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"MEN'S SPECIALISTS"

SOME QUACKS AND THEIR METHODS

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SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED

What Is the American Medical Association?

It is the national organization of the medical profession and is made up of the combined membership of the various state medical associations, which, in turn, are made up of local (district or county) medical societies. More than 80,000 physicians are members of the American Medical Association, among them being the leading members of the medical profession of the country. Of these members, more than 44,000 are Fellows, i. e., members who have associated themselves to form the Scientific Assembly.

What Are Some of the Things the American Medical Association Is Doing?

It publishes, weekly, THE JOURNAL of the American Medical Association, the leading medical journal of the United States, having a circulation far exceeding that of any other medical journal in the world.

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American Medical Association. (b) Data received from state and municipal boards of health and federal reports. (c) Information published in technical and lay journals, both domestic and foreign. (d) Reports of special commissions.

Information Disseminated—Through: (a) The Propaganda department of THE JOURNAL. (b) Letters in answer to inquiries. (c) Matter published in books and inexpensive pamphlets. (d) Educational placards. (e) Public lectures, illustrated with lantern slides.

In the Propaganda department advertising matter and information regarding hundreds of medicinal preparations, medical devices, etc., are kept on file. This matter is correlated by means of a Card Index containing many thousands of cards.

THE JOURNAL'S PROPAGANDA AGAINST FRAUD IN MEDICINE IS WHOLLY EDUCATIONAL IN CHARACTER—NOT PUNITIVE

Presented to
University College.
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Professor A.J. Clark.



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MEN'S SPECIALISTS

Museum Doctors and Cancer Quacks—Exposé of These
Swindling Institutions by the Chicago *Tribune*.

Chain of Offices and Fake Museums Throughout the
Country.

Itinerant Quack "Specialists" Working the Country Towns.

Bold, blatant, indecent quackery is no longer profitable in Chicago. More than this: it is not even popular with those highly respectable family newspapers that in the past have offered a welcome haven to any swindling medical faker who was willing to pay double advertising rates. The reason for the sudden unpopularity of this villainous business is the Chicago *Tribune*. Commencing with its issue of October 27, the *Tribune* published article after article giving a detailed exposé of practically all the advertising quacks in the city of Chicago. For some weeks before this time it had assigned some members of its reportorial staff to the work of investigating the local quack industry. The people of Chicago know—so, in fact, do the people of the United States—that when the *Tribune* goes into a thing it usually goes into it with thoroughness.

In getting evidence against the quacks the *Tribune* ran true to form. Faker after faker was exposed; the names were given of "the men higher up" who owned the advertising offices, as also were the names of the renegade doctors themselves and those of the owners of the downtown property who were renting rooms to these swindlers. The first resentment on the part of the quacks was quickly followed by consternation, which in turn gave place to utter rout. Some members of the unholy fraternity closed their offices and fled to new fields. Others are lying low, hoping that the storm will blow over and counting, doubtless, on the notorious short memory of the public and the race-old tendency to be humbugged.

The results of the *Tribune's* campaign are encouraging. The State Board of Health of Illinois will now feel that it has public opinion behind it in any action it may take toward revoking the licenses of the men who have sold their professional services to the scoundrels



who own these advertising offices. The federal authorities which had had some of these individuals under investigation previously have brought matters to a head and have already secured the conviction and punishment of one quack. The *Chicago Tribune* has done one more public service and has increased the debt, already a large one, which the people owe it.

The above is an editorial from THE JOURNAL of the American Medical Association, November 15, 1913. The stories that follow are from a series of articles appearing daily in the *Chicago Tribune* beginning with the issue of Oct. 27, 1913, giving a detailed exposé of a number of the more vicious quacks and quack organizations—so-called “Men’s Specialists,” “Museum Doctors” and “Cancer Quacks”—whose victims in a large city like Chicago number thousands, but whose ramifications extend all over the country, as will be found by examining the advertising columns of the newspapers of all the larger cities and towns.

The methods of quackery are the same wherever found, and the stories from Chicago can be duplicated in every place where their swindling, deadly work is carried on. It is for this reason that the American Medical Association is reprinting the *Tribune’s* articles in this form. Their application is country-wide.



CURE-FAKERS FIND DISEASE IN WELL MEN

"Tribune" Inquiry Exposes Quack Doctor Group Working Chicago —Prey Upon Ignorance

[Chicago Tribune, Oct. 27, 1913.]

The *Tribune* has just concluded an investigation of a group of firms and individuals operating in Chicago as medical specialists, and the results of the inquiry suggest the advisability of further investigation by the police department. The firms and individuals are as follows:

PROF. EHRLICH, 303-4, 145 North Clark Street.

DR. EDWARD N. FLINT, 322 South State Street.

DR. ISAAC WALTER HODGENS, 35 South Dearborn Street.

DR. HOWE & Co., 120 North Dearborn Street.

DR. FRANCIS LEAVERETT SWEANY, 63 West Randolph Street.

DR. LEWIS E. ZINS, 183 North Clark Street.

These people are advertising "specialists" whose "specialty" is the "curing" of "men's diseases." The *Tribune* has found them to be organized, backed by ample funds and buttressed behind expensive legal talent. It has also found much evidence to indicate that their claims of curing diseases are founded largely on buncombe and that their profession is, in fact, that genial, age-old profession of getting money by false pretenses.

Grave Offenses Uncovered

Evidence is in the possession of the *Tribune* which goes to show that the confidence men "specialists" are guilty of graver offenses than the mere petty grafting brought to light. These facts substantiate the following charges:

That the pocket of a patient was picked by a "doctor" while the patient was on the operating-table.

That some of the quacks are at least morally and probably legally guilty of killing patients.

That a number of the quacks have maimed patients for life by malpractice.

That at least one of the quacks habitually attempts to seduce his women patients.

That two of the quacks operate their business under assumed names, and, living double lives, practice swindling downtown while posing as respectable doctors in outlying districts.

Investigators in Perfect Health

The investigators of the *Tribune* were chosen with a view to using only such men as were perfectly well. To make absolutely certain on this point each investigator, before beginning his work, underwent a careful examination by a competent physician. It was thus made certain that when the investigators left the *Tribune* they were in perfect physical condition. The investigators went direct from the *Tribune* to the specialists to whom they were assigned. There they were a good deal astonished to learn that they were suffering from various forms of venereal disease.

A diagnosis of syphilis was made in one case before the specialist had laid a hand on the visitor. Diagnosis of this and other related diseases were made in other cases after examinations which seemed aimed not at arriving at the physical condition of the caller but at frightening him into the belief that there was something the matter with him. In one case an investigator, previously diagnosed by another "specialist" as syphilitic, was informed that he did not have this disease but was suffering from a minor ailment. The *Tribune* deems it a public duty to set forth the facts obtained by this inquiry, in the belief that it will warn possible victims of these medical fakers and perhaps save many from the pitfalls the "specialists" have placed for them.

A summary of the investigation follows.

"PROFESSOR EHRLICH"

He Sees Syphilis in His Perfectly Healthy Caller and Wants \$50 for Treatment

[*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 27, 29, 30, Nov. 1 and 5, 1913.]

This establishment, operating under the name of the celebrated discoverer of salvarsan, is located at 303-4, 145 North Clark Street. An investigator who called there found the offices in charge of a man whose name is either Coe or Coburn. [Code.] Nothing is known of his medical qualifications. Although he never put his hand on the investigator this man asserted that he was suffering from syphilis. He collected \$2 for the consultation. He first attempted to convince the reporter there was something wrong with him, and then tried to get him to submit to the Wassermann test or take the salvarsan treatment. The advertisements of the establishment are an obvious swindle. The only physician's name used in the ads is that of Dr. Ehrlich, which appears over a vignette of a man wearing a Van Dyke beard. The man with the Van Dyke beard is Dr. Coe or Coburn. [Code.]

October 9.—From a quick glance at the advertisement of the "606 Medical Laboratory" at 303-4 145 North Clark Street, the average man would be apt to think that Prof. Ehrlich was in charge. His is the only name in the ad., though the picture of a Van Dyked physician adorns it. I went there to-day and asked for Prof. Ehrlich, and apparently couldn't understand that he was not the doctor in charge. The girl explained in a low voice, and smiling all the time, that Ehrlich was in Germany and had never been connected with the firm. She thought I was an awful boob when I asked her when she expected him back. She said "the doctor" would be back shortly. He arrived in a few minutes—a little after 2 o'clock. Soon afterward he called me in.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" was his greeting. "Take a chair. Sit down. Don't be nervous."

He was a rather slightly built man, but the thing that held my attention was his sunbeam hair. He wore much hair—on top of his head, down the sides of his face, on his upper lip, and on his chin. He is the Van Dyke whose picture appears in the ads.

"Doctor, I'm going to be married in a few months," I said, and ran my hands through my hair quickly several times.

"I want to find out if I'm all right."

"Ever had any disease?"

"No, sir."

"What symptoms have you?"

"Why, it seems, doctor, that my hair is coming out," and I again made some rapid passes through my hair. "Some one told me that was a sign."

He laughed at this, as I imagine a man would laugh when he hears something extremely funny.

"Yes, that's a bad symptom," he declared. "It shows conclusively that your blood is impure."

"How about your throat?" which I was handling very gently. "Ever had a sore throat?"

"Yes, sir, frequently," which is true.

"Um, hum! Now, how do you sleep and eat? Regularly?"

"I haven't noticed any peculiarity, doctor."


Prepares "Patient" for the Worst

All this time his manner was getting graver. He asked me about my parents and what they had died of. I didn't know, but was sure there had been no pulmonary tuberculosis nor insanity in my family. He then commenced to talk to me in medical terms and impressed me with the seriousness of my disease.

"Oh, I can see you have syphilis," he asserted with positiveness. "I am absolutely certain of it from what you have told me. But of course it will be necessary to give you a Wassermann test for your blood. This is necessary to find out whether you have it or not and how bad it is.

Prof. Ehrlich's **914** OR **606**
IMPROVED

Cures Blood Poison



If you have rash, copper colored spots breaking out, eruptions, falling hair, nose or throat symptoms, aching, cracking bones, mucous patches or any of the terrible symptoms of blood poison Prof Ehrlich's 606 or 914 Neo-Salvarsan will cure you. The terrible effects of blood poison such as locomotor ataxia, blindness, paralysis, phthisis, apoplexy, brain and nervous disturbances and lost memory, creep on like a thief in the night. Can you really afford to take this terrible chance? The success of these marvelous preparations 914 and 606, depends almost wholly upon the manner of mixing and administering. **WARNING**—Don't be deceived by the so-called specialists who claim to administer 606 and 914 for almost nothing. To learn the proper method of administering 606 and 914 one should study in Germany under Prof. Ehrlich as our surgeon has done. Our fee is less than that of any other Chicago specialist. Those who cannot call can write for free treatise on Ehrlich and his preparations, 914 and 606. Remember there is only one 606 medical laboratory in Illinois and it is located at Clark and Randolph Sts. (S. E. Cor.), 3d Floor, Entrance 14 N. Clark St. Hours 9 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 1.

The careless reader would get the impression that this was an advertisement of Professor Ehrlich—the German scientist. It really is a case of capitalizing an honored name for the profits of scoundrelism. The advertisement is one of two quacks named Code.

"H-how much would that cost, doctor?" I asked.

"That would cost \$20."

"Well, I guess I can get that much easy enough, doctor. You see, doctor, I've had a lot of debts and I'm just getting on my feet. Yes, I can get \$20 easy enough."

"Where do you live?"

"In Wilmette."

Suggests Salvarsan Treatment

"Now, it will be better for you to take the salvarsan treatment first, you see"—and he went into a lengthy discussion of my disease, and just how it should be treated. All this without laying a finger on me.

"How much would the salvarsan cost?"

"I can give you that, for \$30, and you may be sure that it is the genuine salvarsan."

"Thirty dollars," I gasped. "Gee, I don't know whether I can get that much or not."

Every one of the doctor's beautiful little brown hairs lay down slowly, it seemed, until I happened to think of a man I could borrow \$30 from, and then he was his old genial self once more. He was sure I could get it if I told the man how urgent it was, and did I have something, a small sum, to deposit? Yes, I could afford to pay him \$2. He produced a card and wrote on it my name, Edward Donlin, age 23, residence Wilmette, and various interesting data about my falling hair, my sore throat, my sleep and finances.

Explains About Professor Ehrlich

When he had finished the card I asked him about Prof. Ehrlich, and his explanation was about as follows:

"Prof. Ehrlich was here in Chicago some time ago, giving instructions and demonstrating salvarsan. I and several others were associated with him. I am the only and original salvarsan specialist. I alone have the real Ehrlich treatment. The rest are fakes, imposters, quacks. They may injure a man for life"—another conglomeration of medical words showing in just what manner they would injure a man—"but my treatment is absolutely safe."

"Now I'm going to give you some medicine. You take two teaspoonfuls every day, before retiring and in the morning. This bottle should last eight days, and it will do you good. Now what day could you come back to begin treatment?"

"I don't think I can get that money before next Thursday," I said, "and I am off Thursday afternoons."

"Well, you come back Thursday then, about 2:30 o'clock. I'll fix you up, cure you absolutely. After you get the salvarsan and the Wassermann we'll begin treatment. Good-by."

"Doctor, won't you write me a receipt for the \$2?"

Doctor Gives Name as Coe

He wrote me a receipt, signing a name that looked like Coburn. As I was going out I reached for his hand, and that's the first time he touched me during the interview.

"Wh-wh-wh—" I was trying to say, "What's your name, doctor?" but was stuttering so I couldn't get it out. I finally made myself clear, and he said his name was Coe—or it sounded that way to me. "Coe?" I asked, and he said yes. I then explained that I had difficulty in pronouncing some words beginning with "wh," and he told me it was simply that I talked too fast.

"If you'll say your words slowly you will have no trouble," and he laughed again. We shook hands again and I left him.

"PROFESSOR EHRLICH'S" LAIR

Further inquiry by reporters for the *Tribune* brought out added interesting details regarding the work of the advertising quacks in Chicago. Prof. Ehrlich's "Don't Be Misled, Men," original "606" and "914" laboratory is situated, according to the advertisements, at 145 North Clark Street. The advertisement shows

a picture of Prof. Ehrlich. There is no doubt about the picture being that of the great German physician. It has the pointed beard, the eyeglasses, the earmarks of the scientist himself. Yesterday a reporter for the *Tribune* trailed the great professor to his lair. He has the glasses and the pointed beard. His make-up is strikingly similar to published portraits of the German scientist himself. His private offices downtown, however, do not bear the real names of his private offices in the vicinity where he and his brother are known as reputable and ethical practicing family physicians. They are:

Dr. W. A. Code, 202 South Kedzie Avenue, residence 2829 Washington boulevard.

Dr. W. E. Code, office 2 West Chicago Avenue, residence the same.

Both are members of the Westward Ho Golf Club and are prominent in Oak Park and Austin.

Dr. Code Makes Admission

Dr. Walter Austin Code admitted that he is the physician who diagnosed a healthy *Tribune* reporter as a syphilitic not long ago. He admitted that the published report of the consultation was a fair one. He was worried only

VERA VITA REMEDIES CONTAIN NO OPIATES. MERCURY OR HABIT PRODUCING DRUGS		
<h2 style="text-align: center;">VERA VITA CHEMICAL COMPANY</h2> <p style="text-align: center;">(NOT INC)</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Manufacturers and Distributors of</i></p> <h3 style="text-align: center;">VERA VITA REMEDIES</h3> <p style="text-align: center;">115 NORTH CLARK ST. CHICAGO</p>		
<p>* Vera Vita is a Guaranteed Treatment for Contagious Blood Poison and Kindred Diseases in any stage. Costs you nothing if we fail to cure you. Write for literature and a copy of our Binding Guarantee. : : : : :</p>		<p>* Vera Vita Remedies are manufactured by skilled physicians and chemists, and represent the highest degree of medical efficiency. Years of research and practical demonstration attest their worth. Ask for a guarantee with the kind that's "just as good" : : :</p>

The Vera Vista Chemical Company's letterhead. This concern did business at the same address as the Code brothers who capitalized Prof. Ehrlich.

about the possible use of his name in connection with this "mess." He pleaded extenuating circumstances for his diagnosis, designated the other advertising physicians as crooks, and warned the *Tribune* against believing their protestations of innocence.

"I run the place," he said. "My brother is an assistant. My brother studied under Dr. Ehrlich in Germany."

"Why do you have the picture of Dr. Ehrlich on your advertisement?"

"That isn't a picture of Dr. Ehrlich, but a picture of me," said the doctor.

Read "Ads" Carefully, He Says

"Why, then, is the picture so placed that Dr. Ehrlich's name, the only one in the advertisement, seems to be the caption under the picture?"

"You should read advertisements carefully," said Dr. Code.

"I will say that the reporter gave a fair account of the affair—yes, I will say a truthful account," said Dr. Code. "But it was he who led me into it. I naturally believe what my patients tell me.

"Now if I were one of these fakes who advertise cures for everything," he continued, "I would have been on the watch for such tricks, don't you know. I would probably have told him that nothing was wrong with him if I had been one of those fellows.

"But I will talk to any one. I am not naturally suspicious. I don't believe in thinking everybody is mean. Why, I would even talk to you or buy you a cigar or a drink, though I don't smoke myself. I never have. It is not a good——"

Explains His Advertising

"But, doctor," interrupted the reporter, "how does it happen that you advertise?"

"I'll tell you about that," he said confidently. "Brother went to Germany a few years ago and studied under Dr. Ehrlich, don't you know. When he came back I said to him, 'I have patients all over the city now, the north, west, and south sides. I think I will take an office in the loop.'"

"'Why not administer salvarsan?' he suggested. 'And advertise?' I said. 'Sure,' he said, 'but no free consultation.'"

"That's how we came to establish the laboratory. It's just a side issue with me. I have a large practice and so has my brother. But we don't believe in doing something for nothing. And we don't guarantee a cure. Of course, if a new man asks if I will guarantee to cure him, I say 'Oh, yes,' but all I mean is I will administer the salvarsan treatment, known to all good physicians, in an expert manner."

Attacks Other Quacks

Dr. Code waxed more and more enthusiastic in his own defense, claiming that all the other advertising physicians are quacks beyond a doubt and bleed their patients mercilessly.

"Why, we don't know Dr. Zins, or old Dr. Sweany, or Dr. Flint," he said. "We don't pay any attention to them. That's raw stuff Dr. Zins is pulling, you know. It's great work the *Tribune* is doing. I am heartily with you to drive them out of town. I admire a man who hits a man with a blackjack. He's got nerve enough to meet his opponent face to face. Those fellows extort money from their innocent victims by making them afraid."

The reporter could not suppress a smile, thinking of the diagnosis the doctor had given a well man.

"Now, if I was going to do any dirty work I'd do it on the square. I'd tell a man I was going to fight him. That's the kind of man I am."

"The *Tribune*," ventured the reporter, "wants to get both sides, to be fair. Those other men will probably be seen."

Don't Believe Others, Code Says

"They'll tell you just the same sort of thing I am telling you," said Dr. Code. "Don't believe them. They're good at that sort of thing. They can't substantiate it. I can."

Then the doctor went into some of the details of the report by a *Tribune* reporter on Dr. Zins. A few minutes later he protested, in answer to a question, that he had not seen either edition of the paper in which the results of the investigation were printed.

"My brother was telling me something about the article. I haven't seen the paper at all," he said.

"Why is it, doctor," asked the reporter, "that you do not post your own name in your laboratory? I suppose that it is because you don't want your general practice to know it?"

Explains the False Name

"No, no, no; not at all. Simply a matter of convenience," he answered. "When a patient comes in, we don't want him to ask for a particular doctor. It would mix things up. If I am there I give the treatment; if my brother is,

he does. Our name is hard to get, too. Even your reporter got it wrong. I am called Cady, and Cody, and everything. Here it's just John, Jack, Jones, get your treatment, good-by; names don't make any difference."

Dr. Code repeated nervously much of what he had already said. "We only advertise to keep from being snowed under by these fakers, you know," he said. "And it's something to have an honest doctor down among all those fellows."

"Now, when I say that your man was fair I don't exactly mean that. He came in and said something was the matter with him. When I asked him what was wrong he gave me symptoms that show a syphilitic taint. I made no examination of him. We don't do that for nothing. I gave him an opportunity to take the Wassermann test, and of course I was going to charge for it. If a fellow has no money I give him the treatment for nothing.

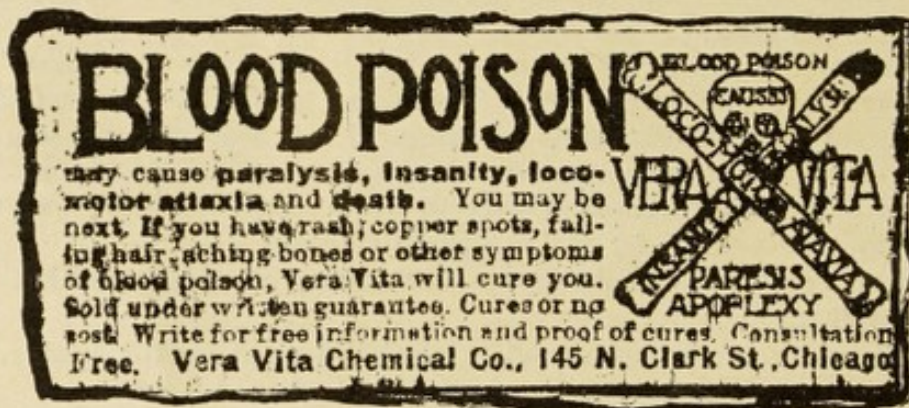
Not Worried, He Declares

"I am not worried. If I took the trouble and exerted a little political influence, I could have the whole thing stopped. I mean I could have my name suppressed."

HOW THE CODES DO BUSINESS

A physician at Monmouth, Ill., writes:

"About a year ago I saw in a Chicago newspaper the advertisement of the 'Prof. Ehrlich' Company that has been exposed by your reporter and at once



The Vera Vita Chemical Co. also advertised under its own name in not-too-particular newspapers.

wrote to them and gave the inference that I was suffering from syphilis and asked if they could give the 606 treatment by mail. I had a number of letters from them telling the seriousness of the disease and advising me to go to Chicago at once for treatment and advising against going anywhere else, as they were the original specialists.

"As I did not reply to their letters, I received a number of letters of the 'follow-up' kind. Among these was a letter from the Vera Vita Company, at the same address, saying that they were informed that I was suffering from syphilis and advising me to take their 'famous treatment,' which was the only sure cure.

"I am satisfied that either the Drs. Code own the Vera Vita Company or they exchange mailing lists. From my correspondence I judge that they run both companies."

FOXY WAYS OF DRs. CODE

"I was stung badly by the so-called 606 Laboratory at 145 North Clark Street," "Bronson" writes. "I called at their office for treatment, being led by their advertising in the Chicago *Examiner*. The doctor told me I had blood poison bad. I told him I was a hard-working boy, so he arranged his payments

on installments. He gave me his medicine without any directions or labels on the bottles. I got suspicious. His directions were verbal and his patients were supposed to remember them. His medicine did not come up to the pure food laws. This doctor Code told me he studied in Germany under Prof. Ehrlich and that he got his supply of medicine direct from Germany. By the way, he never saw Germany except on the map. I communicated with Germany direct and found out that he never studied in Germany. They referred me to the sole agents of Dr. Ehrlich in New York. They told me that Dr. Code was unknown to them. They went so far as to say that he was not registered in any of the medical journals.

Test Proves Diagnosis Fake

"After I paid the Codes a lump sum of money, I read to them the letters I had received from Germany and New York. They got sore and ordered me out of the office. I then had a Wassermann test made of my blood and was told that I never had blood poisoning. I intended to bring suit against them, to recover some of the money, but I didn't on account of my position and the publicity. These fellows play the switching system and the double-fee game. When a man starts going to them, he can't quit until he has paid up what they ask. If he don't they threaten to sue him for the full amount. These fellows are worse than Shylocks. When they give a receipt, it always is signed in a different name. I had a handful of their receipts before I found out that there was absolutely nothing the matter with me. I hope you will put these fellows out of business, so that other poor unfortunates won't be deceived or misled by these fake doctors. Code is the worst I ever had any experience with. You may use this letter if it will help any."

SAYS CODES "STOLE" \$100

Chicago, Oct. 27.—[Editor of the *Tribune*.]—The blood-money doctors that you exposed, with offices at 303-4 North Clark Street, posing as the original Prof. Ehrlich, are Dr. William E. Code, whose other office is 2 West Chicago Avenue, and Dr. W. Austin Code, the one with the beard, a brother, whose other office is 202 South Kedzie Avenue, took \$100 from me and then turned me out still diseased, to be cured only by real men of the medical profession. It is for victims like myself to appreciate the value of your great paper to expose these vandals of society, and may your efforts continue for the welfare of mankind till these imposters of a noble profession are curbed.

SUBSCRIBER.

DR. EDWARD N. FLINT

He Is Sure His Healthy Caller Has Syphilis and Offers to Give Wassermann Test for \$10

[*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 28, Nov. 1 and 5, 1913.]

Flint operates at 233 South State Street. Although the reporter denied ever having had any serious disease, Flint was convinced that he manifested symptoms of syphilis. The reporter posed as a "wise guy" from the country who had "read up" on diseases of men. His aggressive skepticism led the doctor to offer to give him a Wassermann test for \$10. While the "patient" was considering this proposition Flint "accidentally" opened a cabinet and revealed the wax figure of a woman horribly disfigured with blood disease. Flint was graduated from the University of Illinois Medical College in 1897. He was licensed in Illinois in 1902. April 10, 1906, he was denied a license to practice medicine in Wisconsin by the Wisconsin State Board on the ground that he advertised to cure an incurable disease. He was then connected with the Reinhardt Bros., a company of quacks who had been exposed by THE JOURNAL of the American Medical Association. He resides at 308 East Thirty-Third Street.

Oct. 10.—I went to Dr. Flint's office on the second floor of 322 South State Street, and inquired of the office assistant for Dr. Flint. The boy went over to a group of bearded men who were talking in the lounging-room and said, "Dr. Flint, a new patient." A medium-sized man, about 45 years old, left the group and shook hands with me. He walked into his private office and motioned me to a chair without a word. I was the first to speak.

"Doctor," I said, "I have been reading some pamphlets and other advertising matter in the newspapers and magazines and the more I read the more convinced I am that something is wrong with me. I am going to get married in a few months and I want to be sure. I went to see a play the other night called 'Damaged Goods,' and it set me to thinking. I decided the best thing to do was to come to you and find out if I have any taint of disease."

"Fine, sir, fine," he replied. "Have you ever had any venereal trouble?"

Thinks "Patient" Poisoned

"No, sir," I answered, "as far as I know nothing has ever been wrong with me."

"Does your hair come out?" he asked.

"Only when I comb it real hard," I answered.

"Your face is drawn and the color under your eyes bad—pretty good signs that you have a strain of syphilis," he said.

"Oh, the color under my eyes is probably due to worry from trying to live on my salary," I laughed.

"Well, the sure way to learn is to take the Wassermann test," he said.

"Will that be absolute proof?" I asked.

"It will be positive proof," he replied.

"Now, doctor," I said, "I do not intend to pay good money for a test and then have you tell me that my blood is weak or that the red corpuscles need building up, or any other thing like that. I will not take this test unless you are almost sure I have the disease."

"Oh, it will show absolutely if there is any taint of syphilis," he assured me.

Doctor Quotes Thomas Edison

"I have been reading something about that disease," I said, "but I don't know anything about it. I believe it was in a book written by Thomas Edison on the subject."

"Well, now, if you have read Thomas Edison's book on the subject, you know what he has to say," he said. "Now, Edison is an authority on the subject, and, quoting from your own authority, I will tell you what he has to say. Edison says he believes there is a taint of syphilis in everybody, but I differ with him. Edison generally knows what he is talking about, but I do not believe that everybody has syphilis."

Let Me Cure You

**MY NEW
OFFER
UNTIL
OCT. 18**

\$10



Not a Doctor Company
Fresh Medicines



DR. E. N. FLINT
322 S. State Street

My best reference: Not a dollar need be paid until satisfied. Don't waste time "trying" other doctors; go to Dr. Flint first. 25 years' experience gives assurance of highest class service. I publish my own portrait, correct name and see all patients.

I cure many diseases for only \$10 for the entire professional fee to complete the cure. Consultation free, whether you take treatment or not.

What Is Your Disease?

Is it in your kidneys; pains in back or loins? Is it your stomach; belching of gas, sour; distress after eating? Is it your lungs; cough, bleeding, pains in chest? Have you offensive catarrh; nose stop up, foul breath? Have you piles, fistula, itching? Have you rupture? Have you any blood disease, skin eruptions, pimples, pale complexion, losing weight; pains in bones, scrofula? Is it your nerves; sleepless, tired in the morning, dizziness, pains in head, coated tongue? Dear reader, heed these symptoms of nervousness; beware of neurasthenia, it leads to weak nerves or possibly grave mental diseases.

No one need suffer from disease now that we have arranged these low prices. Come at once while these low prices last. Consultation Free.

Largest Offices and Equipment. Lowest Prices of Any Doctor in Chicago.

Only a Few Days More of the Low Offer.

DR. FLINT, 322 S. State St., 2d Floor

Between Jackson-bd. and Van Buren-st., Opposite Rothschild & Co

OFFICE HOURS—Every day from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Monday and Thursday evenings 8:30 to 10 o'clock. Sundays, 9 a. m. to 12 m. Chicago, Ill.

A typical advertisement of Quack Flint.

"I don't either," I said. "Now, I don't believe that I have it, but these advertisements have got on my nerves and I imagine I have everything under the sun."

"Well, you must not be too sure," he said. "You are a young man and should take care of yourself."

Patient Proves Very Cautious

"Now, doctor, if the Wassermann test is sure, then I will take it. If it is not, then it would be a waste of money. I know a little about this business. I don't like to spend hard money to find out that I am just frightened. Now, how much are you going to charge me?"

He hesitated and figured with a pencil a few seconds.

"Well, I can't make it for less than \$10," he replied.

"That suits me if you will guarantee to give the correct dope," I replied. "How long will it take to make this test, and how will you do it?" I asked.

"It will take about three minutes," he said.

Opens His Cabinet of Horrors

"That's mighty quick work for \$10," I said. "I've got three or four hours to spend, but at the present time the only coin I can show is about 30 cents. Name your time and I will be back with a ten spot."

"Well, we close at 6 o'clock on Friday and Saturday," he said, "and I think to-morrow morning would be the best time. Now, young man, you had better not be so confident and do not try to fool yourself into believing that you are all right. I look at you with a trained eye and I am not holding out much encouragement."

While speaking he walked over to a cabinet containing the wax figure of a woman. Horrible looking spots had been painted on various parts of the figure. It was evident that the doctor's object in walking over to the figure was to attract my attention to it. I got up to leave, promising to return. The doctor came back to me with a satisfied look on his face.

DR. FLINT CHANGES HIS MIND—DEATH OF JACOB BALZ

Dr. Edward N. Flint, who has been getting a living by swindling sick and credulous people whom he lured to 322 South State Street, yesterday reserved a drawing-room on the Wabash train which left for Montreal at 11:55 p. m. Flint, however, could not be found on the train. When a reporter called on the quack at his offices during the afternoon Flint said he did not intend to leave the city. He did not deny, however, that he had made the reservation. The same reporter was on hand at the station when the 11:55 Wabash train left the city. The stateroom was vacant as far out as Englewood. Later Flint's residence, 419 Belmont Avenue, was telephoned. A man came to the telephone and said he was Flint. He denied he had any intention of leaving the city.

Death Story Is Told

It would be unfortunate if Flint should leave Chicago at this particular time, as that might militate against his giving an explanation of the death of Jacob Balz of 7534 Adams Avenue. Jacob Balz was a janitor in a downtown office building. He was one of Dr. Flint's "patients." Dr. Flint "treated" him for rupture. On March 21, 1913, ten days after the fifth treatment, Balz died in agony, apparently suffering from poison in the kidneys. Balz had been a sufferer from rupture for thirty years. Up to February 8 of this year he had been under the care of Dr. Charles Pusey, his family physician. Dr. Pusey was not able to cure his disease, for a cure was beyond medical skill, but he was able to do the next best thing—to keep Balz in such physical condition that he was able to work every day and earn a living for his family.

Seeks Medical Miracle Worker

Under Dr. Pusey's treatment Balz's rupture became nothing more serious than an inconvenience. Balz, however, was not satisfied with this. He wanted to be rid of the rupture entirely. He was impatient of Dr. Pusey's steady-going methods. Like thousands of other Chicagoans, his ignorance of medicine was monumental and his faith in the false prophets of medicine correspondingly prodigious. He started out to find a medical miracle worker. People who are hunting medical miracle workers are grist for Dr. Flint's mill. When Balz, stealing away without Dr. Pusey's knowledge, presented himself at Flint's office on February 8, Flint had no trouble in convincing him that he could cure him. He set out to cure him by the paraffin method. The method consists in inject-

ing paraffin into the flesh so as to cover the rupture in the peritoneum. No reputable physician uses it. The paraffin closes the rupture for a time, then hardens and creates a condition that is more dangerous than rupture itself.

After the first "treatment" Balz told his wife what he had done. She begged him not to go again. She told him Dr. Flint was a skinflint and a faker. Her words had no effect.

BUSINESS PERSONALS. BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Why Be Ruptured?

GET CURED AND
THROW YOUR TRUSS AWAY
A Great Chance
TO GET CURED FOR \$15



DR. E. N. FLINT.
Chicago Specialist.
260 STATE ST.

FARMERS and TEAMSTERS

"Cured My Rupture Without Cutting"
SO SAY THESE HUNDRED MEN

Weak, Diseased
"Wornout"
MEN
Young, Middle-Aged, Old.
GUARANTEED \$10
CURES \$10
Not a Dollar
Need Be Paid
Until Cured



WE ALSO CURE COMPLICATIONS REQUIRING SPECIALIST'S CARE. AS

Dr. Flint Out-of-Town People BOOKLET SENT FREE

260 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

Second Floor (Between Jackson and Dearborn) Opposite Rothchild's & Co.

Office Hours: Every day from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Evenings, Mondays and Thursdays 5 to 7 p. m. Sundays 12 to 2 p. m. Not attending "The Law Office."

Two advertisements of Flint's. One featuring the "rupture cure," the other plain "men's specialist" quackery.

"The next morning," Mrs. Balz told a reporter yesterday, "my husband was in such pain he could not read a newspaper." But he wouldn't let me tell our family doctor what he had done. The man at the institute said he would make the cure for \$45. After the first visit my husband went four times, on Monday evenings. He grew worse and worse. When the family doctor came to the house he concealed his pain.

And Then He Dies

"Then one day he came home from work at 9 o'clock with an awful pain in his chest. His lungs were filled up with something. The day after that his

back began to hurt. He died on March 21. I told Dr. Charles Pusey, the family doctor, about it then, and he said the man at the institute ought to be prosecuted. My husband paid \$9 the first time and then \$10 twice. When he went the fourth time I would only give him \$5.

"But the doctor told me to bring him \$10 each time," he said. I told him he had already paid \$29 and that the doctor could get along with \$5. After he died John, my son, went down to the office to see if he could get the money back. They told him my husband owed them money; that the treatment was \$55. He had a different doctor each time. He never saw the same one twice."

FLINT'S CURE WORSE THAN DISEASE

New letters that have come to the *Tribune* show that Flint's cure for hernia is unique in one thing. It is more dangerous than hernia itself. With this "treatment" alone Flint probably has caused as much misery in Chicago as all the other quacks put together. The *Tribune* already has told how Flint's treatment played its part in bringing the life of Jacob Balz to an untimely end. The following story is told by another of Flint's victims, an employee of a large corporation on the northwest side:

"During the summer of 1908 I fell downstairs at the institution where I work and strained an abdominal muscle. It gave me some pain, and I thought perhaps I might have a slight rupture. I saw the advertisements and testimonials of Dr. Flint.

"I went to Flint's office on South State Street and told him I didn't feel well. He asked me what was the matter, and I told him I believed I had a little rupture. He asked me what side it was on and I told him I was paying him to find that. He felt of my body a little while and then told me I had a rupture on the right side. He said that he could cure me for \$10 and I paid him. He took a needle and injected something two or three times and for a day or two there was a relief from the pain. I went to see him every week and he continued the injections.

Flint Injects Paraffin

"One day after I had been taking the treatments for a month he told me that he was going to inject paraffin. With the aid of a Dr. Qualle he made the injection. He took a cupful of paraffin, and with an instrument which looked like a bicycle pump injected it in my abdomen. A lump came up, and I suffered considerable pain. I went back to see Flint and he told me that the pain would stop after a time. I went to see Dr. Moore, a reliable physician, and he told me I would live only a couple of months if I did not have the paraffin cut out. I went back to Flint, and after chasing him through several private rooms in the building I told him what another doctor had told me. He said it was useless for me to have the paraffin cut out. I told him I was going to die if I didn't have it removed.

"You can carry that paraffin to your grave," he told me.

"I told him that I wouldn't. Finally he said if I was going to have it removed to let him do it. I told him I wouldn't let him put his hands on me again, and I think that is the only reason I am alive to-day.

"I went to see Dr. Charles Kahlke at 32 North State Street, and he told me that I must have an operation at once or I would die before many months. He agreed to perform the operation, and he removed the knot of paraffin as large as my fist. The lump of paraffin caused irritations and inflammations, and Dr. Kahlke told me blood-poison would have resulted soon if the operation had been delayed long. I started to try to recover damages from Dr. Flint. I went to the state board of health. A Mr. Hoffman there told me that although he could do nothing, he had a brother-in-law who was a lawyer, and he might

take care of my case. He took it, and after a long time it was settled out of court. Dr. Flint told my lawyer that he didn't want the case to come to trial because of the notoriety it would cause him. Finally with the lawyer he arranged to pay me \$237, which about covered my expenses. Consequently I didn't get any remuneration for an injury that has unfitted me for hard work. Dr. Moore and Dr. Kahlke, who examined me, found I never had a rupture and the only thing that was troubling me was a little bruise which probably had been caused by falling down the iron stairs."

Another of Flint's Victims

Another of Flint's victims is Nels Peterson, who resides at 3135 Paulina Street. Something more than a year ago Peterson was lured by an ad. in one of the local newspapers to that celebrated "hernia specialist's" office at 322 South State Street. He was suffering from a double rupture. Flint "treated" Peterson for six months. He used his usual method—the injection of paraffin. He gave his dupe two doses—two cupfuls of the fluid. Then Flint collected \$70. At the end of six months the paraffin hardened, forming two lumps in Peterson's body, which caused him intense pain. Peterson became convinced that he was the victim of malpractice. A visit to Dr. A. J. Ochsner confirmed this impression. The doctor told Peterson that he was in a dangerous condition. The man underwent an operation and the two lumps of paraffin were removed. Peterson keeps the lumps in a bottle. They are souvenirs that remind him to keep away from Flint.

SOME OF DR. FLINT'S SWINDLES

A man who is now a patient at the county hospital writes as follows:

"I am a reader of your paper since the time I learned a little English. May heaven's blessings descend on you for what you are doing for the benefit of humanity in exposing those 'doctors.' Nothing like it since the Bible. I hope you will use your power so that foreign papers will not be permitted to print their ads. About six years ago I took sick. I read the advertisement of the Vienna Medical Institute, lately under the name of Dr. E. N. Flint, who diagnosed my case as specific blood-poisoning. I think I paid him \$45 or \$65, and was promised a cure by that cur. He said it would take three months. In all this time my condition grew worse, but I kept on taking the 'treatments'—electricity, medicine, and so on.

"When I wanted my money back he said there was something else wrong with me. He said I had nervous prostration, and if I would add \$40 to what I had already paid he would cure me in four months. Four months passed and I got still worse. At the end of that time he said I had the piles. I knew what piles are, so didn't believe it. He then said it was the blind piles, and if I wasn't cured from it I might die any day. He insisted on my bringing my bank-book, and charged me \$35 for the cure, which he said would last for two or three months. I again got worse, for worry that all my money was gone caused me many sleepless nights, and in daytime I was unfit to work. Nevertheless, I kept on coming from Lake Forest, Ill., every week, the round trip costing 75 cents. One Sunday morning coming for treatment I found the institute moved from the northeast corner of La Salle and Madison Streets, and never could find it until I saw Dr. Flint's picture in the papers advertising ruptures cured without cutting, at all prices from \$5 to \$25. I did not go to him then, and while gradually getting worse I had to work at all kinds of jobs.

Helped by United Charities

"Finally, I got so bad that I could hardly walk to my work. I was advised to apply for help to the United Charities of the city. These people did all in their power, and had Dr. P. Bassoe treat me in the Presbyterian Hospital. He diagnosed my case as neuritis, and said it would take a long time to cure me. So I am here at present, probably on account of that swindler fooling me and taking my money. I never dream of ever getting it back again, but if I could I would give it all to get such robbers. They advertise that they speak all kinds of foreign languages. When I asked, in German, to see the doctor, I was told that the German doctor was on his vacation. I then asked to see the Bohemian-speaking doctor. I was told that he had just left for home. And I didn't know a word of English then."

HOW DR. FLINT WORKS 'EM

Of the hundreds of Dr. E. N. Flint's victims in Chicago is M. J. Cinsiner. He lives at 2349 West Lake Street. He saw Flint's advertisement in a Chicago daily newspaper and being a sufferer from rupture called on the "specialist." The usual injection of paraffin was given and Cinsiner came away after paying \$54 feeling that he was well. In a short time the paraffin hardened into a lump and Cinsiner was compelled to go to another doctor who equipped him with a truss. He subsequently called on the newspaper that had printed the swindling advertisement and stated his case. The man he saw at the newspaper office suggested that he call on the county agent. The paper continued to run the advertisement. Cinsiner then went to see a lawyer. The lawyer, who was an honest man, told him Flint made it a practice to retain shrewd and unscrupulous lawyers for just such cases as his and that so many legal technicalities would be interposed that it would cost more than \$54 to get his money back.

USING THE MAILS

Flint does not confine himself to rupture cases, however. He pretends to be able to cure anything from ingrowing toenails to cancer. The *Tribune* has some of his correspondence in its possession. Following is a "come-on" letter that he wrote in answer to a decoy letter sent him by the *Tribune's* correspondent in Kenosha. The correspondent complained vaguely that he thought he was suffering from "kidney trouble." Flint immediately suggested Bright's disease as the malady and \$1,000 as the fee:

Mr. Joseph Wallace, Kenosha, Wis.—Dear Sir: I am taking your letter most seriously. My son was taken sick with this same trouble last February, and was sick enough so that he was in the hospital six weeks straight, and yet to-day he is absolutely well and strong. His mother died of this same trouble when he was 9 years of age. He is now 20.

I am very much interested in your case, and if you will come to Chicago and see me personally I will be very glad to go into your case thoroughly and see what the prospects are for a cure.

I will say this candidly to start with, that if you have albumin and the casts in your urine accompanying definite parenchymatous nephritis, or Bright's disease, commonly so-called, then if you are going to get well it is going to be a long, hard fight, and will probably cost you, hospital bills and all, in the neighborhood of \$1,000.

If you come I will see to it that your case is handled by the very best and most expert medical ability in the city of Chicago. Respectfully yours,
E. N. FLINT, M.D.

Flint's lawyers may have taught him the danger of committing himself in writing. Had "Wallace" visited him in his office the quack, judging from his usual practice, might have asserted positively that his caller had Bright's disease in an advanced stage.

QUACK'S AIDS TELL OF HORROR CHAMBERS

Two Flint "Institute" "Floor Men" Detail How Poor Patients Are Fleeced—
Wax Works as First Lure—Operate in Other Cities

[*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 31, 1913.]

The *Tribune* presents to its readers to-day the "confessions" of two men who know a certain phase of medical quackery from the inside. They are former employees of that eminent specialist in "getting the money," Dr. Edward N. Flint, who practices medical skullduggery at 322 South State Street.

The individuals who made the "confessions" were "floor men" in "institutes" which Flint conducts in a string of middle western cities as a side line to his regular "offices" in Chicago. The business of the "floor man" or capper is to mingle with the crowds that visit the "institutes," gain their visitors' confidence and lure them to the "case taker" and the doctor who fleeces them. It may be said in behalf of the two men who talked to the *Tribune* that when they entered Flint's employ they did not know he was a swindler and that they got out of the business as soon after they had learned the truth as they could.

Their names are suppressed because the *Tribune* believes them to be potentially honest and does not wish to destroy the reputation of men who, in different surroundings, would turn out to be useful citizens. "Institutes" of the kind Flint runs are well known to the average Chicagoan. They are the wax-work shows which recently have been ordered suppressed in Chicago by Health Commissioner Young. Some still are running surreptitiously. The visitor is attracted to the "institute" by a wax-work display occupying one of the windows. He enters and finds himself in a long room containing 100 or more wax effigies representing human beings in various stages of disease. The figures in the front of the room are exceedingly frank in their display of the human form. That is to give the show drawing power among the prurient.

Chills of Horror Started

As the visitor passes down the line, however, the statues undergo a subtle change. He finds chills of horror beginning to chase each other up and down his spine. He stops in front of a cabinet with a glass front. As he peers through the pane the interior of the cabinet suddenly is illuminated by electric light and the face of an idiot boy leers out hideously at him. Over the boy's head, sharply set off by a shaded light, are the words:

"LOST MANHOOD"

The visitor starts away in horror and is immediately approached by a man in uniform, who suggests that he go up and see the doctor. A little farther on a tableau displays the ravages of venereal diseases. By this time, quite naturally, the visitor is beginning to feel ill. This is the time for the "floor man" to get in his fine work. The "floor man" has been watching the crowds carefully. He has picked this particular visitor as a "live one." He arrives at the man's side and offers his sympathy. He desires to know the visitor's symptoms. The visitor, glad to confide in any one, tells what he thinks is the matter with him. The "floor man" gets him a drink of water and then adroitly ascertains how much money he has with him.

When this information is given the visitor is ready for the doctor. In the slang of the "institutes," the operation which follows is "feeing the patient." A patient is "feed" in the slang of the institute when he has been fleeced. If he comes back for a second fleecing he is "refeed."

INSTITUTES OWNED BY REINHARDT BROTHERS*

The "institutes" over which Flint has supervision are only a part of a string of between thirty and forty similar institutions now being operated throughout the middle west. The string is owned by the Reinhardt brothers. Flint and a man named A. L. De Souchet own only small interests in particular, "institutes." Among the communities in which the Reinhardts are particularly active just at present are:

Chicago,
Hammond,
Peoria,
Des Moines,

Cary,
Joliet,
Milwaukee,
St. Joseph,

So. Chicago,
E. S. Louis,
Indianapolis,
Omaha,

ONE "FLOOR MAN'S" STORY

The connection between Flint and the Reinhardts having been established, the stage is now set for the introduction of the two reformed "floor men." One of them is a young, clever-looking Hungarian. This is his account of his connection with the swindlers:

"My trade is that of a milliner. I am about 25 years of age, am married, and have one child, a baby. Last May, spring being the slack time in my business, I found myself out of work. I was willing to do anything to earn a living, for I had saved nothing and my family was destitute. I watched the want ads. in the newspapers and one day saw an advertisement for a porter signed by Dr. Flint of 322 South State Street. I applied for the position. The man that I met at the office was the elder Reinhardt. He seemed pleased with my appearance. He asked me how many languages I could speak and I told him 'several.'

Gets Job with Reinhardts

"'You are the man I want,' he said, 'but I'm not going to make you do porter work. You are too smart-looking a chap for that. I will make a first-class salesman out of you.' Of course I was pleased. He introduced me to Dr. Flint and told me to come around the next day to begin taking instruction in my duties. I spent the next four days in the offices at 322 South State Street. I was taken in hand by Flint, who gave me a thorough course of instruction in the use of the wax figures, which, he informed me, are in all of the Reinhardt institutes. I also was given the names of the diseases which the Reinhardts claim to be able to cure, together with a line of medical talk which I was to use when talking to prospective patients. I was told that my job would be that of 'floor man,' that I would have to talk to the people who visited the institute.

"He said the size of my salary and the length of time I would hold my job would depend on the number of 'rummies'—that was the word Flint used—I persuaded to take treatments. After I had memorized the medical lingo and other details of the business Flint gave me a final examination and told me I was ready for 'practical' work. I had by that time familiarized myself with all the details of 300 wax models exhibiting diseases of various kinds in different stages of development. At the end of the four days' instruction I was sent to Milwaukee, where I was turned over to the man in charge of the Milwaukee institute, whose name was Hermason. I stayed with him for four days, working on the callers who came to the Milwaukee institute. At the end of the four days Hermason told me I would 'do,' and sent me back to Chicago to report to the main office. From Chicago I went to Gary, reporting at the Reinhardts' Gary institute. The Reinhardts paid all of my expenses and gave me a salary during all of this time.

* The story of Wisconsin's fight against the Reinhardt fraud is told in a pamphlet on "Medical Institutes" (price 6 cents) published by the American Medical Association.

Wax Figures in Front Window

"I remained at Gary for three months. The institute there is an elaborate affair, but I understand that the Reinhardts have an even more elaborate place at Indianapolis. The institute was all on the ground floor, with a display window in front in which are wax figures of a nurse and a doctor caring for a syphilitic baby. Back of this is the main showroom, containing fifty wax figures, representing both sexes and showing the effects of syphilis, cancer, heart trouble, Bright's disease, gonorrhea, lost manhood, and other afflictions.

"I liked the work well at first. I knew nothing about medicine, for I am only a poor Hungarian boy and I never had much education, and I believed that the institute was really what it represented itself to be—a place where diseases was cured. During the three months that I was at Gary we averaged about forty callers a day. My business was to go around among the visitors, pick out the ones that looked as though they had money, and engage them in conversation. I had been taught to 'make myself a good fellow.' I got the visitor scared and then suggested to him that he go to the rear of the showroom where he could consult our doctor. Some days I would only get one patient; some days I got as many as fifteen or twenty. I averaged about eight patients a day. Eight patients a day was as much as was expected of me.

"It was not until I had been at the institute several weeks that I learned that the place was a nest of thieves. This knowledge came to me through my taking a consumptive up to our doctor's office. After the physician had looked him over and the man had gone away the doctor said to me:

"'Eddie, I feel sorry for that poor fellow. He's almost gone.'

"'Well, doctor,' I said, 'we can cure him, can't we? He'll be all right in a few weeks.'

"The doctor looked at me for a long time, as though I had said something surprising. Then he whispered, as if he were ashamed: 'Eddie, don't you know we never cure anybody here?'

"I thought of this for a long time and then something else happened to make me hate my job. A woman came in with a baby 4 or 5 months old. The child had the whooping-cough. I brought them into the doctor's office. She laid the baby on the operating table and it coughed so much that I went out of the room. You see, I have a baby myself and I couldn't stand it to see that woman's child treated by our faker. That same day I saw the woman on the street. I spoke to her and she remembered me. We walked along together.

"'I will talk to you like a good friend,' I said. 'Keep away from our doctor. He is a faker. All he wants is your money. He may kill your baby.'

"The woman never came back. Soon after this an incident occurred that subsequently cost me my job. At the time the woman came with the baby there was a patient visiting the institute named Sandor Koborg. He lives at 3627 Sidney Street, Indiana Harbor. He is a Hungarian like myself and about my own age. He had a bad case of varicocoele, which, as he was a blacksmith, hindered him in his work. The first time he saw our doctor he paid \$20. Later he paid \$20 more. He was buying medicine from us all the time. He told me he had paid \$40 for medicine. This Koborg was married. He had a wife and baby in Hungary and was trying to save money to bring them to this country. Our fake doctor was taking everything he earned.

Moved by Victim's Tears

"One day, after he had paid the doctor some money Koborg came out to see me. We had got to be good friends. He began telling me his troubles, and soon he started to cry. I couldn't stand that. I told him to meet me at the Lake Shore depot at lunch time and I would tell him something. At lunch

time I found Koborg at the depot. I said I was going to tell him something, but that first he must swear that he would keep my secret, because if the people at the institute knew what I was doing I would lose my job. When he swore that he would be true I told him that our doctor was a faker and that he would never do him any good. Koborg was astonished to hear this and at first would not believe it. At last he was convinced. Then I persuaded him to go to Dr. D. B. Bloomstein of Gary, whom I knew to be honest. Dr. Bloomstein operated on him a few days later and Koborg walked out of the hospital cured.

Betrayed by Pharmacist

"My friend was grateful for what I had done. A little after this I was sent to South Chicago and Koborg and I corresponded. One day he came in to see me. Before that I had told our pharmacist something about my experience with Koborg. I believed the pharmacist hated the fakers too, but I found out afterward that he was betraying me. When Koborg came to see me Flint was in the institute. After Koborg had gone Flint sent for me.

"'Eddie,' he asked, 'who is this friend I saw you talking to? Wasn't he one of our 'rummies' in Gary?'

"I said he had been treated by the Gary doctor.

"'You sent him to another doctor, didn't you?' said Flint. He was all swelled up with his feelings. I knew then the pharmacist had told him everything.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I did. I was sick of seeing him swindled by fakers.'

"'You —, get to h— out of here!' shouted Flint.

"I told him I would go, but first he must give me my money. He would not pay me. I left the place and went to a lawyer, and Flint finally had to settle with me."

ANOTHER FORMER "FLOOR MAN'S" STORY

Another former floor man tells the following story:

"I am a salesman by profession. About four months ago I found myself out of work and looking around for something to do. I read an advertisement for a first-class salesman who could speak several languages. I answered the ad. and soon after received a letter from a Dr. Reinhardt. Reinhardt asked me to call. I visited the office and saw Reinhardt. He introduced me to Flint. Flint told me, 'You are just the man I want. I like your appearance.' I remained in Chicago during the next week, calling daily on Flint and Reinhardt and receiving from them instructions as to my future course of action while in their employ. They taught me a line of medical talk and prepared me for receiving patients.

"At the end of the week Flint and his wife and myself took a train for Indianapolis. Their plant there is at 28 South Illinois Street. On the ground floor is a window in which is exhibited a group of wax figures operated by machinery, which shows how to resuscitate a drowning man. That draws the crowd. I went to work on a Saturday. It was the last day of the automobile races and there was a big crowd in Indianapolis. That day we had 800 visitors. I know that, because one of my duties was to keep track of the number of pamphlets printed in different languages that I gave away. I gave away 800. I was to be floor man. Before I went to work I had a talk with our case-taker, a man named Woods. His instruction in effect was that I was to 'con' the suckers and get them upstairs to him so he could get the money. This was a surprise to me, because I had come down to Indianapolis convinced the business was honest. I told Woods what Flint and Reinhardt had told me about misrepresentation.

"We're Here to Get the Money"

"It doesn't make any difference what Flint and Reinhardt told you," replied Woods. "You are working for me and you take your orders from me. Remember one thing: We're here to get the money." I didn't like that very well, but I was broke and I was there in Indianapolis with my wife without friends and it was up to me to make good. I thought, too, that I would be able to come to a better understanding with Woods through Flint. As a matter of fact, I know now that Flint wouldn't have helped me. All that talk he had given me about being honest with the visitors was just plain bunk. They wanted me to be enthusiastic. They knew that if I believed in them I would do better work.

"After my talk with Woods I was turned loose on the main floor. This was a big room full of wax figures. Flint had brought his wife down to see the plant. She never had been in it before. Honestly, I was ashamed when that woman came in there and looked over that stuff. It sure was a show for men only. The real chamber of horrors, though, was on the next floor. That was where they took the suckers to throw the final scare into them. Before I went to work I had a last talk with Woods. He gave me one caution. 'Don't tell 'em you are a doctor,' he said. 'If they call you "doctor" that's all right. You don't have to deny the title, you know.'

"With that he left me and I found myself alone with the negro porter among those wax statues. Pretty soon the 'hicks' began to come in. I walked around among them and engaged myself in friendly and seductive conversation among the ones that looked like they had money. My instructions gave me two things to get out of them. One was their 'weak point'—what they thought was the matter with them. The other was how much money they had with them.

Young Fellows from the Country

"The work was pretty easy. Most of the visitors were young fellows from the country. A large percentage of them were not sick at all—only thought they were sick, the result, usually, of a guilty conscience. I'd talk to them a while and then stick some disease on them—I had a list of diseases from Woods. The virulence of the disease depended on how much money the sucker had. If he had lots of it I'd tell him he had syphilis and show him by means of the wax figures that he was developing the symptoms. One fellow had a wart on the side of his hand. I convinced that chap that he was in an advanced stage of syphilis simply by comparing his wart to a wart on one of our wax dummies. After I had convinced him he had the disease, I took him upstairs to the chamber of horrors and showed him what he would be like in a week or two if he didn't take our treatment.

"This work, as I said, was pretty easy. I didn't have any pangs of conscience about skinning these 'boobs.' Most of them had a skinning coming to them for the way they had been acting, and I figured that anyway it would be worth money to them if we did throw a scare into them that would keep them out of trouble in the future. But a little later in the day I ran across several patients that worried me. One of these was a poor devil with a cancer. I knew by looking at him that the best doctor on earth couldn't cure him. Another was a fellow so weak with tuberculosis he could scarcely walk. I went through the motions and got them up to the doctor. Without batting an eye our quack told them he could cure them in a month. This went on for two days and all the time I was getting sorer and sorer on my job. The blow-off came on the afternoon of the second day when a nice young chap came in and said that he had hernia.

Victim of Paraffin Injection

"He had been to another quack, and the quack had injected paraffin into him. The paraffin had formed into a lump. He was going to get married and he wanted himself fixed up. I knew by this time what our doctor would do with that case. He would take out the first lump of paraffin and then inject some more in another place. I felt sorry for the fellow, but I took him upstairs to the doctor just the same. Our system of introducing patients to the doctor was this: We walked upstairs and I pushed a button for the doctor. He came out, and I introduced him to the patient. Then we left the patient alone in the doctor's reception-room.

"The doctor went back to his office, and I walked out into the hall and over to the case-taker's office. I'd tell the case-taker what our patient thought he had and how much money he had with him. Then the case-taker would pick up a phone on his desk and tell the facts I'd given him to the doctor. After that the doctor would send for the patient. He'd diagnose his case right away as syphilis or whatever I had told the case-taker. The consultation would follow. The doctor never said a word about money. At the end of the interview the patient would want to know how much the treatments were going to cost him. The doctor would put on a look of hurt dignity and reply:

"I never discuss money matters. I am a physician. You'll have to talk to Mr. Woods."

"Then he would give the patient a slip of paper and get him out of the office. The patient would walk over to Woods' office, present his slip of paper and ask the price. Woods would tell him the treatment would cost him so much down—the amount he had in his pocket—and so much later. The patient invariably was so badly scared by this time that he would give up quick. You see, it was all cash business. After we'd hooked them once we didn't care if they never came back.

How Floor Man Lost His Job

"Well, when this man got into Woods' office Woods told him that the treatment would cost him \$25. I'd told Woods that because the chap had told me he was hard up and I wanted to make the case a flivver. The fellow with the hernia hummed and hawed and then said he would go and get the money. He came downstairs and asked the porter for me. Then he started in to tell me his troubles. He said that if he had to give up \$25 he would have to put off his marriage. That made me feel ashamed of myself.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Do," said I, "why, you clear out of this place and don't come back again. Those fellows are a bunch of robbers."

"Well, right there is where I lost my job."

QUACKS' MANAGER TELLS HOW SICK DUPES ARE RUINED

Former Employee of Flint-Reinhardt Combination Confesses Crimes—Hired to Rob, Not Cure—Tortured in Operating-Room

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 2, 1913.]

A former manager in the Reinhardt-Flint medical "institutes," whose name is suppressed at his own request, tells the *Tribune* the following story of how this combination of quacks robbed their victims and ruined their health:

"On or about May 25, while I was employed as a salesman for a produce firm, I read an advertisement in a newspaper calling for a Jewish salesman.

There was no name. It read, 'Call at a certain room number, 322 South State Street.' I answered it and met Dr. Willis F. Reinhardt. He practically employed me on the spot. He told me to give up the position I was holding and that my salary would begin at once and I would just have to stay around the office with him a short while and keep my eyes open. In the meantime I was to let my beard grow. He told me that my beard would give me a professional look. I did.

Put on Pay Roll at \$30 a Week

"My salary started immediately at \$30 a week. Mr. Reinhardt took me out several times in his automobile and twice to his residence at 50 East Elm Street. He told me that he was the United States representative of Meister Lucius Brünning and Company of London, who were the English controllers of the entire output of Prof. Carl Ehrlich's new remedy for syphilis—neosalvarsan, which is called 914—just the same as salvarsan, his original remedy, is called 606. Finally he told me that he had picked me out because I looked business-like. He wanted me for a managership. My instructions from that minute on were: 'Get the money.' I was told how to get the confidence of a prospective patient and how to work upon their fears and imagination, and how to impress them with the idea that they were in imminent danger of death or at least in dire need of our treatments. He told me I would have a doctor under me. He added that he always had trouble with making the doctors keep their instruments clean and instructed me to watch that feature.

"On June 10, with my wife and baby and 10-year-old boy, I left Chicago over the Rock Island for St. Joseph, Mo., the town in which I was to work, Dr. Reinhardt paying our expenses. Upon my arrival at St. Joe I met Johnson. His name is H. E. Johnson, and he makes his headquarters at the Copenhagen Medical Specialist offices in Davenport, Ia. He also operated similar establishments in Moline and Rock Island, which are near by. A man by the name of Brouillard, who stays at the Chicago office, had made a new set of wax figures for the St. Joe office. They were there when I got there, as well as Will Compton, an old Chicago floor man,* who was to be floor man in the St. Joe museum. The doctor didn't arrive until the next Tuesday. Johnson had leased for five years the whole building at 321 Edmond Street, St. Joe. Compton, Johnson and I worked almost night and day for ten days, installing the museum on the first floor and fixing up the patients' reception-room, electrical treatment and operating room, and doctor's private office and 'pharmacy' on the second floor.

"We went at it with saw and hammer and scrubbed and did everything ourselves. Johnson said that he didn't want to have any outsiders in on it. Just before we opened up Johnson told me one day not to refer to the wax-figure show as a museum, but to call it an exhibit. He said that a \$500 license was necessary every year on a museum. I asked him how he was going to fix it up. He said he was going out the next day and put it over.

Tells of Giving Bribe Money

"He didn't show up until noon the next day. Then he came in and said, 'I'll let you have the honor of tacking this up on the wall,' and he handed me a permit for the sale of drugs and a permit to operate as a retail merchant. I saw that the permit was signed by the superintendent of the health department and the mayor. I asked him how he had fixed it up. He said, 'A ten spot did the work.' I believe, though, that it cost him a lot more. The doctor was a young fellow from St. Louis. He is a real physician. I attribute the mix-up of affairs in St. Joseph to the fact that he was a good doctor and had a conscience the same as I have. In confidence he told me that they had brought him from St. Louis.

"I will say this for that young doctor: He never hurt any of his patients. In one or two cases that I recall, he told men that there was nothing the matter with them and let them go. But that was not what we were there for and we both knew it. We only acted that way when our sympathies were touched deeply. Whenever the doctor was out I always took his place. I made the examinations, looked wise about the symptoms, diagnosed and prescribed. I



SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

FOR DISEASED MEN

I MAKE NO CHARGE FOR PRIVATE COUNSEL, CALL!

Our first thought is to ascertain the real cause of your ailment; our second thought is to ascertain if a cure is possible; our third thought is to produce speedy and lasting results. Our next thought is the quickest method by which this can be done and then to figure the lowest price for you.

MEN IN THE COUNTRY

Are coming to Milwaukee to be cured by the great Men's Specialists at the Wisconsin Medical Institute. All sensible men afflicted with any disease, weakness, varicose, or rupture, realize the necessity of having a specialist cure them. Many times a poor doctor will do more injury than good. Be careful, be sensible—don't make a mistake—go to the Wisconsin Medical Institute, Milwaukee, in the Alhambra Bldg., corner 4th Street and Grand Avenue.

One Week Free If you call now we will give you one week free trial treatment, if you desire, to prove that we can cure you. Did you ever receive a ~~fairer~~ offer?

VARICOSE OR KNOTTY VEINS

We Cure Without Cutting. Come for One Visit.

WHAT IT DOES TO MEN No man has been said about Varicose in medical advertisements that every man ought to know if he has it or not. It is a solid fact, however, that we can cure men every day that are complaining of weakness who have been so negligent as to not even examine themselves and discover their trouble until it has run them down and weakened them mentally and physically.

WHAT IT IS "Varicose," a prevalent disease of man, is a dilation or enlargement of the veins, which from various causes become clogged and knotty, feeling like a bundle of earthworms when taken in the hand. It usually occurs on the left side and produces dragging sensations in the groin and back. It often impairs the general health and then causes much worry, and you may grow despondent.

DON'T WAIT No sensible man should wait. He should realize that the longer he delays the more the pain selected will waste away. Don't live and linger. DEAD to the joys of health when we have a good cure for your varicose and weakness and can make you a happy, manly man with mental and physical powers complete. We cure without cutting. Come for one visit. We cordially invite consultation. We cure after others fail.

Chronic Diseases

And skin diseases, eczema, discharges, sores, painful swellings, piles, constipation, itching, heart, kidneys, liver, stomach, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Consultation free, at office or by letter.

WRITE Many cases can be treated at home. One personal visit is necessary, but if it is impossible or inconvenient for you to call, write to us. We make no charge for private consultation, by letter or at office. Our price for treatment is always the lowest in the city, and our vast experience enables us to cure quicker than other doctors. Every train brings people to the city to get cured by us.

BLOOD DISEASES

Ulcers in mouth, sore gums, falling hair, swellings, copper colored spots, eruptions, boils. Our treatment is better than Hot Springs. Call and investigate, free.

Marriage Laws

Some states have suggested making laws to require men to be examined before given a marriage license. Many men are afflicted with diseases and deformities without knowing it; others know they are not right. Regardless of any laws, every man should, for his own benefit, be as nearly perfect, physically, as possible before entering marriage. We invite men contemplating marriage to consult us free. We will also advise you free. If you have any ailment, call at once in time to get cured before marriage.

RUPTURE

We can cure almost any case without cutting operation. You need not lay off from work. Many cases are cured in one visit so they never need to wear a truss again. Call and let us explain. Consultation free.

Bladder Trouble and Urinary Obstruction

Many men suffer much from urinary obstruction. Retaining the bladder is so slow and painful that it is a great dread. The trouble is due to closure in the urethral canal, and often, by the water being held back, inflammation sets in, and then matter and blood come with the discharge.

YOUNG MAN

If by your own acts through ignorance, you have violated a single law of nature, against body or mind, by omission or commission especially by any habit, then there is no escaping the punishment made and provided for every transgression; which is Sickness, Decay or Death. The immutable laws of nature, governing and regulating the universe, are so closely adjusted, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, that for each violation of any law there is a just penalty of Sickness, Decay or Death. This is as certain as night follows day. And you, young man, may pay the penalty right here on this earth. In this life, sooner or later. Take offense and go to the Wisconsin Medical Institute at Milwaukee and be cured.

Middle-Aged Men

The springtime of youth with you has passed. Life is a sober reality. You see, feel and understand differently now. You know more. Looking back over your life you can point out the mistakes you have made. For some of the violations of nature's laws in your youth you have no doubt paid the penalty, for punishment in these transgressions is swift. But written upon nature's calendar there are other and graver charges for which you are now probably suffering. Nature will make no concessions in your case; you must suffer the penalty of Sickness, Decay or Death in this life and not in the life hereafter. Now is the time to act. Be a man and ask for help. Go to the Wisconsin Medical Institute. They will lend you a helping hand and make you well and happy.

WISCONSIN MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Alhambra Theater Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Permanently located—Room 203, Second floor Alhambra Theater Building, northeast corner Fourth street and Grand avenue. Office hours: Every day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. This is the largest and richest institute in the state, therefore we can cure you the cheapest.

"Our Wonderful Electro-Medical Treatment is Saving Thousands and Will Save You."

Photographic reproduction (reduced) of a typical "Wisconsin Medical Institute" advertisement. This was the Milwaukee branch of the Reinhardt's fraud factories.—(From "Nostrums and Quackery.")

knew all the prescriptions, because I mixed them up by the gallon. In the cases I handled I prescribed only harmless prescriptions, but always got as much money for them as the patient could give, and generally contracted him up for a long course of treatments at a big price.

"One day the buzzer sounded upstairs and we waited a long time for the patient to appear. When he didn't show up, I looked down the stairs, and there was Compton almost carrying an old man up the steps. We got him in the operating-room. He had neither hair nor teeth; he was deaf and his sight was failing. Compton had talked him into the belief that the only reason he wasn't as young as he used to be was because he had lost his manhood, and we were the only people who could restore it. He signed a contract for a course of treatments by which he thought we could rejuvenate him. Of course we got the big initial fee, which insured his return for more treatments. We had to carry him down the stairs on the way out, but he went home with the belief for all his eighty-four years that he would be a boy again in a week.

"I mixed the prescriptions. We had several shelves of medicine, that looked rather imposing. Most of it was colored water. The doctor would write on the prescription "Aqua Missourianus," which called for plain Missouri River water, colored green, red or blue, with fruit coloring. In Chicago and in Gary, Ind., the prescriptions called for "Aqua Michiganus." Hinkle's pills were a great favorite. You can get a dozen for a nickel in any drug store. We sold them seven for \$2. We had them in three colors, so that a patient could be kept using them three weeks, thinking they were different pills. Hinkle's pills are mild cathartics.

Making "Elixir Simplex"

"Our popular 'come-back' prescription was elixir simplex. It is almost whisky and any man who uses it regularly can get a jag on it. They always came back to have the prescription refilled. I used to make the stuff by the barrel. First, if we were out of alcohol I would send a boy with a two-gallon jar for one gallon of alcohol. When he returned I would fill the jar up with a gallon of water. Then I would be ready to mix. The prescription calls for four pounds of sugar, two and two-fifths pints of alcohol, and 'Aqua Missourianus quantitat sufficiat ad cong. II,' which means a sufficient quantity of water to bring the whole up to two gallons. Then I would add one and a half ounces of fluid extract of orange peel and color the whole with burnt sugar. It was a sure jag. We would get anywhere from \$2 to \$5 for a four-ounce bottle of the stuff.

"My reports were all made in cipher. I used to send them out every night. The cipher initials and the key to them are as follows:

"M. C.—Museum calls.'

"N. C.—New calls to doctor.'

"N. C. P.—New calls put—"put" means money collected.'

"C. B.—Comebacks—men who called at museum and after reading literature came back for examination.'

"C. B. P.—Call backs put.'

"O. C.—Old calls.'

"N. F.—New fees—amounts contracted for.'

"O. F.—Office fees.'

"P. R. T. H. O.—Previous remittance to home office.'

"I made all remittances by draft to Johnson at Davenport. Our salaries came by check on a Davenport bank. They were signed 'W. F. Reinhardt, per H. E. Johnson.' I used to send my drafts by different banks, upon Johnson's orders, so that they wouldn't know how much business we were doing. From the start we began cleaning up about an average of \$15 a day.

Employees Ashamed of Their Work

"It was congenial in St. Joseph. While playing the game there was enough excitement to quiet the conscience, and then the young doctor, who was a man of my intelligence, and myself, used to talk on interesting subjects. Both of

us evaded as much as possible the topic of our work, because both of us were inwardly ashamed of it. I know the doctor was heartily, because it meant the blasting of his future as a reputable physician. I honestly believe that he did do good for some of the patients and I don't think he did any of them any harm, except when he took their money. In July Compton got to cranking heavily. One day he left the switch on in the electrical treatment room and there was a fire that night. It burned the machine, the partition, the top of a typewriter stand, and ruined an electric heater. A young fellow by the name of Potter came over from the St. Joseph Railway, Light, Heat and Power Company to fix the wires. He was around there a couple of days monkeying with the machines, and I told the doc, laughingly, that I'd get him yet.

Cured in 5 Days, \$5

Go to the Specialists of the Copenhagen Medical Institute, 4th and Brady Sts.

MEN

We use the quickest cure in the world for certain newly contracted diseases, which we will cure for \$5. Make no mistake. Come to us first and avoid wasting your hard-earned cash on worthless medicines or treatments. Consultation free. Call today. Everything secret. We furnish medicine free to our patients.

"Old Chronic Cases"


If you have an old case that has been hanging on for months, and which medicines from doctors and druggists can't seem to cure up right, there is some reason. We have a Scientific Cure for these cases and will cure you right, quickly and cheaply. Don't let disease drag you down in health and weaken you.

BLOOD DISEASES

Sores in the mouth, falling hair, eruptions, pimples, swellings, rheumatism, uric acid, skin diseases, eczema. Don't go to Hot Springs; we can cure you cheaper and better. Under our scientific treatment all these terrible symptoms quickly disappear and robust health returns. If others have failed to cure, or are not benefiting you, come to us. We cure permanently, secretly and cheaply.

We have the best methods known for the successful treatment of Varicocele, Hydrocele, Nervous Debility, Sores, Discharges, Painful Swellings, Stricture, Blood Poison, Eczema, Pimples, Skin Diseases, Piles, Rupture, Stomach, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and all special diseases of men.

YOU CAN'T GET ANY BETTER TREATMENT ANYWHERE AT ANY PRICE.



Copenhagen Medical Institute

Over Driscoll's Drug Store, Fourth and Brady Sts., Davenport, Ia.
Office Hours—Every day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Evenings—Tuesday and Saturday till 9 o'clock for the benefit of those who work during the day, Sunday—9 a. m. to 12 m.

Photographic reproduction (reduced) of a typical advertisement of the Copenhagen Medical Institute, another of the numerous names under which the Reinhardts operated. —(From "Nostrums and Quackery.")

"By the way," I asked the doc, with a wink, "what has that fellow got?"

"Oh, call it gleet," he said, although the man had never submitted to an examination.

"I got Potter. He didn't know that he had anything, but before I got through with him he was convinced that he had gleet. When we used to joke about it after the suckers had gone we would say, 'Well, if he hasn't got it he might get it; you can't tell.'"

"I used some sounds on Potter and gave him seven Hinkle pills. He paid me \$3 and thanked me for discovering his malady in time before he fell a victim to some of the terrible diseases I pictured for his benefit. All that time we were putting out our literature to all who dropped into the museum, which was free. The literature was of three kinds. Each kind was printed in seventeen different languages. From what I have learned of the business I don't believe that the St. Joe branch will prosper as much as other branches, because

there isn't the ignorant foreign element to depend upon. The foreigners are the easiest. Dr. Reinhardt refers to the first book as 'General,' the second as 'General and Sexual,' and the third as 'General, Sexual, Venereal.' The first one might be mild, but anybody who reads either the second or third is a wonder if he gets through without believing there is something the matter with him.

Why Visitor Was Nervous

'One night a young fellow rushed up into the office out of breath. I was there alone. The doctor had gone home. We always kept open until 8 o'clock. This young fellow, like many others, was wary about being seen to enter the place, so he waited until late and sneaked in a side door. There was perspiration on his forehead and he was visibly nervous. I knew in a minute what was the matter with him. He had been reading our book. After he had told me his symptoms, during which I was very serious, I told him that he had come in just in time. I had cut my finger during the day and used this as an excuse for not treating him at that time. My main object was to get him to come back the next day so that the doctor could get him.

"I told him that I would give him something that would arrest the progress of his affliction for twenty-four hours, but no longer. He would have to come in the next day. I took a sample of urine and heated it over a burner. I held it up to the light for him to look at. He did, and so did I. He knew as much about it as I did, but I told him that he was in an awful condition, and he believed me. I should have told you that with my red Van Dyke beard and white coat I really looked like a doctor. I put two drops of lysol in a graduating glass and then carefully poured in some red Aqua Missouriianus, displaying the greatest carefulness in measuring the liquid. I put the mixture in a two-ounce bottle and told the man to go home and bathe the affected parts and then go to bed. I told him to set his alarm clock so that it would ring four hours after he retired, and at that time to get up and bathe the parts again and set the alarm clock four hours ahead, and repeat through the night. Last of all I impressed upon him the necessity of being at the office at 9 o'clock the next morning. He was there before the doors opened.

"I had to tell the doctor about it, because it seemed a good joke at that time, and, of course, the doctor had to go through with it. He continued the boy on treatment, but cautioned him to abstain from all alcoholics. A week later he came in early in the morning, almost crying. He said that his father had had some beer at the house the night before and had offered him some.

"I couldn't refuse, doctor,' he said, 'because he would have known right away that something was the matter with me.'

"We didn't reassure him, but increased his fear by telling him that it would probably set him back a long while. He left more worried than ever.

"About this time my wife began to lecture me about the business. One day I called up Johnson at his office in Omaha and told him that I was through. He came down immediately and I left in a week. I came back to Chicago practically penniless. For ten days I tried to get a job, and, failing, had to go back to the Reinhardts. I went to the South State Street office and told Reinhardt my position. He sent me to Gary about August 10, which was just ten days after I left St. Joe.

Johnson Brains of System

"Johnson is the brain and heart of the web—that chain of offices. He manages all of them in Peoria, Rock Island, Moline, Davenport, Des Moines, St. Joseph and Omaha. All of them go under different names. I think that Johnson and the two Reinhardts share alike in the proceeds, which must amount to something enormous. Each gets daily reports from the managers of those

offices. One goes to the Reinhardt in St. Paul addressed to his residence, 544 Portland Avenue. Another goes to Johnson at his home, 106½ West Fourth Street, Davenport, Iowa, and the other is sent to the home of the other Reinhardt, 50 East Elm Street, Chicago. At Gary, Ind., the humbuggery I witnessed was sickening. I realized then that the young doctor and I never could have succeeded in St. Joseph or anywhere else, because we were conscientious—we were untrained children in the game of 'getting the money.'

Working the Gary Laborers

"At Gary, where I was installed as manager and pharmacist on August 10, I met the floor man, whose account you have already published in the *Tribune*. I like Eddie. He is a man with a conscience. But I wouldn't like to be in



Men, Come to Us
 AND AVOID DANGEROUS OR UNCERTAIN TREATMENT
 RELIABLE TREATMENT Private consultation for all diseases—skin and blood diseases, bladder trouble, kidney weakness, rupture, varicose veins, catarrh, nervousness, stomach and liver diseases.

Men Young men and middle-aged men who have injured themselves, with weak backs, sunken cheeks, hollow eyes. We cure cheaply.

Blood Diseases Ulcers in mouth, sore gums, falling hair, swellings, copper-colored spots, eruptions, boils. Our treatment is better than Hot Springs. Call and investigate, free.

Enlarged Veins Produce heavy sensations in the groin and back. They often impair the general health and often cause much worry.

Are You Nervous and despondent; debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition; listless; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples; restless; bone pains; sore throat.

You Run No Risk—We Will Treat You Free
 If you call now, before March 1st, we will give you one week of treatment free, if you desire, to prove that we can cure you. Did you ever receive or hear of a fairer offer? If you cannot call, write for 242-page medical adviser, sent FREE.

OUT-OF-TOWN MEN VISITING THE CITY
 Consult us at once upon arrival and maybe you can be cured before returning home. Many cases can be cured in one or two or more visits, continuing treatment when home. Consultation and advice free.

Heidelberg Medical Institute,
 CORNER FIFTH AND JACKSON STREETS, ST. PAUL, MINN.
 Entrance 151 E. Fifth St. Only Three Blocks from Union Depot.
 Largest Medical Institute in the Northwest. \$100,000 Capital.
 Incorporated Under the State Laws of Minnesota. Old and Reliable.
 Hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays and Holydays—9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

Photographic reproduction (reduced) of one of the Reinhardt's Minnesota advertisements—the Heidelberg Medical Institute. This appeared after these quacks had been driven out of Wisconsin.—(From "Nostrums and Quackery.")

Eddie's shoes. They'll get him for coughing up that stuff, although if he had not done it I feel that I would have. The atrocities we witnessed were just more than a human being could stand. The Gary office is at 436 Broadway. There is a museum in front with the offices and operating-rooms in the back. Julius Sweizenthall is the general manager of this place, as well as the ones in South Chicago, Hammond, and one I believe in Fort Wayne. He manages the whole chain, which are owned by Dr. Flint and the Reinhardts. Sweizenthall is an educated, cold-blooded, heartless giant. Dr. Morse is the physician.

"Men are not merely swindled in that office, they are ruined in health. I myself caught Dr. Morse rifling the clothes of a patient I had on the electrical table. The man's clothes were in the next room. I came in and caught the doctor going through the man's coat. The card index at the Gary office is full

of such notations as 'Faker—claims he lost \$20 while in office,' or 'N. G.; tried to tell us he had been robbed of his pay envelope while here.' These notations are made so that in case the man makes a complaint to the police the doctor will show the notation to the police and say: 'Yes, he was here and said he had been robbed, and we made a notation of it, but know nothing about it. We are a reputable firm of business men and we couldn't afford to do business of that kind.'

"One day a man came in with an inflamed eye. He had caught cold in it or it had become red from working in front of an open furnace. Dr. Morse looked at him. He told the interpreter to ask the man how much he would give if the doctor made him see through the eye right away. The interpreter shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Doctor, the man only has \$20.' 'Well, I'll do it for that,' said Dr. Morse.

Puts Cocain in Eye

"He put that man on the table and dropped a 4 per cent. solution of cocain in the man's eye. The man saw immediately, but I knew that the cocain had almost paralysed the optic nerve. I thought that the man stood a good chance of going blind. I went to Sweizenthall and remonstrated.

"It's bad enough to fool with men who have had diseases,' I said, 'but it's criminal to monkey with a man's sight.'

"These are cases in which Sweizenthall shows how wise he is. He went in and bawled the doctor out for it, and when the man came back the next day he was instructed to go to a 5 and 10 cent store and buy a pair of blue goggles for 10 cents. That reassured the patient that he was not being victimized, and consequently stopped any further kick from him. The last day I was there my wife came down to the office to meet me. I rushed out of the operating-room, tearing my hair. I said to her: 'I can't stand it another minute; I'm through.' There was a man slowly bleeding to death on the table. They were trying to administer neosalvarsan with a rusty injection needle.

"Morse and Sweizenthall were digging around in the flesh of his arm with that rusty needle, trying to strike the artery. They couldn't pierce it because the needle was dull. It was sickening. As I rushed out of the room Sweizenthall grabbed me by the throat in the hall. 'If you say a word about this I'll kill you,' he said. I told him that I was through. I took off the white coat I was wearing and walked out. I don't know whatever became of the man on the table or any of the hundred others that were butchered."

MEDICAL FAKERS TRY "STRONG-ARM"

**Flint-Reinhardt-Johnson Combination Uses Bulldozing and Violence—
Driven to Desperation—Seek to Force Editors in Other
Cities to Retract on "Tribune's" Story**

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 16, 1913.]

The Flint-Reinhardt-Johnson combination of quacks are fighting desperately, it was learned yesterday, to retain their hold on the district outside of Chicago, which has been seriously shaken by the *Tribune's* exposé of their methods. Strong-arm methods have been used in at least one instance in a futile attempt to intimidate a man who testified against them in Chicago, and in other places bluff, fake affidavits and coercion are employed to induce newspapers to retract excerpts from the *Tribune* which they have published. The combination has not asked the *Tribune* to retract.

Dr. W. R. Reinhardt, who is the acting head of the quack syndicate in the middle West, left yesterday for New Orleans, where, he has been informed, the local "institute" is in trouble. Johnson—H. E. Johnson of Davenport, Iowa—is at St. Joseph, Mo., where exposures by the *Gazette* have caused trouble. Dr. Edward N. Flint is holding the fort in Chicago in empty offices at 225 South State Street. In St. Joseph attempts to coerce the editor of the *Gazette* have failed. It was in a desperate attempt to force a retraction by that newspaper that the Flint-Reinhardt-Johnson combination used strong-arm methods. A first attempt to force the *Gazette* to retract on the *Tribune's* story having failed, Johnson and a St. Joseph lawyer named Lawrence E. Goldman came to Chicago, and, having picked up another man named Giddings, went to the plant of Spiegel, May, Stern Company, at 1055 West Thirty-fifth Street.

Bulldozing Methods Told

They called out of the office a young man who is employed there, who formerly was in the employ of the combination as manager of the St. Joseph "institute." He had resigned when he found out what kind of a place the combination was operating. This is the young man's story of what happened:

"As soon as I sat down three men surrounded me and in a threatening manner demanded that I sign an affidavit they had prepared. I asked to be allowed to read it. I found to my astonishment that it set forth I had been paid \$110 for making the statement about the St. Joseph place which appeared in the *Tribune*. I told the three men I would not sign the affidavit. I added that I had called up the *Tribune* voluntarily and that I had told my story freely to a reporter later without demanding or expecting any money. I asked them to leave me alone to earn an honest living.

Violence and Curses Tried

"Then the three men began to threaten me. One of them told me he would 'get' me. Another grabbed me by the shoulder and jerked me to my feet. I jerked myself away from them and went back to my office. They left cursing and threatening to 'see me later.' A few days after this Reinhardt called me up by the telephone. He appointed a meeting at the Hotel Sherman. I agreed to meet him and arranged to have a *Tribune* reporter witness the interview. I talked with Reinhardt for two hours at the Sherman. He wanted me to sign an affidavit saying the *Tribune's* charges were false. I refused to sign and he left swearing."

The Vienna Medical Institute used to be the name of the Reinhardts' Chicago branch.—(From "Nostrums and Quackery.")

After the first attempt to get the affidavit had failed Johnson went back to St. Joseph, where he resumed his efforts to coerce the editor of the *Gazette*. He brought with him affidavits signed by the men who had been with him in Chicago, saying that the young man they had threatened had made admissions in their presence. These affidavits are all perjured.

**IF YOU NEED A
DOCTOR
COME TO US**

WE CURE FOR ONLY
\$1 TO \$5
Per Course

**SORES,
BLOOD POISON,
SWELLINGS,
SKIN DISEASES,
KIDNEY,
BLADDER
DISEASES,
CATARRHAL
DISCHARGES.**



CONSULTATION FREE

If you have an old trouble that has been hanging on for weeks or months and getting nowhere from doctors and druggists, don't waste more money. Try our medicine. We have a reliable cure and will cure you quickly and cheaply. Don't let any disease drag you down and weaken you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS
quickly restored. Do you feel you are not as you used to be, or used to feel? Are you weak, listless, in the hands, worried, can't sleep? We can cure you and make you robust again by restoring your rich blood to every organ. We cure cheaply.

"RUPTURE ENLARGEMENTS"
Enlargements in the neck or back of the neck, swelling of the throat or voice, caused from straining, coughing, sneezing or lifting. Curing, preventing, restoring health of throat, which produces drooping, aching, hoarseness, is taken without stopping or discomfort. If you have some trouble (write that you don't understand, come to see, we will examine you and tell you about it. WE CURE CHEAPLY.

WRITE IF YOU CANNOT CALL TO-DAY.
Office hours: Every day from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Sundays and Thursdays 11 a. m. to 2 p. m.
9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

VIENNA MEDICAL INSTITUTE
120 Dearborn-st., Cor. Madison-st.
2D FLOOR—ENTRANCE ROOM 214.

THE DAILY NEWS — Chicago's most popular newspaper.—The Journalist, New York

DR. BERNARD M. ROSS

He Tells a Perfectly Healthy Caller He Has Seminal Weakness;
Asks \$20

[*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 29, Nov. 1 and 17, 1913.]

October 11.—Dr. B. M. Ross has offices on the fifth floor of the Crilly building. Big black letters spell his name on his windows. The office is near the elevator and as one steps out he gazes, naturally, at "Dr. B. M. Ross." I went to see him to-day at 7 o'clock in the evening. The outer office or waiting-room is ornately furnished. Three doors marked "Private" open off this room. A youth in shirt sleeves accosted me as I entered.

"Were you ever here before?" was his greeting.

I assured him I was a genuine new patient and he offered me a seat. There were two other men waiting beside me. Soon a bell rang and the youth motioned one of the two into the south "private" door. Shortly afterward a white-robed doctor—not Dr. Ross—opened another private door, and admitted the other man.

I smoked a pipe, which the white-robed doc told me to put away. He also requested the youth to open the door and let the smoke out. The youth is addicted to whistling "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," in a peculiar key and is fond of baseball talk. The bell rang again, the man who was talking to Dr. Ross came out, and it was my turn to see the great specialist.

"What's your name?"

"Dimond."

"What can I do for you?"

I told him in general terms several things which I believed to be symptoms of syphilis. He questioned me closely in quick, crisp, and business-like tones, made an examination, and declared I did not have syphilis, but that I was not strong.

"We can fix you up, then."

"How much?"

"Twenty dollars."

Finds Patient Very Weak

"Do I need it absolutely, doctor?"

"Yes, you do. Sit down. You are all run down. You are too weak now to get married."

"All right, doctor."

"Well?"

"How much money do you want now?"

"Have you got \$10? You ought to have \$10. Give me \$10."

"I haven't got that much."

"You ought to have it. Give me \$5 then."

I took out four dollars and some change—all I had.

"I didn't know it would cost so much, doctor."

"Give me \$4 then I can't—"

"I'll give you \$2; I can't afford any more just now."

"Two dollars! Why, I'm wasting time! Two dollars."

"Well, I'll bring you the rest Monday."

"Oh, all right, then, come in Monday. Sit down, I want to get your analysis. What's your first name?"

"Everett. I'm a clerk in a grocery in Wilmette."

He wrote out a card, marked "seminal weakness" and \$20, and told me to wait. Then he brought me a small box of pills, initialed each one, "B. M. R.," and told me to take one every three hours.


I asked him for a receipt.

"No. Not now. Come in Monday. See me personally. I'll remember. Give you a receipt in full. Monday. Come in Monday. Monday, don't forget. Monday, and have the \$18."

When I came out there were four men waiting.

Dr. Ross' Special Offer

Come to Me for Free Consultation.
NOT \$1 UNTIL SATISFIED
IF YOU CANNOT CALL WRITE
FOR FREE ADVICE.



MEN!

If you have noticed the signs of health and are conscious of a general drain upon your system, you can be cured before your constitution is broken down. Do not let your life's blood and strength be sapped away. Do not wait until you have become a nervous and physical wreck.

My treatment will quickly give you back your vitality, restore strength and vigor to weak men.

My treatment will quickly cure all cases of seminal weakness, loss of strength and vigor, etc.

My treatment will quickly cure all cases of seminal weakness, loss of strength and vigor, etc.

My treatment will quickly cure all cases of seminal weakness, loss of strength and vigor, etc.

A. M. ROSS, M. D.
1800 N. Dearborn
Chicago, Ill.

SPECIFIC BLOOD POISON CURED.
Glands, skin eruptions, swollen glands, sore in the mouth and throat, head aches, etc. The blood is the life of the body. If it is impure, the body is impure. My treatment will quickly cure all cases of blood poisoning, skin eruptions, swollen glands, sore in the mouth and throat, head aches, etc.

CURE URINARY DISEASES.
My treatment will quickly cure all cases of urinary diseases, including gonorrhea, syphilis, etc.

No Experimenting. No Quackery.
Twenty-Five Years of Practice.

Dr. B. M. Ross

35 SOUTH DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
Consulting Office, 1800 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.
Office Hours: Every day, 9 to 4. Monday, 10 to 1. Also on Wed., Fri. and Sat. evenings, 7 to 9:30.

DR. ROSS "GETS THE MONEY"

A former employee of the Legal Aid Bureau writes of the efforts of Dr. B. M. Ross "to get the money." He was foiled in the attempt to collect \$110 from a poor woman by the Legal Aid. He tells of the incident as follows:

"A foreign-born woman went to see Dr. Ross about an illness which her son had. She was told immediately that her son needed an operation and inquired how much money she had. She had \$4. He told her the operation would cost \$35, but he would take the \$4 for the first payment and had the woman sign a note for \$110. The woman called his attention to the advertisement of Dr. Ross. 'Not a dollar charged until cured.'

"He made a hasty examination of the boy and gave him some medicine. On the following day she returned and was immediately asked if she had any money with her. The patient never returned, but went to a free clinic at the Northwestern University Medical School. From there she was referred to the Legal Aid. I telephoned to Dr. Ross and he said he never had intended to collect the note. However, I advised him to call at my office.

After considerable persuasion, he relinquished the note."

PAID ROSS \$250

Chicago, Oct. 27.—[Editor of the *Tribune*.]—Was pleased to read your bold exposé this morning of the quack doctors. Dr. B. M. Ross, 35 South Dearborn Street, induced me to take several years' treatment from him, during which time I paid him about \$250, with no beneficial results. Hoping you will keep up the exposure until all of the quacks are compelled to close up shop, I am,

SUBSCRIBER.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF ROSS

[Editor of the *Tribune*.]—Just a few lines to say that you have not shown Dr. Ross up enough. I am one of his victims and want to state he is about the biggest swindler there is. He examined me and said he could cure me in a short time for \$20. Well, I went six weeks and at the end of that time was just as bad as ever. I went along until it was six months and no better yet. He just kept me in the same condition all the time and all the time I was paying him money. Well, so it went for almost eleven months, and I finally got

enough gumption to stop going to him. I then went to a real doctor and he fixed me up in seven weeks' time. About a month after I stopped going to Dr. Ross I got a letter from him that would make almost anybody who read it believe he was the finest doctor on earth. He got \$75 of my hard-earned money.

A. W. H.

COME TO DOCTOR ROSS

who has had twenty-five years of continuous practice in Chicago treating the above conditions which is a guarantee to the sick that they will receive the most efficient treatment. The best results are obtained by new methods and treatments that are endorsed by leading doctors of Europe and America. Seek proper medical advice at once, for neglect may be fatal to your whole future happiness. Call about any disease or weakness.

ADVICE WILL BE GIVEN TO YOU WILLINGLY AND FREE OF CHARGE.

DR. B. M. ROSS, 35 SOUTH DEARBORN ST., CORNER MONROE STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. ROOMS 506 AND 507 CRILLY BUILDING

(TAKE ELEVATOR TO FIFTH FLOOR.)

Hours: Every day, 9 to 4; Sundays, 10 to 1; also Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.

Doctor Ross is a graduate and licensed physician, established in Chicago 1892, twenty-five years in same location.

Chorzy Mężczyźni i Kobiety Przyjdźcie do

Doktora Ross'a

Chicagowski Specjalista. Zakład 25 lat istnienia.

Osobę ciężko pracującą i mającą średnie dochody, leczącą najskuteczniej środkami medycznymi po umiarkowanych cenach. Biednymi są najchętniej z taką uwagą, że bogaci nie mogą się spóźnić na lepsze leczenie. Mężczyźni i kobiety nie potrzebują samoleczenia swego chorobliwego stanu, ponieważ koszt leczenia w zakładzie doktora Ross'a są dostępne dla każdego. Przyjdź, gdzie możesz otrzymać pomoc, ulgę i wyzdolenie z chronicznych chorób, neuralgii, nerwowości, chorób serca, żołądka, wątroby, nerek lub chorób zakaźnych, jak również z tych wszystkich chorób, które są wywołane zaburzeniami krwi i podkopują zdrowie i siły życiowe. Jeśli masz zatrutą krew, przyjdź gdzie kuracja może być osiągnięta prawdziwym 606 lub 914 z pomocą innych stosowanych środków. Słabi, nerwowi, lub bezsilni mężczyźni czy kobiety, nie potrzebują się obawiać przyjechać do nas po poradę, gdyż udzielamy jej absolutnie bezpłatnie. Przyjdź tam, gdzie tysiące osób się leczyło i gdzie im przywrócono zdrowie. Nie zwlekaj, gdy badanie krwi, analiza moczu, egzaminacja promieniami Roentgena lub badaniem mikroskopijem wykazę właściwy twój stan. Wiele pacjentów długie odbywa podróże ze wszystkich części Stanów Zjednoczonych, aby ich stan zdrowia został należyście zbadany i aby zastosowane zostało należyte ich leczenie. Dr. Ross'a oficy i laboratorium zaopatrzone są we wszystkie elektryczne aparaty, najnowsze instrumenty, a departament aptekarski jest pełen najskuteczniejszych lekarstw.

Czy objawiają się u ciebie które z tych symptomów?

Czy pogwałciłeś prawo zdrowia? Czujesz się zmęczonym i zmęczonym? Brak ci energii i ambicji? Masz biele serce? Czy masz męczalność? Czy masz przykre sny? Czy masz zaparcie, czy cierpisz na jakie dolegliwości żołądka, wątroby lub nerek? Czy masz bóle głowy albo neuralgię? Masz kłopotliwą krew, ból w krzyżach, wzdęcia, bóle w ustach, bóle w gardle, wyrosty słone, odbijania się i zgagę po jedzeniu, żółta skóra, kłopoty z żółcią, kłopoty albo masz inne jakie zaburzenia wewnętrzne? Dr. Ross'a, 25-letnia i stała praktyka w Chicago w leczeniu powyższych stanów zdrowia, jest zważająca dla chorych, że otrzymają jak najbardziej skuteczne leczenie. Po staraj się o należyte wskazówki medyczne natychmiast, gdyż naszedł cię może się stać fatalnym dla całego przyszłego swego szczęścia. Przyjdź do doświadczanego lekarza, w sprawie jakiegokolwiek bądź choroby lub słabości. Porada nie cię nie będzie kosztowała. Wskazówki będą ci dane chętnie i bezpłatnie w języku polskim. Dr. B. M. Ross, 35 South Dearborn ulica, narożnik Monroe ulicy, Chicago, III. Pokoje 506 i 507, Crilly budynek. Weź elevator na 5-te piętro. Godziny każdorazowe od 9-tej do 4-tej. W niedzielę od 10 do 12-tej. Także w poślednia, środy, piątki i soboty wieczorem od 7 do 8-tej.



CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION ROOM

Serganti Vyrai ir Moters

Eikite pas

DAKTARĄ ROSS

Chicagos Specialistas. Įsteigta 25 Metai.

DARBININKAM ŽMONIŲ IR ŽMONIŲ VIDUTINIŠKAI PASITURINTIEMS YRA DUODAMAS GERIAUSIAS MEDIKALIS GYDYMAS UŽ VIDUTINES KAINAS. ĮBETURČIUS ATKREIPTIŲ GERIAUSIA ATYDA IR TURTINGI NEGALI GAUTI GERESNIO GYDymo. VYRAI IR MOTERS NEREIKALAUJA APSILEISTI SAVO SERGANČIAME STOVYJE, DELTO, KAD DR. ROSS MOKESCIAL PRISKAITANT GYDUOLES, PRIEINAMI KIEKVIENTAI YPATAI.

Eikite kur galite rasti pagalbą dėl ligų: reumatizmo, neuralgijos, nervų kėblumo, širdies, vidurių, kepenų, inkstų, puslės, šlapinimosi, užkrečiamas ligas kraują betvarkės ir visas chroniškas sąlygas, kurias sukuria sveikata, stiprumą ir gyvybės pajėgumą.

Jeigu jūs turite užnuodytą kraują ateikite kur stebėtai ligų gydymui yra suteikiami su tikru 914 pagerintu 606 ir gerbstančiais vaistais. Silpnai, nervuoti, sergantys arba suirę vyrai ir moters, negniuokite ateiti dėl pasitarimo ir egzaminavimo, kuris bus duotas jums visai dykai. Eikite kur tuksantais žmonių ligų gydymą ir buvo sagrautinti į sveikatą.

When the English language newspapers refuse to carry the advertising of quacks there is always the ignorant foreigner to fall back on.

DR. ISAAC WALTER HODGENS

He Tells His Perfectly Healthy Caller He Has Prostatitis and Wants \$35 for Treatment

[*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 27, 30, Nov. 1 and 5, 1913.]

Hodgens' place is at 35 South Dearborn Street. He advertises "scientific direct methods" for curing "specific blood poison, acute and chronic infectious diseases, weakness and nervousness" in the shortest possible time, and lays emphasis on the fact that he is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College. He informed a perfectly healthy investigator who called on him that he was suffering from prostatitis and offered to cure him for \$35. This diagnosis was based on an examination of a mixture of water, ammonia and anilin which had been submitted to him by his "patient." It is true that he is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College. He was licensed to practice medicine in this state in 1902. He lives in Wilmette.

Visit to Dr. Hodgens

October 10.—I visited Dr. I. W. Hodgens, second floor of the Crilly building, 35 South Dearborn street, to-day. I gave the name of H. Vanderveen.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor when I entered.

"Nervous," I said. "Wanted to have you look me over. I haven't been feeling well."

He looked at my tongue and said it was badly coated. Then he examined my eyes with a magnifying glass.

"Appetite?" he asked.

"Sometimes good. Sometimes bad."

I told him I was worried over my health because I couldn't enjoy the work I was doing—inside work over a desk.

"I think that something is wrong with your urinary tract," he said.

He asked me to bring him a specimen to-morrow. He said his bill would be reasonable and to feel perfectly safe. He did not require any sort of a deposit. On the walls of his office are pictures of persons in various degrees of syphilis. He ushers patients out of the office by a rear passage.

Oct. 11.—I called on Dr. I. W. Hodgens again to-day. I delivered to him a bottle, which he had provided yesterday, filled with a mixture of water, ammonia and anilin, obtained from the American Medical Association.

"I will have to examine this, Mr. Vanderveen," he said. "It will take me ten or fifteen minutes. Wait here."

He returned in about ten minutes. "Be patient, Mr. Vanderveen, I don't want to say I know what's wrong until I have thoroughly examined the contents of the bottle. I think there is uric acid in it."

In ten minutes he returned again and examined the prostate gland.

Finds "Patient" Very Nervous

"Very sensitive, very sensitive, young man. I will have to make a further examination."

"What is the prostate gland?" I asked him, "and how serious is the trouble?"

He escorted me to his drug dispensary and provided me with a bottle containing a red fluid. It was marked "Private Formula." He seemed worried about my condition.

"Now, Harry," he said when I left, "I am glad you came to us. You are in a serious condition."

Then he handed me a small packet of pills.

DR. I. W. HODGENS STILL OPERATES DESPITE EXPOSURE OF HIS "FAKE MEDICINE SHOP"—WORKS ON NEW "VICTIM"

Tells Man in Perfect Health He Is Diseased and in a Most Serious Condition—Falls into Trap Set by Mail

Although the inner workings of the "quack shop" of Dr. I. W. Hodgens at 35 South Dearborn Street, in the Crilly building, have been exposed to the public, the "faker" and his aids continue to keep their office open and extort money from well persons. Perhaps Dr. Hodgens is the most brazen of all the quack doctors of Chicago. When the searchlight was turned on the methods of Dr. Louis E. Zins he engaged a berth and slipped away to Canada. But Dr. Hodgens remains and has the nerve to face persons afflicted with no disease whatever and to demand \$100 for a "cure."

Dr. Hodgens has an elaborate suite of offices on the second floor of the Crilly building. Numerous signs are painted in all the possible space both on the inside and outside of his offices. From Dearborn and Monroe streets painted announcements on the windows of his place of "fakery" tell of the various diseases which can be "cured" by the wizard of medicine. The second floor is a particularly fitting location because the pedestrians and street-car passengers may read easily the "messages" of "Specialist" Hodgens to persons suffering from real and imaginary ailments. The *Tribune* asked its correspondent at Kenosha a few weeks ago to write letters to the quacks it was investigating in Chicago. The name the correspondent gave was "Robert C. Evans," which was fictitious.

Falls Into the Trap

"Evans" wrote that he was suffering from kidney trouble. Dr. Hodgens immediately replied that he could cure him, but a consultation and personal examination would be advisable and told "Evans" to come to Chicago as soon as possible. A reporter took the letter and went to Dr. Hodgens' office on Saturday afternoon. He was examined by a man who said he was Dr. Hodgens. The reporter did not know of the symptoms which "Evans" had given in his letter but apparently the charlatan did not care. The reporter was examined by a reputable physician and pronounced in perfect health before he went to see Dr. Hodgens. However, Dr. Hodgens found that the reporter was suffering with numerous diseases, one of them so grave that he would not give his diagnosis of it until he had time to make a laboratory test. The "quack" was sure of one thing—that the price for a cure would be \$100.

Details of Visit to Hodgens

The reporter's story of his visit to Dr. Hodgens follows:

I went to the office of Dr. I. W. Hodgens on the second floor of the Crilly building at 4 o'clock this [Saturday] afternoon. Numerous figures of hands in

front of the elevator pointed the way to the portal of Dr. Hodgens' laboratory of cure-alls. I saw several young men sitting in easy chairs reading copies of the *Police Gazette* as I entered the large waiting-room. A negro with a broad grin and wearing a white coat greeted me.

"Is this your first visit here!" he asked.

"It is," I answered, "but I have had some correspondence with Dr. Hodgens."

I pulled a letter from my pocket which had been written by Dr. Hodgens to "Robert C. Evans of Kenosha, Wis." I handed it to the negro and he took it through a door marked "Dr. Hodgens, consultation, private."

Some Fine Reading Matter

I sat down in one corner of the room and picked up a *Police Gazette*, which seemed to me the chief periodical for the perusal of Dr. Hodgens' waiting patients. There is an air of scholasticism about the waiting-room of Dr. Hodgens. One might be led to believe the proprietor was a student, or at least a sympathizer with numerous universities. The pennants of Yale, Chicago and Northwestern universities hang on the walls. Two large portraits of the physician also were on the wall. There were six persons in the room when I entered, but only one was admitted before I was ushered into the inner chambers. Whether the others were patients or were merely in the office to give the impression of rush business I did not learn.

A man, tall and slim faced, with black hair and the physician cut to his beard, was in the operating-room adjoining the office marked "Dr. Hodgens." I sat down. Glancing about me, I saw pictures of wax figures showing the ravages of syphilis and other diseases on men, women and children. The pictures were in frames and arranged so the suffering patient might see them on flopping down in the seat in the doctor's sanctum.

"Well, Mr. Evans, how are you getting along?" the doctor greeted me.

"Pretty well, doctor," I replied.

"You decided you would come down and take your treatment instead of taking it by mail, did you?"

"Yes, doctor, I thought you might be able to tell better what was wrong with me if you saw me and made an examination."

"That's right, but I could have handled your case just as well by mail. We are proficient in treating by mail, you know."

"Is that so?"

"What is the trouble with you, anyway? Tell me everything that is the matter with you."

Keeps Red Card Record

The doctor picked up a pen and held it poised above a red card. He had the letter before him which "Mr. Evans" had written a month ago.

"Well, doctor, I don't know what is the matter with me. I have felt some pains in my back when I get up in the morning for the last six or seven years. I don't know what causes those pains. They are shooting pains."

"Go on, tell me everything."

"That's all I know, doctor."

"You look to be in bad condition. Have you gone to excesses in any way?"

"I don't think so, unless it has been in eating and sleeping."

The doctor frowned. He looked at the letter.

"Are you a married man?"

I told him that I was not.

"You say in the letter that you are 40 years old."

"Did I, doctor? I am not quite 40. I am 36 now."

The doctor walked into the operating-room and he beckoned to me to follow.

He ordered me to the operating table, and after some preliminary maneuvers I was told part of the things that I was suffering from.

"I am sure that you have prostatitis, although your prostate gland seems normal," the doctor said. "You have sugar in your kidneys. I don't want to say how much until I have a sample of your urine tested in my laboratories. It is too late to do that to-day. You have an ulcerated urethra, due no doubt to the passage of a large quantity of sugar through that canal, irritating it. You might have posterior gonorrhea and I am inclined to believe you have."

He Gravely Shakes His Head

The physician took a sample of urine and looked at it. His face drew into deep lines as if what he saw made him twenty years older. He shook his head gravely, and had I been an unsuspecting patient, perhaps, I, too, would have grown years older. He said nothing for several minutes.

"You are 36 years old, you say?"

"Yes."

"You have been having pains in your back since you were 30 years old. Do you wake up in the morning with puffs under your eyes?"

"I do not," I said.

"Come into the other room," he said.

"I Can Cure You," He Says

"I don't want to tell you to-day just how serious your case is," the doctor replied. "But it is something that will require a long treatment, but I can cure you. You had better come here again Monday and as often as you can."

"I can't come every day. Would every Saturday do?"

"That would be fine."

"Now," he said, "we will have to make some arrangement about the bill."

"Yes, that is necessary, I suppose. What will it cost me?"

"It will cost you \$100 for a cure. You may be worse than I think you are and it may cost you more than that, but you don't care what it costs so long as you get a cure, do you?"

I told him I wasn't exactly wealthy and I would like to have the fee as reasonable as possible.

"I can't give you that treatment for any less. Of course, there will be a little extra for drugs from time to time, but that won't amount to much. I want you to buy all your drugs from us, as our stock is pure, and oftentimes when you buy from the stores the quality is below standard and filled with impurities.

"But you have got a long road to travel, Mr. Evans. I will have to build you up for three weeks or a month before you will be able to take the treatment for your kidneys."

Naturally, being a young man, 25 years old, six feet tall, and weighing 185 pounds, having played football for six years and finished a summer of daily tennis, I was somewhat surprised to find that I had wasted away until I needed to build up for a month before I could take the medicine. But the doctor insisted.

He Wants \$50 Deposit

"When do you want the \$100?" I asked.

"Well, I don't ask payment in advance, but I want a deposit. I would like to have \$50 down to-day."

"Doctor, I came away from Kenosha in a hurry and I didn't bring much money with me. Won't something less do just as well?"

"I can't take less than \$25."

"But I haven't that much."

"Pay me \$10."

"Here is all I have—\$5."

The doctor took it and gave me credit on the red card. I am supposed to go see this doctor again next Saturday. He told me to be sure to come back. He thinks I am Mr. Evans and he has that name on his card. However, "Mr. Evans" never saw the doctor and I don't know whether the facts that I told the doctor agreed with what "Mr. Evans" wrote in his letter or not. Anyway, the doctor didn't hesitate to start to work on me. "Mr. Evans" wrote that he was 40 years old and I know that I don't look to be that old. I look to be 27, perhaps.

The doctor shook my hand coldly when I left. As I slammed the door after me I heard the bell ring for another victim of the fake doctor, whose luxurious suite of offices help to hypnotize the unsophisticated youths who fear they are diseased. Recently I was examined carefully by competent physicians for life insurance and passed with a perfect health record. Immediately after Dr. Hodgens or his associates examined me and found the numerous ailments I was again examined by another physician of known reputation, and he pronounced my health perfect.

FROM A HODGENS VICTIM

Chicago, Nov. 6.—[Editor of the *Tribune*.]—I want you to know of my experience with one of those doctors, Dr. I. W. Hodgens. My blood was out of order. He led me to believe he was the whole thing—a cure-all doctor. I had to pay him \$25 down (he said it ought to be \$50) and had to pay so much a week after the examination. The first week it was \$1.50, the second \$2 for quack medicine. He was not satisfied at that. He introduced me to some dope he had from Paris.

"This will do you good, my young man," he said. "Twelve dollars a bottle."

I got a bottle next month. He wanted me to have another. Nothing doing. I was getting wise to his game. I quit calling at his place. He got \$200 from a sucker. I was not the only one. He was not satisfied at that. He wrote me a letter asking me to come back.

I said to him once: "Doc, you are doing a big business here."

"O, yes; \$200 a day," he answered.

YOUR FRIEND.

TELLS EXPERIENCE WITH HODGENS

Chicago Oct. 27.—[Editor of the *Tribune*.]—I want you to know of my experience with one of those fake doctors, I. W. Hodgens. I felt out of sorts, and his ad. got me to believe he was giving treatment. I called on him. He said I had a very bad case and that the charges would be \$25. His ad. guaranteed cures for \$10 that month, but he said I had something serious, which had to be attended to right away. He wouldn't give me a guarantee, but did give a song and dance about his honesty, the thousands he had cured, etc. I paid the last installment, but he said I must continue to take medicine—at \$1.75 the take.

"You are a fake and a swindler," said I. He was twice as heavy as I and jumped to his feet, his fists in the air and cursing, said he would punch my head into a jelly. I wasn't afraid of him though, but what I wanted to say was that he injected something into me. I lost two days' time, and was in terrible agony two days more, and even now I feel it. Another married man told me he injected that into him, too, and gave him a disease. I hope you will keep on with this good work, and I will always be ready for anything I can do for you. You can have my right name and address any time through your worthy paper.

METHODS OF DR. HODGENS

One victim of the "quacks" is eager to keep from paying a note of \$40 which he gave Dr. Hodgens. Two reputable physicians could not find the attack of syphilis which Dr. Hodgens "discovered." The patient writes:

"I am exceedingly grateful to you for exposing those fake doctors, and also I want some advice concerning a note of \$40 which Dr. Hodgens, Crilly building, holds against me for a disease which he contracted to cure me of and which other doctors advised me I had no symptoms of. I went to him July 1 for a consultation and he informed me I had syphilis, and since then I have been examined by two reputable doctors and they have pronounced my health perfect. He frightened me just as he tried to frighten your reporter, and I paid him \$10 then. He said he would cure me in one month and give me a clean bill of health for \$50. But he informed me that he must have some security before he took my case. He suggested to me that I assign my wages to him for the balance of \$40. I did. He gave me only one bottle of little pills and said it was a good thing that I came to him as soon as I did, as I was in the second stage. After I saw the other doctors I never went back. He wrote me last week to come and get my treatments and pay him the \$40. What shall I do?"

HEALTHY MAN MADE ILL

"H. M. B." inclosed receipts for \$17.30 signed by Dr. I. W. Hodgens. He writes:

"Hodgens was referred to me as a specialist and at that time my hair was falling out rapidly. He told me I could be cured, but after several weeks of treatment my hair was not benefited in any respect. During his treatment he gave me some pills to be taken three times a day. I took one of the pills in the evening and the very next morning was prevented from shaving by the exceeding soreness of my face. I went to work, but was compelled to go home at noon. After being confined at home for a week, during which time I had to be blindfolded on account of the medicine affecting my eyes, I lost all the skin on my face, neck and ears. I paid him approximately \$25, \$15 for medical services and about \$10 for medicine."

This dodge of giving the victim medicine which causes a skin eruption is practiced by practically all of the quacks. It is part of their plan for making the healthy dupe think he really is ill.

"MADE ME NERVOUS WRECK"

Another correspondent says:

"I want you to know of my experience with Hodgens. I came to see him about my back. He told me I was a very sick man and that he would cure me for \$30. At the first treatment he gave me an injection that pained me so bad that I fainted. In all he took \$45 and made me a nervous wreck. It took me two years to get well."

DR. HOWE & COMPANY

Dr. Ward Discovers His Visitor Has Prostatitis and Wants \$45

[*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 28, Nov. 1 and 5, 1913.]

The offices of this concern are at 120 North Dearborn Street. Dr. Howe was not seen by the reporter. He was "treated" by a Dr. Ward. The company maintains several assistants and attendants and a "pharmacist." The company's chief stock in trade is a room filled with electrical devices, which the patient is led to believe will cure disease. The same reporter who called on Dr. Zins and was said by him to have syphilis was pronounced by Dr. Ward to be a sufferer from prostatitis. Dr. Ward represented that prostatitis is a dangerous disease. He despaired of the reporter's life. The reporter took two "treatments" at this place and was sent away with a pocket full of medicines, for which he gave up \$2. "Come-on" methods were employed on him in the belief that he had an account in the savings bank which Howe & Co. could get. This concern was established by Dr. Clarence F. Howe. Francis R. Ward is the president and William T. Upton secretary. Dr. Ward is a graduate of the University of New York. Dr. Howe's graduation record is not available. He has "quacked" in many parts of the country—in 1902 in San Francisco, Cal., and Washington, Tex.; in 1896 at Pomona, Cal., and in 1904 at 1 North Broadway, St. Louis.

September 26.—I went into the office of Dr. Howe & Co., 102 North Dearborn street, and a tall man wearing glasses met me at the door. I learned later that he was Dr. Ward. He bowed and said, "Good morning. Step right into my office. I see you are in trouble."

"Yes, sir," I said, "I do not know what is the matter with me, but I want an examination."

"Just sit down in the chair," he said, and he took hold of my wrist.

"Now, what is the main trouble," he inquired.

"I don't know, doctor," I said, "I have not been exactly sick but I have not gained any weight during the last two years and I fear something is wrong with me."

"Ah, I can see that without you telling me," he replied. "You are nervous. You cannot sleep well. Your appetite is not what it should be. You are a man with an ill-used body, my good young sir. Now, I will fix you up."

Wants to Know About Money

He took my name and address and inquired my business.

"How much money can you pay?" he asked.

"Well, doctor," I replied, "I cannot pay very much, but I have a little account in a bank in Lexington, Ky."

"Fine, fine," he replied. "Now, young man, I don't want to scare you, but you are in a serious fix. You are extremely fortunate in coming to me at this time. If you had delayed six months I would have given you up for lost."

"But, doctor," I inquired, "what is the matter with me? Is it as serious as all that? Tell me what is wrong with me. I had no idea I was so bad off."

Gives His "Patient" Treatment

"Young man, your case is serious," he said, "and although it is rather irregular for me, I will begin the treatment immediately, because it is necessary for your health. I will expect you to get that money as soon as possible."

He led me to the floor above.

"Follow instructions and trust in me," he said. "These wonderful machines will make a new man of you. You will always thank me for what I am going to do. Now take this treatment and I will expect you to get that money as soon as you can. Haven't you got a few dollars with you that you could pay me down?"

"No, sir," I said. "I did not bring any money because I did not think it was so serious. I will get that money as soon as possible."

Then he turned me over to an assistant with the instructions to give me the "prostatitis treatment." This assistant ordered me to take off my coat and then led me to a stool which was placed near a vibrating machine. I sat on the stool and placed my back against two little rubber knobs. The assistant turned a button and the knobs began to vibrate against my back. Every ten minutes the assistant came back to the machine and changed the position of the knobs. After taking the vibration for thirty minutes the assistant stopped the machine and felt of my pulse.

"Fine, fine," he said. "Now I will give you the second treatment."

"He led me into a small booth. In the booth was a chair. On the back of a chair was a steel bar, against which I placed my back. On the wall beside the chair was a rheostat, with which I was supposed to control an electric current, which began to pass through my body.

"What is this thing, and what will it do to me?" I asked.

"It is one of Dr. Howe's famous electrical treatments, which has cured thousands. Now you control the current, and I will shut off the power when you have had enough."

I allowed the current to pass through my body for about one minute. Then I shut off the power and looked about the room. It contained many electrical machines. They were machines known to every schoolboy. When I heard the assistant coming back I lay back in the chair as if I had fainted. He lifted up my head and asked:

"Do you feel weak?"

Treatment Makes "Patient" Weak

When I replied that I did he said: "That's all right. You are supposed to feel that way. The electric current makes you feel weak. We expected that and have prepared for it. Now take a drink of this medicine and it will strengthen you."

"What is in that medicine?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing but a little whisky," he replied.

"Well, I do not drink whisky and I do not want to take any now," I continued. "What else is in that besides whisky?"

"Nothing but a little stimulant," he said. "You had better take a few mouthfuls because it will brace you up."

When I refused to do so he led me into another room where a static electricity machine was located. It was arranged in a mahogany and glass case. I climbed into the chair and placed my feet on a zinc plate on the floor of the platform. The attendant put the machine in motion. The electrical current made my hair crackle.

"What is this thing doing to me?" I asked.

"This is the chief treatment," replied the assistant. "You see, when I place my finger near you electrical sparks jump from you. This is the kind of a treatment that will make a new man out of you."

"How many of these treatments will I have to take?" I asked.

"Oh, you will have to take these treatments until you are well," he informed me.

After I had sat in front of the machine for fifteen minutes I was told I had taken enough treatment for one day and I was instructed to come back the next day. The next day I returned to the office of Dr. Howe & Co. with a bottle of hydrant water, ammonia, and coloring fluid which had been prepared for me by the American Medical Association. I handed the bottle to the tall man whom I had talked to the day before.

Fluid Shows Serious Condition

"My young man, I am glad to see you," he said. "You are looking better already. I can see the treatment has done you some good. Ah, you can see for yourself by looking at this urine. It shows that you are in a serious condition. Now just look for yourself at the cloudy appearance. You can see that it is not right. Of course I can tell better than you can because I am experienced. For a man of your age the disease is far advanced."

"How long will it take to cure me, doctor?" I asked.

"It will take from four to five months to get you into shape again," he replied. "Now, did you get your money from the bank?"

"No, sir," I replied. "I expect to get the money in a few days. But I have brought a few dollars with me."

"Well, your case needs immediate treatment and it would be fatal to delay, so I will trust you and give you the treatment for a few days until you get the money.

"Now I will give you the second day's treatment. It will not be as severe as the first day. Why, young man, you have shown a marked improvement over yesterday. I will give you some medicine which will cost you \$2 per week."

I was led up to the "treatment" room where I had been the day before. An assistant put me through the same treatment and then led me to the drug department on the same floor. The "pharmacist" had prepared five different kinds of medicine for me. I was to take one kind when I awakened in the morning, another kind before breakfast, another kind after breakfast, another kind before dinner, another kind after dinner, etc.

"Suppose I get mixed up in this medicine and take it at the wrong time?" I asked the "pharmacist."

"It will not hurt you," he replied. "Just follow instructions and you won't be hurt any."

"Do I have to take this medicine until I get well?" I asked.

"Not the same kind of medicine; we change the doses frequently. This will cost you \$2," said the "pharmacist."

I gave him \$2 and asked him for a receipt.

"We don't give any receipt," the "pharmacist" replied. "The medicine is the receipt."

I started down the steps and met Dr. Ward at the door of his office.

"Well, young man, I hope to see you looking better in a few weeks," he said. "With my experienced eye I can see the improvement now. Now get that money as soon as you can and I will make a new man of you. Do you think you can bring some money to-morrow?"

"I will try, doctor," I replied.

HOW DR. HOWE & CO. WORK

The manner in which Dr. Howe & Co. tricked a prospective patient into signing a contract to pay \$60 for treatment of an imaginary nervous disease was told in a letter received from ——— of Grand Haven, Mich. He inclosed

a letter received from J. K. Lambert, an attorney for the Howe company, whose offices are in the Fort Dearborn building, and who threatened to begin legal proceedings to collect the remaining \$40.

"Being a reader of the *Tribune*," Mr. ——— writes, "I am very much pleased at the way your paper is exposing those fake doctors in Chicago. I've had an experience, and, in fact, am having it yet, with Dr. Howe & Co., 120 North Dearborn street, Chicago. Two years ago last April I went to Chicago to see Dr. Howe & Co., as I was suffering from a nervous disease which he said he could cure, but it would take him three months at least. His fee was to be \$60, and then I was to pay \$6.50 a month extra for medicine. Then he had me sign a paper, and I, in my ignorance, not knowing that it was a contract, signed it."

Dr. Howe then put Mr. ——— through his wonderful electrical cures and gave him brown medicine and white medicine for external and internal use. After a week Mr. ——— gave up the treatment and went home. The seriousness of the writer's ailment is shown by the fact that he is now married and has a healthy daughter. Dr. Howe wrote several letters appealing to the "sense of fairness" of Mr. ——— and begging that he fulfill his part of the contract as well as the quacks had fulfilled theirs. The patient says he believes he has.

DISCOVERS A "COMBINE"

How a young man was victimized out of nearly \$300, and received no benefits whatsoever, is a story told by one of Dr. Howe's patients. Seventeen months ago the ailing one, after an examination, was told he could be cured for \$40. After eight weeks' treatment he was turned over to the "consulting physician," who discovered a complication of diseases for which cure the small sum of \$120 would be asked. Six months more failed to show any benefits and Mr. Victim was told to undergo the Wassermann test. More diseases than he ever heard of were found by the searching physician. For curing these maladies another \$100 was demanded. After several weeks' of patience on the part of the doctors, eye trouble was discovered, and upon a visit to this "eye specialist," the victim's eyes were opened. He unearthed a "combine." This optical treatment cost him \$2 a week. Since reading the *Tribune* story the young man has stopped all treatment and expects to go to a reputable physician.

DR. HOWE'S OPERATIONS

This letter is from a man who has been made an exile from his home and ruined for life by medicine given him in the office of the Dr. Howe Company at 120 North Dearborn Street.

"I have been reading your paper for the last few days," he says, "and notice what a grand fight you are putting up to oust the quack doctors. I am really one of their victims and have always thought some one ought to step in and drive them out. About four years ago I went to Dr. Howe & Co. on Dearborn Street. I knew that something was wrong with me and thought best to take care of it in time. I was given three or four different electrical treatments three times a week, besides buying my own medicine, and I took the treatment for three and a half months. I was paying \$3 a week in that time, while the medicine cost me \$2 a week. Today I am a wreck, living in St. Louis, doing odd jobs, and am ashamed to come back to my home and parents. And there is no one else in the world to blame but Dr. Howe & Co., who took my money and shot the poison into me that made me such.

"F. S."

UPTON, MANAGER OF DR. HOWE & CO.

Firm of Medical Charlatans Arrested on Federal Warrant—Faker Taken in Chicago—Indictment in Omaha of Manager of State Medical Institute

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 9, 1913.]

The first of a series of prosecutions contemplated by the United States government and prompted by the *Tribune's* exposé of the crimes of quack doctors was started yesterday when federal officers placed under arrest T. W. Upton, manager of the firm of medical charlatans known as Dr. Howe & Co. Dr. Howe & Co. operate their Chicago "institute" at 120 North Dearborn Street. That they are swindlers of a dangerous character is amply evidenced by the stories of their victims that have been printed in the *Tribune*. Dr. Francis R. Ward is the resident "practitioner." Upton is given in the Chicago directory as secretary, but in reality he is manager of a string of similar "institutes" operated under aliases in different parts of the country.

Upton was arrested in Chicago on an indictment returned by the federal grand jury at Omaha. The Howe people expected to be struck in Chicago. The action of the Omaha grand jury was a complete surprise to them. It is part of a nationwide attack intended to put Dr. Howe & Co. and all swindlers like them out of business. Upton is charged with conspiracy with E. F. Andrews and L. H. Staples, both of whom reside in Omaha, to violate the postal laws by advertising the State Medical Institute, which is the particular name given by the swindlers to their Omaha establishment. The indictment charges Upton and his two alleged fellow conspirators with representing the institute to be one conducted by skilled specialists in men's diseases, when, "whereas, in truth and in fact, the institute was not a reliable concern, but was conducted solely for the unlawful, fraudulent, and felonious purpose of inducing persons to part with their money and property to said conspirators, without giving anything of value in return therefor."

Arrested in Chicago Office

Upton was arrested in his office by Deputy Marshal Charles Schrimple on a warrant issued by United States Commissioner Lewis F. Mason. He was taken to the federal building and gave bond before the commissioner. The bond was fixed at \$2,000, signed by Alphonse Russell and Charles H. Touzalin, president of the Touzalin Advertising Agency. Assistant District Attorney Peter P. Mindak represented the government in the proceedings. The hearing to determine the question of Upton's removal to Omaha for trial will be held next Saturday. Upton several years ago was manager for Dr. Sweany. He said he had tried to dispose of his interest in the Omaha concern, but had been unsuccessful. Technically he is charged with conspiracy to violate Section 215 of the Criminal Code. This statute is directed against persons using the mails to promote schemes to defraud.

The request for Upton's arrest came from District Attorney F. S. Howell of Omaha, who forwarded a certified copy of the indictment. The document recites the method of the alleged conspiracy and contains copies of numerous letters sent out to intended victims by the State Medical Institute. The means of accomplishing the fraud, according to the indictment, was to send through

the mails letters, circulars, and pamphlets and to advertise in the newspapers that the State Medical Institute "was an old established and reliable medical institute, conducted by a large staff of skilled specialists of recognized ability in the treatment of diseases of men, and whose experience, reputation and standing was such as to merit confidence."

Well Persons Made Prey

The indictment continues that it was claimed:

"That it could and would cure men in all stages of nervous debility, vital weakness and loss of power. That the said letters, circulars, pamphlets and advertisements were so framed as particularly to attract the attention of and excite the fears and prey upon the minds of boys and young men and cause them to believe themselves to be afflicted with diseases of a private, insidious, and dangerous character, which if not at once arrested would result in permanent disability and loss of power, both physical and mental, when in fact they were in normal and healthy condition and in need of no medical treatment whatever."

The indictment describes in detail the wording of the circulars urging the intended and prospective victims to call at the office.

OLD DOCTOR SWEANY CO.

Dr. McCandless Discovers Varicocele and Wants \$50 for an Operation

[*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 27, Nov. 1 and 5, 1913.]

The establishment of Old Doctor (Francis Leaverett) Sweany is at 63 West Randolph Street. The reporter who visited the place was received by a Dr. McCandless. He was told he had varicocele. The "patient" had been previously diagnosed by another quack as a syphilitic. Dr. McCandless, however, found no trace of this disease. He wanted \$50 for a minor operation. Dr. Sweany, who established this concern, was a graduate of the Medical College of Indiana, Indianapolis. The school is now defunct. He practiced simultaneously in Chicago and Philadelphia from 1900 to 1908 and in St. Louis from 1900 to 1902.

October 10.—I went to the office of Dr. Sweany & Co. at 63 West Randolph Street today. A flamboyant sign stops you as you pass on Randolph Street. Dr. Sweany's name is on the sign and on the door in big letters and it is on the steps in metal placards several times. A young man asked who I was, and, learning I was a new patient, went at once to the "doctor in charge." While he was gone a janitor stuck his head in the door and wanted to know my "number." I told him I was a new patient, and he made tracks for the front office also. The doctor in charge—his name is McCandless—invited me in, smiled, stuck out his hand, and asked what he could do for me. I told him I was to be married in a month and wanted to see if I were all right.

"I have been told I had syphilis," I said, thinking of an experience the day before with "Prof. Ehrlich," "and I want to be sure I haven't."

"What leads you to that belief?"

"Well, there's the hair falling out, doctor—and the tightness of the throat."

"I don't think you have syphilis; you don't look syphilitic. Let me examine your hair and your throat."

He strapped a magnifying glass to his forehead and trained it on my throat, pressing down my tongue with a nickel plated instrument. Then he felt my scalp.

"No, I don't believe you have syphilis," he said. "The falling hair may be due to some affected hair cells. I am of the opinion that a blood test would show negative."

After some more inquiry he said I had varicocele.

Advises Treatment for Varicocele

"That case of varicocele is not very bad now, but it's weakening. You are a young man now, vigorous and healthy, and you do not feel its influences as yet. But you would find it weakening. I would advise you to have it fixed."

"How much would it cost?"

"Fifty dollars."

"That's an awful lot of money, doctor."

"Well, it seems a good sum now. But you can afford it better at this time than after a while. You owe it to yourself and to your future wife to be in perfect health."

"I think I can borrow it," I answered after studying the matter for some moments. "I am sure I can. Would you want it all at once?"

"Oh, no, not necessarily. You could pay \$25 now and \$25 later, or you can pay so much—say \$5 or \$10—a week. We can cure you easily in the month."

He then wrote my name [Everett Dimond to-day], age, occupation, grocery clerk in Wilmette, and the amount of the fee. Dr. McCandless is a rather tall, spare and solemn man, with a look of profound sincerity and trustworthiness.

OPERATIONS OF "DR. SWEANY"

"I am so glad that your paper went after those quack doctors," writes a girl in South Chicago, "that I simply must tell you of our sad experience with one of them. We gave that big Dr. Sweany Company pretty near all my brother Alex made in wages one whole summer. Alex was a deckhand on a Graham & Morton boat and had to sleep in all kinds of places. One day he came home and told mamma he had broken out all over his body and could not sleep. I had been reading in the newspapers the advertisements of those doctors. I thought Alex had contracted some bad disease in his dirty job, and mamma and I thought it best he go to Dr. Sweany and be cured. Dr. Sweany took one look at him and says sure enough he has this bad disease and that if he didn't get busy at once he would die in a short time. He told Alex it might take a whole year to cure him, but he would take the case for \$60 and guarantee a cure.

The Secret Comes Out

"We all got together and secured the money, with the understanding that Alex was to pay us back as he got paid from the boat company. The doctor gave him only some yellow ointment to place on different parts of his body. Alex used this for two months, but instead of getting better grew worse. Mamma became alarmed, got Alex to take his shirt off, and found that the only thing the matter with my brother was that he was covered with vermin. We went to the drug store and asked the druggist what kind of ointment Sweany had prescribed. He said it was sulphur, and he would sell us enough to kill a dozen crops of vermin for 50 cents. It cured Alex when he rubbed it all over his body. Sweany knew what was wrong all the time, but he told Alex if he did not keep up the treatments he never could get married and in a year or so he would either be dead or in a sanatorium. Now, we will admit that we are ignorant and don't know much, but we surely thought no human being would ever treat us that way. It surely would do my heart good to see the whole Sweany Company in jail for life—also all the rest of his kind. And for what you have done so far I will promise you that I will read the *Tribune* every day of my life, and I hope you will continue to get after them still worse."


SOME MORE OF SWEANY

Here are other letters:

"Chicago, Oct. 27.—[Editor of the *Tribune*.]—Your exposé of quack doctors reminds me of how I was robbed of \$60 or \$70 by Dr. Sweany. I went to his office. After scaring me he said he would guarantee to cure me for \$45. As I thought I was all in and thought \$45 would cure me, I handed over \$45 cash. He gave me a few electric treatments, and then he wrote out an apparent prescription inclosed in a sealed envelope and told me to take it to a certain drug store. As he had guaranteed to cure me for \$45, I thought that included the entire cost. To my surprise the druggist brought out four small bottles of


medicine and after spending five minutes telling of the great importance of the medicine I was shocked when he said the cost was \$11. Here I had just paid \$45 and was now paying besides for medicine. I saw in an instant that I was jobbed. I finally beat him down to \$6 for the four bottles. I was ordered to take two teaspoonfuls before and after meals and at bedtime. In the meantime I called at the office every few days for a little electric shock. I figured I would not get any more medicine. In a few days the doctor, knowing the medicine was exhausted, handed me another envelope. However, I took it to a different druggist, and he said it was no prescription at all, simply a code between those two parties. I decided I would take no medicine at all, but continue to take the electric. I found, however, the doctor would give me no treatments unless I had medicine, so I quit.

"WALTER."



DOCTORS FOR MEN

DR. SWEANY
And Associated Specialists



DR. SWEANY
 Longest Established,
 Most Successful and Re-
 spected Specialist in Dis-
 eases of Men, at Medi-
 cal Diplomas, Licenses
 and Newspaper Records
 Show

B.Y. BOYD, M.D.
 Chicago's Entitled
 Specialist in Diseases
 of Men, Now Associ-
 ated With Dr. Sweany

Save the YOUNG MAN

from the sight of self-inflicted abuse and the ravages of special diseases and their
 complications and place him securely upon the highway of health,
 which leads to business and financial success and to matrimony, con-
 tentment and happiness. Also restores the weak debilitated diseased
MIDDLE-AGED MAN to full strength and vigor with phys-
OLD MAN ical medical and ready powers complete
 and makes life enjoyable and worth living
 even at an advanced old age

CURES

KIDNEY and URINARY Diseases and all the Diseases and Weaknesses of MEN
 and their complications

Do you suffer from any disease peculiar to men? Feel old before your time, weak, unable
 to marry? Have you any of the following: Pain in bones and joints, red spots
 on throat, sores on tongue, lips and throat, itching, blotches, falling out of hair, EYE
 troubles, KIDNEY AND BLADDER complaints, irregularities, impotency, ob-
 structions, spermatorrhea, nervous weakness, varicose veins, etc.
 SUCCESSFULLY TREATED BY THEIR ORIGINAL ONE OFFICE APPLICATION
 NO CUTTING, TYPING OR OPERATION.

PHIMOSIS CURED IN FIVE DAYS WITHOUT CUTTING, PAIN OR DE-
 LAY FROM WORK. DIRECT METHOD (NON-SURGICAL). NERVOUS DE-
 BILITY and other injured memory and nerves resulting from rapid indiscretion
 is due to loss of NERVE FORCE FROM A CONSTANTLY
 ACTING IRRITANT THEIR INSIDE NERVE CENTER TREATMENT
 QUICKLY REMOVES THE CAUSE

No matter how long standing, how long time. Go to the well-known, long-established office
 of Dr. Sweany where thousands before you have found complete and speedy restoration to
 health, power and vigor.

CONTRACTED DISEASES QUICKLY CURED

DR. SWEANY AND ASSOCIATED SPECIALISTS accept no case with-
 out giving value for every dollar paid them. That
 is the guiding rule of the business side of their work, and they abide by it every time.
 The great work they are doing is curing men of their diseases under Dr. Sweany and
 Associated Specialists' names as the solution of every man's self-suffering man.
 Their special methods are guaranteed to be curative in all cases they accept for
 treatment.

Don't wait until nature gives way and the disease disorganizes im-
 portant organs and nerves. **STOP THE LOSS NOW.** Thousands of men have
 been wrecked on the rocks of ignorance and neglect.

Consultation and Examination Free. WRITE TODAY IF YOU
 CANNOT CALL.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 9 to 1 o'clock.

DR. SWEANY AND ASSOCIATED SPECIALISTS

Room 14th St.

HE GETS A "GUARANTEE"

"Chicago, Oct. 28.—[Editor of the *Tribune*.]—I had an attack of the grip. I went to see Dr. Sweany. I was just 21 years of age, and after he made a thorough examination, during which he frightened me almost to death, I was told I had varicose veins and that for \$35 he would give me a written guarantee to cure me as soon as possible. The guarantee I later discovered was nothing more than a contract to pay \$30 in thirty days. I made a deposit of \$5 at the time. After providing me with two bottles of dope, one for external and one for internal use, I was told to return in a week for further treatment. The medicine I took internally did not agree with me. Upon my return I was given another bottle of the same stuff, which upset my stomach still more, so that I gave it up, got disgusted with the treatment, and did not return the following week. I soon began to feel much better, but I received a letter from Sweany, chastising me for not coming back, threatening me with dire results regarding

my future, and calling my attention to the fact I still owed \$30, and that if I did not call within ten days they would put it in the hands of their legal department for collection. I saw I had no chance to fight and called and paid the \$30."

"EVANSTON."

THE OLD DOC. SWEANY SWINDLE

This is a testimonial from a self-styled "A big sucker or an innocent victim" to the wonderful skill of the Dr. Sweany Company, expert specialists:

"I also wish to congratulate you on the good work you are doing to expel the medical crooks and robbers. I contracted a venereal disease while living in a country town. Ashamed to go to a local doctor, I came to this cure-all through his promising advertisement. I came with a bank-book in my pocket which showed a deposit of \$90, and I had \$16 in currency. The doctor in charge was at once convinced I had a bad disease. I was led into an outer room and shown a few pictures of diseased parts. Then I was told to take off my coat and vest and lay them on a chair, and was led back into the first room for examination. After the examination—which I didn't know had taken place—the whiskered guy that called himself 'doctor' went out, and after a few mumbled words with an assistant came in. I was then informed I could get a guaranteed cure for \$100, paid in advance. I compromised on \$90 down and asked for a few days to go home and get the money. After paying the money my mail was swamped with pamphlets from all the cure-all quacks in the country. Then I was bled for two years at the rate of \$12 monthly for dope. After coming to Chicago to live I was milked for a year at the rate of \$4.50 a week, with a new doctor in charge of my case every few weeks. Then I was given the finishing touches in the form of an injection, which put me completely on the bum and the effect of which I feel daily."

DR. LEWIS E. ZINS

He Diagnoses Healthy Man as Syphilitic and Wants \$50 for Treatment

[*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 27, 30 and Nov. 3, 1913.]

Dr. Lewis E. Zins' offices are at 183 North Clark Street. He has told some of his patients that his expenses are \$90 a day. He maintains two assistants and one stenographer. He advertises to cure nervous diseases, blood poison, stomach troubles, rheumatism, bladder, kidney and "lingering" diseases. A *Tribune* reporter, after being examined by a reputable physician and pronounced in perfect health, paid a visit to Zins, who told him he had a bad case of syphilis and that unless he began treatment at once he would not live longer than a year. He gave the "patient" a fake treatment and took from him a \$5 fee. Zins works a threadbare "come-on" game which would deceive no intelligent person, being assisted in his operations by his assistants. His plan is to frighten his patient into believing he has some disease and then fleece him. Zins graduated from the Illinois Medical College in 1898 and was licensed in the same year.

October 1.—I visited the office of Dr. Zins shortly after 1 o'clock this afternoon. The visitor to the office is guided by almost a dozen brass plates announcing the fact that Dr. Zins is a specialist for men and women. On the door of the reception-room it is stated that eight languages are spoken in the office. A girl about 20 years old sat at a typewriter desk in one corner of the room. She inquired if I was a new patient. I replied that I was. She pushed an electric button. An attendant in white answered the ring and he stepped into the private office of Dr. Zins. He came in a few seconds and bowed me into the private office. Dr. Zins greeted me with a handshake and a slap on the shoulder.

Welcomes "Patient" to Office

"Sit right down, young man," he said. He pulled up a chair and looked at me closely. He moved about as if nervous or impatient. He talked rapidly. He began by asking me about my symptoms. I told him I thought I had contracted a minor disease more than one year ago. He pretended to make an examination and then said:

"Well, I guess you did. And what is worse, you have contracted the syphilis. You have had gonorrhea for a year. My boy, you have been a d—— fool in not coming to see me several months ago. Don't you know, young man, that by all the laws of nature you should be dead? Now, I can cure you, but it will take some time to do it. Why, I am surprised that you should be such a d—— fool and let a thing like this go on."

"Doctor," I said hesitatingly, "is it as bad as that?"

"Is it as bad as that?" He shook his finger in my face. "Well, I should say it is. I don't want to scare you, though. I won't tell you what else is wrong. Get up on that table and let me examine you."


I climbed on an operating table and he began fumbling around with a stethoscope. He placed it to my heart and listened a few seconds. Then he began tapping me on the breast with a rubber hammer. He wore a worried expression. I said:

"Now, doctor, don't hesitate to tell me what is wrong with me, because I want to know. If I am as bad as you say I want to know it."

"Don't worry, my boy," he replied. "Just let me do the worrying. Now, don't get scared; I have had twenty-two years' experience in this kind of thing and nothing is hopeless. Life is sweet, you know, and you are a young man. Some day you will want to get married and have a nice wife and home, but you will not live to see that day if you let this thing go on."

"What are you doing now?" I asked, as he began to tap me with the hammer. He put a hand-light in my hand and said, "I am making a thorough examination. Now, if you will lie still a few minutes I will begin." Before he began he asked my business and the amount of my salary. I told him. He fumbled around with the stethoscope and other instruments.

stable in price. The investor ought to know



I CURE
SPECIFIC BLOOD POISON
SKIN DISEASES & ULCERS
KIDNEY AND BLADDER
and Other Diseases.

FREE
Examinations

Hours: Every day, 8 a. m. to
 8 p. m.; Sun., 8 to 4 p. m.

DR. ZINS, 183 N. Clark Street
 bet. Randolph & Lake

Doctor Undergoes a Change

"Now, don't get frightened," he said. "Trust in me. Don't worry. My boy, you are terribly worried, aren't you? I will fix you up as I have done thousands. I suppose you have \$10 or \$15 with you, haven't you?"

"Why, doctor—you see—why, n-no, sir," I faltered.

The sudden change in his manner and the harshness with which he uttered the next few words startled me.

"Get up," he grated. "I'm a busy man. Put on your clothes. He snatched the light from my hands and half pulled me from the operating table.

"Why, doctor," I said, "I was not prepared to learn that I had this terrible disease. If I had known it I would have brought some money. Your advertisements say that you give a free examination."

"Well, you should have brought some money," he replied, as he began to busy himself in another part of the office. "Come back when you have some money and I will talk to you. Here I have given you an examination for nothing. I am mighty good to you, young man. You have occupied my time and I

haven't asked a cent for it. Remember that. When can you come back with \$10 or \$15?"

"Why, I suppose I can come back to-night if it is as bad as you say," I replied.

"Yes, it is as bad as that," he said.

"But, doctor, you didn't finish the examination you started while I was on the table," I replied, timidly.

"I know, but you bring back some money to-night and I will talk terms with you," he said. "Now, to show you that I am on the square I will shake your hand. You understand, don't you? Get my meaning, get my meaning? Here, now take this bottle and bring it back filled with urine." He led me to the door and said, "I will look for you to-night." Then he slammed the door.

Accompanied by X., I took the bottle to the office of the American Medical Association. We told of the experience with Dr. Zins. While we were there the bottle that had been given me by Dr. Zins was filled with hydrant water, colored with anilin and flavored with ammonia. I went back to Dr. Zins' office at 6 o'clock. The girl in the office recognized me as the new patient and pressed a push button. Dr. Zins met me as I entered the door and gave me a hearty handshake.

"Nothing That Cannot Be Cured"

"Now, my boy, I see you are back," he said. "I also see that you are much worried. You should be, my boy, you should be. But you must stop this worrying. There is nothing that cannot be cured. Just let me do the worrying. Smile and look cheerful. Did you bring some money?"

"Why, doctor," I replied, "I could only get \$5 on such short notice, but I can get more in a few days."

"Well, your case must not be delayed, I will give you the first treatment now and you can get the rest of the money as soon as possible. Did you say you brought \$5?"

"Well, the treatment will take only a few minutes," he said. "I will give it to you in three minutes."

I gave him the bottle containing the hydrant water. He pressed a button and summoned "Ignatz." "Ignatz," he said, "take this to my assistant and tell him to analyze it."

Ignatz took the bottle and gave it to the assistant with the instruction of Dr. Zins to telephone the result to him. I was placed once more on the operating table. The assistant came back into the private office with a beaker of water and a little tube. In the little tube were a few drops of a brownish liquid. When the assistant entered the room I was in a helpless position on the operating table. From the conversation of Dr. Zins and the apparent lack of knowledge of chemistry shown by the assistant I felt safe, however. I knew that if he had made any test of the hydrant water I was at their mercy, but I was equally confident no test had been made.

"What was the specific gravity?" inquired Dr. Zins as he bent over me with a stethoscope. He made it appear as if he were indifferent to the analysis as he tapped me on the breast with a small rubber hammer.

The assistant replied, "Why, doctor, the specific gravity of the urine is 1.001."

Doctor "Amazed" by Report

"What!" almost shouted Dr. Zins, as he tore the stethoscope from his ears and snatched the glass beaker from the hands of his assistant. "Is it as low as that? My God, man, are you sure it is as bad as that?"

"Yes, sir," replied the assistant; "it is about the lowest I ever saw. It is a serious case."

"That means, my young friend, that it is more serious that I first told you, although I suspected as much." Then turning to his assistant he said, "What do you think of this young scamp for letting this go on this way." The assistant shook his head.

I moistened my lips with my tongue. Dr. Zins noticed this evidence of fright and said: "Young man, you can well be frightened, because you have been a d—— fool. I am going to cure you, though. Now just do as I tell you and don't worry."

Then in an aside to his assistant, that could have been heard in the next room, he whispered, "I am going to make a tuberculosis test also."

"What's that?" I demanded.

"Now, now, now," he said soothingly. "I did not want you to hear that. Just forget that I was talking about you. I don't want you to worry, young man. Just leave things to me."

"But, doctor," I said. "If there are any tuberculosis symptoms I want to know it. If there are I will go out West."

"That's all right, my young friend," he replied. "You don't have to go West. You just take my treatment. I will fix you up all right, and it will not cost you much. Just don't let yourself worry."

Treatment Proves Quite Simple

Then he took down several bottles of evil-smelling liquids and rubbed them on my chest. This was the only treatment I received for my awful disease that day. Then he bade me get up. He asked me for \$5. Before I gave it to him I asked him how much the treatment would cost.

"It will cost you \$45 the first month and \$15 for each succeeding month," he replied.

"How long will it take to cure me?" I asked.

"It will take almost a year to get this syphilis out of you, but you want to be completely cured. Remember, young man, life is sweet, and a few months of the right kind of treatment will bring back your health."

"Well, doctor," I replied as I put my hand in my pocket, "I want to know all about this disease of mine. I also want to know all about what it will cost, because I haven't got that much money. But if it is so serious, I have an uncle in Louisville, Ky., who will lend me all the money I need."

"Fine, young man, fine," he said. "Just sit right down in that chair and let me talk to you. Now, when you came in the door I could have told you almost what was wrong with you, but I waited until I made a most thorough examination and an analysis. Even with these precautions it would be possible for any doctor to be mistaken."

"Now, a Wassermann test is more exact, but it is not held legally so. A Wassermann test will cost you \$25 more, but if I was you I would go along with the treatment for a while and the test can be made later on to determine any improvement. I am saving you \$25, young man."

Explains "Specificus Gravitus"

"Did you ever attend high school?"

"No, sir," I replied. "I never went any higher than the fifth grade in the public schools, but I have read a lot of books."

"Well, then, you don't know what specific gravity means, do you?" he asked.

"No, sir," I replied. "I never heard of that kind of a disease before."

"Well, it is not exactly a disease, but it is a state or condition of your kidneys peculiar to persons afflicted with syphilis. The test shows the specific gravity to be 1.001."

Then, turning to his assistant, he said, "It's specificus gravitus."

"What's that mean, doctor?" I asked.

"Now, now, you just keep still, my young and foolish friend," he said to me. "When do you think you can hear from your uncle?"

"Well, I replied, "I am not sure that he will send me the money unless he knows what is the matter with me. I don't know how to tell him that I have that disease. You might write to him and tell him about it and he would understand."

"Well," advised Dr. Zins, "you write to him first, and if he does not come across I will fix it up for you so that he will understand. Now just as soon as you get an answer come back to my office with it."

VYRAI! PASITEIRIAUKITE SU Dr. ZINS

Senų patyrusių ir pasekmingiausių specialistų Chicagoje, kuris aplanko savo ligonius ypatingai.

Aš noriu išgydyti kiekvieną kenčiantį vyrą nuo Varicocelės, Striktūros, Užkrečiamų Kraujo Nuotė, Nerviškos Negalės, Hydrocelės arba ypatingų vyrų ligų.

Tas laisvas pasitulinimas yra atviras visiems, kurie praleido daug pinigų ant daktarų ir gydytojų be jokios naudos, ir mano noru yra parodyti visoms tiesios žmonių, kurie gydomi pas tuos ar daugiau daktarų be jokios naudos, kad aš varčiau vienintelį būdą, kuriuo tikrai ir ant visada išgydau.

VYRAI ATGAUKITE SAVO SVEIKATĄ

atsilankykite, mano ofisą ir pasiteiraukite su manim draugiškai. Kalbame visomis kalbomis. Tamista gausi geriausį patarimą ir pasinaudosi mano patyrimu, įjytu per 14 metų esant specialistų vyrų ligų. Jaigu tamistos padėjime yra dar viltingai tai as tamistai parodysiu kaip išgydyti ir

Išgydau visiškai ligas skilvio, plaučių, kepenų ir inkstų.
Nemokėk už nepasekmingą gydymą—**NEIŠGYDYO, NEMOKEK.**

Slaptos Vyrų Ligos

Prašudytas Vyriškumas, Ligos Kepenų ir Inkstų

Išgydomos greitai visiškai ir užlaikomos paslaptėje. Nerviška Negalė, Silpnumas, Pražudytos Pajėgos, Gyslių Ištyrimas, Kraujo Užnuodijimas, Šlapimo Nubėgimai.

Plaučiai

Dusulys, Bronchitas, Kepavimas Ligos išgydomos visiškai mano veliausiu metodu. Svarbiausios ligos.

VISIŠKO IŠGYDYMŲ kiekvienas įsiekio. Ad * tamistą išgydysiu visiškai, jaigu tamista tik gausi gydymą savo ligos man. Mano priėmimo yra žema ir pritiškai prie mano atsakantio gydymo, o idygos yra labai lengvi. Ateik šiandien ir pasinaudok nuo kentėjimų. **(RODA DOVANAI.)** Kalbam, Lietuviškai.



KRAUJO UŽNUODIJIMA

ir visas odos ligas, kaip Spodugus, Piktąją Dedervinę, Stunvotės, Nėzin, Hemoroidus, Patinitis Gyslas, Naikinantis Nubėgimus, Įsinejusias Ligas.

Moterų Ligos

Vidurinės Ligos, Skausmai Stenore, Baltosios Tekejimas ir kitos ligos išgydomos visiškai. Užpakalties žarnos, Įsinejusios ir nerviškos moterų ligos.

Specialistas Vyrų ir Moterų Ligos.
(Ištyrimas DOVANAI)

Dr. ZINS, 183 N. CLARK ST. CHICAGO

Tarp Randolph ir Lake

Valandos: Nuš 7 ryto iki 8 vak. Nedėlioms nuo 8 ryto iki 4 pop.

Then he gave me a box of yellow pills and signed a card receipt for my \$5 which I handed to him at this time. The card bore the number "37606," and each card given out means a certain amount of money coming in. He told me that if the pills made my gums hurt for me to come back and let him know. Then he and the assistant bowed me to the door. Just as I walked out the door Dr. Zins called me and in a very serious manner said, "I forgot to tell you, young man, that you must not eat any sausage."

"Uncle" Declines to Send Money

October 8.—When I visited Dr. Zins this morning with the letter I was supposed to have received from my uncle in Louisville and told him that my uncle had refused to send me money until he knew the particulars of my case, Dr. Zins appeared to be much disappointed. I showed him the letter. He read it.

"Well," he said, "your uncle did not send the money because you did not word it strong enough. Now if you will write to him and tell him that the case is urgent and that you need the money immediately he will come across. Word it something like this: 'Dear Uncle: Send me \$50 quick. Will pay you back.' He will send the money sure, and you can begin taking the treatment. You understand my position, buddy. I am telling you the truth. Of course, I am out for the money, but I will treat you right and get you well."

"I know you will, doctor, and I appreciate it," I replied.

"Just send the telegram C. O. D.," the doctor said. "He will send you the money. Now good-by. Let us hear from you just as soon as you get some money."

After I had left his office he called me back up the steps and said, "Now, buddy, do as I tell you and send that telegram. That will make him hurry the money along. Then come back to me. I will fix you up all right. Good-by."

Dr. Lewis E. Zins—his real name is Zinsheimer—operates from offices at 183 North Clark Street. He advertises more extensively, perhaps, than any of the other quacks in the city. He uses two of Chicago's downtown dailies and every one of the foreign newspapers he can induce to take his copy. He is bold and aggressive. He has powerful political backing, employs a firm of lawyers who are not in the habit of working for nothing, and, up to the present, has been able to "make a front" in decent society. The fact is that Zins is not the most dangerous of the quacks of Chicago. He does as much harm as could, in reason, be expected of any one individual, but he does not possess the facilities for evil of some of his confederates. His fellow quacks, however, are correct in their unanimous selection of him as a leader. He is blustering, headlong and daring. He isn't as cunning as Flint, but he is a much better bluffer.

Zins the Most Interesting

The *Tribune* has gone to considerable trouble in investigating Zins, largely because he is the most interesting character of the lot. It has found things in his career which make it appear remarkable that he has for so long a time, even with his expert legal counsel, kept out of the clutches of the police. On June 2, 1911, a coal miner living in an Illinois town called on the Legal Aid Society and asked its assistance in helping him to recover \$60 which, he said, had been stolen from him by Zins. The miner's story was to the effect that on the day before, having read Zins' "ad." in a newspaper, he came to Chicago and paid a visit to the faker's office. He was there about half an hour. When the consultation was over he asked Zins how much money he wanted and Zins said his charge would be the modest sum of \$60.

The miner, by a curious coincidence, which need not necessarily give rise to the inference that his pockets were investigated while he was stripped and on the operating table, happened to have just that sum with him. He says he handed the money over to Zins. No sooner had he done so than he repented of the act. He recalled that the \$60 was all he had and that he had no means of buying a railroad ticket back home. He complained to Zins on this account, and the generous Dr. Zins promptly handed him back \$6 of the money. The Legal Aid Society sent a representative to see the doctor. In his account of this interview the representative says that he found Zins "a sharp business man who insisted on sticking to his bargain." Zins informed the agent he always charged "what he could get." He agreed, however, to refund \$10 and to continue to treat the miner. The latter had had enough of Zins' medical services, however, and he insisted that his money should be returned to him.

Zins Declines to Pay; Sued

Further demand therefore was made upon Zins. He called at the Legal Aid Society's offices and was informed that the miner was willing to settle for \$34. Zins refused to pay the money. Suit against Zins was then instituted. Zins retained Julius Reynolds Kline. The action was begun on December 11. On Jan. 9, 1912, Zins, through his lawyer, asked for the dismissal of the suit and the motion was denied. Dilatory tactics were then employed. Finally, on September 16, the case was called before Judge Walker. On September 23 the jury failed to agree and the case was put at the foot of Judge Walker's call. On September 28 the case was called and postponed to September 30, before Judge Sabath. On that day Lawyer Kline telephoned the Legal Aid Society's lawyer to know if the miner would not make a reasonable offer of settlement. The attorney for the society replied the offer should come from Mr. Kline. The latter then said his client was willing to settle for \$25, but added that he wanted a finding of "not guilty" entered. The offer was submitted to the miner. He said that he wanted \$35. Finally an agreement was reached on \$30, which Zins paid. The records show that a finding of "not guilty" was entered.

On May 27, 1912, a boy 11 years old was taken to the Legal Aid Society by his brother. The latter said he had been to Zins' office with the boy, who was ill. Zins, according to the brother, diagnosed the boy's case as rupture, gave him some salve, and collected \$20 on the spot. The boy was told to return. Next time the boy called he was informed by Zins that he would do nothing more until he received another \$20. This money the boy's family was unable to raise. At this point complaint had been made to the Legal Aid Society. The society's first step was to send the boy to the West Side Dispensary. There a physician stated that the boy was not suffering from rupture at all, but from the effects of mumps, which had caused the abdominal glands to swell.

Calls Zins Charlatan

The Legal Aid Society then instituted an inquiry into Zins through the Chicago Medical Society. Dr. Suker, the secretary, reported that Zins was a charlatan of no standing in the medical profession. The Legal Aid Society then opened a long correspondence with Zins. It was never able to effect a settlement. In her final report on the case the superintendent of the society says rather pathetically:

"Dr. Zins is a man with whom nothing can be done in the way of compromise, and, as you know, the process of obtaining justice through the courts is sometimes rather slow."

On Aug. 28, 1913, complaint was made to the Legal Aid Society by a young Pole residing on the west side. The complainant said that while suffering from venereal disease early in the spring he had gone to Zins for treatment. During that visit Zins relieved him of \$7 and promised to cure him for \$47. Between March 15 and July 20 the young man visited Zins four times, giving him \$40 in two payments. Then, said the young man, Zins demanded \$47 more for a "sure cure." This opened the victim's eyes and he appealed to the Legal Aid Society for help. He was still suffering from the venereal disease. The society first advised its visitor to see a real doctor and then opened negotiations with Zins. The quack informed the society that he would pay back nothing. The society then appealed to the State Board of Health. To this appeal Amos Sawyer, acting secretary, replied, giving the following helpful hint:

"Replying to your communication, I will say this board has a licentiate who was licensed under the name of Lewis E. Zinsheimer, but whose name was changed by a decree of the circuit court of Cook County on Nov. 21, 1899, to Lewis E. Zins."

The society, finding itself baffled in all its attempts to right its young client, then dropped the case.

Accused of Slandering Woman

Case No. 275,059 of the records of the superior court of Cook County reveals the following facts: On Sept. 23, 1909, a woman, whose name it is not necessary to mention, instituted suit against Zins for slander. She charged that she had gone to Zins' office on July 8 with her husband. There she was "examined" by Zins. At the end of the examination Zins, according to the plaintiff, turned to the husband and advised him to keep away from his wife.

"She has a contagious disease," he said. "It was not brought to her by the birds."

Zins' statement, says the woman, was absolutely and unqualifiedly false. She was represented in her action by T. L. Szydlawski of 845 Milwaukee Avenue. This case lingered for some months but never came to trial.

DR. ZINS' BUNKO GAME

A man living in North Clark Street writes the *Tribune* as follows:

"I wish to put before you the bunko game this Dr. Zins worked on me. Now and then I had cramps in my stomach, being nervous at the same time. Seeing the advertisement of this Dr. Zins, giving free examination, and not intending to take treatment, I went to see him. When I came to his private office on Oct. 16, 1911, he welcomed me as a friend. 'Sit down, my friend,' he said. 'I see your lips are very dry. You are in a serious condition, but do not worry.' I told him that my stomach was out of order and that when I got up in the morning I did not feel well. 'Get right up on this table,' he told me, 'and I will tell you what is ailing you. It will cost you nothing.'"

"When I was on the table he said, 'Man, you have ulceration of the bladder.' Being very nervous, he scared me. He then said, 'This is a bad case. You want to be cured; you might as well get treatment from a good doctor like me. Have you any money with you?' Lying on the table, I tried to raise up, looking at my vest, which was hanging on a chair. The doctor caught my glance. Before I could get up he took a \$20 gold piece out of my vest pocket and said, 'This will do for the bladder trouble, and you will pay me \$30 for the stomach trouble tomorrow.' Of course I could not back out any more when he had taken the money out of my vest pocket, so I took treatment and paid him \$30 more in a few days. 'I guarantee to have you cured in three weeks,' he promised me. 'From the day I call you cured, if there is anything wrong for three months I will furnish medicine and treatment free.'

"Three months and seven days later I was the same as before I started, only he gave me rheumatism by his treatment, which I have to the present day. So I went up and told him about it. He said: 'Three months are over, and I can do nothing for you. My expenses are high and my automobile is broke again. So if you wish to pay me \$35 I will cure you.' I think men like him ought to be punished for doing anything like that."

LETTER TELLS ANOTHER TRAGEDY

Here is a letter written to the *Tribune*, the name of the writer being withheld:

"In connection with your recent exposé of quack doctors, I want to tell you a little story, the publication of which may be a lesson to others: About five years ago one of my relatives was sent to prison for a technical violation of the national banking laws. He stayed there four years, while his bride of a few weeks waited for him. His wife was in poor health and submitted to two operations for appendicitis, the last one four months before her husband's release. The husband returned home while his wife was sick. A few days later he conceived the notion that his health was affected. The husband came

to Chicago and consulted Dr. Zins on Clark Street, who, after learning the history of the case, told him that he had an exceedingly serious ailment; that either he or his wife was guilty of wrongdoing.

"The husband knew that he was innocent and was equally sure of his wife. To treat the husband Dr. Zins charged \$50. He was paid on the spot. After a few treatments he was informed that symptoms had developed of a deeper-seated disease than he at first was led to believe he had. An expensive treatment was advised and accepted. All the time Dr. Zins was gradually poisoning the husband's mind against his wife. One day he asked her a question her pure, sensitive soul could not bear. She went to two reputable physicians, was examined, got two clean bills of health, went home, gave them to her husband, kissed him, and her baby, and shot herself to death.

"The husband gave to Dr. Zins over \$450 in all. He got in return the diagnosis of a disease he never had, a craving for drugs, and a totally ruined body. To-day, just a year since his return to society, he filled a suicide's grave. He has gone to meet the purest woman that ever lived. These people of whom I have written were my relatives, and for the sake of those they left behind I prefer not to give names, but if our identity will be kept a secret, I am ready and able to furnish ample and indisputable proof of the above. You are doing the greatest thing a great newspaper ever attempted. God bless you."

DR. WELLS & CO.

Institute Owned and Operated Under Supervision of the Two Williamses—One Victim Tells Story—Former Interpreter for Quacks Makes Confession of the System Used

[Chicago Tribune, Nov. 15, 1913.]

One of the worst medical "institutes" in Chicago is operated under the name of Dr. Wells & Co., at 424 South State Street. This place is owned and operated under the supervision of Richard L. and Victor G. Williams, who live at 455 Wrightwood Avenue, and have a "real estate" office on the fourth floor of the Monadnock Building. The two Williamses also conduct "institutes" in New York City, in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Kansas City. They have been in the clutches of the authorities a number of times, and on several occasions their operators have been before the United States courts on the charge of using the mails to defraud. This receipt was exhibited at the *Tribune* office yesterday by Mike Ciencienske, a disabled iron molder who lives at 1048 Wood Street:

"Received payment in full for professional services rendered until cured of present troubles.
DR. WELLS & Co."

On the receipt were these indorsements: "Fee, \$100; Oct. 3, \$5; Oct. 6, \$5; Oct. 12, \$90." Ciencienske, who speaks but little English, presented another piece of paper. It was a prescription blank from Dr. Zan D. Kloppe, M.D., 1642 West Division Street. On it was written:

"Mr. City Attorney: Please see if you can do anything for this man to get his money back.
DR. KLOPPER."

Sent for Help to "The Tribune"

On the back of this note was still another note, which Ciencienske said was written by a man at the city attorney's office. It reads:

"Take this to the *Tribune*. Tell them about it. Corner of Madison and Dearborn."

Ciencienske said he had gone to Dr. Wells & Co., at 424 South State Street, early in October, with a pain in one leg. He declared they told him they would guarantee to cure him for \$100. He paid the money and received medicine and several treatments. The victim said that after paying \$200 in all he complained to the man who was treating him that he felt no better. Then, he declared, the man told him to quit the treatment if he felt no better and to go to some other doctor.

TELLS SECRETS OF QUACKS

A man who now holds a position in the courts of Cook County formerly worked for the Williamses as interpreter. He tells in the following "confession" how he helped to handle sick and ignorant dupes in the offices of Dr. Wells & Co., of Dr. Kamp & Co. and the Chicago Clinical Institute:

"I lined up with Dick Williams in February, 1910. He put me to work as an interpreter and office man in the Dr. Kamp & Co. place on the southeast

corner of State and Congress Streets. Williams is the quack king of the United States. He had four automobiles and does nothing but count money and travel around the country. At that time, in addition to the Dr. Kamp place, Williams was running the Dr. Wells place just across the street, the Chicago Clinic Institute, near State and Van Buren, and another place near the Folly Theater. The manager and drug mixer at the Dr. Kamp place was a negro by the name of Slaughter, who knew nothing about drugs, but couldn't make harmful mistakes, because all of the drugs were colored water. I understand Slaughter is in New York now running a museum at Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street.

"Besides Slaughter and myself there was a doctor who worked on a regular salary and a commission on all he made. During the eight months I was there I found out the trade was mostly foreigners. I found out, also, that no patient was ever dismissed. The only way they ever stopped coming was to get discouraged and stop of their own accord. I was interpreter and office man. I speak Polish, Slavic, Bohemian, Russian and English. The office was on the second floor. There was a reception room, a consultation room, the doctor's private office, the electrical room, and the pharmacy where we kept the dope.

Found Out First About Pay

"When a new patient would come in I would tell him that the doctor was performing a serious operation at the time and would let him sit there for about an hour, so as to let him think we were an important firm. First I would get his name and age and address and the place he worked and how much he got in salary and what day he received his pay. Then I would find out about his symptoms and whether he ever had been treated before. All of this information would go in to the doctor so he would be prepared. One of my duties was to keep new patients from talking with any old patients who might happen to be in the waiting room. If they insisted on talking it was my place to get into the conversation and switch it to some other subject. If it got too strong to swing I would isolate the new patient in one of the consultation rooms. For instance, here was a case of one fellow, I remember. When he came in I found out he was a second boss in the stockyards and how much he got, and that he was paid on Fridays. I took him in to the doctor and explained in English he wanted attention.

"The doctor looked at the patient and shook his head and spoke to me. I translated and told the man he was in a very bad condition. Then we put him on the operating table. The doctor shook his head again. I explained the doctor was afraid to take care of the case because it was a serious one. Then the doctor asked me, 'Does this man value his money more than his life,' and I translated it to the fellow on the table, who would gladly assent to pay anything he had to be saved. The doctor then decided to take the case. After being examined this man asked what the charge was and the doctor told him \$25. The man pulled out a roll of bills with a \$50 bill on the outside.

Aim to Get Victim's Money

"Wait a minute," said the doctor, as he carefully began looking at the patient again. The patient weakened and lay back on the table. After more of the fake examination he was separated from \$50, instead of the original \$25 which we had asked. He was given a prescription which was filled at our drug counter, and cost him \$5. There was just enough of the medicine to last him until his next pay day. I know that they never cured any diseases, because they had no real drugs to do it with. We used to get pills by the barrel. I finally told Williams that I wanted to go to New York, but he wanted to send me to Cleveland. In the end I went to Kansas City, but as I couldn't get on regular I quit."

ATOMO-RADIO COMPANY

Dr. Lawhon Meets a "Patient" Who Manifests No Symptoms; the Doctor Invents a Disease—"Pustoris"—for Him and Wants Money for Developing It

[*Chicago Tribune, Oct. 29, 1913.*]

September 28.—When I went into the office of the Atomo-Radio Company at 84 West Randolph Street, a man with a Van Dyke beard met me at the door. He wore a white coat and spoke with a French accent.

"Are you sick?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "I came in to find out what is wrong with me. Is Professor Lawhon in?"

"Come this way," he said as he led me into a rear office. A young man who appeared to be about 30 years old, with a new Van Dyke beard, was seated at a desk in this office. The attendant ushered me in and I said, "Is this Professor Lawhon?" He bowed and offered me a chair.

"Now, what is the matter, young man?" he inquired.

"I don't know, doctor, I replied, "but I have not gained any weight during the last year and I think something is wrong."

Patient Has No Symptoms

"Have you ever had any venereal disease?" he asked. "No," I replied.

"Any trouble with your kidneys?" "No."

"Stomach?" "No."

"Does your back ache?" "No."

"Do you perspire?" "No."

"Do dark spots come before your eyes?" "No."

"Do you eat pie or cake?" "No."

"Did you ever ride a horse?" "Yes."

"Do you do much walking?" "Yes."

Lawhon Seems Baffled

"Did any of your family ever have the asthma?" he asked. "No," I replied.

"Well, what is the matter?" he asked. "That's what I came here for," I replied.

"Oh, I can readily see what's wrong, but I wanted to see if there was anything else," he replied. "You have a bad case of pustoris," he continued.

"What's that?" I asked. "Why, pustoris, my boy, is a disease of the blood," he replied. "Pustoris will cause your blood to form in little knots in your veins. They will get harder and harder until the little knots will shut off the blood flow completely, thereby causing you to die. When the knots get hard the blood can't flow through your veins and they will swell up."


Wants to Develop Disease

"What causes that?" I asked. "That is caused by a germ in the blood," he replied. "It is a peculiar condition which necessitates immediate attention. The only way to cure this condition is to take my treatment, which will bring the bad blood to the surface."

KEEP THIS

It Is Worth \$10.00 To You

This bill when presented to
Prof. Lawhon, M. D., at his office,
entitles the holder to \$10.00
as a part payment for pro-
fessional services and treatment



PROF. W. M. LAWHON, M.D.
The famous specialist, will examine
every man or woman FREE with his
ATOMOSCOPE and accept this bill as
a part payment for his treatment.

ATOMO-RADIO INST., Chicago, Ill.
81 W. Randolph St.
SECOND FLOOR
HOURS: Daily 9 to 8; Sunday 9 to 1
BRING THIS WITH YOU

"Surface?" I said. "Yes," he replied. "You see your blood is filled with it. Now your blood needs to be washed out. Of course it would be impossible to wash it literally, so we give you a treatment which will drive all these impurities out. The impurities will be driven out by this treatment and will be thrown out through little sores that will form on your skin."

"Well, doctor, that would be rather inconvenient," I said. "Yes, it will be inconvenient for a day or two, but they will quickly disappear," he said. "Now you see the treatment we give you will bring this bad blood out of the skin,

but the disease will disappear in a few days. If these sores come out on your skin after we began the treatment it is a good sign. You see this will be positive proof that you have pustoris."

"How can you tell without making an examination?" I said. "My boy, it is our business," he replied. "Now, I am going to make a more thorough examination by means of a wonderful machine."

"Can See Blood in Veins"

"What will this machine do to me?" I asked. "It will do nothing to you, my boy," he replied, "but it will enable me to see the action of your heart and will show me the condition of your kidneys. By a simple process I could see the blood coursing through your veins. It will enable me to see all the impurities. Now come with me."

I followed him into a room where a machine something on the order of an x-ray apparatus was located. Red and blue and green lights were hung about the room. He stood me in front of a large lens and turned on a pale blue light. Then he took a fluoroscope and placed it to my shoulder blades.

"Ah," he said, "just as I expected."

"What are you looking at?" I asked.

"My boy, I can see through you and I can see just what I want to know."

"Gee, doctor," I asked, "see if you can find any money in the lining of my clothes."

He made no reply. He stood for thirty seconds with the fluoroscope to my shoulder blades. In a short while he said: "That's all. Come into my office again."

I went back into his office.

"Now, my boy, how much money have you?"

"I did not bring any to-day," I replied.

"Well, that's bad," he said. "When can you bring some?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Can you bring some this week?" he asked. "Your case is urgent and should have immediate treatment. Can you bring some money on Wednesday?"

"I may," I replied.

"Well, come back when you get some money," he said. "Now, don't forget, bring some money next time. Good-by."

GIRL GIVES QUACK HER \$100 SAVINGS

Hattie Wagner Writes "Tribune" of Year's "Treatment" by Dr. Lawhon of the Atomo-Radio Company—Guarantee "Cure" Fails

[Chicago Tribune, Nov. 6 and 13, 1913.]

The following letter was received by the *Tribune*:

"I read in the *Tribune* sometimes last week about Dr. Lawhon, how he robbed people. Well, he done the same to me. About this time last year he told me he cure me for 100 dollars in 3 months. Of course I have weak lungs, but I did not get any benefit only worst. When he told be the amount off money then I didn't want to come to him. Well he wrote me 3 letters and the first one on special delivery—and how he lie to me just to get the money off me. Well, I went three times a week for about a year, then they were get-

ting tired of me till at last they told me as much that I was not getting better. Not Lawhon, because he disappears 4 months after my treatment began, never saw him only his helpers. I have those letters in my hands. If they can be of any use to you I will send them to you if you let me know. O, how I wish I could get that money back. I only make my board and 3 a week and then I have a sister to buy her clothes. Well I have not much left to myself. Well, they try to pull me on \$80 dollars more only I catch onto the game. Not Lawhon, only some tall smooth shaven doctor. I don't even know his name. I just hope Lawhon never get out of prison for the wrong he done to me. Because he could just as well tell me the truth as lie. My name is Hattie Wagner, 719 North Park Avenue, near Chicago Avenue, Austin, Ill."

Her Story Verified

Reporters made a thorough investigation. They found the facts as set forth by the girl to be correct in every detail. Hattie had erred only in two particulars—she had not told all of the story and she had not told the "truth" vaguely

Come and see

the finest medical offices in the country, the wonderful machines, the newly invented electric appliances for curing the sick.

One of the greatest machines is his X-Ray, with which he will give you a free examination and with which he can see entirely through your body. This great specialist does not guess, but examines you first with his wonderful machine.

Another wonderful machine which kills all the germs in the air and together with oils cures all forms of diseases of the nose, throat and lungs. If other doctors have failed to cure you do not be discouraged or lose heart but come to the **ATOMO-RADIO INSTITUTE** and let Prof. Dr. Lawhon show you how easy he can cure you with the aid of these wonderful machines.

Wonderful machine for curing all forms of skin and blood diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, nervousness, etc., fills the entire body with electricity yet you feel nothing and is the only machine of its kind in this country. If your doctor has failed to cure you or if you have given up hope come and see Prof. Dr. Lawhon who will show you the workings of this wonderful machine.

ATOMO RADIO INSTITUTE
81 W. Randolph Street Chicago, Ill.

To local doctors: Doctors having patients whom they are unable to cure are invited to call on us for free advice how to cure them.

Wonderful machine for curing private diseases of men and women, pleasant and nothing to hurt you. Many people are ruined by so called specialists who have not the proper machines, come to us and let us show you how easy it is to cure these troubles **WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE** or cutting of any kind. It puts new life into old and worn out people and gives you back the energy of your younger days.

Marvelous machine which contains over six miles of wire and cures Paralysis, diseases of the bones and many other troubles which have been called incurable by regular doctors.

CURES WITHIN REACH OF ALL

On account of the great many people treated by the doctor every day he makes his terms within the reach of all and very low. He wants you to call now and have a talk with him, consultation and advice is free. No matter what your trouble is or who has treated you, come to us and we will show you how easily and quickly we can cure you by these extraordinary machines which never fail.

ATOMO RADIO INSTITUTE
81 W. Randolph Street, Chicago

hinted at in her communication because she herself does not know the "truth" to-day. The reporters got that "truth" from the honest physician who now has Hattie's case under charge. This physician is Dr. Henry A. Broad of 1325 Milwaukee Avenue. He said the girl might survive for six months.

"Doctor," he was asked, "would this girl have had a chance for her life if she had fallen into the hands of a decent doctor at the time Lawhon got hold of her?"

"I'm not going to talk about Lawhon," Dr. Broad replied. "There is a greater Judge than I am with whom that man will have to square his accounts in this case. If an honest doctor had had Hattie Wagner's case a year ago it is probable he might have saved her life. At the least he would have given her five or six years of life."

Hattie Tells Her Story

A reporter found Hattie at the candy store where she is employed. She admitted having written the letter.

"I thought you would want to know about me," she said. "It ain't because I'm mad at that Lawhon, but because other poor girls ought to know about him.

When I feel so weak and sick I think how other girls ought to know about him."

Hattie said she is 25 years old. She looks younger. She is flat chested and has a tearing cough. Her eyes and her cheeks are lit with fever. Any one who has seen tuberculosis in its final stages could diagnose her in a glance. She readily consented to go over to the house on North Park Avenue where she is boarding and get the letters Lawhon had written her.

"My brother-in-law did not want me to go to Lawhon," Hattie said on the way to the house. "He told me he was a faker. But I had saved up some money and I wanted to get well. And so at last I went to him. Now he's got all my money and I ain't any better, only worse. If I only had my money that might do good, because the doctor I've got now tells me how I must have fresh milk and eggs. He says it would be better if I could go out into the country and rest, but how can I go out into the country and rest when I haven't any money? And how can I buy fresh eggs and butter when my job only pays \$3 a week and I've got to buy clothes for my sister. You see there ain't any left."

Talks of Her Sister

"How old is your sister?" she was asked.

"She's 14. You see, my older sister—her name is Mrs. Mary Smigay and she lives at 1531 Tell Place—boards her and I buy her clothes. We are poor people and so we divide it up that way."

The reporter inquired where she had worked before she came to the candy factory.

"I worked in a factory downtown, but the doctor I got now said I ought to be in the country, so I came out to Austin. He said the air is better here. But you see I make less money. I am so sick and weak that I really ain't worth more than \$3 a week."

Produces Lawhon's Letters

The letters which Hattie produced were three in number. There was also a receipt slip showing she had paid Lawhon's Atomo-Radio Company, 81 West Randolph Street, a total of \$100 in three payments. The first payment was made on Oct. 3, 1912. The girl explained that she had called on Lawhon on that date, after reading his advertisements in a newspaper. She had told him her mother had just died of tuberculosis and that she had been left something over \$100 in her will. Lawhon had made an examination and told her that he could promise her a sure cure. He then collected \$5, arranged for a visit next day, and dismissed her. When Hattie went home—she was then living with her married sister—her brother-in-law had told her Lawhon was a fake and had begged her not to return to him. On this account the girl did not keep her next appointment. Instead she wrote to Lawhon telling him that her people objected to him.

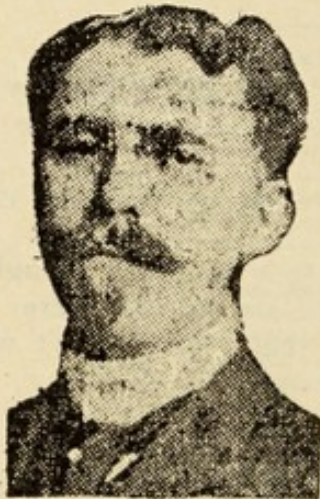
Some of Lawhon's Advice

Under date of October 5, special delivery, Lawhon replied, in part: "If your folks who object would come down with you I think there would be no question but that we can convince them of the efficacy of my treatment, and I would suggest that you try to have them come with you. I have cured a great many worse cases than yours and am very anxious that you should get well before your case has reached such a stage that it might be incurable. Hoping to see you tomorrow, I am, etc." Hattie called Lawhon by phone and promised to come. The opposition of her brother-in-law, however, compelled her to miss that engagement. Under date of October 11 Lawhon wrote her another letter and urged "the importance of following my suggestions." The girl responded

to this letter by doing what Lawhon wanted her to do, disregard the warnings of her relatives and pay him a secret visit. She, however, took no money with her.

Hattie Succumbs to His Wiles

After this visit, under date of October 18, Lawhon wrote again, saying in part: "I fear that the first cold you contract this fall may settle on your lungs and then it would be too late for any one to give you treatment which would be of benefit." On October 25 Hattie at last succumbed to Lawhon's wiles. On that day she paid him \$45. One month later Lawhon got out of her the remaining \$50. For weeks the girl continued to come for treatment. Lawhon, finding he was unable to get any more money out of her, finally turned her over to assistants. They, too, at last turned her away. What was the famous treat-



DR. LAWHON.

I AM SURPRISED

TO SEE SO MANY PERSONS WHO HAVE
CROSS-EYES.

When they can have that abnormal condition corrected permanently in a few moments without the knife, pain or detention from business, and at a cost hardly to be considered.

PERFECT RESULTS GUARANTEED.
FREE EXAMINATION.

W. M. LAWHON, M. D.

EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT AND LUNG
SPECIALIST.

641½ Wabash Ave., Over Singer Sewing
Machine Company.

An old advertisement of Lawhon's when he was operating in Terre Haute.

ment by which Lawhon promised to save this girl's life? Why it was the oxyolene inhalation fake, which never cured and never can cure consumption, and which has been exposed by the medical profession times without number.

DR. W. M. LAWHON TO BE PROSECUTED FOR GETTING \$112 ON PATIENT'S BANK BOOK

Activity on the part of the city authorities yesterday for the first time made the quacks whom the *Tribune* is exposing feel the net of the law closing about them. Now they are beginning to realize they are in serious danger of going to prison. During the day two of the managers of fake "institutes" and one of the "doctors" there were fined an aggregate of \$400 in the municipal court. Other prosecutions are in preparation. They will touch the owners of the "institutes," among others. Judge Fake administered the fines on the quack managers. The prosecution was under the direction of Dr. W. K. Murray of the Health Department, who showed that the men accused were operating wax-work shows forbidden by ordinance.

The men fined are Dr. Lawhon and Joseph Higgins and L. R. Glasscoff, who were managers of "institutes" at 424 and 526 South State Street. Incidentally, it was brought out that the nominal owners of these places are Lawhon and a Dr. D. D. Richardson. These men are not the real owners of the places, however. They merely play the part for "men higher up" in the quack "industry" that Dr. Flint plays for the Reinhardt brothers. The names of the real owners are known to the health authorities. Attorney John Swanson, in pleading for the release of Higgins and Glasscoff, admitted the men are merely employees of wealthy quacks. Judge Fake did not see why that should make any difference, and imposed fines of \$150 in each case. Lawhon was fined \$100.

Lawhon May Go to Prison

Lawhon, who is the "chief surgeon" at the Atomo-Radio "institute," faces prosecution as the sequel to "treatment," which he gave a victim about two months ago. Lawhon is alleged to have robbed this particular dupe of \$132.50. He is now out of jail on bond of \$1,000. The charge against him is operating a confidence game. This legal phrase exactly describes the kind of "practice" Lawhon and his associates have at the Atomo-Radio "institute." Lawhon's arrest and prosecution is due to the untiring efforts of Patrolman Jerry Sullivan of the Clark Street station. Sullivan first learned of the case when the victim, a youth named Griffith, complained to him of the treatment he had received at Lawhon's hands. The boy said he had called at Lawhon's office, at 424 South State Street, believing that he was ill. As a matter of fact, he afterwards ascertained there was nothing wrong with him.

At the time he first visited Lawhon, Griffith had with him \$20. Lawhon informed him he had a venereal disease and collected the \$20. Meanwhile the patient had been stripped and an attendant had searched Griffith's clothes. In one of the pockets he discovered a bank book showing deposits of \$300 at the Hibernian bank. When this discovery was "wigwagged" to Lawhon the "doctor" immediately decided Griffith needed more "treatments." Preliminary to beginning them, however, Lawhon persuaded Griffith to go to the bank with an attendant and make sure the money was actually there. Griffith was then brought back to 424 South State Street. He was persuaded to sign a paper, which later was found to be a bank withdrawal slip. Griffith thought he was signing some sort of a contract. When he had signed the paper he was ordered to strip for a "more thorough" examination. While he was stripped and in the "examination" room Lawhon indorsed the withdrawal slip and sent to the bank and withdrew \$112.50 from Griffith's account. When the money had been procured the bank book was returned to Griffith's pocket. He did not know of the fraud until he reached his home.

Then the Quack Laughs

The following day Griffith returned to Lawhon's office and demanded the return of his money. Lawhon merely laughed at him. Griffith then complained to Policeman Sullivan, who arrested Lawhon and had him "booked" as a common thief. When Lawhon discovered he was in serious trouble his first step was to open negotiations with Griffith for a settlement. It was arranged between them that Lawhon should return the stolen money and that Griffith would not prosecute. Sullivan learned of this arrangement first when he went to Griffith's residence to arrange with him to be present in court at the time of Lawhon's trial. He found Griffith had disappeared. The policeman, however, kept his eyes open and the next day met Griffith in the street. He immediately threw him into jail. When the case was called in the municipal court Lawhon was present with his lawyers, and, confident that Griffith was out of the way,

demanded an immediate trial. He got it. He and his lawyers nearly had heart failure when Sullivan appeared in court with the crest-fallen Griffith in tow. On Griffith's testimony Lawhon was held to the grand jury. Assistant State's Attorney Michael Sullivan yesterday said steps would be taken to have Lawhon indicted by the next grand jury.

"I think that fellow Lawhon is as good as in the penitentiary now," he said. "This office will certainly spare no pains to send him there."

MAKES A "DOCTOR" IN FOUR SECONDS

Atomo-Radio Quackery Discovers Short Cut to Practice of Medicine

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 30, 1913.]

The Atomo-Radio Company—recently exposed by the *Tribune* as a den of heartless medical charlatans—has been shown to be a remarkable medical institution. The latest addition to its list of wonders is a process for making "doctors" while you wait. The old method of creating a medical man entailed time and trouble. The candidate for a doctor's title had to spend eight years in the common schools. After that he had to go four years to high school. Then, according to the requirements of most of the good medical colleges, he had to put in at least two years at a university. Finally he had to take four years of medical instruction. But the Atomo-Radio Company makes a doctor in four seconds. The candidate simply takes off his ordinary street coat and puts on a white jacket with a red cross on the sleeve.

This short cut to medical dignity was discovered by Dr. Burgess. The doctor himself is a "quick" doctor—having been hoisted into the medical profession by the night-school process—but his invention far surpasses in expedition anything the night-school ever has done. The *Tribune* to-day is able to give its readers the full details of how Dr. Burgess was able to take a horny-handed elevator man fresh from the "steering-wheel" of his car in a skyscraper, and convert him into a fullfledged medico by the white jacket route in less than ten minutes. Shortly before the exposure of the concern by the *Tribune* a perfectly healthy reporter visited the Atomo-Radio Company and was examined by a "doctor." He was told that he was suffering with "pustoris." The "doctor" demanded \$50 to cure him. The company formerly had been managed by "Prof." W. M. Lawhon. Following the exposé the name of "Prof." Lawhon was taken down and a sign bearing the name of Dr. Burgess took its place.

Dr. Burgess was visited by a reporter. He declared he had bought the company from Victor Williams. This may or may not be true. Fred Glover lives at 2618 Emmett Street. When Burgess assumed charge of the Atomo-Radio Company he was an obscure but ambitious elevator operator at 36 South Franklin Street. About a month ago George Franks, who formerly worked for Dr. "Specificus Gravitus" Zins, walked into Glover's elevator.

"Hello, Franks," said Glover. "What are you doing?"

"Why," replied Franks, "I'm practicing medicine."

"Where do you get that 'practicing medicine' stuff?" inquired Glover. "You never studied to be a doctor."

Franks laughed. "Fred," he said, "you always were a boob. Wise up. You don't have to study to be a doctor. You don't even have to grow a set of whiskers. All you have to do is—but say, I'll show you how. I'll make a doc out of you. I'm going on a vacation. Come on with me. You can have my place."

Told How to Handle Patients

Glover says Franks took him to the Atomo-Radio offices and presented him to Burgess. He explained that Glover was a potential "wise guy" and wanted to substitute for Franks while the latter was away. Glover says Burgess looked him over, accepted him, fixed him up with a white jacket, and then gave him the following instructions:

Scare your patient into believing he has some disease.

Then find out how much money he has.

Get the money.

Then get rid of the patient as quickly as possible.

Don't waste time with a patient after he's broke.

Don't tolerate a moneyless patient around the office.

Glover started to work, but did not carry out the instructions to the letter. He had some home-grown medical ideas of his own and he supplemented this by reading medical books. He gave his patients good advice. He told them to eat and sleep regularly. His methods were so different from the other "specialists" in the place that he became popular with many of the patients. They would ask for him. After Glover had been there three weeks he was called before Dr. Burgess. The doctor had discovered that the former elevator man was treating the patients almost as if he wanted to do them good, instead of merely "do" them.

"What is the meaning of this?" Glover says Dr. Burgess asked him. "What do you think this place is? Do you think we want all of these patients to think they can get well without coming to us with their money?"

A few days later Glover was told his services were needed no longer. He protested that he had been induced to leave his elevator job with the understanding that his position was to be permanent if his services were satisfactory. He told Dr. Burgess that he had given up his former job and that he could not get it back.

"Want a Man Who Will Bunko"

"I realized then why they did not want me," Glover told the *Tribune*. "They want a man who will bunko the ignorant patients and get the money. The only man licensed to practice medicine at the Atomo-Radio Company is Dr. Burgess. The rest are taken from some other job. They know nothing of the legitimate practice of medicine. They make doctors out of them as they did me. They take them from the street, give them a white jacket, and they are 'specialists.' I could continue in the business if I wanted to be dishonest. They are merciless. They want the money. I think too much of my future to jeopardize my chances by robbing the patients the way you must do in those places. Now I am out a job. I will have to sell my library to pay my rent unless I get a job this week. I have worked hard to buy these books and sometimes I study all night."

TWO GRAVES MARK RECORD OF ILLEGAL "M. D."

Well Man Sacrifice to the Unlicensed Practice of Siegmund Hirschfeld—"606" Proves Death Dope—Has "Diploma"
from L. D. Rogers

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 7 and 8, 1913.]

This is the story of a raw amateur and unlicensed physician who inscribed an "M.D." after his name, put his telephone number in the classified list of physicians, opened an office at 168 West Oak Street, and advertised as a specialist in men's diseases. He had two patients, a man and a girl, among others. The two repose under head-stones now. The "specialist's" name is Siegmund Hirschfeld. He lives at 1004 La Salle Avenue and has a "diploma" from Dr. L. D. Rogers' National Medical University, 1428 Wells Street, the place where a *Tribune* reporter dug up a cadaver some months ago. Hirschfeld was fined \$100 and costs for practicing without a license last June after the death of the man, and is not practicing medicine now. Charles Alling, Jr., attorney for the State Board of Health, will ask the state's attorney to investigate the death of the man patient, Walter R. Snyder, who succumbed on April 8 or 9.

Mr. Alling will write a letter to-day giving the facts he has collected. One of these is that Hirschfeld was said to have signed the name of Dr. W. F. Semple, 843 Belmont Avenue, to some of the prescriptions he wrote for Snyder. Snyder was a singer. He had an insurance business on the side. His office was in the Roanoke Building. He boarded with Mrs. John Arnold at 704 Belmont Avenue. He had a brother, Howard, living at 3050 Lake Park Avenue. Snyder became ill in January. He had known "Dr." Hirschfeld when the two were boarders of Mrs. Arnold at a rooming house she formerly had on La Salle Avenue. He sent for Hirschfeld.

"Hirschfeld came regularly, giving various dopes and prescriptions to his friend," said Dr. C. H. Bushnell, who attended Snyder when he died. "He took him to the laboratory of Dr. S. E. Graves, 32 North State Street, an ethical physician, and the latter made a Wassermann test which showed positive, it is said. Hirschfeld then injected salvarsan.

"Without waiting for a second analysis, he gave Snyder another injection soon after, and followed it with a third."

Mrs. Arnold Tells of "Treatment"

"Snyder sang several songs for myself and others at the boarding house on Easter Sunday," said Mrs. Arnold. "He seemed to be in good spirits. On Monday he was the same. On Tuesday appeared Dr. Hirschfeld with his injection gun, and from that hour Snyder never breathed properly."

Dr. Herman C. Merker, a friend, had Snyder call in Dr. Bushnell, whose office is at 3424 Sheffield Avenue. He declared nothing in the world could save the man after the treatment he had been given.

"He was pumped full of arsenic," said Dr. Bushnell, "and he didn't need it. I don't know whether it was too much salvarsan or malpractice that caused his death, but he certainly had not been properly treated.

"Snyder was rushed to the Sheridan Park Hospital. A Wassermann test made at this time showed negative—the man was free of syphilis taint. He died a few days later."

Through Dr. Merker of 4541 Beacon Street the matter came before the State Board of Health and Hirschfeld was prosecuted for practicing without a license. He pleaded guilty.

Woman Killed by Operation

So much for the man patient. The woman was Mrs. Emma Constance. She died at the Columbus Hospital in June or July of 1912, as the result of an operation. Hirschfeld, it is alleged, treated her. Friends of the girl and several physicians have declared the operation was unnecessary.

"He didn't have to operate on the girl," said Charles Boalth, a North Side real estate man. "Dr. Merker can tell you more about her than I can. Also Julius Wolff and Miss Sturtevant, roomers at 1038 La Salle Avenue.

"Wolff knew this girl, and he heard Dr. Merker say that it was a shame and that Hirschfeld had killed her. Mrs. Constance had a married sister who lived on Sheffield Avenue—I believe the address was 2935, but I do not know the name."

But the matter of the girl was so trivial that Hirschfeld has forgotten all about it. The following is the report of a *Tribune* investigator who interviewed Hirschfeld on Wednesday night:

Nov. 5, 1913.

"Dr." Siegmund Hirschfeld is a little man, slender, with a mustache and eyeglasses. He seems to be of nervous temperament and is a fluent and skilful talker. He was a bit surprised when I told him I was from the *Tribune*. He said he had not practiced medicine since he paid his fine of \$100. He referred me at first to Mr. Alling for all information.

"Oh, we have Mr. Alling's report in the office," I said. "What I want to know, doctor, is just what you care to say about yourself in regard to the cases of Walter Snyder and Emma Constance."

"Constance? Constance? I don't know any girl of that name."

"Didn't you perform an operation on a girl who later died at the Columbus Hospital?"

"I? I perform an illegal operation?"

"Yes, doctor. Didn't you?"

"No. I don't remember the case."

Interviewer Is Persistent

"Surely, doctor, you haven't performed so many operations that you forget this case?" I persisted. "It happened in June or July of last year."

"I never performed an illegal operation," he replied.

"Do you know Julius Wolff?"

"No."

"Do you know Dr. Merker?"

"No."

"Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Graves, Dr. Semple?"

"I know Dr. Bushnell and Dr. Graves. I don't know Semple."

"Did you ever sign Dr. Semple's name to any prescriptions you wrote for Mr. Snyder?"

"I? I? You mean me?"

"Yes, doctor, I mean you. Did you?"

"In all my life I never have signed any name to anything except my own."

"That isn't answering the question, doctor."

"Well, I did not. Absolutely. Not at any time."

Evades Direct Answer

"Did you ever sign your name to any prescription?" I asked.

"I have never signed any name than my own," he insisted.

"All right. How much did Mr. Snyder pay you for your services?"

"How much? You mean how little. I didn't get paid for a whole lot of cases where I was entitled to it. Mr. Snyder was a friend of mine."

"Then, doctor, why did you pump him so full of 606? Dr. Bushnell said it wasn't necessary."

"On that point I have something to say, but I will reserve it until I come before a judiciary body. I don't think the *Tribune* is a judiciary body."

"Quite true, but we are trying to be fair. If you wish to say anything for yourself we are willing to print it. Could you ask more? Did you know that two charges of murder may be brought against you?"

"Murder?" [he asked it calmly]. "Against me? Well, maybe. I have nothing to say on that question. I have paid my fine, and am no longer practicing medicine. I have kept my word to Mr. Alling. That's all I can say."

Keeps Present Business Secret

"What are you doing now?" I asked next.

This question he would not answer, neither would he say what line of business he was in. He asserted on questioning, however, that he was not connected with any laboratory or hospital.

"You never had a license, did you?" I asked.

"I have not been licensed," he replied. "No, I am not registered."

"Ever receive a certificate?"

"I have a diploma."

"From Dr. Rogers of the National Medical University?"

"Yes. I took lessons from him for a year and a half."

"Hardly a recommendation, is it doctor?"

"Well, I wouldn't care to say."

"So, then, doctor, the whole thing is that you don't know anything about this girl. You have no records, nothing to recall her to your mind? And you won't say anything about your friend, Mr. Snyder?"

"Are you going to leave town?" was my next question.

"No, why should I?" he replied. "I shall stay right here. About the girl, I have burned or destroyed all my records and papers—everything."

I noticed two pennants on the furniture, each bearing the legend, "Field Hospital National Guard."

"Are you a doctor for the national guard?"

"I belong to the guard, yes." The "doctor" part he evaded.

Rogers Keeps On Without License

The health department got after Dr. Rogers' National Medical university and refused the place a license. The case has been continued four times. In the meantime the institution continues to operate without a license. Two suits were filed against the *Tribune* for libel, based on stories printed about the hospital. Ida Wright Rogers asks \$150,000 and Dr. L. D. Rogers wants a like amount. Rogers boasts of his pull and, so far, has appeared to have made good

his boast. Dr. George B. Young, health commissioner, has said that "powerful political interests" balked his efforts to close the place. Dr. Rogers also is head of the National Maternity Hospital and the Chicago Night University. Dr. Young says the Rogers place is the worst in the city.

**Sister and Physician Reveal Details of Emma Constance's Case—
Operated On by Siegmund Hirschfeld**

The full story of the death of Mrs. Emma Constance, on whom the amateur physician, Siegmund Hirschfeld, has "forgotten" he performed an operation, was told yesterday by Mrs. Constance's sister, Mrs. A. L. McReynolds of 4426 Clifton Avenue. Dr. A. C. Garvy, a licensed physician, completed her story and characterized "Dr." Hirschfeld's operation on Mrs. Constance as "wholly unnecessary." Mrs. Constance died on Monday, July 27, 1912, at the Columbus Hospital. "Dr." Hirschfeld had operated on her just a week before. The operation which he attempted to perform was so simple, according to Dr. Garvy, that a horse doctor might have done it. "That case," Dr. Garvy said at his office at 1104 Wilson Avenue, "I remember it. The woman was rushed to the Columbus Hospital by her sister, who was enraged at the way Hirschfeld had treated her. I had performed a big operation on her two years before, and I knew what Hirschfeld must have operated for. It was not a serious operation, but Hirschfeld's work was the rankest, rottenest, most unnecessary work I ever saw."

Mrs. McReynolds confined herself to the history of the case. She said Hirschfeld persuaded her sister to employ him by offering a "fine room" at a hospital for \$15 a week.

"My sister was married," she said, "but was separated from her husband. We were living in Sheffield Avenue at the time. She went to the hospital on July 24. He operated the next day. I saw her the night of the operation. 'What have they done to me?' she asked. Hirschfeld knew two days after the operation that she had become infected. He told the nurse, a Miss Peterson, that infection had set in and asked her not to tell any one. She lives at Belmont and Clark."

SUICIDES CAUSED BY LIES OF QUACK DOCTORS

Healthy Victims of Charlatans Told They Were Suffering from Dread Diseases

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 4, 1913.]

The stories of persons hounded to death by quack doctors is related in these columns. The stories came to the *Tribune* since the beginning of the crusade on quack doctors. They were obtained by letter, by telegraph, and by personal interview. In some instances names are suppressed in order that innocent persons may be spared publicity. So far as investigation has gone the stories—dramatically terrible as they may seem—bear the hallmark of truth. Here is an example of the awful influence which the “quack” doctors exercise on the ignorant immigrants of Chicago. The facts, names, and dates were given to the *Tribune* by officers of the Visiting Nurses’ Association. The names are omitted for obvious reasons. A Polish family living in Archer Avenue, besides the mother and father, was composed of ten healthy, ambitious children. The oldest of the children were twin boys, 23 years of age. One of the twins led a clean, healthy life and was a fine type of physical strength and energy. He brought his pay envelope home regularly, and was frequently promoted by the firm with which he worked.

Has Dizzy Spell; Quack Does Rest

One day the son had a dizzy spell. He read an advertisement in one of the foreign newspapers. He went to see a “quack” doctor in the neighborhood where he lived. The youth had but one interview with the doctor. It lasted only a few minutes. But during that time the doctor impressed a belief on the mind of the healthy boy that he had a horrible disease which would take three years and much money to cure. The boy went home resolved to take his life. He could not bear the expense of the “treatment” and did not wish to expose his family to danger of contracting the disease. He became so obsessed with the dread of the disease that he slept in a room by himself, would not come near any of his family, ate alone, and having washed his own eating utensils, would lock them in a drawer.

Boy in Fine Health, Doctor Says

The family physician was asked by the mother to make an examination of the boy. The doctor reported he was in fine physical condition and there was nothing at all the matter with him. Not convinced, the boy went to six reputable physicians, all of whom told him the “quack” had lied to get his money. But they could not drive the obsession from the boy’s mind. No word from expert authority could beat the idea out of his head which the “quack” had put in it. He refused to visit any of his relatives or go near them for fear of spreading the contagion. The “quack” had told him he was endangering his family by having the disease, as well as himself, and this idea the boy stuck to. He broke off an engagement with his sweetheart and without explaining why

refused again to see her. The family physician became alarmed at the mental condition of the boy and decided the only thing to do was to have another physician examine him and tell him he really had the disease he feared. It was arranged with another physician that the boy should be given some harmless pills after the incorrect diagnosis and was to pay \$1 a week until he was "cured"—mentally cured. The boy seemed somewhat relieved after this ruse was sprung. He took the medicine regularly for several weeks. One morning he was found dead in his bed. He had taken poison. He left a note saying he could not bear to bring his family into disgrace by his own imprudence.

KENNEDY AND KENNEDY

Detroit Fakery Drive Boy to Suicide—One Goes to Jail—The Other Flees

[Chicago Tribune, Nov. 4, 1913.]

Here is a story telegraphed from Detroit:

"DETROIT, November 3.—Drs. James D. Kennedy and Charles J. Kennedy, the notorious K. and K., who made themselves wealthy by swindling men afflicted with venereal diseases, or thought themselves so afflicted, have been

BLOOD DISEASES CURED

Drs. K. & K. Established 20 Years

NO NAMES USED WITH-
OUT WRITTEN CONSENT



BEFORE TREATMENT

He was surprised at how the sores healed—"I took your New METHOD TREATMENT for a serious blood disease with which I had been infected for twelve years. I had consulted a score of physicians taken all kinds of blood medicine, visited Hot Springs and other mineral water resorts, but only got temporary relief. They would help me for a time, but after discontinuing the medicines the symptoms would break out again—running sores, blotches, rheumatic pains, looseness of the hair, swellings of the glands, palms of the hands scaling, itching of the skin, dyspeptic stomach, etc. I had given up in despair when a



AFTER TREATMENT

friend advised me to consult you, as you had cured him of a similar disease 8 years ago. I had no hope, but took his advice. In three weeks' time the sores commenced to heal up and I became encouraged. I continued the New METHOD TREATMENT for four months and at the end of that time every symptom had disappeared. I was cured 7 years ago and no signs of any disease since. My boy, three years old, is sound and healthy. I certainly can recommend your treatment with all my heart. You can refer any person to me privately, but you can use this testimonial as you wish.

W. H. S.

We treat NERVOUS DEBILITY, VARICOSE VEINS, VITAL WEAKNESS, BLOOD, SKIN and SECRET Diseases, URINARY, BLADDER and KIDNEY complaints of Men and Women.

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New METHOD TREATMENT will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. Books Free—(Illustrated) on diseases of Men.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. Everything confidential, Question list and cost of Home Treatment FREE.

Drs. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave., and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

put completely out of business in Detroit. The final step was the revocation of license of Dr. James D. Kennedy to practice in this state. This action followed the flight of Dr. Kennedy from the state while awaiting sentence on conviction of distributing obscene literature. Dr. Charles J. Kennedy, the other member of the firm, was not quick enough. On October 6 he was sent to the Detroit House of Correction for sixty days. The prosecution of the doctors began on Dec. 12, 1912. The climax came when an old German woman called on Prosecuting Attorney Hugh Shepherd last fall and told how her son, about 20 years

old, had been practically done to death by the quacks. The boy had become acquainted with them by reading their advertisements and their literature.

"He thought from symptoms they set forth that he was afflicted with a venereal disease, and called on them for a cure. They told him he had half a dozen diseases, and that unless he took treatment he would live only a few weeks. Then they said they had the only treatment that would cure him, and that he must pay \$150 in advance or they would not take his case. He had no money, so he went about trying to borrow that amount. He and his mother had been in America only six months. He was working at a salary of \$12 or \$15 a week, supporting his mother, so his acquaintance was limited and his effort to borrow came to naught. His next move was to take an old revolver which had belonged to his father and shoot himself dead. Coroners who viewed the body and heard the mother's story made postmortem examinations and found the boy had no disease whatever.

Prosecutor Raids Joint

"Shortly thereafter Prosecuting Attorney Shepherd raided the K. and K. joint and confiscated the museum of obscene exhibits and thousands of obscene pamphlets. City authorities prosecuted the doctors for maintaining an obscene museum, but the fact that pamphlets were distributed outside the city brought the case under jurisdiction of the county officials. The doctors were admitted to bail. The judge finally decided that fines would do no good whatever, as the men were rich enough to pay \$100 assessments indefinitely, and resolved to impose prison sentences. He ordered the men before him on October 6. Charles J. Kennedy responded and was sent to prison. James D. Kennedy sent a representative with a physician's certificate stating that he was too ill to appear in court that day. Next day he disappeared, presumably to Canada. A warrant was issued, but search for him has been fruitless. Yesterday policemen went to his palatial residence on Woodward Avenue with search warrants and made certain he was not hiding there."

CANCER-CURE FAKER SCARES WOMEN

Dr. S. R. Chamlee Takes Money from Persons Who Have Incurable Disease—Death Blamed on Him—Victim's Story Tells Tragedy

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 12, 1913.]

Here are set forth the methods of a special brand of quack—the cancer “specialist.” The man is Dr. S. R. Chamlee.¹ He operates a fake medical institution at 36 West Randolph Street. Those who have studied the ways of quacks pronounce the cancer faker, of which Chamlee is a shining example, the most cruel and conscienceless of the whole crew. Chamlee advertises he can cure cancer. He uses what he calls a “blood-purifier.” Chamlee’s specialty is frightening women. He advertises extensively that “every lump in a woman’s breast is a cancer.” He sends out a booklet written with the design of frightening healthy persons into the belief they are afflicted with this terrible incurable disease.

The book is so phrased that an ignorant person possessed of a little imagination would have no difficulty in persuading himself or herself that a wart, a bruise, or a mole was incipient cancer. So much for Chamlee as a liar. Chamlee’s “cure” for cancer is a fake. The United States Department of Agriculture some time ago made an analysis of his remedy.

“The results of this analysis,” stated the report on Chamlee to the postoffice authorities, “show the treatment furnished by Dr. Chamlee cannot by any possibility accomplish the results claimed for it in the cure of cancer.”

Victim Beneath a Headstone

Now as to Dr. Chamlee’s valuation of a human life. Dr. Chamlee had one such patient in Mrs. Sarah J. St. Clair, an old and respected resident of Valparaiso, Ind. Mrs. St. Clair lies beneath a headstone now. Chamlee is charged with having put her there. In support of that charge the following letter is offered as exhibit “A”:

“VALPARAISO, Ind., November 1.—[Editor of the *Tribune*.]—I have been reading with no little interest of the great work you are doing through exposure of the fraudulent methods of medical quacks in Chicago. I wish most heartily to commend you, for I believe you are doing a great work to prevent innocent and sick from falling into the hands of men who not only rob them of their last dollar but who also destroy any possible chance they might have of recovery under skilful treatment. Another class of fakers working in Chicago and elsewhere, more cruel than the ‘men specialists,’ are the self-styled cancer specialists, and I wish to call attention to one in your city who deserves not only exposure, but the most vigorous and summary punishment within the power of the law to administer.

1. The Government’s case against Chamlee is given in some detail in a pamphlet, “Cancer Fakes,” price 6 cents, published by the American Medical Association.

"I refer to an institution located in room 308, 36 West Randolph Street, known as Dr. Chamlee & Co. The proofs on which I base my assertion that he is not only a quack but a cruel monster dealing out death to his victims while promising a cure, stealing their money with alluring promises of recovery, and in almost every instance sending them away to die at home, rather than in his own 'rooms,' were obtained from a patient who submitted to his treatment on May 19, 1913. The particulars of that case were as follows: This lady, whose name appears in the contract issued by the U. S. Cancer Cure, came to my office May 5 complaining of a lump in her breast. On examination I told her the lump was a cancer and there was no cure for her, other than a complete excision of the breast, with all the neighboring infected glands.

CANCER
IN WOMAN'S BREAST

ALWAYS BEGINS a small LUMP LIKE THIS and ALWAYS
 POISONS DEEP In ARMPIT AND KILLS QUICKLY
I Will Give \$1000 if I Fail to Cure
 and forfeit \$1000 or excel any other Dr. living.

No Knife or Pain—
No Pay Until Cured.
Written Guarantee.
No X Ray Swindle.
3-Day Painless Plaster.
Wonderful Discovery
9000 Cured. Cancer
 never pains while small, it
 Poisons to Death. Any
TUMOR, LUMP or
SORE on the LIP,
FACE or BODY long
IS CANCER. 120-PAGE BOOK SENT
FREE. Testimonials of Thousands **CURED**
 after others failed. **See or Write to Some**
 Write to **DR. & MRS. DR. CHAMLEE** **CANCER CURE**
 to **AB 36 W. RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO, ILL.** **Strictly Reliable**
KINDLY MAIL this to SOMEONE with CANCER

A typical Chamlee's advertisement.—(From "Nostrums and Quackery.")

Warned Against Exploited "Cures"

"At that time I warned her against any possible delay that would come from the use of the various exploited cancer 'cures' of which we read in the various papers. This patient was evidently greatly depressed from what I told her, and that night read in a Chicago newspaper the advertisement of a Dr. Chamlee offering a guarantee of cure. She went to Chicago and after some negotiations, during which time the price was reduced from \$1,000 to \$100, agreed to take the treatment. This patient entered the institution on May 19 and was discharged on June 2, believing herself cured. When she returned to Valparaiso I was again called to see her, and what I then saw made my blood run cold, to think that in a city like Chicago such hideous surgery could be allowed to go unpunished. The entire right breast had been sloughed away by the use of arsenic compounds and a deep incision had been made in the axilla, evidently with some such instrument as a pair of shears.

"Both wounds were packed full of cloths smeared with some dirty greenish ointment. Evidently no attempt had been made to observe the simplest rule of asepsis, and the patient was at the time suffering from a general septicemia. She died on June 13 of septicemia, not a victim of cancer but a victim of the Chamlee Cancer Institute not less surely than if she had been struck down in cold blood for a price.

"With this letter I am sending you the original contract entered into by this patient and the 'U. S. Cancer Cure,' which you see is illusive and unfair. I inclose also another letter received by friends of the patient after her death, showing that another victim of the Chamlee Institute went in the same way. I am also sending you a label from a large bottle of Dr. Chamlee's cancer blood-purifier, which bottle was brought from the institute by the patient, the



Photographic reproductions (reduced) of the letter-heads of Chamlee's stationery as used in St. Louis before he was driven out of that city and as now used in Chicago.—(From "Nostrums and Quackery.")

details of whose death I have related to you. This medicine kills cancer 'germs' and prevents recurrences in other parts of the body if taken three months as directed. Incidentally it costs \$5 a bottle.

"I inclose a series of letters addressed to a lady who was at that time a member of my family whom I asked to write to Dr. Chamlee, leading him to suppose she had a cancer. You will observe that in these letters the final appeal is made to buy medicine after all hope has been abandoned of getting her to go to the institute for treatment. Another amusing statement made in the Chamlee literature to which I wish to call your attention is his request for the patient to bring plenty of cloths for poulticing purposes. The evident deception and fraud in all of Chamlee's advertising which he is sending to every one through the mails should bring this arch fiend into unpleasant relations with the government. I wish also to call your attention to the fact that Dr. Chamlee

himself is not a resident of Chicago, but the business is run under his name and the documents are signed 'Dr. S. R. Chamlee.' Is not that a fraud in itself?

"G. H. STONER, M.D."

Here Is the "Contract"

The contract, which the *Tribune* offers as exhibit "B," reads as follows:

OUR GUARANTEE

Chicago, Ill., May 19, 1913.

Mrs. Sarah J. St. Clair of Valparaiso, Ind., to U. S. Cancer Cure, Dr.:

For treatment of cancer, tumor, or sore on breast.....	\$100
Credit by cash.....	50

Balance due	\$ 50
-------------------	-------

To be paid within two weeks, or when the killed part of cancer comes out.

We agree to remove by our treatment all external cancerous growths that we find on first examination.

PERMANENT CURE GUARANTEED

if no other deep or lymphatic glands are poisoned; . . . if, however, other deep or lymphatic glands are already poisoned and another cancer or growth ever should come, nothing refunded, but we agree to treat the same free of charge to the best of our ability and when advisable, provided, however, that the patient returns to us on first appearance of cancer while it is small.

After this bill and all other charges for room, board and nursing are paid we agree to furnish our cancer blood-purifier for three months free.

It is understood and agreed the doctor may change the method and treatment at any time and use blisters, injections, curette, scissors, or anything necessary. The use of all or anything shall be left entirely to the discretion of the doctor, regardless of any promise or understanding.

Accepted and agreed to by the undersigned:

[Signed.] U. S. CANCER CURE.
SARAH J. ST. CLAIR.

On the back of this contract was indorsed:

"June 2, 1913.—Received of Mrs. St. Clair \$50, balance in full.

"[Signed] DR. R. S. CHAMLEE.

One of His Little Tricks

Dr. Chamlee is aware that other quacks in Chicago maintain runners at the various railroad stations for the purpose of enticing gullible persons to their offices. He evidently had lost patients to rivals through these runners. To be sure that the patients whom he hooked through his advertisements would come straight to his office he hit on the following ingenious expedient: To every patient who had announced an intention of coming to see him he sent a card printed in red ink. The upper part of this card is separated from the remainder by perforations. On this on both sides is printed:

For the Cab Driver
36 West Randolph Street

Keep This in Your Hand

36 West Randolph Street, Room 308

Walk up two short stairs or take elevator.
Walk right in like you were at home. Ask
nobody anything and tell nobody anything.

Do not come to our office until 10 a. m.
We treat home cases until that time.

For the Cab Driver
36 West Randolph Street

FREE CAB TICKET

To 36 West Randolph Street

You pay the Cab Agent in the depot 50 Cents

We Pay You Back.

Outside cabs cost more. Marshall Field's big bus outside
costs 5 cents. Bus or cab is the safest way
Label Your Suit Case.

Office Hours 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. ONLY

CANCER-CURE FAKE AT FOREST PARK

"Dr." Chamlee's "Hospital," Spurned by Chicago, Finds Location in Suburb—Figures in Tragedies—Where Two Women Victims Received "Treatment" Which Resulted in Death

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 13, 1913.]

Residents of Forest Park may be interested to know that in "Dr." S. R. Chamlee's "cancer hospital" they possess an institution which the health authorities in Chicago long ago refused to tolerate. This is the place to which Chamlee's lying advertisements and cunningly worded "come-on" letters lured Mrs. Sarah J. St. Clair of Valparaiso, Ind., to receive the "treatment" that brought about her death. It is the place, too, at which Mrs. Anna Roth of Urbana, Ill., paid the penalty of believing Chamlee's false claims. Other patients have suffered there. There is every reason to believe that more will suffer in the same manner unless Forest Park takes the same action Chicago did and makes Chamlee's hospital move on.

Chamlee first came to Chicago a number of years ago after the people of St. Louis had had enough of him and his quackeries and invited him to vamoose. He tried to get a license to practice medicine in Illinois, but the State Board of Health declined to issue it. Then he hired Dr. W. D. Hurford, and he, after numerous unpleasant experiences with the authorities, still manages to maintain a foothold in Chicago in the offices at 36 West Randolph Street. Soon after the Randolph Street offices were opened the first "hospital" was established. The local health authorities heard what he was doing and one night, just about two patrol wagon lengths ahead of a police patrol wagon, he scurried off for Forest Park. He has been there ever since. Many patients have been treated there for cancer by him, and a good many of them have died.

Patients Near Death Sent Home

To prevent unpleasant consequences Chamlee took the precaution when he saw his victims were in the last stages of the disease to pack them up and send them home. Practically all of those who come to see him are out-of-town people. In this way he usually has been able to avoid the unpleasant consequences of an inquest. It was in this way he managed the case of Mrs. Roth. She lived at 603 West Illinois Street, Urbana, Ill. She took Dr. Chamlee's cancer "treatment" and the "treatment" took her life. In investigating this case the *Tribune* got into communication with Dr. C. D. Gulick, Mrs. Roth's family physician. To the *Tribune's* correspondent he said:

"Mrs. Roth had been sent home by Chamlee when my attention was called to her case. She was suffering from chills, she said. She said she was suffering from bilious attacks, and I treated her for that. Members of the family showed me two deep wounds, one in the breast and the other under the pectoral muscles, but they insisted I treat the chills and let them treat the wounds with

a salve they got from the institution she had left a few days before. On the second day I found Mrs. Roth's temperature increased and her condition worse in every way. On the third day I saw symptoms of pyemia. Then I demanded that the use of the salve be stopped. The family complied, but the poison had inoculated her system and death followed a few days later.

"I examined the wound in her breast, and the bottom of the cavity, which had been called a portion of the cancerous growth, appeared to me to be merely a division of the mammary gland. I doubt much whether she suffered from carcinoma. The salve used looked to me like beeswax. Whether it had medicinal qualities I do not know, but I do know that, after the wound had become infected, probably from an unclean instrument, this salve clogged the openings and prevented the outward escape of the poisonous secretions."

DR. CHAMLEE'S
CANCER
SPECIFIC

Purifies the Blood
 and Removes all
 Cancer Virus from the
 system. It will prevent
 the return of Cancer if
 taken freely for three
 or four months after
 the Cancer is removed.

We will not be responsible if Cancer should come in another place, **unless at least three bottles** have been taken.

It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered to cure Cancer in the blood.





DOSE — Teaspoonful in Water
Before or After Meals



Photographic reproduction of the label that appeared on Chamlee's "Cancer Specific." This nostrum consisted of over 99 per cent. of water and alcohol with small quantities of iron, strychnin and saccharin.—(From "Nostrums and Quackery.")

Husband Tells of Case

As to the circumstances that led to Mrs. Roth's falling a victim to the quack, her husband, Judge Thomas J. Roth, said:

"On April 27 last I took my wife to Dr. Chamlee's Randolph Street office in Chicago. Two assistants or partners told us that it was unfortunate treatment had been so long delayed and that Mrs. Roth was in a serious condition. They added they thought it possible to prolong her life by the Chamlee method. Both declared it would be suicidal to permit conditions to remain as they were. They diagnosed her case as cancer of the breast and armpit. Before administering the first treatment the doctors demanded \$500. I told them the price was exorbitant and offered \$300. We compromised on \$325. I paid \$200 in advance and the remainder a short time later. Chamlee came to Chicago while my wife

was at the hospital and treated her there. On the day we left for home she asked him if there was any danger of blood-poisoning. I remember his exact words. 'Not the slightest,' he said. 'You might throw dirt in those wounds and they would not become infected.' Two patients were at the office the day my wife took the treatment. One was the woman from Valparaiso who suffered from cancer of the breast. After receiving the treatment she was turned out alone to find relatives. She died, I hear, ten days later. The other patient had cancer of the tongue. The day before we started for home Mrs. Roth seemed reasonably well. She ate dinner and her condition seemed encouraging. When we left she apparently was feeling well, but on the way to the station I noticed that her face had turned an ashen gray. At the station she became violently ill, and that was the beginning of the end. She died ten days later."

DR. ELLSWORTH C. MARTIN

Adept Note-Getter, Escapes Crete, Ill., Lockup—Farmers' Wives Victims—Complainants Say He Went Through Thirty-One Counties, Swindling Many Persons

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 17, 1913.]

This is the sign on the glass door of Room 504, Northern Office Building, 186 North La Salle Street:

DR. ELLSWORTH C. MARTIN SPECIALIST OFFICE HOURS 9 a. m. to 12; 1 p. m. to 4
--

Callers at the office on Saturday found no one there. A glance over the transom showed a bare room with one chair and a desk in it. Explanation of Dr. Martin's absence probably was contained in a Joliet newspaper, which was crammed in the mail chute in the door. The fact is that a posse in Will County, Illinois, has some urgent business with Dr. Martin. Farmers and farmers' wives in thirty-three counties in Illinois are anxious to see Dr. Martin. The Will County jailer at Crete, Ill., also desires an interview with the doctor about the little matter of his breaking jail there.

Gustave Fisher, a farmer near Ellwood, Ill., called at the *Tribune* office during the day to inquire about Dr. Martin. Mr. Fisher brought a pasteboard box which he had received through the mail from Dr. Martin, representing that it came from the great "Garfield Park Specialists." It contained one large plain bottle of a pink-colored liquid, one small bottle of liquid of the same color, and two small boxes of pills, white and yellow.

"I paid him \$100 for this stuff," said Fisher, "and gave him my note for \$50. Now he is trying to force me to pay the note, even after I know the medicine is useless and that he is charged with being a swindler. Why, when the posse caught him and put him in jail in Crete he had about \$800 in notes and checks on him and the sheriff returned all of them to the farmers he had taken them from. He made me believe my wife was a sick woman and he could cure her for \$150. When we got the medicine, which was supposed to be for some internal disorder, we found that our neighbor had paid \$50 for the same stuff to cure catarrh. I want to know whether I can be forced to pay that note. I understand he has sold it to some bank or somebody up here who is trying to force payment."

Mr. Fisher was advised to see a lawyer.

The Ellwood man said Dr. Martin had driven through the country promising to cure right and left and taking large fees, part cash and part paper. Dr. Martin and his two assistants contracted for the cure of Mrs. James Maxwell,

wife of a farmer at Beecher, Ill., who says she handed over \$40. Later she grew suspicious and told her son. A posse was formed which "landed" Dr. Martin two days later, just as he was boarding a train at Crete for Chicago. He was placed in the county jail, from which he escaped the next day. The authorities at Crete made up a list of many of Dr. Martin's patients who handed him money. Investigation revealed that within the last year he operated in thirty-three counties of Illinois, as shown by his medical registrations. The Chicago office, it is alleged, was maintained as a shipping place for the alleged medicine and a place where mail was received.

QUACKS ROUTED; PREPARE TO QUIT BUSINESS

Flood of Dupes Stopped—Results of "Tribune" Campaign

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 20, 1913.]

There was unusual activity among several of the quacks in Chicago yesterday. It was displayed in the packing of tools and furniture, preparatory to closing their offices. In a business way, the activity might be designated as less than zero. A reporter was surprised at the qualms of conscience which "fakery" proprietors are suffering. Some of the less unscrupulous charlatans admitted they really had begun to believe persons had been swindled by quacks, and to

"Old Doc" Hodgens Folds His Tent; Is Going Away

"Old Doc" Hodgens, of many years quack fame has folded his tent and packed his goods and is going away. He told his neighbors yesterday that he was going to California "for his health." "Old Doc" Isaac Walton Hodgens has just sold his pretty home on Greenleaf avenue in Wilmette for \$11,000. Furniture vans stood about the place all the afternoon yesterday loading up with the Hodgens effects. Up to recently Hodgens had a quack parlor at 35 South Dearborn street and time was when he did a thriving business.

From the *Chicago Tribune* December 13, 1918.

avoid any reflections on themselves they had decided to quit the business. The disturbances among the quacks as discovered by a reporter yesterday are summarized as follows:

DR. HOWE & Co., 120 North Dearborn Street—Advertised furniture for sale in the *Tribune*. Packing drugs and tools and a caretaker said action was in preparation for closing the office.

THE ATOMO-RADIO COMPANY, 81 West Randolph Street—A man in white coat with red cross on the collar said he had purchased the paraphernalia of the office from Victor Williams. Gave the name of L. T. Burgess and said he

was a graduate of Jenner Medical College, a night school. Wore the conventional physician's beard. Said he purchased plant from Williams following the *Tribune's* exposé of quacks.

DR. WELLS & Co., 424 South State Street—Sold by the Williamses to a man who did not give his name. Name of Dr. Wells & Co. will be removed because of unavoidable notoriety.

DR. LEWIS E. ZINS, also known as Zinsheimer, 183 North Clark Street—Stenographer in office said Dr. Zins would return at 4:30 o'clock. No patients. Large electric sign removed.

DR. WILLIAM E. CODE AND DR. W. A. CODE, 145 North Clark Street—Not in; time of return unknown to office girl; name "Professor Ehrlich" erased from office windows.

DR. ISAAC WALTER HODGENS, Crilly building, 35 South Dearborn Street—Dr. Hodgins not in office; time of return not known to negro attendant. No patients.

OLD DR. SWEANY COMPANY, 63 West Randolph Street—Two men busy wheeling boxes out to a dray. Attendant in office trying to dispose of two settees and a letter file.

DR. EDWARD N. FLINT, 322 South State Street—Indignant and complained his interviews had been distorted.

DUPE CAUSES ARREST OF DR. WILKINS

Operates at 524 South State Street—Masked by a Drug Store—Faker
Makes Victims of Persons Who Enter the
Shop for Purchases

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 22 and 23, 1913.]

Another Chicago quack landed behind the bars yesterday. He is Dr. Horace P. Wilkins, who "makes weak men strong." Detective Harry Walker ushered Dr. Wilkins out of the latter's cozy office at 524 South State Street, near Harrison, and into a cell at the detective bureau. Wilkins was arrested on a warrant charging him with operating a confidence game. Frank J. Weidner, who is 22 years old and lives at 666 South State Street, was the complainant. Municipal Judge Stewart issued the warrant. Weidner says that last Saturday he went into the drug store in front of the doctor's offices to buy a pulley exerciser advertised by a man in the window. He asserts he was directed to go back into the doctor's office to be shown how to use the exerciser.

"The doctor made me forget all about the exerciser," said Weidner. "He took me into a little room and locked all the doors. Then he asked me if I felt sleepy when I woke up in the morning. I told him I was feeling fine, but I wanted to use the exerciser so I could put big muscles on my arms like the men who was demonstrating it in the window. He made me undress and lie down on a cushioned table. Then he went out of the room and left me there half an hour. When he came back he shook his head gravely and said I was a sick boy. He said I had some horrible disease like 'hockitus,' or something like that, and I would have to take treatment from him. He had me scared. I handed over \$10 and he sat me in a chair and turned on some electricity. Then he took me out into the drug store and made me pay my remaining \$2 for two bottles of medicine and two boxes of pills.

"He Had Me Scared"

"I found myself out on the sidewalk without the exerciser I went in for and with only that bunch of dope. Then I came to myself. I don't know what he did to me, but he had me scared while he had me in the office. I knew I wasn't sick, because I never have been sick in my life, except when I had the measles. I went right back and handed back the bottles and the medicine and demanded they return my \$12. It was all I had. My mother just died in Pittsburgh and I came to Chicago to go to work. When I asked for my money Dr. Wilkins laughed at me and said he had to keep the \$10 as his fee and the \$2 was for the drugs and he couldn't take them back. There was nothing else I could do, so I left the drugs there and went out. At the hotel a fellow told me to come up and see the *Tribune*. They told me where to go to swear out a warrant."

Acting on Weidner's tip, a reporter for the *Tribune* went to the drug store at 524 South State street, which goes under the name of "The New Pharmacy." After purchasing one of the exercisers, the reporter asked if it was not neces-

sary to wear gymnasium trunks when one took the exercises. The demonstrator called "Doctor," and pointed for the reporter to follow the "doctor." Here is the reporter's story.

"Dr. Wilkins led me into a small room at the rear of the store and carefully closed the three doors to it.

"Do you feel drowsy in the daytime?" he asked after he had pushed me into a seat beside his desk.

"No," I replied.

"Do you feel sleepy when you wake up in the morning?"

"Yes, I do, sometimes," I answered.

Looks Into Mouth First

"Then he stood me up in the center of the floor and told me to open my mouth. He held my tongue down with a small piece of wood and looked first above and then under it.

"Just as I thought," he said, 'your glands are enlarged over the tongue and under the jaw. You are not feeling right, are you?'

"I feel fine, doctor," I said. 'Just want to get those gymnasium trunks to exercise in. I am perfectly all right.'

"What do you know about that," he remarked. 'I am the chief expert here, didn't I tell you? You ought to consider yourself lucky that you came in here to get your gymnasium trunks. It means a lot to you. You don't want to be a weakling, do you?'

"I told him I didn't think I was. At the same time I divested my clothes as he suggested and took the position he directed on the operating table.

"Remain there while I make an examination of this," he said, departing into the adjoining room with the graduated glass.

"During the doctor's absence I had time to examine his medical library, which I found contained such rare medical authorities as 'United States Agricultural Reports,' 'Samantha in Europe,' and 'A Child's Science.' When the doctor returned in ten minutes he wore a worried look.

"You are in a bad way," he said. 'There's no phosphate in your blood. There's not enough salt. Your manhood is slowly ebbing away. In six months you'll be a wreck. Now I want to start you on some treatments immediately. I—'

"But I am all right, doctor, I just want a pair of gymnasium trunks," I interpolated.

"Lie down," said Dr. Wilkins, pressing me firmly back on the table. 'Do you want to be a physical wreck? Will you listen to me, if I tell you that I am going to build you up to a powerful man—perfect giant in your physical and intellectual powers? You don't want to be a weakling, do you?'

Wilkins Eager to Begin

"The doctor sat down at his desk. I slid off the table and he began writing.

"First we will give you a tonic to put the phosphate in your blood," he said. 'Then we will give you pills to increase the physical power immediately. Then we will give you a liquid for application. Then you must come here to me twice a week for treatment.'

"Here the doctor asked me my name, address and occupation, which I supplied from imagination.

"This treatment will cost you \$25," he said, 'and the medicine will cost you \$2. I want to begin treatments with you right away, as you are in a bad way. How much money have you got with you?'

"'I'll be back to-night with it, doctor,' I said. He felt so bad about it I wanted to make him take it easier.

"One hour later I returned with Detective Walker and young Weidner. The latter identified the doctor and Walker read him the warrant as he sat at his desk in the little office with a skull grinning down on him from a shelf."

Says He Works for Dr. C. C. Miller

"'Do you own the drug store, or does the drug store own you?' I asked him.

"'I don't own anything,' he said. 'I simply work on a salary for Dr. C. C. Miller. He owns a drug store on State Street and the one at Clark and Madison, and several others. I hope he gets me out on bail. I am a registered physician from McGill School.'"

In the windows of the drug store at Clark and Madison streets last night the following patent nostrums were on display: "Passionettes, six boxes for \$5." Under a sign reading, "BE YOUNG AGAIN," "The Great Youth Restorer," "For Nervous Debility and Weakness." "Knoxit, sure cure, one to five days, 59 cents marked down from \$1." "Make-Man Tablets—were 50 cents, now 35 cents." "S. S. S., cheap." "Aphro, Tonic Rejuvenator." "St. John's Injection." "Lydia Pinkham's Celery Compound." "Zip." "Sanitary Female Syringes."

WILKINS, AFTER NIGHT IN CELL, SAYS HE WAS ONLY EMPLOYEE OF DR. C. C. MILLER

Had Den in Drug Store—Says Others Got Profits and Told How to Extract Money from Dupes

Dr. Horace P. Wilkins—he "makes weak men strong"—the quack whose den is in the rear of the New Pharmacy at 524 South State Street, was arraigned before Municipal Judge John Mahoney yesterday on a charge of operating a confidence game. Through Dr. C. C. Miller, who has an office above his drug store on the southwest corner of Clark and Madison streets, and Attorney Charles Horgan, Dr. Wilkins was released on a \$1,500 bond, signed by George Carroso, a saloonkeeper, who lives at 1841 Jackson Boulevard. One of Dr. Wilkins' contributions to medical science in his famous diagnostic query to prospective patients, "Do you feel sleepy when you wake up in the morning?" An affirmative reply indicates the presence of some horrible condition in the "patient's" system and usually results in the subsequent transfer of the latter's funds to the doctor.

"Do you feel sleepy when you wake up in the morning?" was one of the questions which Dr. Wilkins asked a *Tribune* reporter on Friday just before he pronounced his caller in a condition fast approaching impotency and imbecility. One hour later the doctor was arrested on the warrant sworn out before Municipal Judge Stewart by Frank J. Weidner, a young man who alleges he was swindled out of \$10 in Wilkin's office. Dr. Wilkins spent the night in a cell in the basement of the detective bureau. As he stepped out from the motley array of drunks, vagrants and thieves in the bull-pen in the court-room he was interviewed by the reporter who had talked with him before.

"Doctor, did you feel sleepy when you woke up this morning?" was asked.

The doctor manifested a mental condition that argued ill for supposed friends he had depended upon throughout the night to effect his release on bond. Dr. Wilkins professed his innocence of any wrongdoing. He said he owned no interest in the drug store in the rear of which he works, and maintained that he is a paid employee of Dr. C. C. Miller, who, he says, owns the drug store and several others.

"I have got it in black and white and can show it," said Wilkins to Detective Harry Walker, who made the arrest. "I was working under Dr. Miller and under his instructions as to what to do with the people we got in there. I am simply paid my salary. He gets all of the money taken in."

Dr. Miller, who lives at 2618 Lake View Avenue, hovered on the outside of the courtroom while arrangements were making for the bond. When asked about his interest in the case, he deplored that the present "hullabaloo" about quacks made it inexpedient for him to make a statement.

"Better to Lie Low for a While"

"You mean you think it is better to lie low for a while?" asked the reporter.

"The less said about the matter the better," replied the doctor. "Publicity is the worst thing for the business at present."

"Dr. Wilkins says that you pay him a salary, and that you own the New Pharmacy and the drug store at Clark and Madison and another one?"

"I am interested in the drug store," replied Dr. Miller, "but I don't wish to talk about that now."

Dr. Miller was asked about the alluring advertisement and display of almost a dozen different brands of patent nostrums, venereal disease "cures," and "youth rejuvenators" in the windows of both drug stores.

"That is just how we do almost as much good for the people as a powerful newspaper," said Dr. Miller. "We know those medicines are frauds. We tell people who want to buy them that they are no good. If a man comes in and asks for this or that venereal disease cure, the clerk advises him to see a doctor. He sends the man up to me. My offices are on the third floor, above the drug store. Don't you think in that way we do a lot of good?"

"Doc, I think you are the biggest gang of robbers unhung," the reporter replied.

ITINERANT QUACKS

"Tribune" Inquiry Shows Chicago Center for Traveling Medical Fakers—Visit Victims Monthly

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 27, 1913.]

During more than a week *Tribune* reporters have been making a first-hand study of the methods employed by a group of "celebrated Chicago specialists" who, presumably from purely philanthropic motives, have deserted the field in their home city to minister to the sick and infirm of smaller communities. In the group are:

DR. FRUTH, who advertises as "Dr. J. N. Shallenberger," 2967 Michigan avenue.

DR. C. A. WALTON, 230 East Sixty-third street.

DR. R. S. PIPER, 177 North State street.

DR. C. B. CARSON, 766 Oakwood boulevard.

DR. J. BLAIR GUTHRIE, who says he lives in Evanston.

DR. E. O. GABLE, 6132 Langley avenue.

The reporter when he left Chicago was, he thought, in perfect health. He had been confirmed in that opinion by a competent Chicago physician. What was the astonishment of the reporter after visiting "the famous Chicago specialists" to discover that instead of being a well man he was, in fact, a mere two-legged vehicle for disease germs. For instance:

At Princeton, Ill., Dr. Fruth presented the reporter with a fully developed case of "stomachitis."

At Morris, Ill., Dr. Gable discovered he had anemia.

At Galesburg, Ill., Dr. Walton pronounced him a victim of "suppressed gonorrhea," and Dr. Carson immediately afterward diagnosed him as a victim of hallucinations.

At Dixon, Ill., Dr. Piper assured him he had "sexual neurasthenia."

Specialists in "Getting the Money"

All of this might have worried the reporter had he not found evidence to convince himself the "great Chicago specialists" are merely traveling quacks. They are specialists, it is true, but their "specialty" is getting the money. Their methods are in no way different from those of the Chicago quacks the *Tribune* already has exposed. They advertise, they "throw the scare" into the patient, they guarantee a "cure" to be paid for on the installment plan. These peripatetic medicine men, it was discovered, have many traits in common. One is that they all wear whiskers. It doesn't make much difference as to the cut so long as they are luxuriant and lend an air of learning to the visage.

Another habit common to these traveling doctors is the habit of "making" each of a string of towns once in twenty-eight days. They leave Chicago the first of the month, circle around through a route they have long followed and gather in the shekels of the credulous on the way. Their advent to each town always is heralded by advertisements in the local newspapers. The practice of illustrating the ads with photographs is another trait peculiar to the peripatetic

medicine man. It doesn't make any difference if the picture is not that of the "specialist," who is advertising. Once in a while they use another man's name. Thus Dr. Fruth was found operating under the name of J. N. Shallenberger.

DR. FRUTH AT PRINCETON

Princeton, Ill., Nov. 15.—Dr. J. N. Shallenberger does not in the least look like his photograph. His whiskers were missing. He seems to have grown about twenty-five years younger since he put his latest ads. in Illinois country papers. He was advertised to appear at the American House in Princeton to-day. His ad. announced that he was prepared to cure any and all diseases where all other doctors had failed. He visits this town every twenty-eight days. He makes 190 other towns every month, he says. His Chicago address is 2967 Michigan avenue, he told me. I found, after I talked to him a while, that he wasn't Dr. Shallenberger at all, but a Dr. Fruth. I went into the hotel shortly before noon. The clerk directed me to Dr. Shallenberger's room.

"Is this Dr. Shallenberger?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "come right in and make yourself at home."

He took out a pad and pencil and asked my name. I told him it was English Johnson," and that I lived on rural route No. 6.

"Oh, I see," he said. "You are looking emaciated, my young friend. There seems to be some great drain on your body. You are looking bad. Those dark spots under your eyes are awful bad signs and you need immediate attention."

"Doctor that is what I came in to see you about. I am afraid I have caught something and I am scared to death."

"Ah, I see, you have had a very bad venereal disease and it has drained your system until you caught something else in your extremely weakened condition. You understand your body had to fight two diseases at the same time. Now what is the main trouble?"

"Why, doctor, I don't know what is wrong with me. For all I know I may be all right, but one of my gums is sore. I don't know whether I hurt it or not when I bit down on a plum the other day.

"Let me examine your mouth," he said. "Is any other part of your mouth, except that one spot, sore?"

"I don't think so, doctor," I said, "but you can examine my mouth and find out for yourself. I don't know much about diseases, but I didn't want anybody to know about my troubles.

"Don't you worry," he said. "I never reveal who my patients are. Why, do you know that right here in this town I treat some of the swell married women and their husbands don't know what's wrong with them."

"Do tell, and I have been living here all my life," I said, "and I did not dream of any such thing. Don't that beat all?"

Then the doctor took out a dentist's mouth mirror. He examined my gums with the mirror.

Doctor Discovers Stomatitis

"Ah," he said suddenly.

"Wha—y'see?" I gurgled with my mouth wide open.

"I'm afraid to say without making a more thorough examination," he said slowly.

Then he fitted a circular mirror, with a hole in the middle, to his forehead and made a "closer" examination. He took a small blunt nickel-plated instrument and began to punch it around against my gums.

"Oh," he said, "I see. Just what I thought. There is a small sore on each side of your mouth and there is one right in the center of the roof of your

mouth. They are concave and that is a bad sign. You have a bad case of stomatitis—and that does not mean it is caused by your stomach."

"It doesn't?" I asked. "Then what does cause it?"

"It is a very uncommon ailment. It is in your blood and is draining your entire system. Now you see stomatitis is very peculiar. It is the result of your past life. It will take six months to even get it started out of your system."

"Well, doctor, you can depend on me doing what you tell me to. When will you come back to Princeton?"

"I come back every twenty-eight days," he said. "See that card index over there? That is full of cards with the names of my regular patients. I am doing them a world of good and they appreciate it."

"Now, doctor, about the money end of the thing," I said. "I get a monthly allowance and it usually is gone after the first week. Right now I have about \$3 and I have a date to go to the foot-ball game this afternoon. My allowance is deposited in the bank to my credit on the 3d of each month and I won't be able to give you the \$50 until Feb. 3."

"Oh, well, my good friend, if your allowance is deposited in the bank it is all right with me," observed the doctor. "I will trust you because you are well known in this town and I believe you. I know that \$50 is not much to you when it is a question of health, and I am afraid if you should try to get the money now your folks would investigate. I think it best that we go about this thing in a careful way, because it is no use to have some of your relatives butting in."

"That is right, doctor, and if you can get me fixed up before June I will give you double your fee."

Doctor Gives Caller Medicine

The doctor turned to a rack and pulled out a small box which bore the mark "LAX." He emptied a handful of brown pills into a pink envelope. He took out another small box labeled "DIGES." This box contained red pills. He emptied them into a blue envelope. Then he took out another box and poured a handful of pills into a white envelope. He gave me seven envelopes with six different colored pills. Then he gave me a small bottle with the directions to dissolve the green pills and put the solution into the bottle so that I could carry it around with me.

Each envelope bore different directions. They were as follows: One before breakfast. One after breakfast. One before dinner. One after dinner. One before supper. Two after supper. One at bedtime.

"Doctor, there is no danger of me getting these directions mixed up and getting poisoned, is there?" I asked.

"No, indeed," he said. "In fact, it doesn't make a h— of a lot of difference if you do get them mixed up occasionally. After you have taken a few of them no one will ever know you have had stomatitis."

"Well, doctor, if I can arrange it I will come to your office in Chicago," I said.

"If you can do that it will be easy," he declared. "You say you will come into some money in a few months?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I were in your place I would be very careful how I invested it," he advised. "Now, the best thing to do with your money is to go to some one who knows how to invest money. People in Chicago are mighty wise and they will fleece you. Why, I have been taken in myself. Yes, sir."

"Yes, I know that Chicago has some mighty smooth people," I said. He asked me to go and see him again.

DR. GABLE SEEN AT MORRIS

Morris, Ill., Nov. 17.—I inquired at the desk of the Commercial hotel for Dr. Gable. After a short delay the "doc" saw me.

"Now, what appears to be the trouble?" he asked.

"Well, doctor, I don't know, but I think I am nervous," I replied.

"Do you have pains in the back and does your heart flutter?" he asked.

"Well, not that I have noticed," I replied, "but sometimes I get nervous and irritated at little things."

"Oh, I see you have a nervous heart," he said. "Now let me examine your heart."

He took a stethoscope and placed it against my side and listened to the beatings of my heart. Then he felt my pulse.

"Your heart is beating way too fast for a normal man," he said. "Now, as far as I can see you have no disease of the heart valves, but if you let this thing go on you will finally develop organic heart disease. That is the kind of a disease that will snap you off at any minute. Now I have a nervous heart myself and I have to keep after it all the time for fear of developing organic heart disease."

Then he inquired my name and business and how much money I could pay. I told him that I was part owner in a motion-picture show at Seneca, Ill., and that I lived in Morris. I told him I had no money at the present time, but would be able to get some before the first of the week.

"Well, I will make a special rate for you," he said. "I will give you my treatment for \$10 a month. I can cure you in three or four months' treatment if you will follow my instructions."

"I can do that," I replied.

"Well, I can cure you for that amount and you will be safe from any attacks of organic heart trouble."

"Doctor, what is the matter with me!" I asked.

"You have anemia," he replied.

"Is that a bad disease?" I asked.

"It is not necessarily fatal in the form in which you have it, but it will develop into achrocythemia, and from that your whole system will become sluggish and fevers will follow. With my treatment this can be prevented. Now if you have any money with you I will fix up your monthly treatment."

"Well, doctor, I did not bring but \$3 or \$4 with me, but if you will trust me until next month I will pay you for two months' treatment when you come to Morris again," I said.

"Well, I can't very well treat you free, you know," he said.

"I don't want you to. I will pay you the next time you come. I can get references right here at this hotel if you will come downstairs with me, and besides your ad. said you would give treatment free on this trip."

"Yes, yes, I know, but you see it will cost money," he replied. "My treatment will cure you. It will prevent all other diseases, because the blood circulation is the key to health, and it is through this treatment that I owe my wonderful success."

"Is your treatment called neuropathic?" I asked.

"Yes, that's the system of treatment I give," he said.

"Do you give medicine, then?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. I fill out the medicine you need for the whole month. I have it all right here in that grip on the bed."

I looked at the grip, half full of bottles, containing various colored liquids, and said:

"Is that all you do? Just give medicine? I thought you had some kind of a system different from any other doctors. They all can give medicine and they can all have the same kind of medicine, as far as that goes."

"Yes, yes, I know," he said, "but you see I have a different kind of system and treatment. Mine is different and successful. Theirs is the old method. Mine gives relief and prevents other disease."

COUNTRY TOWNS PREY OF QUACKS

Fakers Swoop Down from Chicago Announcing Advent by Glaring Newspaper "Ads"—Men and Women Dupes

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 28, 1913.]

Practically every town in the United States is preyed on by some particular little flock of traveling quacks. They swoop in from time to time, announcing their advent by flaring advertisements and seeking whom they may devour. Their announcements usually state that they are "celebrated" in some distant city. They have found by experience this method "gets the victims"—both men and women—who apparently are as numerous relatively there as in the big cities. The Illinois cities around Chicago that seem to be the particular prey of the peripatetic medical fakers are:

Galesburg,	Dixon,	Geneseo,	Rockford,
Joliet,	Macomb,	La Salle,	Peoria,
Princeton,	Bloomington,	Henry,	Aurora.

Among the other migratory "specialists" who visit these towns are Dr. C. A. Walton of 230 East Sixty-Third Street; Dr. R. S. Piper, 177 North State Street, and Dr. C. B. Carson, 766 Oakwood Boulevard. Reporters were sent to visit them in the rôle of patients. The reporters leaving Chicago had passed a rigid medical examination. Accounts of some of the interviews follow:

DR. WALTON SEEN AT GALESBURG

Galesburg, Ill., November 18.—I went to room No. 12, on the second floor of the Illinois Hotel, at Galesburg, Ill., shortly after 1 o'clock. I knocked on the door on which was hung a sign with the name "Dr. Walton." Dr. Walton opened the door and informed me with a smile that he was busy with a patient. I waited one hour. Finally the door opened and a tall woman came out. The doctor beckoned to me. I went into the room. He locked the door.

"Well, how are you, young fellow?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, pretty fine," I responded.

"Is your health bothering you?" he asked.

"Oh, just a little," I answered.

"Where is the trouble located?" he asked.

"My back seems to trouble me after I work a long time," I said.

"Oh, it's your back, is it? Have you had any venereal disease?"

"Well, I believe so," I answered. "That is, a doctor told me that I had a whole lot of things."

"Did he try to treat you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I took some treatments and then quit. I did not like his methods."

"Well, has the trouble bothered you since then?"

"Well, you know how it is," I said, "when you imagine you have some kind of disease you blame all other trouble on that one disease."

"Yes, that's the way it happens," he said. "Now, most doctors have a different opinion of the disease than I have. I treat it entirely different from any other doctor. You have been treated for it the wrong way. Now, in your case the gonorrhea has simply been suppressed and you are just as surely a sufferer from it now as you were last year. Take off your coat and vest and lie down on this pillow with your face down."

Then he took a pillow from the bed and laid it on the floor. I stretched out, face down, on it. He began pressing his fist in the small of my back.

THE NEW CURE


For All Diseases

is

Dynamic Medicine

as practiced by

C. A. WALTON, M. D.



Why continue taking the old strong kind of medicine which poisons the system and fails to cure you, when the rational method of cure—Dynamic Medicine—cures mildly, rapidly, certainly and permanently, without suppressing disease, endangering or weakening the patient with the poisonous elements of drugs.

Dynamic Medicine is the only system of medicine which administers the curative part of drugs, the inner nature, and is scientific because a positive law governs every prescription.

Dynamic Medicine first tests drugs on the healthy, thus each drug may be described for the sick with precision and certainty. It cannot poison the patient, drug the system, irritate the stomach or form drug habits.

Dynamic Medicine applies the specific treatment for each patient according to his individual symptoms; always treating the full expression instead of the name of diseases.

Dynamic Medicine in every prescription considers the mental and emotional state of the patient. In this is displayed its superiority over all other methods of treatment by preventing many from going to asylums and by curing mental and emotional diseases of long standing.

Inherited tendencies to serious diseases—tuberculosis, cancer, gout, blood poisoning, etc.—are eradicated by dynamic medicine.

Diseases peculiar to men and the results of abuse or early vice are cured by dynamic medicine. It will unlock the suppression in badly treated gonorrhea and syphilis when the specific poison remains in the system to be transmitted to the next generation.

Diseases peculiar to women are cured by dynamic medicine, without local treatments or the dreaded surgical operation.

Chronic Constipation is cured without phy-

aid by dynamic medicine. It cures Appendicitis, Gall Bladder and Piles without surgery; also diseases involving the nose, throat, lungs, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, skin and nerves.

The only method of treatment known which cures chronic skin eruptions without salves and ointments.

Forewarnings of Disease

Are you chilly in a warm room, sensitive to heat or cold, to drafts or change of weather. Do you take cold easily or have cold hands or feet, burning or sweating of hands or feet? Is your sweat or urine scanty or offensive? Do you have bad dreams or peculiar sensations throughout your body? Are you troubled with mental inactivity, poor memory, a fear that you will lose your mind, lack of interest in your work, suicidal tendencies? Are you nervous, sleepless and exhausted? These are a few of Nature's warnings, the natural expression of deep-seated disease, which can be cured by dynamic medicine.

Dr. C. A. Walton specialist in chronic deep-seated diseases cures many people whom others have failed to cure because he understands and practices the pure Dynamic system of medicine. He has had years of experience, superior advantages and phenomenal success, and has continued his regular monthly visits since 1901. He will cure you scores of patients who have been cured by dynamic medicine and that, too, after suffering many years and trying all the ordinary methods of treatment. If you are sick and have failed to get results from other methods or have been told that your disease is incurable or that you cannot get well without a surgical operation, call and see him.

Consultation is free and confidential.
Fees reasonable and no more than you are willing to pay for a cure.

Illinois Hotel, Galesburg, Ill.

Tuesday, November 26.

One day only and return every 25 days.

Office hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

C. A. WALTON, M. D.

6430 Monroe Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Do you feel that?" he asked.

"Sure, I do," I answered; "you are pressing down pretty hard."

"Now, get up," he said.

I took the chair again.

"What is the trouble with me?" I asked.

"You have suppressed gonorrhea," he said. "Now, from an examination of your body no one could tell there is anything wrong with you. You must understand that I am going by the symptoms. If you doubt me, that is all there is to it."

"And you can cure it?"

"Yes, sir, but my system is not to treat it inwardly, but outwardly. Instead of treating it the old way I will drive it all out of your system by letting it run its course. I will give you some medicine that will make the disease show on you again just as it does when you first catch it."

Would Make Present of Disease

"Now, look here, doctor," I said, "do you mean to stand there and tell me you will give me gonorrhea again and that I will be just the same as if I had a new attack?"

"Sure," he replied. "When it is developed just right I will begin to cure it up with my system."

"Well, that doesn't sound good to me."

"Yes," he laughed, "but it will be worth the trouble to you. One of my patients in Chicago came to me after he thought he had been cured for five years. He did not know what was wrong with him. I examined him and discovered he had carried the disease germs in his system five years and did not know it. I began my treatment and it brought the old disease back on him and he was ill for eight months."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean he had the original symptoms of the disease."

"What is all this going to cost me?" I asked.

"Ten dollars a month until cured."

"Well, if I am that bad off I guess I can afford it, but I can't give you the money now," I said. "Do I have to pay in advance?"

"Sure, you do."

"Well, I did not bring any money with me except \$3.50, but if you will give me a month's treatment I will give that much to you and pay you \$16.50 when you come here next month."

DR. C. W. CARSON ALSO AT GALESBURG

Either the specialists who have examined me are wrong or my diseases are of the flitting and deceiving kind. After being told by Dr. C. A. Walton that I was suffering from suppressed gonorrhea I went to Dr. C. W. Carson. Dr. Carson was on the same floor at the hotel in which I was living. He occupied room 203. Next door to him, in room 202, Dr. J. Blair Guthrie of Evanston had established an office for the day. I was the first patient to visit Dr. Carson in the morning. I went in to see him before I had breakfast. He greeted me with a handshake and invited me to take a chair. Without asking me a question he began to feel my pulse. Then he said:

"Oh, you are extremely nervous."

"I suspect I am," I replied.

"Is the back of your neck sore at times?"

"Sometimes it is if I sleep in a draft."

"Do you have a hard time to sleep at night?" he asked.

"Well, sometimes I have to lie in bed for an hour before I go to sleep, but that is because I am thinking about something."

"Well, young man, you are in a serious nervous condition, and it is caused by your mind. Now, I am a specialist in nervous troubles and neurasthenia."

"Is that what is the matter with me—neurasthenia?"

"Well, it will come to that unless you follow my instructions."

"What kind of a disease is that?" I asked.

"It is caused by your own mind," he replied. "You see, you have hallucinations and it gets on your nerves, and you go all to pieces. I have a woman patient who is a sufferer from neurasthenia and she imagines people are trying to avoid her. She was in a bad fix when I took hold of her, but she is getting along fine now."

"Mind Is Master of the Body"

"Will it cause pains in my back and injure my digestion?" I asked.

"It will throw your whole system out of fix, because your mind is master of your body," he replied. "All of the trouble with you lies in your own power to prevent. If you will follow my instructions and just drive these worries out of your mind and take my medicine you will get all right in a few months."

"Doctor, what is all this going to cost me?"

"Just \$10 a month."

"That will be \$40 in four months."

"Yes, and it will be worth it to you."

"Do I have to pay in advance?" I asked.

"Sure."

"I brought only \$2 with me," I said. "Will you take that much and trust me for the other \$8 until you come back next month?"

"All right, I will take the \$2 and you can pay me the rest when I come on December 18."

At this point there was a knock on the door and a man who appeared to be a foreigner asked for the doctor. Dr. Carson invited the called to wait for a few minutes.

"That is one of my regular patients," he said. "His wife has been sick also, and I have fixed her up so that she is getting along fine."

"Have you many patients in Galesburg?"

"Oh, sure; I have been coming here for eighteen years."

"Who sent you to me?" he asked.

"No one," I replied. "I read your ad. in the paper."

Dr. J. Blair Guthrie was a free user of newspaper space. Here is one of his advertisements. In the original it measured seven inches by ten inches.

"Which one?" he asked.

"I don't remember, but we take all three of them."

"You know I don't advertise in the *Mail*," he said. "Now what appears to be your trouble?"

He made an examination.

"Young man, I can see no need for urgent treatment in your case."

"Well, then, I had better leave before you change your mind."

"Well, I will be back here in a month and if you do not feel just right I will give you another examination," he said.

JEKYLL AND HYDE TANGLES FOUND IN HUNT FOR QUACKS

Dr. Fruth and Dr. Shallenberger Are Proved Men of Mystery in Chicago by
Mix-up of Identities—Trail Who's Who Among Traveling
Fakers That Victimize Rural Dupes

[*Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 29, 1913.]

Like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are some members of the group of itinerant medical "specialists" who, although practicing in the towns near Chicago, make their headquarters at 766 Oakwood Boulevard. At any rate, a mystery or dual, or perhaps multiple, personality which the efforts of the *Tribune* investigators have been unable to dispel, hovers about the Oakwood Boulevard address. The following names or aliases figure in the enigma:

DR. WILBERT SHALLENBERGER
DR. CHARLES HENRY FRUTH
DR. C. B. CARSON

DR. J. F. SHALLENBERGER
DR. J. N. SHALLENBERGER
DR. R. B. MILLER

Just who is who in this collection of individuals is what the *Tribune* investigators would like to know. About the only thing they have been able definitely to establish is that Dr. J. N. Shallenberger occasionally proves to be Dr. Charles Henry Fruth, and when letters are written to Dr. Charles Henry Fruth Dr. J. N. Shallenberger answers them. There also is an entanglement of addresses. Thus Dr. Fruth advertises in the country towns that his Chicago headquarters are at 2967 Michigan Avenue, but when a reporter (supposed by the doctor to be a patient) wrote to Dr. Fruth at that address he got a letter signed by Dr. J. N. Shallenberger on a letterhead printed with the name of Dr. Fruth and the address of 766 Oakwood Boulevard. As the reporter had been treated by Dr. Fruth, and never had even seen Dr. Shallenberger, he was puzzled to find Dr. Shallenberger prescribing for him. Now here is the story from the beginning. On November 15 a *Tribune* reporter was at Princeton, Ill. On that day also he noticed Dr. J. N. Shallenberger's ad. in a Princeton paper. He called at the room in the American Hotel at which, the ad. said, Dr. Shallenberger would be. There he met a man who so little resembled the photograph of Dr. Shallenberger printed in the Princeton newspaper that his curiosity was aroused. After he had been "treated" the young man went to the hotel register and looked up the name of the man in whose rooms he had been. He found it was Dr. Charles Henry Fruth.

That was metamorphosis No. 1—change in appearance. During the visit to the American Hotel the reporter was instructed by the doctor (whom he then supposed to be Dr. J. N. Shallenberger) to write to him at 2967 Michigan Avenue. The doctor said that was his address. The reporter, leaving the hotel, got a copy of a Dixon (Ill.) newspaper. This, he found, carried an advertisement of "Dr. Charles Henry Fruth." He recognized the picture immediately as that of the man who had just examined him as "Dr. J. N. Shallenberger." That was metamorphosis No. 2—the change in name.

Following instructions, the reporter wrote to 2967 Michigan Boulevard, the address given him by the man who said he was Dr. Shallenberger, and who was registered as Dr. Fruth. In reply he received a letter written on printed

"I don't know."

Then the reporter called "Douglas 1328," which is an office on the first floor of an apartment building at 766 Oakwood Boulevard. Inquiries for Dr. Fruth and Dr. J. N. Shallenberger were of no avail. Both were out. A reporter visited the flat. On the door of the office he read the following names:

DR. JOHN F. SHALLENBERGER
DR. R. B. MILLER
DR. C. B. CARSON

But the name of Dr. C. H. Fruth, which is printed on stationery of the address and telephone number, did not appear. Attendants in the building never heard of him. "Dr. John F. Shallenberger" was found in the residence lists of the telephone directory as at 1207 East Fifty-Third Street, with the telephone number "Midway 6983." A reporter telephoned and a man who said he was Dr. John F. Shallenberger answered.

The image shows five vertical advertisements for Dr. W. E. (or Wilbert) Shallenberger. Each advertisement includes a portrait of the doctor and text describing his medical services. The central advertisement is larger and more detailed, featuring the headline "Chronic Diseases Permanently Cured" and listing various ailments such as "Nervous Debility," "Sexual Weakness and Private Diseases," and "Wonderful Cures." The other four advertisements are smaller and follow a similar format, each with a portrait and a list of services. The text in the advertisements is somewhat repetitive, emphasizing the doctor's expertise in treating chronic and nervous conditions.

Here are five advertisements of W. E. (or Wilbert) Shallenberger. They have been reduced to such an extent as to be well-nigh illegible, but will give some idea of the methods employed by this particular branch of the Shallenberger family.

"Dr. Shallenberger, is your name Dr. Fruth?" the reporter asked.

"Who is this?" was the reply.

"The Tribune."

"You fellows want the other Shallenberger on Michigan Avenue," came the voice after a silence.

"Your office is at 766 Oakwood Boulevard, isn't it?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Well, if Dr. Fruth and Dr. Shallenberger have an office on Michigan Avenue and Dr. Fruth and Dr. Shallenberger have another office on Oakwood Boulevard, are you not connected up in some way? We would like to straighten out this tangle."

"No," replied the doctor.

"Are you brothers?"

"That is none of your business."

SHALLENBERGER, J. F.—Chicago. Residence, 1207 East Fifty-Third Street. Office, 766 Oakwood Boulevard. Born 1879. Graduated by Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery, in 1907; licensed in Illinois in the same year. Is not a member of the Chicago Medical Society nor the state society. Is an itinerant. "Sexual weakness and private diseases a specialty."

[illegible]

SHALENBERGER, WILBERT.—Chicago. Office, 766 Oakwood Boulevard. Graduated by the Barnes Medical College, St. Louis, Mo., in 1901; licensed in Illinois same year. Is not a member of the Chicago Medical Society nor of the state society. Is an itinerant.

DR. R. S. PIPER VISITED AT DIXON

While the inquiry was progressing in Chicago a reporter was busy trailing the "docs" at Dixon. Here is his report:

Dixon, Ill., November 19.—In the lobby of the Nachusa House at Dixon, Ill., I found Dr. R. S. Piper talking to the clerk and bellboy. He is tall and thick set. He appears to be a good mixer and "case-taker."

"Just come up to my room," he said to me, as he put his arm around my shoulder.

DR. R. S. PIPER

Will Be In His Aurora Office
ROOMS 6 and 7 BRADY BLOCK, Cor. Main & Br'd'y

MONDAY, JULY 22

HOURS: 1:30 P. M. TO 7:30 P. M.

**FREE
UNTIL
CURED**



**FREE
UNTIL
CURED**

"He Is Honest With You"

WHY YOU SHOULD COME

Many have asked Dr. Piper, how it is that he can cure chronic diseases that the general practitioner can do nothing with. The general answer is: Dr. Piper has devoted his life to the study of Chronic Diseases. He devotes all of his time to his given specialty. He does nothing but office work. Instead of having one office with a practice limited to a radius of a few miles, he has a number of offices, and his practice covers hundreds of miles. He advertises for the difficult and baffling cases that have been seeking relief sometimes for years, many of which come to him and find health and happiness, through the aid of his diagnostic methods and deep acting blood remedies. His advice is always welcome to you. **YOU PLACE YOURSELF UNDER NO OBLIGATION WHEN YOU CALL.** Come at once and consult the doctor—next time may be too late.

Many of you who have been taking medicine and so called treatments for months will be absolutely cured in a few weeks. Very chronic cases will require somewhat longer time, but it will make no difference; you will be treated free, remedies excepted, until you can say, "I AM CURED."

Are You Suffering From

Warts or Moles, Red Wasting, Creepy or numb sensations in the limbs, The effects of an old illness, Dependancy, Melancholia, Loss of Vital Energy, Loss of ambition, Wasting diseases, Varicose veins, Deep-seated blood diseases, Early abuses that have been neglected, Headaches, Shooting pains in the head, neck, back, and limbs, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Auto-intoxication, Infections, Biliousness, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Catarrh of any part of the body, Epilepsy or fits, Asthma, Bronchitis, Eczema, Diseased eyes, Reduced vision for want of the proper glasses, Female Diseases, or any evidence of breaking down in MAN or WOMAN. If so, consult Dr. R. S. Piper, the master specialist of Chronic Diseases. No matter how hopeless you may feel, or how many doctors have treated you, if there is a cure for you, he will tell you so. If you wish to consult a real Chicago specialist in your home town, don't waste any time, but come at the above place at the same time.

**3454 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
CHICAGO HOURS: ALL DAY TUESDAY**

I went with him up the stairs to the second floor. He showed me into his room.

"Take a chair," he said. "Now, how are you feeling this morning?"

"Well, doctor, I don't know, because that is why I came to see you. You may not believe it, but I have come all the way from Princeton to see you this morning."

"Is that so?" he said, "I am mighty glad to see you. I have some loyal patients in Princeton. How did you know that I would be over here?"

"I have been watching for you," I replied. "When I read in the Dixon papers that you would be in Dixon, I decided to gallop over here. I did not want to wait until you came to Princeton, because I do not want any one to know that I went to see you."

"Well, you need have no fear about any one knowing it but me," he replied. "We can tell them it is stomach trouble if any one finds out that you visit me. You are something like a fellow who came over here from Sterling to see me. He had something he did not want any one to know he had. He gave me some address to send the medicine to, and he gets it. Where do you work in Princeton?"

"In the office of the planing mill," I replied.

"You have a sallow complexion," the doctor observed. "Is that a family tendency, or is that caused by your health?"

"I don't know. It may be a family tendency."

"Now let me examine you."

The doctor listened to the beats of my heart. Then he examined me.

"Do you feel weak physically?" he asked.

"I'm not sure whether I do or not," I said. "I am a little afraid, and so I came to you."

Finds "Many Troubles"

"You have a whole lot of things combined with the loss of manhood," he informed me.

"Is that what it is?" I said.

"Yes, that is what is the matter with you, and it will take about eight months to get you fixed up."

"What is the price?" I asked.

"It will cost you \$125 cash down," he replied.

"Can't I pay by the month?" I asked.

"Yes, but it will cost you almost double, so it will save you a lot of money to pay it cash down," he replied.

"It is something like buying furniture on the installment plan," I said; "\$10 the first month and then \$5 a month for the rest of your life."

"Yes," he said, "so you see it will be better to pay the money down."

"And will you guarantee to cure me?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"Well, I have no money with me, because I wanted to find out if anything was wrong with me first," I said. "Now, you are going to Princeton tomorrow, and I can slip up to your room at the hotel without any one seeing me and give you the money then."

"That is a good idea," he said. "You can do that at night and no one will know what the trouble is. If any one should see you and ask me about it, I would say that you had stomach trouble. You don't intend to tell any one, do you?"

He rolled up my sleeve and attached the apparatus for a blood test to my left arm. Then he held my pulse and watched the meter on the apparatus. I watched the meter also, as it registered the circulation of my blood. I was normal as far as my knowledge goes.

"Well," he said, "that looks all right. You are a pretty husky young fellow. One would not think it from looking at you."

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