, and trying rabbits in the winter, shooting between fence rails with gun butt against my abdomen, finished my discouragement of sport altogether, for the gun kicked my meals up.

Real lager beer was stored away in caves that abounded in the geological formation of that part of

Missouri, and one of the famous resorts remembered by all old St. Louis people was Uhrig's Cave, where the boys of the city went "to see the Dutch girls dance," and the whirling waltzes of that era of hoop skirts afforded the kids amusement enough to fill the benches along the dancing room sides.

Grand avenue was in the country, and once a county fair there was broken up by a severe rain storm, cabmen charged \$20 and even \$100 for rides back to the city and safety, throngs tramped through the muddy roads and some perished in the ditches.

The old Billy Barlow estate, near Shaw's garden, was bought by my uncle, Captain John J. Roe, on Lafayette avenue, and nearer town was "Cracker Castle," owned by a cracker manufacturer. These regions had much vacant land but are now solidly built up. Choteau avenue was the approach to that part of the suburbs.

Choteau, Harrison and Valle were the great fur dealers and starters of "voyageurs" up the river thousands of miles to trade with Indians, pulling, or cordelling, as it was called, flat boats to the headwaters with trading supplies, bringing down great loads of furs.

I recollect an old merchant named D. A. January who at nearly 90 married an 18 year old girl, and the youngsters expressed the wish that he would break his blamed old bones when he frisked around so boyishly with his bride.

The dress of that time was broadcloth and doe-

skins with tight boots, which passed to the waiters, finally, and gave way to bobtail diagonals and pants so tight you had to be melted into them.

The old fashioned dress of my grandfathers' days I saw but once in that city, on an old "left over." He had a peruke tied with ribbon behind, powdered hair, and big silver shoe buckles with short clothes or "smalls" and worsted stockings. Old John H. Lucas, with his big patches of mutton chop whiskers high on his cheek bones under his eyes, was a distinguished part of the landscape.

I heard one of the banker Benoist Brothers say to the other, as he hung up his hat behind the counter of their little bank: "The convention has nominated Abraham Lincoln for President," and they seemed so excited and pleased that I wondered why, never having heard the name before. My first vote was for his re-election, when I was a lieutenant in the army.

Ben DeBar's theatre was the great resort then and Maggie Mitchell played "Fanchon," when the first Atlantic cable was announced as completed by the manager and the people were so enthusiastic that they did not remain to another act. Forty years later president Mitchell of the Chicago and Northwestern railway died in Wisconsin at 85 years of age, and the papers said he was the youngest son of Maggie Mitchell. I saw her at the "New Theatre," in Nashville, during the war and thought her young then, but on the street she looked ancient enough,

Acting seems to preserve many to generations of admirers.

The State Savings Institution on Main street was the great bank, larger than any other west of the Alleghenies. In the days of wild cat currency, before greenbacks were provided, Johnny McCluney, Obediah Owen and I were the collectors, there being no clearing houses, and we often had as much as a million dollars to handle in a day, from other banks, from the sub-treasury, customers or depositors, and sorting for redemption by banks of issue. Bankable funds meant Missouri bank notes, worth about 90 cents on the dollar; currency meant the notes of other States, as Illinois, worth about 60 cents, and banks of States farther away were as low as 25 cents. Specie included gold and silver. With all this confusion and chance for stealing, I never heard of any wrong doing by an employec, but we protected one another jealously in all rights and privileges. Promotions for merit were the rule. Our cashier was Isaac Rosenfeld, Jr., who had one of those chevaux de frise signatures he thought proof against imitation when there was not a clerk in the bank who could not make the picket fence scrawl so he could not have told it from his own. Years later he failed for a million in gold in New York. We had tiers of iron vaults in which the then new Herring safes were placed with letter combinations. Burglars chafed the floor of our money vault from a store beneath to let our Herring through the floor into the sewer, thence by a raft to Bloody

Island, where they planned to break into it at leisure, but our night watch heard and broke up the game. His name was Walsh.

As a member of the State National Guard I began my military career till the Camp Jackson capture of General Flood, who hoped to run us off to General Price's army but found insuperable difficulties in half the men being Unionists instead of all leaning toward the South. The "Sesech" and "Loyal" encounters at the war outbreak rended families and made great confusion.

HUNGRY AND THIRSTY.

Hunger is popularly supposed to be more painful than thirst. That is because water is usually so easily obtained that hunger is more often mentioned as more common than thirst.

Well, let any person who has suffered for want of water, particularly on a sandy waste, with a broiling sun overhead, tell you what he knows of the two privations, for if you are dangerously thirsty you cannot swallow food without moisture, so you die of both kinds of privation if you thirst to death.

Fifty years ago there were only big wagons called prairie schooners, drawn by mules or oxen, that carried freight from Fort Leavenworth or Kansas City to New Mexico.

Railroads were undreamed of then in most parts of the world.

A firm of government freight contractors, Russell, Majors & Waddell, stretched their ox teams and wagons incredible distances across the plains; one train alone filled a road on the level prairie from one horizon to the other, and they had many such trains.

Travelers with one to a dozen wagons were frequent in those days of California and Colorado settling. The question first asked by a German in San Francisco was usually put to new arrivals of "tender-feet": "Did you come the plains over, the isthmus across or the horn around?"

"Outfits," as these trains were dubbed, drawn by mules made better time than oxen pulled wagons, except on sand, the spreading toes of the cattle not sinking so deeply as the little hoofs did; so half a mile to a mile a day was about the mule team rate on a desert, while oxen pulled sometimes twenty miles a day. Pony expresses ran a hundred miles a day, carrying the mails, changing horses where possible; going the Raton route rather than the Cimmaron or dry route. Holliday's stages took passengers over the plains at about ten miles an hour, if Indians, road agents or ladrones permitted.

In hilly parts of the New Mexico roads you would come across little piles of stones, cairns, topped with sticks tied in the form a cross. Passers-by threw a stone upon the heap to make it larger. Each such spot marked the grave of a murdered man.

If thirst killed you on the dry route your bones bleached alongside those of oxen, deer, buffalo, wolves, dogs, horses and other animals that had perished from want of water.

This parched, sandy waste was called the Jornada del Muerte, or Journey of Death; pronounced Hornada del Mooerty, as near as you can make English

spell anything, and the mutations of that name were comical, for the Gringo or American teamster invariably corrupts Spanish to suit himself and in this case called the dry route "Hornalley," pointing to the rows of bones, skulls and horns on each side of the road to explain the name. Similarly the king's route, "route du roi," became "Rotten Row," in England.

Sand storms piled dunes in the way around which it was necessary to wander, and the blistering heat drew all the water through your skin, parching your throat and preventing your eating unless with plenty of water, which was hard to spare, enough of which could hardly be carried for the teamsters to say nothing of the animals, who grew visibly weaker and bonier day by day.

The Cimmaron river ran tortuously under ground and changed directions so that charts could not be made. At nights the cold usual in deserts enabled us to dig for water, maybe striking the sunken river in a few feet, or more often not finding it at any depth we could dig. If a well in the sand lasted a day or two, left by some preceding teamsters, the water was too brackish with alkali to use, just as sea water is not drinkable, and digging in the same spot revealed that the river had wandered away.

Going to bed thirsty and unable to eat or cook anything is uncomfortable, and makes you dream of fountains and feasts. Finally your senses go and frenzy carries you off raving for water.

Until too far away from the river to do so, Aguirre, our train owner, sent muleteers with kegs to fill and bring to us, but the carriers drank much before we got the water, and their return to camp became farther into the nights till the kegs were dry, as no more trips were made. Then it was I saw the Mexican carreros break up the kegs and actually suck the staves, so miserably thirsty were they.

Tule Rosa creek was the first stream we came to the second day without water, crawling out of this hell with staggering animals and men growing delirious from heat and thirst combined. We were two weeks crossing the sixty miles of the journey of death. We had hard work to keep the mules from jumping with the wagons from the hill overlooking the stream.

Everything is relative in this world, and I cannot recall any more beautiful place than this mountain rivulet, with clear water running over the rocks along flowery and grassy banks. It was like getting into paradise, and we loafed there another week. So had we gone the Raton route we would have saved time and suffering.

Twenty years later I had a government contract to survey along the unexplored, Indian haunted region of Dakota Territory, that afterward was near the line between the north and south divisions into states. Fifty thousand dollars had been appropriated for the work at ten dollars a mile, determining and permanently marking principal meridians and standard par-

allels, dividing the country into "checks" 24 by 42 miles, the longer measure being latitude lines.

Some days I could make thirty miles over the smooth prairies, level as a floor, often; but I had thirty men and seven teams to pay for and to provision, and bad days or hilly places would knock me down to a mile or less a day, and away went profits. Timber was not frequent but it also reduced progress. The magnetic needle was useless owing to iron in the soil, which was mostly composed of hummucks or sandy dunes away from the flat plains. Part of my work was in what was called the bad lands at that time.

The Red river of the North on one side and the Missouri river on the other side of the land over which I was to run with two sets of chainmen and a solar compass, were the only points charted by the U. S. Land Office. One of my "checks" you can see mapped as Ransom county, through which the Cheyenne river dips from the north to an abandoned military reservation in which was Ft. Ransom, the only place that knew a white man's foot in those days. But the river and fort might as well have been in Joppa for all the information we had about it, as our charts showed the Cheyenne river running south across a line far to the north near the British boundary, and far east of this crossing the same line going north to the Red river, leaving us to imagine that we would hit the river in two places on a westerly line south of Ft. Ransom. But day after day the line

was pushed west toward the Missouri and no river was seen. What water we had started with gave out, and hoping to soon have a new supply we went supperless to bed and arose to string out toward the west without breakfast. A cracker would turn to a dry powder in the mouth, choking you till blown away with your breath. Plodding along in this way the second day without sight of water, our eyes became sunken, cheeks hollow and tongues swelled and blackened with cracks, so it was difficult to talk, and each man grew so irritable that we were growing irresponsible and liable to fight over nothing.

Just then a Missourian climbed out of the cook wagon, shouting that he had found something to drink, that he was full of water and had found a camp kettle of boiled rice holding a lot of water, all of which he had drunk.

The surveyors closed in toward him, and I knew full well what that "puke's" fate was had I not interfered. They drew revolvers, but I elbowed them away and painful as it was to speak, I ordered the fool to leave us and keep half a day's march behind the expedition.

At the fortieth mile of that check I realized that the river did not pass as far south as the line we were running, so abandoning wagons and camp outfit I ran a "blind course" without measuring northeasterly to intercept the river as soon as possible. Driving the horses before us they smelt the creek long be-

for we knew it was near and raced away, dashing into it and rolling over in it.

The men jumped in with their clothing on, and I begged them not to swallow the water yet, those who did so vomited severely. We had to gradually soak it through our skins. In this way the shipwrecked manage to filter sea water through to partly quench the thirst they dare not appease by drinking. Here, as in New Mexico with the other party, time was lost resting from the hardships of thirst. We cared nothing for our goods far away, and thought only of soaking ourselves that night in the lovely water.

Between these two occasions when on marches in the army through dust and sun canteens were soon dry and throats were parched, but no such horrible torture was endured as upon the Mexican plains and on my survey expedition.

As for hunger, there were occasions when food was long in coming and very well relished in consequence, but in the army in the Civil War grafters had not had much if any chance at our food, so as a rule it was good, such as it was, dessicated vegetables, hard tack and sow-belly sides of bacon, and being boys things tasted nearly like home fodder to us.

Once on the plains I lost my way in a snow storm, and coming to a small stream my mule refused to cross on the ice. Trying to haul him across by a lariat fastened to a tree on the other side failing, I bethought me of trying the inducement of burning, as licking was no use. I lit the only match I had

and he shut his tail down on it and smiled at my trick. I had to head the arroyo and go around the creek, and coming to the Arkansas river across which was the stockade, the obstinate mule saw the cavyard, as herds are called there, and ran over the frozen river without urging.

Just like a mule, to balk at crossing a ten foot frozen creek and unexpectedly run over a thousand feet of frozen river without hesitation.

Mules afford numerous yarns, among them being one where a negro had exhausted his temper and blackguarded the hybrid with: "You hain't got no business to be a mule, nohow. Your fadder wasn't a mule an' your mudder wasn't no mule!"

Gen. Sheridan told of a mule incident among the funniest of his happenings. In the army an Irishman was whacking and spurring an obstinate mule that cavorted, bucked, sat down and kicked by turns, and in the manouvering the mule caught his foot in the stirrup, when Pat says: "Well, by gorrah, if you are goin' to get up I'll get off."

But previous to all this I had wandered in the storm without food for two days, trying to kick up from beneath the snow the wild onions and potatoes, little slim tubers that Indians gather and feed on. Coming across a government mule that had frozen in the storm I used up all but a final match in making a twig and buffalo chip fire to try to cook a steak from the carcass. But I can't recommend mule meat as a diet. It was like trying to eat one's boots.

There is no recollection of anything further in this line than mere long time between meals occasionally, until in 1871, when I conceived the idea of putting up a telegraph line between Sioux City and Yankton, along the Missouri river. I found merchants ready to subscribe to "scrip" and pay for it when the line was finished, taking their pay for the scrip in telegraphing; the line being a great convenience in a country isolated as that region was then. My friend, John H. Charles, advanced the wire and main expense, and as fast as I finished the line to a town in the route the merchants bought the "scrip" and enabled me to meet expenses, providing food for my construction party and paying their wages, though the exchequer was pretty close run at times.

Once, when near Elk Point, I gave the men orders on hotels for their meals, subsequently redeemed when collections were easier, but could not bring myself to explain to any landlord how I could not pay cash for my own individual meals. Construction credit depended upon keeping poverty unknown; but the pinch was there all the same, and while my men were well provided with eatables, I simply refrained from indulging a confoundedly inconvenient appetite till sufficient line had been finished and payments enabled to the hotel keepers who trusted me to redeem the orders. The incident rather amused me, and as it was a sort of voluntary starvation it was not so hard. When the line was finished there was a banquet and "telegraph ball," in which

all concerned were lionized. It would have struck our hosts as queer that sacrifices had to be made of the kind told in the course of construction.

Long years afterward I arranged to start a great private sanitarium in an eastern State, but the project was postponed from time to time till abandoned. But that is another story.

FUN ON SURVEYS.

When grasshoppers brought a dollar a bushel the States of Minnesota, Nebraska and Iowa and Territories of Dakota and Montana must have tried to dispose of their surplus.

Near St. Paul a preacher chased men from his farm one Sunday for trying to steal his grasshoppers, but a grafter in Massachusetts made a higher record for astuteness in cultivating the gypsy moth that the State offered big pay to exterminate.

Then there were mosquitoes that swarmed from sloughs in clouds that obscured the sun. My survey camp was on one of these breeders of mosquitoes one hot night, and the pests nearly killed us, horses and all. The poor animals frantically stamped out the smudges made to protect them, and then tangled themselves in our guy tent ropes and brought the tents down on us. The next morning we were a sick crowd; haggard, sleepy, bloody, hot; too tired to cook anything, and our horses were skin and bones with streaks of blood on their sides where they had rubbed against each other to get rid of the torment.

A township had to be surveyed from that camp or we would have gone the next day, but the pests were flown and troubled us only that horrible night.

I have seen clouds of grasshoppers that filled the sky like a thunder storm cloud, and where they settled not a blade of grass or leaf could be found over a great belt of devastation.

But worst of all, unless we except snow blizzards, was the plagued Indians with their restless expeditions and unexpected massacres, usually after some government Indian agent had swindled the tribe out of annuities promised by the United States for vacating their reservations.

Near the James or Dakota river, at the line between the two States, which I was running at that time, long before it became a State line, I noticed the soil was full of magnetic iron, so much so that where lightning struck it had vitrified the sand into tubes a few inches up to several feet in length, making what geologists call fulgarites or lightning pipes, straight downward in the sandy soil.

We had heard that the "Cut Head Sioux" had left Devil's Lake on a raid, but we had to camp and chance their finding us. That night a terrible thunder storm bombarded us for hours, and we thought every stroke of lightning had hit one of the tents, the wet iron sand however attracted the current better than our dry tents, and we watched the noisy hours away expecting "every minute to be our next."

A beautiful morning dawned, and a yell from the cook brought us out to inspect what he was examining on the prairie. It was what was called a travois track, a wide path or road, made by the dragging.

of Indian lodge poles, one end being tied over their horses' backs. As near as we could count there must have been five hundred Indians of the fiercest sort of Sioux passed our camp in that blinding storm; and had the moon been shining the white tents would have been seen and our thirty men disposed of, though well armed.

Indians riding in storms cover their heads with blankets, and that also helped to keep us from being seen.

They passed south and murdered several ranchmen on that foray.

The Northern Pacific railroad was being built then, and passing through Fort Seward previous to this above incident, the news of the bad Indians being loose scared my outfit so much that most of the men deserted to get back to civilization. I applied for soldiers to help fill the deficit, but the commanding officer refused as his garrison was slim, but he sent a squad to Jimtown, which was then a mere railroad construction hut village, and gathered up all the drunken victims of robbing saloon keepers and shanghaied them for me, putting them in my wagons and guarding me out of town toward my field of work.

Gradually the old bums came to their senses, and to a man were grateful for my taking them away, as they would rather risk the Indians as more merciful than the rumsellers. I sobered them up on some of the snake juice they were accustomed to use in Jimtown, and there was only one tough case left unrecov-

ered. His system was shattered by his drunk, and when the Jimtown rotgut was gone he fell athwart a couple of gallons of "Old Crow," bought for \$8 per gallon in St. Paul, and when that was gone the Jamaica ginger followed, and I told him that alkali water from the ponds was all that was left for him now.

He braced up and I tried to make a flagman of him, but discovered he was too near sighted, so much against his wishes I set him at cooking, and returning from a hard day's work the boys were whooping with delight over the best camp meal any of us had ever seen. The scamp was a famous Red River of the North Steamboat cook!

Paying him off at Fort Abercrombie, Minnesota, he went on a protracted drunk and was drowned in the Red river.

During the first part of the seventies I had large surveying contracts for government work, and made as much as twenty thousand dollars in one season; but the new surveyor general appeared from Wisconsin and required twenty per cent. of the amounts apportioned to surveyors and in my case tried also to get the remaining eighty per cent., forging my signature in one instance to a United States Treasury check in my absence. I went to Washington and arranged for a better class of work from the Interior Department, but I soon found that senators and territorial delegates wanted about thirty-five thousand dollars out of a fifty thousand dollars boundary survey

south of Utah, and the Secretary of the Interior wanted me to see his son, as I thought the latter might want the rest so I quit surveying for medicine, thankful that politicians could not bother the doctors.

The last surveying I did was in Delaware, and the thrifty shark who employed me, I ascertained, did not intend to pay for the work. I had had enough of courts and did not want to share with lawyers what I would have to sue for, so before the survey was finished I stopped, and the dead beat afterward said that the other party to the land purchase got ahead of him three thousand dollars on the dispute that would have been settled had I finished.

This descendant of oriental pauper degenerates brought over by Penn from the Palatinate saved \$200 by cheating me and lost \$3000 in consequence.

STEAMBOATING.

When "Floating Palaces," as side-wheel steamers were called, carried most of the travelers before railways were dreamed of, I roamed the length of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers from their headwaters to the delta in Louisiana; the falls of Minnesota, and Montana to Alton, and the gulf of Mexico, merely because my uncle owned the boats and invited me to take school vacations on them.

Mark Twain tells of these times, but there are a few yarns he did not get hold of. One was apropos of the heaving of the lead as soundings were called: The indignant mate yelled from the hurricane roof to heave the lead; seeing an idling deck hand, who was a new one to navigation terms, he swore at him and asked him to throw the lead at once. The roustabout saw some pigs of lead forward, and just as the mate came to the lower deck to bluster some more, the green hand pitched a pig of lead overboard, the mate trying to save it fell in.

Then the captain from the roof wanted to know if the lead had been thrown and how much water there was.

The "rooster" said that it had been thrown and the mate had gone over to find out about the water.

The cry of "no bottom" meant a safe depth for navigating the light draught boats, some of which were said to be able to travel in a heavy dew. The fathoms and quarters and feet were marked at the right parts, and one Irishman announced, when asked the depth, that it was three pieces of leather and a red rag.

"Not very much water here," sang out a German "rooster" when sounding for his first time. Then

"Plenty good water here," for several heaves, but striking shallow spots again:

"Better look out up dere," all in the sing-song style of the usual sailor at such duty. Finally with a bang the boat shivered and stopped on a sand bar, to the tune of the sounder's:

"Didden I told you so?"

Innumerable are the steamboat yarns of the period, great were the fortunes made in freight and travel, and sad were the disasters of sinking and explosions.

Stern wheel steamers ventured up the shallow rivers, such as the Yellowstone, and Indians made the trips romantic. Pilots were protected from arrows and bullets by boiler iron shields, and passengers took pot shots at feathered heads on the shore and had fierce fights sometimes to keep Indians at a distance.

When Howgate's fun in Washington cost the signal service the station at Fort Sully, as economy had to be practised by some one to pay for yachts,

horse races and so on, particularly the latter, I had to seek other means of getting funds for college, so my friend the commodore gave me the first clerk's position on his General Meade and also on the Silver Lake, a faster boat with better time. We carried freight for troops at the forts on the upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, and in the course of my work I noticed the other boats of the fleet had two or three times the fuel expense of my boats, and I studied out the reason in the clerk's "knocking down."

Some Indians owned wood yards and their primitive arithmetic was a nuisance. I had to give them dollar bills in piles to correspond with the number of cords bought. Twenty cords at four dollars meant twenty piles of four single bills. If a bill fell out the entire foolishness had to be repeated. A hundred is a big ten, and when they deal in thousands it is an inconceivable sum to them.

Cottonwood is quickly burned and cheap; harder wood, like oak, hickory, elm or maple, though often watery, made more steam and was cheaper at two times the price of the soft wood; the various prices and amounts enabling the clerks to "add to their salaries" in ways hard to detect, but it was the accepted thing on the river, and salaries were adjusted to the steals.

I examined the various factors and studied out co-efficients that related the miles run, the tonnage carried, the steam pressure, the kinds of wood bought and the prices of each sort, and presented Com-

modore John H. Charles with a means of testing the honesty of his clerks in wood buying, with a glance at their accounts.

A clerk on another of his boats was swearing about it one day in my presence, hoping he could get hold of the ——— who put the old man up to that business. "Why," said he, "we can't live on the wages we get, and have to have that rake off to get even."

My old friend Charles wanted me to take the captaincy of one of his boats the following season, but my ambitions were wholly in medicine and so I parted with one of the best friends I ever had. But we corresponded till he died.

Sometimes engineers, pilots or mates wintered at Indian reservations, joining their boats the next season. Once a party of passengers were interviewing Indians on the river bank, and a lady remarked a pretty papoose on its mother's back, asking if it was full Indian. The mother said "No; he halfingin, half engineer."

BALDWIN.

That was not his name; his real one was a yard long and used up the vowels and gutturals till you gave up trying to remember it and wrote it down as he slowly confided it to you by spelling most of it, and when you wanted to look it up could not find the memorandum. It was the name on the muster rolls that he adopted when he enlisted.

His father was a noted physician in Bonn, the university town of Germany, and Baldwin killed a fellow student in a duel.

Now, as a survival from the barbarian days of that country such an event merely added to one's honor, but very likely Baldwin had evolved beyond such vanity, and not knowing much about American ideas on such subjects he had not risen to the position of being able to refuse to fight a duel at all, and suffer the snubs of his college mates in consequence, as did my friend Otto L. Schmidt, of Chicago, when taking an extra degree as doctor of medicine at his father's old alma mater, Wurtzburg.

Schmidt sent word to his challenger that if the subject was mentioned again he would "punch his nose."

This was considered satisfactory as an Americanism, and the matter was dropped.

But poor Baldwin fled to the United States and enlisted in the army some years after the Civil War. He was sent to Fort Sully, Dakota, where I met him detailed to assist the weather observer, McCann, whom I relieved at request of the chief signal officer because the post commander, a martinet, could not get along with the sergeant of the station, who was too busy with scientific duties to stand at attention, perpetually saluting and dressing for parade, as did the other enlisted men at the fort. Imperium in imperio is too much for the officer who thinks he is a little tin god.

"Tubby Watson," as the professor of astronomy at the Michigan University was called, and myself were the only civilians in the U. S. Signal Service at that time, as it was a military branch of the War Department.

Baldwin's superior education made him very companionable and I was the only one who met him on equal terms, the regulations not permitting officers to hob-nob with privates, and it provoked me to see Baldwin stand silently in the presence of shoulder-straps inferior to him intellectually, waiting permission to be seated.

My work consisted in telegraphing to Washington three times daily the barometer and thermometer readings, also minimum and maximum temperatures, wind direction, kinds and directions of clouds, hu-

midity, wind force, etc., translated into cipher, besides sundry regular reporting. Baldwin helped me materially with this and afforded me time to study anatomy and chemistry under the post surgeons.

We manufactured many of the articles required in experimental inorganic chemistry, and I was fortunate enough to start with what was then the "new chemical notation," adherants to the old giving way very ungracefully.

About the only time Baldwin was miffed at me was when I asked him to apply a lighted wisp of paper to a large crock full of hydrogen gas, which he did absentmindedly, and was nearly blown out of the door. I had no idea that he would take me at my word, but his soldierly training had made him obey without question.

He stayed in his quarters several days in spite of the apology I sent him, but later he had the satisfaction of seeing me discomfited.

Dr. Bergen, the post surgeon, and I wanted a complete skeleton to compare with the beautiful plates in Holden's Anatomy, and he inspired a visit to an Indian place of sepulture across a ravine and on a high bluff a couple miles from the fort.

Indians are very touchy about their burial places, and as superstitious as are other untutored folk. To keep the wolves away the graves are heavily covered with stones, or the bodies are placed in trees; only upon prairies they substitute poles to lift the bodies

from the ground. The sutlers at forts gave the Indians long shoe boxes for burial cases.

Telling no one of our ghoulish plans, Bergen and I, one dark night, with flour sacks, dark lanterns and revolvers, slid down one hill and climbed the other, plentifully stuck full of cactus spines; passing a Sioux village of wigwams, or teepees as they call them in that region, the numerous cur dogs greeting us unpleasantly.

Indians always have dogs as sentinels, and in time of famine they are roasted and eaten, as one disgusted old trapper remarked: "guts, feathers and all." The breed is always mongrel, with jackal *canis aureus*, the yaller purp, predominating.

We had to tumble down the shoe cases and cautiously insert the lantern, only opening the slide when the light was hidden in the box.

We filled our flour sacks with bones, when it struck Bergen that he had not seen a sacrum in the lot, and we hunted quite a while before finding one.

Young and strong as we were, we were fagged on reaching the fort, and I tumbled the collection into barrels of permanganate of potash solution, the old Condy's disinfecting fluid before antiseptis days, gotten ready beforehand, and then tumbled myself into bed with torn clothes and shoes bristling with prickly pear stickers, to awaken in the full daylight with Baldwin and the hospital steward gazing and grinning at me and asking silly questions.

Later in the day the hospital steward, one of

those little Yankees with a squeaky voice that you read about but rarely meet, came to my station doubled up with laughter, asking if Dr. Bergen and I had been poking around the Indian burying ground last night. No matter if bodies are hung up they are presumed to be buried in common speaking.

I asked him if he thought it was any of his business.

"Not a bit," said he, in his high squeak, "but listen to the racket down in the Indian village, they are wearing out their lungs and drums. The major sent down to find out what was "eatin' em," and they said that the spirits of their dead friends were dancing on the hill last night with will-o-the-wisp lights, and the major did some guessing and sent for Bergen, who gave the secret away."

"Well," I said, "we can survive the commanding officer knowing we are studying anatomy at this post."

"Thats all right," said squeaky, "but there is more to tell. That was a special grave yard."

"What sort, kings and queens, chiefs and chiefesses?"

"Worse than that: SMALL POX!"

Before Bergen came over from officers' quarters to my station I telegraphed for vaccine lymph, and we speculated on the possibility of the contamination surviving the few years sepulture.

But we had nearly a month to wait, for the stage to Sioux City was the only winter connection with civilization and it was called a tri-weekly route, as

it went down one week and tried to get back the next, but never did.

Occasionally during the following hot summer Baldwin and I exchanged guesses as to the whereabouts of some rat that must have gotten into the log structure somewhere and perished. Following our noses as the aroma intensified, the whiskey barrels in the cellar once full of macerating fluid, by evaporation had resurrected Mr. Injuns disagreeably.

It was about time to bleach them anyway, so up to the mud roof of the cabin station they went and were spread out under the big anemoscope,, the whirling anemometer and other tools of the weather wise.

A few days later a fifty-mile hurricane ripped through the reservation and cleaned off my roof, Injuns, instruments and all.

Next day Baldwin appeared from his dinner in the barracks backing against a high wind left over from the previous ripper, pulling a wheelbarrow full of the same old bones, which had been cavorting all over the soldiers' parade ground.

The next complication was a petition from the soldiers asking the post commander to forbid interference with the consecrated burial ground at the fort, and to put the soldiers right the major posted up an order that civilians studying medicine at the fort should not molest the Indian graves. That appeased the boys by showing them they had guessed wrong

about the origin of the skulls and cross bones they saw in the air that breezy day.

Baldwin was hunted up by a German consul and his discharge from the army secured to enable him to get a large sum of money his father had left him. Then came a splurge strung across the continent. Wein, Weib und Gesang, till he turns up in Mexico, very much busted.

Twenty years after he left Fort Sully his emaciated, ragged semblance walked into my office in Chicago; but I knew him instantly, and came near crying over his pitiful state.

He started to tell me of his wanderings, but I rushed him out to get something to eat, as he said he had had nothing for three days, but that he was in no hurry as he was used to being hungry.

At a place on Randolph street was a sign: "Regular dinner, 10 cents; Regular Gorge, 15 cents."

He probably took both with a five cent shave, for he looked somewhat better on his return.

He had tramped and stolen freight train rides all the way from Mexico, being hunted thence for killing an Indian who was persecuting him, and in Chicago he despairingly turned over the leaves of a city directory in the forlorn hope of finding a name he knew, when to his great joy as he said: "There was your name in big, fat letters!"

Those same big, fat letters had cost me many an alms before, a penalty for being prominent in any way. Announcements in the newspapers of any

lecture I had delivered always brought begging cranks to me.

But I was glad to see Baldwin again under any circumstances; took him to my suburban home in Riverside, where I had a small sanitarium, had him take a much needed bath, clad him in some of my garments, and brought him to the table, having spoken of him as a splendid young man I knew. The flight of time had aged him with hardships, and I was laughed at by one of the nurses, who always saw the comic side of things, for speaking of the poor, little, weazened Baldwin as "a young man."

When we have not seen a friend for many years and remember him as young and full of vigor, it is difficult to accept eye-sight evidence of the lapse of years in his case, though the people about us grow so gradually old we see nothing strange in their cases.

Then cropped up the restlessness that caused me to record him on page 890 of my Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity as an instance of what Germans call *Errabunden Wahnsinn*, or wandering insanity. He refused to accept more favors or to stay longer, though I could have found him employment.

I wish now that instead of giving him his fare to Wisconsin, where he said he had a relative, I had sent him to Dwight to be treated for the liquor habit, which I concluded was at the bottom of his vagabondage.

And I fear that in some Chicago den he was robbed of his money and died rather than seek me again.

KING MIKE.

Until about twenty years after the great fire Chicago had a king, a political boss, who appointed every office-holder, who regulated the police force, dictated to the mayor, sold the streets to railway companies, collected and disbursed the taxes and other revenues.

No one was employed for city work of any kind without Mike's assent, and if he kicked an employe out of his job it was final and no intercession would replace him.

It was "Humpty Dumpty" off the wall.

A couple of years I had been going to the county insane asylum at my own expense, studying the patients, classifying them, and occasionally bringing brains in a tin bucket to my house; the results of such labors being contributions to the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases* and other medical and scientific publications. The *American Naturalist* also printed my articles on anatomical subjects.

Then the superintendent of the asylum asked me if I would not like to be regularly appointed to do that sort of research work, and conceiving nothing more desirable I readily went with him to "Mike's"

to pass muster and get his permission. To my astonishment he took me into a drinking saloon on Clark street, near the court house, and introduced me to a slim, ordinary sort of chap who was leaning on the customers' side of his long counter.

Mike did not even glance at me, but spoke to Spray in a low voice, who finally said: "This is the doctor I told you about who has been doing pathological work at the asylum for a year or so."

With a sudden spring and turn toward me from his previous leaning position over his counter, Mike glared at me and put out one finger for me to shake.

I was too glad to get the place to resent the insolence, though it galled me a little, and as I neither blanched, flushed, nor looked scared, but only grinned at his inspection, I suppose my appearance was satisfactory, so I became a satellite of the great Mike and was permitted to see part of the second story with its elaborate gambling appurtenances, roulette wheels, faro lay-outs, and the Lord knows what else, to enable the victim to be skinned out of what he had left from guzzling poisons down stairs.

The third story I heard stories about years later, but never knew if they were true or not.

Anyway, it was a tough joint, and I felt disillusioned as to merit and study alone sufficing to boost one in an honorable and humane profession and scientific career. If I did not blush when Mike was "sizing me up," I certainly did when waking out of a sound sleep I realized the kind of appendage I was to

be to the slums and bums of Chicago, for the privilege of trying to help my ailing fellow men.

But a touch of that dirty old consolation, that the end justified the means, braced me to my work, and I soon had things swimming.

There were no records of cases previously, so I secured great blank books and wrote up the histories of the patients as told by their relatives and friends, and from what little there was in the commitment papers, for the insane were tried as criminals and brought by the sheriff or his deputies to the asylum.

The vast material for original study gave me delight and enthusiasm, and every minute I eagerly hunted every clue bearing upon a better understanding of each patient and the whole subject of brain disturbances. Medical periodicals of that time attest the industry of my efforts.

That a student of a subject, scientific or medical, could possibly wish for no more than a bare living so he could devote all his time to his favorite research is inconceivable to money grabbers. Yet, what a groveling, swinish old world this would be if such "fools," as investigators are called, had not made sacrifices to obtain knowledge for those not yet born, and whom they will never know.

Soon after taking charge as pathologist of the asylum I observed a well constructed and kept kennel of thoroughbred hounds, setters, pointers, retrievers, etc., near the asylum kitchen, and on inquiry was told that an attendant, on the pay rolls as such,

was known as Mike's dog man, in charge of the fine kennel and its contents.

The chronically hopeless insane patients numbered half of the entire 600 in the asylum, were called terminal demented and were gathered and more or less neglected, upon special wards, sometimes called the D. W. for dement or dirty wards.

From time to time I examined the food and milk in the different divisions of the institution, though my duties were supposed to be in writing up the histories of the patients and holding post-mortems. Had the politicians known of my curiosity being exercised in behalf of good food for the patients the gang would have made short work of me.

I found that the milk given to the hopeless patients was always sour and otherwise unwholesome, causing fatal epidemics among them.

A young medical friend of mine at a neighboring institution suggested to me to also try the kind of milk given to Mike's dogs by the official dog man.

I did so, and saw the richest cream skimmed from the kitchen ice-house cans of milk and taken direct to the kennels for the pups there.

Piles of hogs' snouts were dumped from butcher wagons for soup making, and a curious visitor watching a strait-jacket patient trying to eat his soup with hands bound behind his back, passed a spoon handle through an iron ring in the nose of one of the heads in the plate, lifted it and called the atten-

tion of one of the county commissioners to it. This official kept a "dead-fall" saloon under the Brevoort House in Chicago, accounting for his being able to extract fun from the incident. He exclaimed: "Vell, vot do you oexpect, Gold Vatches?"

The asylum engineer told me of another humorous happening:

A policeman had been shot in the neck by a burglar on the Halsted street bridge and rendered insane. The case was widely known as Kelly's wound of the cervical sympathetic nerves, causing mania.

The burglar served six years in the penitentiary and was then appointed by Mike as an attendant at the asylum, and what tickled the engineer most of all as he related the story, was that this ex-convict was assigned to the very ward where Kelly was confined, and thus was placed in charge of his victim.

During a general election once in Chicago, I saw citizens meekly passing into an alley back of Mike's saloon, handing ballots high over their heads to a hand in a little window cut out of boards in a voting shed at Mike's back door, the owner of the hand being invisible.

Finally Van Pelt contended with Mike for bossing honors of the county and Mayor Harrison found it convenient also to help down the old dictator. Mike lost control of county affairs, Van Pelt was sent up as a boodler, and Harrison was shot by a lunatic.

As Van Pelt passed into the prison at Joliet he looked up at the trees with their spring-time buds

and remarked: "The leaves are coming out. I wish I was a leaf."

But Mike still controlled the city council, and the newspapers of the time were in high spirits over quite a joke Mike played on the aldermen. To secure the franchise for a long elevated railway route it was necessary to have an ordinance passed by the council. There were about forty of them, and the story goes that Mike in their presence placed a thousand dollar bill in each of forty envelopes, wrote their names on the outsides and handed them to a bar-keeper, each side trusted, in escrow; with the understanding that each councilman was to have his envelope after the ordinance was irrevocably passed in Mike's favor.

Hastening to the saloon the envelopes were passed over, greedily torn open, and found to contain the large sum of one dollar in each.

The flim-flam enraged them all, and most of them took their medicine silently; but a few of them were too indignant not to seek redress, and like the gold-bribe or green-goods victims they rushed squealing to the "authorities" and into print for sympathy, to learn that: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you get the laugh, anyway."

Mike's loyal lieutenant, "Chesterfield" Joe Mackin, or "Gentleman Joe," as he was called, was allowed to serve a prison term for an election conspiracy, and these two events put Mike entirely out of politics.

Then he blossomed out as a "respectable million-

aire," just as deserving, every whit, of the title, as many another whose crimes were not so well known.

A variegated marital experience followed; his last wife being in jail accused of killing her lover. She was acquitted through means Mike had provided for her doing so, but only after Mike had died of a broken heart, it is said, at a ripe old age.

CRAZY FOLKS.

Scientific interest in the insane and in all the medical studies relating to them secures for these sufferers humane treatment that is effective far beyond the comprehension of the indifferent or emotional. The wise, learned and kind superintendent will discourage buffoonery exhibitions of his patients, try to suppress their delusions, substitute decent apparel for the gilt crowns, tassels, tinsels and frippery many of these unfortunates assume, particularly through politicians controlling asylums and carrying their bar-room ideas of fun into places that should be hospitals for the study and cure of disease, for insanity is merely symptomatic of disease of some part of the body, or many parts, sometimes all the parts.

But physicians and nurses may have the best of intentions, their risibles are incidentally and constantly appealed to by the sayings and antics of those about them.

At the county insane asylum my office was at the south end of the old main building, overlooking a lawn upon which some of the male patients enjoyed outings when the weather permitted. A long stay

out of doors benefitting them and often enabling calm sleep at nights where the close rooms would otherwise have made restlessness.

The convalescent and quiet ward next to my laboratory held some peculiar cases, and one patient had his cell window adjoining the room in which I wrote. Sometimes a caller would ask me if the incessant whistling from that window did not annoy me. A maniac spent all his excitement in whistling a monotonous air the livelong day, except at meal times, but I did not hear it till some one else spoke of it, and then I realized how annoying it must be to others, and until I forgot it again it was a nuisance to me also. It was the same old jig, hour after hour, but like the old lady who had buried her tenth husband, we were used to it. Customary noises we cease to hear, as the man does who sleeps where machines clatter.

But while patients have raved loudly on both sides of where I slept, in the center of the long building, without awakening me or any of my family, whenever the night watch tapped on my door with a pencil it made me bound out of bed. Just as the telegraphers' "call" is heard by the operator who hears nothing else in his sleep.

One chronic maniac used to yell repeatedly, "I am as crazy as a bed bug," and the hearers would regard it as an instance of recognition of his insanity by an insane person; but it was not, for it was his joke.

An agile boy maniac used to annoy the lawn patients by trickery, such as a mischievous youngster could invent, and, by the way, that reminds me of a too active and playful little monkey at Lincoln park in Chicago, a capuchin, I think, in the same large out-door cage with a lot of large baboons, the dog face fellows. This monkey annoyed the baboons constantly, dodging the grabs and kicks aimed at him as the boy maniac did at the asylum. Finally an old baboon caught the little devil, put him over his knee and spanked him while the offender shrieked and later sat around pouting and whining. Penitent for the time being.

This juvenile at the asylum recited long poems learned at school, and with another older maniac used to stick legs out of the barred windows, loudly singing German songs, like "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Tannenbaum."

A visitor once looked up at them and remarked: "Dem fellers ish not grazy ven dey recolmember all dem worts so vell," a specimen of the average outsider's knowledge of insanity. When that boy recovered he resumed his previous quiet, rather stupid demeanor, and could not recite the things he did when insane.

A former Hudson river steamboat captain roomed next my office and used to drop in to see me when out on parole. He, too, appeared to be aware at times of his condition, for on one such occasion he said to me, "I don't see what I ever did to be put

in this place; I was always a good citizen and family man, and never harmed anyone." And then, as the injustice of his punishment struck him more forcibly, he exclaimed: "Yes, and by God, I used to be an exhorter," referring to his leadership in Methodist meetings.

Once he fancied he was dead, and annoyed others by vociferating the claim, till Maitland, the asylum storekeeper, who had a room on that "quiet ward," expostulated with him with the information that dead men did not talk; the customary illogical response of the insane was resorted to in inviting the storekeeper to go to hell.

Another time the old chap pranced up and down the corridor wanting this boat to land at a wood yard. Maitland tried again to reason with him by telling him this place was not a boat, that it was the asylum. "Look around, now, can't you see this does not look like a boat?"

But it did, for the patient pointed out the cabins along the saloon length, the cells on each side the corridor of the ward, and just then the asylum whistle blew for lights out.

"There," said the lunatic, "that whistle is for the landing, you go and see that we woodup," which Maitland promised to do, and quiet was restored.

Patients who wrote legibly were at times employed on the accounts and records. I had two young men in my office for awhile, one with monomania, as paranoia used to be improperly called, the other was a

suicidal melancholiac who had been pulled out of the lake into which he had jumped.

The lake was a favorite suicide resort, but so shallow in places as to afford deep water only far from shore. An Irish policeman once saw a despondent Polander wading out to sink in deep water, and hailed him with the threat that: "If you don't come out of that I'll shoot you and run you in!" whereupon the suicidally inclined turned about and waded to shore obediently.

The monomaniac had been racing from England to America and to the African Cape trying to get away from enemies who published sermons and editorials about him. He had knocked a policeman off a street car for watching him, and was brought to us. I tried what education would do for him and it did much, for we sent him to Scotland, where he lived and wrote to me that he was free from his former delusions.

But while writing up my records, he at one end of a long table and the suicide at another, caused me to keep watch that neither got hold of any sharp instruments. The Scotchman once thought I had joined his enemies and told me he would not have believed it before. The way of it was this: Scotchy was very debilitated, and instead of giving him the worthless medicine at the asylum that the politicians sent us for genuine, I bought an elixir of quinine, strychnine and iron in the city and without removing the wrapper instructed Scotty how to take it.

A week or so later he came to me with the question: "Doctor, I don't know what's come over me, for at times I can't get my jaws apart and my muscles draw tightly?"

I took a look at him as he grimaced in an effort to unlock his jaws, and told him to fetch me that medicine bottle I had given him. He did so, and tearing off the cover I saw that the strychnia and quinine had precipitated and the poisonous dose was being reached as he got further down in the bottle. The drug clerk had been careless and had also done wrong in making up himself what I had ordered to be put up from Wyeth's preparation. Unwisely explaining the mistake to Scotty, he had his misgivings as to my being in league with his persecutors for some time.

In the usual general assortment of queerness there was a "Mrs. Lincoln," not the real person, but one who claimed to be, and consistently said her maiden name was Todd. A tall angular motherly soul, industriously sewing till visitors annoyed her with questions, when she would turn on them with filth, blasphemy and ribaldry one would never expect from such a respectable, pious matron. She was one of the great fire victims. Many were bereft of senses by that Chicago calamity and our county asylum had numbers of them at that time. One pretty woman used to yell from her window prayers to be saved from the fire, saying that the roof was falling in. The autopsy showed that the forehead part of her brain had shrunk

greatly and hardened, though she referred her numbness to the back part of her head, saying that was the part that was gone.

A sweet, little industrious woman with masked epilepsy convinced all visitors that she had no business there as she was perfectly sane. The first intimation her husband had otherwise was awakening by being hammered in the face by her slipper. She was a tigress in her periodical attacks, but pitifully subdued at all other times.

A negress of that kind of insanity managed to hide a hatchet she brought from the laundry, where she worked in the asylum, and with the announcement that there was goin' to be some fust class funerals, she did what she could to carry out her prediction; chopping through her cell door till a brave doctor and the engineer rushed in and stopped her. The engineer slowly and cautiously inserted the key, turned it and threw the door open and Dr. Thuembler grabbed her arm and hatchet.

But those little incidents kept things from becoming monotonous.

A giant negro with parietic dementia saw God riding in a chariot outside his window, telling him to break out of that place. He tore his iron bed apart, beat the door down with it, destroyed everything in the corridor, struggled with five or six strong attendants half an hour, and his part of the institution looked as though a hurricane had swept it.

Notwithstanding all these incidents asylum folks

take chances like the stokers of rotten boilers and engines liable to blow up any instant.

An insane barber probably would not be popular in a town, but our best one at the asylum had his shop in the basement and usually gave us warning when he "didn't feel very well today," and he was urged to do business at such times. He would go to his cell to have his furious outbreak and shave the officials the rest of the time.

Which reminds me of having seen a drunken barber shaving a drunken customer on a steamboat in Montana; blood was flowing free but unnoticed, while the barber remarked: "Howld an Buck, an' I'll shave ye yet, if the handle don't break."

Leading recollection to another scene where a barber went out and brought in a soap box, placed it near the chair his customer was on, and stood on it, explaining that the snakes were so thick on the floor he merely wanted to get up out of their way.

While on barber tales we might as well hear of a couple more:

In a comic German paper a boy is pictured in a Berlin shop lathering and slashing a man seated in one of the uncomfortable ordinary chairs that conservative city retains in barber shops.

The man says: "See here, boy, that's the third time you have cut me, I should think you would lose all your customers."

"Oh no!" I only shave the strangers, I never shave the customers."

Illustrative of the difficulties of Pennsylvania Dutch, it is told of a barber and a customer in Reading that the latter was nervous and got up from his chair, walked around the shop awhile, and then went out, his seat being taken by another. Returning, he looked at the newcomer, then walked to the barber and asked: "If a man goes, und he comes, has he vent?" To which the barber returned, after a solemn taking in of the situation: "He vos, but he aint!"

Getting back to the asylum, there were frequent comical conversations only more intelligible.

A female habitually commanded men visitors to take off their hats and receive the blessings of "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, three in one!"

My oldest boy carried the medicine tray from the drug store to the wards, when he was greeted with the familiar command, but a voluble old companion of hers, equally insane, interposed with: "He needn't take off his straw hat, the blesin' can go through the hole in it."

That poor old girl accused an imaginary absent person with always throwing sand in her eyes, a delusion based on painful optic nerves.

One important woman refused to speak to any one pleasantly, as she claimed that her husband was a police sergeant and her social position was too superior to have her recognize common people.

A female with a form of insanity called katatonia spent her excitement surplus of energy in somersault-

ing along the ward corridor. A political superintendent called my attention to this case as peculiar, and I soon recognized the alternations described by Kahlbaum, an alienist in Germany. The form of insanity had been but recently discovered by him, and as it was the first I had made out or heard about being recognized in America, I was naturally enthusiastic and felt pleased in telling the superintendent about my discovery.

It was the beginning of other revelations to me of the contemptible natures of medical politicians, for he angrily retorted: "The damn Dutch are always making fool discoveries. Nobody ever heard of katatonia, and I don't believe there is no such thing!"

I have observed that those who murder the king's English while in stations that should be filled competently are the ones who are most jealous of real knowledge.

Clouston, of Edinburgh, tells of a gardener who was insane only in his speech, talking and answering in gibberish, he acted intelligently at all times. A similar case the entire day repeated: "I stole three bottles of wine, I stole three bottles of wine, Damn three bottles of wine!"

The other extreme of mutism is common, where the patient has a delusion preventing him from speaking at all. A darkey called Zeb had been at the asylum twenty years, working in the engine room usually and had never been heard to speak, when one day a piece of machinery was about to fall on a work-

man and Zeb yelled to him to look out. He then became silent as before.

An insane convict who had thrown red pepper in a bank messenger's eyes to rob him, but was caught and brought to the asylum, when shown to be non compos; and priding himself on his jig dancing, Zeb who had never seemed to be interested in the entertainments for patients previously, watched the convict and when he had blown himself out Zeb took the floor and outdid him amid shouts of surprise and approval from attendants and patients.

Those weekly dances were always comic; the women were waltzed around by themselves, and the men by female attendants, but the antics on all sides were laughable as a cake walk. The musician could be started only by humming or whistling the airs, as he had forgotten the names of all his pieces, though a music teacher in the city long before insane.

This old music teacher had alcoholic insanity, a disease that makes trouble at home of the worst kind, for it is murderous, but away from home the victim is not known as insane at all, and fierce have been the contentions over trials of the alcoholic insane.

At the asylum the children led him to the music room and after he had given them lessons they led him back to his ward, as he had little memory left. But a grand jury, smelling out wrongs that did not exist and incapable of understanding those that really did exist, because not agreeing with their inspired pre-conceptions, concluded after a long talk with the old

music teacher that he had no business there and ordered his discharge, though told by the physicians at the asylum of the dangerous nature of the insanity; but they knew he was not insane, just as many know the earth is flat. The old fellow was sent home, got immediately drunk, broke up a piano with an axe, burnt up sheets and books of music and tried to kill his family. Newspaper clippings of this fun had to be shown successive grand juries to turn them to other matters.

Speaking of the flat earth, a self sufficient lady remarked to her husband: "I don't see why people talk about the earth's being round, for any fool can look out and see it is flat."

"Yes," said her husband, "any fool can."

Another time a grand juror said that he had talked in Swedish with a countrywoman of his who was wrongfully held there, and he positively knew that she was not insane. She answered all questions intelligently and was rational on all subjects mentioned. He demanded her instant discharge or he would bring the matter into court. I told the attendant that she had better send her to her room and let the grand juror wait awhile and take her to town himself.

When she reappeared she had on a gilt paper crown, a heavy necklace of large glass beads, a robe of many colors with window tassels at the hem, and a broom handle scepter. Upon being asked to introduce herself to the grand juror she pompously told him that she was Queen of Sweden, Queen Victoria, the queen

of tragedy and queen of song, and would fine him five dollars for daring to smoke in her presence. Like some others she had confounded magistrate with royal dignity.

Mr. Grand Juror made a sneak, and I often wondered if he profited by the whack at his bumptiousness. But lots of folks keep on knowing it all in spite of accidents showing the contrary.

Still another grand juror, a year or two later, stood pityingly beside a comely negress who was strapped to the arm of a settee by wristlets and belt. He indignantly claimed that here was one of the outrages he had read of. He was prancing around angrily demanding her release, when getting nearer to his poor, abused patient she watched her chance and gave him a kick in the crotch that lifted him toward the ceiling. He changed his remarks to "Damn her, tie her feet!"

She was one of the most dangerous maniacs in the place with quiet intervals.

The coming of the grand jury was always known beforehand, when things would be furbished up, patients with kicked-in ribs would be tucked in bed, bruised faces locked out of sight and steering ushers lead the inspectors away from what was really discreditable, and finally in the dining room the banquet, wine and cigars convinced the visitors that all was right.

Any "traitor" who "gave things away," meaning exposing the wrongs of the patients, had an up hill

row to hoe, for he would be hounded by an organization of toughs he could not have imagined existed in free America.

For instance, let an indignant physician scold a ballot box stuffer, appointed as attendant, for neglecting a helpless dement by gadding at one end of the ward, hundreds of feet away from where boiling hot water was scalding the patient to death because bereft of sense the unfortunate did not know enough to turn the water off.

The usual response of the political employe is "Well, wot yer goin' ter do about it? Yer ain't got pull enough ter fire me. See?"

Discharge that man and take the consequences, which will be demands from saloon keeping senators and representatives to put that man back at once. Opportunities will be sought against you, and the public made to think physicians are the criminals instead of the politicians.

An insane lawyer was picked up in the streets of Chicago after the great fire, and became one of the show patients. He said that he was trying a case in court when the judge turned into a boa-constrictor and the jury into monkeys, and he could not stand it. He was disgusted. The old paranoiac complained of cats in the air, and once his attendant tied a string to a cat's tail and threw it over the lawyer's transom, but the patient complained in such a way as to let us know that he could discriminate between real cats and those of his hallucinations.

This same attendant had stolen a horse and slipped the attorney out of the asylum, secretly getting him over to Jefferson where the case was tried before a justice of the peace, and as he was not recognized by any one there and was able to defend the culprit quite well, he succeeded in having the case against him dismissed, and then sneaked the insane lawyer back to his room which he was supposed to have been too sick to leave.

The lawyer secured chews of tobacco from curious visitors before he answered questions. Once he turned interrogator himself and said to a sensation seeker: "You know that Susan B. Anthony is President of the United States, now."

Thinking it best to agree to anything an insane person said, he nodded yes.

"And you know that Andrew Jackson is Vice-President, and that Harriet Beecher Stowe is Secretary of War and we have captured England."

"Yes," said he.

"Well, you know a blamed sight more than I do, and I think you are a bigger fool."

Troops of sight seers flock through institutions of this sort if permitted, asking to be shown the worst cases, but it is a bad practice and the insane should be treated as sick and not placed on exhibition. Fancy the feelings of some recovered person upon being reminded of how amusing or terrible he was when he was seen in the asylum.

For ten years we had a chronic and supposedly

incurable maniac in the county asylum, and he had a criminal visage, hard, cruel and repulsive. He was disagreeably obtrusive, though he never harmed anyone, his threats and noisiness made him unpopular and kept us watching for some deed in keeping with his words. I once saw him pick up a garter snake in the garden and bite its head off and swallow it, claiming that it made him strong.

He and three other lunatics gave me a scene that Dante could have mentioned and his illustrator have pictured after their own style:

The dead were often brought to my laboratory for posting before being taken to the dead house, so at dusk in the dim light in came a coffin held by four patients, among them this snake-eater, all chattering and laughing, the chronic case mentioned making more noise and gabble than the others.

About five years after this happened I visited the asylum for the first time after leaving it long previously, and a very polite and good looking gentleman in the drug store accosted me with: "Doctor, I think you have forgotten me," watching my puzzled face awhile he then mentioned his name. I hardly thought it possible, but talking to him and hearing what the others told about his recovery I was convinced that here was one of the very rare instances of restoration after apparently hopeless loss of mind.

Another character at "Dunning," as the asylum was known, from the aggregation of saloons given

this town name, was a lithographer insane about spiritualism. He put up proclamations threatening scoundrelly spirits all about the asylum outside walls and the trees. He conferred mediumship upon me and I tried to argue him into an appreciation of the absurdity of his behavior with no results.

A grand jurymen once thought that this was an instance of unjust retention, though he had the freedom of the grounds and went no farther as he thought the spirits would not let him leave. So the jurymen asked him what he would do if sent to Chicago on the train. He promptly replied that he would shoot Mr. Bundy, the editor of a spiritualistic paper published there. The grand jurymen did not press the subject further.

Innumerable are the capers of these unfortunates. One woman dressed her hair with apple butter, another kept medicine in her mouth till a chance to spit it in some one's face, often the doctor's. The old lawyer rubbed his eye with a wet rag till it was inflamed, saying he had cast off fifty skins and had as many more to rub away. Another feeling strange shocks from spinal cord disease would turn suddenly and hit anyone behind him, claiming he had struck him in retaliation, the one behind having hit first. The darkey Zeb picked up rubbish incessantly, and such dements are regarded as beyond recovery. Zeb would stow away things in his shirt and pockets of no earthly value till unloaded periodically by the engineer he assisted. Once Zeb was put

on the scales and weighed, freight and all, 200 lbs. before and 130 lbs. after disgorging. The inventory listed rags, bones, pebbles, brick bats, broken comb, no teeth in it, half a spoon, spools, burnt matches, pill box, bottles, tin cans, sardine labels, brass faucet, hammer handle, egg shells, handle of tin cup, grass, tassel, fly paper, an old ragged sock, pieces of cast iron, broken glass, keys, playing cards, a cent, toy whistle, potato peelings, clock pendulum, feathers, strings and a crust of last year's bread.

A schoolboy's pockets might yield somewhat similar wealth, and these terminal dements seem to return to childish estimates of value in the things they treasure. But sometimes money in large amounts has been found secreted with or without the other things of no value. A teamster brought his wife to Dunning and was telephoned for to come and get what was found sewed up in her dress. The poor fellow was amazed, but recognized some coins and other money he had given her years before. She had stowed away what he supposed they had lived on. Sure enough, "it was just like finding it," as he said.

A parietic brought a thousand dollars in twenty dollar pieces with him and rolled them down the corridor length. His wife got back about a hundred dollars, the rest having "fallen into rat holes."

A powerfully built Norwegian physician with rapidly fatal parietic dementia attracted attention by his furies. Once the patients in his ward, the

“violent ward,” were taken out on the lawn and I was ascending the iron steps at the end of the building when I heard hatchet strokes cutting the door down and the Norwegian swearing he would “kill them all.”

And he emerged from the wreck of the door, having broken into the locked store room of the ward to get the hatchet, and stood before me with his weapon, flushed, angry and irresponsible. But he liked me, as we had talked over medical matters in which he was well educated, and he looked more peaceable. I had to gather my wits swiftly and asked him if he could see a procession passing below from his window in the stairway hall. He craned his neck and stood on his toes to look out, and to my intense relief he dropped the hatchet, which I kicked down the iron stairway and it banged resoundingly the four stories. I felt squeamish afterward about the possibility of its hitting some one but it was a noon time when no one moved about as a rule, and one can't guard against every contingency. Anyway, I gave the alarm and soon the parietic was safely locked up again. He should not have been left by himself. His skull as shown post-mortem was abnormally thick, probably like those of his Norse ancestry.

A chronic maniac female used to rave at her window the whole day swearing at passers, but quieted instantly upon seeing the superintendent, whom she took for her son. She had burned two of her children on an altar in a religious frenzy, and we kept a turban

on her head to keep her from bruises against the wall she incessantly banged.

Showing what habit will adjust us to, upon one occasion when she was raving and swearing at a rate that would have burst a brain vessel ordinarily, I felt her pulse and counted her respirations and they were both that of a calm self-possessed person, the heart beat as regularly as in sleep, showing that the noise and fury were mere mechanical nothings as far as the bodily functions were concerned.

A furious periodical female maniac who was put in restraint till her attack was over grew fond of my wife and visited her in our rooms begging to be allowed to do the room work as an excuse to be with her. Once while there an outbreak came on, and my wife placed her in an arm chair, smoothed her hair and talked soothingly to her and she broke into tears and that bad spell was over, to our surprise. So the attendants sent for Mrs. Clevenger when the attacks threatened, and often the patient would follow her to our rooms and soon be quiet again. But the superintendent interfered when he learned of it, thinking doubtless that if any miracles were to be worked he should absorb the credit and not a possible candidate for his place, which I forcibly refused later, telling the county commissioners that I did not care to become the agent of murderers and thieves. A sort of splutter habitual with me when principle was at issue, and which did not endear me to the politicians.

Another recurrent female came to our room when her attacks were threatening, she was also a Chicago fire victim; and by means of a good dose of calomel and quinine I several times broke up the return of her furies, but this, too, the superintendent ended by removing her to a distant part of the building and forbidding the attendant to notify me of recurrences.

Now this sort of petty spite seems impossible to right thinking persons, yet I encountered worse instances.

By asking the Women's Club of the city to secure a lady physician I managed to rush the appointment of the first lady doctor to an asylum in the Union, so far as I know; the commissioners appointing her, as they thought the superintendent had recommended the lady, but he had been ostensibly working to get her there and really secretly working against her, the trick being to please the Women's Club, an influential set, and prevent her coming.

The misunderstanding secured her the place, and Dr. Delia Howe came to the surprise and disgust of the superintendent, who did all he could to annoy and defeat her, but in spite of all she did splendid work; upon one occasion surgically treating a neglected case that under her skillful and kind care was rapidly recovering mentally and in general health, when, preposterous as it seems, this patient was taken away to prevent the lady doctor from getting the credit for a cure.

But this sort of thing springs from saloon keep-

ing domination of charity institutions. It is "practical politics." The usual policy being to "get a hold" on a person who might become a competitor, even if something had to be invented. This led to sneaking, lying, and all the other worse things sneaks and liars can do.

But we are trying to see the fun in this narration.

On the lawn at my State hospital an insane evangelist addressed the other patients, who gradually melted away and left him talking to no one. He found it such hard work to get a congregation that he brought it with him in the shape of sticks which he stuck up in rows and preached to.

The transoms were very narrow but the few inches enabled mysterious nightly fires to be set by an incendiary epileptic who squeezed through and got back the same way to his room till caught.

Then the sleep walker who danced in the air along the edge of the roof, and the combination of epileptics to escape by a rush together, a very unusual thing. The epileptic in an asylum is a sad case. In the interim of attacks, which he fails to remember, he is sane and well behaved. If any patients could combine to do anything they can.

An energetic, chattering, hard working maniac laundress at the State institution was the subject of an interesting experiment to divert her energies into a less annoying exercise than talking so incessantly. I made her a present of a stock of chewing gum and there fell a great quiet upon the face of the earth;

she was happy and merely chawed and chawed her happy hours away. There is no patent on the process and it can be tried in other institutions.

When waiting on a table, even if the governor of the state was present, she chipped into the conversation until the gum gave her jaws all they could attend to.

Among my patients at Riverside sanitarium I had a lady otherwise perfectly sane who washed her hands a hundred times daily, fearing contamination. Then there was a senile dement who drew a hundred gallons of water to wet a postage stamp with, and who when seen ransacking the drawers of the sideboard in the dining room was asked what he was looking for, as he emptied out the silver, and said he had mislaid his overshoes. He would gorge himself, fall asleep a few minutes and angrily ask when the meal would be ready.

Hysterical lunatics are dangerous, and all the more so, like the alcoholics, their insanity is not readily recognized. I know of several hysterically insane patients who made immense trouble by letters sent anonymously, accusing innocent folks of atrocious things.

At the State place a laundress fell in love with an alcoholic homicidal case and married him in spite of all my efforts to inform her, and she also aided his escape.

A gardener there was interesting. I asked him some questions soon after I took charge and he

turned on me with the information that he meant to come to my office and see how I was running things. I had not known he was a patient till then.

He was sent there as an alcoholic; his wife finally demanded his release, threatening me with saloon keeping statesmen if I did not let him go, and they did send insolent demands, and it seems queer they should not post themselves on the form of insanity they themselves manufacture. Under strong protest I let the wife take him home and the next morning had frantic telegrams from sheriffs and citizens demanding attendants to return him to the institution.

A county commissioner I used to expostulate with about robbing the insane brought his father to the county asylum and broke up the discipline of the place by compelling the best ward for the noisy patient, wholly unfit for the convalescent ward, in which his presence prevented other patients from recovering. "But vots de use of a pull if you can't use it fer yer family?"

His father was still insane when I was made superintendent of the State hospital, and one of the first transfers from Dunning was this commissioner's father, as he "knew the old man would be treated kindly while Clevenger had charge."

The subject is endless, but we can wind up with a few more remarks about the sense berefted.

A superintendent was once asked by a patient: "Am I the prince of this castle?"

"Certainly, your royal highness."

"Then why are my orders disobeyed. These buckets are labeled for fire only, and someone has put water in them!"

A farmer was asked if he did not want his clock repaired and regulated by a traveling tinker.

"No sir," said he, "when the hands point to half past seven and it strikes eleven I know it is four o'clock."

A visitor remarked to some one near an asylum clock that it was not right.

"That's so," he replied, "for it wouldn't be here if it was."

Dr. Lacquer, to whom I had turned over my practice when I left Chicago for the pathologist place at the county asylum, was asked by an Italian fruit dealer named Basigaloupi what had become of me as he had not seen me for a long while.

"Why," said Dr. Lacquer, "hadn't you heard that he went to the insane asylum?"

"No, now is dat so?" "Vell, but I always dinks dat dere was somtin de matter wid dat man!"

FUN WITH ILLINOIS GRAFTERS.

On the high banks of a muddy little river the State farm extended, forty acres of it being covered with one great central building and many detached buildings for alleged hospital purposes. It had been creditably managed by my predecessor for fourteen years, and only when he assured me in writing that he would not consider re-appointment, after being politically ousted, would I consent to take his place.

A legislator arrogated to himself the appointment of all my assistants. I ignored him and started in on civil service ideas, caring nothing for parties or their threats, having repeatedly published both parties as rotten.

My retained employees immediately schemed against me, thinking to get the former administration back in spite of assurances that it would refuse to return. Then the other party, having been out of power thirty years, was very hungry, and paying no attention to demands of either side both sets of wolves concluded to combine against me as a means of settling the division of spoils, after the ins threatened to hunt up and expose all the former stealings of the outs.

Things began to sizzle.

The bookkeeper sent me checks for thousands of dollars filled out ready for my signature, and being the only officer responsible for State property and under bonds, I refused to sign the checks till the trustees audited the accounts for them, as I had no means of knowing their correctness, and they had the purchasing power as well as myself. I refused to complicate matters by doing any buying myself.

This behavior was resented by the trustees as it would too clearly point out the thieves, so they postponed stealings till other arrangements could be made.

I appointed ten specialists, such as dentists, eye and ear and other medical and surgical experts from the best of Chicago's physicians, they agreeing to serve free of cost to the State, and at my request the Illinois Central railway company furnished them passes.

At first the trustees could see no harm to themselves in the move, thinking even they could share the approbation of the public for the humanity of the innovation. But the horrible thought finally illumined the nut-kernels they called their brains that these doctors were finding out everything about the asylum and were commenting in Chicago about the medicine being bought by the business manager to profit himself rather than help the sick.

Fluid extracts were cold tea, a handful of quinine or calomel was not equal to a grain of the genuine. Whiskey was fair, as legislators were particular of what they drank when the State paid for it.

So, bang went my corps of specialists, and I think I stand alone in ever having had one in a State institution of the kind.

The superintendent's house was fitted up well, but inheriting Quaker repugnance to luxury I made short work of its contents, sending the fine oil paintings to the wards for the patients to enjoy, cutting down the list of servants, the horses and carriages, preferring to walk anyway.

A shanty would serve my student habits better, as freed from sneaks that wealth always gathers, satisfied if my books and instruments were spared to me with time to use them. Luxury palled, and I grew invariably unhappy with it and hated the house with too much comfort, particularly, as in this instance, it was at the expense of the insane who were deprived of necessaries which the maintenance of this house would have restored to them in part by making up what the trustees stole, though these samaritans would have complacently absorbed it themselves had it been relinquished.

Asiatic cholera threatened during the World's Fair year and I sent for the Pasteur filter men to estimate on filters for the place, large ones to take the place of drive wells in the water of which there were typhoid germs, and I was forced to have the pumps pulled up to keep the employees from using the dangerous water.

I told the Pasteur company that they must make the price to the State a low one as there was to be no

“rake-off” for any politician, and the trustees said nothing but the ingenious engineer came to their aid by raising the pressure on the supply pipes when the filters were being tested so they burst, and served as a warning not to try to get goods into the hospital free of tribute to the gang.

A great pile of printed blanks near a furnace attracted my notice and brought out an amusing account of their origin and abandonment.

Instead of answering letters of inquiry concerning patients the “time saving” device was hit upon of sending regular reports of their condition whether asked for or not.

The storm of indignation was not anticipated which this innocent blank filling brought upon the asylum heads. Some wrote that they did not care for news of the patient at all and objected to letters from a crank shop rousing neighborly curiosity, and all around there was no inducement to keep up the reporting and the plan was abandoned; but not before the husband of one insane woman had responded with: “Your statement that my wife remains in the same condition as mentioned in last report was received and I do not doubt your correctness, inasmuch as in that previous report you informed me that she had died.”

This report blank filling leads to other comicalities. In a history sheet series of questions sent to applicants for their friends’ admission, the married or unmarried state of the patient is asked in the space

left blank to fill in of "Civil Condition," so that even the word divorced and so on could be inserted; but one blank came back with the civil condition of a maniac written in as "Not very."

Similar to queries of the kind sent out to post-masters as to their "Married Condition," one came back to headquarters answered, "Hell;" another reported "Fine and Dandy," and still another "Fair to Middling."

Sometimes a latent conscience suddenly flared up in even a grafter, for an employe devoted to the opposition told me that there were certain rascalities he could not indulge in for political purposes; he had been asked to join in a plot to liberate the criminal insane from the isolation house called the "relief" in such a way as to make it appear that it was due to my careless management. The fact that murders and other crimes would have inevitably followed did not make the grafters hesitate a moment.

The adjoining town held confederates who afforded concealment of goods stolen from the hospital, and it took so much time from caring for my patients in ferreting out thefts and stopping them, that I felt my medical career giving way to mere detective duty, but it could not be trusted to others.

I wanted to put in lock switches to keep the railway company from running off with car loads of coal after we had receipted for them, but the trustees objected, nor would they favor a fence to keep out prowlers.

Altogether we were at sixes and sevens. My office waste paper basket was ransacked nightly, and even post office clerks did many crooked things to help circumvent that "damned reformer." My telegrams were given to the gang before I saw them, orders to sign requisitions in ink and close to last item so as to prevent subsequent additions fraudulently were not obeyed, and if I investigated abuse of a patient the accused defied me with not having enough pull to "fire" him.

Saloon keeping senators were appealed to from my decisions, bringing their wrath upon me. One went to Governor Altgeld to demand to know what kind of a "goddam feller" he had there as superintendent. He complained that I had notified the legislature that if it came in a body it would not be admitted to the grounds, to run riot and get drunk about the place, but that I would be glad to have a visiting committee of a limited number of the members.

My best attendants were country jays unspoiled by politicians, and these humane fellows were obnoxious to the gang. One of them had been ousted, a witty fellow, and went to the little town to ask a street railway boss, named Cobb, for a place.

So brusque was he that he opened the conversation with: "Say, Cobb, I want a job."

"What's your name?"

"Aleck of Iroquois."

"Do you know what we do to smart alecks down here?"

"No, but I know what we do to cobs in Iroquois; we burn 'em."

Actually corn was at one time cheaper to make fires of than to sell to merchants in parts of Illinois.

I was told that legislators cut appropriations for charity institutions unless promised part of the money, and getting a request to come to the capital to look after and explain estimates of expenses I went to Springfield, sick with overwork and anxiety, and found great rejoicing at a joke played on the jay legislators, as they were called: the round balls of soap in each room of the hotel they patronized had been taken away and in their stead similar looking balls of limburger cheese had been placed in the soap dishes. Ringing of bells, running of waiters and loud voices in halls followed, demanding to know what was the matter with the water supply, for the more they washed the more they stunk.

I was to meet the member of the lower house to talk over the appropriations needed for the next two years at the hospital, about half a million dollars, and before sending up my card I was being shaved in the hotel barber shop and happened to catch sight of the legislator I sought reflected in the mirror next to mine, but he had simultaneously seen my image in my glass, but did not have time to change the expression on his face as he looked at me. It was as infernal a grimace of rage and hatred as could be assumed by an actor. He must have been one, though, for when we met he was smiles, happy cordi-

ality and congratulations for the "great record I was making in caring for the helpless insane."

Here was a little incident that puzzled me then, and still is not fully accounted for: Long before when this legislator came to my office in Chicago and I told him flatly that any boodling would be fought by me if I took the superintendency, he asked, "but you will be friendly to me?" Of course, I said, and I now think he imagined it was but demagogic bluff, such as he was accustomed to hear from self styled "reformers," for he appeared satisfied, and as he left my office he waddled out with legs apart exactly as I had noticed the boodler surveyor general do in Dakota. I puzzled over the coincidence, and finally left my mind a scientific blank on judging what it could mean; it not being necessary for us to have positive opinions on every subject, as the untrained think.

Quite recently I happened to read a description of the penitentiary "lock step," and it tallied so with the gait of these two politicians that it came as a revelation; only neither had ever been jailed so far as I had heard, and then I thought of possible heredity; but the chances are that in their dim and distant past they had taken lessons in the lock-step, may be at some reformatory, those wretched places that graduate criminals and afford jobs for cruel saloon keepers.

I was asked to meet the house committee, and found it in session with the chairman tipsy and

nervous from alcoholic gastritis. The appropriation matter came up and when he asked votes on considering it he turned to me and wanted me to vote, but I told him it was not customary for a superintendent to vote in the house on appropriations for his place. After listening to me awhile some one moved to go into executive session and I had to leave the solons to their discussions.

Then in the senate committee I was asked the reasons for items, and was irritated by disparaging, insolent questions of one of the statesmen, who seemed to intimate that he had been cut off from this particular hog trough, and wanted revenge on those who had four feet in it, thinking that I was one of the hogs.

Item by item I explained till finally coming to \$30,000 for painting buildings, I said that here was evidently a mistake, for even \$500 would be more than enough for the present purpose.

It acted like a galvanic shock on the crowd, and the suspicious member was dazed. Politicians usually infer that you have something up your sleeve if you are guileless.

“What did the house committee recommend?” asked the chairman of the senate committee on appropriations.

I replied that I had not ascertained, as they went into executive session, which served as a hint and a senator immediately remarked, “I move we now go into executive session,” and I retired to learn after-

ward they had played hob with my estimate, as they could "see nothing in it for themselves."

Some months later I asked Governor Altgeld if he would not help me defeat the big thieves of the hospital; that I had suppressed some of the small ones. Remarking, also, that it would be easy to steal a hundred thousand dollars a year at my hospital with no chance of detection beyond knowing that some one had misappropriated it.

He stopped his pace up and down the gubernatorial rooms and thought awhile, then said: "Doctor, the machine is not satisfied with your administration and calls for your resignation."

"Very well, governor, the machine could not have given me a greater compliment."

A year later Altgeld dropped dead on the platform on which he was making a political speech.

An old lady to whom I remarked that so many of the opposers of good in political institutions had passed away, foolishly, instead of staying to enjoy what they had schemed for, cogitated and suggested that it was my reward to have been permitted to remain. Maybe, but I could hardly infer from these matters that therefore my existence was to be prolonged indefinitely.

And the good die young also.

Being the pioneer anti-boodler and anti-grafter in the city of Chicago and State of Illinois, at a time when such fighting was regarded as foolish, hopeless, and improper anyway, for spoils were legitimate pay

for party success, and no one but a damned crank could think otherwise, I had learned by experience that to have any effect upon the public statements of atrocities at asylums must be made only when politicians could take up the accusations to baste the other side with.

I was a professor in a medical school in the city, and took advantage of being asked to deliver a doctorate address to the graduating class and its friends on commencement.

In the address I gave the political care of the insane a lambasting and had a reporter of the Times-Herald, an influential paper, present to verify the manuscript of my speech as delivered, and the next morning it appeared with all the sensational headlines and capitalizing the public want in horrible revelations.

The dean of the school leaned toward those I attacked, as there was a prospect of affiliation with a state university, and scolded me for talking politics instead of medicine and taking advantage of the occasion to do so.

But a Hindoo proverb compares the man who misses his chance to the monkey who misses his branch.

AMBITIONS.

Folks used to wonder why Dr. Doodle kept "Sissy" as first assistant physician on the hospital staff when there were nine other young doctors who could be understood when they spoke without getting brain fag from overstraining one's attention and listening ability in translating the wuh-wuh-woofs of a cleft palate into intelligible speech. And I wondered, too.

Dr. Sissy aired his wuh-wuh-woofs in conversing with visitors, instructing attendants, in intriguing with relatives of patients when they appeared to have money, in long prayers at camp meetings and even in singing.

This tiresome work made him object to rising at night to see troublesome insane when called to do so, and he allowed attendants to dope the patients with a hellish mixture of chloral and laudanum from a big bottle that I had expressly forbidden to be left on the wards, intending that all doses should come from the dispensary direct on prescriptions.

An accumulation of omissions and commissions finally caused me to set Sissy back one number and elevate one of the other assistants to the first assistant

place. An industrious "'umble Uriah Heep" Dr. Booby was selected. He was overwhelmed with the honor and feared he was not competent and so forth. He had to be reassured and told that his horrible spelling would be nothing compared to faithful service; and he was a hard worker.

Only his industry took a new direction as soon as safely placed in charge, conducting staff-meetings, talking to visitors, posing as a know-it-all to politicians who could no more judge of the fitness of a doctor for a position than they could of the possibility of a fourth dimension, or a third, for that matter.

He ingratiated himself with attendants by dining with them ostentatiously, catering to vulgar ideas of greatness by pomposity, niggery long words, patronizing manners to "inferiors" and cringing to "superiors."

My other assistants looked on with an I-told-you-so air, and I was informed that he had a numerously signed petition to be appointed as superintendent in my place. His qualifications being superficial ones that strike ignorance favorably, and the fact that he could make himself understood, but was sly about it, as he thought, enabled him to get around among those whom he thought were influential, but were not, and by Uriah Heepism conceal his trickery and treachery.

Then I realized why Doodle kept Sissy in the first assistant's place.

FORTUNES IN BOOKS.

The handlers of books get rich, the writers of books remain poor, as a rule. Publishers, booksellers, even the dealers in second hand books, accumulate money from unrecompensed toil, sacrifices and thought of authors.

Imagine box makers and teamsters claiming the contents of what they hand to you for sale!

See the great buildings filled with employees of publishers and booksellers. If an author here and there has a competence from his writings it is the grand exception, due to some accident or to having sunk ten times what he had made in learning how to keep the rest from the filching publisher.

Uncle Tom's Cabin brought originally a hundred dollars; later when millions of copies had been issued the author received five times as much as a gratuity, a bone to the dog. The publisher must have lain awake at nights afterward repenting his generosity.

In 1874 a New York scientific book publisher brought out my first book, "Surveying". I gave him \$650 for electrotyping 200 pages, "as figures cost more to electrotpe than plain reading," showing how discriminating chemicals and batteries are. By 1908 I had received \$924 in royalties at 50 cents per

copy, the publisher acknowledging his profits to be \$4620 on \$2.50 per book, less 17 cents per copy cost of paper and binding, as well as presswork and everythings else.

In other words, I paid all the expense and made \$274 on a book in 33 years' sales; the publisher making \$4300 on the same book by his own account; and how much more is only conjectural, for an author has no means of verifying royalty accounts rendered.

Had the money been asked to guarantee the publisher from loss, the \$650 would have had to be returned to me, but experience taught publishers tricks worth two of that, for by absorbing the foolish advance as "electrotyping expense," the money remains with the publisher.

My second book, "Comparative Physiology and Psychology," I also brought out at my own expense, the book house whose imprint was put on the cover at a trifling expense for advertising, made all there was to be made out of the book, and I got barely my money back on expense of printing, etc.

The book is now out of print, and I was asked three times its original selling price when I tried to buy a copy from a second hand dealer.

Next came my "Artistic Anatomy and the Sciences Useful to the Artist," lectures delivered at the Art Institute in Chicago when I was professor of anatomy there. Three publishers were mixed up in the publishing and threatened each other and me

with lawsuits and the plates were burned in a printing house fire, the "American Lithographer" having, however, printed the separate lectures serially.

Then my "Spinal Concussion" was brought out in a very handsome shape by a Philadelphia publisher who was constantly in the courts as a bankrupt, and he induced me to put my royalties in the "Tarpon Springs Improvement Company," the stock of which years after, with other evidences I placed with a lawyer to recover something for me out of the swindle, but he "lost the papers."

The big book of my life, my "Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity," gives me to think of.

I have seen this work in two large volumes on the shelves of public law libraries all over the United States; well worn, well known and figuring in all important suits, criminal and civil; often several lawyers on both sides having copies, with physicians owning the books also; though the name improperly misled them into supposing it was a law book only, when by thirty years' work it was both medical and legal. After a plan of my own the clerks of the law publishing house were instructed in appending common law decisions to my chapters, and through the book I commented upon the legal parts, incorporating it with my own medical work, the entire arrangement being original with me, and I labored months over the table of legal cases and the index, which I would entrust to no one.

The publisher had a signature like a picket fence

in a snow storm, a chevaux de frise, or set of stalagmites and stalactities; an egotistical assumption that the earth had nothing to do but decipher the heiroglyph. A species of paranoia.

The contract gave me no royalties till 600 had been sold; a few years passed and I occasionally got a few dollars, at the pleasure and figures of the publisher, surprisingly increased in amount at times by clerks, on the absence of heads of the house. Such accidents were treated as mistakes and deductions were made from the next time. Honest clerks are not in the confidence of the principals, always.

Searching for some medico-legal information I once dropped into the law library at the City Hall in Philadelphia, and when I asked for works on medical jurisprudence of insanity the genial librarian placed my own books before me with the agreeable statement that lawyers always called for these volumes as the best on the subject. These copies were dog eared, greasy, thumb worn. "But," he went on, "here is something recent and not so well known."

Noticing the names on the cover back, "Wharton & Stille," I told him that these authors were dead long ago, and that their work was antiquated and worthless, and in the first place neither of them knew anything of insanity, one being a good chemist and the other a jurist.

But, to my amazement, my publisher had taken the contents of my "Jurisprudence" and put it into the dead men's books, utterly plagiarizing my mater-

ial and apparently, in some instances, printing it from the same plates; at least there were identical pages, but most had been jumbled to avoid recognition, the medical part especially showing inexperienced treatment; *ad captandum* and superficial as though some tyro had engaged to edit the old frauds into life and had made a monstrosity.

A lawyer said I had a good case and corresponded with the publisher, finally settling things to their mutual satisfaction, but as I was not in their confidence I never knew how the matter came out.

Royalties were immediately lessened still further, though I knew that activity had been made in sales through an exciting insanity inquiry of national interest. Revenge for some expense seemed to be due them, and despairing of ever getting anything more from the work I offered the publisher my copyright for \$1000. It was worth \$10,000 if a cent. But as I had unwisely mentioned to the man with the worm fence signature that I was hard up, he forthwith proceeded to ignore my letters for six months, and finally haggled down to a hundred dollar offer, ending triumphantly by sending me a check for two hundred dollars for transferring all my right, title and interest in a book that had been built up out of my brain and blood, so to speak; that had cost me at least fifty thousand dollars in training, expense of books, travel and time through neglect of other means of earning while accumulating the materials and writing it. Indeed, my small sanitar-

ium went to smash while putting the book in shape for printing; the dead beats getting in big board bills, happy in seeing what an absent minded ass had charge of them.

Later works of mine were published by the Evolution Publishing Company, of Atlantic City, New Jersey, which I organized under the laws of that State, and business relations between author and publisher are now as they should be, and I hope to build up an institution that will be a credit to the country in introducing strictly honest methods into the publishing business, to the complete satisfaction of authors. "Respectable and important concerns" need check systems on their affairs with customers just as corporations have bell registers for those they hire.

Of course you have your redress in law.

If you had seen what I have through thirty years' familiarity with courts, judges and lawyers in Chicago, you would not be able to smile any wider, unless you set your ears back, over that advice.

Publishers know the helplessness of authors and are appropriately known as wolves.

If publishers and book dealers ever tell you that they don't know anything bout this book you can guess the reason.

Publishers claim they lose money on many poor books. They do not consider that it is because of their imbecile judgment in passing upon books they fancy are suitable for publication. Nine-tenths of the publishers would have refused manuscript from

Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Tom Hood, or others equally liable to make fortunes for them, and money making is the only incentive they have to bring out any book. They have not even the business sagacity that corresponds with their business rapacity to discern the public inclination to buy certain books; they are always astonished when a book proves popular, wondering what the buyers can see in a thing they put forth reluctantly, and if they do make money out of what they have murdered the author for, by screwing the life out of him on the price, and insulting him by striking out parts and inserting foolish things of their own, they then plume themselves on their sagacity. But we should hear the Goldsmiths, the Thackerays and Carlyles as to that. Jeffries slashed Carlyle's writings and made changes till he finally refused them altogether as not good enough for the Edinburgh Review.

I saw a little work on the relations of author and publisher written by one of the latter class, and you would think publishers were all good and righteous men, who die poor, and that all authors are unreasonable folks. Why then do publishers tax what is left of themselves by cirrhosis and nephritis, induced by eating and drinking up poor authors, to smell out another possible fortune through beating another jackass genius out of his life-work?

Who are these pot-bellied minotaurs or baby-eating crocodiles, arrogating to themselves the right to pass upon what the public shall read?

Suppose the man who made your boxes to move your goods in demanded ninety per cent. of their contents, or often stole all the contents. Imagine the farmer sending his goods to market and the truckster getting all the money, flinging the overworked jay what he pleased. But the commission merchant sometimes does this very thing; lying about the price of sales; saying that goods were spoiled and had to be thrown away. Goods so superior that he had taken extra prices for them from purchasers.

Fancy the writer, hat in hand, approaching the frowning potentate, surfeited on the brains of the very author before him, and being insolently asked what in blazes he wanted now; imagine the author meekly saying that he did not know what was due him on royalties, whether it was five cents or five thousand dollars, and had come to inquire

“Why, five cents, of course, and wipe your feet when you enter the presence of a gentleman again.”

This is “Business,” and the next scene is where he chuckles over how he bluffed the sucker, when he had thousands due the poor fellow, over and above the hundreds of thousands he had made from the sucker's books.

Reviews from being formerly vindictive and churlish are now inane, idiotic.

Write your own review, and in most cases if it accompany the book it will be printed as you wrote it. I tried this once with a work of mine and ninety-five

per cent. of the reviewers had been saved the fatigue of getting up any remarks.

A ten year old school boy could have written more sensibly about my "Comparative Psychology" than did a little politician who wanted to praise it and did not know enough chemistry to prevent his confusing the formula of common water with that of sulphuric acid, when he was assistant editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association" in 1884.

I have seen numbers of "reviewers" try to read uncut pages here and there in a book, saying "I spose I have to say something about this thing, and I don't know anything about the matter," before he hurried the book to the second hand dealer. Clerks reviewing scientific works!

DEGRADED EXPERT BUSINESS.

In old times Dyche's drug store was the meeting place for doctors and the waiting place for horse car passengers, and the drug clerks got up flirtations occasionally with casual customers, and guyed each other unmercifully over some of the comicalities happening. An elderly beauty fell in love with a boy behind the counter and the other clerks stole the love letters and read them to the public.

One day Dr. Baxter, a good surgeon, and Dr. Quine, a famous therapist, were talking at Dyche's when I entered. Baxter at once asked me what was the trouble out at the insane asylum that telephone messages were not taken to the doctors. He said that he had tried to reach me quickly to serve as an expert on the insanity issue in Wilbur F. Story's will contest, but politicians at the asylum from pure malice would not notify me about messages.

Expert fees were a hundred dollars a day, and this contest lasted some weeks, so as the saloon keepers were not friendly to me they revenged themselves for my denunciations of their thievery by chopping me out of considerable business.

But Baxter made the remark that no one knew

anything about insanity, anyway, and my friend Quine was inclined to agree with him. Either one or the other of these able practitioners told of a judge turning to him on the witness stand saying, when a question of sanity came up: "Doctor, I don't know anything about insanity; do you?" and the witness acknowledged that he did not; and it was bad enough at that stage, but my dander began to assert itself when there was mutual agreement applauded by bystanding physicians that no one else knew anything about insanity, either.

For about half an hour those innocents got an opinion of such rank assertions based on the fact that while surgery and certain recognized branches of medicine had grown scientific and effective through the studies of intellectual men, it was an evidence of the relativity of knowledge that there should be confessions of ignorance of what was being accomplished in collateral fields, and, worst of all, such gross ignorance as to be unaware of how ignorant they were; well educated jurists, eminent surgeons and physicians making such abominably degrading admissions and unjustified assertions.

In these early 80's it was quite an honor to be called into court as an expert on any question. Of course an expert can be such in any line of business or profession, and the medical expert is but one sort of the specially skilled or informed who appeared in court to give testimony on his opinion.

In the course of thirty years familiarity with the

courts and lawyers of this entire country what I have observed in the way of evolution and involution makes me feel as though I had been present through centuries of getting at the true inwardness of "equity, justice, law," and at the time I began as an expert in insanity and nervous diseases it seemed to me possible for one to testify and preserve his self respect; courts were fair, lawyers had regard for genuine learning, juries were innocent fellows, witnesses were really such, and research had a recognized place in what all in the court room listened to. Notwithstanding the fact that brow-beating and trickery existed to some extent even then, the proceedings had not advanced to what we can now see. Though the witness was sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and both sides did all they could to keep you from doing so, and had you insisted on it the court would have sent you to jail, witnesses were not the abject things now to be seen and heard in many courts, made such by the changes for the worse I have noted through the past quarter century.

I have known judges trying men for their lives on the issue of insanity, to suppress evidence through their leaning to the side of popular clamor, just as Pontias Pilate did when Rome, and not the Jews, as claimed, executed an innocent man as a criminal.

That celebrated truckler washed his hands literally and figuratively of responsibility by throwing it upon some one else, as the modern judge may blame

the law for his decision, when he may make a perverted interpretation of that same law to favor the wrong.

A judge on the bench in Chicago berated a lawyer for his rascally adroitness in forcing decisions upon the notice of the court so that injustice would have to be done. The law giving him no alternative to decide as his inclinations prompted. Those initiated knew the judge held a roll of money in his pocket with one hand while he gesticulated his indignation with the other hand.

One of the first hints I experienced of the way things were tending with the expert business was in a recess of the court when a case of head injury responsibility was on trial and I had refused to go beyond rigid adherence to truth concerning the effects of such injuries, as that one might have a serious appearing wound of the head and yet escape insanity therefrom. The lawyer wanted me to say that insanity was inevitable in such accidents and I told him I would not make an ass of myself in any such way. He turned on me with the angry declaration that: "You think more of your damned reputation than you do of our winning the case!"

I told him I would be proud of a certificate to that effect in writing and signed by him.

But I had plenty of the *esprit du corps*, for once engaging in a case and being convinced that I was on the right side I assisted the lawyers by all justi-

fiable means to win it. Often even putting myself in the background, as few experts are willing to do, in unifying the subordinate experts' testimony. Sometimes inexperienced physicians were illy up in the specialties and were likely to ventilate their crude and erroneous notions on such matters when testifying, to the delight of opponents, and I made it a rule to test the knowledge of such doctors and post them on the literature of whatever aspect of insanity or nervous diseases happened to be in question.

Once in an important case there was an old real estate dealer who had been a country doctor, and according to his neighbors he had forgotten more medicine than lots of doctors ever knew. I never saw the sense of urging such a statement as a reason for employing the forgetter, for the same may be said of a dement or a dead man. But the dear people have their old saws to cling to in lieu of logic, and they save brain work.

Well, this old real estate dealer had attended a spinal injury case and knew as much about it as a hog does of Sunday, and the knowledge never was attainable for him, because the whole matter of spinal anatomy and diseases had evolved since he left the practice of medicine for his lots, houses and acres business.

He had to be brought into the case anyway, whether we relished it or not, so I took the old chap in hand and polished him up until he was stuffed with modern knowledge of the spine and its disorders.

Quizzing him till he rolled things off like a parrot, and his head visibly swelled in the process.

One of the first things I impressed upon him was to be able to answer promptly certain catch questions invariably asked in these contests, particularly by railway surgeons who have a stock job lot of misinformation bunched with a few real points in histology or seldom used anatomy. One of these questions related to how far down the back the spinal cord extended, some being inclined to run it into the sacrum or even the coccyx, and plenty of "successful" practitioners would not know but that it went to the heels.

On the witness stand the venerable Dr. Realestate looked as though he knew everything, and in came a railway surgeon who bent over the attorney for the road whispering, and I remarked to the plaintiff's lawyer, "there is that old chestnut coming," and sure enough the railway lawyer on cross examination at once pompously asked: "Please tell the jury how far down the back the spinal cord goes." And he promptly and properly responded: "To about the small of the back," which was better understood than any remarks about dorso-lumbar junctions or second lumbar vertebra.

Through the direct and cross examination for hours this old "forgetter" shone resplendant; some lesser medical witnesses who knew vastly more than the old fraud ever had known played second fiddle to him, in the estimation of the judge and jury, and when it came to my turn I felt as though the impres-

sion I gave in this orchestra was that of making the best music I knew how from a penny whistle. Everyone looked bored.

The satisfaction I had was in the relative size of fees for the medical services, mine being at the rate of a hundred a day, the others twenty-five down to ten dollars daily. Dr. Realestate being in the latter class.

One of the characteristic aggravations of such contests being that while the lawyer on my side knew precisely what the relative importance of our services was; that the "great experts" were manufactured, and though no lies had been uttered things were not at all as they seemed, for the insignificant experts were the ones who did all the real work in the case and pretty polls came off with the admiration; the confounded tricky attorney had the impudence to suggest that my fees should be cut to the level of the others, considering the mere corroborative testimony I gave in court, the others going into main details, also when I was at his elbow prompting him on every medical examination question.

My Irish got the better of me and a repetition of the suggestion he felt would be dangerous.

Among several very honest judges I recall Walter Q. Gresham, who became fond of me during the years I appeared in his court, and he once charged a federal jury to rely upon statements I had made as to the worth of electrical tests of muscles and nerves in determining the extent and probable outcome of

paralysis, as he had always found my testimony to be truthful, a statement of which I am justly proud, all the more so as it was made by one who served his country as a general ably and as judge and secretary of state bore the highest reputation. He was known as always inclined to assist the weak and defenceless against the wicked strong, and in the same case referred to, some detectives swore that they had trapped the paralyzed defendant into a panel game where the "indignant husband" entered and the paralyzed man walked three steps as the detectives claimed. Judge Gresham told the jury that immorality of a defendant would be no excuse for the Northern Pacific railway crushing this man's spine by their negligence in not removing an overhanging boulder that was shaken from a hill into the engine where the plaintiff was fireman.

"You need not believe such cattle," said the judge, "and anyway, the circumstances were enough to have made a dead man walk!"

The expert service brought me into several States though most of the attendance was upon federal and superior courts in Chicago. In Ohio I had a spinal injury case at Zanesville and a murder case at Fremont. The first was in prosecuting the city for a sewer left open into which a citizen fell and was badly hurt, the trial dragged through several sessions and we finally won. My book on spinal concussion had been out for some years by that time. One of the incidents in the trial being that I had observed

a physician for the city feeling a pulse with his thumb, and when he took the stand advised the plaintiff's attorney to have the doctor show the court how he felt a pulse. It discredited the poor fellow's testimony greatly, but he learned physiology in a way not likely to be forgotten,—or forgiven.

The other Ohio case was conducted by Mr. Withey, the prosecuting attorney for the county Fremont is in. This is where ex-president Hayes resided, and his mansion is about as queer a looking barracks as I ever saw. But maybe he intended it for a public charity institution, as it resembles one closely in its uniformity of windows, doors and plain front with a multitude of rooms.

The murderer had blown up the father-in-law he hoped to have with dynamite, because the old man sent him away from persecuting his daughter.

The prisoner I found to be a typical degenerate and wholly irresponsible, so ordinarily a State's attorney would have dropped me for some one more inclined to hang the culprit, but Withey asked me if there was any procedure that could be adopted instead of an effort to execute him, and the upshot of the conference was that we arranged a programme that our consciences approved and yet enabled us to do our duty by the State of Ohio.

The deed itself was proven by the State, consuming much time, but the cross examination was evidently directed to the insanity defense, and the attorneys for the prisoner were puzzled over Withey

not bothering much about that aspect on re-direct examination of State witnesses or cross-examination of defence witnesses.

I was treated to the spectacle of a most excellent local surgeon, who was a credit to his town on modern bacteriology and general medicine, taking the witness stand and ventilating himself of the most childish nonsense regarding insanity. Not a single author worth reading on that subject did he know, and it left the impression that the expert fee had induced him to venture beyond his depth and he was pulled out nearly drowned by the information that deluged him through cross-examination.

But the event of the trial was the silent acceptance by Withey of all that bore upon the degeneracy of the prisoner while discrediting the ideas of insanity as put forth by the misinformed witnesses for the defence, such as epilepsy, paranoia, etc. Finally, when I took the stand and admitted that the slayer was not only a degenerate but irresponsible, the defence in a burst of fear that wind had been taken out of their sails broke out with: "Then, admitting the degeneracy and irresponsibility of the accused, you would favor his being hanged, would you?"

"No sir, by no means."

"What, then you think he should be imprisoned for life?"

"Yes, but not in a penitentiary."

"Please explain what you mean by such contradictions."

"Well, as the man is irresponsible and dangerous to society while at large," I explained, "he should be kept from harming others in future in a suitable place for criminal insane."

Withey told the lawyer he gave him an opportunity to earn his fees by not springing the sensational admission too soon, but like Job, he refused to be comforted and sought sarcasm for vengeance.

Neither Withey nor I believed in capital punishment, and we agreed that the prisoner was too irresponsible to be sent to the penitentiary, but it was the prosecutor's duty to present all there was in the case to the jury for their consideration and disposal.

How much better this was than the usual vindictive, narrow minded insistence upon hanging anybody and everybody accused whether guilty or not, insane or not, merely to make a record of many convictions to offset the releases of rascally rich in some instances. We can't let everybody off, so we will only liberate those who pay.

Like the man who did not invite his father and mother to his wedding, because "the line has to be drawn somewhere, we can't invite everybody."

Summoned to the defence of a murderer at Sheboygan, Wisconsin, I was unprepared to find the prisoner playing cards at a saloon while on parole. There was no death penalty in that State, but I do not even now comprehend how the old farmer could have been "paroled" under the circumstances.

On the trial it was shown that he left food out of

doors for the fairies, as was done in Ireland, among other things indicating a mental twist and the State's attorney wanted to know if acting upon a generally accepted belief as the Irish peasantry did was evidence of insanity. When such superstition was adhered to in this century and distance from where it was common, and in spite of all the means of enlightenment that could be in America, I regarded retention of such a fancy and especially acting upon it as no evidence of mental soundness to say the least.

An expert in this trial defined insanity as a disease of the brain affecting the mind, causing the person to think, feel and act differently from ordinarily.

I had him asked if he were set down on a pin, or the middle of China, suddenly, if he would not act, think and feel that way, and if insanity did not exist without brain disease, and brain disease exist without insanity?

Some years later I heard this same definition at a medical society meeting in Boston, only the last part included the words "causing the person to act, think and feel differently from what could be expected from the training, heredity and education of the person."

In the discussion I cited the instance of Father Mabillon, mentioned by Winslow, who was born an idiot in a family of idiots, and who fell down stairs, cracking his skull and developed from idiocy into a genius in memory and intellect.

Now this was not what was to be expected from previous training, heredity or education of the idiot, and was an instance of sanity included in the very definition offered for insanity.

The essayist on the "Criteria of Insanity," who suggested the definition, was the first to laugh, then the chairman and finally the entire assembly of physicians, among whom were the two doctors Jelly, the alienists, who will remember the matter.

Which carries me back to Loomis' definition of ball lightning that amused the signal service sergeants so much in old times: "Ball lightning is an agglomeration of ponderable substances, in a state of great tenuity, highly charged with electricity."

The fact is insanity or sanity can no more be sufficiently defined than can life, health or disease, and it is not worth while to attempt to define it. Lawyers can bother you on any trial if you advance a definition of anything, especially insanity. I always dismissed it as "an absence of sanity."

At a murder trial in Janesville, Wisconsin, the result was satisfactory to the parties who had engaged me, in acquitting a half-witted victim of a scoundrel. She had disposed of her infant, but we showed her complete inability to comprehend the offence in any way. Her uncle paid a fine of \$500 on a technicality by pleading guilty, and escaping the uncertain consideration of a jury. Though it was too bad to punish the uncle in saving the imbecile, I felt happy about the way the case terminated, not but that a better dis-

posal could have been made of it; and joked the little newsboy while waiting for a train, having bought a few papers noticing the trial; I then asked him for tomorrow's paper. He said it was not out yet but he could get it when it was out. I offered him a dollar for a copy if he gave it to me today. "Where will you be tomorrow?" he asked.

"In Chicago, I suppose," I replied.

"You leave the dollar and I will send it to you."

"That isn't the thing, for I want it today."

As I climbed on the train the newsboy called out to the conductor: "Say, you wanter look out fer that feller, hez plumb crazy!" So the boy innocently returned the joke on me, and probably has often told what a durn fool once asked him to do.

In a trial in Council Bluffs, Iowa, I had to overcome the sinister appearance of a provokingly big styne in my eye while testifying in a spinal injury case, and was telling of a new German test of pain in the heart acceleration when pressure was made on the alleged painful spot. Someway the railway attorney had been well posted and had hit upon a remarkable ability to increase the action of his heart at will, probably by holding his breath, and the laugh was on me when I exhibited surprise, for no mention of such a contingency had appeared in our medical literature before, but I took the news to Chicago and the experts handled Mankopf's objective test of a subjective symptom very gingerly after that story got around among my medical friends.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, the State engaged me to look after the insanity claim of a man who shot a prominent banker for invading his home. I knew the man would be acquitted but merely testified as to the transitory frenzy plea, which was rank nonsense in that instance, for the shooter remembered everything and was provoked beyond endurance. The defence sagely secured a jury of farmers every one of whom had daughters.

As the hypothetical question was used it was not necessary to refer to the testimony in this case but only to the garbled portions the lawyers on each side selected to pass upon while withholding facts telling against his side.

Excuse me for taking a fling at this hypothetical case barbarism, I can't resist a chance to howl down a wrong in or out of season, and of all the legal fictions that hypothetical presentation to witnesses is the most imbecile and does the most injustice to everybody in the court room. For the expert is hampered from considering real facts as they have been brought out in the contest at expense to both sides, and the jury are bewildered and lose their respect for the sanity of law proceedings, when they are told to disregard anything a witness says about the real issue and to only consider the fictitious assemblage of stories bearing as far away from the truth as possible, the judge is rendered more illogical by trying to excuse such nonsense, the witnesses are justified in their contempt of such jackass capers

on the part of counsel, as shutting out any thing but fairy stories, and it is a toss up if plaintiff or defendant will be harmed the most by this suppression of reality and substitution of lies, verbiage, false conclusions and adroitness. As well propound: "If the boat is two hundred feet long, and the flagstaff sixty feet high, how old is the captain?"

To relieve the boredom of sitting in court while attorneys are wrangling physicians present are apt to talk among themselves, sometimes above the whisper customary in such places.

In a sidewalk injury case, Drs. Baxter, Church and I were in attendance before Judge Ketelle, an able, conscientious man. Mr. Bottom was the city attorney, and both he and the judge had high pitched squeaky voices, so when in arguing a motion and the court was passing upon it, both of them excitedly, their falsetto high octaves, one a note or so below the other, sounded funny enough and reminded me of a story but Church told the sequel to it, and not noticing that eyes were fastened on us and ears were cocked, we gave the impression of mimicking the speech that amused us, but we were merely telling of similar instances of tenors and altos, and as we three snorted sitting immediately in front of the throne, we suddenly became aware of indignant glares from the bench and bar, and for a few moments felt as though twenty-five dollars at least was about to leave each of our pockets for the *lese majeste* called contempt of court.

The bailiff has the most importance in a court room, particularly if promoted from being a bar-room "bouncer," with the decadence of republican and democratic simplicity the judges have assumed gowns and are working toward bag wigs and wool sacks. Some courts even have all in attendance rise as the judge enters. An old Jersey judge, however, is said to preserve unostentatious manners bordering on the undignified to such an extent that he has opened court by calling to the bailiff: "Say, Bill, take that damned thing of yours and rap this court to order!" He would comment on the foolishness of wearing a "Mother Hubbard" in court on hot days.

Judge Goggin, of Chicago, was a genial chap of that sort. Once in a case where a lady was injured by falling through a sidewalk, an attorney named Case was questioning me about books I had written, when Goggin interrupted with: "Never mind telling the jury about books, though as Bobby Burns says: "'a book's a book, although there's nothing in it." Any one can write books, and it's no measure of ability. I wrote one myself once and paid \$150 to have it printed. Besides Puterbaugh wrote a Practice of Law that got lawyers in jail for following its advice."

The Irish attorney, promptly with the quick wit of his people, replied: "And so has the Bible, yer 'anner."

When Clarence Darrow was attorney for the Chicago and Northwestern railway he appointed me

neurologist for the road, and settled claims fairly on my advice, but a new administration threw us out and fought all damage suits, just or unjust.

The Northern Pacific had the reputation of refusing to buy a coffin for one it had run over.

A pin-head lawyer advised his particular railway company to influence the selection of members of the supreme court favorable to the road, so that when judgments were appealed they would be reversed. And some of the Illinois decisions read as though that advice may have been acted upon.

A young Jew was indicted for stealing a horse and his cousin, an attorney, engaged me to pass upon the sanity of the prisoner. On the trial I gave the judge full reasons for declaring the man to be an imbecile, and the judge asked me if there was any further aspect of the case that would assist the jury in finding the man to be mentally unsound.

"Yes, your honor," I added, "the fact that the prisoner is a Hebrew."

This took the court aback, and puzzled others till I explained that it was far from characteristic of Jews to acquire horses that way. Sane Hebrews could secure property in much safer business transactions.

The attorney asked me to give him a receipt for one hundred dollars for expert services, which he would send to Germany as evidence of the expense of the suit, and when the relatives remitted he would pay me. That ended the transaction, for I never heard

whether they had remitted or not, so if they had done so the relationship was in keeping with my remarks that there were safer ways to skin people or cats than by stealing horses.

Which reminds me of a widow who brought my bill for services in attending her husband the year previous to his death and asked me to please receipt the account in full, as the judge of probate required evidence that physicians had been settled with before handing the estate over to her, and as she could only get money when the estate was settled she would then bring me the pay. I obliged her, with pleasure, and six months after asked if the estate had been settled. It had. In surprise I asked if she had overlooked my account.

"Why, no," said she, and looking me squarely in the eye, "don't you remember, you gave me a receipt in full."

I have acquired considerable psychological information of a practical sort, but hated to feel flabbergasted, if that expresses it, in encountering it.

My old Quaker friend the Commodore out West, used to say: "The more I know about men the better I like dogs!"

Quite a series of incidents following my testifying in a head injury case, the plaintiff giving me a note for a hundred dollars, which was not paid when due; the case came up again and I refused to attend court, but by a recent brilliant ruling of the Illinois Supreme Court an expert in medicine could be com-

pelled to serve by a subpoena and give expert testimony without compensation. It would be fun to see such a ruling worked on lawyers as to their services in expert testifying. So I went and repeated the previous testimony, as the lawyer knew I would do, or would not have run the risk of forcing me to attend; and I could have ruined his case had I been capable of the trickery I have often seen in proceedings. I, even then, had to put the note into the hands of a lawyer to collect, which he did and charged me the hundred dollars for doing so. Someone asked the stenographer of the lawyer if she thought that was fair, and on her saying that it certainly was, the gentleman remarked to her: "You must be in receipt of a beautiful salary."

One collecting firm used to keep physicians' accounts, doing nothing to collect them and finding the doctor had got money on them immediately force their percentage or send a constable for it. Among such scamps I told one that the bill he had been holding a year I had collected myself and he demanded half of it, which I regarded as unjust, and it ended in my paying a constable twice as much as the collection that I had made.

Justice courts at one time in Chicago were burglarious as the police force of Philadelphia became later.

There was a sensational shooting case in Chicago, where a banker had sought a divorce from the shooter, and she plead insanity. I was in the trial contesting

the insanity issue two weeks and knew enough of the banker to get my per diem every morning before court opened. I sat at the side of the assistant State's attorney and wrote every question for him to ask the experts on both sides: then I abstracted the evidence for him so all he had to do was to turn over the pages of the abstract to get at every word on record; and even made an index to the abstract.

He was on the emotional order, fond of kneeling to the jury with camp meeting appeals for conviction. Logic had no place in his composition. He affected Napoleonic poses in open carriages, wore long hair with Byronic collars, and was very much "stuck on himself" generally.

To my utter disgust the abstract was not even glanced at, but he went off into objurgations, calling the defendant a vampire, a volcano, an anarchist, and other such names; relying upon "oratory" rather than common sense for her conviction. His "argument" would alone have secured her acquittal.

An expert witness who knew everything was asked about a certain author on insanity whose name I had never heard before, but the omniscient one had, and was quite familiar with the case that the lawyer read from the book of the author mentioned. The lawyer then plucked some written pages from Hoyle on games, from which he had been reading, holding the writing up as a fabrication of his own.

Another smart lawyer was well crammed on anatomy and made a habit of quizzing medical witnesses

thereon whether relevant or not. Once in the Federal court he went miles out of the way of the testimony to ask me if I could give "Robbins' law of the development of the temporal bone." Knowing the limitations of his anatomical stuffing, I asked him if he referred to the *iter e tertio ad quartum ventriculum* or to the *levator labii superioris alaequae nasi*. He said that he "guessed he did." And the trial went along on other lines.

This lawyer was a friend of mine, and when the governor appointed me superintendent of the State hospital this lawyer asked me to come to his office to meet a state senator who was to approve the appointment. This dignitary looked me over silently, nodded his head and left. Later I ascertained that the senator kept a large free and easy saloon, but that did not surprise me as whiskey dealers held most power in general politics, but it ruffled me to think that in both my asylum appointments whiskey had to approve the official.

One incident I cannot forget. During a trial of a head injury railroad accident case, January 11th, 1897, word was brought to me that to see my mother alive I must come at once. The judge excused me and both lawyers took up non-medical issues kindly, to oblige me, for the day and I reached her house in time to hear her last words and hold her head on my arm as she passed away, at 82 years of age.

At Richmond, Indiana, a will contest over six hundred and sixty thousand dollars dragged along

for a year or more, when I was sent for to pass upon a hypothetical question each side had prepared, of about a thousand pages. Ex-president Ben. Harrison was attorney for contestant and seemed to be about such a lawyer as those in Chicago courts, so with my nil admirari inclinations he failed to yell and scare me down with his browbeating methods. I had been half a day on the stand on direct examination, and Ben. Harrison took me up on cross-examination the next entire day, save during the noon recess, when I met him and reminded him that my father had made the marble bust of his grandfather William Henry Harrison, the former general and president.

That afternoon he changed his method of questioning to a gentlemanly tone, and succeeded better in throwing me off my guard; molasses catches flies better than vinegar. But the stenographer and presiding judge were political toadies, the one afraid to interrupt the ex-president, and the other having in view possible resumption of power by the ex-president and a show at a job in the supreme court; both "bending the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning." The court reporter, when Harrison asked questions too fast, would address himself to me and complain of my answering too rapidly. Member of Congress Johnson, who opposed our Spanish war, was the counsel on my side and finally blew Mr. Stenographer up for his hypocritical trickery. I often refused to answer a question by asking: "Do you think that is a fair question, general?" instead

of showing discomfiture as other witnesses had when inexperienced in legal bluffing.

The case was finally compromised, just half the estate having been used up in the court proceedings. The heirs wisely concluded to divide the remainder.

A will was being made by a dying woman and Mr. Buck, a good attorney of New Orleans, dictated the legal language to me as I wrote it at her bedside, and she named the bequests and the amounts to each, and I shall always admire Buck's justifiable suggestion to the lady in wording the will to save her from a piece of folly in erecting her tomb. She said: "And I direct that twenty thousand dollars be expended for my tomb," Buck quietly interposed: "You mean that not more than twenty thousand dollars," and she adopted the change and dictated it in those words, which would enable the heirs to spend what they pleased, and there was no thousand expended on it. A brother-in-law, after a contest, came off with the property and rapidly drank it up; saloon keepers becoming the real heirs.

I have seen so much undue influence tried where there was wealth that I have come to pity those with money enough to attract the buzzards.

During a murder trial at Woodstock, Illinois, an attorney twitted me with having been in the signal service, the engineer corps and having been a government surveyor, to show the jury that I could not know anything of insanity.

After the trial a juryman told this attorney that

he had made the mistake of his life in trying to make fun of a surveyor, for said he: "The jury was made up of farmers, who when a surveyor comes around beg him to make noon marks on their door sills, and date all their new stock of information on all topics from the surveyor's visit. They look up to him as being a little tin god, and would expect him to know insanity whether any one else did or not.

At another trial in this part of the State, I met with a peculiar freaky mental development. Luther Laffin Mills, the lawyer of Chicago, told me that people urged him to take as an expert witness an old doctor who was looked upon as a sort of cyclopædia, as the jurymen would accept all his views as gospel. Mills asked me to sound the old chap on his being read up and experienced in insanity matters. I was astonished and pleased to have him recite to me accurate descriptions of the form of insanity under discussion in the court, and recognizing the source of the knowledge, I told him he quoted Spitzka word for word, and then I asked him about other forms of insanity, but he was in too great a hurry to remain, and would see me again. As he went out the door the hotel-keeper looked after him reverently and said to me: "That is a wonderful man! Why, he can read a newspaper once and repeat every word of it afterwards!"

I told Mills to be very careful to confine him to his cramming, but talking over the freak with the attorney on the other side, he said that the reason

why he didn't expose the old fraud and his one-sided accomplishments was that the jury would have resented any ridiculing of their pet oracle.

Specialism in medicine seemed to be misunderstood in those times, for State's attorney Longenecker employed a recently fledged "homeo" as an insanity expert because he had saved his child's life from false croup, the kind that gets well suddenly when nothing is done. When the varied assortment of ignorance of that "doctor" was exposed, Longenecker then expressed astonishment that one who "cured diphtheria," as the homeo called it, did not know about insanity. This pundit defined monomania as one who was "off on one point" and the maniac "was off on several points."

His predecessor, Grinnell, asked me to testify in a poisoning case and examine the stomach chemically. He was surprised when I refused and referred him to Professor Garrison, the chemist of the Pharmacy College, as he had that same erroneous conception of expertism in every part of medicine.

Building upon this want of discrimination of the lawyers, gradually the courts were frequented by pseudo-experts, ranging in intelligence from the fairly well educated general practitioner, one usually who had married money and who posed as a universal expert, down to the long haired patent medicine vender with no knowledge of anything but bamboozling. There was a neurologist in Chicago pretty well up in that line for he never used simple langu-

age if he could help it. He was known as "Sesquipedalian Ben." Tying an artery was always ligation, and he was only surpassed by a reverend medical poser who once diagnosed a bad cold at the county hospital to the admiration of freshies, sure to call him in consultation till better educated, as "sub-acute inflammation of the cribriform plate of the ethmoid bone."

The impressive Ben was a chronic witness for railways and in a case after I testified strongly as to the effects of a very bad head wound, he came to me and offered me a hundred dollar fee if I would now testify for the company on another issue in the same case. I asked him if there was anything in my career that would justify his thinking that I could be contemptible enough to do such a thing, and the lawyer, an able man, one I had known in the army long years before, called me up by telephone to double the amount first offered if I would comply. We have not been good friends since. But he said to me, one great reason why he did not ask me to testify always for his company was that he never was certain what I was going to say; in other words he did not want the truth, but only what would favor his side.

That recalls the Frank Collier case, in which I was engaged to show the insanity and Judge Gary, later the head of the Steel Trust, presided. In another trial I acted as *amicus curiae* and conferring with the same judge he remarked that neither side cared to have the truth brought out. An erratic expert in the

course of this trial was rotten-egged by a lunatic in the court room, and the medical journals spoke of it as his "ovation." He was like a bull in a china shop, and as tactful. Collier, the insane lawyer, in a newspaper article said he had the dress of a Zulu, the manners of a Patagonian and the face of an orang-outang. That chap was repeatedly helped by me in many ways, even to securing him appointments to profitable positions, but his jealousy was such as to induce him to destroy his best friends for temporary gain, and he joined politicians in inventing and circulating rank lies against any one who stood in his way.

In the trial of Prendergast, the newsboy, for killing Mayor Harrison, I told the State's attorney and Mr. Trude who prosecuted the case that I knew the prisoner to be a typical paranoiac and wholly irresponsible, so I was dropped by the State and Clarence Darrow asked me to come to the side of the defence, but I had strict ethical notions of such things, and having received confidential communications of the other side felt that I had no right now to go into court at all. Darrow thought otherwise, but a fight I had just had with the saloon-keeping politicians in trying to drive thieves out of the State hospital had debilitated me so much that even had I been inclined, which I emphatically was not, my health condition at that time would have disabled me from much court service. The gang of grafters seized upon this sickness to circulate the yarn that I was insane. Then appeared my large 1400 page volumes on the Medical Jurisprudence of

Insanity, which nailed that political lie for awhile.

Among other relinquishing of fees occurred an instance when the head of a pretended philanthropic society sent to me offering a hundred dollars if I would swear in court as a neurological expert that it hurt the eyes and minds of children to be carried in front of their parents on bicycles. I returned word that more humanity could be displayed, though in a less sensational manner, by picking up and caring for the little waifs who were feeding from slop barrels in alleys.

Several "philanthro-pests" had made millions out of the fire fund "disbursements," just as Johnstown magnates, previously poor, developed after money was sent to them to relieve suffering, and grafters got a hook into the San Francisco calamity money.

Sometimes expert service pay was contingent, and if won in the lower court would be appealed and years after the lawyer getting the money for both claimant and experts would pocket all he dared of both. Lawyers and dead beats owe me about twenty thousand dollars in Chicago, and always will. It is a permanent investment.

I had to look sharp not to be swindled in the first instance. One notorious case I managed was to have brought me a thousand dollars, but I was lucky to recover half that amount from the boozier attorney.

A series of incidents befell in a year or so through tricks of attorneys. I made \$1100 in a spinal concussion allegation in Frankfort, Indiana, and the

railway attorney was dilatory about the balance after paying me only \$400. Knowing better than to "sleep on my rights," as legal verbiage has it. I dunned the railroad, which was in the hands of a receiver, and annoyed the dilatory lawyer with no results for months. Finally I recalled something that would have, if known, disbarred the lawyer, and call it blackmail who will, it was made use of by a friendly attorney and the money was promptly forthcoming.

That matter the tricky attorney did not want known was this; and you can judge how much I was justified in making such use of it:

In the Friedman spinal injury case this lawyer who had kept me out of \$700 fees so long came into my office and tried to have me express a willingness to accept \$1000 if I could induce Friedman to take \$5000 in settlement of his claim of ten times that much against the railway he was suing, and in which suit I was on Friedman's side. I refused, and also told him that I meant to inform James Rosenthal, the lawyer for Friedman, though the tempter begged me not to do so.

After the case was won for Friedman, the main railway counsel came to me and asked me in confidence if I had received a thousand dollars from the defence lawyers in the case, stating he was amazed at my testifying for Friedman, being led to expect that I had quit the case. I laughed at him and he told me that he had given the money to three lawyers to carry to me and they must

have divided it among themselves, as proved to be the case later.

This explained to me what I had long wondered at as a queer matter. After refusing the bribe in the first place one of the firm of attorneys to which my dilatory pay lawyer belonged came to me and tried to trick me into giving a receipt for the thousand dollars by the baldest most childish prayers for help. That he had gotten into a tangle and wanted to account for some money that he had used, but having the image of the widow in my mind's eye, who said so impudently: "You know you gave me a receipt in full," I told him that I was sorry he had fallen into a hole but it was unkind of him to expect to climb out over my shoulders and to think he could leave me there instead. He wept bitter tears, but I merely wondered what was up, until the sequels came, and it struck me that these rogues were merciless and I could scare them into being just for once. So I had my good friend Rosenthal merely put in an appearance, without either of us making any threats or saying a word about the past, and when the reluctant to give up lawyer saw the attorney he tried to bribe me to betray he stepped down to the treasurer of the road in the same building, returning with the check which he was "greatly pleased" to hand to us.

Was that blackmail?

In a Pennsylvania case the railway claim agent wanted me to take five hundred dollars to keep out of a prosecution of his road for a spinal injury, and re-

fusing to do so the injured man recovered ten thousand dollars, and not only did not pay my fees but long afterward served me about as rascally a trick as could be imagined.

Thackeray said that George I. had a very low estimate of his fellow men, and Thackeray went on to say that the most provoking thing about it was that in the vast majority of instances his majesty was right in the estimate.

Out west I had occasional similar instances of gratitude. A couple of young men had me defend their insane father for murder and were profuse in gratitude, but the letters of subsequent abuse that they wrote when I asked for my agreed upon pay did not correspond with their praises and promises in their earlier letters.

A Scotchman entreated me to take his injured wife to my sanitarium and help collect a bill for damages from a railway. He also wrote fulsome thanks and promises and his later letters, when the collection was made and no pay came to me, amusingly contrasted in their abuse and threats. He was a drunkard, however, and much has to be forgiven these victims of the commerce in poisons.

Things occurred that made me sorry for some plaintiffs, irrespective of my fee mishaps. One judge insulted every witness against corporations and in a case of a poor girl who had fallen from the elevated railway car through negligence of the road in not stopping at a station when she got on and the iron

gate was not opened, causing her to cling to frail support till she fell into the street below. The judge asked her if she fainted, and she said she had not. "Then," said this judge, "you are an honest girl to tell the truth, but as you knew what you were about when you let go the case will be taken from the jury and decided against you." There was intense indignation of the public and newspapers for this decision, and an accumulation of such injustice retired him finally from the bench. The girl was physically helpless from the accident.

That same judge, to get plaintiffs off his calendar, called 25,000 cases in one day by bulletin, and the attorneys, during holiday season too, crowded the court house by hundreds, yelling at the outrage. He threatened to jail them for contempt.

Among other annoyances the honest expert encounters is the attempt to dictate to him what he should testify and what he must withhold. Even a lunatic insists upon managing his own case in spite of lawyers or experts. But the most appalling outcome of insuring corporations against legal consequences of all sorts by "Casualty Companies" is the evolution of special lawyers, with machinery of the most devilish sort, to further their plans to defeat all attacks whether just or not. Admitting that some are wrong in bringing suit, these specialists act on the assumption that all are wrong, or no matter they will fight them anyway, right or wrong. The upshot is specious pleas, bribed juries, chronic witnesses,

some of whom tell of being in two train wrecks the same instant miles apart. The injured person is always to blame, even dying victims of wrecks have a dollar put in their vest pockets and their hand is held to aid the signature to the release paper. Then the chronic drilled "expert" who complaisantly swears black is white, and bamboozles the jury, with occasionally that most hideous threat to our freedom, that menace to our civilization, that emissary direct from the shades of Hades, the corrupt judge.

All complicated by the court fictions in procedure like the retention of the hypothetical question. The only excuse for it I ever heard was that if the expert witness passed on the facts of the case as he heard them in court he then became a judge, or a juror, therefore to prevent this real serviceable position, this real natural helpful means of doing justice, a roundabout, lying piece of trickery that no sane man could use in business outside of a court room must be substituted, all TO KEEP THE EXPERT FROM BEING A JUROR.

And, the joke of it is, after thinking this over for many years, and in spite of the superficial jeers of limbs of the law who defer to usage and never to common sense or well thought out suggestions, THE JURY IS PRECISELY WHERE THE EXPERT SHOULD BE. And this in spite of the present status of the juror in keeping with general corruption of courts and their methods, for this plan will clear up the whole situation, produce honest experts and save the time of

explaining special intricate details to a pack of ignorant straw pullers for verdicts. Intelligence will be substituted for tricks and results be more in accord with justice and equity.

The blacksmith will no longer pass upon the watchmaker's mechanism nor the hoss doctor puzzle over points in human anatomy he never dreamed of and cannot remember five minutes when explained to him.

A jury of grocers should pass upon commercial matters in their line, distiller experts should make up a jury to pass upon purity of whiskey, but not on the results of drinking it.

A jury of chemists could determine chemical disputes that no others are competent to understand.

Imagine a school teacher trying to get at the guilt of some michievous youngsters through being kept from passing upon the real incidents and confined to parts of the stories of each side as they pleased to select and distort!

Also a business man making up his mind if he had been robbed from a suppression of the real facts and presentation of hypothetical ones! He would not know if he were afoot or on horseback.

Then add the browbeating, so the lawyer with the biggest voice and most impudence is the best one, as in the case of the attorney thundering to a witness: "You can't answer my question by saying either yes or no! Now ask me one that cannot be answered in that way!"

"Very well," said the witness, "are you beating your wife yet?"

Recalling another smart judge, a martinet on the Chicago bench well known for his treating witnesses badly. He once turned savagely upon an Irishman with: "Were you acquainted with that ash box in the alley?" He was a stickler for grammatical sentences, and had to cave in ungracefully at the court room laugh when Mike replied: "One can't be acquainted wid an ash-box, yer 'anner, he can wid a man."

A lawyer sneered at a doctor on the stand with: "Sometimes the mistakes of doctors are buried six feet below ground, are they not?"

"Certainly," said the physician, "just as the mistakes of lawyers sometimes dangle six feet above ground!"

Another, when the lawyer tried a little blarney for its influence in placating a witness he had been bluffing: "Now, Pat, you are a kind hearted, fair minded man, and I am going to ask a question that will test this opinion of you."

"I am sorry, sor, that I can't return the compliment!"

And still another who had been savagely abusing a quiet fellow merely because the witness could not help himself: "I want you to reply to my questions in a gentlemanly way, but I can't teach you manners."

"That's a fact," responded the abused witness.

LECTURING

During the starting days of the Chicago Art Institute I gave two or three courses of lectures on anatomy and the sciences useful to the artist, the pay being ten dollars a lecture; the buildings absorbing most of the donations, characteristically. Big colleges and a large campus being more important than brains of teachers. Witness Professor Jiggs, who said the coal oil president was a greater man than Shakespeare. But I did no toadying, on the other hand I disparaged the "old masters" as mostly old frauds who daubed monsters in no proportion, with false anatomy, and the worship of such was due to people not thinking for themselves.

I lectured on physics at the college of pharmacy, and on mental and nervous diseases at medical schools, always for cash, about ten dollars a lecture, and never for possible consultations with admiring students, as that sort of thing begets humbuggery, the professor being induced to try to impress the pupil that he never would learn to treat cases and had better send them to him. So it was a bid on withholding rather than imparting knowledge. If a lecturer or

writer is insincere it ends in his cheating himself, for telling lies ends in thinking lies and truth cannot be recognized when seen.

As lecturer on electro-diagnosis at the Electro Medical School I gave medical electricity generally a roast as in the main a fake; particularly the big static machines, useful mainly, like Christian science, in "curing" hysteria. The other professors protested and finally threw me out. Few of them knew enough to pound sand, and I always was too impractical to quack it.

As a charter fellow and secretary of the Chicago Academy of Medicine, a society for discussing scientific study of disease, I gave the opening address in which I hoped this association would not suffer degeneracy through politics and clap-trap as other societies in the city had, but I heard that it was no exception to the rule that all things decay in time. Societies, says Herbert Spencer, finally degenerate and subvert the very principles for which they were founded.

Several American Medical Society meetings were attended in different cities before whose meetings I read papers, and at one in Nashville, Tennessee, I wondered why the directors, if insisting upon hot summer meetings, instead of going to the equator had not selected some such cool sea-breeze convention place like Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The meeting rooms being too hot, I rode about the city on trolley cars for the breeze they made and revisited the scenes of my old army days; going to a hill

upon which a fort was built, but now occupied by the Fisk University, among other places familiar to me when a soldier. I was not able to recognize my old camp ground there and called to a gentleman passing in a buggy, who looked like a good, honest, old, country doctor, if he would please tell me where old Fort Gillam had been in 1865.

"Who did you want to see, sah?" he asked with the old familiar dialect. I repeated the question, and then after a moment's thought he said: "Oh, yes! a duin the wah."

At the hotel, which I had used as a barracks for my recruits, upon my return I was laughing about this incident and repeated the words and accent, when a physician from Florida looked at me intently, as I explained that I must have talked that way myself when a boy down South.

"Why, doctah, you all talk like we do!"

This was not as extreme as the poor girl when her soldier sweetheart went North, and she wrote:

"'Tis hard for you uns and we uns to part,
For you uns have broken we unses heart."

Doubtless survivals of old English several centuries back.

At the old University of Chicago, on Cottage Grove avenue and Twenty-ninth street, Professors Bastian, Garrison and others invited me to join their college club, and were arranging with the president of the university to have me fill the chair of comparative anatomy and physiology, as I was doing work

in that line then and gave a lecture on the disadvantages of the upright position which later I repeated at the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences and published in the American Naturalist by request of Professor Cope, the editor. These things led to a controversy in the "Nation," amusing to scientists as showing prejudice against the evolutionary doctrine in 1880. From mistaken anti-evolutionary feeling the university president, a Baptist preacher, dropped the professorship offer, but as teachers were suing for salaries it was no hardship to lose the job.

Lecturing once at the Anthropological Society of cranks in Chicago, I described insanity studies as made by modern physicians in asylums, and the spiritualists, Christian scientists, theosophists, oxydonorists, opposers of vaccination, anarchists, etc., among the long haired men and short haired women had very heterodox notions on all subjects, including anything medical; so I was subjected to criticism of the fiercest sort from poor ignorant creatures too ignorant to realize how ignorant they were. One tall, gorgeously dressed lady with a nine inch gold cross hung from her neck by a gaudy chain, a "Theosophist," ranted and raved about spirits, the immaterial mind, reincarnation and other mysteries quite alarmingly. When I closed the discussion I spoke of having lived in insane asylums, having spent days on the wards with all classes of deranged, having attended and studied them by thousands with deep

interest for their welfare, and preferred to be with them than elsewhere. "Consequently, ladies and gentlemen," I went on to say, "being so fond of that kind of company I never have felt so much at home as I have this evening."

A number of medical students were present, among them some young women, one of whom let out a mellow laugh and the audience joined in with a good will, except that part too incensed to do so.

In that same society I lectured on the Migration of the Aryans, and happened to mention the English language as having a low Dutch origin.

An indignant Britisher present rose in the discussion and said: "Hi 'ave 'eard the Henglish called hall sorts of things, but never before 'av hi known them to be called dirty Dutch."

It required several years to get the explanation through his wool.

Suggesting other stories of the dialect, as the fisherman being told to "go hup to the hother hend of the hisland and he would catch heels has long has 'is harm."

And after being corrected as to pronouncing horse another cried: "If a hay and a hoc and a har and a hess and a hee, don't spell 'orse, what in 'ell does it spell?"

Still another wanted to know what all these stores were in Hamerica with signs spelling with "a hess, a hay, a hell, a couple of hoes and a hen."

But that was mere association with Cockneys, and

pardonable, while answers of medical students to examinations are quite as comical.

I had asked the boys to give the names of different forms of epilepsy and among some of the astonishing replies one wrote: "Pettit mell, grand mell, and pell mell."

The dean of the old Chicago Medical College was called "Pap Davis" by the students, and in the days before bacteriology he had a lot of favorite prescriptions for typhoid fever, and there was a legend that if a student committed those shot guns to memory he would have a big boost to his diploma, so as he detailed them we took notes and looked them over till the day for quizzing thereon. The gynaecologist Byford was operating at Mercy hospital and could not fill his lecture hour, so to ascertain if I had memorized all of Pap's prescriptions I climbed into the "bull pen" and wrote them on the blackboard from memory, the boys looking on and occasionally correcting from their note books.

I had about ten or twelve down with all their numerous ingredients and left a couple unwritten as the bell rang and I had barely time to scramble to my seat before in walked Pap, and with his back to the blackboard at which he never even glanced, he began his questioning and each student read off the prescriptions from over the old man's head.

To say that he was tickled would not express it, he congratulated the class upon being the most creditable ever known, and gave all full marks, though

he must have wondered why they fell down on those last prescriptions not on the board.

One of our most genial and learned Profs. was Dr. Quine, whom the boys affectionately dubbed "Billy."

The news of an addition to the family caused some medical "poic" to put on his blackboard in his absence from the lecture room:

Sound the stage horn, ring the cow bell,
That the waiting world may know;
Publish it throughout our borders,
Even unto Mexico.

Seize your pen, oh, dreaming poet!
And in numbers smooth as maybe,
Waft the joyful tidings round us:
Billy Quine has got a baby.

FUN WITH CHICAGO BOODLERS.

Upon leaving the government land surveying work, it was with a feeling of thankfulness that in medicine there could be no contact with politicians, their saloons, trickery, treachery and vulgar ideals. But it was frying pan to fire to my amazement, for to promote my studies in brain physiology of sane and insane I sought an appointment as one of the medical officials at the asylum, and as a saloon keeper and gambler had the appointing power I had to pass muster with him first. Being western and plain he condescended to give me the pathologist's place, and the other gamblers and saloon keepers, the county commissioners, obediently confirmed the appointment. and it would have been interesting to know what kind of an animal they thought a pathologist was.

Here finally was the chance of my life to finish my studies, fill the scientific periodicals and improve the conditions of myriads of sufferers.

Gradually I felt cold water on my aspirations. The whiskeyites in control, I presumed, were merely party men who carried their low instincts only as far as cheating at elections. But, little by little, I realized that no figs were to be found on thistles, and I talked to the gambler and saloon keeper warden

one day about classifying patients on wards so that the bad or disturbed cases could be by themselves and the mild cases away from the violent ones, so as to increase chances for recovery. This Varnell was a handsome fellow, and could impress one as well meaning when he cared to assume decent manners, and his affability led me to think he fell in with my views, and so I went on describing how humane care could be made scientific, glowing with pleasure that although a layman had no business in charge of an insane asylum as a medical institution he, at least, could be depended on to absorb proper ideas concerning such matters, even though it required explaining to ignorance as experts try to do with juries. It is a short cut and time saver when a doctor has charge of a hospital instead of a non-medical person, and it would be a short cut and time saver if experts were put on juries instead of explaining recondite things to the deaf, dumb and blind intellects.

Here is exactly the warden's reply, as he interrupted my enthusiastic descriptions and hopes:

"To hell with the damn cranks. They are cattle to me, and I don't give a damn for them, and am here for boodle. I'm going to make a pile out of the bug-house and start a big sporting place in the city."

One means of assisting to make this pile was by taking bribes from friends of patients for promising to put the often violent insane person on a "quiet ward," where he would lessen chances for convalescence of others and do himself no good whatever.

Though there were other means of increasing revenue, as I soon learned and grew enlightened at the resourcefulness of boodlers in leaving no pocket unpicked.

The pay for attendants was entrusted to the warden, and once previous to the insight he had given me of his animus, I was speaking to him on business and saw him checking off the pay roll of attendants; signing the names of absentees in some cases, "at their request" as I of course thought, but observing that he wrote the signature of one who had been dead some weeks I thought it too good a joke not to call attention to his accident, and my laugh was choked off by his savage glare, which I was too unsophisticated to understand the reason for at that time.

Schopenhauer extols greenness of that sort in young men as indicating their unspoiled estimates of their fellow men, and though I had been through enough to post me to the contrary I was eternally looking up to the next scoundrel as a paragon of honesty, to be shocked at disillusion.

We had used conium, a drug needing caution, to quiet some cases of mania occasionally, but reading of the recently brought out sulfonal I mentioned it to the warden and suggested buying ten dollars worth for the drug store. He coarsely refused, saying it was too expensive.

The next week there was bought by the management \$1500 worth of whiskey, wines and cigars; charged up as sundry drugs, and if a patient on the

county farm got a smell of them I did not know it, for the banquets in the asylum dining room that followed this stocking up of the drug store were noisy enough to attract my attention to the consuming of all these delicacies, with viands in keeping, by well known riff-raff and criminals of the city, who voted their bartender friends and bosses into these places.

"Quit pouring champagne down my back," was the shrill giggling command of a female voice from the dining room on one such occasion, accompanied with oaths and pet names common in bar rooms. The warden was having his joke, as she named him.

We doctors were pariahs in that crowd, not having any political pull, not even enough to get a buggy and horse from the asylum stables to use when called to adjoining institutions; the politicians cavorting all over the country in county carriages, often breaking them on their drunken trips.

It is useless to tell here what the politicians did and did not do to the insane. You can get an idea from the almost daily "exposures" in newspapers of such things, remembering also that one such exposure means hundreds of thousands of instances not exposed. My "Treatment" chapter in *Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity* details many such affairs, and I often wonder if anyone has ever read it, for I never heard that any one had.

Our unwillingness to hear of such things arises, doubtless, from similar inclinations of the little girl at the tragedy in a theatre who complained while

weeping: "Mamma, I don't like that acting, I want fun that will make me laugh, I can find things at home to cry about without coming here!"

But for years I have been studying out the psychology of the reformer being laughed at when he gets a bump, and think I now have the solution.

I used to lock myself in the dead house or my laboratory to keep away from the beetle-browed saloon keepers who visited the asylum, prowling around for boodle, looking in the store room, and wherever else there were supplies, and one county commissioner, who kept a drinking dive opposite the Wells street depot, fixed upon the rags and bones as his perquisites. Sleigh loads of burglars and their women came to balls at the asylum, the orgies making the patients furious for want of sleep. Many melancholiacs who thought they had committed unpardonable sins must have located their place of punishment about right.

Expensive Turkish and Russian baths were built "for the patients," and the scalding discouraged them from indulging in these luxuries, but it was the regular thing for politicians to sleep off their drunks in the bath rooms, being massaged to soberness by the county "rubbers," those humane additions to the asylum force.

A couple of years of this sort of thing gave me a dyspepsia that compelled me to eat in the city, away from the hateful and distressing scenes that could not be amended.

The assistant engineer fell sick with typhoid fever

and his heartless associates abandoned him. I took care of him in his room beneath my laboratory and helped nurse him also, and in six weeks he was around again, expressing undying gratitude for my help.

A young couple named Brown I had known in boyhood visited our rooms, and my wife and I talked freely to them of the abominations. I recollect the black eyes of the Southern lady snapping with indignation, as she demanded: "Why don't you expose them publicly?"

I explained that it took time to arrange such matters and that when fully prepared I intended to do so.

The newspapers of Chicago promised to support me in demanding an investigation: two prominent preachers with large congregations declined to "talk politics from the pulpit," not having Savonarola's sense of duty. They said the merchants on whom they depended for salaries would withdraw their support otherwise; and even then I merely attributed that to misinformation on the merchants' part, never dreaming that they were the main instigators of boodle by acting with the commissioners to rob the asylum funds.

The mere stealings at that epoch did not interest me as bearing upon the brutalities, and I did not emphasize that phase, so some of the newspapers let me blow about neglect and abuse of patients, but I wondered at their editors blue pencilling any allusion to stealings.

To think that I was fighting the contents of the bottomless pit, and did not suspect it.

I plead with the citizens' association, the Chicago Medical society, the woman's club, to combine in securing an investigation by the State board of charities, and we jointly petitioned the governor. My charges submitted to the secretary of the citizens' association were copied and furnished to King Mike, the gambler and saloon boss of politics before the committee heard them; nice, gentlemanly, smiling grafters, but I only knew it later; my Chicago Medical Society committee was rotten except for one sturdy old Dr. Paoli, a Norwegian Corsican, who stuck to me and helped me fight the rascals, in and out of our societies. I addressed, by request, the ladies of the Women's club on the need of reforming things at the asylum. They gave me a pink tea and appeared languidly interested, and I grew educated on the situation as I looked over the daughters of bankers, wives of merchants and relatives of the rich elite of the city; nice, pretty, amiable, indifferent doll babies. I might as well have been the crazy preacher at the State hospital who brought his audience of sticks with him.

I was about heart sick, and in the election furore of Blaine and Cleveland I published a request in the *Inter-Ocean* that citizens should not vote for the gamblers and thieves in charge of the asylum.

That night my patient, the assistant engineer, in a hysteria of loyalty to his masters, shot into my bed

room intending to kill me, and as by this time I concluded my usefulness there was over I walked to Chicago with five dollars cash capital, part of a month's pay due me, and plenty of energy and courage.

It was customary for discharged or resigned employees to receive full pay to the end of the month during which time they left the institution if only a week or so remained of the month. The commissioners sent me a filled in blank requesting me to swear that I had served the full month, trying to trap me into perjury to discredit my attacks upon them.

It was years after that the State Board of Charities came to Chicago to "investigate" the rotten conditions at the asylum. They met at the Grand Pacific hotel and the thieves had all the machinery of the county to defend themselves with, compelling me to leave my office daily and serve my own subpoenas on witnesses. The president of the board was an insolent politician who helped the thieves all he could, but soon the testimony rolled in so fast and damagingly to merchants, who had not been suspected before, that the board adjourned in fright, sustaining my charges of neglect and brutality, a year later, when some of the commissioners were safely tucked away in the penitentiary, swearing they would "fix" me when they served their terms. But they merely opened new saloons near the court house on returning; but any old lie they could invent to hurt me they felt it their duty to spread, and there is always a

readiness even on the part of your friends to accept reports against you.

Now, it was far from being the brutality by abuse and starvation of patients that had anything to do with the downfall of the gang. I merely started things and Grinnell, the State's attorney, had a special grand jury indict the commissioners and a few merchants, and under what was called the "omnibus boodler" bill, those who had not gone to Canada were jailed. Grinnell became a judge and then resigned to serve a street railway corporation after the sensational anarchist hanging.

A commissioner, among other attacks upon me in the newspapers for telling about things at the asylum, quoted that "it was a dirty bird that fouled its own nest," and I agreed with him that when he and other dirty birds had made the nest too foul to remain in it would be a dirty bird that remained.

I never knew whether Democrats or Republicans predominated among the commissioners sent to Joliet, but my friends, the Browns, had an idea it was the former and blamed me for attacking their party. They knew that Democrats could not steal.

I was amused while accumulating psychological memoranda at the falling away of my "friends" when they thought I was in distress. I heard often the accusation that I was foolish to fight the thieves, for if I had joined with them I might have grown rich. I used to wonder what hope we had for survival of

this republic if such sentiments were as common as they seemed to be.

An optimist reproved me with "Nothing is bad if you don't think so." And this was before the Mother Eddy fake of Christian science imbeciles had begun. I wondered how that optimist's maxim would apply to judging eggs.

It is related of one who lost his wealth that half his friends went back on him, and to the remark that it was noble of the other half that they did not do so, the reply was that the other half did not know it yet.

My frequent jumps in carrying out my studies from affluence to poverty, from palaces to Indian lodges, from bank accounts to counting pennies, hardened me to vicissitudes, and whenever I was about to have a reverse I always knew what to expect and dropped my "friends" first, as I did not like to have them harrass themselves that I would ask for help. In all my bust-ups I would have starved rather than ask a dollar loan from anyone, but it would have been useless anyway for there would be no danger of getting it, much less having it offered.

The philosopher is amused at the shrinking away from, and the up and down sizing up of the shabby unfortunate. Men like Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Poe, Hawthorne, Hood, all and more, knew what this fair weather friendship was.

Nine cities claimed the poet Homer dead,
That would not give the living Homer bread.

But a busted person is dead anyway in popular estimation and should be buried. What consternation when he resurrects himself by return to fortune.

The county board wanted the people to vote a million dollars in bonds for a new asylum, and as I knew it to be a boodle trick I wrote against the matter in the newspapers. A prominent banker invited me to his house to dine, apparently sympathizing with my views, and as he pumped me to know what more I expected to do in opposing the vote for bonds, I smelt a rat and found that he was bidding on the whole lot of bonds.

But here it is, twenty years after all this took place, and the boss in Chicago is supreme, though less known, politics just as rotten, boodle has been euphemized into "graft," and other big cities are as badly off. We are as devoted to our "kings" as they are on the other side of the Atlantic, and the flocking millions from there will keep the sentiment alive.

Herbert Spencer says that: "While the average feelings of people continue to be those that are daily shown it would be no more proper to deprive them of their king than it would be proper to deprive a child of its doll."

But if we must surrender our liberties to a sovereign, why go to the rum shop to find him?

Your king from that quarter makes pauperism, crime, insanity and then appoints his bartenders to see that these victims are comfortably chased to their graves. It is contended that saloon keepers are as

fit as anyone for office, which may be, but it does not render the saloon worthy of being the dictator of who is to fill all public offices.

A Scotch preacher began his sermon: "Brethren, I shall preach from the text, "the deil goeth about like a rearin' leon, seekin' whom he may devoor;" firstly I will tell who the deil he is, secondly where the deil he goeth, and thirdly what the deil he is a roorin' about."

Certainly the devil let loose in America has been the saloon; he goeth for boodle and he roars against anyone who opposes him.

After failing to reform State politics in securing decent care of the insane in 1893, when superintendent of the State Hospital, and coming within one vote of securing the directorship of the largest hospital for insane in Pennsylvania, I finally slipped up on founding a great sanitarium for mentally afflicted, hoping to be able to do much charity work, and realizing that the Delaware parties who proposed the sanitarium plan to me were wholly unreliable, I visited Dr. John W. Ward, the alienist and superintendent of the New Jersey State Hospital, at Trenton, to see if I might not become an assistant to him in his medical work; but I had come at an unpropitious time, for the poor doctor, with the best intentions in the world, was harassed by politicians who took away his appointing power, made a pandemonium of his hospital, political fashion, filled offices with the sort of chaps saloon keepers and gam-

blers consort with, brought typhoid fever into the place and cut off his medical means of fighting it, finally ousting him altogether.

A great stand pipe, open at the top into which birds dropped, making good germ cultures, furnished the drinking water, and the politicians fought Dr. Ward's efforts to have the stand pipe cleaned out. There were no screens to many windows and flies carried offal from the the city dump of night soil half way from Trenton to the hospital. The warden, who alone had power to purchase anything, or do anything at the place, was absent in Saratoga having a good time at the races.

The same old smells, the same old tricks, the identical villainous mugs among the attendants that I had seen a quarter of a century before, were obvious, and turning a corner suddenly I encountered a tough looking attendant raising his arm to strike a miserable helpless dement who was not walking fast enough to suit the politician over him, and I heard this humane person say: "Get in there, you ———, and hurry up, or I'll smash the —— head off of you!"

I said nothing to Ward about it as I knew he had troubles enough, and it would not have surprised him anyway. Had he full charge there would have been no such scene.

But it was the Chicago insane asylum over again after 25 years.

MARTINETS.

A favorite poem of Abraham Lincoln began with the line:

“O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!”

I have often wondered if army martinets who are so arrogant and inconsiderate had read that verse, and if so how they could answer it.

The bulk of officers are easy going and neither too kind nor too cruel, with occasionally a few remarkably good chaps, but each regiment has a couple at least of the disagreeably proud, merciless martinets, as the war term goes; and if such were to profit by the histories of how many such heartless, pompous fellows wind up they would hide their magnificence and make things less uncomfortable for the soldiers under them.

It is an open secret that it isn't worth insuring the lives of that sort of tin god in the first skirmish or battle they get into. It is a bad thing to have enemies to fight and command at the same time.

The swash-buckler of old, and many of the officers in European and still more in Asiatic armies are of this disposition, and the farther down we go in the scale of evolution the more pronounced do we find this species of gorilla and baboon. Wild Africans de-

light in making their subjects cringe and suffer. It is the only way they can realize their superiority, but it is wonderful to observe a shoulder strapped non-entity with megalomania, the insanity of excessive self importance.

I had charge of a paranoiac, and a murderous one he was, at the State asylum, who refused to shake hands with anyone, as no one was good enough to deserve such honor. He and God ran the universe, and his haughtiness was prodigious. It is a wonder he never had a commission.

Captain Giseke commanded my company in the engineering corps. I was told that he had no friends in the regiment, but having been on detached service when my former regiment was consolidated with the corps I had not met the gentleman before. My rank was artificer, a step above the private but not as high as a corporal. While in Nashville I secured permission to raise a regiment of my own from the military governor of Tennessee, and had enough men enrolled to secure my promotion.

Returning one night to the corps camp I was talking to the first sergeant Schubert, a splendid, well educated young man, and had arranged to stay in his tent that night. In came Giseke with the command, "Go to your quarters, sir. You have no business here!"

There was still further bluster and a threat of the guard house when I asked permission to remain in the large tent of the sergeant, whose extra space was due

to his also being company clerk and a draughting engineer.

Schubert stood at attention and saluted his majesty with the information: "Here is the lieutenant's commission, captain, and I was making out his discharge from our regiment, by reason of promotion, for the colonel to sign."

So as a commissioned officer I was on equal terms, and the change of manner to the deferential and sycophantic was enough to disturb one's digestion.

Kipling tells of a "Johnny-come-lately," as new officers are called, in charge of a company to protect some constructing bridge engineers in the Boer war. This lieutenant was so important in his own estimation that he filled the guard house with soldiers for trifling matters such as saluting him carelessly. He put the engineers under arrest for not stopping work and standing idly at attention in his presence, and by interfering at a critical moment the bridge was destroyed and the army corps approaching had no means of crossing the stream. Kipling tells how General "Bobs" mildly felt around till he got hold of that little martinet's soul and then blew his nose on it.

Time and again this megalomania has destroyed business, prevented important achievements, driven away capital from investing, and lessened profits. See the strutting, insolent floor-walker who antagonizes customers and underlings alike for not worshipping him on sight. Oriental despots were insulted if any one intimated the approach of an irresistible enemy,

cutting off the head of the bearer of bad news. The head clerk autocrat has wanted to murder a stenographer for daring to correct his bad spelling.

Carl Schurz in a magazine article tells how Chancellorsville battle was lost by General Howard through refusing to listen to Schurz's report that he had seen General Lee flanking them, and then blaming the defeat upon these who would have saved him if allowed, "Schurz and his Dutchmen."

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

In Maurier's famous "Trilby," little "Billee" tries to talk to a martinet clergyman almost too grand for this earth, and I once encountered a specimen of the kind holding forth at the most fashionable Episcopal church in Chicago.

I had brought a letter of introduction to him from the bishop of Nebraska, a kind-hearted, able man. The letter secured me politeness, at least, with a promise to call on me, voluntarily made, though I was only a medical student.

The next year, with my little family, I attended services at the church and my good friend the bishop happening to be present introduced us to the minister personally, who drew himself up stiffly and looked over our heads. The bishop must have told

him that though at one time we were in comfortable circumstances we were now struggling to get on and asked his assistance if occasion arose, which we would never have invoked under any stress of weather.

My little daughter Martha settled things by remarking proudly to the bishop that "we walked all the way from 37th street to see you here." As those worthy of notice in that church always came in carriages, and though a horse car trip might be overlooked, mention of coming down to the level of Christ by walking was unforgivable, so as the bishop told of our having lived in Dakota, the chesty parson turned away with: "Ah, some of your Dakota Indians, I suppose!"

In the fashionable congregation was a wealthy homeo who had the reputation of passing the plate and the sound for the church.

On the front of the building was the inscription over a faucet in a niche: "Ho, all ye that thirst."

But it was a dummy fountain.

I have often laughed at the appropriateness of it.

An excitable chemist friend of mine who had tried to get into Plymouth church, Brooklyn, during the Beecher sensational times, and whose seedy clothes barred him, vehemently remarked:

"Why, if Jesus Christ came to Plymouth church with his jack-plane under his arm the usher would kick him out with the information that 'we don't want any damned greasy mechanics in here.'"

As a boy with unformed but fairly aimed principles, in wild western places like Kansas, Colorado and

New Mexico, I constantly heard of the fortunes made in liquor selling, and at that time adulterations had not gone to their present extremes. It was with much misgiving, however, that I talked to my aunt about asking uncle to set me up with a cargo of liquor for Santa Fe wholesale trade, and she, good, kindly old lady, advised me to see both my mother's minister and her own. The Episcopalian did not see so much harm in the wholesale line, and thought that as it was a regular merchandise there could be no wrong in dealing in it; the Presbyterian talked much of himself and his ability as an orator and thought the trade was all right, that a number of respectable men were in it, and so on. I told the old gentleman, my uncle, about what the preachers said, but he didn't like the business and flatly refused to have me in it, for which I have been profoundly thankful ever since, for if there is a pestiferous occupation on earth it is that same rum selling. Youngsters know so little of the world they have to be taught these things, and the present revulsion against the accursed business is the outcome of fifty years steady, sometimes apparently hopeless, work of the prohibitionists and temperance advocates. And scientific writers and teachers have co-operated with the more emotional workers by demonstrating the truth of temperance doctrines. At the conclusion of my Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity, in 1889, I said with regard to whiskey dealers creating paupers, insane, criminals, and misery of other kinds, and securing offices that enabled them to actually chase

their victims to their graves, when in charge of public institutions, such as poor houses, hospitals, jails and asylums: Honest candidates for public offices cannot be secured till there is destruction of the power for evil now defiantly exercised by the gambler and rum-seller. A chapter in the second volume of that work dwells on alcoholism as a prolific cause of insanity.

All this seems digressing but it has reference to the sameness of human nature in preachers, political bosses, soldiers, and others; the disposition to justify any wealth-getting means without regard to the suffering to others. We would not have been "Indians from Dakota" if possessed of means from whiskey selling.

I told two fashionable, very popular preachers of the '80's with filled pews by thousands, about the atrocities of politicians at the asylum, but both declined to "talk politics from the pulpit."

Philosophers speak of the degeneracy of institutions in their finally subverting the very principles upon which they were founded, like the Russian church reverencing the shadow and destroying the substance of simple Christianity. Reforms, also, come from outside and are forced upon societies who claim to be in advance on those subjects. Yet as soon as the change for the better is forced upon them they loudly lay claim to its origination.

Huxley refers to the coach dog who trots along under the coach all day on a straight road, but at a turn, when he finds out in what direction the pro-

cession is headed, runs ahead barking and pretending that he leads it.

And the worst of it is there are good, earnest chaps in every set who would, even in churches, willingly thunder like Savonarola against the wrong, but like that hot head they are suppressed till the reform is inevitable, then they are permitted to speak, and we hear: "See the good we do." That is if, unlike Savonarola, they are on earth when the change becomes popular.

In Chicago I have seen judicial martinets bulldozing plaintiffs against rich corporations, terrifying friendless defendants, fining attorneys for sneezing in court, construing gestures or casual remarks into contempt of court, emulating the blood thirsty Lord Jeffreys. Boom-booming with arrogant bass voice like King Richard on the battle field in the play. Scarce a witness could appear without being insulted, nor a juror escape a scolding. Judicial martinets are frequent, and lawyers assume the role too often in cross-examinations, taking cowardly advantage of the helplessness of the witness, as one who could rob a baby in exercising prowess upon opportunity.

Judge Baker was an able and genial jurist but at times ill-tempered. He blew up the lawyers for trickery, but never unjustly. Upon his re-election his desk was covered with floral tributes, among which was an album open at a page on which in letters of flowers were the words: "Merit, not Temper, was the

test." The old man was too pleased at the offerings and evidences of esteem to get cocky over the inscription, but his eyes kept sidling toward that album all the morning of that session. An impudent shyster was irritating me once in Baker's court when I was giving expert testimony and I remarked to the lawyer: "You have no ignorant jury to make grandstand plays before. This case is being tried by an intelligent judge.

Baker scolded me once in this wise:

"Doctor, you can have a non-suit in this case as plaintiff for \$1500 against the father-in-law of Collier, who engaged you to present reasons why that lunatic should not be allowed to persecute his family and dissipate its fortune, but you should have had a written contract from the one who secured your services, then you would not have had to depend upon the lawyer you worked with to substantiate your claim."

That lawyer botched the testimony that might have helped me win my case by being promised fees in his own case if he would go back on me, and the joke of it was the defendant threw the attorney, also, as soon as he gave his faulty testimony that lost my fees. Then this duck sent word to my lawyers that he would now testify for me strongly, but I told him to go to gehenna.

This suit was eight years in court and finally compromised for \$75, half of which the lawyers got for looking after the case before three judges; a very reasonable charge, considering.

Martinet doctors have abused plaintiffs in damage suits they accused of malingering, resorting to cruelty to extort admissions of fraud, and I knew a surgeon who received a weekly sum taken from the wages of workmen in a rolling mill, who when their families needed his services put them off with abuse and denunciations of their pretended sickness.

In medical co-operation such possibilities are to be considered, not only the fact that patients under such circumstances may demand hardship service of the doctor engaged, making false claims and running the physician to death, but occasionally the martinet doctor may enter into the arrangement and try to get out of giving any service for the large fees he takes from the men's wages.

I saw General John C. Fremont when he commanded the Department of the Missouri. His favorite promenade was up Choteau Avenue in his open barouche with arms folded, a la Napoleon, before and behind rode his lancers, the Cossack, German, Swiss, French, Italian guards in harlequin costumes. He was as unapproachable as royalty, and as much stuck on himself. He abolished slavery in Missouri far ahead of the times being ripe for it, and there was no telling what megalomaniac trick he would have tried next had not President Lincoln sent the assistant secretary of war, Dana, to remove him and have him turn over his army to General Grant.

To escape Dana and keep his job as long as possible, till his plans to become emperor of Califor-

nia or some other place had matured, he took the field and thought he had barred the President's notice to vacate, but Dana disguised himself as a farmer with information about the rebel general Price, and served the papers at the risk of being hung or shot for it.

Fremont sent soldiers to explore a pass in the mountains, remaining comfortably at Ft. Bent, in Colorado, himself. He named a mountain after himself, but in Colorado it is called Greenhorn, as officers and men on the "great Fremont expedition" perished from blundering the route.

Senator T. H. Benton's pull made this great general, who married the daughter of the senator. Probably like Lord Melbourne they were glad there was no question of damned merit in such selection.

A California newspaper, retorting upon some laudation of Fremont as a famous general, politician and millionaire, remarked that Fremont was a general who never won a battle, a politician who was always in the wrong and a millionaire not worth a continental dime.

True greatness of intellect is often associated with tender-heartedness, remarkably so in Abraham Lincoln's character, and comrades in arms are often like affectionate families. I can recall remarkable instances of self sacrifice during the war. One soldier at Andersonville prison pen kept large numbers of his fellow captives cheered up and well by looking after them intelligently. At one time the water failed and he unraveled a stocking to get string

enough to let a can down to the water in the well and kept hundreds from dying of thirst.

As General Sherman remarked, "war is hell," but much of its fierceness can be lessened by consideration for others, friends and enemies.

Col. Chester Harding, of one of my regiments, had overlooked the absence of recruits from squad drill several times but was compelled to issue orders for better attendance. The worst of it was it took place before reveille and we went breakfastless till the drill sergeant let us go.

Being company clerk, I several times worked till morning at the rolls and records and should have been excused, but was too sleepy to even hear the morning drum beats and trumpets on such occasions.

A dozen of us were lined up for the colonel's reprimand. "Boys," said he, "I have let you off too often and now will have to make an example of you by putting you in the guard house for the day." He saw me in the ranks, and being fond of me he let all of us off "this time," with a warning.

General George H. Thomas was a good man in many respects; modest, considerate and very able as a commander. The army called him "Pap Thomas."

A martinet physician was once president of the Chicago Medical Society. He could not be dignified without being offensive. He never served a subsequent term as president of the society.

There was one in charge of the Elgin insane asylum, a homeo who was merely a politician devoid

of any medical knowledge. I was sent by relatives of a patient to diagnose a case in his care which he had pronounced as paresis, and therefore incurable. To my surprise there was not a single symptom of parietic dementia about the case but, to any alienist, evidences of luetic insanity, and I immediately advised appropriate treatment, but the pride of the ignoramus was aroused and he would have let the man die rather than see him recover under treatment he had pronounced as improper. He didn't believe in "medicines of the old school." With difficulty we secured an order from the county judge for his removal to a private institution, where under vigorous doses of potassium iodide the patient promptly recovered his mind and went back to his business in Chicago.

As a little side commentary on remarkable prejudices among those who had not acquired the mercifulness of the doctor business, the judge who granted the transfer remarked that he was inclined to let nature take its course in this instance rather than interpose with treatment that would remove the penalty for transgression. With the disposition that a doctor acquires not to judge of responsibility of the wilderness full of apes, that sort of dictum jars; but the judge was otherwise a humane fellow and is now on the supreme bench.

The lower down we go the more struttly becomes the martinet. The court bailiff is frequently the most pompous, like the church beadle in England. And, as too often was the case, when the bailiff had

been a bartender, his "bouncing" habits were hard to subdue.

Sometimes politeness and cruelty of the kind are joined. Captain Howgate, the defaulter, while in charge of the signal service students at Washington, D. C., used to forgive sergeants for overstaying their passes from Fort Whipple and at the same instant telegraph orders to put the absentee in the guard house as soon as he returned. He delighted in making others miserable and in enjoying his stolen wealth, while having much to crave mercy for himself. He suffered enough, finally.

Sometimes jealousy may lead a community to be disagreeable to excellence, as when Dr. Nicholas Senn was beginning his famous career as an antiseptic surgeon in Milwaukee, where the physicians for the most part snubbed him and interfered with his work in a shameful manner, trying to prejudice people against his methods which finally triumphed and brought these same persecutors to study at his clinics.

So Ambrose Pare, the great surgeon of the time of Henri II. and Francois II., was hounded by confreres who should have been proud of him, but class prejudice makes martinets.

I was in the armies commanded by Fremont, Grant, Thomas, McPherson, Howard in the south, and got my promotion as my engineer corps was joining Sherman on his famous march to the sea. Colonel Flad had barely time to sign my discharge at a railroad switchman's little station, grasp my hand and

congratulate me, jump on his train and leave with the regiment for Atlanta. Only 300 of that corps, from 1800 originally enrolled, returned from that march. In the encampment of the grand army in Chicago in 1900 only one of the corps was present besides myself.

General Grant was easily approached and unassuming. I saw him while he was president at a theatre in Washington, King Kalikeaua, of Hawaii, came to a box opposite that of Grant's and the general went behind the seats of his family out of sight.

"Calico" was dark skinned, tall and very dissipated. When passing through Chicago the mayor met him at the Palmer House and slapped him on the back with the greeting: "hurry up, Mr. King, lets wash our hands and go in to dinner!"

Having run off into a mention of notables aside from martinets, I may as well conclude my list of those remembered.

Andrew Johnson, when military governor of Tennessee, gave me my commission as first lieutenant. Johnson was inclined to drink too much at times, but I was puzzled at much that he did, though I always liked him, and when long after the war I read a book called "The Clansman" much was explained and it satisfied me that Johnson really tried to carry out Lincoln's ideas, but was prevented by demagogues and fanatics like Stevenson, who forced the franchise upon a race incapable of properly using it. I think now that Lincoln hoped to send all freedmen to Liberia and other parts of Africa. This would have for-

ever settled a problem that will be worse as decades go by.

My brigade was encamped on hills overlooking Knoxville, on our way to join the army of the Potomac, but the surrender of Lee at Appomatox and escape of Johnson with Jeff. Davis diverted us toward North Carolina to head off that detachment of the rebel army. The news of Lincoln's assassination was brought to our camp at Knoxville, and the soldiers were stunned, for we could see no possible sense in such a murder. Absolutely nothing was to be gained by it and we finally realized that it was the act of a lunatic instigated by demons of fanatics too cowardly to perform it themselves. Lincoln would have made things far easier for the south than they were made later; there would have been no freedman trouble, no ku klux clan, no carpet baggers, for the great intellect that had been allowed merely a glimpse of the "promised land" was to be succeeded by inferior and more selfish control.

James K. Polk was buried in the front garden of his house in Nashville, Tennessee, near the state capitol building. His tomb resembled an old fashioned four-post bedstead with tester, or canopy. Several times I observed his widow placing flowers on the tomb during the Civil War.

General Sheridan and his staff officers came down the Missouri river from Montana on the same steamer I was on in 1870. There was much card playing and liquid jollification in the after-cabin. Sheridan was

a simple, easy going, straight forward general. In fact, the best of the army were plain, unaffected, honest men, and greatly respected for being so, where martinets were hated.

Henry Clay called on my mother concerning the bust my father had made at Clay's request, and my little sister, aged seven, shook hands with him, taking him for a giant stepped out of a fairy tale, as he bent over to greet the little one.

At Yankton, Dakota Territory, General Custer was camped with his seventh cavalry just before the massacre on the Little Big Horn. A great snow storm tore down the tents and scattered the cavalrymen and horses among the towns people. My mother invited him and his wife to come to our home for food and shelter, but he thanked us and remained near the destroyed camp. He wore long hair and was fearfully reckless in attacking an enemy.

When I was a boy I saw Millard Fillmore addressing people from the steps of Municipality Hall, in New Orleans, and picked up a pamphlet abusing Franklin Pierce, and heard Jenny Lind sing at the cathedral, seats selling for \$1,000 a pew in some cases.

OLD CHICAGO.

Ubi sunt que ante nos,
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad inferos,
Transite ad superos;
Ubi jam fuere, fuere.

Slip, slide go the years, and you think that fellow walking on the other side of the street, whom you see from your window, ought to come up to see you, and suddenly you remember that the chap you mistook him for has been food for worms, lo, these many years.

There is something annoying and depressing about such things, but a scientific man is readier reconciled to the courses of events, or should be, than others. It is more serious to be born than to die; and a nature student wonders what is beyond, gets kind of curious to know, and is more likely than others to smile at approaching dissolution as "all in the day's work" and no more to be dreaded than going to sleep.

Stephen A. Douglas left property on 34th street and Cottage Grove avenue, in Chicago, to found a university to be named after him. It was dubbed Chicago University, and the saints in charge thought they could please heaven by misappropriating part

of the ground for a theological seminary. Both the "university" and "seminary" perished from bad management and bad faith with the Douglas heirs, and even the corner stone, laid with great ceremony, could not be found as the old building was torn down to be replaced by residence lots. The coal oil university having succeeded to the designation. The great, mushroomy collection of buildings, copied after Oxford, England, appropriately going back in the dim centuries for architecture suitable for aristocratic conservative brain gripping for rich folk's youngsters, to supplement the dope cigarette destruction of their alleged thinking apparatus.

Instead of affairs for rich dawdlers, Carnegie took a forward step in affording poor boys fellowship and free tuition in Scotland in the higher branches. Cornell's idea of making available any study to anyone is best and would be better if everyone were enabled to have it free of cost.

But the technology schools are going to knock the existence out of the puppy making "universities;" the latter are dying of slow, dry rot, and "diplomas" from them no longer recommend to any thing or place or body.

Tempora mutantur, sure enough. One of these days, when Macauley's New Zealander stands on London bridge looking at the ruins of Westminster, he will tell his little boy how thousands of years ago Ptolemy Rockegie and Cheops Carnefeller forced toiling millions of subjects to drag stones at their own

expense to build great pyramids to perpetuate their names and souls; how Kidd-Morgan cleaned out the United States Treasury and bought up all the paintings in Europe to secure similar notice, and Pullham piled tons of railroad iron above and beneath him to preserve his body after the Egyptian plan of getting away with a soul.

There was also a "Temple of Fame" in New York, as authority on greatness, but it was calcined by time, and the record slabs of marble converted into soda water, effervescing the famous in carbonic acid.

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

A granite monolith a hundred feet high is in a cemetery of Chicago over "Long John Wentworth;" he was better known than Ponce de Leon in his day, but as Holmes asks: "Why seek to perpetuate names in a planet whose crust is fossils and whose center is fire?"

"Kind words are more than coronets," sang Tennyson, and then wrote toady, kind words for princelings, unlike joking Tom Hood, who wrote about and for the suffering poor.

But we were supposed to be talking of old Chicago. Age is relative like other things, and when I first saw Chicago its few bridges were turned by hand, its streets were unpaved, sidewalks in pits and on stilts

along Madison street, tiring you with walking up and down stairs; the population was 84,000 in Chicago in 1856, the year of my visit on the way to Madison, Wisconsin lakes, for my schoolboy vacation, and the census of St. Louis for the same year gave 125,000. Commercial travelers dispersed from St. Louis, the greatest western city of the time; Chicago, lacking commercial importance, had no "drummers." One of these important travelers sitting in the same Parmlee bus with me remarked that "this dirty little mud hole Chicago aspired to rival St. Louis. Why, if anything would kill the place it is this bridging business!" referring to our being unable to cross the river while the bridge-tender walked around his treadmill to swing the bridge, nearly missing the train for us by delay. We transferred from the old Randolph street and Michigan avenue Illinois Central depot to the Wells street depot located as today, except that the former has gone farther up town. And the same old Parmlee omnibuses that Father Marquette and Chevalier de la Salle rode in to welcome Lafayette and Noah still ply between depots in Chicago.

But that commercial traveler should have taken the old darkey's advice: "Don't ye never profesy, onless ye know!"

In 1880 I was crossing that bridge, or rather its successor, one dark night, returning from a medical visit on the north side, and in the gas light saw a couple of men ahead some distance, and at the bridge they both appeared drunk; speculating upon this sud-

den intoxication, the smell of the river was bad enough then but not from the sort of poison that makes inebriates, it struck me that drunk as they seemed they were waiting for me. I had nothing more formidable than a flat tongue spatula handle which, taking by its wires, I flourished so the light would gleam on its silvered resemblance to a pistol. The trick worked, for suddenly my drunkards braced up and walked on to streets not so lonely.

I took an Archer road street car to 22d street, where I left it to walk to 37th, as no cars ran my way at three o'clock in the morning, and as I passed 50 cents to the conductor through the door-hole from the front platform, I thought I would look at my change near a gas lamp. It counted up four three cent pieces and a penny, instead of four dimes and a nickel. Coins like the twenty cent pieces and three cent silver ones gave chances for mistakes, to call it mildly.

The town limits at this later period ranged from Chicago avenue to 39th street, and west to Halsted street, now probably the longest street in any city.

There was a jolly Shanghai rooster of a doctor, a tall Yankee named Payne, on the south side, and his jocularities made him very entertaining ; he enjoyed a joke even on himself, which is unusual with jokers.

He told me of a loyal old nurse of mine, before the training days, who liked to boast of what Dr. Clevenger could do, nor was she particular in her enthusiasm to stick to facts always.

He had her help in a case and expressed pleasure

that the patient's temperature had fallen from 104 degrees to 99. She availed herself of the chance to tell him that I had brought down the thermometer in a case she cared for from 200 to 50 degrees. Payne said to me : "I hope you were satisfied." It was one instance of "deliver us from our friends."

But it is the surgeon who has brags made of his prowess, such as taking out eyes and brains and replacing them. The silver plate for brain injury also dies hard. Apropos of brain surgery, it is told of a colonel in the Civil War having his skull emptied for a head wound, and an orderly dashed up with a commission for bravery promoting the colonel, who got off the operating table, jumped on his horse and rode away, the doctor yelling after him to come back and get his brains. "I don't need them now, I am a brigadier general," he answered as he disappeared.

The story being suggested by so many politicians with no war experience getting generals' places through pull in Washington.

Dr. Payne was called from bed one bitterly cold night to wade through snow a couple of miles up what is now Drexel avenue, then a howling wilderness, to visit a patient in extremis, surrounded by weeping friends and to whom Father Tighe had given extreme unction.

Payne took a look at her as she writhed on her bed and grew angry all over, but repressing his wrath he said please wrap her up and take her to the kitchen table. Wonderingly they obeyed and Payne reached for

a tin dipper with which he cracked the surface ice in a bucket and doused the lady's head with the water. She squirmed and went on wriggling and exclaiming; and the people tried to protest, saying you would not treat a dying woman so. "I know what I am about; and everyone of you leave the room but her mother and Father Tighe;" he repeated the dipper treatment several times till she sat up and cursed the doctor long, loud and deep; with all the maledictions she was familiar with and some she did not know how to handle. Payne's good humor was restored, as he said: "Why, you are better ain't you," and Father Tighe admiringly rubbed his hands, exclaiming: "It's a miracle; it's a miracle!"

Payne and I each had a case of hysteria in a male. He gave his boy a hypodermic of apomorphia and the convulsions gave way to complaints of: "I am so sick at my stomach." Payne sympathized with him that "it was too bad," but the fits ceased. My patient was brought to the Reese Hospital, having for months fallen in fits several times a day, always on the bed, and was given whiskey and attended by relays of female nurses; the family he belonged to being rich, several "ethical doctors" made big fees for pandering to the foolishness. I examined the case carefully to avoid any mistake, then ordered the nurses to be discharged and no further attention to be paid to him and to let him have his "fits" by himself and to give him no more liquor. Loud were the protests of the ignorant relations, but he was out walking in the

hospital yard in two days and discharged recovered in a week. The family paid my little \$10 fee under protest, though robbed of many hundreds by "sympathetic" skunks that infest medical practice, and they always spoke of me as "that brute." The boy did not relapse, and the quackery previously used if continued would have destroyed him.

But that kind of ingratitude is common enough. A Boston physician who was disgusted with hysterical cases was called to see a spinster with paralysis on one side, bedridden for years. All the hocus pocus of Christian science, leg-pulling osteopathy, tin can oxydonor and billionth of a grain of homeo wind had failed to make that side move. The old student, honest doctor looked the patient over to make sure; then looking around the room he gathered up all the newspapers to be found, pushed them under the bed, and set fire to them.

The old virgin was down stairs before he was. She was perfectly cured for the rest of her days, but she never forgave the doctor and always spoke of him as "that old brute." She paid him a thumping good fee though, which he gave to poor people, and he had many in his care.

About as instructive an instance of mental impression I ever came across was when a lady of 30 years who had been chronically asthmatic had her lung difficulty disappear and a half sided paralysis take its place. At that time Charcot and other Frenchmen had experimented with "metallo-therapy" in

hysterical cases, so I told the lady of the new French method, and as it was harmless she consented to a trial. I placed a silver dime on one arm and a copper coin on the other arm and awaited results, feeling silly though at the apparent absurdity of the "treatment." But we have never been able to find out what is or is not "treatment" for a hysterical patient. In a few minutes she said it was working for she felt the circulation coming back on that entire side, and soon she moved her hand and foot and had free motion restored to the paralyzed parts.

As gravely as I could I took it as a matter of course, and was replacing the coins in my pocket when she startled me with: "But, oh doctor, the trouble has gone over to the other side." Now this was before the French medical journals discussed "transference," as this phenomenon was called; but I was disgusted and ventured the prediction that it was all right; that sometimes that sort of thing occurred, but it only lasted a little while, and that it would pass away. And it did, to my relief and surprise, for I was by no means sure of my prophecy. Since then I with other doctors have been performing "miracles" on these impressionable people, who make reputations for all sorts of fakers by their sudden recoveries.

A lady with hysterical aphonia I had brought to my office by the sister superior of the hospital I attended, and placing a Faradic current to her larynx she spoke suddenly in her natural voice and remained

recovered from her "dumbness." She and the good sister went direct to the church to give thanks.

At the Reese hospital I had a case of that rare form of hysteria called "tetany," which young medical students think is some sort of tetanus. A fourteen year old girl was spasmodically bent by fits to one side; the spasm usually bending the body forward and downward. The internes had never heard of such a trouble. In her presence I solemnly told the resident doctors to heat the cautery iron white hot and trace it along her back, avoiding the red heat as painful. Of course all but the patient knew this instruction was merely for its influence. And it was effective for Missy never twisted herself into knots again.

These hysterical cases are troublesome affairs, sometimes being stuck full of needles with their heads outward, sometimes raising the dickens with anonymous letters, sometimes crazy as bedbugs, sometimes using up a household with fictitious ailments, and if any inexperienced doctor takes stock in her "sickness" and does not look out for himself she is liable to tie the doctor up into hard knots, wear him out with all his resources and on some occasions "bust him." Wise physicians are wary of such.

At the Chicago Medical Society meeting once a "sassiety" doctor was telling of a wonderful cure he had made that he could not account for, in a lady who had suffered many things of many doctors, till he came and mysteriously cured her of a lifetime

malady, and the old ass maundered off into a description of her symptoms.

Dr. Margerat, a Frenchman of much experience in medicine, in discussing the case said the whole thing was accounted for by a good looking doctor; that if he had been caring for the case himself he could not have had the same miraculous results as he was not good looking enough.

Woe to the young doctor who does not post himself on the myriad phases of hysteria, for he is likely to bite off more than he can chew in treating some of these notoriety seekers. Read what I tell of them in my Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity.

Axford, Payne and Norcom were the noted south side physicians whom I most frequently met, and many a hearty laugh have we four enjoyed at each other's experiences. Almost daily something comic would occur to take the gloom off an otherwise serious occupation.

Payne had been called by a female homeo practitioner to attend her husband, whom she and another woman "graduate" of her "school" had been trying to relieve, and when Payne came in the wife handed the doctor a catherer that she and her friend had failed to pass after hours of trying. It was the three inch female sort. Payne remarked that he preferred his own and drew out a soft rubber one and in an instant the too much homypattized sufferer was relieved. The old girls examined the "new" affair with interest, never having heard of one before.

But they knew how to pronounce it at least, and that was more than a young lady did who wrote to a physician to come to her sick brother and to please bring his cathedral with him.

A London lady presiding over a club read about the death of a popular army major in India from kidney disease, and concluded the news with the remark that "we women should be grateful that we have no kidneys."

Payne used to tell of curb stone opinions he escaped by listening to rambling descriptions of disease and sympathising with them by: "Its too bad."

Reminding of the story of another physician when asked what the man should take, during a casual meeting on the street, replying: "He should take advice, of course."

Axford told of his uncle, a Michigan physician, who was also mayor of the town he lived in, accusing a hotel keeper of contracting dyspepsia by eating some of his own pies, bringing to mind the old yarn of the country oracle taking his medical apprentice on his rounds and jumping on a sick man for not obeying injunctions not to eat apples; the medical kid wanted to know how the doctor could tell that he had been eating apples. "By the cores he threw under the bed," said the doctor.

When later the tyro had graduated he scolded a patient for eating a mule, and the protest brought out the information that the new doctor had seen a harness under the bed. Maybe some have not heard

that chestnut, but it is worth citing as a possible logical process for some sort of thinkers.

Parity of reasoning, as when a delirious small pox case jumped into the Arkansas river and got well the doctor used cool bathing on other small-pox cases and they did not recover. To the memorandum he made when the first case got well, to the effect that "Cold baths good for small-pox," he appended later, "sometimes." But an experimentally inclined ignoramus of an attendant at the asylum drew even finer distinctions in his notes. He threw water on epileptics in fits, and ascribed their getting over the attack to his wonderful discovery, but once a patient died instead of recovering, so Dunderhead found out his nationality and added to his valuable "notes" that this treatment is good for Irish, Germans and Americans but bad for Bohemians.

But speaking of Bohemians, Dr. Fenger, the well known surgeon, told of a recently arrived Bohemian practitioner telling him of trouble he had with premature twins in a countrywoman of his. They were a little over the seventh month, and finally this benighted wonder told Fenger that he had the hardest time to hold them under the bucket of water, that they kicked and for a long time would not drown. "My God," said Fenger, "have you told anyone else about this?"

"No."

"Then don't."

Rambling off on obstetrics, a grocer in Chicago

thought I should cut my bill in half as the double hair lip child "wasn't worth it" to him.

I attended another grocer whom I thought was intelligent, and maybe he was on prices of prunes and codfish, but he had a brass ring around his ankle and gravely informed me it was to "keep off the witches."

I had attended a case for Norcom while he was out gunning for birds, a sport in which he found recreation; she was a grocer's wife and in her last sickness. Six months later, as the grocer paid no attention to my bill, I sent a collector, both were Irish which accounts for the conversation: "I hope the doctor will wait till my wife is cowld in her grave before pressin' his bill."

"The doether returns the compliment, and hopes you won't marry again before payin' it."

Norcom returned from one of his bird hunts, telling his wife, "Well, my dear, I didn't kill anything."

"That's what you get for going off and neglecting your business!"

Recalling the contract that a doctor was to be paid "kill or cure" and the refusal on account of the doctor not being able or willing to say he had done either after the patient had died.

While about it, we may as well recall a few more yarns whether well or little known, though some have heard everything and others never heard anything of the sort.

Quine met Russ, the undertaker, one morning on

22d street, and to the doctor's question: "How's business?" Russ replied "Quite good, thank you."

"You need not thank me, confound you!" said the doctor.

A pretty fair doctor's yarn was told of Billy Mason, the Illinois senator, who going to England was seasick, and while leaning over the rail feeding the fishes was approached by a commiserating Englishman with: "Very sorry to see you suffering so much, Mr. Mason, and walking to and fro on the deck the Englishman stopped with the remark: "It is singular, Mr. Mason, that Englishmen never get sea sick."

Billy glared at him and remarked: "Doctors say it's a brain disease.' By and by the sympathiser returned laughing with: "That was a very good joke of yours. I see the point."

But Billy immediately rejoined: "Somebody told you."

My son, on an Australian voyage, says the Hamericans were amused at the dialect of a lady from our mother country on the vessel, who when pressed to partake of cakes and grapes, said with thanks: "I will tike a pice o' kike now, and bymby have the gripes."

Like Tom Hood, who offered to swallow the blotting paper when told he had drank ink instead of his medicine, some patients can joke while dying. I had an instance in old Colonel Vaughn, who always had a fresh tale to tell me when I called. He once

looked up at a strange doctor who had been put in charge of him temporarily during the absence of his regular attending physician, asking: "What did I understand your name to be?" and laughing when told that the name was "Wise;" he was asked what was there amusing about it, and apologised with: "You remind me of a chap I knew in Virginia named Small, and he was the tallest man in town."

He told of a doctor falling into a well accidentally, and was told that his business was with the sick and he should have let the well alone.

As comic a scene as a doctor could see was one I saw in Wilmington, Delaware, at the trial of a notorious, impudent quack named Lawson for practising without a license. He claimed to use hypnotism, and when the State's attorney was pressing him for illustrations of that sort of treatment he looked around at the judge and loudly, pompously, with the effrontery characteristic of charlatans said: "Your honor, if you will permit me I will proceed to convince you and the jury of the genuineness of my hypnotic influence, by means of which I control disease."

Looking straight at the judge as though he meant, if allowed, to try the fake upon his honor at once, the judge dodged and brought down his gavel with a bang, exclaiming: "Here! none of that now!"

"But, your honor, it is harmless."

"That may all be, but we want no such monkey work in this court room. You can describe what you can do, but we are not to be experimented on."

Wonderful is the hold these ignorant scoundrels have upon the credulous; here was Schwab the steel trust king paying \$5000 for a pair of "magic boots" to cure all diseases, and a New York scamp making thousands by selling a wooden hypnotic ball for ten dollars each, and the regular medical societies were defeated in trying to stop his sales and the post office heads refused to discontinue his mailing advertisements.

The backwoods faker is usually the sort that cut slippery elm upward on the tree bark for emetics, downward for cathartics, and around the tree for other purposes, naming the first lowbohirum, the other highbolowrum, and the last was highlobustum, a "rank pizen" no one dared use but himself. But in Pennsylvania there are witch doctors using "pow-wow" and blowing on burns to "take the fire out." If suspenders are crossed in the back it either causes "hexing" or witchery, or cures it, I have forgotten which is claimed.

Regular doctors there sometimes tell their ignorant patients that they use "pow-wow" as well as other means, or the medicines would not be paid for.

The darkey fortune teller and hoodoo doctor is as interesting. One had a customer return with the demand: "Jiss gib dat dollah back, youh fohtune tellin' is no good. You tole me dat my dream would come true, and not one of dem has."

"See heah, nigger, does you remember all youh dreams?"

"In course I don't."

"Well, its dem dreams dat you don't remember is de ones dat come true."

But anyone assuming the externals of what the populace thinks makes up the doctor is called in, as was the gentleman with the little satchel beckoned from the street by the lady anxious to know what had best be done, and was astonished when advised to call a doctor, as he was only a piano tuner.

A Georgia solon being fooled in the apparel of a doctor once, finding that in spite of poverty in dress the man knew more than a well dressed pretender, endeavored to get a bill through the legislature providing means of telling whether doctors were competent or not by their dress. It arranged that first class doctors should be richly dressed and that lower grades should be uniformed accordingly.

The result would be that cocked hats, gold lace and epaulets would accrue to the most murderous quacks while the modest hard up student of a physician would be in sack cloth.

Balzac tells of a charlatan examining the right side of a patient in pretending to listen to his heart, and an educated physician standing by remarked: "When I went to school the heart was supposed to be on the left side," to which the quack responded with the immortally cheeky answer: "But, Monsieur le docteur, we have changed all that." "Nous avons change' tout cela."

Homeos make it a point to dress well, and most

people would rather be slain by "respectable" ignorance than cured by shabby knowledge.

The money making faculty is a low one, and too many scruples or much intelligence and devotion to study may impoverish one. An imbecile in Ward's island asylum, who did not know enough to keep his nose clean, could start with a pin and by trading with sane attendants have a knife or a dollar by night.

Then doctors who have not married money or depend on practice to make it are discriminated against in collecting fees. For instance, in probate courts a judge will prune down the just bill of a doctor and compliment a lawyer on his "handsome" winnings for mere clerical work of an inferior grade. The lawyers make and administer class legislation in their own favor, and till medicine is properly represented doctors can expect to be thus snubbed. Besides every medical practice act, ostensibly to protect the people, by the time it passes any State legislature is emasculated by lawyer counsel for saloon keeping boodlers who are paid by organized quackery, so that the decent educated medical man is put to great inconvenience to convince a State Board of his competence, and the law enables the dirtiest quack unhung to "practice" free from any questioning, unhedged by any supervision, and to put "Doctor" on his cards and gather riches the community of good practitioners can never hope to obtain.

Diving into the causes of any sociological matter deep enough brings you to the inevitable monkey-

doodledom of mankind; his vanities, his prejudices, superstitions, grab-it-iveness, and his thorough grounding in what is not true.

Deceiving one's neighbors, allowing them to deceive themselves so long as anything is to be made by it, has been the rule, and when this condition of things is reversed, and when the saloon can no longer poison us and people smilingly accept it as established right on their part, the world will begin to evolve a little from fogs of misinformation. Meanwhile it is the decent doctor's duty and privilege to instruct, to lift, to help poor and rich alike, interest them in one another. All good work is done at personal sacrifice, and above all expect no gratitude. There is no such thing, it is a symptom, says Holmes, that disappears with other symptoms on recovery from sickness.

God and the doctor we alike adore,
Just on the brink of danger, not before;
The danger past both are alike requited:
God is forgot, and the doctor slighted.

You are lucky if you don't get kicked for kindness, but you did not have to be killed for it as was One whom folks pretend to worship today and merely mock.

Physicians in New York and London know what Trinity church and Westminster Abbey property meant to the wretched starvelings those rich corporations fleeced, and as for Whitechapel, well ——

The five points, at one time the vilest part of New

York, was Trinity church property and the ministers said: "We have nothing to do with the morals of our tenants."

While Doctor Bernardo was struggling to care for multitudes of waifs that no one paid attention to, least of all the churches, the morals of the gutter snipes did not bother the clergy a bit. But as soon as Bernardo had large donations to help on his great and good work, then the church smelt money and grew anxious for the "morals" of the unfortunates and claimed the right to have a hand in disposing of the money for their benefit. Sir Walter Raleigh touched up this matter in his lines:

Go tell the court it glows, and shines like rotten wood;
Go tell the church it shows what's good, and doth no good.
If court and church reply, give court and church the lie.

No one can honor the sincere Christian more than I, but look at the billions in vested church buildings and at the billions of unhelped sufferers dying on doorsteps, the comfortable churches locked against them though their pennies built these grand edifices.

There was Professor Ernest B. Stuart, of Chicago, an excellent chemist who, summing up the causes of his having been swindled so often, told me that he was thankful that he was not capable of becoming rich. Great corporations made large sums from processes they cheated him out of and when he lost his place as city milk inspector for not taking bribes from adulterating milkmen, as the saloon keeping aldermen expected him to do, more than a thousand

babies perished from drinking formaldehyde in milk sold thereafter. The people pay for their joke of allowing murderers to run municipal affairs as in tough New York and rotten Philadelphia, with burglars on the police force, millions expended for filters that bring more typhoid than before, the politicians asking "wot in 'ell you goin' ter do about it?"

But whosoever protests is going to be laughed at by the monkey populace and told, as I was, that you are unpractical; that you should get in with the grafters instead of fighting them and make money, instead of losing it and your time in fighting them.

For years after I brought charges against the county commissioners for their cruelties and robberies of the insane a detective named Bob Bruce, a well known honest fellow, informed me of "jobs" the commissioners undertook to "do me up." Night visiting had to be cut out from my practice.

But to get back to merrier things, I read somewhere that the humerus was so named because near the funny bone.

A stenographer of mine once converted idiosyncrasy into idiot crazy, theory into sherry, and the sentence, "pour oil on the troubled waters" into "boil the tub of water." But the worst jolt was given me by a clerk employed to address envelopes to patients to whom I wished to announce a change of residence; I gave him my case book to copy the names from, and discovered just in time that he was also putting the diseases of each on the addressed envelope. For in-

stance, Jane Smith, Epileptic; Robert Roe, Inebriate; and so on.

He merely followed instructions, as the sea captain thought he did when reading the card in his medicine chest that number 15 was good for diarrhœa, and the bottle being empty he gave equal parts of number 7 and 8, with bad results.

A trial conducted by my friend Frank P. Blair, son of the former senator of that name, is worth mentioning as it enabled me to judicially under oath give a miserable quack a dose he will remember. Sancho Panza, or some such name, "invented" a little tin box in which I found asphaltum which he called "oxydonor," and advertised, with testimonials, of course, as a cure all. Tie the tin to your leg and place the string so the box could be in cold water and the "nerve current" would do the rest. Some imitator was accused of infringing and Sancho brought suit. Blair defended the imitator and stipulated that the only ground he would take was that oxydonor was a fake and the defendant claimed that no one had a monopoly of the fake business. I testified that both tools were abominable tricks to deceive, and that the advertising of "electropoise" during our Spanish war, a predecessor of oxydonor, whether Sancho was responsible for it or not, when our soldiers were advised in the magazine advertisements to buy it as a sure preventive of yellow fever, was such an outrage that the one who advertised should be hung as a traitor to the government.

I tested the string and box with delicate galvanometers and found that not the billionth of an ampere could be discovered under the advertised conditions. Yet that infernal humbug sells widely.

The average fakir knows how to be dignified, as that is also a lay means of estimating knowledge. A little English girl, just over from Manchester, said to her mother: "Mamma, he can't be a real doctor, because he spoke to me." Had I frowned the youngster would have thought me a great physician.

But our American kids are not afraid to speak to doctors, as shown in the case of a little chap on tip toes trying to reach a bell handle when a passing doctor in the kindness of his heart asked him if he wanted to ring the bell, and finding that he did, the doctor pulled it for him and was greeted by the boy, as he scampered away, with the advice: "Now run like hell."

A dignified homeo in Aldine Square made big fees "curing diphtheria" that was only tonsilitis, and one patient of mine was indignant when I told her that she had only tonsilitis while she told her friends that I had cured her of diphtheria.

More often belittling of the trouble after the cure is the rule, as an Irishman was inclined to do when he growled that it was hard enough to be sick without having to pay the doctor for it.

Having seen Chicago grow from a town of 300,000 to 2,000,000, and twenty-story sky-rakers surrounding the six story building I had occupied for twenty

years shutting out light and air but not heat, recollections of the cool sea air of Atlantic City drew me to that resort to establish practice in my specialty of neurology and psychiatry. Convalescents and the nervously afflicted do well here, shortening their periods of illness remarkably, and mild mental diseases can benefit more than elsewhere by simply sitting on the shore all day.

Whatever pure sea air and every range of accommodations can do for the sick, Atlantic City affords, and I have noticed many infants from the hot cities, perishing from improper feeding, teething and heat combined, rapidly recover in spite of ignorant parents continuing starchy or meat diet, with sometimes formaldehyde milk brought from their homes. Good milk can be had here and with ordinary care and instruction to the mother the little ones rebound quickly.

An old chap said he had grown twenty years younger at this place in two weeks, and was in danger of being able to read his own birth notice in the newspaper some day.

The extraordinary stimulant properties of the sea breezes here enable me to do away with much medication, neurasthenics especially are soon out of bed, permanently recovered. Hotel and boarding house facilities are numerous here and the pernicious fakes can be escaped. Honest and skilled medical care can save patients much time and expense with the home-like surroundings to be secured here for invalids.

Nor merely because one is at the sea shore need there be dissipation. Quiet rest is to be had, if not ultra-fashionable.

The writer will be pleased to correspond with physicians over America concerning care of nervous and mild mental cases at Atlantic City.

THE OLD HOSPITAL

About the time the civil war broke out in the sixties a small hospital was started on the lake front, in an old cemetery corner of what is now Lincoln Park in Chicago. The hospital outgrew its space and was rebuilt on Franklin street and later Belden avenue and is now one of the largest and best in the country.

The city politicians stole the cemetery, pretended to cart the bones elsewhere, and converted the place into the large park on the North Side. A few wealthy lot owners of the old cemetery fought the steal, and secured injunctions in the higher courts against eviction in their special cases. Those who did not or could not resist lost their lots, though the deeds set forth that their purchase was "forever."

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
It's only a pauper whom nobody owns,"

was applicable in a few cases of removals, only. The vast majority still lie beneath the feet of the park visitors, waiting for Gabriel's horn.

A religious and very sincere brotherhood started the hospital and secured the services of Dr. Baxter, an excellent surgeon of that time; but by mischance inflicted upon the patients the renowned quack Cy-

pher, "Member of the faculty of Vienna," as his cards stated, whatever that may mean. It was said that he had been a barber in that Austrian town, and he was a little the most ignorant and rotten humbug of the day.

But his piety secured him patients outside the hospital, as did his well advertised connection with the good institution, which was very favorably known.

The brotherhood nurses found his ignorance too apparent, but not wishing to offend so religious a doctor placed him in charge of the consumptive wards, presuming that nothing could be done for them, so Cypher could be kept busy doing it.

The cherry laurel water he prescribed for them kept the poor sufferers contented with themselves and the idea that Cypher was "curing" them. The graduated regular physicians could never consult with him, but they occasionally played tricks on the "Vienna faculty member."

He tried to educate himself by poring over the prescriptions on file in the hospital drug store, asking the brother pharmacist what the other doctors gave this and that and the other for, and in that way he came to know about bromides, iodides and some other things. This propensity becoming known to the regular physicians on duty, some of them concocted a trap for Cypher, into which he promptly tumbled. But the druggist was an accomplice, and as soon as Cypher had carefully copied "stercoraceous acid, q. s., a teaspoonful after meals," which written on several pre-

scriptions on the druggist's hook, disappeared and were seen no more.

The druggist told Cypher he thought the other doctors prescribed it for consumption, and as he was a specialist in everything, he set about curing up the town with the new drug and sprinkled the pharmacies of Chicago with orders for the mysterious preparation as well as writing for a bottle to be sent up to his ward.

The druggist showed this prescription to the heads of the hospitals and an effort was made to hush things up, but it leaked out and Cypher's wrath was boundless. He referred to the time when the druggist was only religious and knew nothing of drugs, claiming that he was all the better as a pill-mixer in those times, but that since the brother selected for druggist had been sent to colleges of pharmacy he lost his respect for religious men and matters. So no more brothers should go to school.

Then during the eighties there was added to the medical staff, as the hospital expanded, a society doctor with a millionaire father-in-law and a hundred thousand dollar house owned by the doctor's wife, the expense of maintaining which, not having a cent contributed to it by the plutocratic father of the wife, necessitated the son-in-law humping himself in all the approved methods of catching on to an income from rich patients.

Though the doctor came from a fair school of medicine he had no time to bother about posting himself

in the advances of his profession. The scramble to pay off a crowd of house help, stable men, trades people, and others kept his time filled and his nights sleepless.

When he found that the will did not mention him he lost his mind and died insane soon after.

At the time I became a member of the hospital staff the single interne changed yearly; now there are six of them. The typhoid mortality was 25 per cent. everywhere except in the rotten county hospital, where it was 30 per cent. Actually, a typhoid case stood five per cent. better chances of living if not taken to the political boodlerburg "hospital."

About 1885 I suggested to an interne a plan to fight typhoid by organized effort, and into my methods the good brothers came heroically and willingly; so that in the three succeeding years we managed to reduce the death rate to three per cent. among a thousand patients. It has been only during a much later period that typhoid has reduced its 25 per cent. rate of loss.

But I refrained from describing methods and results in the medical journals through knowing that the remarkable reduction in death rate would be ascribed to mistaken diagnosis and to other things familiar to masters in detraction. My internes and I rejoiced and we let it go at that.

Poor Dr. Bobinsky, the heir expectant, spent most of his time in figuring on how to screw bills up for treating measles as scarlatina and tonsilitis as diph-

theria, in which disorders he had a great reputation; "curing" both in a few days.

About the time antipyrine came in he was enabled to add typhoid fever to his reputation for invincibility, by asking me to write an article on the use of the new drug in typhoid fever, as he had not time to look into the matter. The article appeared in a medical journal and with his name as the author. Thousands of reprints in pamphlet form were sent to his patients, from which they inferred that Bobinsky, wielding the new German drug, abolished typhoid as he did diphtheria and scarlatina.

I used to pity the poor devil, who had no time to study honest medicine, with its multitude of interesting problems; being bound down to a life of lies; shifting, scheming, to make ends meet with his ten or twelve thousand a year; worse off than the square medical man with a bare living and time to be honest, with the disposition to study and think for his patients' best welfare.

The Germans call typhoid "nervous fever," and as I had the nervous and mental disease patients, naturally the German brotherhood thought that typhoids belonged in my wards. Growing to take much interest in the study of symptoms and pathology, a ready familiarity was built up with all the aspects and treatment of the disease. I refrained from dosing much, and in the nineties saw the new antiseptic method overdone at first.

Three special years my internes and I worked

untiringly together over typhoid cases, building our record to be known to only a few persons, but destined to increase Bobinsky's and Cypher's practice, as the hospital grew to be favorably known for typhoid care.

Never a cent came to me for this and other hospital treatment of charity cases, and so I often walked for want of car fare, but others were able to exploit and advertise their hospital connections so that pay practice came to them. I never had that sort of ability, neither the time nor the disposition for it.

At that time being young and vigorous, trotting to the bedsides of patients, never to see them later or to have a thank from anyone when they recovered, did not seem so hard, for in fact there were so many poor chaps coming in sick that any selfish planning to collect bills outside or push one's financial interests seemed like waste of precious time in caring for the sufferers.

Besides, is not specialism now established as necessary? I was only a medical specialist, and had spent as much in study as some make in a life time.

Bobinsky and Cypher were financial specialists. One can not be everything.

Both these poor fellows died, and I am alive, nor do I draw any inference from the facts; it has merely so happened, except that maybe their money making abilities availed them nothing in keeping on earth; and I remember very well times when had I known as little medicine as the financially successful saw-

bones did, I would have dropped out also, in trying to treat myself for occasional ailments.

And now I have my fun in thinking of it all; though at the time it did not seem so funny; when those who owed me dodged me, even those well able to pay. But every doctor knows how this is. That bilking I regarded as stealing from the poor I would like to have helped could I have had what I earned.

One need not be bashful, at my age, in claiming a disposition that is common among physicians; and those who have had the same feelings will know what is meant, nor regard it as bragging.

As the saloon keepers and gamblers in charge of the county insane asylum and I could not get along amicably, as we had nothing in common to argue from or agree upon, and the merchants to whom I had appealed for reforming the care of the institution turning out to be interested in helping to make things rotten, I lost my situation at the asylum, and finding grafters of the same sort in charge of many other public institutions, I have not been able to impress the powers in control that I am sufficiently rotten to work in harmony with them.

Added to my alienistic and neurological lore was this special three years during twenty or more years in typhoid treatment in the hospital. A medical romance writer would describe how the town buzzed with the news and that paying cases came in flocks. In real life the chap who begins to attract notice for any special aptitude has to encounter the popular pre-

judice against rivals taking money away, and that advertising one in your line of business is rank nonsense.

So the conspiracy of silence, the slur to help it along, and if the rival seems to get along anyway the cock-and-bull yarn is flung at him. The German mistake that nervousness was the whole thing in this intestinal disease did not help a nerve specialist among English speaking people, so Bobinsky and Cypher got all the typhoid cases on the reputation of the hospital they were known to be attending.

Once I came across a boy that Cypher was dosing with bromides for the presumed "nervous fever," doctoring the German name instead of treating the disease about which he knew nothing, and amazing as it sounds, in this condition of ulcerating intestines Cypher was bringing on hemorrhages from the bowels by feeding the boy SOUR KROUT!

The parents insisted on his consulting with me, but Cypher blustered and bolted from the room. Rational care pulled the little fellow through and he is now one of Chicago's wholesale clothing merchants, spending great sums advertising in magazines.

Another typhoid case I treated outside the hospital that the brothers sent me to referred his recovery to his persistence in holding on to a crucifix during the whole time he was sick.

These two cases were about all the typhoids I had on the strength of the hospital experience.

But of such is the kingdom of heaven, in practicing in a big city.

WELFARE OF THE MULTITUDE.

Man is not the only slave making animal, for ants enslave other ants and domesticate plant lice as their cows, the aphides. But the more intelligent man realizes that slavery degrades himself and his victim, though in granting the slave freedom it is not necessary to overlook his inferiority.

And we can realize our own inferiority to the financial wreckers for whom we toil, for we are practically slaves to Wall street exploiters and treasury robbers. Can we emancipate ourselves? Have we sufficient intelligence to do so? Have we sufficient honesty and courage to fight these pirates in the interest of common decency and humanity?

There is a very prevalent desire to get in with them, as the people suggested that I should instead of fighting boodlers thirty years as I have done; but it is "a l'outrance" with me, and I hope to see much done toward the overthrow of saloon keeping influence in our national and municipal affairs and legal checks enforced against greed and spoliation of peaceful, honest multitudes. C. E. Russell dwells on the organization of greed, on the passing of wealth into the hands of the few, on lawless corporations, beef trusts controlling nation's food, and oil companies seizing the nation's financial energies, and the general lower-

ing of national standards of morality. The waste of insurance, the growth of power able to nullify laws and defy government, huge swindles, like the ship building company and mail carrying, great confidence games like amalgamated copper, the misrule of Pennsylvania and the rottenness of New Jersey.

The growing slums in cities, the darkness of drudging labor, millionaires and paupers multiplying.

“We cannot have slums without the deadly penalty of slums, and we cannot tolerate the spoliation and degradation of the least of these our brethren without being despoiled and degraded ourselves.”

The motto of Switzerland is “One for all and all for one,” and our country could imitate the initiative and referendum and the real republicanism of that country with great advantage to our common people, the only kind we are supposed to have, instead of as at present allowing misrepresentatives and gigantic thieves to rule and rob us.

But in unlooked for ways the masses are growing enlightened, and those who have claimed to be our leaders and teachers are finding out that they are left behind in this duty by new warriors for liberty and justice.

Roosevelt very properly says, that “if there is one tendency more than another unhealthy and undesirable, it is the tendency to deify mere ‘smartness,’ unaccompanied by a sense of moral accountability. We shall never make our republic what it should be until

as a people we thoroughly understand and put into practice the doctrine that success is abhorrent if attained by the sacrifice of the principles of morality. The successful man, whether in business or in politics, who has risen by conscienceless swindling of his neighbors, by deceit and chicanery, by unscrupulousness, boldness and unscrupulous cunning, stands toward society as a dangerous wild beast. The mean and cringing admiration which such a career commands among those who think crookedly or not at all, makes this kind of success perhaps the most dangerous of all the influences that threaten our national life. Our standard of public and private conduct will never be raised to the proper level until we make the scoundrel who succeeds feel the weight of a hostile public opinion even more strongly than the scoundrel who fails.”

Concerning the labor question, in a Chicago address in 1900, Roosevelt said in the course of his speech:

“You have learned the great lesson of acting in combination,” and he told the people present at the labor day picnic that it would be impossible to overestimate the benefits from such association. He deprecated demagogic high sounding appeals to passion, saying that “a ton of oratory was not worth an ounce of hard-headed, kindly common-sense.”

“Each man shall in deed, and not merely in word, be treated strictly on his worth as a man; that each shall do full justice to his fellow, and in return shall exact full justice from him. Each group has its special

interests; and yet the higher, broader, deeper interests are those which apply to all men alike; for the spirit of brotherhood in American citizenship, when rightly understood and applied, is more important than aught else. Let us scrupulously guard the special interests of the wage worker, the farmer, the manufacturer, and the merchant, giving to each man his due and also seeing that he does not wrong his fellows; but let us keep ever clearly before our minds the great fact that, where the deepest chords are touched, the interests of all are alike and must be guarded alike."

He spoke of avoiding hatred as the basis of action, of retaining self respect and respecting the rights of all others.

Nicholas Paine Gilman in a study of the wages system presents his conclusions and reasons in a book well worth reading, called "Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee," and bearing directly thereon he refers to co-operation, and on page 40 remarks: "The democratic element in society is undoubtedly gaining strength each year, and there is no good reason in lamenting its advance. But it will never do away with the natural aristocracy which has made skill in the conduct of business the endowment of a few. The many must continue to follow, as they have always done if they did not rush to disaster; and the select minority of nature's choosing must continue to lead if the many are to prosper. Natural selection makes short work with headless co-operative associations in competition with firms directed by cap-

tains of industry. The weakness of co-operative production, thus far, has been its gross undervaluation of the manager. The dream of an equality contradicted by the plain facts of human nature has led co-operators to offer petty salaries and restricted powers to their superintendents. But modern industry takes on more and more the character of a civilized warfare in which regiments composed of brigadier generals are quite out of place. While, then, attempts at co-operation have been numerous the world over, the percentage of failures is very large in consequence of this fundamental mistake of underrating the part that brains have to play in successful production, under the keen competition which is the rule in the last half of the nineteenth century. The wages system, on the contrary, is continually making inroads into the ranks of the small dealers, who are forced to take service with the large firms. Joint-stock companies multiply in every direction, and the number of persons on wages or salary increase every year."

Gilman favors piece work with rewards to stimulate honest work and rapidity consistent with superiority. Where employees share profits there is greater economy, less waste of time and material, and the entire moral tone is raised in keeping with the spirit of justice and right pervading such co-operative places. Antagonisms between employer and help become impossible as the interests of all are bound together.

He details the methods and success of the Leclaire

system originating in Paris, and since then spread to other countries with similar instances of great co-operative establishments that have prospered and grown every year since the early part of the last century.

In the Barbas establishment, on similar lines to that of Leclair, the Consultative committee, which is the usual intermediary between the master and the men, meets every three months; it includes the managers, the chief overseers, the two oldest employees and the five oldest workmen. This committee has shown us, said Barbas, that our workmen understood at the outset that labor is not everything in business, but that capital, and, above all, managing ability, have a great role in production and in the results in profits and in reputation. The power of final dismissal rests only with Barbas, and the firm expressly reserves the right to abandon participation at pleasure. The men become attached to the place and are economical of material; for instance, instead of cutting a small piece out of a sheet of zinc they hunt around for one among the cuttings; they are careful of the apparatus, less imprudent in all ways, and by exactness, good work and behavior try to please customers; they watch over the safety of others, for an accident is a loss of profits. Participation assures a stable body of workmen, and workers pass a probationary period to ascertain if worthy of being taken into the profit-sharing arrangement.

A History of Co-operation in the United States

was published in 1888 by the Johns Hopkins University, and can be found usually in public libraries; among numerous other works on the subject may be mentioned those of Henry Fawcett, Sedley Taylor, W. T. Thornton, W. Stanley Jevons, Francis A. Walker, N. O. Nelson, F. H. Giddings, besides works in French and German, and state reports on labor conditions.

Charles Edward Russell has energetically surveyed the subject of the "Uprising of the Many" in a book under that title and in other writings, and he refers to interesting cases in point, one especially that we can condense from and other writers who mention it, and which has developed into what is now known as the Rochedale System.

In 1843 the proprietors of the flannel mills in Rochedale, England, made fortunes out of the toil of their workmen yearly, and in some cases monthly, while continuing the workmen at starvation wages. With increased labor and the same old pay the workers naturally asked that their burdens be lightened, and with refusal a strike followed during which the strikers were reduced to extremes. An attempt was made to sustain the strikers on two pence a week paid by each weaver who had work, but the strikers were many and the employed few, so the plan failed. But the Toad Lane weavers on strike hit upon a plan that has borne amazing results. Twenty-eight of these miserably impoverished flannel weavers kept up their payments of two pence a week, appointed a treasurer

and bought a little tea, salt and jam at wholesale prices and divided according to amounts contributed; so here was a direct gain with no risk of loss. A small portion being reserved for any future need in the following year amounted to \$140; so they rented a store, sold only for cash, bought and sold only the best and purest of groceries, opposed trickery of every sort in buying or selling, sold only at the current market rates, would not compete with anyone, and finally devoted a percentage to education.

The next step was to issue stock at \$5 a share, and in March, 1845, their capital was \$905, with weekly receipts of \$150 for sales of goods.

In 1850 there were 600 members, and in 1857 membership had increased to 1850, while the sales ran up to \$400,000 per annum.

Everything is determined by all its members in a meeting in which all have votes and equal rights to be heard. The co-operative societies of England are now too strong for politicians and other greedy and unscrupulous vested interests to destroy or even disturb. A very large part of the population now owns stock in these companies and experience such benefits as to encourage further growth of the plan.

Europe has a hundred thousand such societies, with membership running into millions, and in some places the increase is slow and gradual, while in other places it is by steps and strides.

A Philadelphia newspaper reporter who signs himself G. M. G., printed in the *North American* of May

8th, 1908, an interview with the actor and former prize fighter John L. Sullivan, who in homely but convincing language shows that he has valuable opinions on the money and labor situation. He suggested that old Joe Cannon, the gagger of the house of representatives, should be licked for his working against the people on the corporation "proposish." Said he:

"Stocks and Wall street! Why, it's the joke of the century what they 're allowed to get away with.

"Some wise guy who wants to make a play for some foreign drug-eating duke is a little shy of the fodder to attract that special brand of cattle.

"What does he do? He springs some paper on a bum railroad or often a concern that ain't got any value in land, sea or air. He comes along and works us into taking a slice of it.

"We can't save much on our wages. It looks like a wise play to grab a bit of the easy stuff. You know that. Sucker play. It's gone in a minute to help the duke buy blooms for ladies the Wall street man's daughter will name when she springs the breakaway call through the voice of her high-priced lawyer.

"What happens? Can we get the Wall street gent who flammed us arrested? Not a bit of it. Well I should hope not. He is too necessary in picking out our United States senators to be pushed behind the big gate.

"And its been my great pleasure to tell some of those dollar storing old crooks that no man ever made \$5,000,000 on the level. Certainly not. I would

tell John D. that the biggest part of his pile has the fine smell of back-number limburger cheese.

"I think the time will come when there won't be such a thing as a multi-millionaire.

"Why? Because the American people will wake up. It takes a man like President Roosevelt to help that desirable finish. He's the greatest man who ever had the job, and I'm a Democrat.

"The common people, the low bunch, make me think of the rough stones in the foundation of a house. They are out of sight, way down, with their faces pushed into the dirt. They never get out unless some explosion topples the whole shebang.

"Every weight that is added bears on them, no matter what's between. They got together in self defence. They've got a right to. But their own remedies don't work. They get up a union. That's all right. They must compete with money banded against them. But what do they do?

"Seventy-five good workmen expect to carry along twenty-five loafers or incompetents. Same wages for the whole hundred is the slogan. But it ain't right. The boss oughtn't to be expected to pay a bum carpenter, who'll waste more lumber than he'll put to good use, as much as the skilled man, who turns out twice the quantity of good work and wastes nothing.

"The unions want to get wise, too. The miners' union in the West went on the bum just as soon as it demanded that muckers, the fellows who didn't know gold from gravel, and were only hired to turn

the dirt into the sluices so that the quicksilver could do the picking, should get \$6 a day just the same as the expert.

“Maybe the co-operative plan, the way former Governor Douglass plays it in his shoe factory in Massachusetts, would be the proper caper. There according to their work, the men get an interest in the business.”

When writing my “Evolution of Man and His Mind,” from a life-time accumulation of memoranda, I examined the various sociological devices for bettering the condition of the community and merely touched upon the co-operative method, intending to study it more fully later. And I have done so; comparing views, figures, facts, opinions, pro and con, and it is not worth while to try any other means of making vast improvements in that line than the successful co-operative plans developed mainly from the Rochedale system and survivals of multitudes of other related European practical organizations.

Distributive co-operation, that for buying and selling groceries, for instance, is the most successful everywhere, while productive or manufacturing has only been successful under the direction of some such head as Sir Titus Salt, Leclair and similar big brained, big hearted men who proved by their lives that they had the welfare of their fellows at heart. Honesty is probably more common than general ability, but when conjoined, other things equal, best results accrue.

The Coopers' co-operative organization in Minnesota has done well by all concerned, and there are numerous profit-sharing concerns as well as co-operative corporations with or without profit-sharing in America that are now established safely. The experience of the Rochedale managers is the most instructive, and their advice the best to follow, but of course, different businesses and local conditions modify the applicability of the Rochedale or any other system to the needs of employers and workmen in any other places. But certain principles remain the same everywhere:

Cash transactions only.

Pure goods only bought or sold.

No trickery in anything.

Nothing for mere display. Economy enables better satisfaction of customers.

Shares \$5, non-forfeitable under any pretext, as in lapsing of insurance policies, transferable only to the company when sold, as the shares are to be kept from speculators and rascally exploiters.

One share only to one person.

The company can buy back the share of anyone at a proper price, which it has the right to fix, and usually this price is far above par.

By such and other methods the elimination of the fanatic, the incompetent and the rogue is accomplished. No religious, temperance or other side opinion difference is allowed to sway considerations in the least, and arrangements are made to listen to anyone

by consent of the voters, all stockholders, and it is by their acting that government is made and final action taken in everything. Good managers are trusted with full power until deposed for cause, or by vote of all members.

The Evolution Publishing Company of Atlantic City, New Jersey, was incorporated under New Jersey laws of 1902, for the express purpose of giving authors a square deal and enabling them to know that they are receiving the lion's share of the profits from their work by check systems upon the output of the printers and presses, placing all editions under the control of the author or copyright purchaser instead of having to rely upon statements of publishers as to the number of books sold; statements that may not be true, as many a robbed author has had good reason to know.

Correspondence with those intending to issue books is solicited by the company, and fair dealing with authors will be assured in such manner that the author can positively know the truth of all statements made by the Evolution Publishing Company.

Any work permitted to pass through the United States mails will be published by the company at very slightly more than the mere cost of printing and binding, in artistic satisfactory styles, the money for sales coming direct to the author.

Manuscript should not be sent until preliminary understanding is made as to plan of publishing preferred.

INVENTIONS.

Hundreds of boys, even as far back as the fifties, screwed rollers, such as bed castors, into old skates without blades or runners. And I was one of the boys. The job was not a good one, for one skate split in two and the other with rollers made precarious footing, but a neighboring lawyer named Green, in St. Louis, watched me limpingly sliding on these imperfect ancestors of the rink rollers and pronounced me a queer duck. Lots of anticipations of this sort have been made, but times have to ripen for the spread of mechanism of all sorts.

Watching a hose cart reeled by hand, it occurred to me that if the axle were geared to the reel the cart could run back over the hose and wind up by horse power instead of hand. About 1856 I wrote to the Scientific American editors, and Munn & Company replied that it was worth patenting as a novel arrangement, but I had no money as a boy and long years after saw pictures of my machine invented by some one else, but steam began to take care of such things, and hose may be strung where carts cannot run and reel it, though there was something in the notion and it may be utilized yet.

Then, boot blacking, it struck me, could be made

easier by a circular brush turned by a crank. Twenty years after I saw a machine of the sort, but it did not come into general use, though I hear that in Germany there is a coin-in-the-slot-machine at which you stand and your boots are cleaned.

While in the signal service I sent Captain Howgate many suggestions for improving machinery of the service, but he was too greatly interested in having a "good time" to be impressed.

At Ft. Benton, Montana, I split the button of an ordinary telegraph sending key, put a spring between the two pieces, arranging one of the halves to fall over upon a platinum point and close the circuit whenever the key was not in use. Model makers wanted \$25 to make a presentable one and patent attorneys two or three hundred dollars for bothering about it. Re-examining the need for the self-closing key, I concluded the old switch method was good enough and that so few accidents occurred by leaving it open when not in use, that the new key could only become popular by a big company sending it out in place of the old ones, and big companies are averse to paying inventors anything.

Many considerations besides the mere machine itself have to be regarded in putting out an invention. The most valuable thing may be barred from use by hundreds of impediments. For instance, Edison arranged a simple voting apparatus by which a legislator at his desk may press a button and record his aye or nay at the clerk's desk electrically. But the

politicians opposed anything that would favor honest counting.

Sometimes an inventor asks too much and invites rascality, such as poor Dr. Hill, of Chicago, encountered. The old Daniell copper and zinc with porous cup for chemicals was supplanted by Hill's gravity battery, the zinc being suspended in the least dense fluid at the top of the cell, and the copper disk instead of surrounding the bar of zinc was placed in the sulphate of copper solution in the bottom of the cell. Hill suspended his wheel of zinc from a stick resting on top of the cell. He was offered ten cents a cell by the Western Union Telegraph company and would have been made very wealthy had he accepted, but refused. The company sent to France and put through the Callaud improvement on Hill's battery, merely holding the zinc to the glass by a projection at one side of the zinc. This is used everywhere and Hill was ruined. But he originated the gravity method.

At Ft. Benton I calculated the surface of a self-equating sun dial to give clock time by inspection; mean instead of apparent time, the two differing by fifteen minutes slow or fast, at times.

I supplied military posts with the dials and placed them at towns along the Missouri river as far down as Sioux City, publishing the formula in Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine in New York in July, 1874.

At medical college our professor of obstetrics exhibited a complicated, expensive apparatus called a

pelvimeter, to determine by several calculations the parturient possibilities of deformed pelves. The machine struck me as so absurd that I started in to devise a simpler affair and succeeded. The apparatus was on the caliper order and worth about \$20. My simplification was at the cost of two rubber bands to go over fingers and a foot of tape. Put the tape over index and middle fingers held by the rubbers, thumb in palm and fingers pointedly bunched, introduce and place index finger in sacral cavity, the tip of middle finger carried to pubes, allowing tape to slide through one band but not the other, then close the fingers, withdraw and put rule over tape length and you have the pelvic capacity.

The description takes more time than the use of the contrivance. Ten seconds sufficing for that, while the calipers, great unwieldly hoops, took half an hour to apply and figure the results.

Dr. Roler, to whom I explained my plan, laughingly remarked that it was "a cute yankee trick;" he was the obstetric professor. I described it in several medical journals of the time, 1880.

And in the *American Practitioner* subsequently I explained a means of dispensing with the unwieldly, complicated "crytometer," for measuring heads to locate the fissure of Rolando in the brain prior to operations on the cerebrum. My invention was a plain rubber strap with a mark at the proper distance from the end to show where the fissure was when the strap was stretched over the head from nose root to

occiput; the stretching adapting the measure to any size head, but giving exact results for all sizes.

At Fort Sully, Dakota Territory, in 1873, I continued experiments on a printing telegraph system that had occurred to me three years before. Occasionally through subsequent years as time permitted I worked at the invention but made little progress until about 1904, when the final simplification worked itself out in my mind. It is a cheap, practical telautograph, a fac-simile telegraph by means of which printed or written characters can be transmitted any distance; exclusive of wires and battery the terminal receiver and sender may be manufactured at from \$2 to \$5 each. Other telautographs costing at least several hundred dollars and easily deranged.

Ever since typewriters appeared and gradually became improved, though remaining as expensive, I used one or other of the machines, and in absence of operators or for economy grew familiar with their workings and acquired fair speed in working them, preparing all manuscripts for the printer on a Remington, mainly, and finally becoming so dependent upon the key board that it is a nuisance to me to use pen and ink any more. It seems to have become a part of my periphery, so that I can think faster and certainly write more legibly with the machine than with "long hand."

I looked upon the basket full of long grasshopper legs, the typebar levers, ratchets, pinions, wheels, cams, racks, cogs, springs, rods, so delicately fash-

ioned, requiring such exact workmanship and fine materials, as probably too numerous and costly, but had little time to take from other things to attempt simplification of the mechanism.

Then too, I realized that able minds and hands had long been working out problems in typewriter perfection, so was not bumptious enough to fancy at that time that I could make anything better than we had in the market in the way of typewriters.

But the complications annoyed me and I felt that it was a big mistake to have so much machinery to do so little and simple work. Then I thought maybe some new principle might be used to dispose of the jointed rods and typebar levers, getting the finger stroke nearer the type stroke on the paper. That was the beginning of three or four years' immersion in the study of all that pertained to typewriters, while at the same time writing my *Therapeutics* and publishing it, both these undertakings were to fill up time while waiting for arrangements to perfect themselves slowly in the starting of a great sanitarium in Delaware. Everything takes time and I was used to disappointments but always did something while waiting, and it was fortunate, for eventually I was completely disgusted with the waiting, forseeing a swindle, and hastened my typewriter studies to let the making of my typewriter and telautograph become my main work.

For step by step I got into the typewriter science and literature, searching through libraries, shops, patent office reports, through mechanics and manufac-

turers, until I had settled upon a method of shortening up the instrumental parts amazingly. But I gathered the whole history of typewriters, from the crude inception in Queen Anne's time down through all the wheel, type bar, plate and a couple of hemisphere inventions. Going back through all patent office reports since the patent office was started, gradually coming down to the weekly issued ones which were searched as soon as published, I went to Washington and waded through the patent office records in the library of that department, satisfying myself that my ideas were new and there could be no accusation of copying brought against me. Then came long months of model making, gradual improvements in parts, always with regard to simplicity, never satisfied with what would merely do the work well, but seeking for a simpler method of doing it just as well or better.

By this time I was cornered, for the sanitarium was threatening to fizzle and my funds were getting low with a family to support, so in the interim of making preparations to practice medicine at Atlantic City, the nearest large enough place offering any chances to my specialty of mental and nervous disease, I sought a banker friend and some honest mechanics, explained things to them, and we formed the Book and Electric Typewriter Company under Delaware State incorporation laws, and enough stock was paid in to go on with the model and employ a patent attorney.

Determined not to fail in this enterprise through want of knowledge of any legal or other business involved in securing a valid patent, I went to Philadelphia, looked over patent attorneys there and then to Washington, finally settling upon a firm that now handles my first application, and I have meanwhile so improved upon the original as to make it a matter of no hurry or consequence as to the patent for the number one model. Its slow consideration by the patent office examiners, and the methods of the present attorneys, afford useful clues to what can be expected when the later models go in for patent claims. The original is basic and all subsequent machines include the principles upon which the first claims are founded, and what is important to consider, the filing of the application, specifications and claims is dated November 12th, 1906, the number being 343,095, series of 1900, U. S. Patent Office. So no interference with any other claim is possible, nor is there any prospect of infringement claim when the patent is granted, for the examiners are required by law to immediately notify all parties to such matters as soon after the filing as practicable. In all the vast mass of claims in the patent office there are but two antiquated and expired patents that bear the least resemblance to my machine, and these have been passed over by the examiner as not having anything to do with my particular invention, nor resembling any of its working parts sufficiently to cause any claim for interference.

Some divisions of the Patent Office are well up

with their work and pass upon applications quickly, while others are far behind, so much so as to have claims six or seven years in arrears, in many cases through attorneys amending original papers. I notice that some grants are upon filings made eight years previously in the typewriter division. This must be the fault of the inventor in complicating claims with matter requiring amendment. But a serious matter to consider is the honesty of the attorney and examiner. In 1908 a Philadelphia lawyer and an electrical division examiner were jailed for destroying patent office records and obtaining patents fraudulently. Now it is impossible to say if this is not a conspiracy against honest men instead of being what is claimed, but the very lawyer under charges was one I waited an hour to see in 1906, but failed to meet. He was recommended by a model maker.

There is a good deal of the pig-in-the-poke chances in getting a patent attorney and securing a patent, but I shall lessen that gamble to the vanishing point by vigilance and study of the situation.

Habits of close investigation and study of principles in many fields, such as the application of mathematical, chemical and physical laws to physiological and mental phenomena, enabled ready transfer of research to mechanism and its synthesis. The printing telegraph has been worked out during thirty or more years of occasional planning to a far simpler and cheaper shape than the telautograph of the present. A description of this instrument would require but

a minute's time and a rough design to place it in the power of any fair electrician to grasp the idea thoroughly, and place me at his mercy not to appropriate it, but that would be done with difficulty and only by corrupting officials with much money, for precautions have been taken with this and the typewriter instruments to firmly prove priority, so that even invention stealing trusts could not finally rob me of the patents.

While immersed in medical and similar studies my intentness and absorption enabled the financial expert to get my profits, but now that I intend to make a business of every aspect of this patenting matter, and have also gone into the psychology of all persons and things concerned therein, the gentry who live by stealing the work of others' brains will find they have no chance to absorb either the typewriter or the facsimile telegraph.

At present the typewriter will be the main affair upon which to procure patents. The first model, for which application is in the Patent Office, merely proves priority; the second shape it assumes is the more important and final one, for it simplifies and at the same time embodies all the preceding improvements. It enables the working parts to be covered by a small cigar box. The types work straight down upon the book or platen on a table without the intervention of wheels, grasshopper legs, movable plates, spheres or olden devices to have the key action bring the impression economically to the printing point.

Any one can make a complicated machine regardless of cost to do work, but it requires intense application to make complicated work with a simple instrument. You can jab long rods down with type at the ends if you have all day to write a few words, but to put an universal key board immediately over the book or paper at an inch or so distance, and get better impressions, in a vastly wider range of work than any other machine affords, justifies the four years of night and day study given the subject, until "pin-heads' around me voted me an unmitigated crank.

The inventor of the famous solar compass, Dr. Burt, who in turn was surveyor, judge and physician, arranged the first practical typewriter, and all type-bar machines follow his first model while improving thereon.

The knowledge of geometry acquired in surveying, and of printing when typesetting, enabled me to intelligently combine principles of trigonometry and typography in perfectly new ways in my book typewriter.

There are toys sold that accomplish little with prodigious work. My cheap machine accomplishes prodigious work with little expenditure of time or effort, and the working parts, which cost three-fourths of the making of ordinary typewriters, in my machines may be made for a sum apparently ridiculously small, so much so that at first I fancied the entire apparatus could be put on the market for ten dollars, and yet think that eventually a well made, inexpensive affair

will spring from this innovation at some such cost, but looking at the three hundred dollar and hundred and fifty dollar book machines, that get out of alignment so readily and cost so much to keep in order, it seems to me now that the better class and wider range of work practicable to my improved book typewriter with the utter impossibility of its ever getting out of alignment, will justify the manufacturers in placing the price at twenty dollars and fifty dollars for two kinds of instruments when placed on the market. But this is a matter of expediency, and the directors may not care to enter into competition with inferior machines at higher prices but gradually lower the prices as inevitable improvements and rapidity of manufacture suggest.

Shares of stock in the Book & Electric Typewriter Company are ten dollars, July, 1908, but as soon as the second application goes in the Patent Office upon the completion of the second model, the value of these shares will naturally enhance to double or more the charter price and may eventually find they have as good an investment for profits as any previously radical revolution in machinery has made. Holders of ten dollars telephone stock grew rich on the single share.

The Book & Electric Typewriter Company was organized under Delaware incorporation laws, and a clause in the charter explains its object to be: "To transact the business of improving, completing, patenting, manufacturing and selling typewriters and writ-

ing and printing telegraphs invented by Dr. S. V. Clevenger, and based on new principles discovered by him."

This charter is recorded Oct. 11, 1906.

When model number two is finished and the second application for a patent is applied for, while the first application is still pending for the original machine, the ground work of the subsequent improvements, then the printing and writing telegraph will be taken up, as by that time there will be a fighting fund at hand to defeat electrical invention grabbers who infest law offices and who merely rob the weak and unprotected but quail before any corporation strong enough to protect its rights. The history of inventors is a sad one, as I detailed in my "Evolution of Man and His Mind," but I intend to make my inventions an exception to the rule in that respect, through a full understanding of the things to avoid and through knowing what to do; information the poor inventors did not possess. It is only the one who has "awareness" that avoids the bunco game. Patent attorneys there are of unimpeachable integrity and these are to be employed in fighting the new issues through for my corporation, and as to the Book & Electric Typewriter Company, it is officered by honest men who favor only honest methods, hence there is but one kind of stock, called common; no tricks to freeze out or hide profits or to concentrate the stock sold in the hands of dishonest few, as has been done in other corporations, nor does any of the stock go upon

Wall street or into the hands of brokers. Dealings are direct between the purchaser and the Company, nor are flamboyant promises and advertising schemes to be used to secure the working capital needed. Merely enough stock is to be sold to construct the necessary machine shop and make the models and first output of typewriters and to secure the patents; the company then becomes a close corporation, depending upon its manufactures and valuable machinery for profits; and never a drop of "water" shall ever get into the stock, for the aim of the incorporators is to gradually build up a co-operative and profit sharing establishment on the successful plans of the European concerns mentioned, believing that the welfare of our neighbors is bound up in our own and that by justice to all can we be happiest ourselves.

Whoever subscribes and pays for a share of stock in this company at the par value of ten dollars per share will have his interests conscientiously guarded, and we hope, in time, realize a fortune from the venture. Everything is open and above board and, as far as compatible with economy, for postage expense mounts up, every stockholder will be apprised of the doings and progress of the company in its patent securing and manufacturing, and the first dividend issued will be with rejoicing of all participating.

Capitalists willing to float corporations were avoided as often unconscionable and liable to exploit stock improperly. Then it is unwise to disclose de-

tails of inventions to too many until they are patented; so scattered small stockholders who are willing to trust to me to guide matters aright are preferred as securing principles which the directors will maintain.

Every company, whether incorporated or not, has to depend upon the honesty and skill of one person, usually the originator, until firmly established so that the business may be run automatically, and the old idea of irresponsibility of corporate control is being replaced by the knowledge that no corporation is better or worse than those at its head.

On the title page of this book there is an intimation that problems for making the world better had been solved in England, France and Germany. These methods are to be applied by the author of this book in conducting the business of the Book & Electric Typewriter Company, in the belief that the workmen will take a greater interest in an establishment that looks out for the interests of the humblest person, paying just wages, rendering to capital and employees whatever is due either, and remembering that talent, ability and the use of money deserve fair compensation as well as does industrious and painstaking labor, without making the sentimental mistakes that have defeated the good intentions of those who had not sufficiently studied how to make co-operative companies successful. But the co-operative plans will not apply until later, when the stockholders of the Book & Electric Typewriter Company have a chance to discuss the feasibility of proposed methods, and after

full deliberation. Meanwhile the business of the company will be conducted with observance of the New Jersey and Delaware corporation laws and for the profit of the investors.

The present price of ten dollars per share in the Book & Electric Typewriter Company will be maintained until the completion of the second model and patent application, after which the price will be raised without further notice.

Communications and payments for stock subscriptions should be sent to Dr. S. V. Clevenger, Secretary and Treasurer, Book & Electric Typewriter Company, Box 7, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

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