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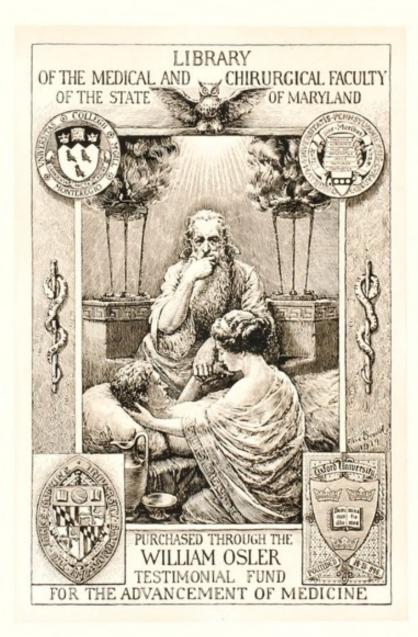
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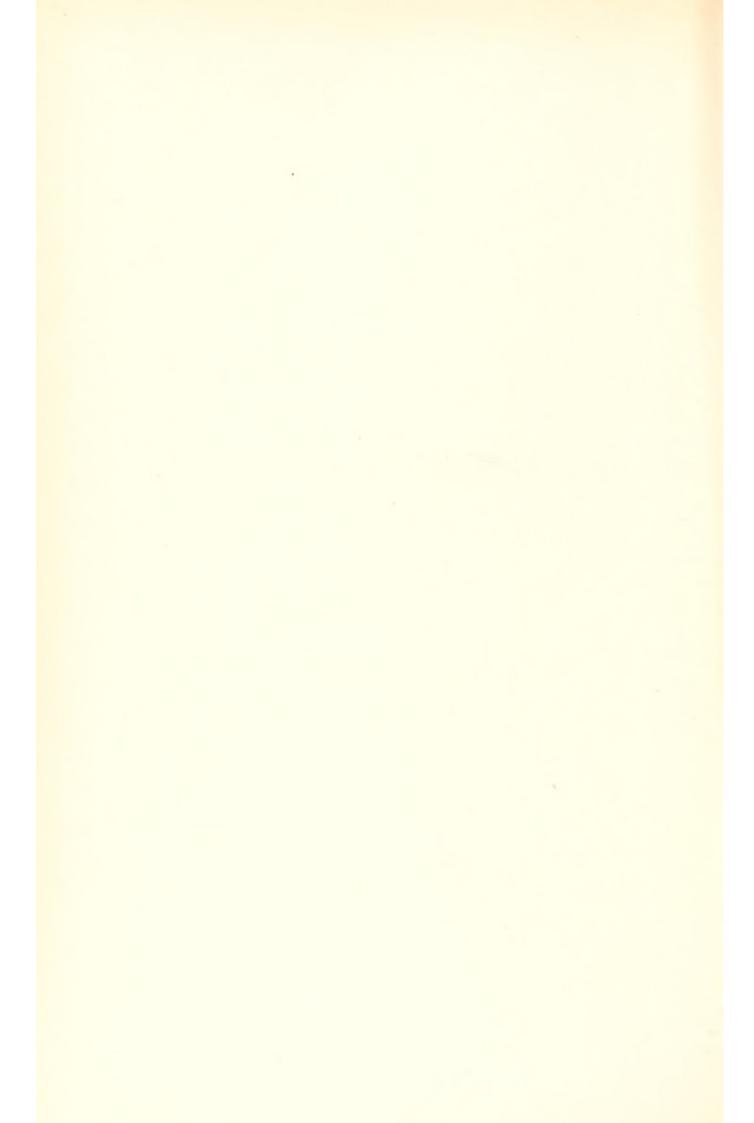
THE MEDICINE MAN

E.C. DUDLEY







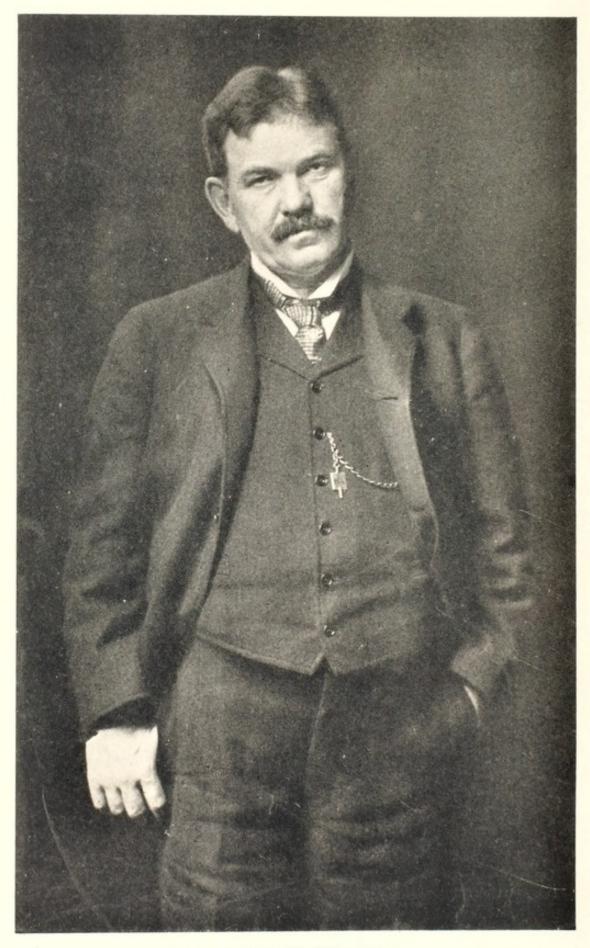


The MEDICINE MAN





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E. C. DUDLEY, M.D., LL.D.

The MEDICINE MAN

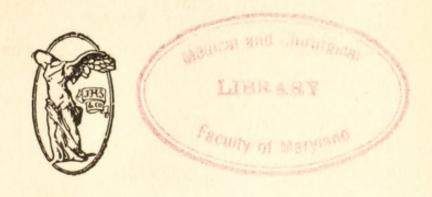
Being the Memoirs of Fifty Years of Medical Progress in in in in in in

BY

E. C. DUDLEY, M.D., LL.D.

Ex-President American Gynecological Society; President Emeritus of Northwestern University Medical School, etc.

ILLUSTRATED



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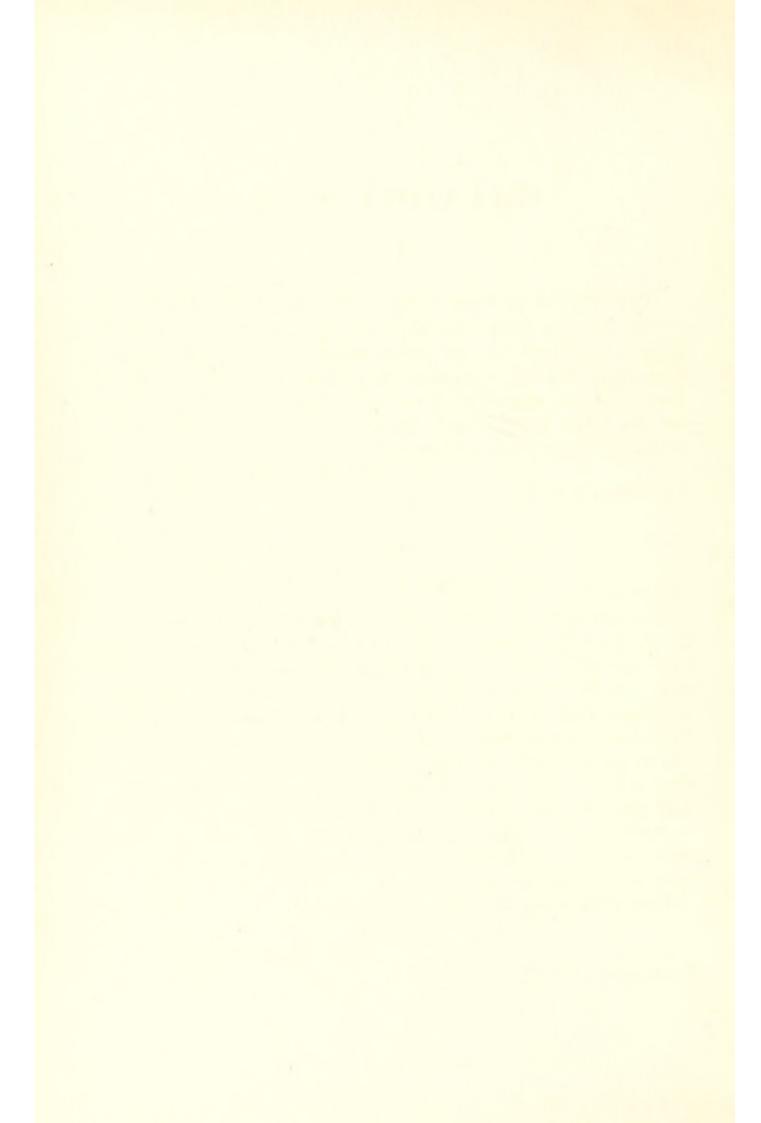
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PREFATORY NOTE

I

THE AUTHOR TO KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN-GREETING

"The Medicine Man," dear Karl, in going down from this manuscript to the printed form, fell among friends. You first honored me by reading it and then arranged for the publication. I place it in your hands; you are responsible—it is yours. Not altogether yours, for my friend Miss Edith Franklin Wyatt in preparing the copy for the press has brought order out of chaos.

E. C. DUDLEY.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1926.

II.

My DEAR DOCTOR DUDLEY:

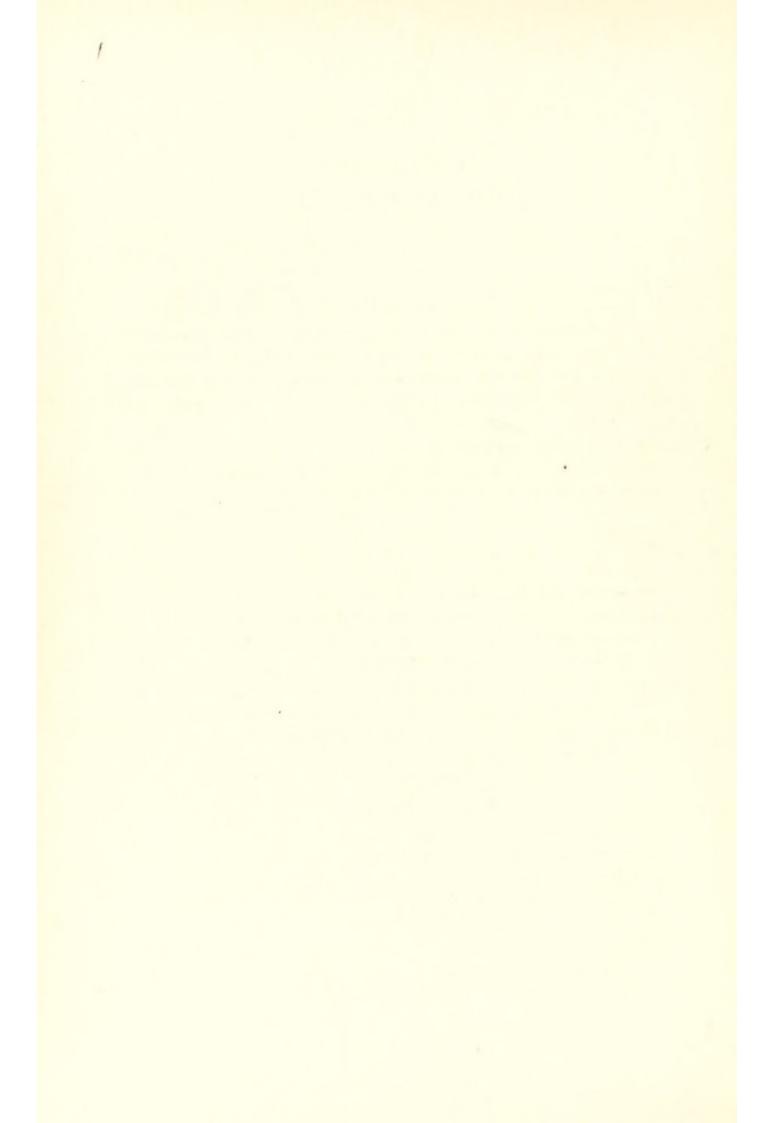
In accepting the responsibility that you pass to me, I cannot evade the accompanying honor, unworthy of it as I am. May I say, my cherished friend, that to me your book is less the autobiography of a man, than the personal record of an era in our American life and the concurrent progress of the science to which your own life has been dedicated—a science that, during the years of your humane service, has advanced further, as you so clearly point out, than in all the thousand years preceding. To that advance you have added more than one man's share. And may I congratulate you upon the felicitous title you have chosen. A Medicine Man is more than merely a man of medicine; he is a priest, a prophet and a soldier. These, you have always been, and are.

I am, with abiding affection, my dear Doctor,

Yours,

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

SEPTEMBER 12, 1926.



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THE MEDICINE MAN

CHAPTER I .

NOT AN EXEMPLAR OF MODESTY

I DO not hold myself as an exemplar of modesty and although there have been times when, because of recognized faults or undeserved triumphs, I have experienced my full share of humility, yet in the pages that follow I shall give to such humility no prominence. I shall make no effort to pose as a modest man. Furthermore I shall tell the story, really a series of short stories, without too much regard for the rhetorical law of unity. One cannot remember always, after many years, the exact words of a conversation nor the precise details of an experience; however, in setting forth the substance of conversations and experiences, these unclassifiable outpourings of a mind full of self, I shall take no liberties with the truth.

Just how far back one's recollections may be said to go depends upon the point of view. The Reverend William Orne White, one of the oldest living graduates of Harvard, many years ago when a guest at my house, remarked that he had known a man who had seen a man who had known a man who knew Oliver Cromwell. I myself have talked with people who remembered occurrences seventy-five years before I was born. It follows that my recollections may be said to go back about one hundred and fifty years.

My first Dudley ancestor in America was William Dudley,

who landed in Boston in 1638, settled in Guilford, Connecticut, and was a member of the General Court of Guilford. Then follow, in direct line, his son William, Joseph, Cyprian

and my grandfather Joseph, all born in Saybrook.

My only recollection of my grandfather Joseph Dudley is of a quiet old man warming his mug of cider on a stone platform just to the right of an enormous wood fireplace. During this ceremony of the cider mug, my grandmother Dudley arrested my attention by whirring the spinning wheel and wielding the waffle iron, which was attached to a long handle. This permitted her to stand at a comfortable distance from the hot, open, wood fire until the waffle was done to a turn; then, still holding the handle, she swayed the iron from side to side to cool it. About this time two funerals are fused in my memory; they occurred close together. At one of them a kind neighbor took me in her arms and said, "You will never see your grandmother any more." Alas, the cider mug, the waffle iron and spinning wheel continued only as a memory.

My paternal grandmother, Mary Granger, was a descendant of Launcelot Granger, who landed in Boston in the year 1640 and settled in Newburyport, Massachusetts. This Launcelot, according to the Granger Genealogy, was a sinner. The church dignitaries, it appears, held numerous meetings to decide whether he should be permitted to marry Joanna Adams. There was a church rule forbidding a non-churchman to marry a churchwoman. After much discussion it was agreed that such a marriage might be solemnized if it could be shown that the Deity in any way had approved of the man. It was evident that God had approved of Launcelot Granger because He had "prospered him in ye goods of this world." Therefore the marriage might take place.

But the troubles of Launcelot were not over. He was

twice publicly rebuked in meeting, once for using "cuss" words and once for allowing his daughters to wear silk bonnets in church.

My maternal grandparents were Levi Mason and Betsy (Elizabeth) Hyde of Belchertown, Massachusetts. About fifty years ago I made a pilgrimage to Belchertown and interviewed some of my grandfather's surviving neighbors. They remembered him well. He was the village blacksmith. His fame as a Bohemian survived him. One neighbor remarked: "Oh, yes, Levi any time would forge out some fish hooks on his anvil, buy a jug of New England rum, shut up his shop and go a-fishing with any good fellow." It should be remembered that in the early part of the last century the blacksmith was an important man; he worked in iron and his services were rare and in great demand.

Him I never saw. I remember his old iron tobacco pipe, which he had forged out on his anvil. It was of small caliber, indicating moderation, and was of exquisite workmanship. One may regard this iron pipe as the index to an artistic temperament of stanch quality. He passed the closing years of his life with a granddaughter, Mrs. Hanover, of LaMoile, Illinois. Perhaps his convivial habits reconciled my grandmother to this absence. His untimely demise, at the early age of about seventy, may be explained by the fact that he did not put water enough in his New England rum.

Grandmother Mason early impressed me with the importance of the Devil, who continuously dogged my footsteps, but if at any time I felt his presence near, I had only to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and he always vanished instanter. This comfort is not available to the present-day child, who apparently is not much impressed with God, man, nor the Devil. A child of that day enjoyed another unspeakable consolation. Four angels stood guard, one on

each of his bedposts, and protected him from all evil. Grandmother Betsy came from Sturbridge, Massachusetts, near the storm center of witchcraft. She said that one morning her father, or it may have been her grandfather, came in with a pail containing bloody milk, which he attributed to the baleful influence of an old witch. He threw the milk into the fire. Next morning the witch appeared with face, arms and shoulders fearfully burned and swathed in bandages. Such occurrences, if genuine, would be no more remarkable than the credulity to believe them. Yet they generally were believed even by judges on the bench.

Toward the close of that period known as "the roaring forties," or, to be precise, on May 20, 1847, my father, John Harmon Dudley, of Westfield, and my mother, Marana Philanda Mason, of Three Rivers, were married. They immediately built a small house, and made their home on my grandfather Dudley's farm, four and a half miles north of the village of Westfield. Their house was painted white. Lilacs abounded around the front door and a profusion of red roses camouflaged the picket fence which separated the front yard from the highway.

A Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, lecturing to his class, held up before his students the bony pelvis and said, "Here is the public arch, L'arc de Triomphe, under which according to nature every human being passes once." Three years after my mother's and father's marriage, and seventy-five years ago to-day, on the ancestral farm, May 29, 1850, according to the record in the family Bible, I myself in the fullness of time passed under this triumphal arch. After another three years my sister Elizabeth was born. We were the only children of our parents.

Owing to circumstances over which I had no control I came into the world with red, curly hair at a time when red

hair was anathema; it subsequently, perhaps under the influence of Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites, became the fashion, but too late for me, because long ago mine took

on a nondescript, faded color.

Obedient to the fashion of the Mid-Victorian period, to give children Latin, Greek and Biblical names, my parents branded me with the name Emilius, after a favorite cousin of my mother. She often entertained me with the forlorn hope that I would grow up to be as good a man as Cousin Emilius. When bad little boys are bent on mischief they always say, "Let's have Bill or Tom or Jack along with us." Just here I missed a good deal of fun; for no boy would ever say, "Let's have Emilius." I developed an unfortunate pugilistic disposition in strenuous efforts to discourage small boys from calling me Emily or Emiline. As red hair came into fashion too late for me, so classical names went out of date too early, and sounded ridiculous. With accumulated experience I would name all children John or Mary.

My first recollections are few but quite clear; among them the widow Cowles and her pig. This was a rambling pig. The infants of the neighborhood learned about pigs from him. One day before I was three years old, I was regaling myself on the back porch with a dish of bread and milk, when-ooff-ooff, ooff-ooff-ooff; and up came the widow Cowles' pig. In a becoming spirit of hospitality, I held up the spoon toward the pig, and said, "Have a spoon, piggy?" Whereupon the pig, disregarding the obligations of the occasion, walked up and put his nose right into my dish of bread and milk. Of course I set up a prolonged yell, to be followed by a sobbing recovery in my mother's arms. For many years after this I would not be enticed near pigpens. Even now I do not approach them with enthusiasm. The story has gone down the ages. I heard the nurse relating it, with embellishment, to my three

grandchildren; they were spellbound, all in a row. Their

grandfather was a hero.

About the age of four or five I had recourse to a unique primer, the kitchen stove, from which I learned the alphabet. The letters on the stove were A. C. Barstow & Company, Providence, Rhode Island, Patented—then followed the date of the patent, which I have forgotten. Nearly all the letters of the alphabet are here.

After the death of my grandparents, when I was three years old, the family moved to the "big house" and my father, the youngest son, took over the farm; his brother

and four sisters having left home years before.

I have some remembrance of the Farmington Canal, with its boat which ran past our farm, between New Haven and Northampton. Subsequently a railroad was built along the line of the canal and speeches were made, relegating the canal to the limbo of the past. The orator proclaimed, "The iron steed now rolls along over the very lid of its coffin." I accumulated literary and forensic enthusiasm

over this extraordinary eloquence.

The grading of this railroad was done mostly by Irish laborers, brought in for the purpose. Ordinary wheelbarrows and hand spades were used. It was before the day of the steam shovel. There were in the neighborhood perhaps twenty or thirty sons of these laborers, Irish boys of my own age. I recognized in them a favorable condition of the labor market and conceived the idea of running a grade through the garden. To this end I lost no time in bringing together the necessary labor, requisitioning the family wheelbarrow, and improvising shovels and spades out of shingles and boards. Then I mobilized the labor. As I sat on the fence bossing the job, my father and mother passed and appeared to be amused as I called out, "See my men." Soon one of my laborers became insubordinate and

I was mopping up the ground with him in great form, when my father, attracted by his cries, came on the scene and after a summary investigation, dragged me into the house and proceeded to apply to my broad backsides a shingle shovel which he had brought from the garden. I protested, "I didn't know that it was any harm to thrash a Paddy boy." He retorted, "I'll show you that you can't thrash a Paddy boy just because he happens to be a Paddy boy." I once told the story to an ex-governor of Illinois, who remarked: "Just fancy if you had ever run for office and all this had come out in the campaign!"

While we are on the subject of corporal punishment, I may as well make a clean breast of it. First, let me explain; I never was vicious nor much inclined to be mischievous. The episode of the Paddy boy was in the regular course of business and only an error of judgment. There were some tender recollections of the maternal slipper, usually associated with jam and other delicacies. I was not apt to lead others astray nor myself to be led astray. In my moral

deviations I do not recall many partnerships.

At about the age of four I inspected the garden, where some beans had been planted, and found that the beans had pushed themselves up through the surface of the ground. There they were, where in my judgment they had no business to be. I pulled them up and planted them properly. My terrible parent got hold of me. He disregarded my reasonable explanation that the beans had sprouted wrong end up and that I only had put them back in the correct way. I never have forgiven that injustice, the destruction of an embryo naturalist. So many troubles through life come from being misunderstood.

Another chastisement appeared to me undeserved. My father thought otherwise. When I was about five years old, some mechanics were putting windows in the wall of what

had been a dark unventilated cellar. I remember the joy with which I listened to the jingle of the glass of those windows as I knocked it with a mallet into the cellar. The sound was music in my ears. Here was destroyed, not a scientist but a musical genius. My aunt, who was visiting us at the time, was much amused and offered me a dollar to knock out the remaining panes which I had missed in the first attack. "No," I said, "Father will whip me again."

I never was very mercenary.

I recall no occasion of being whipped at school, at least by the teacher. The last and only other whipping I remember was wisely or unwisely calculated to correct a besetting fault which I had inherited from some remote or near ancestor, a sometime unruly temper. A Christmas present, a beautiful new sled, painted red, with white and blue stripes, gave me a thrill and I lost no time in drawing it to the top of the hill and starting on the downward journey. All went well until I reached the foot of the hill when the sled, going with great momentum, collided with a post. I was seized with uncontrolled anger against the post, which I proceeded forthwith to chastise by slamming the sled violently against it, shattering not the post but the sled. I was ten years old.

My parent promptly haled me before the domestic court. There were no extenuating circumstances. I got the limit. In that day of wrath I lost my sled, my self-respect, the good opinion of the community. I lost everything. Perhaps a kindly admonition would have been wiser. Who knows? This was a period of fundamentalism. "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Hell on earth! Sometimes school-teachers and parents made a striking similarity to exist between the two places. My father had the sled repaired and after a suitable period of probation allowed me to have it again "as

a reminder of my sin."

The immense family Bible, with a picture of the all-seeing eye of Jehovah, overshadowed every other thing in the house. It filled me and kept me filled with a progressive trepidation. My well-meaning father exercised his ingenuity in punishment for crime by giving me the choice between committing a chapter to memory and taking a whipping. Once, when he was specially lenient, he extended an option, "Learn a chapter, pick up a bushel of apples, or take a whipping." Few modern people comprehend what it meant to a boy of early kindergarten age to pick up a bushel of apples. I always chose the chapter, being averse to torture and having conceived an unconscious bias against him who coined the expression, "Dignity of Labor." Of course I never had heard his expression, but the idea was fixed. At that age I regarded labor as the most undignified thing possible. A companion piece of jargon to which I now object is "dying in harness." I prefer to "take mine ease in mine Inn."

The old Dudley farm and the old homestead was a rather large house with extensive outbuildings. It had been an inn, a half-way house where, in the old stagecoach days, before my grandfather owned it, the coaches changed horses in the route between New Haven and Quebec, or Montreal. My grandfather came into possession of it probably at about the time of his marriage, 1807. The house would now doubtless be over two hundred years old, had it not recently burned to the ground; it was one of the old landmarks in that part of the state.

One of the institutions of early New England which was continued into the sixties was the trundle-bed. It was a small, low bed which would be rolled under the foot of a larger bed and concealed there by a valance. The trundle or "Truckle Bed," as sometimes it was called, was rolled out at night and occupied by one or two children, while the

older people, usually the father and mother, slept above. When I was six and my sister was three we occupied this bed. One night our parents were awakened by an unearthly yell. I was in the midst of a violent nightmare. I had "swallowed the sun and the moon" and protested that I "couldn't tell which were my legs nor which were my sisters"; and I couldn't sleep "with all creation in the room." On the next night a bed was provided for me in another room, and later, by my own choice, in the attic, where except for the rats I could be monarch of all I surveyed.

A child who has never heard the patter of the rain on the roof of an attic is deprived of one of the sweetest of all memories. I slept alone in the ancestral attic and delighted in the tremendous artillery of thunder and lightning and the deluge of rain as it cataracted down both sides of the roof. This was only occasional. Every night, the rats, the cheerful rats! They appeared to sweep back and forth and to play leapfrog, phalanx on phalanx, column on column. I do not recall ever being afraid of them. The commonplace seldom distrubs us. "So much a long communion tends to make us what we are."

I slept next to the one window in this attic; it was replete with the accumulations of a century; saddles, bridles, spurs, jars and bottles, files of newspapers running back perhaps fifty years, old almanacs and textbooks of past generations, patent medicine advertisements, obsolete business documents, such as defunct deeds to property and canceled promissory notes, love letters of long ago, doorplates, coffin plates, horseshoes, brass door knockers, shoe buckles, cast-off clothing, grandfather clocks, bandboxes replete with all manner of fribbles, stovepipes, broken glassware, china, warming pans, discarded furniture, old flintlock muskets, old cavalry sabers, uniforms and other relics of colonial days, spinning wheels, looms, ancient chests crammed full

of the household goods, the lares and penates of generations past; bags of nuts, suspended on cords or hanging on wires which were stretched from side to side of the slanting roof, so disposed as to disconcert and baffle the rapacious rat.

In this frugal New England everything was saved; nothing was wasted nor thrown away. There was an old helmet with a visor, no brim, about a foot high surmounted by a huge and lofty plume, black in color, like the plumes of a hearse; this was a remnant of ancestral training days. One may see helmets of this kind in old prints of battle scenes. They doubtless presented an imposing appearance to the enemy, and an easy mark for the colonial sharpshooter. Such regalia contributed to Braddock's defeat when the English fought in the open against the Indians in ambush. Forty years ago I saw similar helmets worn by the redcoated household guards of the Queen in front of Buckingham Palace, and ever since, in my periodical visits to London, apparently the identical guards are there with the same lofty, plumed helmets, statuesque and immobile, guarding one king after another as of old, not having moved a hair's breadth in all these years.

It would be easier to say what was not than what was, in the New England attic. Legendary accounts have been current in Westfield for nearly a hundred years about the attic of old Sam Arnold, a hard shell Baptist deacon of the early day. A neighbor of the deacon bet a dollar that he could name an article that that attic did not contain. He named a Baptist pulpit. Behold the deacon as he moved the accumulated junk of generations and uncovered in a far corner an authentic prehistoric Baptist pulpit, the only remaining relic of an ancient Baptist church, long since forgotten.

It is difficult to understand how frugal New England could throw aside the accumulated and classical treasures

of generations; for example, to abandon their beautiful Chippendale furniture and substitute the tawdry, plush-covered monstrosities which prevailed in the Victorian period. Doubtless the old things, tarnished and worn, looked shabby. This was before the day when repairing, refurnishing and re-upholstering became a fine art.

There was a period about the "roaring forties" when fashion was paramount, when people were ashamed of everything shabby or out of date, when they were weary of old things and relegated them to the limbo of the junk heap; when the monstrous Mansard roof came, along with the craze for "something new," when Tennyson wrote

"New life, new leaf, we love but while we may."

Motoring through New England some years ago I was interested in the antique shops which like mushrooms had sprung up everywhere. In one of them I rubbed my eyes in the presence of an apparition. There was the replica of the old "truckle-bed" in which my sister and I, three and six years old, had slept. The original, after reposing for years in the attic, had been sacrificed to the woodpile. There it was for sale at something like \$75. There, too, for about \$25, was the ghost of the ancient sperm oil lamp with which my mother lighted me to the attic bed and "Now I lay me down to sleep," with the rollicking rats.

Thirty or forty years ago, before the ancient junk was glorified into the modern antique, my wife and I accumulated from Newburyport, Salem and Boston, Quebec and other places, the most interesting part of our household furniture. Much of this old stuff had been a drug on the market and was almost given away. Fine old English or French sofas of mahogany or rosewood, some of them beautifully carved and of noble workmanship, came to us for \$10 to \$15 each. Antique chairs, tables, mirrors, brass

andirons, tongs, shovels and candlesticks were all purchased "for a song," before the period when the mad pursuit of antiques began.

The neighbors in our farming community were of old New England stock, mostly of Puritan ancestry. They formed a rather close-knit people, without much class distinction. There were no families corresponding to the "po' white trash" of the South. There were few very poor people. One man had been to jail and consequently was a celebrated character. We children always ran past his house. We were afraid he would get us. The mention of running recalls my elopement.

At the early age of eight I succumbed to the light that shines in women's eyes. Her name was Adeline Lee. I do not remember what wiles she practiced, nor what spell she wove about me. We eloped to the pine woods a mile from home and set up housekeeping in a sort of cave, an inclosure made by some fallen trees. In this garden of Eden we encountered no serpent, nor did we indulge in any forbidden fruit. Somewhat early in the evening we were rudely awakened from our young dream of domestic bliss by a searching party and were restored to our frantic families.

The social activities of Westfield were typical of that period in New England. If any farmer had occasion to put up a building the neighbors turned out to the "raising"; that is, to erect the heavy timbers. Applejack, New England rum, flip and cherry bounce furnished entertainment for the sinners and some temperate drink was provided for the saints. Once a wag smuggled considerable "booze" into the temperance drink; and the result was that all the good people went home in happy mood and with a clear conscience.

These barn raisings were followed often by barn storm-

ings. The wives in the neighborhood made their special contributions to the final jollification.

This celebration was held sometimes out of doors, sometimes in the house, if it were large enough, but usually on the ample, commodious barn floor, which had been swept and garnished for the purpose in a wonderful way with sometimes a profusion of wild flowers, shrubs and evergreens. If the festivities were held after the harvest there would be enormous mows of hay piled up on scaffolds on either side of the broad, long barn floor. Under the mow on one side would perhaps be stalls full of cattle, all immaculately cleaned for the occasion, while the space under the mow on the other side might be filled to its capacity with bags and bins of various grains.

The tables, set the length of the barn floor, groaned with roast turkey, duck, pork, young pig, fish, pies, cakes, sandwiches, puddings, oysters, preserves, jellies and homemade confections, not to mention coffee, tea and a big washtub full of lemonade. There were no servants. Everything was done by the younger men and women. The hired men and the hired girls, usually sons and daughters of neighbors, participated in all the fun and the work.

We children took a hand at small side tables, as gormandizers; later, we were relegated, as sightseers, to the margins of the great hay lofts on either side of the barn floor. For extra amusement—unspeakable joy!—we tumbled on the hay loft. During the feast old-fashioned songs were sung, some of which particularly pleased the children.

"Out the way, ole Dan Tucker, You're too late to have your supper."

"When I first went out to walk I looked so mighty gay They had to take the dogs along To keep the girls away." The barn was lighted mostly with ornamented lanterns supplemented with candles carefully arranged to avoid fire. The tables cleared, the revels began with strains from two fiddles.

The old-fashioned square dances somehow have a saving decorum which we miss in the modern gyrations. Young men took turns in calling off the changes:—

"Choose your partners! Face your partners! Ladies change! All promenade!"

The rural New England of my memory lived, moved and had its being on the barn floor. Farm wagons laden with hay, corn, rye, oats, barley, hemp, potatoes and other vegetables, were drawn in from the fields through great folding doors at one end of this floor and, having discharged their contents, were drawn out through duplicate doors at the other and into the barnyard, where the team was unhitched, the horses relegated to their stalls on one side and the wagon to the shed on the other. Much of this produce went to market and was exchanged for groceries, dry goods and other necessary things not produced on the farm. Fruits and vegetables were taken to the frost-proof cellar under the house or to an excavated "root-cellar." The cider barrel too was kept in the frost-proof cellar. There was hardship in taking a pitcher in one hand and a lighted candle in the other and going down the creaking cellar steps, which often were steep and rickety, and filling the pitcher and returning.

The grains which had been garnered by the sickle or "cradle" were thrashed out on the floor by the primitive

flail and stored in sacks under the hay-loft.

The hog announced his clear appreciation of impending fate by a prolonged and piercing squeal, which fell somewhat short of breaking the drum of the ear, as he was hoisted from the floor by a pulley and his jugular vein and artery severed by a long butcher knife. A river of blood would flow over the floor into the barnyard. I always recoiled at the sight of blood, and in a long, exacting practice have considered that the prime index to good surgery is the completion of the operation with the least operating and the minimum loss of blood. The hog's bristles, loosened by lowering him into a cauldron of boiling water, were scraped off and preserved for the manufacture of brushes and for other purposes. In the primitive processes of that day much of the animal was thrown away as having no commercial value; the great slaughterhouses of the present day are said to convert into cash "everything but the squeal."

Betimes the unsuspecting stalled ox, or the fat steer, is personally conducted into this improvised slaughterhouse; he is dispatched by the blow of the ax over the temple; his hide, deftly removed, goes to a near-by tannery.

Hogs and "beef critters" are cut up into appropriate parts; some parts distributed to the market or to the neighbors for exchange. In freezing weather other parts are "hung" to be consumed as "fresh meat," by the family. The remainder is consigned to the salt pork or the corned beef barrel, these two barrels, according to the fullness thereof, being the criteria of prosperity.

Once or twice a year fairs called "cattle shows" were held on the public square. Among the vendors on these days was one who was the idol of the small boys. He was a large, handsome fellow, gaudily dressed, who called himself "Professor Gardiner." He sold soap to the tune of a fiddle and a favorite song of ours of many verses about a young bucolic and a maid who refused him because "He wore a greasy coat"—the refrain of every verse. But he bought a cake of "Ragical, Pragical, Tragical, Magical Soap" and he cleaned his coat as good as new, and the maid replied, "I don't care if I dew."

A word or two more on the barn floor, or rather on the corn piled roof high, waiting to be husked. Here is a job on which the patient farmer may spend weary hours, over weary weeks. Not so! Now for the great event, "The Huskin' Bee." First, second and third prizes are put up for those who will husk the most corn in a given time. Fifteen or twenty men work between 3 and 8 P.M., as if their lives were at stake, and the mountain of corn melts away. It has been husked and stored away temporarily in cribs, and the husks are swept aside.

Again on the barn floor, with its vicissitudes of "raisings" and "barn stormings," thrashings and slaughterings, there is a sound of revelry by night. The weeping children are sent to bed. But my lingering consciousness takes in the fiddle and the prompters' calls. Toward morning I had a glimmering sense of the young girls and the old girls and the young men and the old men as they precipitated themselves from the barn floor and were lost in the frosty hour of an early day.

Now after nearly seventy years I look back upon this simple community life as an essential factor in the building of the nation. Last summer I motored over the old farm region; all the farms for miles around were given over to recent immigrants, mostly from southeastern Europe; the whole country was in rack and ruin. Almost no one spoke English. The entire community looked like the dregs of creation; not a single building was in decent condition. These are some of the people from whom the future citizens of the republic will breed. Incompetence, degrada-

tion, ignorance and filth have taken the place of energy, cleanliness, intelligence, probity and self-respect. It is a

melancholy spectacle. "Quo Vadis?"

Our New England community had few books. The five-foot shelf of President Eliot would have sufficed for all of them; the massive family Bible always was kept on a special table in the best room; no one would think of profaning it by placing it on a shelf with other books. To me the gem of the collection was Rollins's "Ancient History," which, before I was twelve years old, I read repeatedly and with

increasing respect.

When the stress of summer and autumn work relaxed and the days began to shorten, the women would visit in varying numbers at neighboring houses; not for the titillating afternoon tea of our time, but to make an afternoon of it. "Come over and bring your sewing work," was the typical invitation. As soon as a guest arrived the next observation was quite typical of the hospitality of the time, "Won't you lay off your things?" Sometimes the visitors entertained themselves by singing hymns. There was one in particular which puzzled me; it was "I'm going home to Dinah Moore." Who was Dinah Moore? Why should anyone want to go home to Dinah Moore? It was not until several years later that the true answer of this question came to me, that is, "Going home to die no more." Then I reflected that recourse to Dinah would be preferable.

There was always great apparent concern about the health. "How do you do?" was asked again and again. Sometimes a visitor would recite in detail all about her aches and pains, her "rheumatiz" and other maladies, describing them minutely. These people seemed to enjoy bad health. One definition of a bore is: "One who, if you ask him

how he is, tells you."

The men also used to "happen in" to play cards, swap

lies, spin yarns, talk politics and crops and criticize the weather and the President. My mother was devoted to the cause of temperance. She exhibited an uncompromising aversion to a large demijohn of cherry rum which my father had disposed in a selected niche in the chimney corner. Neighbors were being converted into cronies and the cronies happened in rather often. On one such occasion, Bill Phelps, an old and familiar friend, and my father held a conversation, the import of which I did not at the time fully comprehend, but I observed that in some way it was associated with the demijohn. Bill casually remarked to my father, "It appears to me, John, that we didn't celebrate on the last Fourth of July." My father replied, "God bless my soul, Bill, now that I come to think of it, I don't believe we did. Suppose we celebrate now." My mother did not wholly approve of these meetings, and the demijohn came to an untimely end. One day after she had been making the mop and broom fly, my attention was attracted to a flood of cherry rum on the floor. Was it an accident, or a calamity?

In the perennial criticism of the President, I was amused once, even as a boy of about eight, when an enthusiastic, neighboring farmer in the height of a political discussion, slammed his fist down on the table and shouted, "By God, sir, I'd like to be President of these United States for about two hours. I'd show 'em." At this time slavery in the United, or rather dis-united, States was national, while freedom was sectional. Most of the elderly men were old-line Jackson Democrats and inclined not to be anti-

slavery.

It is remarkable what a hold Jackson had on the country, north and south. Long after the Civil War it was a common remark that "If old Bill Jones was alive he would still be voting for Andrew Jackson." Bill was the generic name

of the typical ancient Democrat. My father was a free-soil Republican. I was six years old when I saw him cast his vote for John C. Fremont, at the Presidential election of 1856. Party loyalty ran high. One man took an oath that he would not cut his hair until Fremont was President. This was not an isolated case. For many years there might have been observed similar long-haired enthusiastic Republicans and Democrats in various parts of the country.

Religious discussions drew together, or perhaps I should say drew apart, many stanch champions, each of his own doctrine. Second Adventists, Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists predominated. "Papists" were few and far between. The future of a newly married couple in a near-by house was for a time wrecked by a violent quarrel between the bride's mother and the bridegroom's father, two senile people, who took opposite sides on a burning question. The mother-in-law stoutly maintained that immediately on death one went straight through to Hell, or Glory, according to circumstances; she didn't propose to wait for her reward any millions of years. The father-inlaw held that there was an unconscious sleep of the dead until the day of judgment, when "the last trump" sounded; that was according to his reading of the Bible; that was the way God had arranged it, and he was willing to wait and take his chance with God.

I have heard the question seriously discussed whether it was wicked on Sunday to cook food, to take a walk, read a newspaper, or even to drive a horse to church. In listening to all these theological wranglings, I got a fairly comprehensive background on which to measure the knowable and the unknowable in maturer years.

One winter day when I was about ten years old, my father took me with him in the cutter, upon a high mountain; not with the Satanic purpose to show me "all the glories of the world," but to sell the farm to one Deacon Zabin Moore, who was in the market to buy a place for his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker. Zabin was a "nut-cracker." The negotiations soon developed the following facts: first, that my father wanted to sell the farm: second, that he ought to get \$3000 for it: third, if he couldn't get \$3000 for it, he would take \$2400, but he wouldn't take a cent less. There were eighty-eight acres of arable land, with nine acres and eighty rods of woodland on a near-by mountain. It is strange that I should

remember thus accurately after so many years.

My father had a genius for selling things for less than he paid for them and therefore never achieved success in business. A business venture made possible by the discovery of superior brick-making clay on the farm had ended disastrously. A trusted partner in this scheme had left him a shorn lamb. Among other unfortunate undertakings of his was a book enterprise in Ohio. This was during the panic of 1857, at a time when the whole country went through an exhausting period of deflation, wildcat banks, and all sorts of bubbles! Paper money was generally worthless. When my father returned from Ohio he had with him several hundred dollars in gold. This was an astounding event in our family. Our spirits rose at the sight, but fell immediately. It seems that some traveling acquaintance, otherwise a stranger, unwilling to trust his funds to the usual channels of exchange, had turned this gold over to him with the request that he pay it to a creditor in Boston. Of course the stranger took chances, but somehow nature puts her stamp on the face of an honest man.

Sometime before the farm was sold the family moved to the village of Westfield where my father, the ex-farmer, reverted to the teaching of "Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic," the three R's, in the "deestrict" school. To these subjects were added some geography, grammar and spelling. His salary was three or four hundred dollars a year, about the average income at that time for fairly well-to-do

people.

The purchasing power of the dollar was high. The pay of a carpenter or other mechanic was one dollar a day and many, though not all things, were in proportion. People were able to live on small incomes not entirely because of the cheapness of things but rather because they practiced the most rigid economy in the amount of their purchases and in the amount of their consumption. The spirit of economy was so great that it engendered restriction even in things that cost nothing.

The village in 1859 with its four thousand people had few families, perhaps less than ten, who employed domestic servants. Hardly any house was equipped with running water. The pump for the water supply often was outside the house; sometimes it was so situated as to send its water into the kitchen sink, in which case there generally was a drain from the sink to the surface, or to the cesspool outside. There was in the village scarcely anything like a fully

equipped bathroom with plumbing.

In order to take a full bath, one usually must carry a heavy washtub from the cellar to the kitchen, fill it about one-third full from the pump, then heat some water in the wash boiler on the cookstove and mix it in the desired proportion with the water in the tub. Other members of the household were banished from the kitchen. After the bath the tub was dragged to the kitchen door and the water emptied over the back door steps, whence it took the direction of least resistance. Very few wealthy "fust" families, as they were called, had servants to prepare the bath in portable tubs. The servant class was limited, wary and not very prone to menial labor.

The great "bone and sinew" of the republic, as the Fourth of July orators called us, had recourse, at longer or shorter intervals, to the hand pump and the washtub. A favorite time for this classic ceremony was Saturday night or Sunday morning. I use the word classic advisedly, meaning "a permanent contribution to the culture of the world." On week days one took the sponge bath, using the "wash rag." The "wash cloth" was not yet mentioned under that name.

We hear much nowadays about "the simple life." Let us compare; is it more simple to procure the washtub as above described, or to go into a bathroom which opens out of every bedroom and there turn on the hot and cold water faucets. Other examples both manifold and obvious could be recited. Is it easier when in the fullness of time obstetric events cast their shadows before, to hitch up the horse and ride pell-mell five miles in a clood-burst, or to telephone to the doctor to hurry, or he may be late? Yet there are people who, in the worship of what they call the beautiful, don't want electric buttons, nor any other buttons; they want fig leaves, tallow candles and "the simple life."

Our life with tallow candles and without electric buttons was too simple and not beautiful enough for me; and soon after we moved to Westfield I began to realize the want of more spending money than my father gave me. Jackknives, fishhooks, baseballs, corkscrews were beyond my reach. One day I journeyed to Poverty Plains, a sandy expanse two miles from the village, picked six quarts of blackberries and peddled them at various houses on my way home. Ten cents a quart! Sixty cents! All mine! Think of it! This was my first business venture. I earned twenty-five cents a week for building fires in the school-house during one or two winters.

The Westfield News Letter was an obscure weekly paper. The primitive hand press on which it was printed and the hand-set type stood out among the wonders of my boyhood. The type was made up in page form and wedged together on a stone slab. On this form was laid an unprinted sheet of paper and the impression was made by forcing down upon it with screw and lever a horizontal plane above, called a platen. When the required number of sheets had been printed on one side the process was repeated on the other. The operation demanded the services of two men, one to ink the type with a roller, the other to place the sheets and work the lever. These old hand presses were in common use only sixty-five years ago, in 1860. The running off of three hundred copies was a formidable day's work for two men. Now one man merely watches the rotary press which in a few hours can turn out hundreds of thousands. I earned six cents a week by carrying six copies of the Westfield News Letter to farm houses in an outlying district.

Finally I emerged from such infantile business and branched out into merchandizing and manufacturing. After interviewing two or three grocers I selected the one who would make the best terms on credit, for a stock of apples, oranges and maple sugar. Like a pack peddler, I loaded these into a basket and sold them to the operatives in the factories, mostly whip and cigar factories. In an unfortunate transaction I took in change a counterfeit bill and only my reputation for financial integrity saved me from bankruptcy. After a time I accumulated a capital which enabled me to buy in the open markets on better terms for cash.

I kept my eyes open for chances of earning money. Once I shoveled three tons of coal for a dollar and sawed a cord of wood for a dollar and a half. I took a contract for the lathing of a building, a rather large venture for a twelveyear-old, but it came out with some profit.

One day I was sent to the grocer to get a bottle of horseradish. This gave me an idea. Horse-radish grew wild along a brook near our house. I dug some of it, grated it, mixed it with vinegar, put it in some of our old horseradish bottles and sold it to my mother at the market price. The gross receipts on this transaction were all net profit. Soon I worked up a flourishing horse-radish business in the neighborhood, but ran against a snag. The article was too rank, too strong, not mild and agreeable, like the commercial product. I then mixed it with grated turnip, one part horse-radish to three parts of turnip, and everyone pronounced it milder and more agreeable. This was a bonanza. The turnips cost little or nothing. In order to avoid deception and as an advertising measure, I changed the labels from "PURE HORSE-RADISH" to "HORSE-RADISH PREPARED FOR THE TABLE." I afterwards learned that the commercial horse-radish labeled "PURE" was adulterated in the same way.

My profits, not counting labor, were about 500 per cent and the article was 100 per cent satisfactory. I might, perhaps, have continued in the business to this day, except for the fact that I had dug up the last root and was obliged for want of raw material, to shut down permanently.

My early experiences in salesmanship were often discouraging. Sometimes I carried that heavy basket all the afternoon without a single sale. One day, with aching back and tired legs, I soberly resolved that if I ever grew up and had money enough, I would buy of a small boy anything he had to sell. That resolve I have kept, except when the boy was obtrusive or unreasonable. At times I have loaded myself down with lead pencils and chewing

gum, not to mention newspapers, all of which I passed on to the next small boy I met.

The thrift of New England was the natural result of two conditions; one, a strenuous necessity for economy, the other an uncompromising sense of independence. The spirit of independence was everywhere inculcated. It was probably from mixed motives of economy and discipline that parents usually required children to earn their spending money. My father, one Fourth of July morning, refused to give me ten cents to buy firecrackers, but I earned the money hoeing potatoes all the forenoon in the family garden and in the afternoon I fired off the crackers. I wonder whether that strenuous life suppressed and destroyed the affections.

Certain it is that in New England great economy was practiced. Helen Hunt Jackson has somewhere an observation to the effect that

"The poor whites in the mountains of Tennessee economize even in words; they say Cy and Rube because they are too lazy to say Cyrus and Reuben. The thrifty Yankees practice the same abbreviation, because they cannot spare time to pronounce the whole word."

There is a queer form of reticence peculiar to the New England Yankee; it is an aversion to returning a direct answer to a question. Ask a Yankee if he is cold and he will reply, "I am not so very warm." "Are you ill?" "I am not so very well."

Yankee reticence played a part in a keen unhappiness of mine caused by a painful difficulty between my mother and a favorite cousin, Belle Webster. This cousin and I had been mutual affinities for several years. When Belle was about twenty-two and I was about twelve, I came home one day and found her with tears in her eyes and my mother with a frown on her face. I considered Belle the most

lovely girl in creation. All the young men of her own age shared my sentiments and I was proud of the admiration they showered upon her, especially since she had given me to understand that I was the favorite. I would have "done time" for her.

As she left the house I followed her into the street, but she sent me back, saying that she never could visit our house any more. She seemed like a frightened animal, bent upon making her escape. When I returned to the house, my mother's eyes were red and moist; she refused all explanation. Two weeping women on the hands of a twelve-yearold boy and no explanation. I never saw my cousin again. She soon left Westfield and within a few months we had tidings of her death. There possibly may have been some scandal; whatever the cause, my affections would have remained unshaken. I had idealized Belle and believed that my mother had acted unwisely on wrong information. If, on the spot, I had been obliged to choose between them, I would have forsaken everything else and stood by Belle. It now is a matter of satisfaction to me that I took no positive antagonistic position against my mother. Belle had sent me home and blindly, in a dazed state, I had obeyed. Fortunately normal children are not reduced to permanent devastation either by joy or by sorrow.

It was fortunate, too, that soon after this an episode occurred which impressed me, young as I was, with my mother's high qualities of mercy and of courage. A near-by family, named Boyce, father, mother and numerous children, stricken with desperate illness, were in want of the necessaries of life; they were destitute. My mother drew up a subscription paper, setting forth the needs of the family and personally circulated it among the members of the different churches. The head of this family was a pillar of the Baptist church. We were in the midst of the Civil War and everybody felt poor; she met with a persistent and chilling frost, or, at most, an insignificant response; the family was suffering for want of food. No money!

The second act in this drama always has been to me an inspiration. It shows an intuitive psychological sense. She turned the delinquency of the church people to practical account and made it a means of securing necessary funds. The saints have failed; let us see what the sinners can do. She drew up another subscription paper for the sinners. It was, in substance, "The family is destitute; the church people have failed to come to the rescue; are the Christians all in the churches?"

Springfield called Westfield, Gomorrah. Westfield was indeed a wicked town, abounding in low saloons, gambling places and other vicious enterprises. Of the five or six thousand people in the town, there were many non-church members, some vicious, some decent. My mother made a list of both kinds and called upon them. She visited the inmates of every low dive in the town; houses of no extraordinary fame, bosses, proprietors, patrons, men and women; not neglecting the more decent "sinners." The effect was electrical, instantaneous. The sinners were hilarious and tumbled over one another to subscribe. The slogan was "The Christians are not all in the churches!"

My mother reported that she had been received with profound deference, emphasized occasionally by some emotional expression on the part of a dive keeper. Curiosity brought in some of the neighbors, who watched the triumphant outpouring of the proceeds on the dining table. I do not remember the amount; it was handsome enough to sustain the family for a long time.

There was some reaction. The busybodies went about remarking, "Wall, sister Dudley ain't just what she orter

be, or she wouldn't be goin' round associatin' with them low-down dives." Such remarks usually fell on deaf ears. "Sister Dudley" was superior to public, private or any other opinion.

On a Fourth of July not long after this episode, we had news of such decisive Southern victories that even the boys had no heart to celebrate. Our sole thought was "Oh, if we were only old enough to go!" Often we gave expression to our scorn of able-bodied men who would not enlist.

Early in the Civil War boys too young for military service organized themselves into juvenile military units. We improvised uniforms, ransacking attics and storerooms for them, and we fabricated wooden guns and other insignia. Our mothers and big sisters embroidered chevrons and shoulder straps according to rank. We trained on the public square and altogether made a brave appearance. One day I told the lieutenant that I had been a private in the ranks long enough. He replied that he thought I would make a good lieutenant, that he was trying to get together votes enough to promote himself to a captaincy. Here was my initiation into wirepulling, logrolling and special privilege activities in which I have never been successful nor by temperament much inclined.

The country now experienced the darkest days of the Civil War and men's hearts failed them for fear. Gold rose to \$2.85 with corresponding depreciation in Government bonds and falling off in national credit and courage. I gathered the idea that the success of the war depended upon finance and I lost no opportunity of listening to discussions on that subject. In one of them a "Copperhead" said to my father, a loyal citizen, "By the Great Jehovah, John, we are licked and we ought to be licked. We are going to repudiate those damned bonds; I'll paper my stable with them yet, you see." We were paying enormous interest

on those bonds, which were redeemable in gold. Fortunately, before maturity gold was at par, but the same old Copperheads came again to the front; they thought, since silver was currency, we should have the option of redeeming gold bonds and paying gold debts in silver. At one time, when silver was worth less than half as much as gold, a wag remarked that we should remove from the silver dollar the words "In God We Trust," and substitute, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

Four years of blood and strife dragged themselves slowly along. The Republican party, pledged to the abolition of slavery, was at first enthusiastic, always determined, sometimes discouraged. Many recruits from the antislavery Democrats, joined the Union forces. The proslavery Democrats were stigmatized as "Copperheads," or snakes in the grass. The Republicans were called "Black Republicans," probably, as I suppose, because of their friendship for the negro. Finally the sun came out! Lincoln was reëlected; Lee surrendered; the rebellion was crushed; the Union was saved.

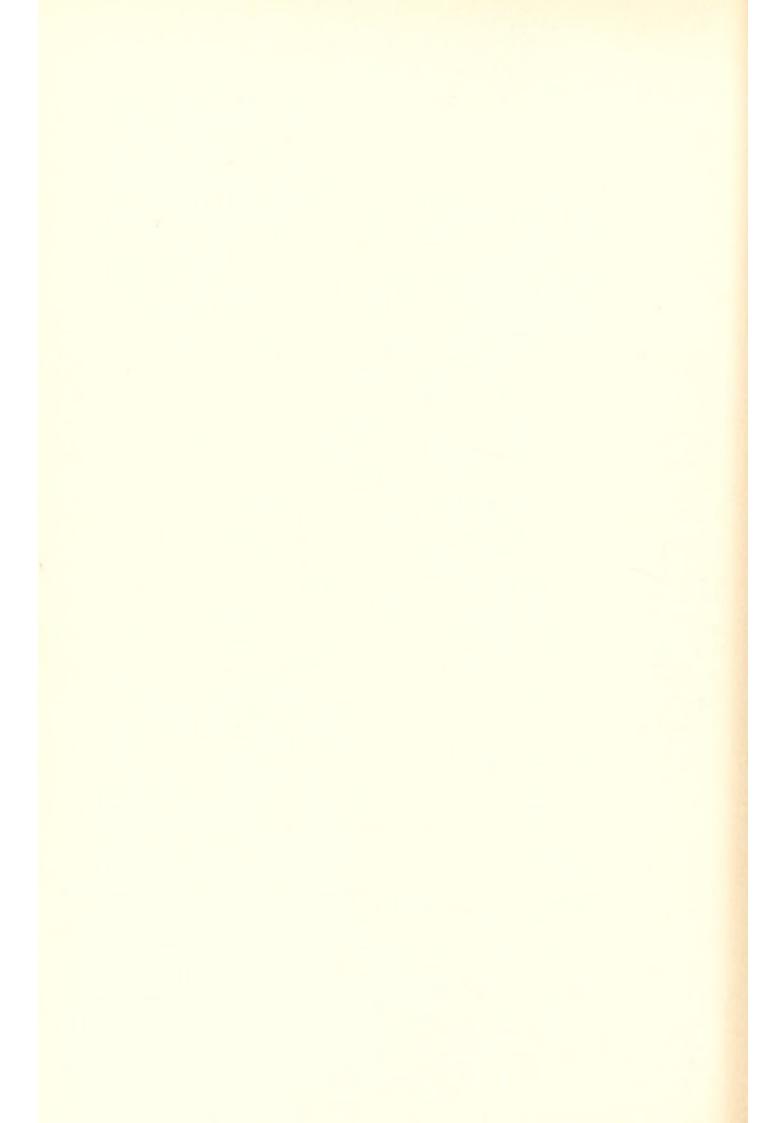
The splendid part taken by the war Democrats on the Northern side saved the Union. Forty years later when Bryan ran for the Presidency as a Democratic candidate on the free coinage of silver craze, the sound money Democrats buried him out of sight. Thus the Democratic party twice has saved the country, each time by joining the Republicans.

Westfield had sent three companies to the war. The first was commanded by Captain, afterwards Colonel, Walkley, whose wife was a cousin of mine. As this company started for the front, everyone vied with every other one to do them honor with entertainments, public and private; there were picnics, receptions and, in the town hall, speeches by spellbinders; tables were laden with delicacies and the

soldier's path was strewn with flowers. They went out one hundred strong and the cheers of a thousand people followed them as they marched away to join their regiment at Camp Banks in Springfield.

This regiment was the Light Brigade of the Civil War. When Captain Walkley's Company returned, I was one of perhaps twenty people, only twenty people, who went to the railroad station to welcome them home. The enthusiasm had gone out of the country. It was like a funeral. There was no demonstration, no music, no flowers. Not a gun was heard, although in the years of their service there had been many a funeral note. As I remember the number, seven bronzed and scarred veterans got off the train and were received in silence, some by friends, others by strangers. The fratricidal war was over.

Not long before these veterans came home, my mother died of what I now recognize as hemorrhagic typhoid fever. I was too young to have formed an adequate conception of her character. Yet I have many reasons to remember her as the intellectual, social and moral superior of most of her associates. At her funeral the church could not hold the throngs that attempted to crowd in, dive keepers, gamblers, sinners, saints and Christians, all sorts and conditions of men and women in our pagan and puritan world of Westfield, Massachusetts, in 1863. They followed the funeral procession to Pine Hill Cemetery, and there paid their last tribute at the family lot on the brow of the hill, overlooking the town.



CHAPTER II

PROMOTION

SOON after my mother's death, when I was thirteen years old, I had a severe illness and during convalescence took issue with the doctor. Authorities will differ. I was for going out at once; he was for keeping me in bed. Finally, to silence me, he announced that I could go out when the coating cleared off from my tongue. Then came my first original venture into the field of practical medicine. Late that night my activities aroused the family; they found me before a mirror, with a candle in one hand and a case knife in the other, scraping my tongue. The doctor was right; I went out too soon. A few days later, with swollen legs and feet, I consulted him again. He remarked casually that he had noticed such swellings frequently, but did not think they were of much consequence. Continuing, he said, "Here is a bottle of 'surrup' that will knock that trouble higher than a kite." I now recognize these swellings as the result of a serious kidney lesion known as acute nephritis, one of the varieties of Bright's disease. This was an infection little understood at that time, and doubtless was caused by the same germ that caused the disease. It might easily have been fatal. This event illustrates a very important truth in medicine, which is that an ignorant physician may be useful; he may by reason of crude judgment pursue the right course, even though he does not know what he is doing.

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The source of my mother's typhoid fever was a spring from which many near-by people obtained their supply of drinking water. The fever was endemic in the vicinity of the spring. No one dreamed at that time of the typhoid bacillus, or, for that matter, of any disease-producing germ. Now, sixty years later, the Board of Health, by the application of well-known scientific measures, would examine and condemn such a spring. Any qualified physician would apply practicable diagnostic tests; also he could protect the community by vaccination. Typhoid, which formerly took its toll of hundreds of thousands, now is an unnecessary disease. This is only one of the many illustrations of the progress of medicine in fifty years.

During the last illness of my mother, her sister, Olive Mason, was with her, and after her death she took me and my sister to Three Rivers near Palmer, Massachusetts, where we lived with my grandmother Mason for several months. Here my aunt became engaged to my father.

In December, 1863, I returned to Westfield and went to work in the drug store of John W. Colton. The pay was to be \$3 a week. The hours were from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M. I was thirteen years and seven months old. Several clerks were over me and exercised their ingenuity in various practical jokes, called horseplay, somewhat in the spirit in which the members of a sophomore class, haze the incoming freshmen. I led the simple life, sweeping out the store, washing the windows, washing bottles and performing any duty that the other clerks above me disliked. One day the owner informed me that he could not pay \$3 a week to a boy who broke so much glassware, that I would have to exercise my energy in some other direction, or he could not have me in the store at all. Then he added, "You are industrious and you do not watch the clock; if you can stop smashing glassware perhaps we can make something of you at \$2 a week." Soon after this two clerks above me were detected in irregularities and were dismissed; consequently I was promoted, with increase of pay. Either my destructive tendencies had abated, or the owner had concluded to put up with them. Within a year I became familiar with the stock in all departments, was performing the full duties of a sales clerk and beginning to compound simple medicines.

When I was fifteen and had long since graduated from the simple life, already mentioned, of window washing, bottle smashing and floor sweeping, I was promoted to the prescription counter. Of course, during all this drug-store drudgery, I should by rights have been in school, leading the normal life of a care-free growing boy. Instead of this, I was plunged into the responsibilities of a man; no boy life, no juvenile sports, no time for amusement beyond an occasional church sociable.

I did get some entertainment out of the unusual people who frequented the store. One day a brace of flashy towheaded, powdered and painted young women came in to replenish their armamentarium cosmeticum. At this time I was innocent of any distinction between the "ox-eyed Juno and the peroxide Venus." They examined a carmine pink saucer, used for rouging and inquired with assumed innocence what it was for. I really didn't know but shot back the answer that it was used by milliners and dressmakers to dye silk stockings. A few days later one of the young blades of the town came in, hilarious, and inquired whether I had sold any more pink saucers to milliners and dressmakers. I was making progress in "ways that are dark and in tricks that are vain." At least I surmised just where he had been.

Any woman who painted and powdered sixty years ago was regarded as "a vile creature." The times have changed

and we have changed with them. Now the highly respected bachelor girl lives alone in her own apartment with the rouge on the lips and the wave in the hair and no one will care. In the parks of the city of Peking I observed Chinese women of respectability walking alone while the woman of commercialized vice is attended by a chaperon and is known by the greater simplicity of her costume and make-up.

Last week at a reception I surprised myself congratulating a highly respectable grandmother on her youthful appearance. On a casual glance, she looked like an eighteenyear-old schoolgirl. I do not know how they do it; people should mind their own business and hold their tongues about such things. Certain it is that a woman at almost any age may manage, far short of anything theatrical, to look rather natural and yet appear twenty years younger by reason of the make-up. I do not refer to the "flapper" who crowds on what is called "agony," but to the highly respectable, highly respected lady to the manor born and bred. Does all this take something away from innate charm? Perhaps! Magnify the obvious at the expense of the subtle? Perhaps! Does anyone wish to be disillusioned? Perhaps!

During the first winter in the drug store, my father and I boarded with a family named Eggleston. There was no heat in our bedroom; I never before realized how cold a room could be; I went to bed tired after the full day's work and immediately thereafter, the brutal rising bell rang. We breakfasted at 5 A.M. Never since that time have I considered breakfast worth getting up for. Sunday mornings, when we slept later, were like Paradise. The theologians did well when the designated Heaven as a place of rest for the weary.

In that spring my father married my Aunt Olive. She

was a beloved wife and mother. I had always loved her. Although my hours at the drug store were long, I had considerable surplus energy to get rid of; for example, after we were living in our own house I was much disturbed by the unevenness of the ground in front, and with this fixed idea, nothing would do but to level it down, which I proceeded to do with a shovel and wheelbarrow between

five and six o'clock, before going to work.

My father sympathized with my disposition to carry on and to keep things going; he permitted me to do certain chores, such as sawing, splitting and carrying in wood for the kitchen fire. I recognized the propriety of blacking his boots every Sunday morning, but I drew the line at some of the more remote jobs,—such as the boots of visiting ministers. The Sunday morning sermons and the ministers who preached them failed to interest me to any great extent. Frequently an exchange minister filled the pulpit. For some reason the visiting parson very often elected our house as a suitable place in which to spend what we now call the week end. I don't know why, perhaps because in competition with some of the other brethren, we put up for the Sunday morning breakfast an outstanding quality and quantity of fried oysters, then a recognized rarity, of which I sometimes was suspicious of not getting my full share. After prayers one Saturday night my father casually remarked to the visiting minister, "Put your boots out and the boy will black them in the morning." The word "Boy," then, was not used as many years later I formed the habit of using it in the Orient, where, clapping my hands, I shouted, "Boy!" Here, the word meant me! I went to bed with murder in my soul. In the morning I gave the minister's boots an extra fine polish, got away from the house before breakfast, and did not turn up Sunday night until after the family had gone to bed. Monday

morning when I came down, uncertain whether it was to be war or peace, my father received me sadly. In broken accents he said, "My son, I was very much humiliated yesterday morning. The minster came down, much excited, in his stocking feet and inquired why he had been insulted; he held in one hand two small potatoes and in the other, his boots. You violated every law of hospitality, my son, when you put those small potatoes in the minister's boots. I would much rather you had put them in mine. I am afraid you are a hardened sinner."

But I thought I detected in his voice a tone of reconciliation. In later years he often told the story with pride and

enthusiasm.

After I had been in the store about three years, I persuaded my father that the pay which he had drawn for my services during that time would justify him in allowing me three months of schooling. In fact, I convinced him that I was densely ignorant of many things that a boy of sixteen years ought to know.

Three months in the High School passed away before I realized that I had been there. I do not remember that I learned very much, or what I learned. I do remember that absence from school for three years had created a scholastic gulf between me and other children of my own age. I returned to the drug store, a sadder and not much wiser boy.

My pay was raised to \$6 a week and the boss appeared

quite reconciled to the return of the "bottle breaker."

One of the grotesque things about a drug store is the swarm of hypochondriacs and other neuropathic 'people addicted to the drug habit. Most patent medicines contain considerable quantities of alcohol, which identifies the drug habit, so called, with the alcohol habit. These people will take anything. They, so to speak, will light one bottle on

another. In clearing out a lot of miscellaneous rubbish from the attic, I uncovered a wagonload of old patent medicines, the discarded stock of generations. I cleared them all out, cleaned them thoroughly, put fresh wrappers on the bottles and made a display window of these old medicines. They were eagerly absorbed by the medicine cranks, at a profit of 100 per cent to the business. Thus I was laying the foundation of a sharp, shrewd, not to say oblique, business career, at a time when I should have been developing character, on the basis of a close, careful experience.

A few months after my return from school to the Colton drug store, the rival druggist, Mr. Henry Holland, offered me the chief clerkship in his shop at a salary of \$10 a week, a substantial increase. The change was salutary. It took me out of a strongly commercial environment and put me under a very different influence.

Mr. Holland was a well-born, well-bred gentleman, whose tastes and interests were scholastic and scientific. He belonged to an old and distinguished medical family. His grandfather and father were physicians, the former one of several brothers, all of whom were physicians. Mr. Holland had attended the old, pioneer pharmacy college in Philadelphia in an early day when training in pharmacy was unusual. His knowledge of chemistry was far in advance of that of a mere mixer of drugs.

What impressed me most of all was his devotion to the Greek philosophers, whose works he read in the original. I never had heard of Plato or Aristotle until, one Sunday morning, in his rooms, he translated several passages from each. He remarked that one could get much solace from Aristotle, who was the first man to pursue the scientific "inductive" method, antedating Francis Bacon.

Here I was, an infant in culture, abruptly projected from

the tricks of trade into the placid atmosphere of Greek philosophy. This was an opportunity which by no other combination of circumstances within my reach, could have been possible. The shop of Holland was a center where the intelligentsia, among them several physicians, congregated. I listened and picked up a good deal of wisdom, mostly in the form of paradoxes and aphorisms such as "Never tell your troubles, it distresses your friends, and gratifies your enemies." "All men are born slaves and unequal." The Holland shop was in few respects like the typical drug store. It was more like that of an English chemist. The business was rather large in drugs and prescriptions but small in fancy articles known as druggists' sundries. A soda fountain in this place would have been monstrous. I really was too immature to have the responsibility of the position; but worse was still to come!

Mr. Holland was a bachelor past forty, and he seemed the last man to entangle himself in a transit of Venus. I had been with him only a few weeks when he made the startling announcement, "I am married. We start to-night on our wedding trip to be gone several weeks. You must run the shop." I protested. "No," he said. "I can't be bothered with this shop now, I tell you I am married; if you can't run the shop, then the shop can go hang!" He went. There was nothing for me to do but to stand by.

For three or four years I had carried on a very intimate and, on my side, confidential friendship with an elderly man four times my own age named George Rose. He was a lover of people, a lover of his race, a lover of music, by occupation a piano tuner, the practical philosopher of the town. I shall have more to say of him later. To this sage old man, in whose wisdom I had a confidence bordering on the superstitious, I went for consolation and advice.

Mr. Rose listened with attention and sympathy to my

tale of woe. After a heart-to-heart talk I went back to the store with hot words ringing in my ears, words to this effect: "You don't have to do your whole month's work to-morrow. You will have to encounter only one thing at a time. You must stand the gaff."

I often have meditated on the bugbears of that month. It was like forcing one's way through a dense crowd of people. They do not all separate at once and make way, but the first one will stand aside and the next, and the next, and so on, until the crowd is behind one.

With the assistance of an untrained boy I carried on the business after a fashion. When a prescription came in that I did not understand very well, I got it filled at another store, washed off their label, put on our own and delivered it. At no time did I have to show the white feather. The burden was so heavy that I did not dare to go home except a few moments each day for hurried meals. I put up a bed in the back of the store and slept there; also I took a strongly desired vacation from church, Sunday school and prayer meeting.

Dyestuffs formed a considerable portion of our business. At about this time the inferior novelty known as aniline dyes came into the market and rapidly drove out the older dyes, partly because of their cheapness, partly because they were put up in small neat packages which were convenient for the merchant to handle. Anyone could sell aniline dyes, but it took a chemist to put up the old, fast colors, which now are prized beyond measure. They are equal to the colors in antique Turkish rugs and old Navajo blankets.

When it came to dyes, Mr. Holland, the chemist, looked askance at his neighbor, the druggist. These dyes now are historic and apparently doomed. I doubt whether there remains in the country a druggist who knows how to com-

bine the vegetable dyes with the chemicals necessary to produce the old-fashioned fast colors.

The story of the period would be incomplete without some mention of the old ragbag, one of the most sacred institutions of that day. It was the limbo to which were relegated the last scraps of cast-off clothing, the last shred of any waste fabric. The output of the bag was torn into strips, perhaps an inch wide; the strips were sewed together at great length, seemingly enough to reach around the farm. If no dyes were used the combination was called hit-or-miss. The rags, however, usually were subjected to the dying process; and we supplied the dyestuffs to most of the ragbag owners for many miles around. Streams of bucolic social leaders with their ragbags daily sought my advice about the dyestuffs, colors and color schemes. I acquired all the assurance of a modern decorator, dry-goods clerk and milliner rolled into one; this was a soulful experience for a seventeen-year-old who naturally was afraid of women. Thus I took on some of the ease of manner which other boys got by mingling with the "fust circles" of Westfield society. In my imagination I followed the contents of that ragbag as they ventured into one side of the rag carpet loom and under the wand of the industrious wife presently came out on the other side a brilliant array of many shaded carpets and rugs; woof of motley rags, warp of threads from the old spinning wheel. I still have in my heart a warm corner for that spinning wheel which forms in my mind the first and almost the only impression of my grandmother Dudley. There yet remains music in the loom and the spinning wheel.

"A slumbrous sound that brings
The feeling of a dream,
As of innumerable wings,
As when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings."

The ragbag, the loom and the spinning wheel, and I should like to include the fast colors of the chemist's shop, played a part in the hands of the New England women perhaps quite as essential to the development of the Republic as the part played by the rifle, the ax, and the frying pan which, in the hands of the men in the valleys and on the prairies east or west of the Alleghanies or in the Rockies, have been aptly called the tripod on which rests our pioneer civilization.

"Show me your companions and I will tell you what you are." Let us change the final words from "what you are" to "what you will become." The trend of my life surely was modified by association with the Holland circle—an association which had its advantages and its disadvantages. It crowded out the experiences usual to youth and burdened an immature mind with thoughts common to people many years older. Sometimes, for relief from the strenuosities of the chemist shop, I fared forth to the village grocery and to the town gossips, who held forth from the tops of the sugar and cracker barrels. They ornamented the floor with tobacco juice and their stories, now with profanity, now with obscenity, and then again with humor.

One yarn for the truth of which I cannot vouch, began with the refrain, "No sir, you can't get him drunk. No, siree! You might make whisky scarce, but you can't get old Bill Brown drunk."

Bill was said to have driven the daily stagecoach, many years before, between the towns of Westfield and Granville, which was situated on a mountain top, off from the railroad, ten miles from Westfield.

"One day when Old Bill was twenty years younger he loaded the stagecoach with the mail bag, some passengers and a lot of other bundles. He was just going to start up the mountain, in the beginning of a blizzard, when he came

darn nigh forgittin' something; but you bet Old Bill won't forgit nothin' important. He hunted round for the landlord of the Woronoco House until he spied a glass full o' licker on the bar. He picked it up and put it inside of him quick; then the landlord came around and naturally wanted to know where that tumbler of licker was. 'Why,' says a bystander, 'the stage driver just now took it along inside of him, to Granville.' 'My God!' says the landlord."

According to the tradition from the tops of the sugar and the cracker barrels, that glass of liquor contained essential oils, caustic and a lot of other stuff calculated to convert a quantity of 40 per cent alcohol into a mess of crooked whisky. The blizzard raged and buried the town under mountains of snow. The landlord didn't seem to take much interest in his regular customers. After three or four days, Old Bill blew in with a demijohn dangling from each hand. He said to his landlord: "When I was goin' up the mountain t'other day, I got stuck in a snowdrift twenty hours and nothin' but that licker I swallowed off'n your bar kept me from passin' in my chips. The generality of your whisky goes dead in suthin' close to five miles. I never had anything stay by me the way that licker did; now before you git out of it I want them two jugs filled with the same stuff."

"No, sir, you can't get Old Bill drunk, nohow.—What?
—What say?"

As time went on, while still a clerk in the chemist shop, I lost no opportunity of talking with doctors, or rather of hearing them talk. I took rather a vain pride in being seen driving about with them. My employer's uncle, Dr. James Holland, the leading physician in town, evidently valued my company, because during his calls he liked to have some one to sit in the carriage and keep an eye on the spirited pair of horses he usually drove. However, what

I learned from him in the intervals between calls more than balanced the account.

Dr. Holland was a giant, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, extremely brusque, almost brutal in manner. He was vehement against charlatans and particularly against a quack family named Sweet, who posed and imposed upon the public and advertised themselves as "Great Natural Bone Setters." I tell the story as it is current in Westfield.

One day a Mr. Vining, a farmer living in a village five miles away, came tearing vociferously into the doctor's courtyard calling out: "Doctor, Doctor, Father has broken his leg and we want you to come right out." The doctor replied roughly: "Don't make so much damn noise," and proceeded in all haste to the patient. As he drove into the yard he noticed another horse and chaise hitched to a tree. One of the family came out and informed him that he need not go in; that Dr. Sweet, the bone setter, was there. Dr. Holland walked around behind his chaise, opened his instrument case, and selected a knife, called a Catlin, a foot long, the kind commonly used in that day for amputating. This he concealed in the folds of his ample, long, linen duster, and walked slowly into the house. Approaching the stranger standing near, he struck an attitude and inquired, "Are you Sweet, the Great Natural Bone Setter?" The quack stepped back a few paces; a frightened expression came into his face; his mouth twitched nervously. "Yes," he murmured, "yes, sir; yes, sir; I am Sweet."

Dr. Holland glanced at the man ferociously and addressed him as follows: "Very well, sir. My father practiced medicine in this county for fifty years and during all that time he looked continuously for your father; but he never found him. I, sir, have practiced medicine in this county for forty years and I have been looking for you,

sir, all that time and now, sir, that I have found you," flourishing his knife, "I am going to cut your throat from ear to ear." The Great Natural Bone Setter jumped through the nearest window and into his chaise. Presently nothing was seen of him but a cloud of dust moving rapidly down the hill.

Under Dr. Holland's rough exterior there was one of the kindest, most benevolent men I ever knew. He belonged to a class of eccentric physicians and surgeons which has passed away with the New England of the last century. In the encounter with the Great Natural Bone Setter, Dr. Holland conformed to the paradoxical definition which I once heard ex-President Taft give at a Yale dinner, "A gentleman is one who never hurts anyone's feelings unintentionally."

On one occasion I was dining alone with Dr. Holland on his birthday. I declined to join him with a glass of wine. He demurred at my refusal to drink the health of a friend on his birthday. I had been saturated with Puritanical notions but yielded to this terrible temptation. I have repeated the experiment many times since and have never regretted it. So far I have not "filled that drunkard's grave" I had been taught was always yawning for anyone who "looked upon the wine when it was red." It has not yet "bitten me like a serpent," nor "stung me like an adder." I approve of Dr. James Jackson's rules for the guidance of a man after the age of sixty:

"Work without labor: Exercise without weariness: Temperance without abstinence."

Although Mr. Holland, the chemist, was highly respected and deferred to by the doctors who came into the shop, and though he was the intellectual superior of them all,

yet I had observed that other druggists, as a rule, treated doctors with a discriminating deference, while doctors in the presence of a druggist made no display of humility. This observation made me dissatisfied with the drug shop. Anyone at that time could matriculate in a medical school and could graduate with very meager qualifications or disqualifications. No preliminary examinations, no preparatory education was required.

I got possession of a Gray's "Anatomy," and began to study it at odd times in the shop. It was uphill work. One afternoon I was digging away at it, thoroughly discouraged by the long, jaw-breaking names of muscles, nerves, bones, veins and arteries, when in came an old, wise doctor from a neighboring village to have his saddlebags replenished. He noticed my discouragement, and inquired, "What's up?"

I told him that I could not understand the stuff and did not see any use in going on with it. He agreed and reminded me of a painful truth; that I had been away from school for five years and therefore was deficient in the preliminary training for the study of any profession. I

gave up my plan for a time at least.

The old doctor said if you were going to get an education you couldn't be too thorough about it; and put the question whether it would not be well to go through college before studying medicine. I considered this desirable but impossible. The old doctor gave me my first idea of

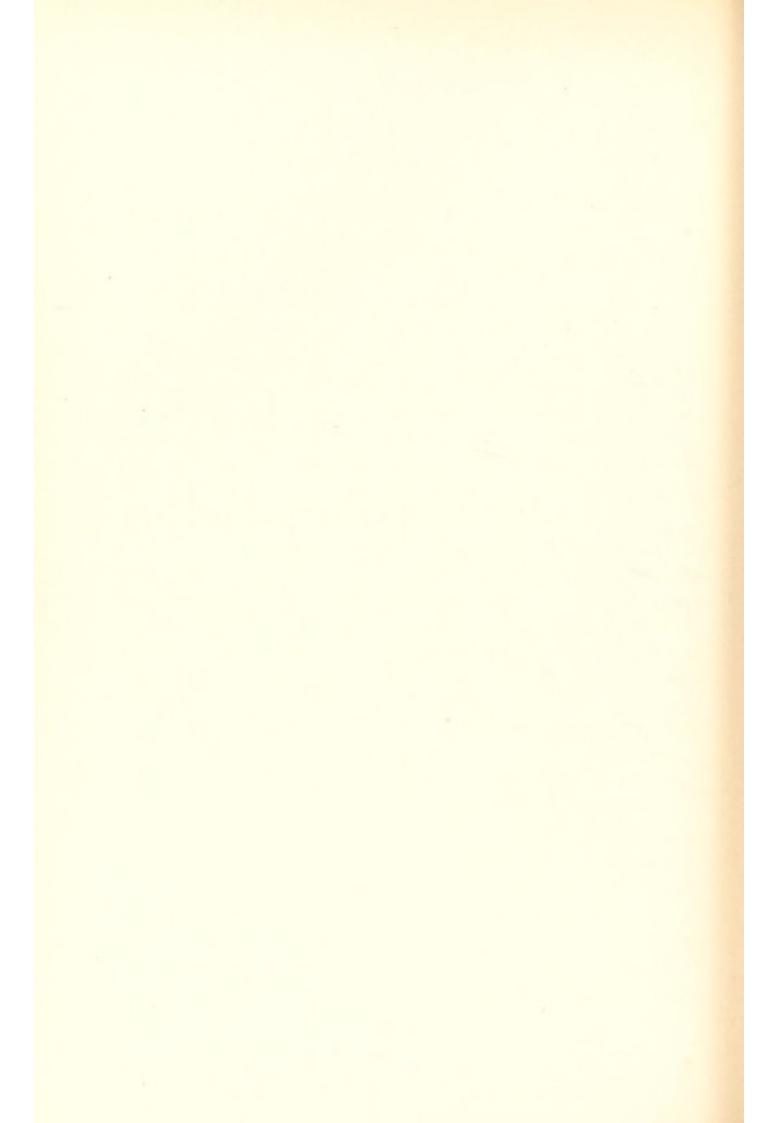
going to college.

While in the Holland chemist shop I became rather well acquainted with a commercial traveler named Allen, a typical Yankee. He traveled over parts of New England selling goods at wholesale out of an attractive-looking closed wagon drawn by a pair of spirited horses. He carried in this cart a supply of non-bulky drugs, toilet articles and perfumery. As he drove from point to point he kept his stock replenished by frequent shipments over the railroad. His cart was of a beautiful lacquer color paneled off by strips of gilt and black. On the door in the rear of the cart were the words, "Nil desperandum." I asked him what that meant and he replied, "Never Despair." With the exception of the current Latin jargon used in physician's prescriptions this was my first lesson in Latin translation. Mr. Allen, in his frequent visits to Westfield, was in the habit of dropping in at the store for a chat after ten o'clock and often we talked till past midnight. Allen treated me as though I were a grown man; probably because I appeared two or three years older than I was; and I was much set up by it. He had read over and thought over what seemed to me a wide range of subjects, and his conversation was always entertaining and instructive.

One night he inquired how much I was earning. When I replied, "Ten dollars a week," he nearly swept me off my feet by the startling announcement that he could get me a job at double the salary with a prospect of advancement, in a drug store in Jamaica, Long Island. Think of it! A boy of eighteen offered over a thousand dollars a year, an amount which at that time had purchasing value three or four times greater than it would have to-day. Of course I was flattered. After a day or two of reflection I turned the offer down, knowing that I was too immature, too inexperienced, to assume the responsibilities of the position as he had outlined them. Subconsciously, for reasons which I could hardly formulate at the time, I recoiled from going on as a druggist. I did not fancy being a "pill peddler." This was a prejudice against medicine, not medicine as a department of biology, of which I had no idea, but medicine as given with a spoon. The prejudice rose in part because I had seen so much dosing. That decision proved to be the turning point in my life. My

acceptance would have diverted me in all probability from educational opportunities soon to come my way, and of more importance for me at that time than any other consideration.

My father and Mr. Holland had taken it for granted that I was to be a druggist and had decided that I should have in preparation for that profession a year of study in some chemical laboratory. The laboratory of Dartmouth College was selected. I was to go there the first of September, 1868. Again I took counsel of Mr. Rose, my old friend and adviser. He advised me to go. Possibly a chemical course would open the way to something worth while, perhaps manufacturing. I was eighteen years old, and like a dutiful child, at the appointed time, in September, 1868, I went to Hanover expecting to spend one year in the chemical laboratory.



CHAPTER III

DARTMOUTH HALL

A S I looked across the campus of Dartmouth College for the first time I was thrilled with the architectural beauty of Dartmouth Hall with its simple lines and classical time-honored belfry tower, almost if not quite the same as the tower of old Nassau at Princeton. I wonder now which is the original, which the replica.

I lost no time in calling on an old friend, Harry Hale Scott, a member of the sophomore class, a man several years older than I was, whom I had known three or four years before, when he was a student in the State Normal School in Westfield. We had taken many walks together on Sunday afternoons in various cheerful places, including the cemetery, where, in common with other townspeople, we took a morbid interest in the fresh mounds that had risen during the week.

My walks and talks with Scott were interrupted by his graduation from the Normal School. He had taught school a year or two, had fitted himself for college, and had entered Darmouth. He was a man of mature judgment and superior scholarship and had a rare ability to see the "gist" of things.

When I appeared at the door of his room, and he learned my errand, he said, "You have no business to waste a year in a chemical laboratory. You can study chemistry any time; you will never have another chance to fit for college."

I protested that it took three years to fit for college and that I could not go to college anyway. I had no money. I presented the devastating fact that I had never seen the inside of an algebra, a geometry, a Greek grammar nor read a page of Latin. Scott reminded me that at least half the time of the three years in a fitting school was consumed in vacations, Saturdays, Sundays, holidays and other diversions. By omitting these I might cut the time for solid work down to eighteen months. I could study, he said, twice as many hours a day as an immature boy three or four years younger. Therefore, he insisted, I would require only nine months. I had nine months; it was now September. He would take a bet that he could "rush me into the freshman class next June." I had my doubts. Whatever value there may be in going through college I owe to Scott.

Here I was impaled on the horns of a dilemma. My father expected to pay my expenses for a year in a chemical laboratory—not in what I presumed he would regard as a "high-falutin' fit,"—a fit for college. Besides, what could a druggist do with a college education? I hardened my heart and announced the ultimatum. I would not go back to the drug store. No pent-up drug store "confines our powers, the boundless universe is ours." Of course I could not have used these words, never having heard them, but that was the idea.

My father, after considerable perturbation, finally "came 'round." Ultimately he gathered enthusiasm and announced that, in addition to paying the expenses of the preparatory year, he would try to help me out during the four years of the college course with \$150 a year. This he did, although it was a serious drain on his meager income.

I had hardly begun my preparatory study with Scott at

Hanover, when I discovered that in five years' absence from school, the formative period of a boy's mind, I had lost or failed to develop the power of application. I had become accustomed to dealing with the concrete but was lost in the abstract. My memory was deficient in the training which a schoolboy receives during these years. Never before had I encountered anything so formidable as memorizing Latin and Greek inflections and vocabularies, never anything so baffling as abstract mathematical reasoning. I was literally on the "pons asinorum," but the mathematical bogey vanished in a few weeks. I never have had a satisfactory memory for disconnected words nor for unrelated facts. At the end of two or three months, notwithstanding these discouragements, I was translating the required page each of Latin and Greek daily and was pushing ahead toward the coveted goal of quadratic equations and of solid geometry.

The strain of twelve or more hours a day of study and recitation was chiefly noticeable in sleeplessness. After going to bed Cicero, Cæsar and Euclid would pass before me as I was in my half awake, half asleep state, and would cut up all sorts of capers. Sometimes I was a dual personality, one fellow driving the other, in a nightmare, across the campus and pursuing him all around the college buildings.

After a few hours of fitful sleep I would wake up in the morning more tired than when I went to bed. Then, using my drug-store experience, I occasionally had recourse to some sleeping medicine, morphine or opium. The effect of these drugs often was too prolonged, so that I would rouse myself in the morning with a "pick-me-up" or a "peg." Of course I knew that I was sailing in dangerous waters, along a coast strewn with wrecks. Fortunately I am temperamentally not of the habit-forming type. After

a few experiments I discontinued the use of drugs and stimulants, having, by experience, found them useless or injurious. Finally I cut down my hours of study a little, working shorter periods with more frequent rest and with more regular exercise. I hold the conclusion gathered from that experience, that by systematized hours of study, recreation and sleep a mature student safely can do two or possibly three times the work of an average schoolboy.

Scott, who continued to guide me in my studies, was an accomplished musician. He earned his way through college by giving lessons in singing and by teaching singing in schools. On this account my work was interrupted somewhat in the winter of 1869, while he conducted several singing schools in towns near Newburyport, Massachusetts. Hither I followed him and continued under his instruction; and here I chanced to find mental relief from a misery of long standing.

I had early accumulated a full line of doubts about Jonah in the whale's belly, the three fellows in the fiery furnace, Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee and curing blindness with a mixture of saliva and clay. I had a jumbled idea of the Devil and Hell and had such aversion to Hell that I was willing to make any reasonable compromise to keep out of it. I got some satisfaction from a poem of Robert Burns:

"The fear o'Hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order,
But where ye feel your honor grip
Let that aye be your border."

I had not much fear of punishment from God because I had heard Him highly praised by those who professed to be well acquainted with Him, but I was afraid of what the Devil might do to me once he got me into Hell.

Thus I continued to have some anxious thought lest I might finally settle on the wrong side of the border line. Must I go to Hell just because I couldn't believe all that stuff about Jonah and the rest of it? One Sunday morning I chanced to be in Newburyport and to stray into a Unitarian church. Frequently I had been warned that a Unitarian church was one of the gates of Hell, but I was away from home and reckless! I always had regarded church as an obligatory penance. The man in the pulpit hardly had begun to speak when I realized that for the first time in my life I really was listening to a sermon. I retain intact the sentence which riveted my attention; it hit me between the eyes; it let me out of prison. It was this: "No man is responsible for anything beyond his control, but every man is responsible for everything within his control." Now to become irresponsible for what was beyond my control, appeared to me to be a reasonable arrangement; the fear of hell was swept from my mind. The minister who preached that sermon was the Reverend Joseph May, then young, afterwards a very distinguished man in one of the Unitarian pulpits of Philadelphia.

During the winter in Newburyport I journeyed to Amesbury, a few miles distant, in order if possible to catch a glimpse of John Greenleaf Whittier. I reached Amesbury in a driving snowstorm and inquired for the house of the poet. It was growing dark and as I stood in front of the modest immaculate white frame cottage, spellbound, I might have pictured him in my imagination writing "Snowbound" which then was regarded by many as his masterpiece. I paced backward and forward in the blizzard, and saw the lamps and the candles lighted on the inside of the transparent windows; but to my disappointment there was cast no shadow, no silhouette of the poet. Finally the shades were drawn. I waded through the

rapidly accumulating and swirling drifts of snow to the railway station, desolated and yet not without some sense of exaltation, for I had stood before the house of Whittier.

What an occasion this would have been for Edward Bok with his infantile journalistic sense and reportorial imagination when as a callow youth of fourteen he interviewed all the littérateurs of America, among them Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes and Howells. If only he could have had my opportunity he might have scored a "scoop" in his autobiography. Imagine Whittier breaking through his front door, plunging into the blizzard and dragging the juvenile, journalistic hero nolens, volens to the inner sanctum. Alas, I had no reportorial sense, only a sporadic attack of hero worship.

On returning to Hanover, Scott put me through an intensive review. The following June I made a pilgrimage to the houses of the professors of Greek, Latin, mathematics, English, and history. The examinations were oral. The examiners treated me gently. They all knew of my acrobatic preparatory course, knew that my tongue had been hanging out for nine months; they gave me deliberately, I am certain, the easiest passages to translate

and the simplest problems to solve.

I ran against only one snag, the Latin professor, a most courtly gentleman whom the trustees at one time threatened to remove because he was chiefly distinguished for his indifference to Latin. The facetious students, however, saved him by submitting a petition praying that he be re tained "because it was important to have one gentleman on the faculty." The other members of the faculty enjoyed the joke. I had read only three books of Virgil; six books were required. Fortunately he examined me only on the third book and apparently all was well until he

asked casually how many books I had read. I told him. He let me off on the fourth and fifth, but conditioned me on the sixth, remarking in his gracious and courtly manner: "It is a beautiful book. I am sure you will enjoy reading it this summer."

In accordance with the custom of the time I took the marks which the examiners had given me in sealed envelopes to the president of the college, Dr. Asa Dodge Smith. After examining them he fixed his eye on me across the table and with great dignity said, "Very good, very good indeed, Mr. Dudley, considering the time you have had. Ah! Ah! Here I observe the sixth book of Virgil. Mr. Dudley, Dartmouth College is less concerned over what a man has done than it is over what we think he will do. Now, my boy, go home. Sit down under the apple tree and don't you dare to open a book until you get back here next fall." I saw him draw his pen through the words "Condition: sixth book of Virgil." The president had exercised an extraordinary and wise discretion. Although an old man, he had exhibited a judgment far in advance of his years. That sixth book would have been the last straw, would have "broken the camel's back." Scott had won his bet. But my fit for college was woefully inadequate. This was in June, 1869.

In this month I used to see walking on the campus Dr. Nathan Lord, president of the college from 1828 to 1863. He was a man of medium height, his body bent forward in standing or walking, as if dragged down by the weight of his long gray beard. Members of the old faculty often spoke of him as a superior administrator and executive and as a great disciplinarian. The college president of his day appears to have performed the functions of an old-fashioned schoolmaster. President Lord, it was said, would conceal himself for hours at a time

in order to catch a delinquent student in flagrante crimine.

A story was told of a party of culprits who thought one night it would be fun to roll the president's closed carriage down a hill and conceal it in the underbrush a half-mile or more from the stable. They had reached the thicket and were congratulating themselves on the success of the enterprise and the discomfiture of Prex, when Dr. Lord stepped out of the carriage and graciously addressed them: "Young gentlemen, I have had much pleasure in this opportunity you are giving me to try my new carriage. Now if it is quite convenient to you I think you may draw me back to my house."

Another time the wily Prex had information that some students were going to rob his henroost. He concealed himself in a dark corner and listened. One young man, as he wrung the necks of the birds and handed them out, said, "This is little Miss Prex, this is Mrs. Prex and this rooster is old Prex himself." Dr. Lord stealthily followed, saw where they had concealed the chickens, and recovered them. The next Sunday he gave a dinner party. The chicken thieves were among the guests. He served them in his most courtly manner, saying, "Will you have a piece of little Miss Prex, or a piece of Mrs. Prex or a piece of old Prex himself?"

A sketch of the administration of Dr. Lord would be incomplete without mention of his very serious handicap. He held strong pro-slavery convictions, which he based upon his interpretation of the Bible. In consequence of these convictions, he lost caste with the friends of emancipation and in the midst of the Civil War brought his administration to a close with much embarrassment to the

college.

These stories about President Lord were told to me by a clergyman named Joslyn, who shared my room during

Commencement week in this year 1869, the hundredth anniversary of the college. This same parson found me one day reading a translation of a German philosopher, one Dr. Bueschner. Looking at the book, Joslyn recognized rank heterodoxy and exclaimed, "Young man, unless you are thoroughly rooted and grounded in the faith you will lose your soul reading this book!"

The heterodoxy of yesterday is the orthodoxy of to-day. The student falls back a year because of his unfamiliarity with subjects to dream of which would have caused his ex-

pulsion fifty years ago.

Though I could not know this at the time when I matriculated at Dartmouth, yet Joslyn's remark neither alarmed me about my soul nor deterred me from learning whatever truth I could obtain from the volume of Dr. Bueschner, before I started back to Westfield. But after I was away from Hanover, I obeyed President Asa Smith's injunction and did not open a book either heterodox or orthodox. As a substitute for the apple tree I indulged in the relaxation of accumulating capital against the next year's expenses. I toured the state of Connecticut as a commercial traveler, selling to merchants the manufactured articles of my old employer, Colton, but with no startling success. The chief clerk of the Holland chemist shop was on a vacation and for a time I "fitted in" there as a substitute.

A study of my financial situation disclosed the interesting prospect that before the end of the college year my liabilities would develop sufficient momentum to carry them far in the lead of my assets. The rules of Dartmouth College permitted "poor but deserving students" to piece out their means by school-teaching. There were so many students who earned part of their expenses in this way that the college arranged a midwinter vacation of six weeks. This

required an absence of only six weeks from class; only six weeks to make up.

Taking advantage of these rules, before I returned to Dartmouth, I journeyed on foot to the top of Blandford Mountain, fifteen miles, and engaged to teach the principal school in North Blandford, December to March, at a salary of \$50 a month.

Early in September I returned to Hanover for the freshman fall term. The first words of the president's welcome to the 'class were, "Young gentlemen, you have at your disposal four years of leisure, four years of scholarly leisure." These words were to resound in my consciousness afterwards with an echo of irony.

At that time the elective system had not been introduced at Dartmouth. All students were put through the classical mill. 'There was little liberty of choice. I was now to take the consequences of a hurried and superficial fit for college.

In the first term of the freshman year I was plunged into a whirlpool of advanced Latin, Greek and mathematics and was obliged to make a daily display of my seeming incapacity to grapple on too short acquaintance with these subjects. With the exception of a few weeks one winter I had not been in school for six years. Now, without classroom training, I was in the presence of my superiors, who during all that time had been subject to constant drill in contact with one another.

If I could have selected modern languages, science, English or philosophy, the handicap would have been less serious. The only elective at this time was a necessity—the necessity of a group of otherwise acceptable students who always elected French in preference to calculus; some of them would have been about as much at home in the presence of calculus, as an uneducated per-

son would be, confronted with the Einstein theory. Although not specially proficient in mathematics, I elected calculus under the impression that the brains of the class went that way. I liked the association. I should have taken French; it would have been more appropriate and more useful.

While I was wasting a good deal of energy, stumbling, careening, shifting through all this classical clutter, while in the language of the prize-fighting ring, I was being almost constantly knocked out and was hanging over the ropes, the president sent for me. I anticipated his intention to relegate me to the great army of the incompetent. Judge of my surprise when he opened the conversation by inquiring whether it would contribute to the tranquillity of my college activitites if I were relieved of the \$60 a year which students usually paid for tuition. I endeavored, though not in the same words, to convey to him the same idea that the wife of the Mayor of New York is said to have communicated to the Queen of Belgium: "Well, Queen, you have said a mouthful." The respite I gained from that scholarship was like the refreshment of 'a Manitoba wave in dog days. Such was the first chapter of my three adventures with the scholarship.

But my financial worries were as nothing compared with my anxiety about the examinations. The first term of freshman year drew to a close. Somehow I rubbed through the examinations. It was with an unspeakable sense of relief that I started for home. I arrived on the eve of Thanksgiving to stay only four days before I set out for my school at North Blandford.

Here, it had been duly stipulated that I was to pick up my nourishment by "boarding 'round" at the houses of the pupils. The excess of houses gave rise on the part of householders to a good deal of rivalry, and the schoolmaster had use for the utmost diplomacy in selecting the desirable and eliminating the less desirable.

The most insulting thing that could 'be said of anyone in rural New England was that his pork barrel was empty. The highest compliment was, "He is a good provider, his pork barrel'is full." More than once I was greeted by the goodman or goodwife: "Morning! We are killing hogs and trying out our lard; you had better come around and board with us next week. Fresh pork! Fried chicken! Doughnuts! Minister's Head!" They gave the name, Minister's Head, to the severed head of a pig, duly baked

and served up sometimes in fantastic shape.

The farmers at whose houses I "boarded 'round" usually got up at about five o'clock; in extremely cold weather one or two hours earlier, 'and went out and "stirred up the hogs" to keep them from freezing. If the farmer was "a perfect gentleman" he would build the kitchen fire and the "settin' room" fire. My boarding places were situated from a half-mile to two miles from the schoolhouse. There was considerable plunging to and fro through deep snowdrifts. No one apparently had heard of 'snowshoes. The curriculum comprised only reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling and geography. I devoted all my spare time to making up the Ovid, Homer and 'geometry upon which I should have to pass after returning to Hanover.

Early in March I entered upon the third term of freshman 'year with the serious disadvantage of having missed the second, except in so far as I had been able to cover the subjects by myself at North Blandford. Necessarily I was sailing close to the wind, but at the end of the term I passed,

with an indifferent mark, into sophomore year.

In the whole college course I was absent more than half of the time because of the necessity of earning money for college expenses. It was not possible to do much effective study during these absences. I followed a systematic method of "make-up." The method was, immediately on returning from an absence, to work the greater part of two or three nights on a subject; then rush for examination on that subject and unload what I had taken on, not in. I couldn't have remembered the stuff for a week. Really, in all fairness or unfairness, about the only thing I took in was the professor.

"Lest we forget, lest we forget." One jocose professor inquired, "Dudley, why don't you stay away all the time? You get rather better marks on the make-up than you do when you are here under the eye of the class and the faculty." Another professor repeated to me a remark of the professor of the English department. "Wouldn't it be well if Dudley could be induced to stay here some time long enough to enable some member of the faculty to know him by sight?"

President Smith took an interest, apparently humorous, in my deviations. He seemed to think that I appeared frequently and disappeared more frequently. He deplored also the making up of so many back studies in so short a time. With his kindly smile he remarked one day, "Dudley, mushrooms grow in one night, but mahogany makes better bureaus."

Were my jobs always to be too big for me? I seemed always to be in positions for which on account of immaturity or deficient preparation I was not fully qualified. To begin with, there was the bottle smashing at the Colton drug store at the age of thirteen; the running of the prescription business in the Holland shop at the age of seventeen; the vaulting and tumbling and superficial fit college at eighteen, and the nightmare of freshman year at nineteen.

In that nightmare, the atmosphere of Hanover sometimes was stifling, and my absences therefore were not precisely unwelcome. Besides, I could utilize my business experience in making enough so that while in Hanover I was able to board as well as anyone. Sporadic high living! Poverty with spots of affluence! In the amount of my earnings I led the class. My old friend and philosopher, Mr. Rose, used to say, "It's a poor hog that hasn't some fat streaks." I could have arranged to spend more time in Hanover and less on the outside, but this would have necessitated a depressing association with cheap dining clubs or living on stewed prunes and oatmeal. My thirst for knowledge was not equal to that heroism. I nearly ruined myself by paying for table board, \$5 a week instead of the usual \$3 or \$4. This turning of luxuries into necessities was purely and simply self-indulgence and extravagance. I then had no idea of the value of good food as a preventive against tuberculosis and other nutritional disorders, to the danger of which my strenuous life was exposing me.

In spite of the safeguard of excellent nutrition, generally speaking, I would hesitate to favor the method of high living and superficial thinking which I pursued, because this manner of study almost certainly induces the superficial habit, especially if one follows it from laziness or a desire to shirk. I think I have not entirely escaped superficiality. Often in the investigation of a subject I have to guard against a strong tendency to "clip the corners," to magnify and select the more important factors and to minimize the less important. Thus one may intensify what is recognized as the selective quality of the mind. This has its advantages; it conserves energy, saves time and drives one to the point; but unless guarded by judgment and caution it may make one short on premises and long on conclusions.

The normal advantage of scholastic opportunity for the

self-supporting student who is working his way through college may be neutralized by too many carks and cares for the immediate future, too much struggle for mere existence. Necessarily he will be restricted in his mental growth and will be unable to profit to the utmost by contact with clubs and fraternities. He cannot do the legitimate loafing which lends charm to college life and in some degree is essential to the formation of friendships and eligibility for social committees and social functions.

An irritability against which I always have had to guard myself may be wholly natural or may, in part at least, be due to the dissipation of working my passage through undergraduate and professional studies. Doubtless in all this there is valuable discipline, but some students have more of it than they need. Does it pay to work one's way through college? It pays, even with restricted opportunities, provided always that the boy can escape with his life under the wear and tear on his nervous system and come out without permanent injury to his health. There are both compensations and penalties for the man who was awake when he was asleep; sitting up when he was lying down; standing when he was sitting; walking when he was standing; running when he was walking; and flying when he was running.

The outstanding Greek Letter Fraternities common to American colleges were represented at Dartmouth; there was much rivalry among them to pledge the most desirable men for membership. The chief criteria were scholarship, personality and athletics.

If any fraternity considered my name, it doubtless took into account the facts that I had been absent from class so much that few were acquainted with me; that in the classroom work I had shown no scholarship worth while; that I had neither inclination nor much capacity for ath-

letics; that I had given little evidence of any conspicuous

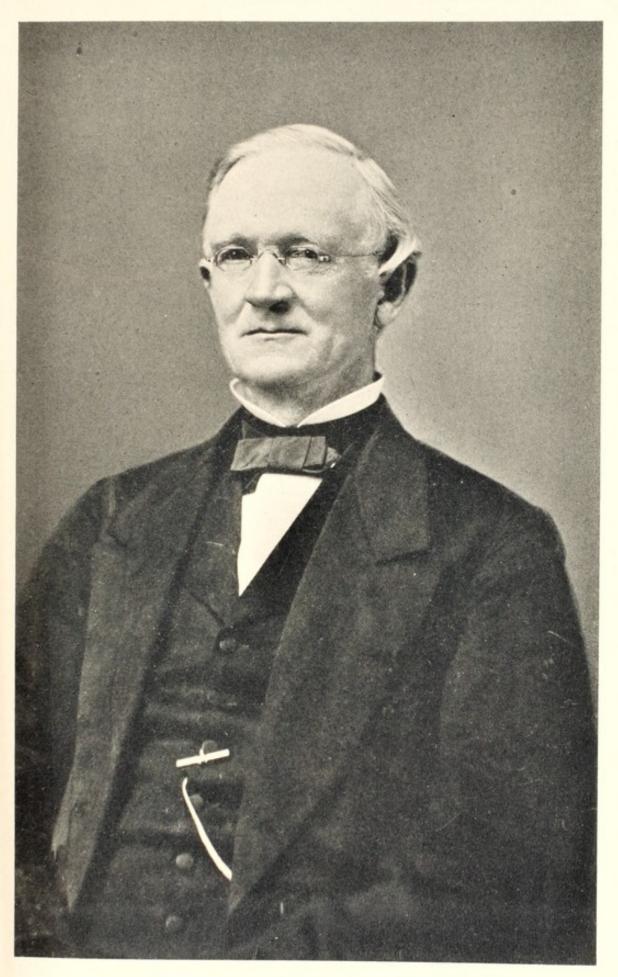
personal quality.

There was another drawback. Any boy fitting for colege in a college town curiously is recognized by the students as something of a joke. All subfreshmen were designated as "pænes," from a Latin word meaning "almost," i.e. almost in college. Even the small-town urchins in groups on the street caught the great idea and bawled out the reproachful epithet, "p-a-e-n-e," and then ran as if the devil were after them. West Point beginners are stigmatized in a similar manner as "plebs." I had been humorously known during the preparatory year as "pæne Dudley," perchance as "pæne Emilius."

Under the circumstances mentioned, of which I was too well aware, few if any were surprised that I was one of about twenty, approximately a fourth of the class, who had failed of election to any of the fraternities. These non-elect were known under the expressive sobriquet "Oudens," from the Greek word meaning "nothing"; an epithet intended to be rather humorous than opprobrious. The class was the largest that had entered Dartmouth and

consequently an unusual number was left out.

Events go on a narrow margin in this life. It is said that if Cleopatra's nose had been a quarter of an inch longer or shorter it would have changed the history of the world. A stranger described in *Punch* encountered two longshoremen walking on the London docks. One said to the other, "Oo is that?" The other replied, "Oi dunno, but 'e be different to us; less 'eave a brick at 'im." I had taken care of myself since the age of thirteen. I was different. However I did not "cave in" nor take refuge in melancholy, a malady which has sent more than one disappointed boy to the verge of suicide. Surely clubs and fraternities are quite within their duty in the exercise of



ASA DODGE SMITH, LL.D. President of Dartmouth College, 1863-1877



judgment to the exclusion of undesirable people, even at the risk of a storm in a teacup. Vox Populi Vox Dei.

It was of no avail that some personal friends made strenuous efforts to land me in their own fraternity. One was unorthodox and unpopular and another was a sinner. Dartmouth at this time was quite fundamental. The burden of an unpromising candidate against whom a single adversary might turn the scale was too much. My rapid and superficial preparation for college in nine months instead of the usual three years did not even get me into the fast set. I just didn't seem to be there.

The other "Oudens" consoled themselves. There is a balm for every ill. Presently they induced two fraternities of other colleges to establish chapters at Dartmouth; and to these they gave their allegiance. My aversion from uniting with either of them might be construed, according to the point of view, as snobbish or as an indorsement of the

majority in the selection of their personnel.

Two fellows, one a mathematician, one a journalist, whom I remember as among the nonelect, have made some stir in the world. Perchance the proportion of distinguished or, let us say, very successful men in the remainder of the class would not be much greater. "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel."

One man, named Herrick, interested me more than any other of the "Oudens." He was descended from an old and distinguished Dartmouth family, some of whom had held important positions on the faculty. Endowed with a deep appreciation of people, he exhibited, for anyone who could understand and "get next" to him, a keen sense of friendship. Unlike me he was an excellent scholar and a gentle, Christlike soul. It was not in him to show resentment. He was the author of several poems of genuine imagination and beauty—the only true poet in the class. Yet a

mere rhymester was chosen as class poet. This rhymester

probably satisfied the majority.

Even among the elect a satisfactory number of friends came my way; one, a man of mature judgment and interesting personality who was considered the most conceited man in the class. If he had striven to conceal the evident fact that he was very able, he doubtless would have passed as a paragon of modesty, but he knew his worth and did not hesitate to mention it. This frankness probably embarrassed him through life. Unlike most conceited men, he rated others as high as he rated himself. I quite enjoyed his expressions of self-esteem in contrast with the assumed modesty of others. One may think absurdly well of himself and yet with a hypocritical show of modesty may pass for the most humble. Modesty may be more a matter of manners than of fact. Benjamin Franklin, a master of protective camouflage, once remarked that he was actually conceited over his own modesty.

Two men in particular who were conspicuous for their scholarship and breadth of vision gave unmistakable signs of very personal friendship. One was the late John Henry Wright, called not Jack but "Jackright." He became professor of Greek at Dartmouth and later at Harvard, and is remembered in Cambridge as one of the most profound

scholars of his time.

The other is Charles Fred Bradley, whose liberal mind has withstood the shock of a theological career. At one time he was professor in a theological school. He is now living in Boston and is distinguished as a man of great civic virtue and activity. We first met on the campus fifty-five years ago. Our friendship has continued; we never have banked the fires. Theologically speaking he is about a thousand years in advance of his time. Don't tell the fundamentalists.

I was much devoted to a chap whom many fellows considered the most gifted of the class. He had inherited from a line of professional and scholastic ancestors the characteristics of an aristocrat and was regarded as "the patrician" of the class. He is known as the Honorable John A. Aiken, formerly Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. His remarkable gift of oratory was tinged with a whimsical, sometimes a cutting satire. He did not encourage intimate friendships, but rather repelled them. He was the only man in the class whom I deliberately went out of my way to cultivate. Everyone is lonesome and John was no exception to the rule. We had not been acquainted long, when at the end of a term he invited me to visit him at his home in Greenfield, Massachusetts. Our routes lay in the same direction. I was his guest for two or three days.

Not only was Greenfield one of the most beautiful towns in America, but the Aiken family was an inspiration; two daughters in their early teens, the father, Judge Aiken, an elderly man of distinguished appearance, and Mrs. Aiken, a most charming hostess. The judge was as much like John as was possible with fifty years between them. The judge's "nightcap" which he prepared at bedtime was a work of art, a ceremonial. Whisky was the pièce de résistance; this was supplemented by lemon, nutmeg and sugar, all duly assembled at the sideboard as a routine. The judge sat in state. Then, with the eye of a connoisseur and with religious precision, he measured out the ingredients. At the precise moment in came the water, sizzling hot, in which he dissolved the sugar and squeezed in the precise modicum of lemon juice. This mixture was now ceremoniously transferred to a tall glass containing a generous two fingers of liquor, and the hot water was added almost to the brim of the glass. Next followed just so many

scrapings of the nutmeg on the grater, no more, no less. The judge now reverently and deliberately completed the ceremony and "turned down an empty glass." John and I looked on with interest, but, needless to say, did not

participate.

At the time of this visit I had been much depressed from worry about money matters and examinations and was beginning to wonder whether I was worth educating. As John saw me off at the railway station he said: "You have made a conquest of my mother. She is impressed with your seriousness and sizes you up as a fellow in pursuit of high purpose. She even predicts for you a great future." Now I had been worshiping Aiken's mother from afar. If she thought all this, it might be so. I went home treading on air. How much gimp a word will sometimes put into a fellow!

CHAPTER IV

VACATION

IN the vacation between my freshman and sophomore years I collected bills for Dr. Holland and again relieved the prescription clerk at the chemist's shop, while he had his summer holiday. In these and other ways I accumulated a small sum which carried me through the fall term, and even enabled me to be present during the first day or two of the winter term of my sophomore year, and to attend the opening lecture of Professor Quimby on analytical geometry.

In this lecture he laid great stress on the fact that mathematics is a language and that when so considered it becomes simple. "For example," he said, "an equation may represent a curved or a straight line just as accurately as words may express an idea." He continued, "In the examination at the end of the term I shall ask the question, 'How does an equation represent a line?' I ask this question in every examination. No one ever answers it correctly. Now, listen: an equation represents a line by showing the relation between the coordinates of every point in that line, not the relation between the coordinates of that line, but the coordinates of every point in that line." I wrote this down accurately, put it in my pocket, and left Hanover by the night train for Southwick, Massachusetts, where I taught the winter term in the grammar school. A young man named Holcomb asked whether I could teach

analytical geometry. I admitted that I could. During that term he never suspected how much midnight oil I had to burn to keep ahead of him.

On returning to Hanover in March I was told that Professor Quimby "had it in for me" on account of my frequent and prolonged absences. So it seemed; for a message promptly came that I was expected to take an examination in analytical geometry next morning. As I came into his presence he said, "Mr. Dudley, have you a middle name?" This was one of Quimby's catch quesions. I replied, "I have." "That is correct Mr. Dudley; I didn't ask you what your middle name was. I asked if you had one." As he settled back in his chair he appeared like a cat that has eaten a canary and continued, "Now, Mr. Dudley, how does an equation represent a line?" I had consulted the memorandum of the first lecture and shot back at him like a rocket, emphasizing the words every point in that line. "Have you been studying analytics very hard this winter?" he asked. "No, sir," I replied, "I have been teaching it." After a brief pause, he continued: "Who told you how an equation could represent a line?" "You did, sir," I answered. He then dismissed me, saying, "Good morning, Mr. Dudley, with your middle name." I needed the high mark he gave me to offset some of the lower ones which came along in due time.

Quimby followed his humor fat and lean. He would often take pains to help a fellow out of trouble. On the contrary he was unmerciful when on the track of a delinquent. One Sunday he observed a student named Barrows asleep during the sermon and called him to the carpet. "Barrows, you were asleep during the sermon." Barrows replied, "Yes, sir. If you had been attending to the sermon you wouldn't have noticed it." It was a serious matter to get gay with a professor and sidetrack religion at the

same time. Poor Barrows, a man at ease in any presence, was encouraged to take a vacation from which he never returned.

There was in the class a man, Belford, who was not in the habit of making brilliant recitations but who often wandered into a brilliant retort. One day, in the surveying class, Quimby called him. "Belford," he said, "I once had a lot to survey which was under deep water; I had some students along to carry the measuring chain but they couldn't measure off the lot without going in over their heads. How did I proceed?" Belford gravely replied, "I

think, sir, you let the students carry the chain."

Belford dreaded nothing so much as to to be called in recitation. On another occasion, in the physics class under Professor Charles A. Young, he concealed himself behind the high back of the bench in front of him, but Professor Young, with the clearness of vision with which he had made his epochal observations of the spots on the sun, saw clear through the back of that bench, even saw Belford, and with a smile on his face like "the smile on the face of the tiger," called "Belford" and with increasing emphasis called him repeatedly. Finally he said, "Mr. Belford, I know you are there for I can see your ears." He then proceeded to crank a Holtz machine and as the electric sparks flew from the glass wheel, Belford slowly rose, the personification of irresponsibility. The professor, wishing to give the boy a chance for his life, said, "Belford, what is a Holtz machine?" Belford was as calm as a real humorist and never appeared to realize why the class was hilarious over his reply, which was "A round glass wheel turned by a crank."

On another occasion I was a close second to Belford but came off more luckily. We were reading Ovid and the tutor asked the syntax of a certain noun. I looked along the page, spotted the nearest verb and announced that it was the subject of that verb. "No," the tutor said, "another verb, ducet." Again I cast my eye down the page but could not find the verb, ducet. I responded, "I don't see where the deuce it—is." The class roared and continued to roar some time before I caught on. After recitation I accepted congratulations with becoming modesty and gravity.

An incident in this Mid-Victorian period illustrates the change wrought by half century in our ideas of modesty. Again we were reciting Ovid. Apollo is pursuing Daphne, and calling after her, "Hasten more slowly, O Daphne, lest the briars scratch your legs, unworthy to be harmed." It seems incredible now that the tutor in 1869 could have corrected my innocent translation from legs to limbs.

A profane student of my time offended the Greek instructor. He translated a Greek phrase meaning more wine than the gods could express in language, and rendered the words "athesphatos oinos" into "an ungodspeakable amount of wine."

The end of our Latin and Greek came with the end of the sophomore year; and as we approached the last of these subjects, so difficult for me, my classmate, Bradley, ventured to cast a ray of sunshine across my path. He said, "Last year I thought you were hopeless; now you seem to

be doing about as well as anyone."

The Connecticut River, half a mile away, funished excellent water for aquatic sports. In our sophomore year a serious attempt was made at intercollegiate boating. For the training of the crew we imported one John Biglin from New York, whose ideas of discipline frequently were accelerated by somewhat too much whisky. Biglin in one of his periods of exaltation announced that the crew were a lot of hopeless lubbers and he would have nothing more to do with them. An enterprising classmate, who later be-

came a distinguished journalist, threw himself into the breach. He had mastered the principles of homeopathy. "Likes are cured by likes." "Similia similibus curantur."

He procured from "Lige" Carter's saloon the necessary "materia medica" and sympathetically coaxed Biglin to his room, kept him happy there for two or three days and turned him out quite reconciled to go on with the training. Our boating enthusiasm teminated in one intercollegiate race at Springfield, Massachusetts, where Dartmouth made a creditable showing.

The river life then was confined to swimming and to a single rough board, flat-bottomed canoe, built and used by a student, Granville (Granny) Miller, an expert canoeist, whose exploits in shooting rapids and in other aquatic sports stimulated my ambition to own and operate a canoe myself.

To this purpose I invested a few dollars in spruce lumber, a hammer, a saw, a plane, some copper rivets, screws and nails and went into the boat-building business. Subsequently we cracked a bottle of hard cider over her bows and launched a trim lapstreak canoe painted a ripping blue, perfectly at home in wind or wave and eager as a fish to take the rapids.

This canoe made me a lot of friends. If one is to have friends he must earn them by being a friend to others. It was the solace of my college days. Often we directed our paddles to the Loveland farm, at Norwich, Vermont, directly across the river from Hanover. It was the estate and home of Judge Loveland and his son Wayland. Judge Loveland had been the college chum and was the only surviving classmate of Daniel Webster, and was the source of several college traditions about him.

One story, if true, illustrated Webster's power of memory. As a punishment for breaking some college rule he was required to memorize and recite a hundred lines of Virgil. At the appointed time he reported to the professor of Latin and recited the hundred lines. As the professor was about to dismiss him, Webster said, "I have another hundred lines." "Very well. Recite them," said the professor. Webster recited and again announced another hundred. The affair developed into a contest of endurance between Dan and the professor, but Dan always had another hundred up his sleeve and finally was dismissed, refusing to show his hand. The professor never knew how many hundreds the culprit had in reserve.

Webster had a wonderful ability to "come back." It appears that when he was Senator or Secretary of State, he occasionally sought relief from the fatigues of official life at the country house of a Boston gentleman. On the occasion of one of these visits the hostess detailed a comely maid to minister to his wants. This maid ironed his shirts and collars, kept him liberally supplied with his favorite cognac and performed all the duties of a valet de chambre so well that Mr. Webster, on his departure, wishing to make a handsome acknowledgment of her services, fumbled in his pocket for a gold piece and inadvertently gave her a talismanic pocket piece, such as commonly was carried in those days. When the maid undertook to cash this pocket piece she found that it was not a coin of the realm and innocently passed it on to her mistress, who gave her in exchange the equivalent in money. On Mr. Webster's next visit his hostess facetiously handed to him his gold pocket piece. The statesman was equal to the occasion. He exclaimed in well-feigned surprise, "My God, madam, was that you?"

An interesting feature of Judge Loveland's farm was a cider mill. Sometimes we carried a full cargo of Loveland cider in the canoe. Spirited disputes arose whether

cider was equal to wine or beer. In order to settle the question we were compelled to make quantitative and qualitative tests which finally resulted in unanimous agreement

that Loveland cider was equal to wine or beer.

John Aiken was a frequent companion on these voyages. We occasionally made journeys of several miles from island to island up the river, regaling ourselves on the way with sardines, crackers and cheese, all washed down with Loveland cider. On the river I forgot my worries about money and the examinations. Perhaps because of this recreation I came through the sophomore tests with a better record in scholarship than I had at the end of the freshman year.

At the end of the term a former student of Dartmouth who held some position of authority in a summer hotel near Lake Memphremagog, in the northern part of the state, came to me saying that he was looking for students to wait on table during the summer. He offered great inducements, easy job, short hours, good pay, excellent living conditions, good food and an abundance of tips. I suggested the idea that a temperamental waiter if not treated with scrupulous respect by a guest might become insubordinate. He opined that perhaps I was not temperamentally adjusted to the complications of that particular calling. However, he asked me to select and send to him at an early date a number of students who by no possibility could be guilty of conduct unbecoming a waiter and a gentleman.

As soon as it became known that waiters were wanted for a summer hotel, numerous members of my class made application. Some of them were men of high scholarship and all of high character. While I had respect for them I could not overcome my aversion to the idea of menial service in a mollycoddling hotel. There seemed to be a saving grace in the fellows who preferred to conform to the curse which God is said to have pronounced upon us all in the

Garden of Eden, that we should earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. Many of the boys did this in the hay-field.

Toward the end of this term when I had traveled half the road through college, there was a vacant cadetship for West Point in our congressional district. Congressman Henry E. Dawes of Pittsfield, to whom the appointment was referred, threw it open to competitive examination, to be conducted by a committee at Springfield, Massachusetts. I cannot affirm that I was thrilled with ambition to die for my country nor to make anyone die for his country. I was weary of school-teaching and other boring occupations, weary of the occasional visits to Hanover and of grinding and "cramming up" on back studies. My efforts to put myself through college had produced such indifferent results that I was inclined to turn the job over to the United States Government.

About fifteen fellows presented themselves in Springfield for examination, which was confined to elementary arithmetic, grammar, geography, and United States history. I had taught these subjects. There was no trouble in answering every question correctly, but unfortunately this was not the sole criterion. West Point was looking for a soldier, "only this and nothing more."

After the educational tests we were drawn up in line and the order was snapped out, "right about face." Then followed an apparently unconscious effort to make a soldierly appearance by throwing our shoulders back. We were not aware that the first thing a drill sergeant knocks into a raw recruit is to draw in the abdominal muscles and hat in doing so the shoulders will take care of themselves.

There was one boy in line, only one, but that was sufficient, whom I recognized as the probable winner; he was a dark, blocky, upstanding chap of the Napoleonic type,

every inch a soldier. This was Clark, about eighteen years old. He had been in grammar school, was mailing clerk in the office of the Springfield Republican, and was said to have attracted the favorable attention of Samuel Bowles, 2nd, the distinguished editor of that paper. Some of the unsuccessful candidates believed that the influence of Mr. Bowles was the deciding factor in his appointment. Possibly Mr. Bowles may have mentioned him to the examiners as a promising boy, but this could have had no more than a confirmatory influence on their judgment. He seemed clearly to be the best material for a soldier.

I met him casually in Springfield and felt a glow of self-respect, something of self-esteem, in being able to suppress my own disappointment and to congratulate him on his good fortune. My prognosis proved to be correct, for he served his country with distinction for more than forty years and, as I am informed, was invalided to the retired list with the rank of Colonel.

The incidental mention of Samuel Bowles, 2nd, opens the way to the paramount chapter of my life. There was in Springfield at the time of the West Point competition one Anna Maria Titcomb, with whom some years later I became acquainted. She was the daughter of Mr. Silas Benton Titcomb of Tiskilwa, Illinois, was a member of the family of Mr. John Lord King, her maternal uncle, and next-door neighbor to Mr. Bowles. There is evidence that as a young girl in Springfield she was a great favorite of Mr. Bowles, for she has read to me numerous charming letters of which she has a box full, written by him in the 1860s and '70s.

If Mr. Bowles, with his acute sense of values, could have foreseen that ten years later I was to marry this same Anna Maria Titcomb, possibly he would have exercised his influence on behalf of Clark, in order to save her and me from the benumbing effect of army life as it was led by army officers and their families during the following twenty-five years on the western frontier.

I was destined to serve my country in my sophomore vacation after all, though in a different calling from that of arms.

The episode of the middle name and the analytics examination had been the turning point in my relations with Professor Quimby. He spoke gently to me in examinations and tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. The United States Government had appointed him an engineer on the coast survey and in that capacity for several summers he worked on triangulations between the New Hampshire seacoast and Lake Champlain. He always took into camp with him a few mathematical students who nominally were appointed under his command as assistant engineers. To my surprise he invited me to be one of the number, and further surprised me by sharing his tent with me. The work was confined to making a large number of observations of vertical and horizontal angles, all the data of which were sent to Washington to be computed and averaged there. The Government supplied a commodious camping outfit: tents, chairs, tables, cots, cooking utensils provisions and an excellent cook. In this trigonometrical survey we took the bearings of points, lines and angles; sometimes of fruit trees which abounded on the near farms. Who said melons?

We were encamped on Cardigan Mountain in New Hampshire. Here was a scene of remarkable charm and beauty. Sometimes we amused ourselves watching through the telescope the activities of the summer resorts and hotels around Lake Winnepesaukee, several miles below. This was like studying the inhabitants of another planet. The hour was about dusk. As the unidentified, uncon-

scious, happy, care-free lovers ambled here and there, trailing to an unknown destination "the world forgetting and by the world forgot," they were oblivious of the all-seeing eye that was looking down upon them from above. Finally as we observed them winding in and out along the beautiful drives, around the lake and in the glades of the forest, the sweep of dusk and the gray of twilight and the shades of evening cast a grateful shadow and obscured the valley below.



CHAPTER V

FOUR YEARS OF SCHOLARLY LEISURE

A FTER the coast survey, I elected to spend a part of the summer before the mast on a cod-fishing schooner over Georges Banks, off the Massachusetts coast. I had read enough about "a life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep," to stimulate my curiosity. Many a boy, in those days, dreamed dreams of romance and adventure on the high seas. My idea was not so much that of adventure as the wish to avoid the soft life of a waiter in a summer hotel, and my wish was attended by a conceited desire to go up against something hard, to face the music. I went to Boston in a woolen shirt, with a necktie tied in a sailor's knot, quite sailorlike. The sailor's boarding house into which I poked my nose was too raw for my immediate needs. I passed that up, not having arrived at the full status of a jolly tar. What should I do next? Scott, my friend and tutor, whom I had not seen for some time, was teaching school in Nahant, only six miles away.

This place was the home of many of the élite families of Boston and then was known as "cold roast Boston." Of course Scott put me up in his "spare room," which was a sofa in the dining room. Both he and Mrs. Scott gave me a warm welcome. Another welcome guest, quite garrulous, was present; a very young lady, Miss Scott, endowed with animal intelligence and, although destitute of human intelligence, yet a source of constant entertainment and delight. Scott remarked, "When the baby is awake I study the dawn

of consciousness; when the baby is asleep I study anything I damn please."

Next morning, out for a walk we sighted a trim twomasted schooner, fore-and-aft rig, lying at anchor between Nahant and Swampscott and flying signals to indicate that she was about to sail. She proved to be the Ella Clifton, a codfisher from Gloucester, bound for Georges Banks, Captain Dan Riggs. For a small consideration I induced a boy to row me to the schooner and "heaving" my luggage ahead of me which I had packed loose in a gunny sack, I clambered aboard and asked for Captain Riggs. In response to the captain's inquiries I explained that I was a college student and wanted to ship for the "catch," which with good luck would, I understood, take not less than three weeks. He sized me up good-naturedly with the remark that I could take my turn at the wheel and the watch and could do as much fishing as I pleased, which, he opined, would not be much, and remarked, "You can't make a fisherman in three weeks, you know." I went "forred," stowed my luggage, and signed the ship's papers as a green hand.

The captain of the Ella Clifton was tall, lank, angular, lantern-jawed, quick, alert, a suggestion of steel and whalebone. He was a typical Yankee sailing master of a period that was rapidly drawing to a close. In the first half of the nineteenth century any boy born of fisherman stock on the New England coast was expected some day to command a ship. Cape Cod especially was the nursery of the navy, until steamships, adverse legislation and Confederate cruisers almost drove the American Merchant Marine from the high seas. The men on the Ella Clifton were rough, unacademic, but fundamentally most of them belonged to the old, virile New England stock.

When I reported on deck at eight bells, 4 P.M., the last

of the provisions had been taken on board, including a quantity of ice. The supply of salt seemed equal to salting all the cod in the Atlantic. The schooner had been lying offshore two or three days, seining porgies, small fish, needed for cod bait, and the seine holding the last catch was being hauled aboard.

The "mains'l" and the "fores'l" sheeted home, the jib and the "flyin' jib" set, the anchor lifted; and the Ella Clifton was under way. Captain Riggs himself took the wheel until we had cleared Boston harbor and had reached the open water of Massachusetts Bay; then he surprised me with the order to take the wheel and to steer "nor', nor' east by east ten points off that lighthouse." He was having fun with me, giving me plenty of salt water, but observing my discomfiture, he smiled a benevolent smile as he relinquished the wheel and proceed to explain in simple language the points of the compass and to give a landlubber a lecture on the essentials of steering technique. He then ordered the deck watch to keep a weather eye out for me and went aft to his own quarters. This deck watch proved to be "Stumpy Jack," a grim-visaged, roaring sea dog whose tongue carried the twang of the salt sea, whose heart was as big and open as the ocean.

Presently Captain Riggs returned with the nonchalant remark, "God a'mighty, you seem to be able to lift enough with a knife and fork, but a respectable snake would break his back crawling in the wake o' that ship. When she gets off'n her course put 'er back gradual-like an' then she'll stay back."

A word to the ignorant was sufficient. I was obliged to look sharp, but had little further trouble with the wheel, except in the coördination of hitherto unused muscles. It was four long hours of a nervous, brain-wracking experience,—a crucial and for me a supreme test of endurance.

There was a light summer breeze, almost a smooth sea, and I was beginning to congratulate myself on escape from seasickness when there came a sense of dizziness and discomfort. Soon eight bells sounded the welcome end of my four hours at the wheel. There was a mocking sound in the Portuguese cook's voice as he called out from the galley, "D-e-n-a-y suppay." Something had hit me like a projectile. If anyone whiling away his time on an ocean grayhound flatters himself that he is a good sailor, let him try riding on the long, smooth rhythmical monotonous ground swells of the shallow, glassy sea as he approaches the Banks. Let him try Christian Science and say there is no such thing as seasickness. Let him try menticulture and say, "I feel better and better every hour, every day, every minute." Nothing in the dictionary can describe the sensation. U Wu-u-u-u-u-u Up: OOP!! Wu-u-u-u-u-u-UH! I staggered and sprawled to a vacant place on the deck and succumbed, with a coil of rope for a pillow.

It was worse than learning to smoke. A seasick passenger, if he will consult the literature, may console himself with the probability that the whole trouble is due to some obscure disturbance in the semicircular canals under the mastoid process, just back of the ear. My canals might be drunk and disorderly. No interest in science. UH-u-uu-u-u-u-OOP! No one paid much attention to my case.

Inexcusable neglect!

What was left of my reason ruminated on my "mollycoddling" classmates, the table waiters, whom I had sent to the despised summer hotel at Lake Memphremagog; M'-g-o-g! How did they take the job, the good living conditions, the select society and the tips? How-UH-uu-u-u-u-OOP! A penetrating fog was settling down, the

kind that chills to the bone.

Just then Stumpy Jack, the most interesting character aboard, came right out of heaven with a pair of blankets and a pillow. After paying his respects to seasickness, vigorously, he said, "Young fellow, you stay on deck tonight. The focs'le ain't no ladylike place under the circumstances. Don't unrobe yourself! We don't put on our silk nightshirts 'ceptin' Sunday nights. I'll call round later and look at your pulse an' feel o' your tongue."

Presently he returned with the Portuguese cook, bringing some lemon juice and cracked ice, and advised me to "get outside of 'em." The relief was appreciable. Again he returned and followed up the lemon and ice with some beef tea, piping hot, and fed it to me a half-teaspoonful at a time, remarking, "Too bad, whisky ain't no good for seasick, but if ever you get anything else the matter with you, don'tcher go to none o' them doctors; they'll pizen ye. You drink whisky; that's what you do."

When morning came there was a refreshing breeze and a light ripple over the sea. We were at anchor on the Banks, had struck a shoal of cod, and ten or twelve fishermen were hauling them to the surface on large fishhooks attached to heavy hand lines and "gaffing them" over the rail onto the deck.

When Jack "hove in sight" about two bells 5 A.M., I said, "Good morning, Jack" and tried to express my gratitude. He hitched up his breeches with his left hand and shaking his right fist good-naturedly in my face, retorted, "Aw, good mornin', my foot, ye'r too damn perlite." This was Jack's way of saying "the honor is mine."

That day I did little except crawl around on an empty stomach. When I tried to invade the foc's'l the bilge and stale tobacco drove me out. Jack was right; it "wa'n't no ladylike place under the circumstances."

The following night I slept again on deck, under the

blanket and on the pillow which Jack had provided. Sometime before midnight a fresh nor'wester kicked up a "right peart sea." The ship appeared to stand first on one end and then on the other, with a variation when we "hauled her around on the other lug" to change her course; then she rolled and almost took water "clean over the gunnels." Now and again the songs of the sailors, a sonorous group of voices tuned to the tempest, floated out over the deck.

Suddenly the voice of command swept through the ship like a cyclone. H-a-r-d-u-p! A-l-l-h-a-n-d-s! H-a-r-d-u-p! A-l-l-h-a-n-d-s! H-a-r-d-u-p! As I raised my head and shoulders I saw a great ocean liner sweeping past, not fifty feet away. Her wash nearly swamped us. The captain, lighting his pipe, dryly remarked with a Yankee drawl, "A damn close call."

To the fisherman on the Banks there is a vital interest in steamship traffic in and out of Boston. In thick weather every fisherman can hear the foghorn of a liner; but he knows that she may not be able to hear his bell, nor see his light, knows that his frail craft and every life upon her may be crushed like an eggshell by a vessel so much larger as to be unaware of the whole occurrence except perhaps as a slight tremor under her keel.

On the morning after the "close call" with the liner the cook appeared on deck with "biled" onions smothered in drawn butter which went "plumb to the spot." The cook's chef d'œuvre was a fry of codfish tongues in butter, the most seductive dish I ever tasted. I had got back my stomach and my sea legs. I loved the crew and the Ellah Clifton; even loved, sight unseen, Ella herself.

In sophomore year I had taken under Professor Quimby a course in the rudiments of navigation. On the coast survey he had trained us in the sextant, quadrant and other nautical instruments. About the third day out I amused

myself with the captain's instruments and calculated the latitude and longitude of the ship, locating her somewhere in the state of Maine. On learning the result of my observations, he ordered me to put my things in a bunch; and remarked that as a reward for my accuracy I might stow them in his cabin where he had a spare bunk reserved for the missis who sometimes accompanied him on the "ketch." I was afraid the change might be resented in the foc's'l; but, no, they "guessed the old man was lonesome."

I had expected to master first hand such nautical language as abounds in stories of the sea, but was disappointed. The sailor's calling, like every other, has a characteristic jargon. But no one "shivered his timbers." We heard little mention of "Mother Cary's chickens," or of "Davy Jones's locker." No one knocked anyone down with a "marling spike," no one "piped for breakfast," nor "stowed his grub," and there was no Billy Bones with his "Yo-heave-ho and a bottle o' rum."

Language at sea may be picturesque, but it is not essentially profane. The sailor said to the parson, "You pray and I swear, but neither one of us means it." The sailor, unlike some amateur yachtsmen, is not an actor; he is a professional. Unlike the amateur, he never does anything for its spectacular effect, never puts on frills. He is like a trained soldier who gets into a hole in the ground or behind a tree if he can, kills as many of the enemy and gets as little of himself killed as possible, while the non-professional militiaman, like Don Quixote, may want to charge at windmills and fight duels on horseback.

We cruised over the Banks and when we struck a shoal of cod we dropped anchor and fished. After the daily catch we cleaned the fish and salted them away in the hold. Then with copious buckets of water we washed aboard the disjecta membra known as "innards," or by the suggestive

name "gurry." We fed in the galley, and grumbled at the good-natured cook. In the foc's'l before turning in for the night, we spun yarns, often to see who could tell the biggest story. One Irishman had a brother Pat, who swam from Cork to Quebec and beat the ship by four hours. Another had a sharp eye and could see a fly on the topmast. His competitor, whose ears were equally acute, couldn't see the fly, but could hear him step. So we whiled

away the time.

I was already overdue in Hanover. The captain excused me from the fulfillment of the letter of the contract. We sighted a mackerel catcher homeward bound, a mile or two off, but the sea was so rough that we debated for a time whether the dory could make it. Finally Stumpy Jack volunteered and rowed me across, rising and falling over mountainous waves, to the mackerelman. This was the Christie Campbell, Captain Bradley. As I took leave of Stumpy Jack I offered him the only thing I had that a sailor could use, my jackknife. He glanced at it and remarked, "I ain't takin' no damn bribe," and added, "It might cut friendship." But he compromised by borrowing the knife for ninety-nine years. This distinction was important to Jack. Sailors are superstitious about presents of jackknives and scissors.

A final word about Stumpy Jack! I cannot leave him alone on the Ella Clifton. Three years later a friend who also spent a vacation fishing on the Grand Banks chanced to meet Jack in the crew of a mackerel schooner. My friend said that one day Jack rigged a sail in the dory, hoisted the American colors, put a kit of mackeral abroad, and ran over to a British man-o'-war lying at anchor a mile

or two off.

Jack made his dory fast to the officer's steps and then bounded like a cat up to the deck. A petty officer stand-

ing by gruffly ordered him to take his boat round to the other side, where the common sailor had to shin up a rope. Jack returned to his dory, examined the fastenings, apparently with great care, and again ran up the steps on to the deck. The officer was furious, but Jack only said, "Oh, Hell! she'll be safe enough there!" The irate officer was about to place him under arrest, when Jack, with all the dignity of an admiral, inquired, "Is that all the international law you know about ships of friendly nations on the high seas? I'm the commander of that ship down there and that's my flag. I want to pay my respects to the captain of this ship."

A superior officer near by took in the humor of the situation and asked Jack what he wanted. Jack replied, "The admiral's flagship is over there," pointing to the fishing schooner. "I'm commander of that ship below, and I'm here to pay my respects to the captain. I've got a nice kit of mackerel for him; there it is on the deck of my ship under the protection of my flag. I am here to pay my respects to the captain of this British man-o'-war."

The affair was noised about until finally the captain appeared and received Jack with the honors due to the captain of a foreign ship. The British captain ordered a sailor to bring the mackerel aboard and detailed a petty officer as his representative to show the Yankee "captain" every courtesy according to his rank. Jack was suitably appreciated and entertained by the British crew and returned to the schooner under his own colors. Good old Stumpy; if I ever get to Hell I surely shall look you up.

After I left Jack in the dory I found the Christie Campbell was larger, had more discipline, and was more tidy, more shipshape than the codfisher. Mackerel fishing was a more aristocratic business than codfishing. Captain Bradley showed considerable evidence of breeding and educa-

tion. In later years I have had a commodious cabin to myself, with a private bath on a 50,000 ton ocean liner, the most luxurious form of animal life; but I had a better time on the *Ella Clifton*.

After a night's run on the Christie Campbell we docked at India Wharf, Boston. I was out of money, having turned over to the crew of the Ella Clifton what fish I had caught and having told the captain that if he could persuade the owners that my services had any value he should put the money in his pocket. Benjamin Franklin once remarked that he who had little is often more generous than he who has much. I did have an ancient fifty-cent pocket piece, the gift of my grandmother Mason. Using this as collateral, I telegraphed home for money. In about two hours the return came in, which enabled me to redeem the pocket piece and take the afternoon train for Westfield, where I arrived on the crest of the sailor's wave, red blood, no assets, no liabilities. I borrowed the necessary funds for the fall term in Hanover.

After my return to Dartmouth in that year, occurred the perennial, entertaining class event, the presentation of a wooden spoon to the biggest eater in the junior class and a jackknife to the homeliest man in the class. This was a burlesque on Yale, where the spoon-man is the most popular, and the knife-man the handsomest.

Spoon and knife day at Dartmouth usually was characterized by good fellowship.

My friend and former tutor, Scott, received the spoon and accepted it philosophically, as a great honor, but in his speech threw a bolt or two of sarcasm, remarking, "The wooden material of this spoon is most suggestive. Be assured, gentlemen, that every time I look at this wooden spoon I shall think of you."

The jackknife almost came my way. One night I was

awakened from sleep by a conversation in the next room which was occupied by a classmate named Hobbs, who had come in rather noisily, with Sanborn, the Beau Brummel of the class. I always liked Sanborn, regardless of his dandified appearance and his evident concern because the fellows did not polish their nails nor match their neckties. Any fellow in the dining club could drive him to a frenzy "at the point of a toothpick." The accepted standards of dress and social decorum, to him were paramount, but to the average student somewhat negligible. Sanborn was right. We needed a lot of pruning.

In the conversation mentioned in the preceding paragraph the name Dudley came through the thin partition several times. I gathered from the tone that it was intended to be private but hesitated to knock on the partition because that would tend to put me in the position of eavesdropper. An icy draft drove me back when I opened the door into the hall leading to an adjacent inclosure. The talk now was more subdued and I thought it had ceased, when presently it was resumed and I could not avoid hearing Sanborn say, "Let's give Dudley the jackknife, it will be appropriate." The reply of Hobbs, whether true or not, was at least judicial; he maintained that there were homelier men in the class, but Sanborn insisted that I could qualify.

Immediately I was inspired with the idea. If I was to have the jackknife I would carry it off with a high hand. Perhaps I might have told the class how fatal is the gift of beauty, that even a bull pup is interesting because he is

homely. I was rather taken with the prospect.

Next morning I approached two or three of the politicians of the class and strenuously urged my claim to the jackknife, reciting the conversation to which I had been an involuntary listener. I felt that the circumstances absolved me from any obligation to Sanborn. They turned a

deaf ear and grimly suggested that the jackknife would be wasted on me, but would be an invaluable discipline for "Beau Brummel." Thus I became the irresponsible medium through whom Sanborn, "hoist by his own petard," got the jackknife. He should have told us to get the hayseeds out of our hair and our trousers out of our boots, but instead he took it as an intimation that the class regarded him as having an undue appreciation of his own beauty and was sadly cut up over it. I really felt sorry for him. It is not too much to say that I could have given them a "better run for their money." Often the rewards of this world are withheld from the deserving and bestowed upon the unappreciative.

Contrary to the prevailing notion that birds of a feather flock together, I established in college rather close association with a few men of varied and antagonistic proclivities. There were men of strong theological bias, others of philosophical impulse; there were many saints and a few sinners. I cannot affirm that my character was materially modified by either class. The more I approved of the saints the less they interested me; the more the sinners in-

terested me the less I approved of them.

At this point, with sentiments which even now after more than a half century border on the emotional, I must give an account of my relations with a boy of extraordinary character whom I occasionally had met, though not intimately, until after the middle of the course. He had spent his childhood and youth in the Rocky Mountain states, where his father, as he expressed it, had "struck pay gravel." He was a dark-skinned, sensitive chap, with black, wavy hair, spare, sinewy, erect, muscular, of the Latin type and with the engaging manners of a man well born who has lived close to nature; a character not usually understood by a New Englander.

He had come up from the mining camp on the western frontier, where he had taken on the characteristics of what sometimes is called "a dead game sport." For example, he had learned to play billiards when he was only five or six years old. The college nine was almost invincible when he played shortstop. Once, when they had made a triumphal tour of some of the New England colleges, he returned, having defeated all of their champions at cards, billiards, tenpins and other games. The fellow had a sort of fascination for me, doubtless because he possessed qualities of which I felt the need.

Let us call him by the not inappropriate by-name Kit, after Kit Carson, the famous scout. Our intimate acquaintance began one afternoon when he came into my room and asked me to take a walk with him. He then took me into his confidence with the announcement that his father had lost all of his property and that he would have to give up his college course unless he could find some way to earn his own living while pursuing his studies. Evidently I had made some reputation as a self-supporting student, for he paid me the compliment of calling me an expert at that sort of thing. Soon after this, on my introduction, he taught the grammar school in Southwick, Massachusetts. Another fellow, on my recommendation, took charge of the same school a year later, having lost heavily in the Chicago fire.

Kit returned to Hanover from this school with money own living while pursuing his studies. Evidently I had a small sitting room with a communicating bedroom in which a double bed was a close fit. Kit maintained that if we were to paper the bedroom we should have to use very thin paper or not enough space would be left for the bed. He contributed a couple of shoehorns, alleging that they would come handy as instruments to facilitate our entrance

into the rooms. In these narrow quarters we compressed and composed ourselves. We had a frigid stove into which we fed an absurdly large amount of coal but never succeeded in heating even our small rooms. Not infrequently, with the fire smoldering all night, a kettle of water on top of the stove would be found frozen in the morning. The gambling passion, the love of uncertainty, a contempt of security, was strong in Kit. He offered to bet all the money he had or could borrow, that he could put the stove into the smallest box that would hold it and that it would not heat the box. He sold the stove to an unsuspecting freshman.

Up to this time I had no greater pleasure and satisfaction with any other man in college than I had with Kit. A sense of appreciation and anticipation was uppermost in my mind as I returned to Hanover from a term of schoolteaching. On entering our room my attention was arrested by his unusually nervous and preoccupied manner. He held in his hand a letter which he was reading over and over again, as he passed back and forth, going to the window at intervals and looking out over the campus. There was that about him which told me that he did not wish to be questioned; nor could I pull myself together to inquire. He was a fellow who could have faced any amount of mere trouble with composure. This must be tragedy.

Presently a Western Union messenger handed in a telegram. He tore it open with the air of a man who is facing his doom, read it, and handed it to me. It read as follows: "S. C. cannot live until morning. Come immediately." Some details will stamp themselves upon the memory with indelible and terrific precision. I never can forget the name of the sender of this telegram, even to the initials, nor the city whence it came, nor the street and number. It was tragedy, more than tragedy. By this time the boy had taken on something of that singular appearance, a certain com-

posure, a product not of courage but of despair, almost an appearance of collapse, such as sometimes is recognized as a sign of impending dissolution. I found words to say, "Who is S. C.? What is it about?" After a painful silence he spoke: "A dying girl is on my hands and I am responsible."

Then he told in substance the following story: A number of fellows, including himself, had been interested in a young woman, a domestic in a Hanover family, and her condition became alarming. Lots were cast to decide who should accompany her to a distant city and there place her under the care of some one "who would get her out of her difficulties." The lot had fallen to him. This was the devastating situation which I found on my return after an absence of several months.

Response in person to this message would have involved him and others in a grave criminal offense and the college in a disgraceful scandal. The unfortunate girl was past any help which he could give. He hastily threw some personal effects into a traveler's bag and took the first train for Canada. He accepted as a necessity, though with genuine embarrassment, most of the money I had saved from my winter's work. I hasten to record the fact that he paid this debt from earnings hard won on a Canadian farm.

Letters posted at various places and at irregular intervals appeared from time to time and then ceased. Evidently he led a strenuous life in Canada, working usually as a common laborer on farms and railroads, at livery stables and factories, wherever he could find employment.

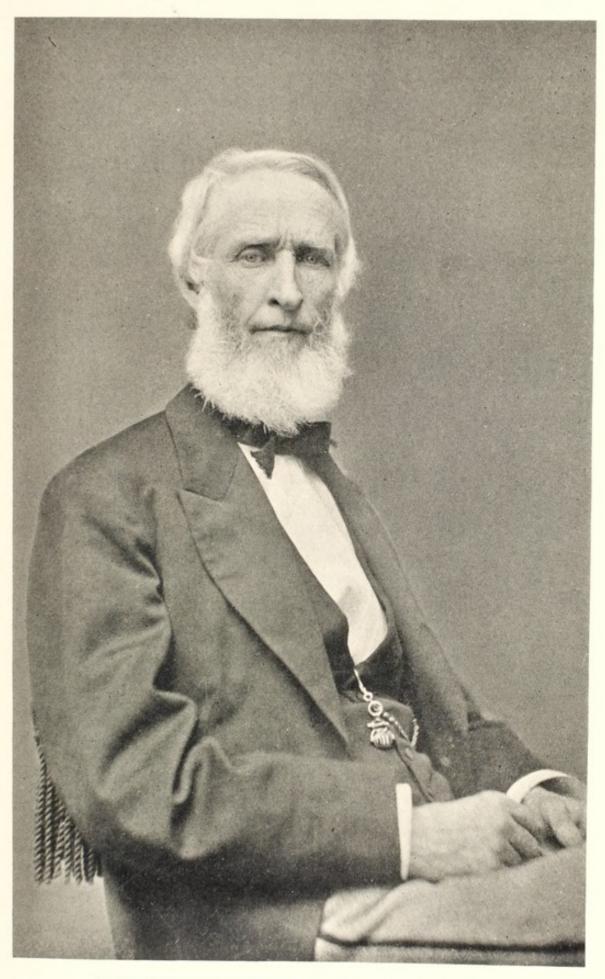
Several years later, after I had finished my college and professional studies and was engaged in practice in Chicago, a young man of prosperous and correct appearance called at my office to ask for his address, which unfortunately I could not give him. He expressed great affection

and gratitude toward my former associate, whose pupil he had been in some school. He retained a profound sense of obligation to Kit for what he considered the inspiration of his life. I told him nothing about the old affair, but indulged in meditation. Perhaps there was something to show for it after all.

Subsequently the young man sent me Kit's address and the result was the reopening of a correspondence which led to the only meeting we ever had after Kit left Hanover.

It happened while I was touring the Mountain States and the Pacific Coast many years ago, on a special train, as a guest of the Commercial Club of Chicago. The journey was interrupted for sightseeing in a town near Kit's home and he and I spent the day together by appointment. He had drifted from place to place, had engaged in various occupations such as farming, poultry raising, teaching and running for office, which he had done several times, usually on the losing side. He had married, had lost his wife, and had no children. We talked over old times and the old fellows. There was little common ground. It was a painful visit. I felt utterly helpless to contribute in the least degree to his pleasure or entertainment. As our car was pulling out of the railway station and I was standing on the rear platform with several of my friends, he reached up his hand, took mine in a grasp something like that of the old times and said, in a scarcely audible voice, "Goodby, old man; I have wasted my life." Then suddenly and rapidly, without looking back, he was lost in the crowd. Many years after Kit's death I told the story to my son, then about thirteen years of age. There were tears in his eyes; we wept together.

As I had disposed of my winter's earnings to Kit, toward the close of my junior year, I was rapidly reduced to a state of insolvency, not to say impending starvation.



EDMUND RANDOLPH PEASLEE, M.D., LL.D. The most learned physician and surgeon of his time



Then as by a providential dispensation, a letter came from Scott, my former tutor, saying that he had been offered the principalship of the Great Barrington High School in Massachusetts. Would I take the school during the intervening term, thereby holding it open for him until fall? These negotiations terminated next day in a telegram requesting me to teach the Barrington High School one term. One term a year was the limit of allowance, and I already had taught one term that year. I went to the president and made a prayer for special dispensation to teach another term, telling him that I could go on in no other way. "But, Mr. Dudley," he said, "you have just returned from an absence of several months; have you spent all that money?" I was obliged to admit that the money I had earned had been dissipated.

The president fixed his eye on me, not an unfriendly eye, and waited without saying anything until it became difficult for me to put myself at ease. For the first time the thought came home that I might be held responsible for the crimes of others. Finally the president continued, "Dudley, perhaps I know a good deal more about your movements in the last few days than you realize; and I may as well tell you that I have been equally familiar with the movements of your roommate. Do you realize that this scandal reflects seriously on the standing of the college? What do you know about this disgraceful affair?" I replied, "Nothing, sir, except by hearsay," and then added something about being unwilling to break a confidence even on pain of leaving college. Again the president waited. He understood the art of waiting and would have looked me quite out of countenance if I had not come to a rapid conclusion that it would be wise to be utterly frank with him in reply to the question as to what I had done with my winter's earnings.

I told him I had thought until now that I was doing a service not only to my roommate but to the college also, in helping him out of the country, where he could not be reached until the affair had quieted down and a scandal in the college had been avoided,-a scandal which I intimated might reach further than most people suspected. I gave him another reason why I wanted to get away. It was that if I were questioned by the civil authorities as he had questioned me I might be required to make some disclosures that would be embarrassing to the college. I was beginning to find my way to the shelter of a safe harbor. Finally I asked him whether, in case of an investigation by the civil authorities, I could be of any considerable service to the college by remaining in Hanover. After a moment's reflection he replied in substance as follows:

"My boy, I have not followed your course for nothing. I have kept track of you from the time when you began to fit for college, now nearly four years. I have been aware of your efforts to save this roommate of yours. You have tried to save him." He then dismissed me with a benediction which seemed to say, "We understand one another." The president had a rare faculty of making one feel the benign force of good will. He was "white, clear down to the ground." I have often reflected on the possible result of an encounter with a less judicial but not precisely unknown type of college president.

On another occasion he remarked, "What the world wants is sympathy." One cannot live long without being impressed with the wisdom of this remark, both in the subjective and the objective sense. The old president was a profound man and a master of English, although betimes he would mention a Latin or Greek derivative as a good old Anglo-Saxon word. In the kindness of his heart

he was punctilious to raise his hand in passing a student on the campus and always would make the salute when he could catch the student's eye, but failing in this he repeatedly was observed to complete the act by scratching his ear. This illustrates how a practical man, if he cannot do what he sets out to do, very generally can do something else. The president never was known to make a false motion.

Two days later I was in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. The two terms of teaching, that junior year, left me only about thirteen weeks of residence in Hanover.

Great Barrington, with its beautiful setting in the Berkshires, was the summer rendezvous for a number of influential and cultivated families from New York and other cities. These families, however, while they may have supplemented, did not enhance the refinement and civilization of this community. My vantage ground, as head of the high school, enabled me to measure with some degree of accuracy the intellectual, moral and social character of the people. Children of the poor, the rich, and the very rich came together, by common consent, on a common footing; none were very poor, nor do I recall a single child of the moron type. Here was the old stock of New England in its best estate; the laws of inheritance are clear and, so far as I came in contact with the people, were verified. Not even in the academic atmosphere of a college or university town have I found a more uniformly high plane of civilization.

The Great Barrington High School paid a handsome salary, I do not remember how much, but enough to enable me to do anything that I considered worth while. It was the custom in Yankeedom to have two suits of clothing, one for Sunday and one for everday wear, or in the jargon of the multitude, "ev-er-dy." The prospect of a

practical income was so stimulating that I moved into my best Sunday suit, including hat and shoes, and further decorated my person with a new supply of socks, shirts and neckties such as I had seen worn by other men. The discarded "ev-er-dy" apparel went the way of poor but deserving people. I further accumulated from the best available tailors and haberdashers a reasonably full wardrobe. As a fashionable woman once remarked, "I derived from this appropriate and approved outfit as much satisfaction as ever I had experienced from the consolations of religion." At Great Barrington one could grasp fully the idea of how to lay one's fork on one's plate.

There were social enticements in Great Barrington. A wise man once remarked that the only thing he could not resist was temptation. I became a prey to the innate love of spending, and took a vacation from the simple life. When I figured up my accounts, the balance sheet, everything considered, appeared to be satisfactory. It was the same balance I had at the beginning of the junior year—no assets, no liabilities. I returned to Westfield and devoted the months of July and August to the accumulation of a little more money for the fall term and to making up back studies which had accumulated during the Great Barrington interlude.

In the earlier part of the course I was in constant fear of falling by the wayside. I was now three-quarters through college and had acquired confidence in my capacity to take care of myself through the remainder of the course. I had taken on a philosophy somewhat like that of the Indian who, being asked whether he was lost, replied, "No, Indian not lost, wigwam lost." A similar reply was once made by Daniel Boone, who said he "never was lost, but once was bewildered for eight days." I was no longer bewildered. During the four years at college I spent ap-

proximately \$600 a year. This was about the usual allowance at that time. The same purchasing value to-day would require three times that much. In the four college years I earned about \$1900.

In this alternation of earning and learning I had taught four terms in three years and was on the lookout for another school to round out the expense of my senior course, when Dr. John Lord came to Hanover to give a series of lectures on the Great Historical Characters of Civilization. He was a nephew of the old president of the college, Dr. Nathan Lord, and the author of the many volumes of "Beacon Lights of History." His lectures were not obligatory, but were received with enthusiasm by the students, the faculty and the public. All seats were full; the aisles and other standing room crowded to the guards.

Behold the man! On the background of a dark, swarthy complexion there stood out the burning eyes and the pallor of an apparition,—his face largely hidden by an enormous snow-white mustache, the shiny dome of a square head fringed with closely cropped hair, also snow-white. As he took his place on the platform he stood below medium

height, with broad, stooping shoulders.

In a shrill, strident voice, which penetrated to the uttermost recesses of the chapel, he piled adjective and adverb on noun and verb, mountain high. The only gesture was a lateral sway so extreme that momentarily he seemed about to fall, first to one side and then to the other. He is said, by a facetious critic, on occasion to have steadied himself, in this swaying motion, by hooking his fingers into his boot straps. Every factor of this oratory would be condemned, and yet the whole effect was to rivet the audience to the speaker. One must listen, and listen to the end.

On the evening after the first lecture I sent up my card, marked "on business," to Dr. John Lord at his hotel. He received me most graciously in his room. A man of small stature, enveloped in an ample dressing gown, settled back in a luxurious cushioned easy-chair, he was almost obscured in a halo of tobacco smoke which he continuously poured forth from a beautifully inlaid porcelain pipe.

He made me feel at home and inquired in what way he could serve me. I told him that I was acquainted in Springfield and Hartford, and that I thought I could arrange courses of lectures in those cities on a profitable basis. He was responsive and we closed a contract by which he would pay me as much or more than I could earn as a school-teacher. On my part I would undertake to obtain guarantees for lectures in Westfield, Springfield and Hartford.

The difficulties in Westfield and Springfield were greater than we had anticipated. The engagements, however, were filled to the satisfaction of all the interested

parties.

In Hartford I first called upon a member of the Beecher family,—Miss Catherine Beecher, principal of a young girl's seminary. Miss Beecher was of the triumphant Amazonian type. In her subscription for fifty tickets for her pupils, she insisted on a very reduced price, which I accepted on condition that the "Beacon Lights" should illumine the seminary chapel. This was just the place, the social center, the pride, the rendezvous of the genuine and mercerized élite of that personified moneybag known as Hartford.

The next step was to obtain the signatures of a sufficient number of guarantors to insure financial success; to this end I drew up one of those enticing documents known as a call, to be signed by the moguls of Hartford, who in this document would request Dr. John Lord, the distinguished historian, to deliver his course of lectures in Hartford. It was an illumined circular giving the titles of a number of

lectures which the intelligentsia of Hartford "could not afford to miss." There was also mention of the enthusiastic audiences which had greeted the distinguished historian in other places. The circular presented the appearance of an advertisement of Dr. Eliot's four or five foot bookshelf. I felt as though I were the advance agent of a circus.

Among the people who signed the call were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clemens. "Mark Twain" was not at home but Mrs. Clemens signed for both. I saw her only for a minute or two, but long enough to get a clear impression of a woman of very great refinement and charm. A social and financial leader named Robinson took four tickets. Pliny Jewell and other members of this great family "came across" handsomely. The "well and favorably known" Batterson clan also took numerous tickets. Mrs. Colt, widow of the inventor of Colt's revolver, was the star subscriber, and there were many others.

In response to my report of progress Dr. Lord came to Hartford to look over the ground. First we paid our respects to Miss Beecher, who graciously showed us about the school and exhibited the seminary chapel, where the lectures were to be given. She set forth all the advantages of the plan even to the extent of suggesting that the reverend doctor would have no need of a hotel, and saying, "You can bunk in here." This last remark fifty years ago sounded raw. To-day it would hardly attract attention. Have we progressed or deteriorated? As we passed on to the hotel the doctor remarked, "There seems to be a peculiar vein of refinement running through the Beecher family," and presently he added, "You can bunk in here! Woof!" Somehow I gathered the impression that the doctor was not much pleased with the Beecher arrangement.

He was generously endowed with vanity, an attribute not uncommon to the race. During luncheon he questioned me minutely about all the people upon whom I had called. Were they pleased at the prospect of the lectures? Had some of them heard him before? What did they say about him? Did I think he would make a good impression? Which people showed most interest? I had not seen Mrs. Colt personally, but only a companion. He was bent on knowing just what Mrs. Colt had said about him. He led up to the subject several times. Each time I dodged. Finally he charged straight at me. "Precisely what did Mrs. Colt say about me?" I could almost read his thought, whether she would invite him to be a guest at her house. I was trying to make up to him for his apparent dislike of the Beecher combination, trying to make him happy. I fell, and gave him to understand that Mrs. Colt had expressed the highest appreciation of him and the "Beacon Lights."

Like many other self-centered young man, I had reasoned about ethics and the building of character and had concluded that character was the one and only thing of value and that at any cost one should upbuild, protect, and keep his character inviolable. The idea was simple. I had injured my character by lying. I could by due acknowledgment so punish myself that I would be unlikely to repeat the offense. I now think I should not have regretted the lie any less but I should have reasoned that it had done no harm, that having lied Dr. Lord into Paradise, I had better let him stay there and repair my precious character in some other way. Instead of being consumed by remorse, it is better to profit by the experience.

The old doctor on receiving my confession was disappointed and acted as if he actually had lost caste with

Mrs. Colt. In matters of casuistry one may be wrong if he decide either way, or both ways, or not at all. Some one has defined a lie as deceiving some one who has a right to know the truth. This will hardly do, because the deception might be passed on to a third party who has a right to the truth.

The reverend doctor terminated our business invitations in a most friendly way with a delightful week-end visit to his house in Stamford, Connecticut. In this retreat he lived beautifully and simply. My recollection is of a medium-sized stone villa of the Italian type, set in a large garden of well-selected flowers, trees and shrubs. There, with his two children, a son and a daughter, he took in the aroma of the old inlaid porcelain pipe, which seemed a part of him. There he gave expression to himself and to his character, developed through a long life which he had lived in pursuit of high purpose.

My four years of college life were drawing to a close. As I looked back over them I heard again with an ironic echo the president's words of welcome in the beginning of our freshman year, "Young gentlemen, you have at your disposal, four years of leisure, four years of scholarly leisure." However paradoxical this may sound, a Bachelor of Arts closed a weary and desultory residence of four years in Hanover with strong sentiments of reverence and gratitude toward the college and with a number of deep and lasting friendships. Now, after a half century, I look back upon the period as a dream. My impulse was about equally divided between medicine and commerce. I had no fixed purpose. I was an opportunist.

The marking system at Dartmouth was arranged in the interest of students whose grade was low in the early part of the course and high in the later part; that is, credits for junior and senior years were increased in a sort of

geometrical progression. In consequence of this system my higher marks during the last two years so far offset the lower grades of the first two that my average standing for the whole four years was somewhere in the middle third of the class. I think it was rather above the average. But I was not, at the time of graduation, in the Phi Beta Kappa list, which took in generously the first third. Subsequently some of the more influential members of the society, notably Bradley and Wright, of my class, interested themselves and as a consequence I was elected to membership. So far as I am aware no other member of the class has received this deferred honor.

It is told of General Stewart L. Woodford that having been dismissed from Yale and having distinguished himself subsequently as a gallant officer in the Civil War, he was presented by the university with his degree. He replied: "I accept the apology." This facetious response does not express my more serious appreciation of the Phi Beta Kappa key. I value it more and more among the recognitions which have fallen my way from members of the class of 1873, and from learned societies and universities at home and abroad.

At the end of a college course one may ask himself what he can do with all this Latin, Greek and other humanities, this "education of a gentleman"? I wonder whether any education is not that of a gentleman if the man possessing it happens to be a gentleman, or the education of a cad if he happens to be a cad. Somehow I cannot rid myself of an early prejudice that the classics do belong to the education of a gentleman.

When the college man goes out into the world and is weighed in the balance, he has a certain advantage which puts him in a class and gives him entrée into academic circles. All this may, from the pragmatic point of view, create a presumption in his favor, but, if he prove unequal to the expectation, these advantages may emphasize his failure.

In earlier years I had looked upon the college graduate as a superior being; now I was disillusioned and took an almost humorous view of the whole affair.

Of course what one learns compared with the whole field of knowledge is well nigh infinitesimal. Relativity in knowledge is illustrated by the trial of an Indian chief who had killed an army officer. The defense admitted the killing but urged in extenuation that the barbarian had been taught from infancy that it was right to kill an army officer. The old chief protested vigorously that ignorance should not be used as a defense. Then he drew with a stick, on the dirt floor of the tent, a circle a foot in diameter and said, "Inside of that is what Indian know." Drawing another circle twice as large, he added, "Inside that is what white man know"; then, spreading wide his arms, he continued, "Everything outside Indian know just as much as white man." The old chief unconsciously had grasped the relation of finite in infinite qualities.

Like the chief I seemed to be contemplating the field of my ignorance, as I considered what my future occupation in life might be after graduation. I had been much under influence of physicians from the age of thirteen. My family and friends had taken it for granted that I was to become a physician and I myself had a leaning in that direction, but when brought up against the final decision I could not dismiss lightly the advice of two professors, each of whom as I was about to take final leave of Hanover had given friendly counsel on the choice of a profession. They were Professors Sanborn of the English

department and Professor Noyes of the department then called Intellectual and Moral Science. I had high respect

for the judgment of these two men.

Professor Sanborn, familiarly called "Bully Sanborn," a bully fellow, sent for me the week before Commencement and said, "Dudley, you go into journalism." I reminded him that I had made no record in his department as a writer; that I did not possess the literary qualifications. He disregarded the objection. Paragraph writing he declared to be the coming mode in journalism. He insisted that I could develop a facility for the paragraph, but he said, "That is not the point; you have a turn for business. Journalism is rapidly becoming a manufacturing business, the manufacture of newspapers. You can wield an influence in journalism."

The other professor, Daniel Noyes, also thought he recognized some capacity for business and strongly advised commerce. He mentioned railroading, manufacturing or banking, and added jocosely, "You would make

millions. Then you could endow Dartmouth."

In the course of my professional studies I sometimes questioned whether both professors might not have been right. Perhaps I might not have made millions, but at least I could have tried on my own initiative. I never was much in sympathy with that line of modest inertia which the beginning doctor may have to follow. He can't get patients until he has had experience and he can't have experience until he has had patients. The physician is the sport of fortune: "Those who employ him know not his deficiencies. Those who dismiss him know not his excellencies."

In spite of this definite advice at the time of my graduation I had no special plan, no fixed aim in life. In June, 1873, having pursued my education through the first two letters of the alphabet, A.B., and having acquired a diploma which a credulous world accepts as evidence of learning, I set out for my father's house at Westfield in my canoe with a classmate Guthrie, who chanced to be bound in the same direction. He wanted to save his fare. I wanted to save my canoe and for this reason paddled it to Westfield.

Together we navigated the Connecticut River from Hanover to Springfield, a distance of over two hundred miles, taking into account the turns of the river. The course was downstream over many rapids. We made the voyage leisurely in five days, shooting all the rapids, making portages only around the milldams at Bellows Falls, Turners Falls and Holyoke. We hoisted an umbrella in the bow for a sail when the wind was fair, made camp on the banks at night and found our food at farmhouses along the way. One night we were drenched by a cloudburst and had to take a day to dry out.

All the way through this beautiful river valley the well-cultivated farms were backed on either side by picturesque hills or mountains. The scenic effect was softened as we floated on the river by moonlight and intensified as finally we passed the historic town of Deerfield. Below this point the ancient river once flowed around a great bend forming the celebrated Ox-bow. In a freshet many years ago it cut its way across the narrow neck of the bend and threw the Ox-bow out of circulation. On we glided and soon had Mount Tom on the right and Mount Holyoke on the left, one of the most entrancing spots in the Connecticut valley.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, when a guest at the hotel on the summit of Mount Holyoke, many years ago, looking down on the marshy quagmire of the Ox-bow, rebuked the river: "Served her right for cutting her old bow." On we paddled to the city of Holyoke, where we experienced a thrilling adventure as we made our portage around the dam. The canoe with its contents was too heavy to carry. We had transferred the cargo to the foot of the dam and were returning for the canoe only to find some hoodlums, called river rats, paddling it diagonally across the river. When they saw us their idea of safety appeared to be full steam ahead. Fortunately, we were able to exhibit for their entertainment, a six-shooter, which we proceeded to fire across her bows, being careful not to hit the canoe nor the crew. As the bullets began to spatter the water in front of the canoe they concluded to return, which they did and then took to their legs.

As we careened and staggered under the burden of the canoe in the long portage around the dam we reviled ourselves because we had not permitted the six-shooter to persuade the would-be pirates to make the portage for us. Soon the boat was loaded and launched. In scarcely more time than it takes to tell the story we shot through the dancing, leaping waters below Holyoke dam, and soon, near our journey's end, were bearing our faithful friend, the canoe, up the river bank in Spring-

field.

This canoe voyage in 1873 terminated my four years at Hanover.

John Ledyard, one hundred and one years earlier, made a similar trip from Hanover to Hartford, Connecticut. Ledyard was a freshman. He never returned to Dartmouth. Subsequently he adopted the life of a seaman and was with Captain Cook on his third voyage. An intrepid explorer he crossed Finland on the ice, and without shoes or stockings arrived at St. Petersburg. Thence he crossed Siberia on foot. His career was cut short by death in Cairo in 1779.

A tablet just north of the Connecticut river bridge near Hanover has been placed there by the Ledyard Canoe Club of Dartmouth in commemoration of John Ledyard's trip in 1772.

JOHN LEDYARD

IN 1772 A FRESHMAN IN DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

ON THIS SPOT FELLED A GIANT PINE
FROM WHICH HE MADE A CANOE
AND IN IT DESCENDED THE RIVER TO HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

HE WAS A TRAVELER AMONG THE INDIANS

AN ASSOCIATE OF JOHN PAUL JONES

AN OFFICER UNDER CAPTAIN COOK

TRAVERSING ALL OCEANS AND PENETRATING REMOTE LANDS

HE FORESAW AND FORETOLD THE RICHES
OF THE PACIFIC COAST AND THE ADVANTAGES
OF COMMERCE WITH THE FAR EAST

WHEN ABOUT TO CROSS AFRICA HE DIED IN EGYPT
AT THE AGE OF 37

HE TOO HEARD THE VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS
HIS WAS THE DARTMOUTH SPIRIT

ANNO DOMINI 1906



CHAPTER VI

JOURNALISTIC ADVENTURES

A FTER I returned to Westfield, I felt like a soldier of fortune. I would have gone anywhere, would have turned to business, law, affairs, anything. I recall nothing

of that yearning which impels to a "useful life."

With Professor Sanborn's advice about journalism fresh in mind I haunted the office of the Western Hampden "Times" and "News Letter" which had absorbed the older paper. The editor graciously permitted me to sit in the editorial chair during his month of summer vacation. I do not recall that during this time I changed the policy of the paper or contemplated any rational improvement. If I had regarded Professor Sanborn's idea that literary ability was not essential to journalism, I might have disregarded my incapacity to write, a deficiency of which I was painfully convinced, and I might now be stimulating the circulation of some sensational sheet by ringing the changes on the motley headlines and catering to the public demand for yellow journalism.

When the editor returned I intimated that I did not consider myself educationally or temperamentally adjusted to journalism. In an artless though friendly manner he replied, "That makes it unanimous." Accordingly I looked around for some other temporary employment, in the meantime continuing to write for the paper an occasional squib.

My old friend and patron, Dr. James Holland, was in

the direction of least resistance. I went into his office nominally as a medical student, but more specifically as the keeper of his office and his books, and the buffer between him and people whom he frequently offended by his

occasional violent outbursts of temper.

While I was stumbling along in his office I made the acquaintance of several doctors of the younger generation, among them Dr. Theodore Breck of Springfield, Massachusetts, and Dr. David Mack, an ex-naval surgeon, also of Springfield. Dr. Mack was a man of scholarly and scientific atttainment. In one of my frequent calls he gave me my first intelligent look through a microscope and demonstrated in a case of scarlet fever the presence of blood corpuscles and casts in the secretion from the kidney. On this finding he made the diagnosis of a not infrequent sequel of scarlet fever, that is, a form of Bright's disease. The same malady is mentioned on a previous page as one from which I myself had suffered and escaped only by the vis medicatrix natura. A microscope in a country doctor's office was almost a curiosity. Even as intelligent a man as Dr. Holland was inclined to ridicule some physicians who made urinalysis and microscope findings a routine practice.

Dr. Breck and Dr. Mack interested me profoundly in their accounts of study in Paris and in Vienna. I seldom have wanted to do anything so much as I then wanted to study in the universities of Europe. I thought about it by day and dreamed about it by night. Among the progressive doctors whom sometimes I visited, was one Dr. Collins of Great Barrington, Massachusetts. He was enthusiastic on the European idea and said, "You can study in Europe if you really are determined; want of money is no obstacle; you go to New York, get on the reportorial staff of one of the great papers there; study French and German, and in a few months you can go to Paris or Vienna or Berlin as a

correspondent." He insisted that I could write my way through a medical course in Europe. I now wonder whether such a plan could have been feasible. At the time I dismissed it as chimerical.

There was in Westfield, a young physician, C. M. Billings, and a medical student, Abner Post, a graduate of Yale, afterwards a distinguished teacher on the faculty of Harvard, both of whom furnished me with much inspiration.

During the summer I had saved two or three hundred dollars, which stimulated the spirit of restlessness and adventure. Accordingly one morning in September, 1873, I announced to Dr. Holland that I was going to continue my studies in one of the great medical colleges in the City of New York. On this announcement he went up in the air. It was a painful interview. What had been good enough for him in his time ought to be good enough for me. A long and serious conversation followed, in which he adjured me to stay where I was; to let well enough alone. He was an elderly man, but I had never before quite realized that he was becoming senile. His attitude seemed even ludicrous when he maintained that I did not appreciate my advantages nor what he was doing for me. He took down a thigh bone-femur-from the top of his desk, caressed it, and pointed out its attractions, adding: "Do you see that greater trochanter, that lesser trochanter, those ridges, those inner and outer condyles, those tuberosities, that gluteal line, that neck and head?" He went on at length, adding, "You could study that thigh bone for ten years right here in my office, and every day find new beauties in it." The thought of ten years was too much for me.

Finally my dear and venerated patron saint gave me up as hopeless. I went to New York with his reluctant blessing but not without some heaviness of heart at the thought of my seeming ingratitude. This is the way of the world.

In 1873 the approach to New York south of Harlem River was picturesque. A large part of this territory was broken with uneven high and low jagged rocks covered with the squalid shanties of squatters, made, not of rough lumber but of scraps of old boards, tarpaulin, sheet tin, sheet iron, which the poverty-stricken occupants had picked up here and there in the neighborhood and nailed together, hit or miss. This motley collection of hovels presented a grotesque, crazy appearance. Long since these rocky protuberances have been leveled down and have made way for commerce-more orderly but less interesting.

The railway train halted at Forty-second Street in an open station or no station at all to speak of, and thence was drawn by horses to Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue and there discharged or rather dumped its passengers on that corner.

I hastened to visit the three principal medical colleges, The College of Physicians and Surgeons, The University and Bellevue. My resources were so inadequate that it would be necessary to supplement them by some gainful employment. Perhaps one of these schools would hold out the

opportunity.

The schools of New York were on a busines basis, were in the business of manufacturing doctors and like other manufacturing enterprises sent out drummers to magnify each its own merits. I think some students earned their tuition in this way. At any rate several of them evinced more interest in my welfare than short acquaintance would justify. I made a superficial investigation of the personnel of the different schools and found that the proportion of college graduates in the College of Physicians and Surgeons was greater than that in either of the other schools.

On this account and because the faculty of that school appeared to be men of exceptional standing I was prepossessed in its favor. There was inspiration in living in the same city and in possible touch with professors, some of whom had written many of the familiar textbooks of the period. I recall Willard Parker, Valentine Mott, T. G. Thomas, Fordyce Barker, Austin Flint, James R. Wood, John William Draper, author of "The Intellectual Development of Europe," William T. Bull, then a brilliant young surgeon, and many other distinguished men whose names were household words, including Delafield, Sayre, Otis,

Janeway, Marion-Sims, Bedford, Darling and Weir.

I took the occasion of my presence in New York to make a call of ceremony and acknowledgment upon the benevolent gentleman who had contributed the funds for my Dartmouth scholarship. I was obsessed with the idea of my obligation to this gentleman. I found Mr. G. W. B. Cushing seated at his desk in Wall Street, looking over scraps of papers. He received me with an air of apparent indifference such as I myself now assume in the presence of callers who exhibit symptoms of hoping to borrow money. I stated that the object of my call was to make acknowledgment of one of his scholarships during the whole of my course at Dartmouth College. He made no display of emotion at the fact of having assisted a poor but deserving young man in his struggle for an education. He did not take me by the hand and congratulate me on being the first beneficiary to come forward and make due acknowledgment, did not invite me to his house, did not introduce me to his family, did not say, "Here is my daughter; take her." On the contrary he appeared about as bored as a head waiter. If I had to do this over again, with accumulated experience, I should write a leter of thanks or keep my thanks to myself. Such was the

second chapter of my three adventures with my scholarship.

Not long after my call on Mr. Cushing I heard a lecture by George Francis Train. The lecturer gave a thrilling and eloquent account of an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, ravages of which he had witnessed in New York several years before. One thought of such an epidemic as a scourge that might fall only on the far East, but the speaker now brought it vividly before us and made us feel all the horrors of it as if it were in our very midst. There was pandemonium in New York, scare headlines in all the morning papers, exodus from the city of all who could get away, appalling mortality among physicians, most of whom stayed by and overworked night and day, mobs howling for food on street corners, street traffic paralyzed, almost confined to the dead cart which rumbled over the cobblestone pavements, calling at hovel and palace and sending forth the hoarse and sepulchral cry, "Bring out your dead." Rumble, rumble, rumble of succeeding carts and "Bring out your dead."-"Bring out your dead." It was a soul-wrenching talk, probably overdrawn, but it filled me with a new sense of the heroism, the romance, the tragedy of medicine.

CHAPTER VII

HEADED FOR YALE

I HAD been striving to find some outlet through which I could earn a living in New York and at the same time go on with medical studies, but the fates ruled otherwise. One Saturday morning a week after my arrival I took an account of stock, made out a prospective balance sheet and concluded to be guided by the maxim of Julius Cæsar, "Better be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome."

That afternoon I packed my carpetbag, went to Bridgeport, Connecticut, and spent the following Sunday there with a cousin, Mrs. William Hinkley, née Diantha Webster, a sister of Belle Webster, the flame of my infancy, who had left Westfield after a stormy interview with my mother.

Mrs. Hinkley gave me a cordial welcome and exhibited some curiosity to know what had brought me to Bridgeport. I explained. She was not precisely a doctor fancier, at least not in the general sense, but she knew a doctor when she saw him, knew one doctor who could teach me, she affirmed, "more medicine than I would be likely to learn in New York," remarking, "he is the handsomest man you ever saw." Any doctor who has women for his friends, not only will have a better time in this world but he will add thereby to his usefulness. This I affirm after a long and profitable experience.

Early next morning I called upon Dr. Robert Hubbard of Bridgeport, with a letter from Mrs. Hinkley. It was at once apparent that I was in the presence of no ordinary gentleman. He was above medium height, of commanding figure and dignity, of engaging presence, of classical profile, jaw firm set, head and neck screwed tight to his shoulders, dressed more like a captain of industry than a doctor, about forty-five years old. His iron-gray Lord Dundreary side whiskers detracted in no respect from his natural masculine appearance. Immediately he took the Socratic upperhand. I found it rather difficult to be at ease in the face of his abrupt questions-"How old are you, what preliminary education have you had, have you sufficient means to cover the expense of a complete medical course, what have you done?" I replied, "Twenty-three years old, once worked five years in a drug store, am a Dartmouth College A.B., have little or no money nor ever did have much, have taught school." He continued, "Did you specialize in anything in your college course?" I submitted that I had taken considerable chemistry, a little biology and botany and had incidentally dissected a part of a human body in the senior year. He put me quite at ease by the next question, "When would you like to begin?" I replied, "Now." "Very well," he continued, pointing to an adjoining room, "there you will find my library and my laboratory. Make yourself at home." Evidently here was a man who knew a good thing when he saw it.

The experience of the following two years justified my cousin. She had builded better than she knew. Dr. Hubbard easily was recognized by many of his confreres as the ablest physician, surgeon and accoucheur in the state of Connecticut. That was the time of the old family doctor. Moreover he soon became for me a stanch friend,

companion and benefactor. Here was a contrast with what I had left in Westfield, a modern library, and a laboratory with a microscope, chemical reagents and other appliances all fully abreast of the time.

One day I was sitting in the laboratory, my eye screwed to the microscope, when in came the head of an opulent family who lived on a street known as Golden Hill. While he waited for the doctor to return he gave an amusing account of a consultation in the case of one of his children who had been afflicted with chronic eczema. A noted skin specialist had been summoned from New York in consultation. The consultation having been held with due formality, Dr. Hubbard called in the family and requested the consultant to give them his opinion. The consultant, a pompous man, addressed the overanxious mother with the oracular and sententious words: "Madame, your child will recover." Of course this was no news to Dr. Hubbard, who then asked him to outline his proposed treatment. The consultant went into a tiresome description of numerous similar cases in which an ointment of Betula Alba, in his hands, had effected marvelous cures. The family were profoundly impressed with the sonorous repetitions of the resounding words, Betula Alba-Betula Alba -Betula Alba. Finally Hubbard quizzically interrupted with the innocent inquiry, "About this wonderful ointment, Betula Alba, Doctor, do you mean White Birch?"

Dr. Hubbard had the humorous qualities of a Yankee philosopher. I sometimes gave the anæsthetic in cases of midwifery. On one such occasion the anxious and hysterical husband and father reiterated, "Doctor, will it be all right?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "it will be all right. In all my obstetric practice I have never lost a father." He bubbled over with wit and humor.

There was a quack in the neighborhood who had

brought suit for personal injuries which he claimed to have sustained in a railroad accident. The fellow was driving on a street railroad track where the rails diverged and the diverging rails split apart the wheels of his two-wheel gig and precipitated him to the ground. The question at issue was whether a subsequent Bright's disease could be caused by such an accident. The prosecution called numerous rather shady medical witnesses who supported that contention. Dr. Hubbard was the principal expert for the railroad and on direct examination gave a positive opinion against the prosecution. A glib attorney, after trying unsuccessfully to break him down, finally asked him, "You admit, doctor, don't you, that the experts for the prosecution are good authorities?" "No," said the doctor, "they don't know anything and they always did." The next question was, "Doctor, do you understand just how this accident occurred?" The doctor replied with a sort of drawl, "Yes, sir, the man was trying to ride an isosceles triangle from the apex to the base." The lawyer continued, "Doctor, do you mean to say that these gentlemen who have testified for the prosecution 'don't know anything' because they don't practice in your particular school of medicine." "Yes, sir," the doctor replied, "that is precisely what I mean to say." The quack lost.

Dr. Hubbard, on his return from a visit to Dr. William A. Hammond, former surgeon-general of the U. S. Army, then a recent convert to Catholicism, related a conversation with Hammond, in which he expressed himself as being troubled over theological questions. Hubbard was in a quandary what to believe, whereupon Hammond said, "Why do you disturb yourself over such matters?"—Hubbard then inquired whether Hammond himself was able to maintain an absolutely tranquil mind. "Oh, yes," said Hammond, "I employ an expert."

Hubbard's humor was his salvation from overwork. He had not only an enormous medical and surgical practice, but his services were constantly in demand as an obstetrician. He would come home on consecutive mornings, having been up all night, and say, "Now I will throw a razor at my face and make an elaborate toilet." In an hour, transformed as good as new, he would come out smiling and ready for an office full of expectant patients. His reputation extended far and wide.

Phineas T. Barnum, the great showman, who was a patient of Dr. Hubbard's, lived in Bridgeport in a great and tawdry palace in the midst of an extensive private park in which were scattered deer, elk, bear, lions, tigers and other wild animals, all cast in iron, immobile and statuesque. The Barnum castle was built of wood and painted to imitate stone. A flagpole surmounted the highest peak and from it, in imitation of British Royalty, often streamed the American colors to tell the curious populace that the lord of the castle was at home. No lord, no flag. Mr. Barnum was a patron of a near-by barber shop from which he daily emerged with his ambrosial locks in luxurious ringlets straight from the curling iron.

Barnum, with all his eccentricities, was a man of great civic virtue and public spirit. He took the leading part in the upbuilding of Bridgeport, especially in the encouraging of her rapidly growing industries. Before the time of which I am writing the city had honored him with an election to the mayoralty. It is related that his newly acquired wife, an Englishwoman, exhibited considerable disappointment at the scant ceremony incident to the Mayor's inauguration and audibly exclaimed, "Where are the Mayor's robes?"

Dr. Hubbard made almost daily visits as "court physician" to the Barnum castle. Frequently I waited as

much as a tedious hour in his "one-hoss shay" at the outer gate and wondered what sort of entertainment was going on inside. The doctor and I, returning home late one night, passed the house of Barnum's manager, Mr. J. J. Gorham. The doctor remarked that he was all tuckered out, needed encouragement, that Gorham kept a "comfortable sideboard." As I followed him stealthily up the steps to the veranda through the open window to the dark dining room we heard an ominous sound—click, click. It was the click not of glasses but of a revolver. The doctor spoke softly, "We don't want that, Gorham, we want

whisky."

It was after midnight, and Gorham, partially dressed, came into the dining room with very evident welcome for Hubbard, as much as to say, "Night or day, the honor is mine." Barnum then was along in years and had turned over the management of the show to Gorham which now was not on the road but was hibernating in its Bridgeport winter quarters. The conversation between Hubbard and Gorham was interesting and enlightening. When we stealthily crawled under the window into Gorham's house I had a puritan point of view about circuses and circus people. I left the house an hour or two later in the state of mind of one who suddenly has made a discovery and has found that what he had considered to be a house of no extraordinary fame really was a house of legitimate and innocent mirth. Mr. Barnum, whom I had visualized as a fraud, a faker and a humbug, now turned out to be an honorable, serious and public-minded benefactor, a purveyor of goods. This man, Gorham, a genuine captain of industry, was not unlike an abstemious Vermont Yankee. Now, under the inspiration of Hubbard and the hospitality of the sideboard, he talked well. He pictured the wild animals of a circus as a collection most useful for an otherwise uneducated public in the study of natural history. He set forth the personnel of the circus as a group of artists, earnest, hard-working people, too hard working to have much time left over for the vain frivolities of life. No Methodists in a camp meeting could be more serious minded. An impressive biography of Barnum, read in later years, quite confirmed Gorham in all of his representations.

Dr. Hubbard, early in life, had married a daughter of S. B. Chittenden of Brooklyn, then a prominent figure in national politics. He had been for several years a widower, with three children, to whom he was passionately devoted: two daughters, Lucy and Sophy, and a son, Sherman, then in boarding school. The late Dr. William T. Lusk of New York, who married another daughter of Mr. Chittenden, was professor of Obstetrics at Bellevue. One day he called at the office. I do not remember ever having met a more cultivated and courteous gentleman. The impression was intensified when Dr. Hubbard remarked that, as a young man, Lusk had been a gallant officer, a colonel in the Civil War, and then added casually, "He has studied Gynecology very carefully." This may have been the entering wedge to a subject that subsequently engaged my chief attention. Hubbard pronounced the first syllable of Gynecology with a hard G, as in the proper name "Guy." To this day I have an almost irresistible impulse to continue the hard G, even though this syllable is correctly pronounced like the once familiar word "Gin." After my election as professor of Gynecology at the Northwestern University Medical School, Dr. Lusk was an honored and welcome guest at my house in Chicago.

Another Barnum, I think not related to Phineas T., was a not infrequent visitor at the Hubbard house. This was the Honorable William H. Barnum, later United

States Senator from Connecticut and Chairman of the Democratic National Committee in a presidential election. He received some notoriety from a cipher telegram which he sent to a subcommittee-"You may buy ten more mules" -which, on translation, authorized the expenditure, sub rosa, of fifty thousand more dollars. Barnum subsequently was known as "Ten Mule Barnum." The district in which Hubbard and Barnum lived was hopelessly Democratic. Barnum was nominated for Congress. The Republicans nominated Hubbard against him as the most popular man in the district in the forlorn hope that he might win. Barnum took the stump and lauded Hubbard to the skies as a splendid candidate. This very astute politician also impressed it upon the voters that it would be a calamity to send the greatest and most useful physician in the district to Washington. Needless to say, Barnum was elected.

With all his sense of humor, Hubbard was a child in finance. One day a former patient left \$50 with me, saying that he owed that amount. When I attempted to turn over the collection Hubbard said, "I never expected that sick rascal to pay anything. You can make better use of it than I can. Put it in your pocket." Frequently I applied electricity with an old Faradic battery in cases of rheumatism and of other maladies. The fee for this service

was \$1, which he always insisted that I should keep.

His account books were in a hopeless muddle. When he had filled a ledger he would open another without transferring the unclosed accounts to the new book. Thus he had four ledgers with open accounts in each, many of which were against the same people. I spent at least a month tabulating these accounts and transferring them to a new ledger. When the work was done, he expressed his appreciation in the form of a hundred-dollar bill and an order on the best tailor in Bridgeport for the "best suit of clothes

he could make." But it is hard to cure an old sinner. He glided back into the old groove of four or more open books.

On the day when I registered as a medical student with Dr. Hubbard, fortune again favored me. This time in the choice of a boarding house. Mrs. Henry M. Hine, the wife of an elderly gentleman formerly in affluent but now in moderate circumstances, provided me with comfortable quarters in the ample attic of her house. Her son occupied a bed in the same attic. Mrs. Hine attracted to her house some people of distinction, many of intellect, education and refinement. No one ever thought of her as the landlady. She was the lady of the manor, the Chatelaine. She stood to me almost in the place of a mother, sympathetic, understanding and responsive. The year which I spent under her care and influence was one of the happiest of my life. She was a sister of Mr. William Stanley, a member of the law firm of Pierrepont, Stanley & Langdell of New York. Edwards Pierrepont of this firm at one time was minister to England. Langdell became a professor in the Harvard Law School. Stanley was a graduate of Yale and a "Skull and Bones" man. The younger son, Henry Hine, Junior, was a student in the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven. For some reason, I think illness, he was obliged to be absent for a number of weeks from New Haven. Mrs. Hine asked me to be his tutor in Latin, in Greek and mathematics. Another boy, Walter Reed, the son of a leading merchant in Bridgeport, was in the same class with young Hine. They took lessons together in the same subjects. Mrs. Hine gave me my board for teaching Henry. The Reed boy paid me at the rate of \$2 an hour. I drilled these boys without mercy, put the fear of failure in them. They were fine students. When they returned to the Hopkins Grammar School, they had the habit of accuracy and speed and could shoot back the answers to questions like a rocket. The intensive drill which I had given them so impressed Mr. William L. Cushing, head master, that very soon he asked me whether I would take

the department of mathematics in the school.

The acceptance of this position would have interrupted my medical studies for at least a year to engage in work which did not essentially interest me. I consulted Dr. Hubbard. He knew from our conversations during our frequent excursions on medical and surgical jaunts all about my years of effort as a self-supporting student. He said, "You have managed through six years of it, why not keep on managing?" It was a tempting offer but I took the advice of Dr. Hubbard, although out of money, and kept

on "managing." This was in December, 1873.

Before the end of December the elder son of Mrs. Hine, William Stanley Hine, came home after an absence of four years during which time he had been out of school. He expressed regret that he could not go to college. I said to him, "You can." He replied, "I have no money. It takes three years to fit and I am twenty-one now. Too late." He had a smattering of Latin grammar and a little algebra, most of which he had forgotten. The Sheffield Scientific School then required several books of Cæsar, algebra, English and plane and solid geometry. He could be examined on some of these subjects the following June and the others in September. He had nine months. I offered to do my part if he would do his. "But how about the money?" He had musical talent and could earn something singing in church choirs. Mrs. Hine and I went to New York and interviewed her brother, Mr. Stanley, who generously offered to help out with a substantial amount. The boy was an excellent student. The following September, with minor conditions, he entered the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven and graduated three years later.

In addition to William Hine I had two other pupils in Bridgeport: one was James Torreson of Carson, Nevada; the other a younger son of L. B. Boomer of Chicago, president of the American Bridge Company, whose family were living temporarily in Bridgeport while he was engaged in the construction of the great bridge over the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie. Both boys fitted for Yale mostly under my instruction. After graduation Boomer was for many years a noted missionary in South America. Torreson became a leading lawyer in Nevada and held an important office under the Taft administration. In this way I easily earned enough money to support myself while carrying on my studies with Dr. Hubbard. My earnings varied from five to ten dollars a day, an amount which then had a purchasing power of at least double what it would have to-day.

The father of "Jim" Torreson, formerly a Virginian, was a successful mine owner and operator in Nevada. He gave his son a generous allowance. The first time I saw Jim-everyone called him "Jim"-he came with a letter from Cushing, previously mentioned as head of the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven. After presenting the letter, he said his father had told him that Yale was a great school, that he had "hit the trail" for New Haven "a week ago" expecting to go right into Yale College at once. When he applied for admission he said the tenderfoot registrar told him that if he was a good boy and studied hard he might possibly get into the freshman class in three years. Jim was an amusing boy. He said that the other tenderfoot, the grammar school gentleman, had told him that I was a quick actor and that I might tutor him into Yale in a year or might get him into an insane asylum.

He proceeded straight to business and inquired, "Can you do it?" He did not specify whether he meant Yale or the asylum. I replied by sending him to the book store for a Greek grammar, a Latin grammar, a Xenophon's Anabasis, a Cæsar's Gallic Wars, a book on English composition and a Robinson's Algebra. He knew nothing of Greek or Latin and only a little of algebra, had never learned how to study. In about three days he came to my room with signs of discouragement, sorry for himself, and wanted to know whether Greek was the hardest of all languages. I remembered my own struggles in fitting for college in less than a year of time, and had some sympathy for him, but nevertheless took the Spartan course and told him that Greek was one of the easiest languages, that if he was going to show the white feather, if he couldn't "stand the gaff," he might as well give up Yale at once and go back to Nevada. His pride came to the rescue and soon he was doing in one day as much as the ordinary boy in school would do in three.

The conventional method of teaching Latin or Greek was to keep the student for the best part of a year cramming and memorizing the Grammar, before permitting him to translate. I followed the method which my tutor Scott had used when he fitted me for college six years earlier. By this method the student begins translating at once. When he has mastered the first sentence of the Anabasis, for example, with everything in the Grammar which can relate to it, he goes on to the second and the third sentence, et cetera. By the time he has translated a page in this thorough manner, having learned all of the Grammar that can possibly apply to that page, he has had the joy of translating and has been saved the dry drudgery, dry as dust, of memorizing paradigms and rules for syntax. In two or three months Torreson was translating a

page or more of Latin and Greek a day, was well along through the coveted quadratics in algebra, and looking forward to the crossing of the "pons asinorum" over which he entered Yale College with credit the following September. Torreson came to New Haven superficially raw, untrained and awkward, dressed after the fashion of the mining camp. One morning after a holiday in New York he returned in a smart tweed suit with shoes, socks, shirt, necktie, watch chain, hair-cut and manicured nails to match, all quite in good taste and up to date. He gave no appearance of self-consciousness. It was as if he had been accustomed to such things always. From that time forward he rapidly put off unconvention and took on convention as a duck takes to water. The improvement was phenomenal and due perhaps, in a measure, to the discipline of hard study; also to the softening and refining influence of our social guardian, Mrs. Hine, but more essentially to the germ cells and chromosomes of the old Virginia stock. After he entered Yale he glided into the smart set and became a popular and general favorite.

The elder Torreson came from Nevada for a visit in he summer of 1874. He was a typical Rocky Mountaineer; could have made up as a Buffalo Bill and a bonanza king rolled into one. Dr. Hubbard and he were kindred spirits. Jim manifestly was proud of his father and on all occasions kept him in the foreground, but he took exception to his hat, a Stetson, conspicuous for its latitude, antiquity and longitude. One morning the old gentleman came down to breakfast complaining that some one had stolen his hat. I loaned him an old slouch hat of my own which evidently was fairly satisfactory, but Jim announced, sotto voce, that he had ordered a new hat from New York. When the hat came, Jim and I took it out of the box admiringly; it was a Dunlap, semi-soft, on the crest of the wave of the

latest fashion. Torreson, senior, put it on, looked in the glass and announced that it made him look like a monkey.

That day after dinner I came out of the dining room late. My old slouch hat was missing. I easily recognized the only hat on the hall table as the beautiful new Dunlap. I found Mr. Torreson sitting on the front porch in apparent comfort and indifference, fanning himself with my old slouch. I approached him deferentially and ventured to remark that inadvertently he must have taken my hat in mistake for his own. He responded, "Who said I took your hat?" Then he let loose, in a choice and picturesque vocabulary. He was Virginia born. "Ah want you to understand, suh, that I am a gentleman and that ah wear mah own hat." "But, sir," I ventured, "this hat which I found on the hall table is not my hat." "Ah don't give a damn, suh, whose hat that hat is," he responded with wellassumed ferocity, and then added with a suppressed smile, "Jim thinks he's damn smart." I needed a new hat.

Carson, Nevada, was on the map as a gold and silver mining camp with a full line of gambling, homicide, suicide, divorce and other industries, domestic and foreign. We suspected that Jim and his father hashed up some of their conversation on the subject for purposes of tenderfoot entertainment. The two following episodes appear authentic. Jim exhibited considerable curiosity about the people of Carson and the things which had taken place during his year of absence. He inquired: "What became of old Bill Dole?" Mr. Torreson couldn't remember him. Jim persisted, "Why, the fellow that kept the saloon under the Court House opposite the graveyard." Jim jogged his memory again, "You remember, father, the fellow that shot Skim Smith over the dealin' counter." "Oh, yes," said Torreson père, "he died in his boots." Jim was curious to know about another citizen, Budd Stevens. Mr. Tor-

reson affirmed sadly that Budd was a great loss to the community; that he was riding innocently down through the Gulch one day when a stranger appeared over the hill riding in the opposite direction. Mr. Torreson continued, "Now you remember that Budd was the soul of hospitality and so he put his hand to his hip pocket intending to pull out a flask and to ask the man to have a drink. The stranger, thinking that Budd was about to draw, drilled him clean through the head. Then he made an investigation, found the flask in Budd's pocket, and respected Budd's last wishes. Yes, Budd was a great loss, but such accidents are

bound to happen once in a while."

Under the stimulating and civilizing influence of Mrs. Hine her house was the rendezvous, the rallying point, for the social activities of the younger set. There were charades, tableaux, amateur theatricals, dancing, card parties, house parties, games, music and other entertainments. The young people took long walks by sunlight and by moonlight through the forests and on the beach of Long Island Sound. A favorite amusement was to charter a sailboat and picnic by moonlight a few miles out on the Sound. On such occasions Mrs. Hine went along as chaperon. Among the most frequent and welcome visitors to the Hine boarding house was Leonard Edgar Curtis, who had graduated from Yale College in 1872, and was a student in the Yale Law School. One evening after dinner several of us were sitting on the front steps. Lottie Hine, the younger daughter of the family, was outspoken in abusing Yale College and Yale men in particular. Soon Mrs. Hine beckoned me into her room in considerable excitement and announced that Mr. Curtis and Lottie were in love. "How can that be," I said, "since Lottie is vehement against all Yale men?" Mrs. Hine smiled an approving smile and replied, "Yes, but all this time the two sinners were squeezing one another's hands under cover." Seemingly the eyes of a mother can see through anything. Curtis finished his law course, became a successful Westinghouse patent attorney in New York, and was happily married to Lottie Hine. Several years later I sent him to Colorado Springs for tuberculosis where he recovered and became a distinguished expert in mining law and a very successful promoter of electrical power plants in the United States and Mexico.

The social activities of the younger set under the beneficent eye of Mrs. Hine went on apace, but my pupils and my duties as a medical student in the office of Dr. Hubbard kept me from most of them. Besides, I was serious minded, shy and, unfortunately, afraid of girls, but with a penchant for the intellectual serious-minded girl. So much so that I almost impoverished myself trying to make a bluestocking of my sister by sending her to Mount Holyoke Seminary. On this account, in order to tide over a temporary shortage, I borrowed \$200 of an obliging friend, a graduate of Yale, who offered to lend the money. In later years when the shoe was on the other foot I fortunately was able to reciprocate. I paid back this money more promptly than was convenient, for urgent reasons which soon will appear.

Unexpectedly I had entangled myself in an affair with a Vassar Bachelor of Arts, the sister of my quondam creditor. For the first time in my life I was "hard hit"; my mind completely taken off from my studies. All the cardinal symptoms were present-"Can't sleep, can't eat, can't drink, can't smoke, can't think." Of course, if a man is interested in a woman he should consider the question whether he would make her a good husband. This was the only point on which I was clear. It was the least of my troubles.

I made occasional visits to my wise and practical old friend and philosopher, Mr. George Rose, the piano-tuner of the village in Westfield, a lover of music and a lover of his race. I confided to him my interest in the Bachelor of Arts. His advice was like that of the late Sir William Osler addressing a class of recent medical graduates when he enjoined them to keep their affections in cold storage for the present. The subject is indeterminate. No man and few women have lived long enough to understand it. My own perturbations up to this time were in the nature of vaccinations but they were not quite protective. Lord Byron once remarked of himself, "I was a fool then and am not much wiser now."

Mrs. Hine made a quick diagnosis and offered her congratulations. I told her the truth. She was devoted to my interests and said, "If you really like this girl, I have reason to tell you that I think she likes you." This was a revelation. I was swayed by the idea that if a man is interested in a girl it might be well to tell her so. I always was temperamentally precipitant. If I want anything I am apt to "want it bad and to want it now."

In the impetuosity of youth which has a reckless disregard for consequences, I was like a boy shivering on the bank of a swimming pool who listens to the other boys when they shout, "Come on in; the water is fine." I took my life in both hands and plunged. The Bachelor of Arts was not precisely repellent. She was judicial, severely judicial. She said, "Of course you understand that this is our secret." There was no metaphysics, no poetry, no trace of coquetry, no outlet in any direction. The affair ran on with an occasional interchange of letters, all friendly, all interesting, but not inspiring.

At about this time Mr. Rose took me into his confidence with an account of a lifelong romance of his own. When a young man fifty years earlier, he became engaged to the daughter of a farmer in Granville, Massachusetts, whose father objected to him because he was not a sufficiently horny-handed son of toil but was given to playing the fiddle at all the country dances in the vicinity. The farmer didn't propose to have a fiddling son-in-law. The engagement was broken and the girl married the son of another farmer. She was now about seventy and a widow, having raised numerous children and distributed them around in the neighboring farms in Granville. Mr. Rose, well over seventy-five, never had recovered from this first love, although he did not say that he had not survived several others in the interval.

At the time when I visited him he was manifestly in a serious frame of mind and warned me to be prepared for a surprising announcement. A few days after the warning I found a telegram on my desk:

"NEVER DESPAIR I WAS MARRIED YESTERDAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON MY WIFE.

GEORGE W. ROSE."

This marriage of delayed sentiment turned out as happily as could be expected under the circumstances. I visited Mr. and Mrs. Rose several times. She was a devoted wife and nurse to her husband during his declining years and looked up to him as a sort of superman, but he had outstripped her intellectually and socially. In a similar case Oliver Wendell Holmes once facetiously remarked that he supposed it would be useless to inquire whether they had any grandchildren.

Mr. Rose never regarded my affair with enthusiasm. Finally my Vassar graduate reminded me that I was not a Christian, that she could marry no one whom she could not meet in Heaven. This was proselyting and not the true reason. Experience has shown that if a woman loves a man she will go to Hell with him. The girl was right. I was not qualified to hang up my halo in that front hall. Neither

was I to be ornamented for life with the tag of a man disappointed in love.

"If she be not kind to me what care I how kind she be?" I did care, but I had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. When 1876 was gliding from time into what seemed an eternity, I ceased to be a suitor of the Bachelor of Arts. With the romance of Mr. Rose before me as a warning I had taken thought for the morrow.

In the prosaic round of a medical student I continued my studies in the office of Dr. Hubbard.

In consideration of the benefits of the library and the laboratory and the clinical experience, I felt an obligation to do what I could in keeping track of the business of the office. On this score the doctor was most lenient. He was aware that I was engaged at least two or three hours a day with my pupils, but his toleration went further. One day he noticed that I was having a persistent cold and cough. He said abruptly, "You are grinding a little too hard. I want you to shirk a bit. You must keep on with your teaching. Remember that there is considerable fun going on at the Hine boarding house. Don't fail to get your share. Shirk the office work. Let up on reading medicine for a few weeks and cultivate laziness." I was dumfounded. I did not understand until he came to the climax. He intimated that there was a good deal of consumption in the world and that I might pick up some of it. No one ever had heard of the bacillus tuberculosis nor of any other disease germ. He was keen on much that is called modern medicine, a great clinician.

After I had been in Bridgeport a year, I decided to go to the Yale Medical School. This decision to shift my activities to New Haven may appear sudden. But then suddenness was always my besetting sin. However, though, as usual, I had to pay my way as I went, my venture was not quite haphazard financially. Cushing and Curtis of the Hopkins Grammar School had assured me that there were in New Haven numerous new kinds of "idiots"; sons of

wealthy families who would need tutoring.

The time of which I write was the beginning of a radical change in the methods of medical education. Previous to that time the medical student got much of his training by a soaking process, reading medical books, riding over the country with his preceptor and hearing him talk about patients, generally patients who had escaped with their lives. Let us put the best foot forward. When a number of students were together in one office they sometimes had set for them definite lessons in text-books from which they recited regularly. Admittance examinations were not required in medical schools. So that I needed no special preparation for entrance at Yale.

The Bridgeport acquaintance I was leaving included many interesting and charming people. Some philosopher has remarked that one seldom numbers among his intimate personal friends more than two or three people. Here they were.

Mrs. Hine had given me a new and sympathetic understanding of people and of the gentle art of living. Curtis was to be my chum and constant companion in New Haven; the intimacy continued to the end of his life, nearly fifty years. Dr. Hubbard had materially changed my outlook on medicine. It now appeared more worth while, more comprehensive, more dominating. He had stamped his individuality upon me so far as I was competent to receive it. All this in one short year.

Before I left Bridgeport Dr. Hubbard gave me letters to several people in New Haven. In one letter he fell into his humorous mood, saying, "Dudley is a first-class specimen of the genus homo and unlike Adam made himself." Last of all I took leave of Mrs. Hine who, as I was about to start for the railway station, said, "Don't look so gloomy, you are going to spend fifty-two Sundays in this house next year."

Dr. Hubbard, Mrs. Hine and Curtis have gone. I wonder how they could possibly be needed so much in Paradise as they are needed here.



CHAPTER VIII

MEDICAL EDUCATION

MRS. HINE had made her house in Bridgeport a rallying point for some of the younger Yale graduates who were holding subordinate positions in various departments of the university, and through them I had some acquaintance in New Haven before going there, not least among whom was Jenkins, a chemist connected with an agricultural institution near New Haven. He radiated wit and humor. Anyone who ever saw Jenkins would want to see him again. Cushing and Curtis, already mentioned, together with Jenkins were the media through whom, soon after I entered the Yale Medical School, I came into relation with a group of fellows humorously called "The Starvation Club."

The slogan of The Starvation Club was from a hexameter line of Horace, "Quæ et quanta virtus, boni, sit vivere parvo." "What and how great a virtue may it be, good men, to live upon a little." The club was loosely organized or rather not organized at all. Any good fellow was welcome. Somehow no others came. Much rollicking gossip from students of the law, medical, divinity and other departments filtered into this circle and was served up with embroidery, usually in fantastic shape. The talk was always decorous but some of it would have been unsuited to a Sunday school.

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There was a man doing advance work, I think in English, who had distinguished himself as "a bone head" in mathematics. He himself told the story. He was walking out toward East Rock and came across Professor Newton, one of the greatest mathematicians of his time. The professor accosted him pleasantly and although they never met before they walked along together. Newton for a long time appeared to be lost in abstraction. Finally his eve brightened, his pace slackened and he announced that he had during the walk worked out a simple demonstration of what hitherto had been a most difficult and complicated problem in mathematics. Then he went over the demonstration and, turning triumphantly to his companion, said, "that proves it." The mathematical dummy replied, "Does it?" "Why, yes," said the professor, "don't you see? I will go over it again." So he went over the demonstration again and again and again, each time closing with the oracular words, "Now that proves it," and each time the bewildered listener responded, "Does it?" Finally the professor collapsed, humiliated, and said, "By Jove, there is a flaw in my demonstration. How does it happen that I never heard of you before? As a critical mathematician you are a wonder."

Jenkins' room was near our dining room. His chum had placed in the room a statue of the Venus di Milo. Jenkins, in the absence of his chum, had decked her all out as a sister of charity and was brought to mock trial "for profaning this beautiful work of art." He made a spirited defense, alleging that the "tout en scramble" in its original form was immodest and that he didn't "propose to share the responsibility of having that nasty woman in his room

any longer."

There was at the club table a High Church Episcopal theological student named Paul, a born pontiff, who on

extreme provocation surprised himself in using a cuss word. While he was trying to stammer out a retraction, Jenkins, our "court jester," said: "Be careful. Look out, Paul. The Apostles will take their hands right off."

About this time many students were seized with a meritorious and original idea for the interior decoration of their rooms and for this purpose whenever they were coming home late at night they borrowed, without too much discrimination from the tradesmen up and down Chapel Street, many kinds and conditions of signs and advertisements. Wooden Indians were taken from cigar stores, statues of Robert Burns, Robert Emmet and Walter Scott from saloons, queer signs such as "Boarders Taken In," quack medicine advertisements with one picture of the victim before taking, and another after taking. One furrier had a sign, "Don't let your furs lay around and get moth eaten." There was a tradesman who announced, "No trouble to show goods" and "If you don't see what you want ask for it." There were advertisements of corsets, curling irons, bustles, false teeth, wooden legs, mixed drinks, besides a choice assortment of such things as pewter cats, iron dogs, stone jugs and brass monkeys. The relations between the tradespeople and the students were strained. Officers with search warrants invaded the dormitories. Feeling ran high.

In order to show that "students were being deprived of their rights under the constitution" six of them one afternoon purchased on Chapel Street a barber's pole, twenty feet long, paid for it and took a receipt. A little after midnight the same six fellows took possession and proceeded to carry the pole to their rooms. On their way they refreshed at Moriarty's, then a popular ale house where they took "a glass o' yale" more or less. As they were about to proceed they found two policemen in

possession of the barber's pole. "You are caught with the goods on you. Now come right along," they said. The students insisted that they had bought the barber's pole, paid money and had a receipt. The officers laughed them to scorn and marched them with the barber's pole to the police station, three students holding on at each side of it. The captain of the precinct examined the receipt and turned the students loose. The escapade was repeated several times that night at different police stations. Finally a police captain, with some sense of humor, detailed a squad of "cops" to carry the barber's pole to the rooms of these young gentlemen under their escort. According to my chum, Curtis, the barber's pole trick originated at New Haven and was perpetrated by Yale undergraduates. Later it was copied at other colleges and published at one of them as an original prank.

I resurrect one of the many stories current about Professor Hadley of the Greek Department, father of Arthur Hadley, former president of the University. It was reported that when Arthur Hadley was born he looked up to his father and exclaimed in Greek ἔρχομαι πάτερ, using the present tense of the verb meaning "I come," and the Greek noun meaning "father," that is, "I come, father." The professor is said to have replied "No, my son, momentary

action complete, second aorist, ηλθον."

There is another story which dates back in the "fifties" about Hadley, told by Dr. Robert Hubbard of Bridgeport. One day Hadley was conducting a recitation in Homer,—an account of Achilles, cast ashore on a desert island. It appeared that the hero, famished and naked, espied the Goddess Kalipso from afar and being a modest man he hesitated whether to address her at a distance or go forward and embrace her knees and implore mercy. Finally he compromised, and as the translation runs, he cut a twig

to cover his middle part. The student rendered the Greek into the equivalent Latin, "pudenda viri." "Excellent," said the professor. "You have thrown the Greek into another language. Very delicate! A good translation!" The next day, on review, the passage fell to a student who was distinguished as the college bull. He translated, "He cut a twig to cover his—to cover his—to cover his—" first on one foot and then on the other—"to cover his—" But he could not recall the words "pudenda viri." After a painful pause, Hadley with his characteristic sardonic grin remarked, "That will suffice, Mr. Green; some people are exceedingly modest at times."

Coming to New Haven comparatively unknown, from a "fresh water college," I had no special reason to anticipate any recognition beyond the ordinary civilities. We have always heard about the Yale spirit, mention of which sometimes causes Harvard and Princeton men to raise their eyebrows as if it were a huge joke. I found that there was a definite Yale spirit which to an outlander takes the form of hospitality and makes one feel at home. Although in residence there less than a year I left New Haven with acquaintances and friends that have continued and increased ever since.

The Yale spirit seemed to inspire our companionship both in the Starvation Club and on Long Island Sound. I had brought my canoe from Dartmouth and converted it into a four-oar working boat with outriggers. My chum Curtis and I made almost daily use of this boat up and down the coast and on holidays for more extended voyages to near-by towns, especially for frequent excursions to the house of our best-beloved objective, the Lady of the Manor, Mrs. Hine in Bridgeport. "Week-ends" were not in our ken those days. We stayed "over Sunday." The acute attraction for Curtis was the daughter of the house,

Lottie Hine. To this affair I was a lonesome and semienvious witness.

Our boat landing in New Haven was close to the boathouse of the Yale crew, and going back and forth we kept in touch with much that went on in the boating world of the University. There was a chap who had an unhappy ambition to be on the University crew. No one, excepting himself, had any idea that he could qualify, but the fellow haunted the boathouse so persistently that the trainer told him to get into a shell and show what he could do. He rowed back and forth several times and then with his chest thrown out and with great assurance walked up to the trainer, who said, "Well, is that the best you can do?" The fellow responded, "Isn't that pretty good?" The trainer was forceful. He replied, "Any man who pretends to row ought to be able to paddle a coffin across Hell with a teaspoon faster than that."

At or about the time when I was in New Haven, Captain Cook with his then famous Yale stroke was training the crew, and Alonzo Stagg, now athletic director of the University of Chicago, coached the footbal teams, and Yale was on the crest of the athletic wave. Curtis in his undergraduate days had been on the crew. There was a Yale-Harvard ball game at Princeton at which Yale was victorious and a complimentary dinner was given in New Haven to the Harvard men as they were returning to Cambridge. The Harvard men admitted graciously that they were at a disadvantage against Yale when the game depended upon anything below the neck. One of the Yale tutors spoke handsomely of Harvard as a meritorious institution which should be encouraged and not permitted to close its doors an account of discouragements in athletics. A good-sized letter H had been served in each plate of soup. Then a Harvard professor, referring to the initial

H in the soup, expressed much gratification at the honor of being present on the first Yale occasion when letters were introduced.

Through my year at Yale I supported myself by tutoring. Soon after my arrival I had as many pupils as I could take care of, and at remunerative prices, \$2 an hour for one pupil, \$3 when two came together. These pupils commonly were designated by the humorous epithet, "pups." Most of them were boys who needed a lever to pry them into college, or a derrick to lift them above the passing mark.

The lectures at the medical school consumed nearly the whole day, so that there was difficulty in finding time for any pupils until I bethought me of chemistry, of which I had previously taken more than the school required. Accordingly I applied to the professor for advance examination in that department. Relief from chemical lectures gave me one hour of leeway and I secured two additional hours by cutting subjects on which I could do as well by reading as by attending the lectures.

The history of medical education in this country cannot be written without taking into account Nathan Smith, founder of the Yale Medical School. Sir William Osler once said that if he had pneumonia and believed in Theosophy he would invoke the reincarnation of the old pioneer, Nathan Smith.

Nathan Smith was born in Massachussetts and settled in Cornish, New Hampshire. He was born in 1762 and at the age of twenty-eight was following the plow. He borrowed medical books from the family physician, as one may learn from a recent book by a fellow-student of mine at Dartmouth, Samuel Powers; and became such a medical enthusiast that he went before the trustees of Dartmouth College and impressed them so much that they loaned him money to go abroad for medical study. In 1797 he de-

livered his first course at the college. At that time he had not received a medical degree nor was he licensed to practice. Later the College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine and in 1799 he was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He founded the medical schools of Dartmouth in 1798, Yale in 1812, Bowdoin in 1821, and the University of Vermont in 1821 and lectured at all these schools, usually going from one to the other, lecturing at two or three schools in the same year. As Oliver Wendell Holmes once remarked of him, he never filled a chair, but since he lectured on all medical subjects "he occupied a settee."

He was the pioneer of a notable group of peripatetic medical teachers, among them Gross, Ford, Dunglison, Crosby, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Peaslee, Dunster, John Ordronaux and many others. Even as late as my time Ford, one of the greatest of anatomical teachers, was dividing his time between the University of Michigan and Long Island College Hospital. "Ben" Crosby then lectured at Dartmouth, Bellevue and Long Island. As a student in 1874 and 1875 I sat on the benches as a matriculant or visitor under Ford, Crosby, Dunster, Peaslee and John Ordronaux.

Ordronaux, a graduate of Dartmouth, 1850, was qualified both as a physician and a lawyer and often was spoken of as the Oliver Wendell Holmes of New York. He was professor of medical jurisprudence in many law and medical schools, and I think was at one time Commissioner in Lunacy in the State of New York. On one occasion it was reported that the political bosses of that state met in caucus late one night in Congress Hall at Saratoga Springs, on the eve of a convention, to make up a slate to be submitted to the convention for the nomination of state officers. The old guard, Roscoe Conkling, Governor Morgan, Governor Cornell, Chester A. Arthur and Stewart L. Woodford were said to have been present. They expressed their preferences all through the long and tiresome list from Governor down until they came to the last and most unimportant office, Commissioner in Lunacy. Here was an impasse. Finally some one said, "Well, whom do you want for Commissioner in Lunacy?" No response until everyone had signified his indifference. Then some one casually solved the problem by saying, "Well, suppose we let the convention nominate him."

A few days ago I ran across an ancient medical book translated by Ordronaux, "The School of Salernum." This school flourished in Italy in the early Christian era. The translation and the original Latin are on opposite pages. One couplet reads:

> "If through the night your drink has hit you, Take a hair of the dog that bit you."

The same sentiment, I am told, goes back to the Chaldeans, possibly to the Chinese, but, alas, Ordronaux and

the others, the peripatetics have passed. Prosit!

The Yale school was superior to many other similar institutions in the social status of its professors and in the relative absence of what is called "roughhouse" among its students. I use the word "relative," having particular reference to another school in which one of the professors was never allowed to begin his lecture until he told a risque or a barnyard story. The only infraction of decorum in my time at Yale was a demonstration or a series of demonstrations against a platitudinous teacher of chemistry. This man would spend an hour telling us all about the Grotto del Carne and how a dog would fall down dead if he attempted to walk through it, because of the deadly carbonic

acid gas which, being heavier than air, would settle to the bottom; while a man with his head in the upper air above the gas could walk through this noxious cave inviolate. Then he would drool at length and tell us how to go down into a well: "Always hold a lighted candle below the level of your neck whenever you go down into a well. Particularly, never allow yourself to be let down head first into a well without carrying a lighted candle in front of you, because, I repeat, if there chance to be any carbonic acid gas in the well it will extinguish the candle and give the alarm." Sometimes a student would ask him a trumped-up question. His blinking stock reply was, "We don't know, we can't tell, we merely know the facts."

One day this professor was trifling over a pneumatic trough. Several paper wads in the manner of projectiles began to describe the arc of a parabola and landed on his neck and face. He struck a dramatic attitude and declaimed, "Gentlemen, I am Nature's Priest and insulting me you insult the God of Nature." The paper wads continued to sail. He paced up and down in front of the trough tearing his hair and shouting, "If I was strong enough, gentlemen, and I wish to God I was, I would sink the whole class in that trough." Such unseemly demonstrations would not be tolerated in a medical class to-day. The occasional jeu d'esprit on the part of a professor now must be subtle, not too obvious. An obnoxious or incompetent professor should be eliminated in a decorous manner; perhaps induced to eliminate himself.

There was another professor at Yale who was retained as an expert for a handsome fee, I think \$20,000, to examine and report for the benefit of prospective buyers of stock in a Colorado gold mine. He made a dazzling, rose-colored report. Much stock was sold in consequence; but the mine had been salted and turned out worthless;

it was the famous or rather the infamous Emma Mine. The professor's life was made miserable, for every time he crossed the campus, some heartless student would shout "Whoa, Emma!"

My activities in the medical school consisted for the greater part of a dull routine, mostly memorizing. Measured by present-day standards the clinical and laboratory courses were negligible. We did some desultory dissecting in the anatomical room. Pathological training was rare in the medical college of America until Professor William H. Welch established systematic courses in that department about 1880 in Johns Hopkins University. However, there were in those days some great clinical observers, especially among the peripatetics whom I have mentioned. When they saw a patient they saw a sick man. To-day the laboratory habitué may see, through the microscope, only the wart on the end of a man's nose, even though the man may have consumption.

The Yale school, like other schools of the period, was short on laboratory facilities. According to my memory there were two outstanding men on the faculty. They were Professor Bacon, son of Lionel Bacon of the Divinity School, and Professor David P. Smith of Springfield, Massachusetts, a grandson of Nathan Smith, the founder of the college. Both were exceptionally able men. Neither was an inspiring teacher, but one could learn medicine there. Results are not always proportionate to appliances. A good student will learn anywhere; a poor one will fall by the wayside under the most favorable conditions.

Michael Faraday offers a good illustration of the disproportion between appliances and results. It is said that when courtiers were sent to give notice that the King would decorate him, they found a man in an unfurnished top attic sitting on a rough box. They said, "We are looking for the great scientist, Michael Faraday." He replied, "I am Faraday." The courtiers then said, "Will the great scientist show us his laboratory and the appliances with which he has made his wonderful discoveries?" Faraday, then pointing to a gallipot, a jug of acid, a coil of copper wire, and some carbon, replied, "This is my laboratory and these are the appliances with which I have made my discoveries."

Samuel Johnson, professor of chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School, at whose house I was a frequent visitor in 1874 and 1875, remarked one morning at the breakfast table that when a young man he was ambitious to know all that was known of chemistry, but that this had become an impossibility because the subject had grown faster than he could study. Francis Bacon proposed to take all knowledge for his theme, little realizing that his inductive philosophy was to clear the way for an amount of scientific knowledge so great that the most learned can grasp only a small part of it.

As the 1874 and 1875 session at the Yale Medical School was drawing to a close late in February, I took counsel for the future with Dr. Hubbard, who agreed that since my studies in Bridgeport and New Haven had been seriously interrupted by outside work it would be wise, therefore, to take the regular spring course at Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn. This would round out the year and put me in shape for a final course the following year in one of the New York colleges. My earnings during the preceding fall and winter had been large enough with reasonable economy to have left over a sufficient reserve to cover the expense of the proposed Long Island course, but I had spent most of it; not in riotous living, but in maintaining a high average among my new associates. My besetting extravagance had been the buying of books, not books that I needed for use, but books that I wanted for

sentiment-a sporadic attack of bibliomania. Now when I needed ready money, a stock of books stared me in the face. The situation was complicated by a Banquo's ghost in the form of an unpaid bill from Judd & White, the principal book sellers in New Haven. I recall vividly directly before me a mammoth Liddell & Scott's Greek Lexicon, too big to go in a book shelf. It looked me out of countenance and said plainly, "Why ever did you lug me into this place?" Then all the other books took up the rebuke, and mockingly inquired, "Why are we here? You seldom turn our leaves and you wouldn't appreciate us much if you did." I took the unpaid bill to Judd & White, who considerably cancelled it on return of the books for which I had not paid and gave me a reasonable allowance for most of the others. The amount resulting from this transaction was enough in addition to what I had saved to finance me for the coming session at Long Island College Hospital.

On leaving Yale, I turned my canoe over to an appreciative companion, a young banker in Bridgeport, Connecticutt, Herman Briggs, who promised to love and cherish her "until death do us part." For years afterwards I had occasional dreams of paddling her over seas, deserts and mountains. Would the Freudians call this an example of the much-discussed sex-complex?



CHAPTER IX

LONG ISLAND COLLEGE HOSPITAL

FORTUNATELY on my arrival in Brooklyn I came across Dr. George H. Atkinson of the Class of 1871, Dartmouth, one of the instructors at Long Island, whom I had known in college as an upper classman. He not only "put me wise to all the ins and outs" of the institution, but gave me a share of his bachelor quarters which were connected with his office. Very early in our association he showed me a case of disease hittherto called Perityphlitis, meaning inflammation around that part of the large intestine known as the cacum. This was a misnomer based on an incorrect conception of the malady. Atkinson explained that he was convinced from post-mortem examinations, that the inflammation was not around the cæcum but in the appendage of the cæcum, known as the vermiform appendix. He therefore was among the first to predict the epoch-making observation which soon was followed by the now classical operation of appendectomy. He began his medical career brilliantly. Unfortunately he succumbed ten years later to the very disease which he had outlined. He was a popular teacher and a prince of good fellows.

There was in the class a man who had practiced in the back country nearly fifty years without the formal qualification and then, at the age of seventy, was attending lectures for the creditable purpose of obtaining a diploma.

The professor of anatomy, on quix one day, wishing to give him an easy question asked him to define the vermiform appendix. He could not recall the anatomical names of the adjacent parts but he gave an excellent descriptive reply which was, "That little thing that sticks out." Few surgeons if any fully realized in 1875 that "the little thing that sticks out" was a deadly assassin, the removal of which was destined to save countless thousands of lives.

Long Island College Hospital always has made the claim, which so far as I know is justified, of having been the first combination in America of a medical college and a hospital under one roof, and for this reason the school must be regarded as a pioneer in modern clinical instruction. When I was there this phase of the curriculum was given more prominence than was usual in most medical colleges.

The faculty of the school contained several men of distinction, notably Daniel Ayer, Samuel G. Armour, Alexander

J. C. Skene and Gordon L. Ford.

Professor Ayer, familiarly called "Dan," had retired from active teaching but, as professor emeritus, gave a limited number of lectures remarkable for their scientific and oratorical quality. He would always arrest attention as a man of commanding presence. A story is told of him in connection with a faux pas on the part of the Brooklyn police. One morning in the small hours "Dan" was going home with a set of obstetric forceps protruding from the deep pocket of his ulster. Some wag "put the police wise" with a statement that a burglar answering Dan's description would board a certain street car at about a certain time and that they would recognize him by the burglar's tools of shining steel which they would see protruding from his overcoat pocket. Accordingly Dan was "run in" by a brace of policemen and handed over in triumph to the captain of the precinct. The case was duly

called and the captain, turning to the officer, said, "Well, what has he been doing?" "Sure," said the officer, "he's a burglar. I took him with the goods on him." Then the officer, displaying the burnished steel of the forceps said, "Look o' the likes o' thim." The captain was interested and examining the forceps with great care inquired, "What are you doing this time of the night with them tools?" Dan replied with gravity that he was no burglar, he was an antiquarian. "What is that?" said the captain. "An antiquarian," Dan replied, "is one who collects curiosities." "What's them tools?" said the captain. "Dan" replied, "They are the sugar tongs which the giants use on Mount Parnassus." "Remarkable," said the amused captain. "The prisoner is discharged."

Armour was one of the most engaging teachers of the theory and practice of medicine. He was as far ahead of his time then as he would be behind the time now. He was one of the last of that distinguished group of peripatetics whom I have mentioned and in 1875 was dividing his time between the University of Michigan and Long Island College Hospital.

Skene was a man in a million; a Scotsman with all the wit, humor and courtesy of an Irishman, and the solidity of the Scot thrown in for good measure. In his introductory lecture at the beginning of the course he discussed Gynecology as a special field of practice and alluded to the disposition of good many physicians to decry Gynecology as a barren ideality. Then he made the laconic observation that he hoped in the course of the winter to show us that there really was such a subject. At the time I was not specially interested in Gynecology, but his clearness of the statement was so great that I remember more of what he told us than of the teachings of any other professor. This really is the criterion of judgment in estimating a teacher.

His histological and psychological description of woman-kind was unique: He said: "Woman is composed of molecules and atoms. Each molecule and each atom is governed from birth until death by a special law which differs from the law that governs any other molecule or atom, and a correlated fact is that from birth to death each molecule and each atom continually breaks the law that governs it." In discussing displacements of the uterus, he cautioned us not to trust a woman with a pessary without due reflection because, he said, "If you once give a woman a pessary, to correct a displacement, she will forever after, while she is wearing the pessary, attribute all of her ills to it; but if you take it out she will attribute all of her ills to the absence of it."

Ford was in the foremost rank as a teacher of anatomy. He suffered from a disability which obliged him to use a cane and often a crutch in walking. He usually dispensed with the services of a prosector. Through the mists of fifty years I can see him with deft hand and delicate touch making a dissection, the beauty of which I have never observed before nor since and then revolve the table on its swivel as if he was handling a machine gun and then drive home the lesson in words that sounded like the tinkling of a silver bell; and clinch the idea as he looked up to the benches with his winning smile—"Now, gentlemen, forget that if you can."

Bunker was the significant name of our obstetrician, only paralleled by Jordan, the name of the principal undertaker in Chicago. One day Bunker, who was a pictorial character, closed his lecture by giving us the length of the child in utero at the end of each of the nine months of uterogestation, a difficult thing to retain by mere force of memory. The next day he called me on quiz and asked for the lengths at the end of each month. I shot the answers back

at him rapidly. He said, "Mr. Dudley, you have remembered what I told you yesterday very well." "But, sir, I have not remembered what you told us. I have remembered only the number three." "Explain yourself," said the professor. The explanation was simple. "For the first three months, beginning with one third of an inch, multiply at the end of each month by three. The second three months, add three inches to the length at the end of each month. The third three months, add two inches to the length at the end of each month. Thus you have an approximate series of measurements:

End of first month—One third inch.
End of second month—One inch.
End of third month—Three inches.
End of fourth month—Six inches.
End of fifth month—Nine inches.
End of sixth month—Twelve inches.
End of seventh month—Fourteen inches.
End of eighth month—Sixteen inches.
End of ninth month—Eighteen inches.

"A good labor-saving device," said the professor.

Professor Plimpton of the Chemistry department was a clear incisive lecturer who at the time was chiefly distinguished as a chemical expert in the selection of the stone that went into the great Brooklyn Bridge which then was building.

Dr. John A. McCorcle, afterward professor of the theory and practice of medicine, was an instructor. I came much under the influence of him and of Atkinson, both of whom gave me special advantages. I owe them much.

Jarvis Wight, professor of surgery, was small of stature, careless of dress and personal appearance, abrupt and pedagogic of manner, of minimum sense of humor and maximum seriousness. He did not comb his hair too much.

Between sentences in lecturing he snuffled up, i.e. drew in his breath sharply through his nose; but he did put the fear of Wight in my soul. I was more afraid of him on quiz and examination than of any other professor. 1875 a new nomenclature in science was coming to the front, serial works in popular science coming out, such as Balfour Stuart on the "Conservation of Energy or Correlation of Force," and Cook's "New Chemistry," of the International Scientific Series. Wight was keen on all the recent terminology. To him, healing processes for example were "molecular." He had a penchant for calling a wound not a wound but rather "a solution of continuity." heim's theory of wound healing by seroplastic infiltration, i.e., a process of granulation, then was a recent contribution to modern surgery. One morning on quiz he called my name and said "Mr. Dudley, what is granulation?" Of course I told him with apparent innocence "granulation is the molecular repair of a solution of continuity by seroplastic infiltration." Wight apparently thought that I was having fun with him. My scientific definition put me back in surgery at least three weeks. Despite his eccentricities he was a good surgeon. I recall a seemingly intractable epidemic of erysipelas in the hospital, then a common experience. No one had a clear conception of asepsis and antisepsis. Wight, in advance of his time, cut this epidemic short by the establishment of the invariable rule that no one should touch a patient, particularly a patient with a wound, without previously washing his hands thoroughly and then immersing them in a solution of chlorinated soda. This solution was recognized as a strong deodorizer. We did not then make a clear distinction between a deodorizer and a germicide. This was before the day of clean surgery. At that time we usually washed our hands after rather than before an operation. We appreciated æsthetic cleanliness

but were blind to surgical cleanliness. Professor Wight demonstrated his eminent fitness for his work by continuing to occupy the chair of surgery until his retirement with

honor at an advanced age.

One of the regents of the college was a dignified Irishman, a retired physician named Dudley, educated in Ireland and interested in all new departures in medical education, particularly in Long Island College Hospital, of which he was one of the founders. As a topic of conversation he once introduced the genealogy of the Dudley family and inquired whether I could give him any light on the Irish branch of the family. I replied that I could not and for that matter I was not familiar with the genealogy of my own branch before 1638, when my first Dudley American ancestor landed from Staffordshire in Boston; that about this time the famous Staffordshire knot was devised in order to meet the emergency of a rapidly increasing number of rogues in that particular shire, so many that they could not hang them fast enough and so devised this knot which would hang three rogues at one time. My host evidently feeling that I was making light of a serious subject was not quite responsive. I really was embarrassed and told Dr. Atkinson about the conversation as soon as I returned to our rooms. I am sure that Atkinson's response was jocose. He replied, "Don't you know that when Dudley lived in Ireland his name was Dooly?"

Atkinson and I took our meals usually at a boarding house across the street where we made the acquaintance of a very interesting elderly gentleman. No less a person than Mr. Beadle of dime-novel fame. Everyone at that time and long after had heard of Beadle's dime novels. He talked interestingly and appreciatively of Fenimore Cooper, Captain Mayne Reid and others, with whose writings he had been familiar in the course of business.

He resented the disposition of many people to speak of Beadle's dime novels as trash and to hold them up to scorn, and stoutly maintained that Beadle having made them popular, many imitators had gone into the field who really did publish trash and that his publications, like old dog Tray, were discredited in consequence of bad company. A comparison with much of the popular fiction of that period or of any period since would surely justify the claims of Beadle.

The deplorable Beecher-Tilton scandal was in full blast at this time and the trial which continued for weeks, with many of the most distinguished lawyers in New York taking sides, was widely headlined and set forth in the daily press of the whole country. Everyone, high and low, men, women and children, made it a subject of intimate conversation even to the sickening details. We were all at the breakfast table when in came the daughter of one of the families of the boarding house and said, "Mr. Beadle, do you think Mr. Beecher is guilty?" Mr. Beadle was in the act of raising a cup of coffee to his lips; he lowered the cup to the table and in the form of another question, administered a forceful though subtle rebuke, "Guilty of what, Madam?"

Fortunately the unwholesome discussion of the Beecher-Tilton scandal subsided and came to an end soon after the termination of the trial. In its ephemeral quality the interest in the Beecher-Tilton trial had, as I think, the advantage over another movement in the popularization of sex as a subject of conversation which came in years later with the advent of the Freudians, who appear to have "dug in" and to have intrenched themselves for a protracted campaign. I would not deny that there may be value in the doctrines of Freud. However that may be, I would seriously hold that only a few trained psychologists, who

also must be expert alienists or neurologists, are able to grasp or competent to interpret either the principles of Freud or the highly technical subject of Psychoanalysis. One holds this view rather more firmly when one considers a recent definition of the latter topic. "Phychoanalysis is an accredited method by which a man may have an indecent conversation with a decent woman."

These later interpretations were outside my ken when I was a student at Long Island College. I hardly noticed the Beecher-Tilton trial in the absorption in my work. I had no pupils nor other outside interests and therefore could devote my whole time to the curriculum. This gave me an unwonted sense of freedom; it was like taking a vacation. Late in May, a month before commencement, I began to take thought for the future, to consider whether I could earn or borrow enough money to pay for the proposed final course of lectures in New York the following fall and winter. My idea for the summer was to return to Dr. Hubbard in Bridgeport and go on with my studies in his office.

To have mentioned my plan of going to New York for graduation might have been undiplomatic at Long Island. Therefore I had spoken of it to no one except Atkinson. Everyone else took it for granted that, this being my second course of lectures, I would graduate at Long Island in June. The incidental trifle of keeping my affairs to myself, as the following will show, upset all of my immediate plans for the future, and thereby hangs a tale. I was neither to spend the summer in Bridgeport nor to go to New York in the fall.

At Long Island the valedictorian was not elected by the college as a reward for scholarship, but was chosen by the class. A class meeting was called. Some one made a motion that the class proceed to the election of a valedic-

torian, and notwithstanding a few scattering votes I was elected on the first ballot. This unexpected result gave me such a choking sensation in the throat that I was only able to stammer out some hesitating words of thanks and sit down with the conviction that if the class had been under the impression that they were selecting an orator, they were doomed to disappointment when the final test came.

My election as valedictorian, although gratifying, was embarrassing in the fact that I had been out of Dartmouth only two years and had been registered as a medical student only that time. Three years were required to make one eligible for graduation. I was not certain therefore that I could qualify. In this dilemma I appealed to Atkinson and charged him with having perpetrated that whole complication. I remembered him at Dartmouth as having been conspicuous in college politics. "Well, yes," he said with his mystic smile, "last week I did pass the word along to two or three fellows who promised to grease the wheels and not mention the matter to you." I asked him whether he knew of any way to arrange an equation that would make two years equal three. He replied that I had been five years in a drug store, that I had read and recited in anatomy during a good part of the last one of those five years and that I had dissected in the medical school at Dartmouth in my senior year and that consequently I was easily entitled to full credit of at least a year for my pre-Dartmouth work.

This statement of Atkinson, a member of the faculty, had official significance. I made a hurried journey to Westfield and laid the case before Dr. Ellery Channing Clark, who remembered my desultory anatomical studies seven years before and without hesitation gave me a certificate stating that I had studied medicine from June, 1867 to June, 1868. Then Dr. Hubbard gave me a letter of credit

for the other two years. Thus equipped I returned to Long Island and presented my credentials with full explanation. They were accepted by the college as satisfactory evidence that I had studied medicine three full years. The faculty evidently considered that my pharmaceutical training was fairly equivalent to a year of medical study.

In the course of my life I seem to have had more than my share of "close calls." The frequency and importance of these "close calls" and subsequent escapes have modified my natural tendency to the pessimistic outlook. One might consider them coincidences or accidents or the workings of Providence or the luck of the opportunities or fate or foreordination in which the freedom of the will has no part. Perhaps even the freedom of the will is foreordained; who knows? Whatever the explanation may be, I cannot account for my acrobatic progress by any quality personal to myself, unless there may be some possible inheritance from remote arboreal ancestors who swung by their tails, branch to branch, from one strategic position to another. You never can tell. Sometimes I have an impression of an aggregation of experiences like that mathematical student who in solving a problem made a mistake and then made a second mistake which balanced the first and finally brought out the correct answer.

It was the custom to give the valedictorian elect an advance examination in order to make sure that he would graduate, and then to give him time to write his valedictory by excusing him from lectures during the last few weeks of the term. Accordingly, I called upon the examiners, each of whom gave me an oral examination and a passing mark. I then made a visit to Bridgeport and there, under the benign influence of Mrs. Hine and the inspiration of Dr. Hubbard, attempted to compose the valedictory. My

previous training in English at Dartmouth had been confined to recitations from textbooks. Never before had I undertaken anything so ambitious as writing a valedictory. It was uphill work. When it was finished I returned to Brooklyn, committed it to memory, took some lessons in elocution of a man named Jelliff and waited for Commencement Day. I have before me a copy of the Brooklyn Eagle of date Friday evening, June 25, 1875, which contains a full account of the graduating exercises. A part of this report, which I append, gives an idea of the interest which the people of Brooklyn took in Long Island College Hospital.

YOUNG M.D.'S

COMMENCEMENT OF THE LONG ISLAND COLLEGE

Forty-four Graduates Receive Degree—An oration by John G. Saxe, LL.D.—The Valedictory by Dr. Dudley—Fine Music and a Brilliant Gathering in the Academy of Music.

The sixteenth annual Commencement of the Long Island College Hospital, an institution of which the city may well be proud, was celebrated last evening in the Academy of Music, in the presence of a brilliant audience, which crowded the spacious building to repletion.

The only decorations were some handsome baskets of flowers, which stood upon one of the tables on the platform. Conterno's Twenty-third Regiment Band furnished the music and most acceptably too. The stage was occupied by

THE REGENTS AND FACULTY

of the College in full force and a few invited guests, and the boxes on either side were crowded with elegantly dressed lady friends of the graduates. Among those on the stage were noticed the orator of the evening, John G. Saxe, LL.D., the Rev. Dr. Schenck, Rev. A. H. Partridge, Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., Rev. W. B. Leonard, Dr. Theodore L. Mason, Samuel G. Armour, M.D., LL.D., Thomas H. Rodman, President of the Board of Regents; Wm. J. Osborne, Secretary; Wm. H. Dudley, M.D., Treasurer, and Regents F. W. Keutgen, Reuben W. Ropes, Orville Oddie, R. J. Dodge, J. H. Prentice, C. L. Mitchell, M.D., John C. Southwick, John C. Beale, Cornelius Dever, Hon. Samuel Sloan, Hon. Jesse C. Smith, Chas. H. Christmas, Simeon B. Chittenden, Wm. B. Hunter, Joseph Ripley, H. C. Dyke, Horace Webster, George W. Mead, H. D. Polhemus and Hon. Demas Barnes.

Of the Faculty there were present Daniel Ayres, M.D., LL.D., Samuel G. Armour, M.D. LL.D., Gordon L. Ford, M.D., LL.D., George W. Plympton, A.M., Alexander J. C. Skene, M.D., Jarvis S. Wight, M.D., Jospeh H. Raymond, M.D., E. Seaman Bunker, M.D., George G. Hopkins, M.D.

At eight o'clock the gradutes, forty-four in number, proceeded down one of the aisles. They were all attired in full evening dress, including white kids, and the audience shook the building with applause at their appearance.

PRESENTATION OF GRADUATES

The graduates then marched upon the stage and stood in line while Professor Jarvis S. Wright pre-

sented them to the Regents in the following words:

"Mr. President: The following named gentlemen, having studied medicine during three years, under the direction of a legally qualified practitioner, and having attended two or more full courses of lectures in a regular college—the last of which being in the Long Island College Hospital, and having written an acceptable thesis on some medical subject, and having passed a satisfactory examination before the Council and Faculty of the College, are presented to you, who, on occasion, represent the guardians of the franchise of the Long Island College Hospital as qualified and worthy to receive at your hands the degree of Doctor of Medicine, viz.:

THE GRADUATES

1. Joseph B. Heald, Massachusetts.

2. Philip O. Porter, Michigan.

3. John B. Abercrombie, Tennessee.

4. John Merritt, New York. 5. J. C. M. Floyd, Ohio.

6. Wm. H. H. Halton, Illinois. 7. George Fletcher, New York.

8. Clark M. Jackson, West Virginia.

9. James H. Shorter, Georgia. 10. James H. Bates, Indiana.

Geo. H. Jennings, Connecticut.
 Calvin J. Helkst, Pennsylvania.
 James F. Preston, Connecticut.

14. Chas. A. Gallagher, Pennsylvania. 15. Wm. C. Burke, Jr., Connecticut.

16. Evan B. Jones, New York.

17. Robert G. Cornwell, New York.

18. Ruel S. Gage, Illinois.

19. Richard H. Criber, Kentucky. 20. Walter Lindley, Minnesota.

21. James J. Terhune, New York.

22. G. Manly Ransom, New York.

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23. Reuben D. Clark, New York. 24. George A. Rabbitt, Vermont.

25. John S. Daniels, New Hampshire.

26. James M. Ernst, Ohio.

27. Frank J. Robinson, Maine.

28. Emilius C. Dudley, A.B., Massachusetts.

29. Joseph Healey, New York.

30. M. Coffin, Maine. 31. Alvin Paul, Ohio.

32. James P. Boyd, Michigan.

- 33. E. Longston Mulligan, New York.
- 34. H. Burnham Savage, New York. 35. Herbert D. Hulburd, New York.
- 36. John Burrard, Pennsylvania.
- 37. Samuel Russell, Jr., New York.
- 38. Berridge C. Lucas. Illinois. 39. James C. Beach, New York. 40. George A. Wood, New York.
- 41. William H. Harris, M.D., Illinois.
- 42. E. A. Z. Klien, A. B., British Guiana.
- 43. Philip G. Goldberg, New York City.
- 44. Oliver J. O. Hughes, New York.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

Each of the young gentlemen was then presented with a diploma by Dr. Theodore L. Mason, President of the College Department, who addressed to them a few words of commendation, and called upon them to take the oath of Hippocrates, as follows:

We solemnly promise and declare that we will honestly, virtuously, diligently, and faithfully conduct ourselves in the discharge of the several duties of our profession; that we will strive to preserve its purity and promote its advancement; that we will be kind and attentive to our patients and their diseases, so far as our ability may avail, in such manner as shall most certainly secure their safety and aid. We

moreover solemnly declare that we will never by any consideration be induced to administer medicine or prescribe remedies for improper or pernicious purposes. And we further agree that in case of failure on our part to observe these obligations, the authorities of the college from whom we receive the right to exercise the healing art, may publicly revoke the same and declare our diplomas null and void.

The graduates bowed an assent and the President then conferred upon each of them the degree of

Doctor of Medicine, with all its powers.

The newly fledged M.D.'s were abundantly applauded as they left the stage. The audience seemed to be very kindly disposed to graduate E. A. Z. Klien, who is a colored youth of acknowledged ability from British Guiana.

AWARD OF PRIZES

The next thing on the program was the awarding of prizes by Prof. Armour.

Graduate Evan B. Jones received a beautiful case of instruments for the best report of Prof. Wright's clinical lectures, and Graduate B. C. K. Lucas received a prize of a case of instruments offered by Prof. Bunker for the best report of his lectures. Graduate E. C. Dudley, for the second best report of the same lectures, was presented with a set of Rockwell's forceps.

THE ORATION

The orator, John G. Saxe, one of the most distinguished littérateurs of New York, was then introduced by President Rodman. His address on the relation of

the physician and the patient was received with great enthusiasm.

THE VALEDICTORY

The valedictory was then delivered by E. C. Dudley, M.D., of the graduating class. The valedictorian was rewarded with hearty applause on the conclusion of his address, and was also presented with a magnificent basket of flowers.

The report of the Brooklyn Eagle is correct except on two points. We were not in evening dress. At that time many medical students did not possess evening dress. I myself did not have a dress-suit: I refused to rent one: and wore the old Prince Albert coat which was then permissible as a substitute. I am still waiting for the magnificent basket of flowers that greeted the valedictorian on the completion of his address.

It is interesting to note that in the list of forty-four graduates, with one or two exceptions, every name is evidently of British origin. The graduating class of any medical school to-day would include a large number which we are accustomed to relegate to the melting pot. The Kaskowiskis from Russia and other people of unpronounceable names from southeastern Europe would make up a large, possibly a preponderant, number. According to my recollection there were many men in the class of excellent education, but it so happens that there were only two Bachelors of Art; the other one being a colored gentleman named Klien from British Guiana, South America.

The valedictory, with its Victorian flourishes, was a terribly serious exuberance of my youth. Any curious minded person in pursuit of amusement may find it printed in full in the Brooklyn Eagle of June 25, 1875. Looking back over fifty years one may note a significant sentence: "A rational system of medicine must depend upon clear conception of those laws which underlie physical phenomena and must therefore depend mainly upon the physical sciences... as the deep and lasting foundations of rational medicine." Here was virtually a prophecy that the inductive philosophy of Bacon would apply in the future of medicine.

A recent number of the Alumni Journal of the Long Island College Hospital has referred to this valedictory of mine of fifty years ago; and commented on the fact that the implied prophecy has come true.

CHAPTER X

EARLY CHICAGO

A LTHOUGH my medical education filled the normal requirement of the time, it seemed to me incomplete in spite of my diploma from Long Island College Hospital. In order to make good my deficiencies I had tried to secure an interneship in the Long Island Hospital but was unsuccessful. While I was casting about for an opening in some other hospital, a Pittsburgh physician whom I chanced to meet told me of a vacancy at the West Pennsylvania Hospital in his city. This looked like a prospect and I took measures immediately to "stake off the claim." After a parting call on Professor Skene, who had shown me great kindness, I packed my small belongings and making a grateful farewell to my benefactor extraordinary, Dr. Atkinson, went directly to Pittsburgh.

This journey, the longest I had yet made, was over the railroad then known as the Pennsylvania Central, now a part of the Pennsylvania system. The novelty of the country through which I was passing was so great that I lay awake nearly all night looking out of the window of my berth upon the brilliant moonlight, almost as light as day. The train, drawn by two massive engines, swept along through western Pennsylvania, up from Harrisburg through an intensely industrial district, past estates of coal barons, on through Altoona and Cresson, over the Alleghanies; then

around the celebrated Horse Shoe Bend, down the valley to Pittsburgh at the junction of the Ohio and the Monongahela, reminiscent of Braddock's defeat. At Pittsburgh I was met by the physician who had told me of the vacant interneship. Together we called upon Dr. Le Moyne, a member of the hospital staff, then celebrated as a stanch advocate of cremation. He was a man of aristocratic appearance, of intelligent, austere and forbidding manner, acted as if he would like to cremate us then and there. His manner plainly said, "Why did you bring yourself and this person in here?" Books were on his desk, perhaps the "Religio Medici" and "Urn Burial," a book I had not yet read, only "thumbed over." We may have disturbed him when he was perusing the works of a favorite author who wrote "Hydriotaphia" and the "Supulchral Urns," but I myself have since found this writer, Sir Thomas Browne, so engaging that I could now excuse Dr. Lee Moyne. On our part we did our best to allay his irritation by taking an immediate change of venue. He may have suffered remorse on account of his lack of courtesy. At any rate, we appealed to other members of the hospital staff who promptly appointed me to the interneship, so far as I know, without any opposition from him.

The next day I was duly installed as resident physician and surgeon at the West Pennsylvania Hospital. It was an antiquated brick building with accommodations for perhaps one hundred and fifty patients. I suppose it was under the city government, and from the æsthetic point of view, harmonized well with the sooty environment of that enterprising municipality. A lay superintendent was in charge and presented the appearance of having waded into it out of the muck and mire of a city hall. I do not know how old this hospital was, and have seen but one that looked older. That was in Venice. I was being conducted

through it by an accredited official who pointed to the date of a thousand-year-old operating room, and with swelling pride and a sweeping gesture announced, "Multo Antico." A story not irrelevant is told of Whistler the painter who had taken from the streets of Paris a small boy as a model and tormented him by insisting that he was twenty years old. Oscar Wilde, who in his prosperous days haunted the studio, said to Whistler, "You know this boy is not twenty years old; why do you continue to torment him?" "Oh, yes," replied Whistler, "he is twenty. No boy could possibly get to be so dirty as he is in less than twenty years." The Pittsburgh Hospital was situated in a dreary waste on a side hill, isolated, and overlooking a city in which Dante might have written his "Inferno" without drawing

on his imagination.

There was at least one oasis in Pittsburgh, a little Catholic hospital tucked away somewhere, I have forgotten where, and presided over by the Sisters of the Church. I called upon the resident physician, a comparatively young man, who impressed me with his missionary spirit and devotional piety. A Sister of deferential manner conducted me through a tastefully furnished corridor over immaculately polished floors to the doctor's apartment. Here, after an informal greeting on the part of the doctor, another Sister of demure mien brought in a tray covered with a snow-white napkin, containing a bottle of Rhine wine, some little frosted cakes and other minor delicacies, all done apparently as the ordinary routine of the place. One could recognize this hospital as a survival of an ancient régime in the Middle Ages, a régime of the cloister, beautiful gardens, spacious walls, springs of water, friendly interiors and generous grounds. In contrast with this came the early Metropolitan hospital with its prisonlike bars, bare, undecorated walls, dark, stifling rooms, small windows, dismal sunless wards, each crowding together perhaps a hundred patients. In this little Pittsburgh hospital everyone inspired every other one to work. Is there some hierarchy holding sway over the Sisters of the church which impels them to work overtime with inadequate reason and for insubstantial reward? Seemingly the best things sometimes are done by unsocial and undemocratic methods.

Among the members of the staff at the West Pennsylvania Hospital were Drs. Sutton, McCann, Annandale and Daly, all men of good standing and considering the unfavorable environment they did excellent work.

An epidemic of typhoid fever had been raging in Pittsburgh and members of the staff were discussing the subject. The bacterial cause of the disease was then unknown, but Dr. Daly had a glimmering of it and remarked that all food should be sterilized by cooking and all drinking water by boiling and he added that in an emergency he would drink water even though it had been sterilized in a brewery. I missed the inspiration to which I had been accustomed in association with Dr. Hubbard and some of the men at Long Island. Besides, my cash in hand was running low and there appeared to be no way in Pittsburgh to replenish. I had many reasons for going elsewhere, some of which I gave to the Medical Board. They excused me from further service with the usual expressions of polite consideration. I had been two weeks in Pittsburgh when the hackman landed me at the railway station. He gave me a silver half dollar in change for the dollar which I had handed to him in payment for the fare. Holding the precious half dollar in my hand I sat down on my trunk and meditated. The east-bound met the west-bound train, as it rumbled into the station and filled it with a cloud of smoke dense enough to put even Pittsburgh in the shade,



GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD

(From a portrait by Sargent now in the possession of the State of Wisconsin Historical Library)



the dinner bell sounded and an unctuous voice proclaimed, "Twenty minutes for dinner."

As I sat on that trunk still clutching the silver coin in my hand I was conscious of being nearly bankrupt and quite homesick, but the main question was, Should I go east or west? I repeated mechanically the familiar rhyme, "East, west, hame's best."

I was still holding the coin and without any very definite purpose, but with the instinct of a gambler, flipped it up, "Heads up, east! Tails up, west!" My tail was up. I was bound west. Recently I had heard a discussion in the compartment of a Pullman car on the relative merits each of St. Louis and Chicago as a place in which to settle. "Which was the better gamble?" Chicago then had about one-tenth of its present population, less than 400,000. The arguments which impressed me were: The St. Louis bank clearings are greater than those of Chicago. St. Louis is the rival of Chicago for the Northwest trade and St. Louis has no rival for the Southwest trade. I had a few acquaintances, none to attract me to either place. In a few seconds I was traveling west over the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, now a part of the Pennsylvania system.

As I stepped from the train in Chicago I was confronted by an apparition in the form of a diminutive street urchin who seemed to materialize right out of the plank floor of an impoverished railway station. He was hugging a bunch of newspapers as big as himself and shouting in a hard, discordant tone that struck the ear like a percussion cap, something which sounded like "double murder, suicide, bank failure and steamboat explosion!"

In looking over the old files of the Chicago Tribune recently for the date of my arrival, I found a refreshing absence of yellow journalism. I sought unsuccessfully for the word "Bandit" which in the popular mind savors of the heroic—nor could I find the word "SLEUTH" which is associated with the "bloodhound." In 1875 officers of the law were on the trail of thieves, cutthroats, thugs, sandbaggers and murderers. Now in 1926 "the sleuths are pursuing the bandits." I chanced some months ago to be lunching at the University Club of Chicago with one of the most successful and upright of journalists, the owner of a great metropolitan daily. I asked him why he did not eliminate the word "BANDIT" from his columns. His reply was: "I've got a circulation." Yellow journalism has apparently come to stay.

On the July day in 1875, when I reached Chicago, I went to Skinner's Hotel, a modest house on Madison

Street just west of the bridge, and took a room.

The first thing to force itself upon me was finance. The few dollars remaining in my pocket were rapidly approaching the zero point. The ticket which I had purchased in Pittsburgh read "Pittsburgh to St. Louis, via Chicago." I sold the stub of this ticket to a ticket broker for eight dollars, under the impression that it would be more consoling to have eight dollars in Chicago than be "strapped" in St. Louis.

About five o'clock on the day of my arrival I called upon Mr. Emilius S. Albro, first cousin to my mother, a wholesale flour merchant on Washington Street near Michigan Avenue, who in the early years of my stay in Chicago showed me many substantial kindnesses, frequently making me welcome at his commodious house in Lawndale. Opposite his office was a great open space where the Public Library now stands. On the occasion of this first call a multitude of people were there to see a balloon ascension which took place as a part of Barnum's Hippodrome then showing in Chicago. The aeronauts were one Donaldson,

so-called professor, and a reporter on the Evening Journal, named Grimwood. Half the population of Chicago stretched their necks and opened their eyes very wide as the great balloon pointing northeast rose majestically to the clouds over Lake Michigan. The aeronauts had not anticipated the hurricane which swept down from the northend of the Lake less than an hour later carrying everything before it.

In the next morning's *Tribune*, two captains of lake vessels reported having seen dimly in the spray and waves of the tempest something which at the time they were unable to make out; but on learning of the calamity they concluded that it must have been the ill-fated balloon.

The Tribune contained also an account of an occurrence in which I was acutely interested at that time, the intercollegiate boat race at Saratoga. There were ten entries who finished the race in the following order: 1, Cornell; 2, Columbia; 3, Harvard; 4, Dartmouth; 5, Wesleyan; 6, Yale; 7, Amherst; 8, Brown; 9, Williams; 10, Bowdoin.

This was a period of intense enthusiasm in intercollegiate boating, an enthusiasm which some of the old college men have never been able to transfer to the more popular sports of baseball or football.

Two or three days after the balloon disaster as I was walking past McVickers Theater, I noticed a sign attached to a projecting arm and swinging out over the sidewalk bearing in plain block letters the name Dr. Oscar C. De Wolf. Both name and man were familiar. I had known Dr. De Wolf slightly as a Northampton, Massachusetts, physician who occasionally had met in consultation my old friend and preceptor, Dr. James Holland of Westfield, and I had heard that he had moved to Chicago. As I stood in the door of his office he recognized me at once, and after a few words of greeting surprised me with the announcement

that he had a plan for me; that I was to share the office with him. I objected saying that like him I might manage to swing a sign over the sidewalk, but unlike him I would be unable to "swing the rent." He was alive to that condition and replied that I need pay no rent until I earned the money. Without further negotiation I found myself in one of the most desirable doctor's offices in Chicago.

At about the same time I put the following advertise-

ment in the Chicago Tribune:

"A graduate of Dartmouth College who has been for a year in New Haven coaching Yale students and fitting boys for colleges, desires pupils in Latin, Greek and mathematics."

The words of this advertisement are indelibly fixed in my mind. They meant much to me. The next morning I was relieved to find at the advertising counter several replies, two or three of which bore familiar names of prominent Chicago families. Very soon I had three or four pupils. One letter was from Martin A. Ryerson, son of Martin Ryerson, one of the early lumber barons of Michigan; another was from Charles R. Crane, a son of R. T. Crane, one of the great manufacturers of Chicago. Crane and Ryerson then were boys about eighteen years of age. Martin Ryerson is now a substantial citizen of the city, widely recognized as a man of fine public spirit and a patron of the Arts. Charles R. Crane, formerly United States Minister to China, is a man of great civic virtue and a generous supporter of many national and international movements, political, social, artistic and scientific. It is a matter of no little satisfaction that I have retained these men among my lifelong friends. They always facetiously give me credit for having in a few months laid the broad and deep foundations of their education. They and other pupils, together with a small but interesting practice, gave

me an income of from six to seven dollars a day and solved the financial problem.

At first I lived on the money which I expected to earn next week or next month. I went in debt for some modest office equipment such as letterheads and envelopes. My landlady was not importunate and when she rendered her account at the end of the month I was ready to meet it. I sent with swelling pride one of my professional cards to my former chum Curtis, at New Haven. It published my office hours, 8 to 10 A.M., 2 to 4 P.M. and 7 to 9 P.M. Curtis replied, congratulating me on being able to crowd my office practice into six short hours a day. He further remarked that Dr. Hubbard, on hearing that I had settled in Chicago, made one of his characteristic humorous observations. I quote from Curtis' letter: "Hubbard says you have chosen wisely. Chicago is a place where your consummate cheek will do more for you than any amount of birth, wealth or education."

In purchasing my office equipment I went in debt too for a doctor's sign. In two or three days it swung from the front of McVickers beside Dr. De Wolf's, and my name appeared in block letters on the sash door of the offices, which were two connecting rooms on the second floor directly above the main entrance, looking across Madison Street. But what manner of man was he with whom almost miraculously I had become an associate?

Dr. De Wolf had graduated at Berkshire Medical College in Pittsfield, Massachusetts; had spent some years at L'Ecole de Médecin in Paris; had served in the Civil War as surgeon of one of the Massachusetts Cavalry regiments; had been Anniversary Chairman of the Massachusetts Medical Society; had practised in Northampton, Massachusetts, and recently had come to Chicago in search of a wider field.

The career of Dr. De Wolf in Chicago was dramatic. Soon after he came here there occurred one of those revolutions in city politics which shake a municipality to its foundations. He had oratorical and organizing ability and took a strong hand in the agitation. The onslaught was directed against the mayor of the city and against numerous "gray wolves" in the city council. The slogan was, "Drive the rascals out." He had no small part in the fight for clean politics and when the smoke of the battle had cleared away and the rascals had been driven out and a reform Mayor, Heath, and a reform city government had been elected, Oscar C. De Wolf was appointed by the new Mayor as Commissioner of Health of the city of Chicago.

De Wolf's administration of the health office was strenuous in the enforcement of laws for the prevention of contagious diseases, and especially against the great packing interests at the stockyards, which had been violating some of the city ordinances against public sanitation. They contested his authority in the courts. One day, as the contest was drawing to a close, I chanced to be in conference with him in the health office when the city attorney, who later became Judge Tuttle, rushed through the doorway and shouted, "We've won." Still the packers continued to defy the law until the Health Department turned the fire hose on the fires under the rendering tanks of one or two of the big packing houses and put them out of business. After this the packers experienced a "change of heart." De Wolf was continued in office through the Republican administration of Mayor Heath and afterwards under one or two of the Democratic administrations of the elder Carter H. Harrison. Subsequently he established an institute for the treatment of inebriates in London, England, and a few years later carried out his cherished plan of retiring from active work to his native hills in

Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where he died in 1910.

A short time after my arrival in Chicago I received a letter from Dr. Benjamin Eddy Cotting of Boston, or, as he was familiarly known, Ben Cotting. I had no personal acquaintance in Boston, nor have I ever known how Dr. Cotting came by my name and address. The purpose of the letter was to inquire whether men working on the fourmile tunnel then being constructed under Lake Michigan, to what is known as the four-mile crib, were subject to caisson disease. The purpose of this tunnel was to conduct water into the city from a point four miles out in the lake. Immediately I consulted the literature and learned that caisson disease was known as diver's paralysis and sometimes was called tunnel disease; that it affected people who worked under high atmospheric pressure, as in caissons or diving bells; that it was characterized by paralytic symptoms, pain in the back, incoordination and incontinence of urine.

Next I consulted Dr. De Wolf, who had not known of any caisson disease among the tunnel workers under Lake Michigan, but congratulated me on having selected as my Boston correspondent the most distinguished man in that city. I interviewed several of the leading physicians of Chicago, among them, according to my recollection, Dr. Nathan S. Davis, Dr. Edmund Andrews, Dr. Hosmer A. Johnson, Dr. J. Adams Allen, Dr. James S. Jewell, and Dr. Norman Bridge, then a young man already of brilliant promise. These men were on the faculties of Chicago Medical College, now a department of Northwestern University, or of Rush Medical College. It was apparent that they were impressed with an inquiry from Dr. Cotting, whom they all knew, some personally, others by reputation, but they could offer no positive information on caisson disease originating in the four-mile tunnel. I then consulted one of the contractors who was driving the tunnel and learned from him that no such disease had come to his notice. My reply to Dr. Cotting, therefore, was negative. Caisson disease had not been observed in the four-mile tunnel, probably because the workmen had not gone deep enough to encounter air sufficiently compressed to cause the disease. A polite reply from Dr. Cotting closed the correspondence.

The name of Cotting gave me an undeserved standing with the distinguished Chicago physicians whom I had interviewed. Thereafter they associated me with the Hub of the Universe and with Dr. Cotting. Coming recently from the cosmopolitan East where many of the leading physicians wore tan shoes, fancy waistcoats and colored ties, I was struck by the provincial manner, especially by the costumes of the representative men whom I was interviewing on caisson disease. N. S. Davis and James S. Jewell of the Chicago Medical College wore full evening dress all day in their offices. Jewell explained that he never had the trouble of changing for evening entertainments; he was always "spick-span and dressed." Drs. Hosmer A. Johnson and Edmund Andrews were swathed in summer time in long-tailed black broadcloth frock coats buttoned to the chin with standing collars, military fashion. The Rush College professors affected similar dress with coats also buttoned to the chin but with turned-down collars. They gave the impression of high-up Masons, thirty-three degrees more or less. Many of the younger set imitated their superiors. An air of mysticism pervaded the medicine of that day. People were not so keen for the cold facts as for metaphysics, poetry, ambrosial locks, long whiskers and sometimes the rolling eye. These were signs of wisdom. I myself also fell, but only part way. I nearly ruined myself paying for a black Prince Albert coat with

trousers and waistcoat to match, topped off with a shiny tall hat. The tailor insisted that this was the "proper dress of a professional gentleman." The physician of the present by contrast is quite matter of fact, like a business man.

I took rooms at St. Caroline's Court, a select family hotel, where I came in contact with many influential people. Among them I recall the families of Judge Van Buren and of Elihu Washburne, who had distinguished himself by his valuable services during the siege of Paris as Minister to France in the Franco-Prussian War. His son, "Hemp" Washburne, was subsequently elected Mayor of Chicago. The families in this hotel soon became the nucleus of a growing practice.

I had been trying to practice medicine only a short time when my old friend Dr. Asa Dodge Smith, president of Dartmouth College, came to Chicago to attend an alumni dinner. He was a master of diplomacy and humor. In his speech at that dinner, he remarked that all people who ever put anything in their wills for Dartmouth invariably lived to a ripe old age. The day following the dinner he called me to the Sherman House to attend him professionally for what apparently turned out to be a mild attack of typhoid fever. I told him that I was too inexperienced to have charge of a case so important, that I would camp on a cot by his bed and be his nurse but that he must let me call a competent man to take full responsibility. The dear old president then gave me an extraordinary vote of confidence. He replied, "You go on with the case, I always have believed in home manufacture." In a week or two he was so far convalescent as to return to Hanover. I have never, in my whole experience, so strongly appreciated the confidence of any patient. On departing he gave me a renewal of his blessing.

My relations with Dr. De Wolf had become most friendly, which illustrates a maxim of Benjamin Franklin, that if you want to make a friend of a man don't do him a favor but get him to do you one. One morning as the doctor came into the office I announced that I had a patient. "Congratulations, what's the diagnosis?" said the doctor. I replied, "He's off his head, picking at the bedclothes; temperature above normal, pulse and respirations rapid; headache; backache, tenderness in the right groin; prostration, and rose spots over the abdomen." "Typhoid!" said the doctor. "What are you doing for him?" "All the milk he will take," I replied. "Couldn't do better," said De Wolf. "A big dose of castor oil?" I ventured. "Probably couldn't do worse," mused the doctor. The prevailing idea was that since the small intestine in typhoid fever is the seat of an ulcerative process, a cathartic was inadvisable as possibly producing perforation of the bowel, an accident which may prove fatal, but no perforation occurred in this case. Dr. De Wolf was right, it was typhoid; he saw the patient with me several times and guided me in the treatment. On the occasion of one visit the family queried whether I was not too inexperienced to have responsible charge. Then I got a lesson of the way one doctor will stand by another. De Wolf said, "Why! the idea is absurd; this young man came from the hills of New England where they have typhoid as they don't dream of having it here." This statement entirely satisfied the family. The doctor then added, "Of course, if it is agreeable to you I shall be glad to see the case as often as Dr. Dudley wishes."

The case terminated fatally in about three weeks. The patient whose name was Murphy had been a hotel porter. I stayed with him much of the time night and day. I took his death deeply to heart. The constant attendance and

anxiety and the fatal result quite upset me. It was only the optimism of Dr. De Wolf that saved me from a melancholy view of my part in the case. I went to Murphy's funeral. It was a large Irish funeral. The big Catholic church was crowded to the limit. As I look back from the vantage ground of added experience I am satisfied that the man received the usual scientific and empirical care.

The fire of 1871 had destroyed several square miles of the heart of Chicago and the city was in the process of rebuilding. Only one or two buildings survived in the business district. We think it remarkable that in the old world sometimes one, two, three or more ancient cities are found by the archæologists buried under the surviving modern city. This burial of an ancient under a modern city is a process which usually takes hundreds or thousands of years, but Chicago often called "the most bumptious city in the world," with characteristic speed accomplished this in the forty years which elapsed between the swaddling clothes of the first Chicago and the rebuilding of the second. All this may mystify the archæologist when one, two or three thousand years hence he stands on a broken arch of Rush Street Bridge and sketches the ruins of the Field Museum.

When I came here in 1875 the process of raising the level of the city was quite apparent. The ground floors of the new buildings then going up and the sidewalks in front of them were several feet above the adjacent streets and in order to cross most of the streets one had to go down and up many improvised steps at each of the street corners. It was a long time before the streets were leveled up to the grade of the sidewalks.

The rebuilding of Chicago on the ruins caused by the fire was at the time thought to have the element of perma-

nence. No one dreamed that with the beginning of the twentieth century the process of wrecking the second city would have started and that the building of a third Chicago within fifty years after the great fire would be well under way; yet such has been the case. Witness the obsolescence of most of the buildings constructed previous to the year nineteen hundred which were from six to a maximum of ten stories high and the buildings three times that height that spring up not only in the old business center but two, three, four, five or more miles away. Thus within the period of a short hundred years the beginnings of a second buried city underneath the present site of Chicago seems to be well under way.

As late as 1875, my first year in Chicago, many people were living here who had seen the city grow from its earliest beginnings forty years earlier. E. O. Gale came in 1835. He was the author of an entertaining book, "Reminiscences of Early Chicago." I knew him as a member of the firm of Gale & Blocki, prominent druggists. Among the old settlers who were here in the early thirties were Fernando Jones, Mark Kimball, Matthew Laslin, George F. Rumsey, J. Y. S. Scammon, Mark Skinner and Redmond Prindeville. In 1875 these men and many others of their period were commonly seen on the street.

The peculiarities of dress I have mentioned as characteristic of the distinguished physicians of the city at that period, were not a monopoly of the medical profssion. One could almost identify the clergy of the various Protestant sects, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians by their dress and manner. As late as 1880 some of the older lawyers continued to affect the Websterian swallow-tail coat with its array of gold or brass buttons. The green bag stuffed with legal documents often decorated the older solons and their

younger imitators as they passed in bobtail horse cars or in one-horse buggies or trudged along on foot to and from their offices. In 1875 Chicago had, in the vernacular of the time, less than 400,000 "souls." Everyone inquired, "How do you like Chicago?" Such curiosity now has

passed on to Seattle and Los Angeles.

I knew many of the old settlers personally. Some one had given me a letter to a distinguished Dartmouth alumnus, familiarly known as Long John Wentworth, who had been an outstanding and unique character in Chicago for many years, an ex-mayor of the city and one of the proprietors of the Tribune. He was a giant about seven feet tall, of rough and uncouth manner. When I presented the letter he grabbed it in his enormous hand, remarking, "We git a good many of these." I then reached out my hand and having rescued the letter responded, "Doutbless you are getting too many; you therefore will excuse me from further intrusion." As I left his office he shouted, "Young man you have come to Chicago and you want to take hold of the first thing you can git and hang on to that until you can git something better." This surely was sound advice. The next day I ran across a Dartmouth classmate, Fred Bradley, whom I have mentioned on another page. Bradley said that Mr. Wentworth the day before had given him an account of my call and had remarked, "Your classmate Dudley is up an' acomin'." Bradley added, "You should have finished the call. Long John has a big heart; that was only his way of being sociable."

Afterwards I met Mr. Wentworth occasionally and pleasantly at the Union League Club, of which he was one of the founders. One day when I was sitting near him he ordered some brandy and pouring out a tumblerful swallowed it straight, at a gulp. Then turning to the waiter in a towering rage he said, "Why does the club always give

me this cooking brandy? That ain't what I organized it for."

On one occasion Mr. Wentworth was attending Commencement exercises at Dartmouth and a smart student who was taking the names and addresses of the visiting alumni undertook to be a little gay with him. The student inquired, "What name?" "Wentworth," he replied. "First name?" asked the student. "John," said Wentworth, "Long John, they call me." "Where from?" said the student. Then Long John replied, "Chicago, know where that is, young man?"

Another old settler, Mr. Silas S. Cobb, a man over eighty at the time when I came to Chicago, gave me a thrilling account of his journey from Buffalo to Chicage by schooner over the Great Lakes. The suffering of passengers and crew was extreme; he himself, a young lad, was lashed to the mast for three days to keep him from washing overboard, during which time all hands were on very short rations.

Judge Henry Blodgett, whom I knew well, was then on the bench. He told me the story of his life here as a young boy. This was 1832, the period of the Black Hawk War, when Fort Dearborn, as it then was called, numbered not more than one hundred and fifty white inhabitants and three or four primitive log houses. The judge described the approach of a lake vessel as it entered the mouth of the Chicago River and dropped anchor directly in front of the fort. On the deck was an officer of commanding appearance, General Winfield S. Scott, who raised his hand in a forbiding gesture and shouted, "Keep off; cholera aboard."

The Chicago Tribune, July 6, 1883, gives a graphic history of the first epidemic of Asiatic cholera in Chicago, which I epitomize as follows:

THE FIRST EPIDEMIC OF CHOLERA IN CHICAGO

The story of the plague of Asiatic cholera in Chicago begins almost at the beginning of the city's history. In 1832, during the Black Hawk War, Gen. Scott and nine campanies of artillery, then stationed at Fort Monroe on Chesapeake Bay, were ordered to the seat of war near Chicago. A class of cadets from West Point accompanied the expedition, and on July 1 the whole force arrived in safety at Detroit. While moored there two cases of an unknown disease occurred, creating much alarm and ending fatally. Cholera had been introduced into Quebec in the early part of the year by a European emigrant vessel, and had spread rapidly along the seaboard cities to Buffalo and other lake ports; the fact that this horror was in the camp was soon discovered. Immediately after reëmbarking several new cases appeared. Five companies landed at Fort Gratiot, forty miles distant, all of whom, with the exception of nine men, perished soon after from disease and want. Out of the other four companies thirty died on the way to Chicago, and their bodies were thrown into the lake. The cadet class had been previously sent back by Gen. Scott. The residue arrived in Chicago July 8, and Fort Dearborn was immediately turned into a hos-The troops stationed there and the families who had sought shelter within its walls from the savages immediately left, some of them crowding into hastily erected hovels, a few into tents, the remainder being obliged to live on the open prairie. During the first thirty days ninety inmates of the hospital died. The scenes of horror at this period are said to have been indescribable. Life was hardly extinct before the victims were cast into pits, unwept, uncoffined and uncared for, the object of the haste being to prevent the spread of the epidemic. One instance is recorded where the supposed corpse, lying on the brink of the pit ready to be tumbled in, sat up and asked for a drink and lived for many years afterwards. In about a month after the arrival of the troops the disease abated, having made dreadful havoc both in the garrison and among the citizens.

Other epidemics followed in the United States, including Chicago, causing widespread panic; notably in 1849 and 1850 and again in 1854. The last epidemic in Chicago occurred in 1866, when 9990 cases and 1561 deaths were reported.

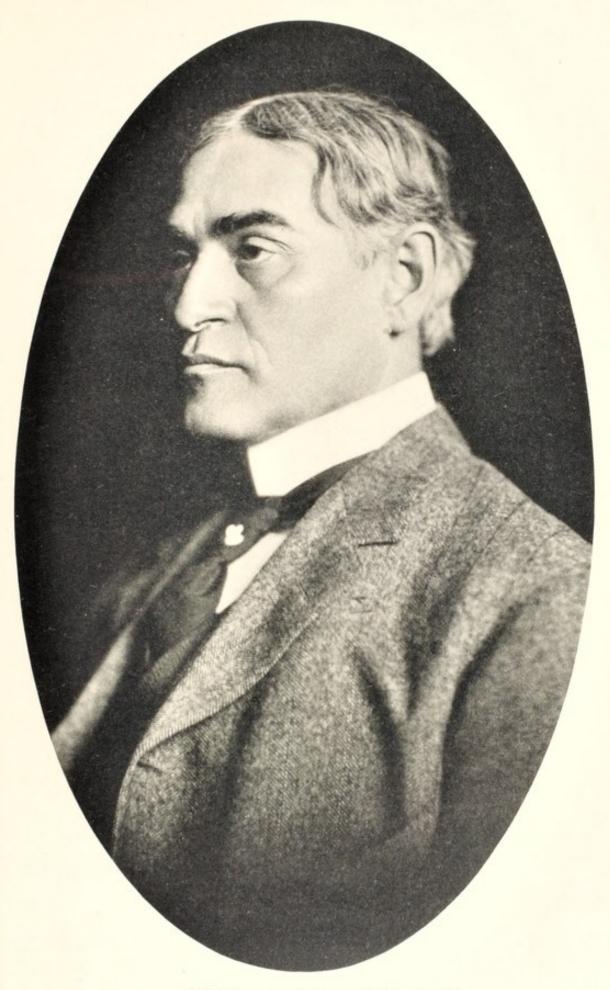
The history of Chicago would be incomplete without more than passing mention of a physician of distinction, a man of civic virtue, a raconteur of delightful wit, Charles Volney Dyer.

Dr. Dyer was an officer of the celebrated underground railroad. One of his exploits in that capacity was related by Mr. Fernando Jones whom I remember as one of the earliest settlers. The story is repeated in Gales' book "Early Chicago" and is an account of a ruse that secured the freedom of a runaway slave.

Shortly after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, a Southerner came into town in search of a "runaway" and put up at the Mansion House. The negro was captured and lawfully held subject to the control of the owner who had arranged to take him off immediately. At this juncture Dr. Dyer, with an imposing force of congenial citizens, all ostensibly armed and having a very deliberate and resolute appearance crowded up the stairway and formed in front of the Southerner's room.

"What—what is it, gentlemen?" stammered the terrified guest, as he opened the door and looked out on the group of stalwart intruders.

"Don't be alarmed, sir, are you the owner of that nigger down there?" were the reassuring words of the bland abolitionist.



HENRY BAIRD FAVILL, M.D.

Dr. Favill is a lineal descendant of the Ottawa Princess Mizigan, daughter of the Ottawa Chief Returning Cloud



"Why, yes, gentlemen-that is-I-I-"

"Oh, don't be frightened, sir," said the doctor. "We are merely sent here to protect your life from the enraged mob. The excitement about that nigger has grown fiercely during the night and we have been sent here, a special posse, to protect your life and to uphold the dignity of the law. Don't you be worried a bit, sir. We shall keep guard downstairs, sir, and protect your life, even though the mob comes in hundreds." The frightened slave owner escaped by the back door, mounted his horse and rode away without the negro and, as the landlord reported, without paying his bill. In commemoration of the event the abolitionists presented Dr. Dyer with an elegant goldheaded cane which he carried with pride to the end of his life.

It is related of him that he was driving in the outskirts of the city and was held up by a highwayman who shouted, "Your money or your life." "Why, my good fellow," replied the doctor, "you are very considerate, I take both." Dr. Dyer was a central figure in Chicago, from the time of his arrival in 1833 to the end of his life in 1878.

During fifty years I have heard Dyer's name perhaps more frequently than that of any other one of the earliest settlers. Caroline Kirkland in her "Chicago Yesterdays" introduces him in connection with one of the visitations of cholera in which he delighted to tell his part. A shipload of cholera-stricken people arrived in port and he was delegated to take off such as he thought could be saved. Looking over the miserable victims he selected fifteen, leaving the other fifteen, as he supposed, to certain death. "Dr. Dyer's fifteen all died of the disease; those he left on the ship got well! What can medical science do with such obstinate unappreciative mortals?"

Now we know that cholera can be prevented by the sim-

ple expedient of boiling the drinking water and cooking the food.

I came to Chicago about the close of the dark ages of medical education in America. This was only a few years after the fire, when the city was in process of rebuilding. Many enterprises were cramped into primitive and narrow limitations. I attended, for example, a lecture at Rush Medical College which was given to a large class in an improvised amphitheater under a sidewalk close to the old County Hospital near State Street, not far from Sixteenth Street. To a considerable degree this college was actually under the sidewalk, although it rose several feet above it. It was a rude brick building costing less than \$4000, but it served its purpose for there was a certain heroism in those pioneer endeavors to foster education in the face of discouragements which now seem to have been insurmountable. Old graduates to-day point with pride to the "bottomless pit" under the sidewalk where they listened to such distinguished men as Gunn, Allen, Miller, Ingalls, Lyman, Holmes, Blaney and Haines. The County Hospital was occupying its near-by sordid and temporary quarters, fitting adjunct to the underground medical school, all grimy, terrible, forbidding and illustrative of the spirit of the Chicago of that time, which was to forge ahead regardless of all difficulties. There were here, as elsewhere, other so-called medical schools, most of them houses of medical indiscrimination. The only schools in Chicago, so far as I know, which were held in good esteem, were Rush Medical College and Chicago Medical College.

Chicago Medical College, more fortunate than Rush, was situated south of the burnt district on Twenty-sixth Street between Prairie and Indiana avenues, in the same block with Mercy Hospital. Didactic lectures and laboratory instruction were given in the college building. Most

of the clinics in surgery, medicine, gynecology and the various other specialties were held in the commodious amphitheater of the hospital.

Rush Medical College and the County Hospital soon moved to their present location, Wood and Harrison streets.

In 1875 the only hospitals of consequence were the projected County Hospital, Mercy Hospital and two or three other Catholic hospitals on the north and northwest sides of the city. St. Luke's Hospital then was occupying modest quarters in an old frame house on Indiana Avenue just south of Sixteenth Street. There was not in the City of Chicago a single hospital which was so constructed or so conducted as to attract well-to-do people. For several years when more commodious hospitals were built it was difficult to induce people to enter them. That prejudice has so far disappeared that with one hundred or more hospitals in the city it is difficult often to find accommodations in the best of them. This is specially true of the lying-in hospitals. Twenty-five years ago few women of means dared to go to a hospital for confinement. Now the wellequipped hospital affords such protection against the infection known as puerperal fever that few dare to stay away, so great has been the change in a single generation.

An increasing part of my practice was among young men suffering from venereal disease. A new book on this subject had come out recently, written by Van Buren & Keyes, which quite threw the other authors into the shade. Even the works of Ricord, the "Father of Syphilis," were now almost obsolete except in the historical sense. I read the literature of this subject from cover to cover, saturated myself with it; it was the first medical subject that I really had mastered to a reasonable degree. One sentence in Van Buren & Keyes is naïve, true and impressive. I can visual-

ize it just below the middle of the forty-first page, in the chapter on Hygiene of the Urethra. It sounds almost facetious.

"If a man could be absolutely pure in thought, word and deed and never have nor ever have had an erotic fancy, near or remote, his urethra would be a urinary canal and its sexual hygiene would be simple."

I could easily have drifted into the specialty of genitourinary diseases but the associations were too repulsive. At the time I had no inclination toward any specialty. My trend was in the direction of general medicine. I would have chosen the modest career of an old-fashioned family doctor.

My practice grew faster than was good for me, certainly faster than was good for my patients. One patient recommended another and so they came along about equally divided between office and family practice. From my drug-store training I could write presciptions like an old doctor, but frequently I didn't know what prescription to write. Usually I was saved from embarrassment by Dr. De Wolf who stood by me with great kindness and efficiency. I had been sharing the office with him for ten months and was beginning to be recognized as a promising young doctor, was getting into what is called the swing of practice, into a routine, a rut. The swing of practice does very well for at least nineteen out of twenty sick people who will get well anyway even under bad treatment or no treatment at all. These nineteen are the doctor's sheet anchor. They broadcast his fame. "I was suffering something awful" one would say, "and the doctor pulled me through." I was less interested in the nineteen than I was in the twentieth. He might be at death's door and then would need not to be pulled through but to be pushed back.

The more practice I had the more discouraged I was. I had earned in ten months approximately \$2000 and had saved about \$400 of it. With this money to my credit I went to Dr. De Wolf, not for advice, but to make an announcement which was that I had arranged to go to New York, to be gone two years for hospital service. He replied in words to the effect that I did not need hospital service as much as I thought. He conveyed the idea that I was simply infected with a pernicious bug indigenous to New England. It was the same bug to which Weir Mitchell attributed "that cursed New England conscience" on account of which he never could cure anyone coming from the New England states.

"You can call on me," said Dr. De Wolf, "whenever you need help," and then reminded me that I had done very well for nearly a year under his wing. I recall these forcible words: "You can make just as good a doctor of yourself here as you can in New York and at the same time be knocking a hole into a practice. You are cutting your throat from ear to ear." To Dr. De Wolf I must have appeared unappreciative and ungrateful. I could not make him understand how much I regretted to give up an association which had been both delightful and profitable. I could endure no longer the vicarious practice of medicine. An impulse which I neither could nor desired to overcome drove me to New York.



CHAPTER XI

GYNECOLOGY

On the day of my arrival in New York I noticed in the morning paper an account of a meeting then in session at the Academy of Medicine of distinguished gynecologists throughout the country, to organize an American Gynecological society. I had at the time no special leaning to gynecology but the names of many of the greatest physicians and surgeons in America were included in the list of founders and therefore I went to the Academy in the spirit of hero worship. Thus it came about that I attended the meeting of the organization of the American Gynecological Society, which met on the third of June, 1876. At the time I did not dream of ever rising to the distinction of membership in the society, much less of ever becoming its president.

Among the names of the twenty-eight men who were present at this meeting were Atlee, Barker, Byford, Chadwick, Emmet, Goodell, Lusk, Noeggerath, Parvin, Peaslee, Skene and Thomas. Among those not present but included as founders of the society were Batty, Sims, Penrose, Storer, Vanderwarker and Wallace. Of the thirty-nine founders, only one is living. Dr. William H. Richardson of Boston. I had graduated in medicine a year before this meeting and remember the dizzy heights to which I then looked up as I regarded the founders of this society. They were the men who wrote the gynecology of the second half

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of the nineteenth century. I doubt whether any other living man was present at that meeting. Dr. Richardson was a founder but was not present.

Again I was in what the 100 per cent Westerner sometimes defines as the effete and tottering East, but toward which Westerners are apt to direct their steps in affairs of vital interest. What I wanted was an interne service in one of the great hospitals of New York. Such services were obtainable only after rigid competitive examination, and were so desirable that applications by senior students were made months in advance of graduation; they formed themselves into groups, each group under the intensive training of an unofficial instructor called a quiz master. So great was the rivalry among the New York colleges that students in order to make the hospitals were excused from lectures and permitted to substitute the quiz. These quiz classes usually began in the fall and continued until the following September when the competitive examinations took place.

I lost no time in calling on Dr. Joseph W. Howe, the most successful quiz master in New York. He in his turn lost no time in relieving me of \$200 of my rapidly dwindling reserve. It seemed a good investment because Howe had the reputation of getting men into hospitals.

I was installed in a boarding house on Twenty-third Street near Sixth Avenue, in a spacious attic, where I was to pursue my studies far into the night, night after night, to the tune of the construction trains on the L road as they went rumbling by. There were also sounds of revelry by night as graphically described by a young doctor, named Howley, boarding in the neighborhood, "And the night shall be filled with boot-jacks and the cats that infest the eave shall hump up their backs like tigers and silently take their leave."

On my first morning of the quiz, I found myself in a group of ten or twelve fellows, most of them senior students in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. These men had been drilled intensively for six months. Three months only of this quiz course therefore remained for me. The subject of the quiz was the cranial nerves, hard to learn, and as every medical student knows to his sorrow, harder to remember.

Howe, in a staccato voice, would give first one student and then another some comprehensive question that perhaps required a minute to answer, and the response would come back at him as if shot out of a machine gun. It was a forlorn hope that I could overtake this class and successfully enter the competition in September. As I went back to my room I reflected that there was nothing to do but to hang on, possibly I might absorb something by the soaking process.

Before the end of a month it was evident that Dr. Howe shared my pessimism. He found me in my attic one blazing hot day, sweltering over the next day's lesson, and inquired how I would like to give up the quiz and go right into Charity Hospital without much of an examination. I

opined that for the present I personally would not insist upon having any examination at all. Dr. Howe then explained that there was a vacant interneship at Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island. There were connected with the hospital two medical boards; a board of inspectors and a board of examiners. The examiners, he said, were all on their summer holiday at the seaside or in the mountains. The inspectors were "on the job" in New York. He had seen some of them and in the absence of the examiners they considered themselves legally authorized to fill the vacancy.

The next day I went before the inspectors, passed their examination, which seemed to me a fair test of qualification,

and at once took over the duties of a duly, or perhaps I should say unduly, appointed interne of Charity Hospital. In the few weeks of my service there I can recall now the personality of one of the internes, one who was especially kind to me, Dr. Rucavardo, a Costa Rican. It appears that he also remembered me, for thirty years later when his younger brother was a student of mine at Northwestern University Medical School he came to me for a serious surgical operation on himself. The other internes appeared to resent the irregularity of my appointment. Rucavardo was my senior officer and under his kindly supervision my service was agreeable and profitable. The only interruption was a serious blood poisoning which incapacitated me for some time. I had pricked my finger in a minor operation and then thinking nothing of it went to the morgue and made an autopsy on a boy who had died of some acute infection which was communicated to me through the prick in my finger. Abcesses appeared on both my arms and hands and for several days I was not a good risk for life insurance. The infection to one less resistant doubtless would have proved fatal, but I was hard to kill and in a week or two was again on duty almost as good as new. In this illness I experienced the loyalty of the clan. All the internes and several of the visiting staff made my case their own and were unremitting in their solicitude and in their care.

The greater part of our work was in the chronic wards with a preponderance of nervous and mildly mental cases. There was no generally accepted idea of the basic pathology in this group beyond the symptomatic manifestations. Symptoms are mere facts, not diagnoses. We were not always keenly alive to this distinction. Syphilis was only vaguely in our minds as a possible background. though occasionally some one quoted:

"Some flowerets of Eden remained from the fall But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

The diagnosis of syphilis fifty years ago was in many cases a matter not of exact science but of guess work. We did not then have the Wassermann serum reaction test nor the therapeutic tests of the salvarsan preparations. It was not until thirty years later that one night when I was dining with the late Sir William Osler, he let in a confirmatory flood of light on the ancient chronic wards of Charity Hospital. He made the general statement that with few exceptions all neuropsychoses in the chronic wards of gen-

eral public hospitals have syphilitic background.

I had accepted the appointment from an official board of Charity Hospital in good faith. If that board had exceeded its authority they, not I, were the ones to be disciplined. With the exception of Rucavardo most of the other internes disregarded this distinction and treated me as an irregular appointee, and therefore as an interloper. At times they were offensively discourteous and on my part I did not turn the other cheek to a degree that anyone could notice. Evidently my case had been a subject of discord between the board of inspectors and the board of examiners. A few days before the first of September I received official notice that the board of inspectors had exceeded its authority in making my appointment, and that if I desired to continue my service I could do so by passing successfully the competitive examination before the examining board. The \$200 which I had paid to Dr. Howe, together with most of my other funds, had vanished into thin air. I had lost the quiz which might have prepared me in some degree for the proposed examination.

The situation was melancholy. But the calamity was so complete that a certain sense of humor came to my rescue.

I nailed my flag to the masthead expecting to go down with the ship. Sydney Smith once remarked that he never read a book before reviewing it, because if he read the book he could not make an unprejudiced review. On most of the subjects likely to come up in the proposed examination I was entirely free from prejudice. I made no effort to prepare myself for the examination by studying, and during the few days that remained, did not open a book. On the day, or rather the night, of the examination there were, according to my memory, thirty applicants and twenty vacancies to be filled. The examinations were oral. Written examinations then were not in general use. Finally the results were announced by Dr. Walter Gillette to the assembled candidates in the order of their rank; twenty of them; first, second, third, etc. The list continued to be read, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, then everyone except me held his breath. I was not personally interested until after the twentieth name had been announced and even then could hardly grasp the idea, that I had passed until some fellows who had been in Howe's quiz came up and offered hearty congratulations. I was a little dazed but caught the words "Dead game sport." Evidently they thought that a sporting chance was all I had to go on, "which nobody will deny."

After the examination I learned that Professor Fessenden N. Otis, distinguished in genito-urinary diseases, who examined in that subject, and some other man who examined on typhoid fever had given me very high marks which despite the very low rating in other subjects raised my mark to an average by which I was "scarcely saved." These were the branches of medicine in which I had had some experience during my scant year in Chicago and in which I had been under pressure to read industriously.

The successful candidates at the Charity Hospital con-

test did not have to take service until a few days after the examination. This gave me time to consider whether, if I could do as well or better in some other hospital, I should refuse the appointment to Charity. My success in "getting in," even at the foot of the list, gave me an unbecoming spirit of arrogance. I wanted to turn my back on Charity Hospital and before so doing to give it a farewell kick. "Ubi bene, ibi patria."

While I was casting about for another opening I came across young Dr. Edward H. Peaslee. He was the son of Edmund Randolph Peaslee, the most learned physician in America, to whose bounty I was subsequently to be much indebted.

In my conversation with young Peaslee I told him of my appointment and disappointment and reappointment at Charity Hospital, and my disinclination to continue longer in that institution. He reminded me that the Charity service was one of the best in New York and perhaps I would do well to stay there. He then said that he had heard his father mention a vacancy at the Woman's Hospital. the time I had no purpose to become a gynecologist. the contrary I was ambitious to prepare myself as a general practitioner; that is, to be a family doctor. Then the idea occurred to me that the woman usually selected the family doctor and that if any physician who was specially qualified in the diseases of women could once get his hands on the mother of a family she would perhaps waive all other considerations and give him the preference. Perhaps also there may have been pulling somewhere in my subconsciousness a gynecological bias. I had been impressed by the great men whom I had seen at the organization of the American Gynecological Society. I knew also that the Woman's Hospital was conducted by the great pioneers in the diseases of women.

With these ideas uppermost in my mind, I ventured into the presence of my former professor, Dr. Skene, at his office in Brooklyn and laid the whole matter before him. He reminded me that the Woman's Hospital received only internes who had completed their service in general hospitals. I facetiously remarked that I had been in two general hospitals, one for two weeks in Pittsburgh, and one for six weeks on Blackwell's Island. He took a fatherly amusing interest and gave me two very strong letters, one to Dr. T. G. Thomas and one to Dr. Edmund Randolph Peaslee. Later I had reason to think that he saw these men and made a personal appeal to them in my interest. I could hardly account for the manifest cordiality with which they received me on any other supposition. I presented the letter to Dr. Thomas who went so far as to say that my chances of getting the appointment were excellent. of giving the other letter to Dr. Peaslee I showed it to his son, knowing that he would tell his father all about it.

On the day of the examination I went to the hospital and was surprised and gratified to find that no other candidate had applied. This, as I learned later, was not because the service was not eagerly sought after, but because the vacancy had occurred at an unusual time and had not been widely advertised. The examination was held by a committee of the staff composed of Drs. Peaslee, Emmet, Thomas and Barker. It was rather disconcerting to be in the presence of three such men at one time, but they soon put me at my ease by asking me to write prescriptions for various maladies. In my drug-store experience I had seen and put up thousands of prescriptions and had a general idea of what they were for. So I wrote prescriptions, secundum artem, ad libitum. Curiously enough, the committee chose another subject with which I was familiar. As

a student in Dr. Hubbard's office I had read an eccentric book on materia medica by one Headland whose queer classifications of drugs had remained in my memory. In this classification, Headland, with his liking for the classics, had put down tea, coffee and tobacco as Euphrenics, meaning literally a good feeler, i.e. a drug that would make one feel better. In another class he put Roborants, from the Latin word Oak, to indicate something that would make one feel stronger. In the course of the prescription writing I made a combination of wine of calasaya and iron and arsenic. Dr. Barker inquired, "What's the wine of calasaya for?" I replied "It is a Euphrenic. He then asked what I expected the iron to do. I answered, "It is a Roborant." He next wanted to know what the arsenic was for. "It is given empirically," I said, "because experience has shown that it does good in such cases." Peaslee was a trustee of Dartmouth College and read his daily stunt of Latin or Greek as a religion. I could see the smile of approbation sweeping over his scholarly face as much as to say, "These Dartmouth fellows are on the spot when it comes to the classics." They asked me to step into an adjoining room. After one or two minutes Dr. Thomas appeared and congratulated me on having taken first place in this "hotly contested competitive examination."

After the examination I handed to Dr. Peaslee the letter of introduction which Dr. Skene had given me. He read it with an apparently knowing smile, remarking that it perhaps was in better taste not to have presented the letter before the examination, and then added, "Ned told me something about you." He apparently appreciated the fact

that I had worked him through his son "Ned."

I then composed a polite letter to the examining Board of Charity Hospital declining the honor of the appointment on the interne staff of that institution. Invitations to the

operations at the Woman's Hospital were much in demand among doctors because the work there at the time was novel. It was a part of my duty as junior interne to send out these invitations. I included in them several of my former colleagues at Charity Hospital. They all came and congratulated me cordially on my good fortune. And well they might, for the Woman's Hospital service was the choicest service in America, perhaps at that time in the world.

The Hospital, since moved further up town, consisted of two similar brick and stone buildings of very presentable Romanesque architecture. They had a capacity of about sixty patients each, and occupied the block bounded north by Fiftieth Street, south by Forty-ninth Street, east by Lexington Avenue and west by the New York Central railroad tracks. The block across the railroad tracks was at that time, 1876, occupied by the Columbia School of Mines and Columbia College. The hospital organization consisted of a lay board of governors, a board of lady managers and a medical board. It was supported by voluntary contributions and the income from investments. For me the chief attraction was the medical board. The active surgical members were Edmund Randolph Peaslee, Theodore Gaillard Thomas and Thomas Addis Emmet. Marion-Sims, founder of the hospital was not then on the board. He had recently severed his connection as the result of a regretable quarrel which will appear later.

Edmund Randolph Peaslee, the dean of the staff, was born in 1814 and graduated at the head of his class, Dartmouth College, 1836. From 1837 to 1839 he was a tutor at Dartmouth, during which time he attended lectures in Dartmouth Medical School and graduated in 1840 at Yale Medical School. After graduation at Yale he was recalled

immediately to Dartmouth to succeed Oliver Wendell Holmes in the combined chair of anatomy and physiology. He continued to fill one professorial chair after another at Dartmouth, until the time of his death in 1878. During these years he was professor in Bowdoin Medical College, New York Medical College, Albany Medical College and Bellevue Medical College. At times he gave courses in two or three colleges in the same year. Counting each annual course in each college as one year, it follows that the aggregate period of his teaching was not less than sixty-five years, so that since the span of his life was only sixty-four years he had taught one year longer than he had lived. In these various colleges at different times he filled every chair except that of chemistry. His medical and surgical writings covered an equally wide field. The only other man in the history of American medicine whose record would show equal versatility is Nathan Smith, the founder of Dartmouth, Yale and other medical schools.

Peaslee was a master of Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian and Spanish. His occasional contributions to medical and surgical subject always were timely and invariably arrested attention. One of his most noteworthy contributions was his translation in 1854 of Robin and Verbeil's "Histology." This work, made comprehensive by much original material of his own, was the first systematic treatise on normal histology in the English language. He was among the first in this country to use the microscope systematically in teaching physiology, histology and pathology. Dr. Fordyce Baker singles him out as one of few men in America who could be called microscopists in 1845.

Peaslee's "Ovarian Tumors" was published in 1872. It comprehended the entire subject and is a monumental work both from the scientific and literary points of view. Even to-day after a half century it could be brought down to date,

especially in diagnosis, with very little revision. Before the writing of this book, ovariotomy was condemned as a foolhardy procedure, which was considered so immediately fatal in its results as to outrage contemporary ethics.

Peaslee was a bold ovaritomist at a time when it required great courage to perform this operation against the prevailing opinion that ovariotomists were "belly rippers who ought not to be at large."

As late as 1876 when I was an interne at the Woman's Hospital, New York, this prejudice had not entirely disappeared, although it was then estimated that since the first ovariotomy by Ephraim McDowell of Kentucky in 1809, not less than 40,000 lives of women had been saved by the operation. All this before the days of antiseptic surgery. This saving of life may be attributable to the courage and work of Peaslee more than to any other single man, after McDowell, the originator of the operation.

In my undergraduate days at Dartmouth Peaslee was a familiar figure as he crossed the campus, going to and from his lectures in the medical school. I do not recall that any student then knew him personally. As he passed conversation was suspended. He was regarded as a superman. That was all. After I had been associated with him as assistant at the Woman's Hospital for several months, I was one day walking on Fifth Avenue and heard some one calling my name. It was Dr. Peaslee in his old one-horse coupé, with one hand holding the door open and the other beckoning me to get inside. He remarked that he was on his way to the New York Academy of Sciences to look at some very interesting fossils that had just come in. A book was lying by his side. I picked it up and, observing some formulæ of the differential and integral calculus, exhibited my knowledge of the higher mathematics by inquiring whether he read calculus for amusement. Peaslee replied, "Oh, that's not essentially a treatise on calculus, although there is some calculus in it. This book," he said, holding it in his hand, "is one of the latest contributions to the strains of bridge building." "What language is in it?" I inquired. "Russian," said Peaslee. He began to do surgery too late in life ever to attain exceptional facility in manual dexterity; but he had the compensating quality of scientific attainment and bedrock character. He never left anything half done. One day when he was absorbed in a serious abdominal operation, I whispered in a subdued voice, "Doctor, the patient is dead." Peaslee, quite imperturbable, replied, "Well, I suppose we had better go on and finish the operation," which he did secundum artem.

Thomas, a brilliant and daring operator, an avowed aristocrat, had the heroic qualities of a gladiator. He was an eloquent and forceful clinical teacher and one of the most popular men in New York. I cannot explain the reason why, but some of the internes placed a higher value on the frown of Emmet than on the smile of Thomas.

The most picturesque member of the staff was the handsome and courtly Fordyce Barker, not a surgeon at all but
a physician and an obstetrician. He was the rage among
the fashionable women of New York, among the biggest
guns that ever were fired. These women were inspired with
the idea that much of the surgery of the hospital was unnecessary, that medicine should have more prominence.
Accordingly Barker was appointed under their championship. Cases deemed suitable were referred to his service
and the internes faithfully carried out his directions, but
not much came of it. James R. Chadwick of Boston, his
friend and companion, gave me an amusing account of

Barker's savoir faire. Sarah Bernhardt in her occasional visits to New York found Barker amusing and interesting. Mrs. Barker, a puritan of the puritans, said: "Fordyce, I hope you will never be called professionally to see that terrible woman." Barker replied in his courtly manner. "I assure you, my dear, that I never have nor ever expect to be called to that woman professionally."

Mrs. Astor, a member of the Board of Lady Managers, often visited the hospital. She was extremely graceful and extremely gracious; and always very lovely in her manner to me, a mere crude, awkward, country boy with hayseed in

my hair.

One day when she came to the hospital she said to me, with the greatest simplicity, in reference to her son, "Will is going to be married. He is going to marry Miss Paul of Philadelphia." I was highly flattered at being treated as though I had been a member of the fashionable society of New York.

Knowing her generosity, I said to her on another occasion: "Mrs. Astor, one of the nurses you know here, Mrs. Adams, has a feeble-minded son, ten years old. He ought to be in the Institution for the Feeble-minded at Syracuse, but she cannot afford to pay the fare of some one to take the boy there."

Mrs. Astor said, "I suppose a check for \$20 will cover it?"

I said, yes, that I had advanced just that sum for Mrs. Adams' use. Mrs. Astor sent me the check afterwards with a sympathetic and graceful note thanking me for letting her participate in a kindness.

At some time in my two years at the Woman's Hospital she invited me to dine at her house with Hamilton Fish, the Rector of Grace Church, and others, to hear what must have been one of the first exhibitions of the Bell telephone

and the phonograph. As at my graduation at Long Island College, I had no evening dress, only the old Prince Albert coat made by my Chicago tailor as "proper for a professional gentleman." I had this garment metamorphosed into an evening coat for the entertainment at Mrs. Astor's, by having the pocket flaps cut off and the coat-tails cut back. At her house, on Fifth Avenue, we listened with wonder to a conversation over the telephone from the Battery.

The Woman's Hospital resounded with the name of Marion-Sims, its founder. He had recently resigned from the staff of the hospital and was carrying on a bitter controversy with the other members of the board at the very time when I entered.

The inscription on the base of a bronze statue unveiled in 1894 in Bryant Park in the City of New York tells in brief the story of one of the great characters in the surgical history of the world.

> J. Marion-Sims, m.d., ll.d. Born in South Carolina, 1813. died in New York City 1883.

> > SURGEON AND PHILANTHROPIST.

FOUNDER OF THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

HIS BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS CARRIED THE FAME
OF AMERICAN SURGERY

THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SERVICES IN THE CAUSE
OF SCIENCE AND MANKIND

HE RECEIVED THE HIGHEST HONORS IN THE GIFT OF
HIS COUNTRYMEN

AND DECORATIONS FROM THE GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE, PORTUGAL, SPAIN, BELGIUM AND ITALY.

On the reverse:

PRESENTED

TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK

BY

HIS PROFESSIONAL FRIENDS,

LOVING PATIENTS,

AND

MANY ADMIRERS

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

When Dr. James Marion-Sims engaged in practice in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1840 there were thousands of wretched and pitiable women who suffered from a deplorable and hitherto incurable injury to the bladder consequent upon the crude obstetrics commonly practiced at the time. The condition which made it impossible for them to retain the contents of the bladder is known as vesico-vaginalfistula. Marion-Sims first devised the duck bill speculum which rendered the parts accessible to surgery. He then observed that the silk stitches which he had used in closing the opening into the bladder absorbed moisture, that the moisture decomposed and that when decomposed it caused disease in the wound and prevented union. Silver wire was non-absorbent and therefore he substituted it for silk. He chose fortunately, for another reason; silver when used as a suture becomes oxidized and oxide of silver is in itself a disinfectant. Sims was waging war against pathogenic bacteria before anyone knew that there was such a thing, and thus with the silver suture he accomplished the first authenticated cure of a vesico-vaginal fistula. His early reports of the operation were received with incredulity. In 1853 he moved to New York and in 1855 established the Woman's Hospital, where he and Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet continued to develop the modern science of Gynecology, especially the plastic surgery of Gynecology,

through the medium of Sims' duck bill speculum and the silver wire suture. So successful were Sims and Emmet in this work that the hospital became known, and ever since has been known, as the "cradle of modern Gynecology."

With the advent of the Civil War in 1861 Sims for the first time visited Europe. I have heard the report many times that he was uncompromising in his sympathy for the South and that he left New York saying that in so doing he was shaking the dust of America from his feet forever. In Europe he soon gathered about him a large and select clientele. Now he is successfully demonstrating at Hotel Voltaire, his operation for vesico-vaginal fistula, in the presence of the greatest surgeons of Paris, Nelaton, Huguier, Velpeau and Baron Larrey. Was this the Baron Larrey, Napoleon's personal physician, of whom the Emperor said, "The only man I ever knew whom I could absolutely trust?" Now we see Marion-Sims fascinating a Countess with his broken French, now responding to the call of a Duchess in London, a Señora in Madrid, a Princess in Venice, a Baroness in Berlin or of la pauvre femme in Salpetriere in Paris. Again we see him attending an important case, for several weeks, as a guest and surgeon of the Empress at St. Cloud. No American in Europe, no European in America, had ever been distinguished by a practice so select, so dramatic.

At the close of the Civil War he returned to America and again became the leading figure in the hospital which he had founded. The famous quarrel, in full tide when I entered, engaged the forces of the most distinguished members of the medical profession, Marion-Sims on one side, and the visiting staff, Drs. Peaslee, Thomas and Emmet, on the other. The occasion of this quarrel was some rules made by the Board of Governors of the hospital to which Sims took exception. One of these rules, ac-

cording to my recollection, limited the number of physicians who could be present at one time to observe operations. The operating room was small and only a few visitors could be accommodated. The governors undertook to restrict the number, I think, to fifteen. Sims was in favor of allowing as many spectators as could crowd in. Peaslee, Thomas and Emmet sided with the governors. This, so far as I remember, was one of the essential causes of what proved to be a bitter controversy. Sims in an unfortunate communication stated his side of the question to the New York County Medical Society at the Academy of Medicine. The consequence was a bitter discussion in which Peaslee took the leading part. It was a contest between the cold incisive logic of Peaslee from the Granite Hills of New Hampshire, and the genial illogic of Sims from the sunny slope of Alabama. Needless to say that Sims emerged from this debate crushed at every point by the superior logic of Peaslee. Then followed a protracted period of intense hostility between the contending parties.

There was a passage in the controversy in which Sims quoted Thomas as having said at a staff meeting that if they resisted the new rules the governors of the hospital would turn them all out. Then Thomas naïvely retorted that Sims had misquoted; that Thomas had said that the governors would turn them all out but, he added, "and we should richly deserve it." The two parties to the controversy each presented his side in controversial pamphlets, which were published in the medical journals and distributed through the mails to thousands of the profession at large. Peaslee was selected by his confreres to write the pamphlets of his side and with incisive unanswerable logic left little ground upon which the more facile Sims could stand. I myself spent nearly a week addressing and posting these pamphlets and for this

work was generously rewarded by Thomas, Emmet and Peaslee with an amount which at that time represented to me a much needed fortune. I recall the closing words of Peaslee's memorial to the profession in which he reminded Dr. Sims that he had made many serious mistakes. He did not precisely charge Sims with deliberate misrepresentation, but he said: "In taking leave of this disagreeable subject and of Dr. Sims, I may add, 'Your whole performance, Dr. Sims, is characterized by mis-

takes; mistakes in policy and mistakes in fact."

Like all quarrels this one came finally to an end, but left in its wake a prodigious amount of bad blood. The profession of New York and for that matter of the country took sides. Some contended that the limited accommodations of the hospital would permit only a limited number to observe operations, while the friends of Sims were loud in characterizing the other members of the staff as having been actuated by jealousy, pure and simple. They alluded to Sims as a great discoverer who should have been indulged to the limit of his hospitality. He was frequently spoken of as another Columbus in chains. Discredited at the hospital, Sims continued his practice in New York until the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, when again he went to Paris and there distinguished himself as surgeon in chief of the Anglo-American ambulance corps. He rendered such valuable service, especially after the battle of Sedan, that the French Republic honored him with the Order of commander of the Legion of Honor. From this time until his death, 1883, he lived alternately in Europe and America, usually engaged in the practice wherever he found himself. At the time of his death his hitherto hostile confreres united in eulogizing him as "The Father of Modern Gynecology." Dr. Thomas in an address to the graduating class of the Medical Department of Cornell University said, "If I were called upon to name three men who in the history of all time had done most for their fellow men I would say George Washington, William Jenner and Marion-Sims." My own sympathies as a young interne at the time were naturally on the side of the hospital authorities under whose influence I came. Now, after fifty years it seems to me that the quarrel, which appeared at the time momentous, was unnecessary and should have been looked upon as the skeleton in closet of a family quarrel—It is bad to have a quarrel but worse not to have a closet.

While the medical board was engaged in this deplorable and colossal turmoil I, too, was having my small anxieties. "Accursed thirst for gold, to what dost thou not drive the hearts of mortals?" Who said the love of money is the root of all evil? Let that pessimist go without money for a few years and then conclude that the want of it is at least the root of some misery, the back hall bedroom on the top floor, for example, which I occupied during my first year at the hospital. While pondering on this and other miseries I made the acquaintance of one Dr. Harding of the New York Board of Education, who frequently came to witness operations at the hospital. I applied to him for an appointment to teach in night school. Fortunately my evenings were free that fall and winter. Harding said that the members of the Board enjoyed the patronage of one appointment each, that there was one member who had not yet made his appointment. "He was a Dutchman and a grafter," would do business with me or with anyone for a "reasonable" consideration. "No," he could not give me a letter of introduction, because in so doing he might criminate himself.

I bearded the Dutchman in his den, which proved to be a cheese shop near the Chambers Street Ferry, and explained

that I was an interne at the Woman's Hospital in the State of New York and in need of five dollars a night for teaching night school in the City of New York, that I had heard he was a grafter and was calling under the impression that I might have been misinformed. The cheese merchant appeared lost for a time in deep meditation and then replied, "I live over mein store; mein vife she have dinner now already; come upstairs, ve talk it over mit some Rhine wine und some beer." Words to that effect. The host and hostess dispensed gracious hospitality such as Schweinefleisch, Sauerkraut, Kartoffel, Wiener, Schnitzel, Schmierkase, Pumpernickel. I emerged from the entertainment with a letter to the superintendent of education who, after the routine examination, duly installed me in a night school near the celebrated Five Points, the toughest part of New York. If there was any graft connected with the cheese merchant it was not his.

One of my duties was to teach double entry bookkeeping, of which I knew little. I always have have been hazy on the difference between cash debtor and cash creditor. I explained to the class that cash was a big box. If they took money out of it, cash was creditor; if they put money in, cash was debtor. Or was it the other way around? My idea of a bookkeeper was that of a person sitting on a high stool in front of a narrow desk. At any rate at the end of the term the class got honorable mention. He teaches well who so inspires his students that they will know more about the subject than he does. Something is to be said for the captain of industry who declared that personally he kept his books in the woodshed and employed bookkeepers when he wanted them kept in the entry.

There were other high points in this night school; one was a stand-up fight to a finish with a twenty-year-old Bowery tough, a fight in which I would have been whipped

At the beginning of the term there were perhaps twenty teachers, each in charge of a room with say twenty-five pupils. My room was constantly kept full by new students to take the place of those who had fallen by the wayside, so that at the end of the winter I was one of only two or three teachers remaining. I never knew whether my continued tenure of office was held by virtue of the favoritism of Mr. Wright, the principal, or of my other sponsor who attested his continuous interest in my welfare by frequent invitations to Sunday dinners with himself and frau over the cheese shop.

The hospital customarily dismissed its patients on the first of July, and closed its doors during the summer months. It behooved me therefore to look about for some substantial means of support during the vacation. It was then the custom of many New York physicians to combine vacation with practice at summer resorts at the seaside or in the mountains. I was on the lookout for such an opening. In the nick of time an opportunity came in the form of a news item in a morning paper. It announced the arrival at the Astor House of Captain Larkin, proprietor of the Larkin House, a large and fashionable summer resort, at Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Forthwith I sent up my card to Captain Larkin, an elderly, sturdy, rough old sea dog of towering stature and of commanding presence. After I had stated the object of my call he replied in a sympathetic tone that he was about to close such an arrangement with another physician. The sight of this physician's card which he handed to me, nearly put my eye out. There was the name of Alexander McLean Hamilton, one of the distinguished doctors of New York. Captain Larkin continued that Hamilton was dickering about the price of board and room. As soon as I could clear my throat of the choking

sensation I told him that I hadn't any money nor did I know what his board and room were worth but that I would take them on a gamble and pay his price. The old sailor, after a few moments' reflection, assumed the air of command. He ordered me to report at the Larkin House as soon as I could break loose from the hospital and intimated that the Larkin House could turn over enough practice to enable me to pay for my board and room. The Captain consoled himself with another chew of tobacco. I returned buoyantly to the hospital and in due season my modest sign appeared over the office desk of the hotel.

Dr. E. C. DUDLEY RESIDENT AT THE LARKIN HOUSE

Watch Hill was the typical seaside resort of the better class. One of the most interesting visitors was a patient of mine, Governor Sibley of Minnesota, the old Indain fighter and inventor of the Sibley tent familiar to every army officer. Several of my Bridgeport friends, Curtis and Mrs. Hine and her daughter, came down to see me. We had some boating on the Sound; and I enjoyed the summer.

While at the Larkin House I had occasion to confirm my prejudice against the incongruity of converting a college student into a Ganymede. One night an excited, strange young man burst into my room about nine o'clock and exclaimed: "You are a Darmouth man, aren't you, Dr. Dudley?" I answered in the affirmative. The man's appearance startled me. He had a pursued, hunted look. "Are you ill?" I inquired. "No, I'm not ill, I'm running away," he stammered. "I've done a terrible thing; the landlord has sent for the sheriff." "What landlord, what sheriff?"

I asked, not gathering from the man's incoherent recital what he was driving at. "Anyway, sit down, and calm yourself," I added. "Tell me why you came to me and how I can help you."

"Well, it's this way," he began, "One of the guests complained that there was a cockroach in his soup. I told him that I didn't put the cockroach in the soup, and he reported me at the office for impertinence. Briefly, I had some words with the landlord and knocked him down. He is going to arrest me for assault. I can't very well go back to college with a jail record. I understand that you are a Dartmouth man, and I have come to ask you to help me out."

Calmed down, the boy appeared to be an appealing sort of chap with very evident manliness. I assured him that I would do what I could for him, would endeavor to throw inquirerers off the track, and would get him out of the state as soon as we could evade the sheriff. Of course I was liable, perhaps, to criminal prosecution and to go to jail myself for shielding a man from an officer; but never mind; there is joy, romance and adventure in breaking the law when one can do it without trouble of conscience, especially if he can "put it over without getting caught." Some one has facetiously remarked that one should have the courage to condone in himself that which he would condemn in others.

I asked the young fellow how a chap of his evident virility could deliberately put himself in the position of a waiter, knowing that situations would almost certainly arise in which he would have to knock some one down in order to preserve his self-respect. He replied, "You are right. Hereafter I shall hunt a job with people of my own size and then if I get into a 'scrap' I may not have to run away from the sheriff."

I kept him under cover until the sheriff had given up the search. Then, after midnight, I ran him in a sailboat across the bay, out of the state, to Stonington, Connecticut, where he made a grateful farewell and a train for Boston.



CHAPTER XII

ANTISEPTIC SURGERY

BEFORE I went to Watch Hill I had completed the junior service at the Woman's Hospital. In September I returned for the senior service which continued to the summer of 1878. In the junior year I had roomed outside and had filled a relatively subordinate position. Now I was to live in the hospital and to give my whole time to the more responsible work as first assistant to the chief surgeons.

Before taking up the triumphs of modern antiseptic and aseptic surgical technique, it will be interesting to place before you a few observations which will serve to illustrate surgical methods at the close of the ancient régime, methods which were in vogue when I entered the Woman's Hospital. Often a surgeon operating in the abdominal cavity would find something unusual and would say to the physicians or students who chanced to be standing by, "Gentlemen, this is most interesting" or "this is puzzling" and then would invite one or more of them to examine the case. "Just put your finger or your hand in there, doctor, and tell me what you think." No one dreamed of Germs. No one considered such an unwashed hand or finger in the least dangerous.

One of the first things I did was to assist in the preparation of silk ligatures, used to tie around blood vessels to control hemorrhage. A hank of fine silk which would

reach from a corner to the opposite corner of the operating room was unwound; three internes were required to prepare it for ligatures; one was at each end. They held it taut from corner to corner of the room. A third man with a piece of beeswax then walked back and forth three or four times waxing the thread. Next the two men at the opposite ends of the thread, still holding it taut, twisted it between the thumb and finger. The third man when it was thoroughly twisted seized it in the middle and drew it to one side and the two ends were dropped on the floor. The thread then was found to be twisted two ply. If a four-ply ligature was required the procedure was repeated. The next step was to cut it into lengths to be used as ligatures each a foot long. Here was a bundle of ligatures which the assistant drew through the buttonhole of the right lapel of his coat so that the operator could reach over to the opposite side of the operating table, where the assistant stood, and draw out a ligature whenever he wanted one.

Surgeons and their assistants operated in their customary clothing. Operating gowns were rare. It was considered an achievement, a matter of pride, for an operator to amputate a leg or to do any other grave operation without soiling his cuffs or any other part of his clothing. I have heard that Henry J. Bigelow, the foremost surgeon of Boston, in the last century always operated in a well-valeted dark blue Prince Albert coat with a rose in the buttonhole and that as he passed to the amphitheater in the Massachusetts General Hospital he always gave a critical glance at the mirror.

I had been only a few months in the senior service in the hospital when a very beautiful and attractive young woman was seized with a violent attack of pelvic inflammation from which she barely escaped with her life and by which she was permanently disabled. The medical board

asked me to make an investigation of the baffling source of this infection. I found that an ancient nurse known as "Old Mary," somewhat more intelligent than a moron, who had been in the service of the hospital for more than twenty years, had been gathering up the sponges which had been discarded after septic operations and converting them into a form known as sponge tents and selling them to the hospital. This was a clinching argument for the germ theory of disease. The sad thing about it was that Mary, who was innocent of intentional wrongdoing, was summarily discharged and set adrift. The fate of poor old Mary was deplorable. In a sense, although very ignorant, very old and very stupid, she had in an extraordinary way contributed to the foundation of the Woman's Hospital. It will be remembered that the hospital was founded by Marion-Sims and that his reputation was built on experimental work and the final success which he achieved in the surgical treatment of vesico-vaginal fistula. This was a loathsome malady, due to accidents of childbirth, hitherto incurable. Old Mary had landed in New York from the bogs of Ireland with vesico-vaginal fistula of the most intractable type. Marion-Sims had succeeded in closing these fistulæ with silver wire sutures, in Alabama. When he came to New York he found in old Mary the necessary clinical material and performed about twenty operations on her-so many operations before the final triumph. The hospital took shape and rested finally on the tripod; Marion-Sims, the silver wire suture and old Mary. Emmet, with tears in his eyes, told me all about Mary and her twenty operations. It was a soul-racking story. He maintained that her twenty contributions entitled her to be kept by the hospital in a glass case to the end of her life. On one of the last visits I made to Emmet I saw Mary hobbling out of the back door with her weekly allowance. Emmett supported her as long as she lived. During my two years of interneship there occurred the greatest revolution of all time in surgery. When I entered the hospital there was no antiseptic surgery. Long before the end of two years antisepsis had been a religion and everyone had developed the "antiseptic conscience." Even the older surgeons who were compelled to revolutionize their technique came into line with surprising rapidity. Sometimes one of them, after washing and disinfecting his hands, would inadvertently touch something that had not been sterilized; for example, his face or an instrument or he might casually shake hands with an incoming guest. Then automatically it became the religious duty of his assistant to say sotto voce, "Doctor, you must disinfect your hands all over again." Such intimations usually, not always, were taken in good part. The antiseptic conscience became general through the country. In one public clinic when the surgeon had performed a brilliant surgical feat, the students on the benches signified their appreciation by a vigorous stamping of their feet which raised a germ-laden dust. The surgeon quietly responded, "Gentlemen, your applause is grateful but you have killed the patient."

Everyone had to learn the distinction between æsthetic and surgical cleanliness. We were confronted with a great fact, that a thing may be æsthetically very clean and surgically very dirty. In the beginning of 1875, sea sponges were used in all operations, and unless the case was recognized as specially septic, they were merely washed to the æsthetic degree and put aside for the next operation. As the antiseptic conscience became progressively developed we kept the sponges between operations in antiseptic solution, but even this was found to be inadequate because some germs resisted the solutions. We tried boiling, but hot water destroyed the sponges. Sea sponges under any treat-

ment were unsatisfactory. The sponge problem finally was solved many years later by the substitution of gauze, a material which can be made safe by means of heat and other disinfectants.

In the beginning of the antiseptic and aseptic era the difficulties of technique were so great and the results so imperfect as to give the opponents of the method much seeming ground for criticism. We were waging war against disease germs, that is, bacteria, and yet few physicians knew anything of bacteriology; indeed few microscopic germs had been discovered, much less differentiated. Few men at that time even suspected that some germs were immeasurably more virulent than others and some not virulent at all. We did not know that some were killed by a temperature far below the boiling point while others, it was claimed, had to be boiled for half an hour or three consecutive days in order to kill both germ and spores.

For a long time iodoform was widely approved as a germicide until some one claimed that for some germs at least it was an excellent culture medium. Solutions of carbolic acid, mercuric bichloride and iodine were most generally used, but even these for some bacteria were discredited.

In order to know whether sponges, instruments, hands and other things were sterile, and therefore safe, microscopic examination was necessary to determine the presence or absence of bacteria. Such examinations might require days of study and a degree of technical skill to which few physicians could attain, to which no physician in the world had attained. Let us suppose that in running down a series of unexplained infections in a hospital it became necessary to make cultures of all the materials that had gone into the operations in question; this would have to be

done in a well-equipped bacteriological laboratory. It was several years after the inception of antiseptics before such laboratories were available.

The latest approved operative technique was brought to New York direct from the storm center of antiseptics in London, Lister's Clinic. It especially included the carbolic acid spray and a complicated series of dressings to be placed over the wound. The purpose of these dressings was to keep the terrible bacteria in the external air from invading the wound. We had not yet fully mastered the relatively greater danger of direct infection during an operation, through the medium of hands, instruments, and other appliances. We had little appreciation that it made less difference what we took out of the abdomen than what we put in. The elaborate external dressings soon were found unnecessary and were much simplified or discarded.

The carbolic acid spray at first was regarded as a sine qua non. The use of it was consistent with our preconceived notion of infection from the external air. We believed that this spray continuously playing over the open wound during an operation would discourage any evilminded bacterium which might be hovering about with a disposition to get inside. Soon we found that the spray decidedly lowered the temperature, in fact, almost froze the intestines and other abdominal viscera and therefore, for that reason alone, did more harm than good. Moreover, several patients developed post-operative hemorrhage from the kidney with the even more dangerous complication, suppression of urine, clearly traceable to carbolic acid. Then we heard from Germany where Listerism had spread with surprising rapidity. The earliest words all along the line were, "Away with the spray" ("Fort mit dem Spray.")

Even though some of Lister's technique had been thrown

into the discard, his revolutionary doctrine held. He had taught all the world that inflammation was the reaction that living tissue exhibits to morbid irritation and that this irritation was due to direct contact with pathogenic bacteria.

I must say a word about nurse Margaret, whose memory is revered by all Woman's Hospital men who served there in the 1860's-1870's. She and old Mary were the only permanent fixtures among the nurses. Other nurses came and went, but Mary and Margaret we had always with us until Mary came to grief in the manner above described. Margaret was the best type of the old-fashioned nurse, which has long since passed away. She was untiring, faithful, intelligent and an example of moral integrity. She could call by name and give a sympathetic account of every interne who had been connected with the hospital since its foundation. She held her place and did her work well to the end of a long life.

The new departure of training schools for nurses was just beginning. So far as I remember there were no trained nurses in our hospital. No nurse who could be trusted to take or record the pulse, respirations or temperature, no nurse who could pass the catheter. All this work fell to the internes who usually were so occupied night and day that they got little rest.

The technical, long, tedious preparation for a major operation also fell to the interne. The sterilization of instruments, sponges, dressings, silk, catgut and linen sutures and ligatures and the boiling of gallons of water to be used in the operation was a work often of two or three days. We might take a hundred precautions against infection and then be consumed with anxiety lest the omission of some little detail might lead to a fatal result. Even when the operation was finished our responsibilities con-

tinued. There was no trained nurse who could report important variations in the patient's condition. It fell to the interne to watch the pulse, respirations, temperature and general conditions. I have camped on the trail of an ovariotomy case many times for two or three nights in succession, performing duties which modern surgical technique has rendered unnecessary. Our faith in drugs was profound. A stormy post-operative convalescence was expected; an uneventful recovery was remarkable. We did not realize that an operation could and should be so performed that anything but recovery would be contrary to nature. We thought we could stand in the breach with drugs and neutralize the deficiencies of surgery.

I recall one case of ovariotomy performed by Dr. T. G. Thomas after an appalling series of fatalities which we all attributed to infection from the external air, not to the real cause, introduction of infective material direct to the field of operation. This operation was performed in a room of a near-by boarding house where we were free from the "dreaded poisonous air of the hospital." Twenty-four hours later Dr. Thomas called and said, "It looks a little like peritonitis. Her facial expression is a little too anxious. Crowd the opium until the respirations have fallen to six or seven in the minute." Opium was the classical remedy, the sheet anchor of Dr. Alonzo Clark, one of the great medical authorities of New York.

Of course this was treating a symptom rather than the disease. I camped on a rug by the patient's bed for two nights and held the respirations seven in the minute. In two or three days the case terminated fatally from acute peritonitis. The abdomen was found, post-mortem, to be filled with fluid which surely was swarming with virulent bacteria. At this time we were not equipped to study bacteria, or to distinguish one from another.

There was considerable discussion of this case and the question was raised whether death had not at least been hastened by opium poisoning. All agreed that the Alonzo Clark treatment with heroic doses of opium was not adaptable to surgical peritonitis. The experience of this case was valuable because it had gone far toward setting aside the notion that our fatalities were due to the poisonous. air of the hospital. The germ theory had disappointed us up to date, but we were slow to condemn it until experience had shown that our mortality had not been the result of faults in our own technique. We went over the list of drugs which had been used in the after treatment of abdominal sections. It was a formidable list of poisons, aconite, belladonna, morphine, opium, veratrum viride, digitalis, quinine in heroic doses, whisky ad libitum, nitroglycerin, chloral hydrate, oxygen. We queried whether the external application of cold to reduce high temperatures had not in some instances been carried to an unsafe degree. Finally we inquired, In how many cases could anyone attribute recovery to any of those drugs? There was a general agreement-"Not one!" although some of the drugs were useful as palliatives to relieve pain.

The members of the medical board, generally speaking, were disposed to consider the hazard of surgery sufficient without further complicating it by means of questionable medication. From that time on in the after care of patients we gradually fell into the way of keeping the bowels regular and giving plenty of water which, even if they threw it up, would wash out the stomach. Beyond this the disposition was to "go slow." Perhaps we had been "too free with drugs." This observation was entirely justified by later experience. During the term of my service there was progressive decrease of mortality of ovariotomy in the hospital to much less than twenty per cent. Many years

later it reached the minimum of nearly zero. Abdominal section at that time was a rare operation. News of an ovariotomy anywhere in what is now Greater New York was known to most of the physicians of the city almost immediately and was a topic of conversation for days.

The profound respect in which the peritoneal cavity was held fifty years ago is illustrated by the deportment of a doctor from Jericho, Vermont. He was a typical Yankee, lantern-jawed, tall, stoop-shouldered, angular, raw and awkward. He came with a case of ovarian cyst. The next day he sauntered into my room and inquired how we would go to work to get "the darned thing out." "What," he almost shouted in reply to my explanation, "do you mean to tell me that you have got to cut her wide open?" On receiving my reply he left my room saying that he was going right upstairs to see his patient. She afterwards told me that he painted the picture in the darkest colors and did his utmost to dissuade her, but she had sporting qualities and although it was a desperate case she went through the operation with flying colors and returned home well. After the operation the Jerichoan said, "You don't guess, do you, that that woman will ever leave this hospital alive?" "Yes, why not?" I said. "Wall, I don't guess anything like that," he replied, and then announced that he washed his hands of the whole business and was going back to Jericho instanter. A few hours later I received a telegram from some point on the road between New York and Vermont as follows: "When she dies take charge of what funds she has, procure a coffin and forward the remains to Jericho."

As my service at the hospital drew to a close I found myself more and more attracted to Emmet. He was a highly cantankerous and a very lovable man. The technique of controlling hemorrhage had not reached the perfection of the present day. In the course of an operation, he would exclaim, "Sponge, doctor, sponge, every time you get a chance." As the blood welled up over the field of the operation, he would throw down his instruments and explode: "Why don't you sponge? I wish I could find some one who would assist me the way I used to assist Sims." But his dexterity was almost miraculous. As he left the hospital and I helped him on with his overcoat, he would say, "I've got an awful headache—awful headache." This was his apology. This was his way of being sociable.

One day he said: "Pick out any case you choose and operate on it yourself." This was an unusual concession to an interne at that time, but it would not be now. "No, I won't be there," he said, "you will have to wiggle through with such help as you can get from the other internes." Emmet's operations almost always were successful. In one case his operation had been a failure. The interne had made a special study of that case and had learned the cause of failure which was no fault of Emmet. They dared me to select that case. In a spirit of unbecoming bravado, with the patient's consent and with the united support of the entire interne staff I operated successfully. The next time Emmet visited the hospital I had difficulty in holding myself at ease when I was obliged to reply to his question, what case I had selected. He responded with a reassuring grin: "Well, you had your nerve with you, didn't you?"

While yet an interne I published two papers on gynecological subjects, one, especially in the American Journal of Obstetrics, on the repair of the lacerated cervix, that is, repair of the rupture of the neck of the womb, a frequent accident of childbirth, an operation originated by Dr. Emmet. To this operation I gave the name, Trachelorraphy, but submitted the manuscript to him before publication. He inquired the meaning of that jaw-breaking word. I replied that it was derived from two Greek words, τράχελος, a neck, and ραφή, a seam or a suture. Emmet demurred that he would consult Peaslee, who was a classical scholar. The next day Peaslee greeted me with his quiet smile and reported that he had set Emmet's mind at rest with the information that Trachelorraphy was etymologically and logically correct. The word took root and ever since has been generally used throughout the world to designate Emmet's operation.

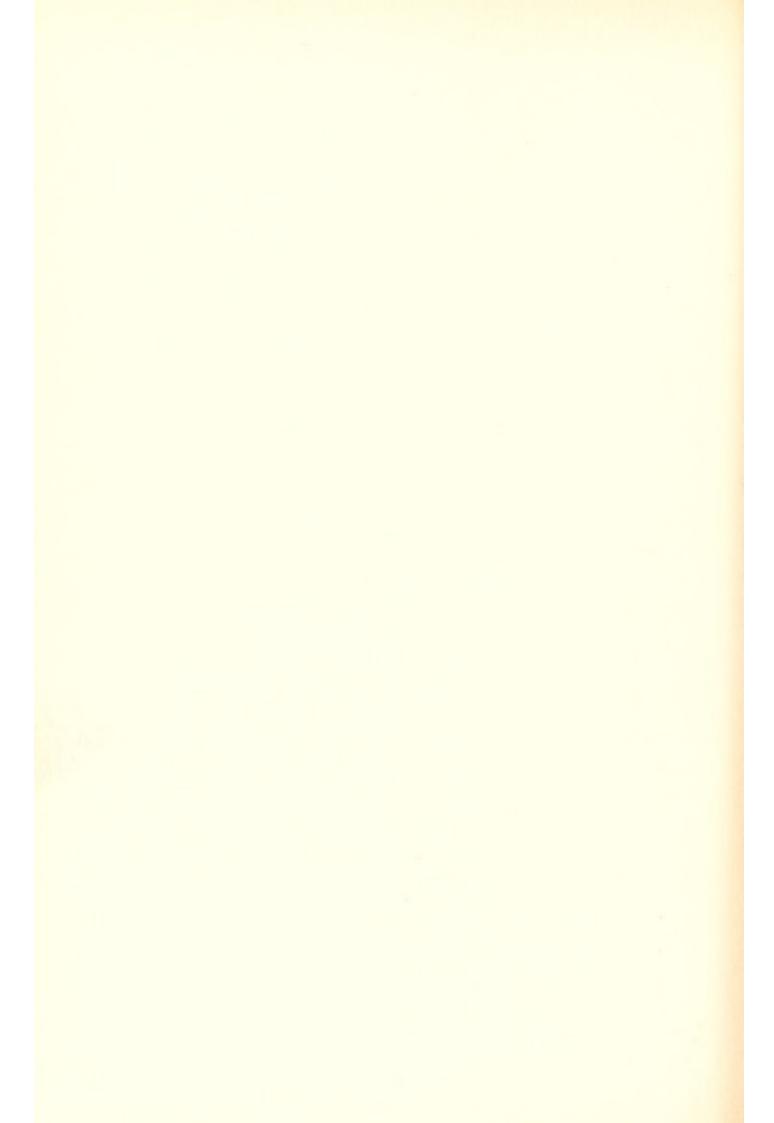
Sims, Emmet and Peaslee were recognized as the great pioneers in modern gynecology. This is attested by the constant stream of surgeons who came there to witness operations, among them professors of gynecology from well nigh every university in Europe and America. At the time few women were engaged in medicine. Two illustrious examples, Emily Blackwell and Mary Putnam Jacobi, honored us by frequent attendance. As I look back over this formative period of my professional life I have a growing appreciation of the lasting advantages which came of these rare associations with the hospital staff. Plato in the same spirit thanked the Gods that he had lived in the time of Socrates.

As the day approached to say good-by, I received numerous complimentary letters from officials of the hospital, notably Colonel Geo. T. M. Davis, Vice President of the Board of Governors and from Mrs. Coyt of the Lady Managers. Emmet inquired in his bluff way, "What do you intend to do, where are you going?" "No, you will be foolish if you stay in New York. Look at the Woman's Hospital men who are half starving here. You can occupy a vacant room in my house. Let us think it over and talk it over." I enjoyed the generous hospitality of Dr. and

Mrs. Emmet for a week or two and finally decided to take his advice and return to Chicago.

I had not been in Chicago long when a mutual friend reported that Emmet had said, "Dudley is the only Woman's Hospital man who had sense enough to go out West and carry out my ideas."

The history of gynecology will show that general surgery is indebted to the great gynecologists, Marion-Sims, Emmet, Peaslee and Thomas for much of its practical and scientific progress. They blazed the way through an untrodden wilderness and gave surgical laws to govern the stranger in this territory. We received from the pioneers, our teachers, the principles and practice of plastic and abdominal surgery on which has been built this most aggressive department of surgery. The older internes of the Woman's Hospital may claim them by right of inheritance.



CHAPTER XIII

MATRIMONY

N the journey to Chicago after my two years' absence in New York, I chanced to make the acquaintance of Mr. Arthur O. Slaughter, whom I had known by hearsay for his stroke of genius at the time of the Chicago fire. Slaughter, almost before anyone else, saw that the city was doomed. At midnight, the telegraph wires were down. In this period of utter demoralization he secured a horse and wagon and drove to the nearest telegraph at the Stock Yards, ten miles away, and ordered his Wall Street correspondent to close out all of his long accounts, to sell everything at the market. When the Stock Exchange opened next morning the market wavered, hesitated and was lost. Securities tumbled and crumbled ten, twenty, thirty, forty points; but not until the customers of Slaughter & Company had been sold out with little or no loss. He had saved them, in a terrible emergency, hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The journey from New York to Chicago then consumed thirty-six hours instead of the present running time of our twenty-hour limited trains. I so far forgot my early puritanical training as to play cards with Slaughter a good part of the way. We talked of medicine and banking. Finally he came out with an astounding proposition. "Don't waste your life in medicine," he said. "Come into my office; I will push you to the limit of your capacity.

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In a year or two I intend to open a branch in Wall Street. If you develop as I think you will, I will put you in charge of it." So, as of old, the siren of finance continued to allure me; but I had followed the medical trail too long and too far, to overcome the courage of my prejudices.

I left the train at Toledo, to fill an engagement at Lafayette, Indiana. Mr. J. Warren Goddard, one of the Governors of the hospital, had made an engagement for me to see the wife of a merchant tailor there with whom he had business relations. The tailor met me at the station and informed me that his wife was under the care of a homeopathic doctor, J. Smith. Here was an impasse. True to the tradition of the old régime, I made it clear that the established medical ethics did not permit me to associate professionally with an irregular practitioner. Whereupon the "homeopath" promptly relinquished his case to a "regular." The operation came off successfully. I pocketed the much-needed honorarium and continued my journey to Chicago, rented an office, sat down and waited for a case. In a few weeks my patience was rewarded in the form of a letter. On the upper left-hand corner of the envelope were displayed the insignia:

Dr. J. Smith homeopathist, lafayette, indiana

This letter said the patient on whom I had operated was now entirely restored to health and that he had another case requiring a similar operation. He asked me to select such physicians as I would like to have assist me and come to Lafayette at my early convenience. I replied that I would operate with such assistance as he would select, including himself.

The old code of medical ethics was a riot act; at one time it split the New York State Medical Society into hostile factions, especially over consultations with "irregulars." Now there is general agreement that no one should be disciplined except for conduct unbecoming a physician and a gentleman. Smith's letter worked a genuine conversion. Now I would consult with the devil himself if the safety of the patient demanded it. Contrary to the old code no physician has any proprietary right in a patient.

Many times thereafter I operated on Smith's patients and on those of other physicians in Lafayette. This was the beginning of an out-of-town surgical practice which rapidly extended to a territory within a radius of four hundred miles from Chicago. In going to surgical cases in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and the basin of the Great Lakes I was often on sleeping cars three or four

nights in a week.

Numerous delightful acquaintances and friends followed in the wake of the Lafayette experience; among them a lawyer, Mr. John A. Wilstach. Wilstach published in English verse translations of the whole of Virgil and Dante's "Inferno." He wrote also an elaborate Concordance of the Bible. He told me Bishop Spaulding went over the manuscript carefully and finally announced that he did not feel confident to pass on the wisdom of publication and advised him to see the Bishop of Baltimore. This Bishop entertained Wilstach at his house for several days, made a careful study of the manuscript and modestly declined to express a positive opinion but referred him to the Bishop of Louisville, who after due consideration said: "The only man really competent to pass on the publication of that manuscript is the Bishop of New Orleansand by the way—he is dead."

I once went to a meeting of the Lafayette Literary

Club with Wilstach. There was read an enlightening paper on the classical subject of "Onomatopæia" in which the essayist gave numerous illustrative examples from the Latin and Greek, including the famous one from Virgil, "Quadrupedenta," etc. Wilstach, in the discussion of the paper, insisted that it was unnecessary to go to the Latin and Greek classics for the best examples of Onomatopæia. The Indian language afforded abundant examples, one of which he gave, from a young Shawnee chief. He insisted that the sound of the words were wonderful reproductions of the idea: "Nek-et-a-kush-a ko-pe-to-lin-to, nek-e-ta-kush-a ko-pe-to-lin-to, nek-e-ta-kush-a ko-pe-to-lin-to." He insisted that nothing could sound more like a galloping horse. On the way home I asked Mr. Wilstach, "Where did you find this extraordinary example of Shawnee Onomatopæia. "Oh, Hell!" was all he said.

Not long after settling in Chicago I ventured into medical journalism and established the Chicago Medical Gazette published bi-monthly, following the general makeup of the New York Nation. It was a new departure in medical journalism. The opening pages, like those of the Nation of that date, were given over to a series of short impertinent editorials on current topics. The editorial staff was made up of a number of young physicians, personal friends, all "live wires," Dr. Jewell, Dr. Quine, Dr. Gradle and others. So great was the industry and ability of this staff that the Chicago Medical Gazette soon arrested attention. As I look back over its pages, now yellow with age, what strikes me most forcibly is the satirical criticism.

"A man must serve his time to every trade, Save censure. Critics all are ready-made. Care not for feeling: Pass your proper jest: And stand a critic hated yet caressed." Perhaps a more suitable name for our journal would have been The Free Lance. Our slogan might have been that of the Irish Debating Society, "Si caput videas, fereas," "If you see a head, hit it." A tabulated statement made by my secretary, Mr. S. C. Stanton, now Dr. Stanton, showed that at one time more editorials and editorial items were copied from this journal into other periodicals than from all the other American medical journals combined.

On the debit side of the enterprise were a depressing number of my confreres who neglected to pay their subscriptions. Some hundreds of doctors were owing \$3 each. Here was an appalling thought; an increasing liability. This was the more discouraging since, among these delinquent subscribers, my services were in frequent demand for consultations and operations.

In a sense the medical profession was becoming my public. Also my growing practice both in and out of town was beginning to interfere with editorial work; for these reasons I sold the journal at considerable loss to Chambers & Company, publishers in St. Louis. They continued to conduct it under the name Weekly Medical Review. With the new management it gradually drifted into a state once designated by Grover Cleveland as "innocuous desuetude."

Medical publication was extremely chaotic in my early years in Chicago. I was present at a meeting of the American Medical Association at St. Paul, in 1882, when a committee composed mostly of influential members from the eastern states reported adversely on a proposition to establish a weekly journal to take the place of the annual volume which hitherto had published the proceedings of the society. This report was received with apparent apathy. Evidently the project was about to be disap-

proved. Here I was confirmed in my impression of the force of Dr. Nathan Smith Davis, the founder and President of the American Medical Association. He was at that time Dean of the Chicago Medical College, later to become the Northwestern University Medical School. I knew that Davis had been seriously in favor of the proposed journal and therefore, from a near point, watched him with interest as he shifted from side to side on his seat. As the question to accept the report was about to be put, he addressed the chair and then mounted the platform. He scarcely had begun to speak when the assembly began to listen. As he proceeded there was audible applause; as he continued the applause became frequent and pronounced; as he finished there was a demonstration, unmistakable and prolonged. Finally the committee's report was set aside and a motion to establish the Journal of the American Association was enthusiastically carried, with Davis as editor.

Davis had picked up the association and in twenty minutes of dramatic forensic effort actually turned it the other side up. I heard a bystander from the back country remark, "Look at the committee; they resemble the North American Indian witnessing the advance of civilization." It is an interesting fact that this journal now easily outranks every other enterprise of medical journalism in this or any country, having a circulation of approximately 100,000.

The year 1882 was pregnant with great events for me. Foremost among them was the momentous occasion of a dinner party at the house of Mr. and Mrs. William M. R. French. Mrs. French was the daughter of Owen Lovejoy of antislavery fame. "Will" French, as we called him, was director of the Art Institute of Chicago, and was a brother of "Dan" French, the sculptor. An attractive

girl, Miss Titcomb, sat between me and Henry Demarest Lloyd, a young brilliant journalist. I developed against him an immediate prejudice because in my imagination at least he appeared singularly devoted to our intermediate neighbor. Presently Miss Titcomb and Lloyd joined a theater party and the light of the evening went out. In the course of conversation some one ventured the remark that Lloyd was the husband of Jessie Bross, daughter of ex-Governor Bross of Illinois. Such was my relief that I was conscious of an impulse to congratulate Lloyd on having married into a good family.

Occasionally during the following week I "chanced frequently to be in the neighborhood" where Miss Titcomb's path and mine crossed and thus incidentally gathered considerable information. She was a teacher in a private school for boys, known as the Harvard School, was much beloved and a general favorite.

This was Anna Maria Titcomb, a daughter of Mr. Silas B. Titcomb and Jane Gray King, his wife, of Tiskilwa, Illinois. She had spent most of her girlhood as a member of the family of Mr. John L. King, her uncle, of Springfield, Massachusetts. Her aunt, Mrs. King, was one of the daughters of Chester Harding, the portrait painter, who also at times was a member of the King household. She lived in Winnetka, Illinois, fifteen miles north of Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan.

The Pharisees of Springfield where Miss Titcomb had lived many years with her uncle, prided themselves on a certain superiority over Holyoke on the north, which they called "Sodom," and over Westfield, my native town, on the west, "Gomorrah." On learning of our engagement the numerous friends of my fiancée naturally and properly raised the question whether anything worth while could come out of Gomorrah, and whether therefore as a mat-

ter of propriety the engagement was not a fit subject for discussion. They had the arguments; I had the facts.

There was, moreover, in this engagement a manifest historical fitness dating back over a hundred years to the town of Saybrook, which once had occupied both sides of the mouth of the Connecticut River. The town fathers of Saybrook met in solemn assembly and decided that the business of the town was seriously impeded by the broad expanse of the intervening river and that the part of Saybrook lying on the east bank should be made into a separate township and should be called Lyme. They further declared that the separation was made without acrimony but, on the contrary, in a spirit of loving kindness. Now what could be more appropriate than that Miss Titcomb whose ancestors came from Lyme and I whose ancestors came from Saybrook should unite in the same spirit.

After some weary weeks of waiting the wedding came off at the appointed time, the twenty-ninth of June. I thought, and so expressed myself, that it was the most interesting wedding I ever had attended. A special car brought many friends from Chicago. There were present also numerous neighbors besides a happy delegation from Springfield, among them Mrs. Samuel Bowles, 2nd, and her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William H. King. The ceremony was perfomed by the Reverend Brooke Herford of the First Unitarian Church of Chicago. Mr. Herford returned the marriage fee which I had sent him with the facetious remark that if I would doctor his family he would marry mine.

There was an omnibus capable of holding thirty people which was engaged to carry the wedding guests to the railway station. At the end of the evening before the guests left the house, the party of the first part and the party of the second part crowded into it and were conveyed

into a furnished house which we had taken in the neighborhood. At this point a young boy, Oliver Herford, the son of the officiating clergyman, since distinguished as a cartoonist and humorist, remarked: "A close squeeze." The next time I saw Oliver was forty years later on "pipe night" at the Players' Club in New York, where he is recognized as the most lovable man there. His professional services are in great demand. One of the most yellow of all yellow journalists is said to have offered him, repeatedly, extravagant inducements to join the staff of his paper: whereupon Oliver finally replied that he could assist in no enterprise connected with any of these papers unless the owner contemplated suicide.

We were married on the twenty-ninth day of June 1882. Subsequently in the next seven years in the fullness of time there came on five more Dudleys, Katherine, Dorothy,

Helen, Prescott and Caroline.

The other important event, in 1882, introduced me in a large way to medical education. In the previous year Williaim H. Byford resigned the chair of Gynecology of Chicago Medical College, now the Northwestern University Medical School, and accepted the corresponding

chair at Rush Medical College.

Several of my friends in New York, notably my former chief, Dr. Emmet of the Woman's Hospital, strongly indorsed me as a suitable person to fill the vacant professorship. But the faculty and trustees of the college did not share the enthusiasm of my New York supporters. They wisely and naturally considered that I was too young, too immature, to shoulder the grave responsibilities of a chair which involved so much operative surgery of the first magnitude. Accordingly they appointed a distinguished, more elderly man who had for many years sustained himself as professor of Gynecology in one of the prominent schools

of another city. Unfortunately, soon after coming to Chicago he was handicapped by a series of illnesses and therefore was unable to do himself justice.

The term was not far advanced when two or three members of the class drifted into my office for informal talks about Surgical Gynecology; then others followed until a considerable part of the class came. I was a little anxious lest the affair might be construed as a deliberate effort to undermine the regular professor; but several members of the faculty advised me to teach them all I could. Professor William E. Quine went further and added, "Lecture to them like thunder; you probably will get that chair next year." A few weeks later the dean of the faculty, N. S. Davis, came to one of my operations. Quine said, "Keep quiet, wait, don't say a word." I waited and the following spring was elected to the full chair of Gynecology in the Chicago Medical College, a chair which I continuously held for thirty-eight years, to the age of sixty-eight. Since that time I have been Professor Emeritus.

Chicago Medical College, now the Northwestern University Medical School, stands forth as the first institution in America to establish preliminary examinations and a three years graded course of instruction. Subsequently when I became a young member of the faculty, over forty years ago, I frequently heard Professors Nathan S. Davis, Edmund Andrews and Hosmer A. Johnson tell of the casual meeting on Rush Street Bridge where they initiated the idea of a radical departure in American medical education. Up to this time the universal custom was to require two full courses of lectures of about five months each, after which the student could graduate on the certificate of an accredited physician that he had been enrolled as a medical student for three years and on passing a satisfactory examination.

Harvard inadvertently for a long time prided herself as having been the first school in America to make this radical change in medical education. In point of fact no other school followed the lead of Northwestern until the system had been in successful operation there for twelve years.

During many years after I became a member of the faculty of Northwestern, 1882, students who failed in examination at the end of the first year would take their credits for that course to another school and there matriculate for a second course, on completion of which they graduated a year in advance of their successful classmates at Northwestern.

After my election as professor of Gynecology I found myself face to face with the responsibility of much of the most dangerous surgery, especially abdominal surgery including a great deal of ovariotomy, appendectomy, the removal of solid tumors, operations for exta-uterine pregnancy, and the removal of diseased uteri, and their appendages. In order to increase my efficiency in this direction I lost no opportunity to meet experts and to study the technique of the best American operators. I visited also numerous clinics in Germany, France and England where excellent work was done, but nowhere better than by my old chiefs at the Woman's Hospital in New York.

In my work I encountered the usual number of surgical emergencies and accidents. Any surgeon who claims never to have experienced serious accidents in the course of his work is generally one who never has done much surgery. After an operation on the wife of a personal friend, secondary hemorrhage occurred. In the middle of the night I reopened the wound, to find if possible the source of the hemorrhage. While I was in the act of putting a ligature around the bleeding vessel, the gas light rapidly died down and went out, leaving us in total darkness. There was no

candle, no lamp available. Some one finally brought in a kerosene lamp from the house of a neighbor, but too late—the hemorrhage already had proved fatal.

In one of my early operations for ovariotomy I had removed the tumor, closed the wound, applied the dressings, put on the bandage and was in the act of carrying the patient from the operating table to her bed when a square yard or more of plaster fell from the ceiling directly on the operating table. Ten minutes earlier it would have fallen into the abdominal cavity and probably would have turned the scale from a successful to a fatal result.

Dr. Christian Fenger and I were frequently associated in surgical operations, sometimes he assisting me and other times I assisting him. On one occasion, after I had removed a forty-six-pound solid tumor from the abdominal cavity-myoma uteri-we were much concerned because the patient's condition continued to be grave. We made frequent visits by night and day, sometimes going at two or three o'clock in the morning. On one visit, when we were almost at our wits' ends for diagnosis and treatment, I announced that I believed the trouble was due to a kidney complication. I then went into a lengthy, plausible, scientific explanation, which was to the effect, that taking into the account certain causes and effects, in so far as our ignorance permitted us to judge-"Quod erat demonstrandum. Fenger, who had a slight impediment in his speech, then replied with a quizzical grin, "M-m-m-, that ain't anythin' but reasonin'." This was a valuable lesson. Whenever I have found my head in the stars and my feet on the tail of a comet, I have recourse to the observation of Fenger, "That ain't anythin' but reasonin'." Up to this time, I always had exaggerated the value of reasoning.

This theoretical knowledge and the consequent reasoning in which I had indulged calls to mind the story of a cam-

paign in the Civil War when General Banks was pursuing the enemy who, having destroyed the bridge, escaped to the other side of the river. General Banks had on his staff a Vermont lumberman and a highly educated engineer, a graduate of a school of technology. He ordered the engineer to draw the plans, and the lumberman to build the bridge, directing him to build it with all possible dispatch and to report to him at the earliest moment. The next morning the lumberman, on a sweating horse, rode up to the General's tent, forced his head through the flaps and announced, "General, the bridge is built, but them pictures ain't come."

Dr. Fenger, who helped me not to exaggerate the value of unascertained theory, was eight years my senior. He had a singularly scientific and analytical mind, and had been professor of pathology in the University of Copenhagen. For many years Fenger held a unique position as guide and teacher of that generation of young physicians and surgeons with whom I was associated in the early years of my practice in Chicago.

Dr. Frederick E. Shattuck of Boston, to whom I always have looked for inspiration both in friendly and medical relations, like Fenger, once gave me a valuable and lasting lesson. Many years ago I was called to Boston in a surgical case and found two distinguished physicians in charge. The patient already was taking a wide variety of drugs to which doubtless I contributed my share. We called Dr. Shattuck in consultation, who inquired what was being done. We recited the list of medicines. Shattuck inquired, "Isn't that rather medicinal?" This inquiry of Shattuck's, like Fenger's observation, "That ain't anythin' but reasonin'," will illustrate the fact that progress in any direction is apt to be characterized by simplicity.

During this period I returned every year or two to West-

field; and on one of these occasions I heard a story about another guide and teacher of mine, Dr. Holland, from the wife of his nephew, the one with whom he went on the honeymoon while he left me to run the shop when I was seventeen. The story seems extravagant, yet was currently believed in the neighborhood.

Dr. Holland had died some years after I left Westfield. He was a lover of horses. In his Civil War service, as surgeon of one of the Massachusetts cavalry regiments, he took his favorite horse with him, the Sackett horse, a beautiful animal of great intelligence, in all respects fitted

to the doctor's weight and temperament.

Dr. Holland had provided in his will that the Sackett horse, then very old, should remain as a charge on his estate and that a suitable groom should give him adequate care during his natural life; that the horse should not be worked, but should be given suitable exercise. The horse took part in the funeral procession. After the burial he drooped and indicated disappointment every morning at the time of the doctor's customary call with lumps of sugar. A few days later the groom hitched him to the phaeton, and, taking some flowers to place on the grave, drove to the cemetery. The horse shied as he approached the outer gate, but once inside, walked slowly, without guidance, directly to the family lot. Arriving there, he reared on his hind legs and fell dead on the grave of Dr. Holland. Immediately, in accordance with the will, he was buried at the feet of his master. Some thought that the horse died of grief; others, that death and the shying at the gate were the natural result of old age and infirmity. This touching incident was followed by an episode which will appear grotesque.

Some days after the event just recorded, the doctor's nephew, Mr. Holland, my former employer, was putting

some flowers on the grave. He noticed that the horse's grave had been tampered with. On digging down and exposing the horse, it was found that its hide had been removed. Search among the tanneries of the neighborhood resulted in discovery of the hide, which was returned and sewed onto the horse. The horse again was buried as before. Taking into account the reliable source of this otherwise improbable story, I am inclined to give it credence.

The Sackett horse story was no more extravagant than other well-authenticated tales I used to hear as I journeyed

about in my surgical practice in the Middle West.

A young physician undertook to practice medicine in the southern part of Illinois sometimes called the land of Egyptian darkness. His chief competitor was an uneducated quack, whose favorite prescription was a poultice of the feathers of a black Spanish hen. He was called to a case of protracted illness. The family showed signs of a disposition to call the competitive quack in consultation. The young doctor consented. The consultant announced, with great assurance, that he had found a poultice of the feathers of a black Spanish hen most serviceable in such cases, whereupon the young doctor replied that knowing of his consultant's favorite remedy, he already had applied such a poultice. The older man, expressing great surprise, said that he had never known it to fail in such a case-couldn't understand now why it had failed. Presently, he scratched his head and inquired, "Was the hen killed in the full of the moon?" The young man was obliged to acknowledge that he had not appreciated that the influence of the moon was essential. "Oh, well," said the quack, "unless the hen is killed in the full of the moon, the remedy is useless."

Out of ignorance as black as that of the land of Egyptian darkness, another Illinois physician told me his local history. I went to a town near Starved Rock on the Illinois River, to

perform an operation, and on the way home while waiting for a train dropped into the office of one of the local backwoods doctors. He said: "I blew into this here town in the early sixties and hired an office over that beer saloon yonder and I sat down in that office day after day and month after month and nobody come. Finally I thought I would have to sew my diploma on the seat of my breeches to keep them from wearing out and no one come. But the cholera did come. You bet it come; and sir, I put on to my books the first week after that cholera come, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY DOLLARS AND IT AIN'T LET UP SENCE." Then he stretched his arms wide apart to the limit and with a prolonged and profound yawn-a sign of malaria-added, "Doc, they ain't only one trouble about this year country; we ain't had no malaria here in four year."

In my travels, I used to hear also well-authenticated but grotesque tales concerning men who were leading the medical profession as well as concerning those who were indeed "the blind leading the blind."

I had frequent calls to St. Paul and Minneapolis in consultations and surgical operations and became familiar with many of the physicians in those cities. Among them was Dr. Fulton, who had a deservedly large practice, in diseases of the eye, in Minnesota and the states west to the Rocky Mountains.

He was called to Helena, Montana, to treat the copper king, Marcus Daly. Everyone there called him by his first name, Marcus. He had been a laboring man, had married a school-teacher, and like many other men had taken lessons of his wife. Fulton found him with an inflammation of the eye so destructive that his vision was endangered. At the end of a week the doctor said, "Now, Marcus, your eye is saved. I will return to St. Paul."

"Give your bill to the book kaper," said Marcus. "He will pay it." The "book kaper" was seated at a desk with his back to the office. Fulton made a bill for \$10,000; and threw it on the "book kaper's" desk with the remark, "Marcus said you would pay this." The "book kaper" drew the check and without looking around, or turning around, replied, "Guess again, ye spalpeen, Marcus is worth more nor that."

On one of my all-day railway journeys to St. Paul and Minneapolis I chanced to have as a traveling companion Governor Hoard of Wisconsin. Those who are familiar with the doings in that state in the eighteen-nineties will remember him as a central figure in the Agricultural Institutes of Wisconsin. His accession to the governorship of the state was the result of his activity and especially of his popular addresses before those Associations. The Governor was returning from an extended canvas of the Negro belt of the Southern States. He characterized the negro as "a natural-born orator." In fact negro oratory was so effective that he had been led to undertake an analytical study of it. He gave an account of a sermon on the creation of man by a negro minister in Alabama:

"Brethern: One morning the good Lord got up early and looked around and he said, 'this is a right smart world what I make but I ain't put no man in it'. So he go to work an' he take some clay, and outer the clay he done maul a man in his own image an' he call dat man Adam, an' he sot 'im on his feet an' he say, 'Adam, you stay by'. De Lord was mighty tired an' he done go off to bed. An' he wake up in de middle ob de night an' he say 'Dat's a might fine man what I make an' call Adam an' sot 'im on his feet. But I ain't done quite right 'bout dat man Adam

no how, I ain't gib 'im no company, for dat man Adam'.

"Nex morning de Lord, he cotch Adam an he take out one of his ribs an' outer dat rib, he done make a woman what he call Eve, an' he sot her on her feet an' he say, 'now, Eve, you stay by Adam'. De Lord was mighty tired when he got Adam made but he mighty sight tireder when he done got Eve made. So he went to sleep an' he wake up in de night an' he say, 'I ain't done quite right about dat man Adam

an' dat woman Eve. 'I ain't gib 'em no 'ciety.'

"An' the Lord scrape together a lot ob stuff all 'round everywhere an' outer dat stuff he make a lot people for 'ciety for Adam an' Eve an' he sot 'em on their feet an' he tell 'em to stay by. An' nex' morning he say, 'I ain't done right about dem people what I make for 'ciety for Adam and Eve. I ain't give 'em no brains, an' de Lord he go raking and scraping 'gain for brains for dem people, an' brains was mighty scarce them times, brethern. An' when he done got all de brains in de whole world together, he brung 'em to dat place where he make dem people an' tell 'em to stay by, he find dem people didn't stay by no how. They all walk away, an' so they didn't get no brains.'

"An' now, brethren, this am de great moral lesson: De human fambly am divided into two classes, first, de stay bys who done got all de brains, second, de

walk aways, who done got no brains at all."

A strong factor in negro oratory is the negro's picturesque sense of language. Mrs. Dudley once told me of a colored parson she had heard who preached a powerful sermon on "Prevarication" and laid stress on what God considered the most sinful kind of prevarication which was "Insinuendo."

These years, when I heard so many travelers' tales in my interstate surgical practice, belong to the time when I was lecturing at the Northwestern University Medical School. At that time I came to know well on the staff two men who always characterized the period for me-Dr. Edmund Andrews and Dr. Nathan Smith Davis.

Dr. Edmund Andrews, for many years Professor of Surgery at the Northwestern University, possessed a learning so broad and a sense of humanity so deep, that any man would have found him sympathetic, responsive and helpful. To the soldier of the Civil War he had been a brave and faithful comrade in arms. To the enthusiast in geology he appeared as a man who might have occupied with credit the chair of Geology in a great university. He was a true lover of letters and of the humanities; and might well have filled a chair of English Literature.

Although he comprehended the whole range of surgical science from an academic point of view, as few men at this time could comprehend it, yet his clinical vision was never obscured by speculative considerations. In this as a surgeon of learning and skill he was like his contemporary, Fenger; as a scientist he would have been at home with Huxley; as a simple-minded lover of nature he might have been the companion of Thoreau. Andrews' life was a lesson to us in reach and breadth. For though no man ever held his profession higher, yet he placed the world above his profession.

This was true too of his associate, Nathan Smith Davis. Careful research has failed to discover anything more than a coincident relation between the names of Nathan Smith and Nathan Smith Davis. The first has been mentioned as the founder of the medical schools at Dartmouth, Yale, Bowdoin and the University of Vermont; the second, Nathan Smith Davis, who lived a hundred years later, still

lives in the memory of this generation and will live beyond us. Nathan Smith Davis was an honest, simple, clear, truthful man. Though his achievements depended on few advantages of conventional, early education, yet in his capacity as one of the founders of Northwestern University Medical School he was among the foremost to insist upon a high degree of general and technical training as prerequisite to professional study.

As a youth of seventeen he was a farmer. He went to the village academy for a single session only, served as an apprentice with a country doctor; and in 1837 after a period of less than three years' study took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the age of twenty. He displayed strength of mind and character in refusing to be misled by his great, natural gifts, refusing "to imagine that even genius without adequate education can make a competent physician."

At twenty-six years of age in 1843 at the annual meeting of the New York State Medical Association he broke new ground by making his first appeal for a higher standard of medical education. Davis was the leader of a national convention delegates from hospitals and medical colleges who came from all parts of the United States to deliberate on the best measures to improve medical education. Thus he founded the American Medical Association and became its president and the most distinguished leader of that organization.

In 1850 he settled in Chicago. Here he filled a Professorship at Rush Medical College; took a leading part in the councils both on the floor and in the presidential chair of the Illinois State Medical Society; established the Journal of the American Medical Association and placed it on a substantial, scientific, literary and financial basis; in the midst of the onerous duties of a large private

practice, in the midst of unremitting ministrations in times of epidemic continuing to teach, to write, to edit and to cooperate in all movements for the common good.

The force of his intellect and the genius of his industry made him singularly independent of the ordinary scholastic polish which for the most of us would appear to be indis-

pensable.

A criticism of Mark Twain's on Grant's "Memoirs of the Civil War" is applicable to the work of Davis. Grant's book, written on his death bed, with almost superhuman fortitude against wasting and fatal disease, at once commanded the admiration of scholars as a rugged, terse, vigorous, clear-cut example of English Composition. A single adverse review, however, came from the pen of a professor of rhetoric, who appeared to imagine that he was doing the world a service in pointing out certain passages of Grant's book which to his mind did not conform to scholastic usuage. This review was an estimate by a critical rhetorician of the work of a constructive rhetorician. Mr. Clemens reviewed the review in words somewhat as follows: "If we should climb the Matterhorn and find strawberries growing on the top we might be surprised and gratified, but, Great God, we do not climb the Matterhorn for strawberries!"

Emerson must have had in mind a man like Dr. Davis when he said, "I wish I could teach my children the world's greatest lesson, Absence of Pretension." The mental integrity of this man was in large degree owing to the habit which he must have formed early in life of never deceiving anyone, least of all himself; of never pursuing the indirect method; of never wanting the courage of his convictions; of never stopping short of the point.

Dr. Davis' mind was more creative than speculative; his intellectual processes more concrete than abstract; his work

usually constructive. He never talked about what he was going to do, he did it. He joined the rugged, primitive, simple qualities of the traditional pioneer to the civilization of the scholar, the teacher and the man of affairs. He was broad enough to look beyond the narrow confines of his calling. The Northwestern University owes him much. Education owes him much. The world owes him much. He was a striking example of new-world manhood, honest, aggressive, faithful, fearless, adequate; full of well-directed energy; raising himself to a high plane of human endeavor; and at the same time drawing others up with him. He remained mentally young till the time of his death, still "blooming at the top amid the frost of years."

CHAPTER XIV

THE DIVINE LAW OF INDIRECTION

MALT WHITMAN says somewhere, "Everything must proced by the divine law of indirection." Two of the most imporant experiences of my professional life were managed by indirection. The starting point was a newspaper item about 1893, that Dr. Albert Smith of Philadelphia had died. Now Albert Smith was a distinguished Gynecologist and had been engaged to write the chapter on Displacements of the Uterus for Pepper's "System of Medicine," then in preparation. This work was in many volumes by numerous distinguished specialists on the whole field of Medicine and on the surgical specialties. The editor of the work was Dr. William Pepper, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania and Dean of the Medical Department. Immediately I was seized with an ambition to be the author of the chapters on Displacements of the Uterus in Pepper's "System," and with that impulse took the next train for Philadelphia to interview Dr. Pepper.

The call upon the great man was more simple than anticipated. As he received me he was taking a hurried luncheon on his office desk. I made no explanation but simply let it be inferred that I was calling out of regard for his distinguished reputation. Nothing was said about Pepper's "System." He inquired what I was doing in Chicago. I told him that I was Professor of Gynecology in the Northwestern University Medical School, and that I was

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trying to hold down that chair. I gathered the impression that he thought I was rather young for such a job. He inquired, "How old are you," and then rather adroitly wormed it out of me that I was a Dartmouth A. B. and had been in Interne under the great pioneers of Gynecology in the Woman's Hospital in the state of New York. He also accumulated the information that I was headed for Boston and that my address there would be St. Botolphs Club. He pumped me dry. The call terminated in the felicitations usual to such occasions. Next day I received a telegram from him in Boston asking for an appointment in Philadelphia. Since I really had no particular business in Boston, I returned to Philadelphia the following day. Dr. Pepper was prompt to the minute. He put the question bluntly, "Will you take the chapters in Pepper's 'System' formerly assigned to Albert Smith?" I replied, "I will. He had the contract with him. I signed. Pepper was a master of diplomacy and a master of men. reason why I came to Philadelphia dawned upon him. He knew apparently also that my trip to Boston was a bluff. He evidently desired me to understand that I had not fooled him very much, for looking back with a smile and a twinkling eye, as he left the room he dropped the remark, "Before you are as old as I am you will have a great deal of fun."

My train to Chicago would not leave for several hours. This gave me an opportunity to visit an old and dear friend—Dr. William Goodell, Professor of Gynecology, University of Pennsylvania. He greeted me somewhat as follows: "You had not been gone from Pepper's house ten minutes when he came to me to inquire how you would do for the chapters on Displacements in Pepper's 'System.' I blew you to the skies. You are a darned rascal."

The next act in sequence, proceeded also by Walt Whitman's "Divine Indirection." The chapters in Pepper's "System" were published. Soon the students of my class in the medical school requested that they might have the chapters typed for their use in connection with the course in Gynecology. I suggested that if they would formulate their wishes in a letter I would attend to the matter. The letter set forth the fact that the students had found this particular part of Pepper's "System" useful as a textbook. I forwarded it to the publishers of Pepper's "System," Lea Brothers & Company, now Lea & Febiger of Philadelphia, with the request that they reprint one hundred copies, bind them in small volumes with a neatly printed dedication to the class on the cover of each volume. In accordance with my instructions, the publishers forwarded these books to the class with my compliments. A committee of the class on receipt of the volumes wrote the publishers an appreciative letter. The logical consequence followed. Lea Brothers & Company immediately took the initiative and wrote asking for a textbook on the whole subject of "The Principles and Practice of Gynecology" for Students and Practitioners modeled on my chapters in Pepper's "System." Already I had begun such a book but was in considerable fear that I might have difficulty in finding a publisher.

I went to Philadelphia and closed a favorable contract with Lea Brothers & Company. I wrote my book in the midst of an exacting, not to say tyrannical practice and was obliged to do most of my writing after midnight. I had in my office a coffee percolator; and was accustomed to brew strong coffee to keep me awake. One year I sent ahead to the Huron Mountain Club, on the south shore of Lake Superior, where we spent our summers for twenty-five years, a large number of books, almost a library, as I

expected to do a good deal of writing on the book there. But whatever the experience of others may be, I could not combine work and play.

My best results have come from first getting the work out of the way ad then having all of my spare time for play, or vice versa. This may not be the universal experience, but at least it coincides with the routine of a distinguished professor of Greek at the Sorbonne in Paris. He taught Greek tragedy during the forenoon of each day, but in the afternoon followed an entirely different occupation. He took his place among the fishermen on the banks of the Seine. Many a time, as I have wandered along this river, I have admired the unspeakable calmness and imperturbability of these fishermen. I have wondered whether any one of them ever was known to catch a fish. The professor devoted himself to his occupation for twenty years. There he sat with his fishing rod in one hand and Æschylus, Sophocles or Euripides in the other. Sometimes in a lighter vein he would change from tragedy and entertain himself with the comedies of Aristophanes. One day when he had been fishing for five years and was about entering on the sixth, he got a bite. It disturbed him; he lost his place, but baited his hook afresh and continued his fishing undisturbed for another five years. Then, when he was reading of the marriage of Œdipus to his own mother, he hooked a fish, but lost it. Again he baited his hook and continued as before for ten additional years, and as he was delighting in the songs of the frogs of Aristophanes one day he actually caught a fish. This was too much. He gathered up his tragedies, comedies and fishing tackle, and as he changed to another place on the bank of the Seine he exclaimed, "There is no longer any comfort fishing in that spot."

I seemed to be temperamentally incapable of working

on my book at the Huron Mountain Club. I could only rest and refresh myself in the society of the friends I always enjoyed here. One of these was Mr. Don Dickinson of Detroit.

He will be remembered as having been chairman of the National Democratic Committee in the first Cleveland campaign and as Postmaster General during the first Cleveland administration. In our frequent walks and talks over the 20,000 acres of club preserves and in our long motorboat trips on Lake Superior this interesting ex-member of Cleveland's cabinet related many dramatic and amusing incidents of the Cleveland régime.

At one time in the campaign there was fear that John Kelly and his Tammany following would sell out to the Republicians and knife the Democratic candidates. order to harmonize these hostile elements, Mr. Dickinson invited John Kelly and the Tammany crowd to meet Mr. Cleveland for dinner at the old Democratic rendezvous, the Hoffman House. The formalities of the occasion passed off with scant cordiality. After the table had been cleared and the waiters had withdraw, Mr. Dickinson went directly to the point and asked John Kelly to state the conditions upon which Tammany would support the Cleveland ticket. John Kelly rose and after he had rather bluntly stated the conditions, Mr. Cleveland with great deliberation continued the discussion as follows:

"Mr. Kelly, if I understand the conditions on which Tammany will support my candidacy, they are that I shall turn over to Tammany Hall the entire patronage of the State of New York. This is the way I interpret your somewhat evasive statement. Am I right, Mr. Kelly?" John Kelly replied, "Yes, Mr. Cleveland, that is about the size of it." Cleveland rose from his chair, called for his overcoat and hat, put them on, slowly buttoned his coat,

opened the door and just before leaving the room, turned and spoke to John Kelly in a language that John could understand: "I will be God-damned if I will do it." He then bolted from the room. There followed, Mr. Dickinson said, the most anxious moments of his life. No one spoke. All waited in painful suspense. The Tammany boss sat immobile, gazing at the ceiling, with legs extended and hands behind his head. Moments passed like hours. Finally John Kelly rose and this was what he said, "Well, boys, the old man is all right." And Tammany supported Cleveland.

During the first Cleveland term Mr. Dickinson was on intimate terms with the President and had many occasions to go to the White House. He frequently encountered there one Tim Campbell a professional Irish "patriot" and a New York City congressman. Tim amused Cleveland and therefore had the run of the White House even to the extent of chucking Baby Ruth under the chin. One day, as Mr. Dickinson related the occurrence, he was transacting some business with the President's secretary, while the President was in a distant part of the room behind some bookcases, gazing out over the Potomac and Washington's Monument, a favorite position with him when he had something weighty on his mind. Presently Tim Campbell blew in. "Is his Nibbs in?" said Tim. The secretary pointed to the window. The President met Tim halfway and in a breezy and facetious manner inquired, "Well, Tim, when will Ireland be free?" "I don't know just when, Mr. President, but some time she'll be free. It'll be when the big nations of Europe come together and give auld England a bating. That will be Ireland's opportunity; when Germany, France and Russia give auld England a bating." Then Tim hooked his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, pulled himself to his full height and said,

"But, Mr. President, the whole dang boodle of um couldn't do ut."

After I left the recreations of the Huron Mountain Club, and went back to Chicago, I returned to the rigors of my surgical practice, and to the custom of keeping myself awake at night after midnight by strong coffee, for the purpose of writing my book. Under this régime, finally I became worn, nervous, and sleepless, without needing coffee or anything else to keep me awake. This condition lasted so long that I determined to consult a neurologist, and visited Dr. Weir Mitchell in Philadelphia.

He said, "You can't kick that book out from under the table and go to work on it. Throw it away for the present."

While I was in Mitchell's office, a patient came out and said, "Now, Dr. Mitchell, I want you to tell me just what you honestly think."

Mitchell replied, "Madam, I never think dishonestly."

Like many men who are celebrated in their regular profession, Dr. Mitchell took no particular pride in his distinction as a physician, but much satisfaction in his reputation as a novelist and vivacious talker. On an occasion when I happened to be dining with him, at some time after this first visit of mine, he had just returned from a trip through the South where he had been the guest of "Southern colonels" all the way around.

He was first entertained on a plantation six miles from Newburn, North Carolina, and was one of several guests. Just before retiring one night the Colonel announced that they would get an early start in the morning and ride to Newburn, where they would see some horse trotting tomorrow. Dr. Mitchell requested that his colored servant should give him his coffee earlier and then lead his horse to Newburn in order that he might enjoy an early morning walk while the others were riding. At the end of the day he

would ride back with the company. The old Colonel acquiesced in this arrangement declaring strenuously that no gentleman in that country ever walked.

After an enjoyable morning walk the doctor arrived in advance of the others and was sitting on the porch of the hotel when the party rode up. The doctor and the Colonel then had a lively discussion whether any gentleman ever should walk. The Colonel insisted: "No gentleman, sir, in this country ever walks." The doctor protested, "Don't you ever walk for exercise, for pleasure?" "No, sir, if I want to go anywhere I tell the boy to bring around the old mare and I throw my leg over her and there I am." "But," persisted the doctor, "have you never walked in your life?" The Colonel was getting warm. "No, sir," he said, "I tell you no gen . . . well, yes, sir, yes, sir, I did walk once, . . . I walked four hundred miles with that damn scoundrel Sherman behind me."

Dr. Mitchell gave an interesting account of a visit to a plantation on the Savannah River. He and his host were sitting on the veranda one evening enjoying their afterdinner cigar and commenting on the beauties of the scenery, when the moon rose over the bayou. The doctor exclaimed: "Look at that great mellow warm tropical moon, big as a cart wheel. Up in Vermont that moon wouldn't be bigger than a pint cup and it would be all hung over with icicles." The doctor gazed rapturously on the moon and continued, "I don't wonder that the South develops temperament, that poets and artists and orators come from the South when you have that beautiful mellow moon to look at." The Colonel gazed sadly on the moon and replied, "You like that moon, doctor? You just orter seen that moon befo' the wah."

A Confederate Post of veterans invited Dr. Mitchell on their Decoration Day to accompany them on a steam-

boat up the Savannah River to their cemetery and to assist in the decoration ceremonies. He chanced to be seated next to a one-armed veteran. "I am sorry, sir, to see that you have lost your arm," he ventured. "Yes, I got into a fight with a lot of Yankees," replied the veteran "and lost my arm." "What battle?" asked the doctor. "Battle of the Wilderness," replied the Confederate. "I had a brother in the 46th Pennsylvania at the Battle of the Wilderness," said the doctor. "It was receiving a charge of the 46th that I lost my arm," said the Confederate. The doctor replied, "It is a sad thought to me to reflect that a bullet from my brother's gun may have lost you your arm." "Oh, sir," rejoined the Southerner, "it would be a great comfort to me if I could believe that." "Why a great comfort?" asked the doctor. "Oh, sir, it would be an unspeakable joy if I could know that was done by a gentleman."

The Southern Colonel is an institution all by himself, nothing else like him in the world for humor and courtesy. He says, "Damn it, Gentlemen, don't crowd so; let the Lady pass." The Ohio River is a border line, south of which he does not permit a ruffian to butt in among gentlemen. If you intimate that the South finally was defeated by the North, he will protest, "Defeated! Suh, not by a damn sight, suh, we wo' ourselves out, suh, defeating you." If you ask him, "What regiment are you Colonel of?" he will reply; "By gad, suh, ah want you to understand, suh,

that ah was bawn a Colonel."

I myself enjoy the honor and distinction of the rank of a Confederate Colonel. My election was owing to the courtesy or rather the humor of the late Colonel Johnson, one-time Assistant Superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, also Commander of the Chicago Post of Confederate Veterans. He officially notified me that I had been confirmed as Colonel of the 46th Georgia, a regiment com-

posed entirely of Colonels and recruited from Northern Yankees who loved the South regardless of the "Lost Cause."

I took Dr. Mitchell's advice and did not touch my book for three years. One of my chief discouragements had been the difficulty in writing clearly and adequately. I obtained Barrett Wendell's brilliant "English Composition" with its valuable suggestions. With restored health, and the aid I received from these suggestions, I completed my "Principles and Practice of Computer and Practice of Comp

ciples and Practice of Gynecology."

The first edition was published in 1898. The success of the book has been greater than my expectation. It has gone through six American and several English editions. Some years ago the publishers informed me that it was used as a textbook in 90 per cent of the Medical Colleges of America. The last edition was published in 1913, over eleven years ago. The publishers have signified their willingness for a seventh edition. Let the book "rest in peace." "Whom the Gods love die young."

At the time when I was writing my book we were in our Indiana Avenue house, 1619, where we lived for a quarter of a century, and where our two younger children were

born.

When Diogenes was asked what a friend was, he replied, "Another I." Without sharing this ironic conception of friendship or even of the well-known egoism of the human race, I cannot write my autobiography without recording some of the friendships and acquaintances of our life in this house. Certainly without them my career as a "medicine man" would have been very different.

One of these friends was the late Mr. Franklin H. Head, distinguished among Chicagoans of the last generation as a littérateur and raconteur. Mr. Head often entertained us with stories of his life as a young man in the Middle

West, of the local literati and in the lecture and "Lyceum" clubs characterizing that time. When he was living in Iowa he belonged to a "Lyceum club" which had every year a distinguished lecturer to address them. Mr. Head proposed Ralph Waldo Emerson. He told the club who Emerson was, the sage of Concord, a poet, essayist, philosopher, one of the great men of the age. The president of the Lyceum seriously remarked, "I think a man like that should be encouraged. We'll have him."

Mr. Head happened in, one Sunday evening, bringing with him John Fiske, the philosopher and historian. I greeted Mr. Fiske with the abrupt statement that I read the first book he ever wrote, and that I had been with him ever since. "Which one," he said, "'The Cosmic Philosophy?" "No," I replied, "when you were a student at Harvard, you wrote a small book entitled 'The Coming Man Will Smoke, The Coming Man Will Drink Wine." "Oh, yes," he said, "I had forgotten that; it was in reply to a silly book by James Parton entitled, 'Will The Coming Man Smoke, Will The Coming Man Drink Wine?" Mr. Fiske was a frequent and welcome visitor with Mr. Head. Mrs. Dudley followed the New England custom of open hospitality for Sunday evening supper; I never heard better conversation than at these suppers.

On a very notable evening, John Fiske was the central figure, as an invited guest, at the Chicago Literary Club, where he distinguished himself and surprised the club by singing a number of comic songs to his own accompaniment on the violin.

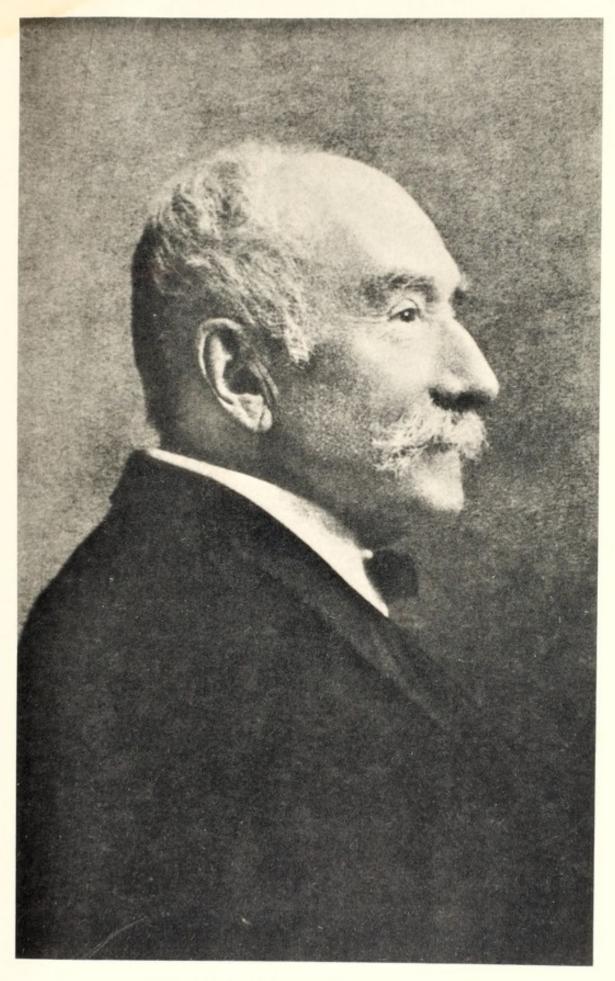
I have heard that one of his small daughters, quite temperamental, called her Aunt Mary a fool, whereupon Mr. Fiske took her on his knee and said, "My daughter, I am distressed to hear that you have called your Aunt Mary a fool." "But," the child said, "I didn't call Aunt Mary a fool." "Oh," said her father, "I am glad to know that; how could such a report have got about?" "Oh, Papa," said the child, "I called Aunt Jane a fool and I called Aunt Mary a damn fool." Mr. Fiske, after some reflection, replied, "My daughter, that is a distinction that I should be inclined to make myself."

It is said that when John Fiske was a young man he was a hyperontomorph, i.e. thin by nature. In later years he "filled out" until his weight was over three hundred pounds. He once consulted me for obesity and I prescribed a reducing diet. But he would drink beer, ad libitum. His case was not unlike that of a woman who had been on a restricted diet for two months and returned to the doctor with the complaint that she had gained ten pounds. The doctor inquired whether she had adhered strictly to his diet. She replied that she had taken nothing else to eat except her regular meals.

One of our guests in those years in our Indiana Avenue house, was Edward Everett Hale, the imaginative and delightful author of "A Man Without a Country" and "My Double and How He Undid me," and "a near relation of the immortal Peterkins." Mr. Hale's gift of spontaneous improvisation was enchanting. One Sunday evening he entertained us with a graphic account of the discovery off the Massachusetts coast of an island which was found to be the scene of "The Tempest." It was astonishingly plausible. Like Prospero, Mr. Hale conjured this imaginary island from the sea so effectively that his audience could hardly believe there was no reality in

"These cloud-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces."

The three Unitarian clergymen we have known best— Dr. Brooke Herford, who married us, Edward Everett Hale and the Reverend Robert Collier—all chance to have



THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M.D.

Surgical genius, historian and patriot (From a photograph taken on his

77th birthday)



been endowed with unusual gifts of humor and fancy. Robert Collier, one of the most inspiring pulpit orators in America, began life as a blacksmith in Scotland. For many years he was pastor of a north side Unitarian church in Chicago and subsequently accepted a call to New York; but he never lost interest in his old Chicago friends. I recall a dinner party at which this practical philosopher and charming optimist outdid himself. He confirmed the whole story of Dick Whittington and his cat. He knew that Dick sat on a stone and heard the bells of London saying, "Return, Dick Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." He knew this because he had seen the stone himself. He spoke feelingly of the old factory bell in his native village which once rang at four o'clock every week-day morning calling the tired people, when they seemed to themselves only just to have fallen asleep, calling them to another fourteenhour day of labor. He made a graphic picture of this rising bell with its horrible rasping sound. Then he related how in a recent visit to Scotland he found the Old Bell transferred to the belfry tower of the Kirk and how sweetly it called the people to the Sunday morning service; it then seemed to say, "I'm going to heaven, I'm going to heaven, I'm going to heaven." The reverend Doctor left to our imagination the precise place to which the ancient bell in the factory tower had called the people. He made the old bell toll in our fancy, "I'm going to Hell! I'm going to Hell! I'm going to Hell!"

Dr. Collier was reminiscent of various distinguished clergymen whom he had met in his occasional visits to England. One story related to two students who according to my memory were about to graduate from Oxford or Cambridge. One student was destined to the Presbyterian church, the other, to the church of England. They had been inseparable companions and as each was about to go

his own way, they made a compact that notwithstanding theological differences the intimacy should continue. One was Newman Hall, who rose to leadership in the Presbyterian church and is distinguished as the author of the hymn "Come to Jesus." The other became Archbishop of Canterbury. One day Newman Hall was surprised by a reporter for the Times who confronted him with a letter accusing him of improper diversion of church funds. The reporter "graciously" consented that Newman Hall might reply in the same issue of the Times in which he proposed to print the compromising letter. The doctor wrote his reply, giving a transcript of the bank statement showing that the funds were in the bank, subject to call; but before sending the reply in he called on the Archbishop and submitted it to him. The Archbishop pronounced it final and conclusive but suggested that the reporter, if left to himself, would introduce a heading that might even be profane and therefore embarrassing. The Archbishop then said, "Let me write the heading." He carried the manuscript to his desk and with his quill pen, after some deliberation, wrote a line over the top of the copy. Newman Hall, after glancing at it, said, "Well, I suppose you are right," and threw the manuscript into the fire. This was the Archbishop's heading: "Go to Hell by the author of Come to Jesus."

Dr. Collier's return visits to Chicago occurred when the great actress Modjeska was at the height of her career and was playing an engagement in Chicago. She and her husband, Count Bozenta Kloposki, were also occasional guests at our house. One day the Count, who was a Polish nobleman of royal descent, appeared at my office much perturbed and requested my immediate attendance at bedside of his wife to whom he was deeply attached. I found her suffering acutely from pain in many joints and muscles and announced that she would be unable to resume her engage-

ment for several days. She inquired what I would tell the reporters and her managers when they inquired about her malady.

"My dear friend," she said, "you must tell the reporters and my managers the name of my malady; what is the

name of it?" I suggested rheumatism.

"Oh, no, mon Dieu, I cannot; I must have a malady not so common, not so vulgar as the rheumatique." I then mentioned gout.

"Oh, no, no, no, no, that will never do. I will not have the gout. I must have some malady more distingué." I

proposed neuritis.

"Magnifique! Magnifique! Glorious! My dear doctor, Then it is quite true that I have the neurité?" I assured her that to call the malady neuritis would not be inconsistent with the absolute truth.

"Oh, my dear good docor, we must hang together on the absolute truth." This distinguished and beautiful woman honored me with a rather friendly inscription on her photograph and when I declared my intention to hand it down to my grandchildren, she replied, "When they look at this inscription they will say, 'Oh! grandfather must have been a very gay old boy."

Another charming acquaintance from the stage of the period was Sol Smith Russell, one of the most entertaining men I ever met. On one occasion at the University Club, when we called upon him for a speech, he rose and with apparent embarrassment said that he could not do it. As he was in the act of sitting down the brilliant idea all at once struck him that he might let an old New Hampshire farmer make a speech for him.

The occasion was a town meeting to see whether the town would appropriate \$400 to build a new schoolhouse. As the great actor transformed himself into an old farmer

one could see the hatchet face, the narrow eyes, the stooped shoulders and could hear the squeaky voice even before he spoke. As he worked his jaws, overtime, on an enormous quid of imaginary chewing tobacco, one had to get a hold on himself or he would swear that the tobacco juice was actually drooling free from each corner of his mouth. The old New Hampshire farmer, having one hand under his coat tail and supporting himself with the other on the back of a chair, spoke as follows:

"Mr. Moderator, I'm agin all this foolish idee of the town appropriatin' \$400 for to build a new schoolhouse. Thay can't no good come on't nohow, to stuff the heads of these children full of readin' an' 'ritin' an' 'rithmetic an' newspapers an' almanacs an' one thing or another like that. I ain't had a newspaper or an almanac in my house for twenty year an' I ain't goin' to have one for anuther twenty year. Now there's my two boys. They c'n do more work on the farm un any other two boys in this ere town. Thay ain't a liklier gal in the county and one that can do more work than my darter Sal. None of my children ain't had none of this here foolishness about readin', 'ritin' and almanacs. It'd be a great mistake to fill the children's heads all full of all that stuff. Make um shamed of their father and mother and you can't do nothin' with um." Mr. Russell was not there, but the old farmer continued and gave us his idea of a great American statesman as follows:

"There was Dannel Webster, lived over on the next farm. Dan was a likely boy and come of likely folks but he got his head all filled up with them folderol readin' an' 'rithmetic an' newspapers an' he wa'nt never no good round the farm after that. Then he went to one of them colleges somewhere or other, I dunno where, and when he come back he couldn't do nothing. The last I hearn tell of him he went off to one of them big cities, I dunno where,

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Nashua or Concord or Worcester, I dunno and I ain't never heard nothing 'bout him sence."

At the time of these friendships and acquaintances when we were living on the South Side, I was the guest of the Commercial Club of Chicago on a pleasure trip to the Pacific Coast. The party consisted of members of the Club and two representatives each of the Commercial Clubs of Boston, St. Louis and Cincinnati. Our route was over the Santa Fe road through New Mexico and Arizona to Los Angeles: thence by the Southern Pacific to San Diego and San Francisco. Then we visited the cities on Puget Sound and returned over the Oregon Short Line, Union Pacific, Denver & Rio Grande and Chicago & Northwestern.

In a hotel at Los Angeles, where we dined with about three hundred other guests, Mr. Marshall Field, who was always on the lookout for a bright boy whom he could hire for about half of what he was worth, handed his hat to a boy as we entered the dining room and recovered it from the same boy as we came out. "My boy," he said, "how did you know this was my hat?" "I did not know that it was your hat, sir." "Then why did you hand it to me?" "Because, sir, you had previously handed it to me."

We had a delightful day at Salt Lake City. The moguls of the Mormon Chruch entertained us with a dinner, a concert in the great tabernacle and an excursion to Salt-Air. One of the local physicians honored me with a call, as he said "to pay his respects." He went straight to the point as follows: "Well, Doc, how's fees in Chicago?" I replied that we got enough to keep us encouraged. I

inquired how they were in Salt Lake.

"First rate, first rate, Doc," he replied. "Last year I made twenty visits at a farmhouse three miles away over yonder and furnished two dollars and a half worth of

medicine. I sent in a bill for three dollars a visit and that with the medicine made sixty-two dollars and a half. Yes, sir, I sent a bill for sixty-two and a half clean 'plunks.' In a few days the old farmer came in and said: "Wall, Doc, I got your bill all right. You done first rate for us. In two or three weeks I expect to sell my punkins and then I'll come in and pay for the medicine; and bime-by when work gets kinder slack on the farm, I'll return the visits."

At Phœnix, Arizona, we were entertained by a specially arranged Steer Tying and Bronco Busting Contest given by the cowboys of Arizona, then a territory. The champion bronco buster was thrown from his horse. He landed on his feet and made the following speech to the Commercial Club:

"They ain't no man what can't be throwed; They ain't no hoss what can't be rode."

My college years at Dartmouth and at Yale have echoed throughout my life. It was on this journey that I spent a day already mentioned, with my old friend Kit of Dartmouth. At a time I cannot place exactly-but not very far from that of this Commercial Club pleasure trip -occurred the third chapter of my adventure with my scholarship. I have expressed the sense of relief this scholarship brought me, when the college president bestowed it on me in my freshman year; and I have described my morbid visit of thanks to the donor, Mr. Cushing, after my graduation. In my downtown office in Chicago, when we were living in the Indiana Avenue house, I was honored by a call from the president of Dartmouth, not the old president who scratched out the condition in Virgil, consigned me to a seat under the apple tree and endowed me with the scholarship; this was Dr. William J. Tucker, one of the ablest and most distinguished of all college presidents.

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As he entered my office there was in his manner a suggestion of business. Immediately he came to the point: "Dartmouth Hall has burned; will you contribute \$500 toward the rebuilding?" In an equally businesslike manner I replied that I had "held down" a scholarship for four years, amounting to \$240, which I intended to pay back to the college with compound interest. That interest and principal would amount to about \$1000. I then suggested that he call upon another alumnus, a man of wealth, and tell him that I would duplicate his subscription of \$1000. In an hour the president returned with a smile on his face and a check for \$1000 in his hand.

If the sound of Kit's voice and the vision of Dr. Tucker recalled Dartmouth, an echo of my year at Yale, and our Starvation Club talk resounded for me at a Chicago dinner given at that time to President Hadley and Mrs. Hadley. This was not long after the death of Judge Hoar of Massachusetts. Judge Hoar, perhaps for political reasons, was not an admirer of Wendell Phillips. One of the guests told of a meeting between the Judge and a neighbor who asked him if he was going to Phillips' funeral. "No," the Judge is said to have replied, "but I approve of it." President Hadley then told two anecdotes about Judge Hoar and his son Rockwood who had been much with his father in politics, and had often considered with him whether certain measures would be popular. When the Judge was in extremis he turned to Rockwood and remarked, "Rock, this business of dying will never be popular." Finally he lapsed into a state of unconsciousness but rallied and looked up at his daughter, who said, "Father, we feared you had left us." "Yes," he responded in a weak but audible voice, "I thought so, too. The angel of death stood at the foot of my bed for a long time and you may judge of my joy to observe that he wore a fur cap."



CHAPTER XV

AMONG CHICAGO'S GREATEST

I CANNOT tell those things which have been and are most vital to me in my personal and professional life. These things are too near me for that, and they involve other people.

Among things somewhat less personal was the friendship of two men whom I like to recall.

The first citizen of his state had lost an arm at Gettysburg, had been in diplomatic service in Europe and Minister to Spain, had been Commander of the Loyal Legion and three times governor of his state. Anyone acquainted with the public men of America a quarter of a century ago, particularly with the men of the Northwest, will recognize the name of Lucius Fairchild of Wisconsin.

His house at Madison, built by his father a generation before the Civil War, was the Mecca toward which thousands of visitors from this and other countries had worn a beaten path. It was not a conventional house, but a long row of structures extending along the crest of a steep hill and overlooking one of the large and beautiful lakes which surround Madison. One entrance was on the street, another on the garden, a full story below. Many rooms had been added without much regard to the architectural form. It looked as if every time any member of the family was at all conscious of crowding, he immediately sent out

for a carpenter and behold, the additional room was accomplished. At different periods there had been as many as three front rooms, once called "parlors," but the intervening partitions had been removed, and the three parlors had been knocked into one magnificent drawing-room. The house had what in the highest sense of the word may be called distinction. There Mrs. Fairchild stood by the side of the General. They were both intensely democratic, so unobtrusive that they reminded one of a certain type of the English nobility.

General Fairchild liked to tell stories at his own expense. Among these was an incident occurring when he was Minister to Spain. At a court function, in conversation with a Spanish Princess, wishing to speak in a punctilious manner, he attempted to say, "I throw myself at your feet." There was much suppressed merriment among those present. He had really said, "I throw my feet at you."

I once went with the General across the Lake to a Chautauqua gathering. Two distinguished women were among the speakers, Marian Harland and Margaret Sangster. William McKinley of Ohio was the orator, introduced by "Bob" La Follette, who predicted that "still greater honors" awaited him. McKinley spoke on the tariff, declaring that if it was not high enough on some things, they would make it higher.

That night General Fairchild entertained McKinley at dinner at a long table full of the élite of Wisconsin. I sat next to McKinley and had a good opportunity to observe him and listen to his talk. He was known for his likeness to Napoleon Bonaparte and looked if possible more like Napoleon than Napoleon did. His conversation was guarded like that of a politician. Evidently at that time his eye was fixed on the White House. It was an orderly dinner before the day of the bootlegger. After the guests

had left and I had gone to my room and was all ready in my pajamas, the old General came in and said that he couldn't sleep without first apologizing for having had that fellow La Follette at his dinner table, that he was obliged to ask him because he was the Congressman from that district and because he was chairman of some committee of arrangements, and was entertaining McKinley at his own house. Fairchild was a good hater. A day or two later, as I was crossing the Common, I overheard a passerby quote La Follette as having said, "There goes Fairchild; I should like to crush every bone in his body." I gathered the idea that possibly La Follette didn't like Fairchild.

The General had a passkey to a room in our house at 1619 Indiana Avenue, which was known as General Fairchild's room. He was especially attached to Mrs. Dudley; and often greeted her with "You dear child, what a pity it is that you are a Unitarian and I never can meet you in Heaven. Just think how we would make the welkin ring, sitting on a damp cloud!"

One November evening after dark, I was sitting in my den in the rear of the front hall and heard a key gritting in the front door. In came the General. It was the close of Election Day, in an off year, and he had come to Chicago after having cast a Republican vote in Madison. At this election, the early returns, throughout the Northern states, indicated that the Democrats, especially in Ohio, had swept the country. This Democratic victory was a protest against the protective tariff measure known as the McKinley Bill. It was one of those political whirlwinds which may occur with or without reason. This time it not only swept the country but later carried Cleveland into a second term. Without turning around I could see the General through a window as he passed by the hall sofa,

switching off, with his surviving hand, the military cape which he commonly wore. At the entrance to the den he paused, opened a little cabinet to the left, took out a familiar black bottle of Irish Colraine which, by the way, had the genuine beebread taste and the tang of the burning peat of the bogs of "auld Ireland." He poured out about three fingers of the contents and then deliberately walked up behind me, and put his familiar hand on my shoulder. I turned around in my swivel chair and observed the majestic figure of Fairchild, as he said "God! What a landslide that was."

I was present about thirty years ago as a guest at a dinner in the old Sherman House given to the officers of the Loyal Legion. In after-dinner speaking there was evidence of a disposition to criticize some of the leading officers of the Civil War. For the moment the situation appeared threatening. McClellan, in his campaign before Richmond, Hooker, Banks, Butler and others came in for their share of criticism.

The General with his winning smile soon got to his feet and insisted that "we all love McClellan, we love Hooker, we love Banks, just now we love everyone," and the dinner immediately was transformed into a love feast.

Fairchild occasionally made pilgrimages to the South as an honored guest at the campfires of the Confederacy and when he returned, usually declared that he had been South and had a "bully time burying the hatchet."

One night as I was sitting at my desk, I heard his voice over the telephone. He never announced himself as General Fairchild. He always said "Fairchild." He was at the Sherman House. "No," he wouldn't come to us that time. He insisted that I should meet him at the hotel and go with him to the theater. We saw, at the Lyceum on Halsted Street, a play known as "The Texas Steer." As

we returned to the hotel I was alarmed at his appearance. There was on his face what seemed almost a deathly pallor and I insisted that he should go to bed at once, or still better, come to my house. "No," he said, "I'm all fixed here and I want you to come to my room for a good long talk." The General soon became reminiscent and gave an interesting account of his experience in California as a forty-niner. He looked weary, his voice was subdued. I was really anxious about his condition and repeatedly insisted that I should go home and let him go to sleep. In spite of my protest, he kept me there until after three o'clock in the morning and as we were shaking hands, he said, in a scarcely audible voice, "Good-by, Dudley. Good-by!" I then knew and he knew that I should never again see him alive.

A few days later a telegram came announcing General Fairchild's death. On the day of the burial I found that no one had taken measures to engage the services of some artist who would make a death mask and it was apparent that there was no one in Madison who was competent to do it. I had assisted a sculptor in making the mask of a distinguished surgeon in Chicago. It was a technical procedure but I had observed the work closely and in the emergency, since there was no one else, I volunteered. With the assistance of a local dentist who was accustomed to work in plaster of paris in taking impressions of teeth, I managed the affair and was able to produce such a mask as might be useful for a sculptor in modeling the head and face. This mask is now in the collection of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

A multitude of relatives and friends from all parts of Wisconsin followed Lucius Fairchild to the grave. In the cortège walked his favorite saddle horse, boots and stirrups reversed. My old friend was buried with military honors;

the farewell shot discharged over the grave of the first citizen of Wisconsin.

The other friend I have mentioned was Henry Baird Favill, a physician, also of Wisconsin tradition. He was born at Madison, in 1860. His first paternal American ancestor was John Favill, who came to this country from England sometime before the Revolution, and after fighting in the Continental Army settled in the town of Manheim, in Herkimer County, New York. Through the maternal line Dr. Favill was a descendant of the Ottawa Chief, Kewinoquot, "Returning Cloud." He was especially proud of his Indian ancestry. His mother, Louise Sophia Baird, was the great-granddaughter of Madame Therese Marcott Schindler, well known in the Middle West as the head of an excellent school for girls, and the translator of many books and of parts of the Bible from the French to the Ottawa language. Madame Schindler was the daughter of a Frenchman, John Baptiste Marcott, and the Princess Mizigan, daughter of the chief, "Returning Cloud." Although only one thirty-second Indian, Dr. Favill's physical appearance would have enabled him to pass as immeasurably more Indian than white.

He was a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and of Rush Medical College, after which he was an interne at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, and then associated in practice in Madison with his father, who died a few months later. In 1885 he married Miss Susan Cleveland Pratt of Brooklyn, New York. In 1893 he left a large practice in Medicine and Surgery in Madison, and removed to Chicago to accept simultaneous calls to the chair of medicine in the Chicago Polyclinic, and to an adjunct chair of medicine in Rush Medical College. His practice, now confined to internal medicines. soon became large, select and influen-

tial and his reputation rapidly assumed a national character. He was president of the Medical Board at St. Luke's Hospital, at the time of his death. One of the many medical organizations in which he took great interest was the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, of which for many years he was president.

Independent in politics, he was a leader in the cause of good government, municipal improvement and sanitary progress.

During the last eight years of his life, he became intensely interested in cattle breeding and the dairy industry and gave most of his spare time during these years to the building up of a model dairy farm, "Milford Meadows," at Lake Mills, Wisconsin. His deep study and application to agricultural and breeding problems led to the writing of many important articles and lectures on these subjects, and to his election as vice president of the National Dairy Council.

No other physician in America was so widely, sympathetically and intimately related to movements for public welfare, to all of which by temperament he was singularly adjusted. A lover of outdoor life, he frequently indulged in long walks, regardless of temperature, rain or snow, believing in plenty of exercise rather than abundant clothing. Optimistic, just, determined, outright, a vigorous thinker and an astute reasoner, he had the rare quality of seeing through nonessential details to the real point at issue, and so his judgment was in constant demand in a wide field of medical, civic and political problems, the most intricate of which, because of his scientific and dispassionate mind, he was able to solve.

Add to these qualities a rare and subtle humor. When Mrs. Favill was elected a Colonial Dame, some reporters called upon him and facetiously inquired whether he

could not qualify for the Society of the Mayflower. "No," he said, "my people were on the reception committee."

All this may be told without giving an adequate impression of the lovable quality of Dr. Favill or of the fascination of his personality. The Chicago Evening Post truly said:

"Dr. Favill was a man who held in a city of over 2,000,000 inhabitants the position of love, dignity and influence held by many a lesser-known 'country doctor' in the villages of America."

The following quotation from a story written many years ago by Harriet Prescott Spofford might be applied with peculiar force and fitness if transferred to the cradle of Henry Baird Favill.

"'It is she,-the unbidden godmother, the one whom civilization has forgotten,' said the Voltairienne, 'and whom culture has ignored.' And who was this swift and supple creature with her free and fearless foot, large-limbed and lofty as Thusnelda, clad in her white wolf-skin, with the cloud of her yellow hair falling about her, carrying her green bough, strong, calm, sure, but with no smile upon her radiant face? 'The original savage,' whispered the gay lady, as sovereign and serene the unbidden godmother moved up the room, and the others seemed to dissolve before her coming-to waver away and vanish. She parted the hangings of the bassinet, and rested her hand upon the sleeper of his first sleep, bending and gazing long. 'Waken,' she said, then, as she lifted and laid him at her breast, 'drink of thy first mother's life, a balsam for every ill, mother's milk that shall unpoison thy blood, and bring the thick, black drops to naught. Child of the weather and all outdoors, latest child of mine, draw from me will, and might, and the love of the undefiled, acquaintance with the rune that shall destroy the venom that taints you, shall blast the wrong



YALE IN CHINA

Dr. Dudley in 1922 and one of his students, president of the class

Senity of Maryland

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done you! Draw large, free draughts! Return to me, thou manchild! I give thee the strength of my forest, my rivers, my sea, my sunshine, my starshine, my own right arm, my heart! I cleanse thee. The slime of the long years shall not cling to thee. I start thee afresh, new-born. By night in my star-hung tent, the gods shall visit thee, by day thou shalt walk in the way of becoming a god thyself. I give thee scorn for the ignoble, trust in thy fellow, dependence on thine own, lusty sinew and unconquerable will,—familiar friend of hardship and content, spare, and pure, and strong, -joy in the earth, the sun, the wind, faith in the unseen. This is thy birthright. Whatever else the years may bring, see that thou do it no wrong. I, the unpolluted, strong, wild strain in thy blood, the vital savage, save thee from thyself. Sleep now, sweet hope. The winds sing to thee, the waves lull thee, the stars affright thee not! Dear son of thy mother, sleep!' And then a shiver ran through the long, moonlighted tapestry, as the gust rose and fell, and the sea sighed up the reef, and there was only silence and slumber in the room. But Rosamund's women, when they came again wondered and were wise concerning a green bough that lay across the child."

Dr. Favill was my sagacious counselor on an occasion when I chanced to be summoned into the trackless wilderness of political Chicago. In that wilderness Carter H. Harrison, Sr., served the city for ten years as Mayor. Subsequently his son, Carter H. Harrison, Jr., was elected for four terms of two years each and finally for another term of four years. The younger Harrison made a singular record of efficiency and integrity, at no time touched by the breath of scandal. The Republican machine during his term of office was in the control at times of a "gang." Many decent Republicans found it necessary, as a matter of civic virtue, and in pursuit of idealism, to repudiate the "gang." We were known as Harrison Republicans.

Soon after the last election of the Junior Harrison, I received a message from him asking for a conference at the City Hall. With a twinkle in his eye he inquired, "Are you a Republican or a Democrat?" I replied that I was a Republican with Democratic proclivities. "Yes," said the Mayor. "I was aware of that and have asked you to come here knowing that you will not mix me up. I am in a quandary about the appointment of a Commissioner of Health. I have indicated to the Chicago Medical Society that if they will give me the names of a number of suitable candidates, I will appoint one of them. The list which they have submitted in my judgment is impossible. I want you to suggest some one for that appointment." I said to the Mayor that it might be difficult to find a desirable Democrat; would he consider it bad politics to appoint a Republican? The Mayor replied: "Damn the politics. The public will demand that a Commissioner of Health like Cæsar's wife, shall be above reproach."

I then consulted Dr. Henry B. Favill, at that time president of the Municipal Voters' League, and after going over the ground he finally suggested that the head of the United States Marine Hospital Service would probably be experienced in public sanitation and might be available for that office. Neither he nor I knew anything further about his qualifications or who he was. I made inquiry and found that one Dr. Young was in charge of the Marine Hospital in Chicago. I asked Dr. Young for an interview and found him inclined to consider such an appointment. I then said to him that the Mayor would have to be assured not only that he was an efficient sanitarian of experience but that I would have to depend upon him to tell me whether there was anything in his record that, in the event of his appointment, could possibly embarrass

the Mayor. Dr. Young came directly to the point and said, "Perhaps the Mayor would be embarrassed. I am a nephew of William M. Tweed of New York—my mother was a Tweed and my name is William Tweed Young." Here was a possible impassé. I had before me the nephew of the notorious "Boss" Tweed. The next morning I saw the Mayor at his breakfast table and announced that I had found his man, that he was "right," that the boys in the city hall would take to him, that he was a nephew of "Boss" Tweed. Without delay, William Tweed Young because Commissioner of Health and during the subsequent four years proved to be one of the most efficient Commissioners who ever held that office.

I have had two other experiences in local and State politics,—two unsalaried and appointed offices, one as president of the Board of Commissioners of Public Welfare of the State of Illinois, under Governor Lowden, the other as member of the Board of Education of the City of Chicago for five years under the Junior Harrison. This Board had a large element of Roman Catholics who sometimes evinced more interest in the parochial than in the public schools. But there are Catholics and Catholics.

At about the time when I was on the School Board, I heard at one of Mrs. Dudley's Sunday evening suppers an interesting story of Catholic Liberalism from Dr. Rowena Morse Mann, the niece of Morse, the inventor of the telegraphic code. This lady had enjoyed the privilege of an Audience with Pope Leo XIII, in 1901. At that time Dr. Mann, then Miss Morse, was a student of Otto Pfleiderer, professor of theology in the University of Berlin. As she came to the Audience she saw what seemed to be an apparition. The Pope's face was white as snow, with

coal black, blazing eyes, and he was so frail in appearance that she could not restrain a fear that perhaps he would pass away before her very eyes. He wore a white brocaded silk garment, surmounted by a skullcap of brilliant red with a crucifix attached to a gold chain around his neck. It was a striking picture. The Pope appeared to be no respecter of persons, for following her a poor woman entered with a large basket full of crucifixes which she had brought for the blessing of the Pope. He said, "You are Rowena Morse, niece of the great inventor, to whom the world owes much. You are also a student of theology under Professor Pfleiderer in Berlin."

"Yes," she said, "I am one of his pupils."

The Pope continued: "Otto was a schoolboy friend of mine. We were most intimate. I must soon have him here for a visit. I must renew the old friendship. I wish Otto were anti-Hegelian." By this the Pope meant opposed to reason. "Are you, like Otto, also Hegelian?"

Miss Mann told him that she was a Unitarian.

"Oh, yes," said the Pope, "you belong to that left wing of Theology. There is one great error in thinking which the left wing of Theology always makes—you elevate reason to be a determining factor, but you must know that humanity cannot reason."

She replied that she had some hope that humanity might

be lead to reason.

"Humanity," said the Pope, "is weak, is mentally frail, intellectually incapable and in need of a refuge and authority for their sustenance and intellectual security. The vast majority is incapable of reason. Mother church is their rightful home."

Dr. Mann then inquired, "What would you do with the

small minority which you say can reason?"

"I would have them stay with you," said the Pope.

"And for yourself?" inquired Dr. Mann.

He replied, "If I were not Rome I would be reason."

The Pope was too gentle to use unsympathetic language toward frail humanity; but one might read between the lines his real meaning: it was, "There are so many supermorons in the world."

As our life in Chicago moved along among the friends and interests I have mentioned in the last chapters, we came to the year 1905 when I attended a dinner of the American Gynecological Association, given in Boston at Harvard Commons. There had been no politics in the election of the president up to that time. At this dinner I turned to my friend, Hermann Boldt, who was seated beside me and said, "Boldt, whom are they going to run for president?" He said, "You." I thought he was guying me and was offended, and turned my back on him. But what he said was true. The next day I had to apologize. I was elected, and presided the following year at the meeting at Niagara Falls.

Several years ago some of my friends in the Chicago Surgical Society proposed my name for membership. Some objection was raised on the ground that I was a Gynecologist and that the rules of the society excluded all specialists. The late Dr. John E. Owens, then dean of Chicago surgery, is said to have silenced the opposition by declaring, "He's no Gynecologist."

In the year 1905, I had the honor of presiding at a testimonial dinner given at Delmonico's in New York to my old friend, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, given by his medical friends of America. It was a noteworthy occasion. Guests were present all the way from Canada to the Gulf and from Maine to California. My introductory remarks on this occasion were substantially as follows:

"Dr. Emmet, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: When your facetious committee of arrangements asked me to introduce some of the speakers, he remarked that fashions travel west and that jokes travel east. He did not raise the question whether, in thus referring to my journey, he had in mind myself or my baggage. But he did make the usual comment on Chicago, as the windy city. He doubtless meant that cyclonic wind which carries everything before it. A neighbor of mine once prophesied that a time would come when the people of Chicago would think as much of Chicago as the people of New York think of . . . London.

"There has been times in American Gynecology when nothing was heard but the name of Emmet and the last meeting of the American Gynecological Society at Niagara Falls would suggest the fact that those times have not passed. It might therefore be appropriate to repeat here much of what was said at the meeting, and you know, there would be precedent for this, for the Macedonians of old always discussed important subjects twice, once for reflection when they were sober and once for enthusiasm when they were drunk. I had thought of addressing you in the original Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but then you are not familiar with these languages and His Grace, the Archbishop, on my right is familiar, two prohibitory reasons. If one were to speak of Dr. Emmet as a man and were to measure him on the criterion of greatness, modesty, philanthropy, civic virtue, morality, mental integrity and good deeds; if by such a rule we were to measure him, he would stand up against the whole length of it. However it would not be difficult to find numerous reasons why Dr. Emmet is such a man; he does not come of common stock but of preferred stock, for his father, his grandfather and his more remote antecedents were men of gentle blood, men

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of intellect. One of his forebears went far in the cause of Irish Freedom as he was about to die uttered the words which have passed into history: 'Let no man write my epitaph until Irland is free.'"

The toasts following the introductory remarks were:

Dr. Emmet, the Surgeon
Dr. Emmet, the Teacher
Dr. Emmet, the Medical Author
Dr. Emmet, the Littérateur
Dr. Emmet, the Friend
Dr. Emmet, the Friend
Dr. Emmet, the Patriot
Dr. J. Quinlan
Dr. W. M. Polk of New York
Dr. W. H. Baker of Boston
Dr. S. C. Gordon of Portland
Most Reverend Archbishop Farley
Dr. George T. Harrison
Dr. F. J. Quinlan

Other speeches were made by distinguished guests, among them, Sir William Hingston of Canada. The speakers laid stress on the fact that they had in mind all of the widely different phases of Emmet's character as being each complete in itself. Yet in combination we regarded them as we regard not one but all of the colors of the solar spectrum which combined make up the glorious white light of truth. The responses were singularly eloquent and especially so in that quality which is born of long friendship and personal affection.

Just before the response of Dr. Emmet, a toast in his honor was proposed in these words: "There is perhaps a question whether it is good form for one to drink to his own health. Let us now propose the health of our beloved leader in such form that he will have to join us: when we are seventy-seven may we mentally, morally and physically stand up as straight as he does now."

A full account of this delightful occasion may be found in one of the most treasured books of my library, entitled "The Emmet Dinner."

Not long after the Emmet dinner, about twenty years ago, I went to Burlington, Iowa, to deliver, before a medical society, a lecture, which was to be illustrated by

lantern slides. Some accident occurred in the electrical current which put the apparatus out of commission. While the electrician was trying to make necessary repairs, I went to my room and prepared a hurried list of all the serious mistakes which I had made and of the accidents I had encountered in my surgical practice. When it became apparent that the lantern slide apparatus could not be used, I endeavored to entertain the audience with a recital of these mistakes, many of which were serious and embarrassing, one or two perhaps leading to fatal results. The lecture was received with interest, not to say surprise. There was much sympathetic discussion, the president declaring that not every surgeon could afford to tell his mistakes. I have always thought that the recital of this was good for my soul and perhaps might prove useful to the audience.

Since I have made this open confession of error at such length, perhaps I may be permitted to record a diagnostic success. One night at a dinner of the Wayfarers' Club, one of my intimate friends who was present, told me that his daughter was believed to have appendicitis, and requested me to hold myself in readiness for a possible emergency operation. I heard nothing further about the case until a month later. I was finishing an operation for appendicitis at St. Luke's Hospital when some one held before my eyes a telephone message which required me to go immediately to this case, prepared to operate. Accordingly, I got permission from the hospital superintendent to take with me an anæsthetist, a pathologist with his microscope, two nurses and two assistants, with all the necessary instruments and dressings. We drove hurriedly to the house and found the daughter desperately ill with what appeared to be appendicitis. There were the characteristic muscular rigidity, pain in the right groin and the other classical symptoms. Three eminent consultants were there ready for the operation. On examination of the patient, we detected a transient twitching of the muscles of the face which was not particularly characteristic of appendicitis; then some one suggested that the trouble might not be appendicitis but a possible meningitis. We at once directed the pathologist to draw through a hypodermic syringe some of the spinal fluid. The fluid on microscopic examination was found to contain the Bacillus tuberculosis. The diagnosis of fatal tubercular meningitis was then clear. Even though the patient may have had a complicating appendicitis, the operation would have been necessarily fatal, could have done her no good. This was a narrow escape, for the family would naturally have reasoned that the operation had destroyed any possibility of recovery.

In my surgical clinics at St. Luke's Hospital, the nurses and other assistants often handed me the wrong instrument or other appliance. This was not only annoying to the operator but had sometimes occasioned such delay as to endanger the safety of the patient. In order to impress them with the seriousness of picking up the wrong instrument, I posted on the nurses' bulletin board a piece of advice, which my friend "B. L. T." afterwards printed in

"The Line," of the Chicago Tribune.

"One casts his eye on an ill-defined object, picks it up and looks at it to recognize it. In this act the rods and cones of the retina receive a sensory impression from the object; the impression travels back to the optic nerve, through the optic chiasm, back to the optic tracts, beneath the external geniculate bodies, thence backward through the optic radiations of gratiolet to the cuneate gyrus, thence through the association fibers to the gyrus angularius and the gyrus supramarginalis where the object is perceived but not apperceived—i.e. not recognized. An impulse then proceeds through the association pathways to the

ideation centers in the lobus frontalis cerebri, thence by a new impulse it is sent to the motor cortex of the arm center at the base of the ascending frontal gyrus just anterior to the fissure of Rolando. Here the cells of Pukinje pick up the message and transmit it down through the upper motor neurons, to the anterior cells of the spinal cord. These motor cells, after receiving the message, in turn, transmit it down through the peripheral motor nerves, i.e. the median and ulnar nerves, to the opponens pollicis, flexor profundis digitorum, and the flexor sublimis digitorum. the agency of these muscles, the object is grasped by the thumb and index finger. The impulse has now been transmitted through the motor route. Immediately a group of sensory impulses is called forth. From the tactile corpuscles of the finger tips the sensation passes through the sensory fibers of digital and the median nerve, thence through the posterior and lateral columns of the spinal cord and the medulla oblongata and the fillet, to the optic thalami: here the message is relayed through a set of sensory fibers to the superior parietal convolution; thence a set of associational fibers conveys the message to the frontal lobe where it is correlated with the visual message on the retina. And now for the first time the object is apperceived, or, as you say, recognized. By the very knowledge of these pathways and associated pathways, one is able to localize pathological processes such as cranial hemorrhage and tumors. Needless to say, the surgeon should be spared this terrible suffering which he must undergo every time a careless nurse hands him the wrong instrument."

This scattered record of my days in the hospital and at home would be incomplete without mention of my father, who lived with us for fifteen years, after the death of my stepmother in Westfield in 1893 till his own death in 1908.

In the village of Westfield most of the men who had any particular standing belonged to the Masonic Lodge, which

for them was a rallying point and served the purpose of a club. At the time of my father's death he was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, member of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Commandery of Knights Templar. Among the documents which he left behind is a rough draft of a letter which I introduce here since it sheds some light on the regard in which he held his neighbors and apparently was held by them. It points also to changes in convivial relations and to some departure from the strenuous points of view which for better or for worse took place between the middle years of the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth century. Until the age of seventy years my father had lived in rural New England. After he came to Chicago he appeared to have adjusted himself to the freedom of metropolitan life as a duck takes to water.

APRIL 20, 1906.

To the Worshipful Master and Brothers, Mount Moriah Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons,

GENTLEMEN:-

I inclose a small check for the celebration of our fiftieth anniversary. It is now almost fifty years since I became one of you. I do not know whether any brother is older than I but if anyone is I take off my hat to him. I wish I could join in the festivities, but at the age of eighty-four the sap does not run quite so freely as it did when I used to go around on the Fourth of July to see Charlie Spencer and Rube Noble and Sam Dow and Colonel Walkley and H. B. Lewis and Henry Loomis and Sylvester Williams. These good friends, some of them friends of my boyhood, have been received by the Grand Architect and have taken their places as worthy members of the Celestial Lodge. C. K. Lambson, Bill Foote and my

venerable friend, Editor Clark, are among the few remaining who cannot be classified precisely as raw recruits. We are the last leaves on the tree, having survived the winter's blast to the second spring. If they or any of you should pour out libations, I hope they will do so in full consciousness of the fact that I am with you in spirit. My son, who is a doctor, tells me that about nine-tenths of the human body is composed of water. If this is so I would like to know what the prohibitionists are making such a row about and yet I suppose we had better not overdo the matter. So long as I think of anything I shall think of Westfield and the dear old friends there. Surely the old friends are the ones who are most worth while.

I would like to send some sort of greeting to the younger men whom I unfortunately do not know and few of whom know me, but I am afraid I cannot do that subject justice. I hope when they are eighty-four they will feel the same towards the youngsters as I do towards them. I am looking forward to another visit among my old neighbors next July and hope to repeat the journey annually for the next forty or fifty years. Where will most of these youngsters be by the end of that time? Whatever I may owe the world, the world owes me nothing. When the old reaper comes along I am ready to look him in the eye and whatever side of the line I finally settle on I am sure to find a lot of good society and shall be content.

One of my granddaughters, now a student at Bryn Mawr College, has just sent me a sketch which reads somewhat as follows: "A traveler came to a fork in the road and there he saw, seated under the branches of a widespreading elm, a Patriarch. Said he to the Patriarch, 'Which of these two roads do you advise me to take?" 'That is a matter of taste,' said the Patriarch; 'the road on my right leads to Heaven, the one on my left to Hell.' The traveler seemed lost for a long time in deep meditation and then seated himself with composure upon a mound of turf under the

tree. 'Which of the two roads are you going to take?' said the Patriarch. 'Neither,' said the traveler; 'I am going to stay here.'"

Faithfully yours, (Signed) JOHN HARMON DUDLEY.

After my father's death, I joined Mrs. Dudley and our four daughters in the summer of 1908 in the Black Forest, from which during the following three months we touched the high points of Germany, Bavaria, Austria, Italy and France. Incidentally I visited numerous clinics and made the acquaintance of some of the distinguished surgeons of Europe. In Munich I sent my ordinary visiting card up to the clinic of Professor von Amann, who interrupted his operation long enough to inquire, "Are you the great Dr. Dudley of Chicago who wrote a book on Gynecology?" My reply was in accord with strict modesty. "Ja, mein Herr Professor, aber da ist ein grosser im Himmel." The attending students made a respectful though positive demonstration.

In Vienna I called at the clinic of Professor Schauta, the aged and irascible head of the Gynecological department of the university. Dr. Philip Schuyler Doane, of Chicago, introduced me to Schauta as professor of Gynecology at Northwestern University. The great man, with a grunt of semi-recognition, turned his back abruptly and disregarded the introduction. In the spirit of the Scotsman who said, "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes and faith he'll print'em," I took a seat on the benches with the students and watched the operation of Schauta: it was a tedious and tiresome affair. In the language of jargon, one of my assistants "could have made circles all around him." In the afternoon a Dr. Lange, formerly of Chicago, took me to the great Insane Asylum—Irren Anstalt—about twenty

miles from Vienna, the most marvelous and complete institution of the kind I ever had seen. It embraced a series of detached buildings in line at least a half mile long with a wonderfully equipped kitchen in the center from which food was distributed by means of two small trolley cars. It was carried in thermos receptacles and delivered hot in each direction simultaneously to the most distant pavillion in two or three minutes. Rapid Transit! The institution was under the modern system of nonrestraint. Many inmates were engaged in field sports in a small park surrounding a high iron fence. I inquired the reason for this fence and was told that it was not used to confine the patients but to keep out intruders. Architecturally this asylum is beyond my power of description. Educational equipment, including schoolrooms, library and theater, are generously provided. The entrance to the theater is imposing. On each side of the door is a base surmounted by two dignified columns. On each column stands an angel with spreading wings. As one looks closely he recognizes each column as a candlestick and each angel the flaring flame of a wick.

On returning to my hotel I found an invitation to meet the American Medical Association of Vienna at their rooms known as the Café Clinic. This was a rather loosely organized society made up of American physicians and students who then were taking courses or had taken courses in Vienna. There was a large attendance of Americans and several professors of the University whose cordial manner almost seemed to indicate that they were disposed to neutralize the cold shoulder which Schauta had exhibited in the morning. In the course of the evening the president announced that I had been elected to honorary membership in the Association and that I was the third American to receive this honor, the other two being Dr.

Frank Billings of Chicago and Dr. W. W. Keene of Philadelphia.

While we are on the Viennese trail I may as well record an interesting piece of plagiarism by quoting the following paragraph from an article by Samuel M. Brinckner, "Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics," November, 1911.

"It would be unfair to Dr. Dudley not to mention the fact that in the Zeitschrift für Geburtshülfe und Gynäkologie, 1908, lxii, 465, there appears an article by Dr. Ludwig Herzl, from the clinic of Professor C. Lott in Vienna, entitled: "Ueber die hintere sagitale Diszision der Cervix uteri." In this paper the author describes posterior sagittal discision or incision of the cervix as practiced by Professor Lott. Herzl does not say how long this method has been practiced by Professor Lott, nor when he first began to use it. * * I wish emphatically to say that this particular operation belongs to the credit of Dudley of Chicago. Herzl's paper was printed in 1908, while Dudley described his operation in 1891."

Plagiarism of another operation of mine also must be passed to the credit of another Viennese surgeon. Surely imitation is the highest form of praise. I have not deemed it worth while to go personally into a controversy for priority over "scraps of paper" and "places in the sun." We all want places in the sun; we all have scraps of paper.

The first time I did this operation there followed promptly after years of sterility a first-born son who is now engaged in the successful practice of a learned profession. In a similar case operated on a week later, a daughter was born in less than a year. A granddaughter was born twenty years after. She also was sterile and after seven years of marriage had the same operation and has since given birth

THE PERSONAL PROPERTY.

to two children. I delegate to some succeeding surgeon the privilege of carrying on this good work to succeeding generations. Dr. Brickner, my champion in the Viennese plagiarism, reports a large number of cases in Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics, with gratifying results not materially differing in the relief from painful menstruation and sterility, from my own results published twenty years earlier.

After visiting the universities of some of the smaller German cities, I went on to Berlin. Professor Ohlshausen, head of the department of obstetrics and diseases of women, received me most kindly. His appointment to the chair, Frauenkrankeiten, has historical significance. When the Princess Victoria, daughter of Queen Victoria, wife of "Unser Fritz," had expectations, she sent for an English obstetrician who was duly installed in responsible charge of the case. At the confinement grave complications arose and the English obstetrician appeared to be in difficulties beyond his depth. Accordingly, Edward Martin, the well-known German professor in the University of Berlin, was called to the case, but being disgruntled on account of the English "interloper," refused to respond. Whereupon the old King wrote an order commanding him to attend upon the princess. This was mandatory and Martin had to go or be guilty of treason. He obeyed orders silently, marched into the palace, silently delivered the princess and silently marched out again, leaving the princess in charge of the Englishman. It is possible that the withered arm, a well-known disability of Kaiser Wilhelm, may have had some relation to this confinement. Possibly the old King, by his interference with a Divine Providence and the English obstetrician, may have saved the life of the last Kaiser and thereby may have been a remote cause of the World War. However that may be, the family of Edward Martin lost caste with the royal family. So that when his son, Dr. August Martin, a very distinguished surgeon, who otherwise might have been in direct line of promotion to his father's chair, was old enough to occupy it, he was thrust aside and Ohlshausen became professor.

In my visit to Ohlshausen he showed me a number of his literary treasures. Among them an autograph letter and a photograph of the great Hungarian, Semmelweis, known for his work in the causes and prevention of puerperal fever. In displaying this letter he was slightly patronizing. He even appeared a little surprised that a child of the wilderness should know about this remote Hungarian and he remarked, "So you know Semmelweis?" I could not resist the impulse to let the eagle scream. I remarked that Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1845 had anticipated Semmelweis by three years. Tactlessly I had said the thing in Berlin which would have been the acme of tact if said in Boston. In passing it is interesting to note that according to report the Captain Ohlshausen who is said to have commanded the submarine in the sinking of the Lusitania was a son of Professor Ohlshausen.

On our return to Chicago we continued the course of life I have already described. In this narrative, however, I have not included the mention of a club which I have especially enjoyed, "The Cliff Dwellers," nor any description of my pleasure in the Wayfarers Club. To these clubs may be added the University Club of Chicago, the Army and Navy Club in Washington, the Yale Club in New York and the Chicago Literary Club. My membership in the Army and Navy Club in Washington has afforded me many delightful associations. My election to that club was in virtue of my Commission as Major in the Officers' Reserve Corp in the United States Army. The

only other virtue connected with this commission was my

willingness to serve. I was not called to the colors.

Two evenings at the Wayfarers' Club were particularly interesting. On one of these occasions my friend, Colonel George R. Peck, told a sympathetic story of the life of Stephen Collins Foster, author of "Old Kentucky Home" and of other well-known American songs and ballads. Foster was a "Bohemian" who at intervals disappeared from his family for periods of several months. Just before his death in 1864, he is said to have reeled into the home of his sister in Ohio, where he took a seat at the piano, and then for a couple of hours swept the keys with his fingers, while he occasionally wrote words and musical notes on scraps of paper. Then he threw himself on a near-by couch and went to sleep. This was his last sleep.

On the scraps of paper were found the words and the

music of the story we have come to know so well,

"Let us pause in life's journey,
And drop a silent tear
For the poor and the weary and forlorn.
'Tis the dirge that is wafted across life's troubled wave,
'Tis the song and the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more!"

On another evening at the Wayfarers' Club, Frank Hamlin, the youngest son of Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President in Lincoln's first term, told us a story which might well have found a place in my voyage on the *Ella Clifton*.

"We was a-lyin' off the Straits of Belle Isle in about a half a gale of wind when the lookout shouted, 'There she blows.' An' I went aft an' I said, 'Cap'n Sims, there she blows: shall I lower?' An' he said, 'Mr. Jones, it's a-blowin' right peart an' I don't think it's a-fittin' for to lower.' An' I went forred an' the

lookout shouted, 'There she blows an' a breechin': shall I lower?' An' he said, 'Mr. Jones, it's a-blowin' right peart an' I don't think its a-fittin' for to lower.' An' I went forred; an' the lookout shouted, 'There she blows an' a-breechin' and a-bilin'!' An' I went aft an' I said, 'Cap'n Sims, there she blows an' a-breechin' an' a-bilin': shall I lower?" An' he said, 'Mr. Jones, it's a-blowin' right peart an' I don't think it's a-fittin' for to lower.' An' I went forred an' the lookout shouted, 'There she blows an' a-breechin' and a-bilin' an' a-sizzlin'.' An' I went aft an' I said, 'Cap'n Sims, there she blows an' a-breechin' an' a-bilin' an' a-sizzlin': shall I lower?' An' he said, 'Mr. Jones, I have told you three times, sir, that it's a-blowin' right peart an' I don't think it's a-fittin' for to lower; an'

now, sir, you can be damned for it.'

"An' I went forred an' I lowered an' we brung up agin a whale that could of swallowed an elephant an' a rhinoceros an' then called for a hippopotamus, an' I flung a harpoon into one side of her an' the second mate heaved a harpoon into t'other side an' we brung her alongside an' she laid over the ship ten foot both ways an' I cut her in two an' h'isted one-half on one side of the deck an' t'other half on t'other side, an' I went aft an' I said, 'Cap'n Sims, I'm a-waitin' for orders, sir': an' he said, 'Mr. Jones, you are the best man that ever sailed on the ship Liza Jane: Thay's rum an' thay's whiskey an' thay's gin an' thay's brandy an' thay's tobakkey in my locker an' thay's yours for the rest of the voyage.' An' I said, 'Cap'n Sims, I don't want none o' your rum nor your whiskey nor your gin nor your brandy nor your tobakkey. All I want out o' you is sea-vility, sea-vility, of the damnedest commonest kind, an' damn little o' that.' An' I went forred."



CHAPTER XVI

CHINA AND THE ORIENT

A FTER thirty-nine years of discipline from medical students in the surgical clinic, I was conscious of some ambition to tread new paths to glory and to be a prophet not without honor in countries not my own, when I encountered an irresistible force in the personality of Dr. Edward H. Hume, Director of the Hunan-Yale Medical College, in Changsha, China; known to the sons of Eli as Yale in China. This is a part of the Yale Mission, of which Dr. Hume now is president. Yale-in-China is a slogan to anyone who ever sat on the historic fence in New Haven. Hume's invitation was equivalent to a command. Forthwith I was a missionary with orders to report at Changsha eight hundred miles up the Yangtse valley as visiting professor to the Medical School.

Thirty hours out of New York S. S. Olympic, en route to Cherbourg, in a northwest gale, fifteen port lights were smashed in and the dining saloon deck was under a foot of water; a steel door was torn from its hinges, one passenger was killed, another lost a leg, and many more found themselves swathed in splints or bandages or otherwise decorated.

Eight hours later another splash and every detachable piece of furniture in the dining room was upset; linen, glassware, knives, forks, spoons, china, stewards and one cat mixed up on the floor. I was thrown from my chair,

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I searched about for a lamp-post. Something of that nature seemed visible in the distance. I took an observation and laid my course. Stumbling, careening through the shifting clutter I found myself a moment later with arms and legs wound around a column.

A voice called to me. I could distinguish a steward

crawling to his feet a short distance away.

"Is everything all right, sir?"

"Well, since you mention it, no!" I answered, tightening my grip on the post after another sea had washed over the ship and cataracted off the quivering superstructure.

"Can I get you anything, sir?" He asked, clutching an overturned table for support.

"Yes," I said, "and I want it straight."

"Yes, sir! Neat."

"No! Straight," I corrected. I was determined to have my own way in the matter.

"Oh, very well, sir, then it's bourbon."

As the man went out of the saloon he looked back: "We're a bit fed up with water, sir!"

"Go to the devil. I'll take the water to-morrow."

"Yes, sir, strite," he shouted over his shoulder.

Eight hours later the reception cabin cleared of wreckage! There is a sound of revelry by night—hundreds of brave men and fair women—no thought of shipwreck—on with this dance—joy unconfined! I find myself sitting between an ex-Senator from Illinois and Bainbridge Colby, ex-Secretary of State. An enthusiast comes up looking from one to the other of us. "I understand," he shouts, "that one of you is the Honorable J. Hamilton Lewis. I want to shake his hand." At last! An opportunity to pose as a great man! I grasp it and jump to my feet with

my hand over my heart. I bow profoundly. "I, sir, am the Honorable J. Hamilton Lewis." The man shakes my hand and keeps on shaking. My triumph is brief, for finally my New England conscience prevails. I point out this distinguished senator and retire to "innocuous desuetude."

Marseilles! On boarding the steamship at this Mediterranean port I began to realize that I was definitely on my journey. There were few Americans, although the best of them, for I ran into our old friends the Carter Harrisons who were on their way around the world. Every race of people seemed to be moving about on the deck. A queer assemblage!

I was once taking luncheon with a member of Parliament on the Thames embankment. In the course of a discussion he waved his hand toward the river. "That stream," he said, "is liquid history." With equal propriety one might refer to the Peninsula and Oriental Steamship (Marseilles to Bombay) as the seething and boiling caldron in which bubbles the imperialism of the United Kingdom. Our ship carried representatives of every branch of the Indian Military Naval and Civil Service from the highest official to the lowest paid clerk. I was surprised to find so many native Indians in these branches of government.

An English Judge, a veteran, who was returning from leave to complete a service of forty years sat next to me at table. He pointed out several young, native officials. "They have been, for years, at Oxford and Cambridge," he said, "and some of them have distinguished themselves in scholarship and given promise of great administrative ability."

"Can you depend upon them for integrity and loyalty?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What would you do with them if they became revolutionary?" I ventured after a moment.

He smiled and shook his head slowly from side to side. "That question is not pertinent. The real question is, 'What would they do to us?"

"But you trust them?" I pursued.

His eyes turned toward a group of Indians at a near-by table, but he seemed to be looking far beyond them. "Trust them?" he said softly, "why, we must trust them. We trust them as we would trust this ship in a storm at

sea, but we may be whistling in a graveyard."

On the ship, and later in India, I found the educated Indians most intelligent and thoroughly conversant with American History, especially the part pertaining to the American Revolution. They shrewdly appropriated to themselves with consummate ingenuity and sophistry the American pre-Revolutionary argument. A wary poet, an Indian of great distinction, observed to me that all foreign rule was bad and that some foreign rules were worse than others. But however well the Indian assimilates American history, it is difficult for an American to assimilate the Indian, who does not walk, but glides with a serpentine tread in which the body is carried along by a suppressed knee motion—broomstick legs, a squatting nation—no kick.

But the Australian comes along endeavoring to shake off a surplus of vitality. "I've been wyking on the dyke drynkin the owzone." And I gather the fact that he has been walking on the deck drinking in the ozone. These fellows have their own peculiar form of cockney,—virile, explosive, perhaps a little rebellious. It does not in any way

disqualify them for a Melbourne club.

The New Zealander, six and a half feet tall, bronzed, well filled out with massive jaw, firm set, resembles the Apostle Paul, the first great specialist. Like Paul he knows

one thing; it is not Jesus Christ and Him crucified, but sheep.

And as we near the Levant the Arab mysteriously comes into view. Regard the Arab! A skeleton with few muscles, like ribbons, tight drawn over his bones. More cheerful than his East Indian brother, yet like him, stealthy, silent, grim, reptilian! Swarms of them all the way from the Caspian through Port Said (please pronounce Si-ed, almost like side) down both sides of the Red Sea into Somaliland!

The Turk, his knife hanging loose to his belt, justifies Byron's characterization "the mildest mannered man who ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

The Englishman and his monocle, perchance a gentleman born, who sees the drift of things and exclaims, "Ow, quite so," and who, if he happens not to see the drift, "Ay, quite so!"

The Frenchman who, crowding you somewhat from your space on the deck, lifts his hat, "Pardonne, Monsieur!"

As we left the ragged, arid, torrid shores of the Red Sea, things Indian took on an increasing interest. There was a Theosophist on board, a high Priestess from a Zion in India. She claimed to remember her former reincarnation and those of others. She further claimed that story writers drew less on their imagination than upon unconscious memory of experiences in former lives. Among her documents was a letter from a protegé who wished to be her son in the next reincarnation which she opined would be in about a thousand years. She believed the ambition of the young man might be realized, provided prospective parents and child all put their minds upon it. "And the prospective husband of this union," I ventured, "will he have to wait so long?" She did not answer. The daughter of a European statesman, she was educationally a

superwomen, charming, appreciative, responsive, debonnaire, thirty, and might be, to one unprotected by vaccination, irresistible.

Through the Arabian Gulf we reach the Indian Ocean where the North Star with its dipper upside down gliding nearer and nearer and nearer to the horizon looks the Southern Cross out of countenance. As we near Bombay a rumor runs through the ship that India is in revolt, with the storm center in Bombay. The band plays "Shufly, don't bodder me." We reach Bombay in a happy mood.

Bombay, a European city of 800,000 people, thrown down in the Orient with miles of uninteresting palaces, mostly owned by native plutocrats, many of them Parsees. The Parsees, who came from Persia centuries ago, are known from India to China as the Jews of the Orient. They are the protagonists of big business. Ordinary Hindus operate the native bazaars. Miles of these filthy, revolting places spread out in every direction. To me this grossly commercial city, with many of its natives distorted and misshapen, is singularly unbeautiful.

I visited the ancient, celebrated Towers of Silence where the sacred fires believed to have been lighted unknown thousands of years ago by Zoroaster, founder of the oldest of all religions, continue to flare eternal under the watchful eye of the priest. Here the Parsee as a religious rite gives his body to be devoured by vultures. Behold the birds perched upon the battlements waiting a victim, in numbers so large that one readily accepts the word of the officiating priest that in twenty minutes every particle of flesh is stripped clean from the bones.

A flourishing Medical School is here which, like similar institutions in India, turns out swarms of native doctors, not especially qualified to compete with their English confrères.

A wise tourist will endeavor to arrive in Bombay in the morning and depart before night. I was held in Bombay three days! God forbid again! A train with its wagon lits stands by we get aboard, to fall asleep and to let this commercial metropolis become a memory!

Next morning, Mount Abou, three hundred miles north, reached by motor from the railway, 4000 feet up a beautiful mountain road in two hours. A thousand monkeys greet us on the way. Here are the Dilwara temples, among the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful in the world.

Arches, columns, shrines in marble; Ivory, alabaster, gold—

show an amount and intricacy of carving that should propitiate a million gods of the first magnitude. Four temples built over a thousand years ago at a cost of \$60,000,000 in the currency of the time—acres of them, centuries old and fresh as new. One might as well try to grasp the Universe.

We pass the deserted city of Amber in the description of which Moore, in his "Lalla Rookh," drew on his imagination but fell short. The power of statement in no man is adequate to the description of Amber. Three hundred years old and looks thirty. It is set on the crest of a rocky plateau and with its adjacent fortifications and other adjuncts covers miles. Our friends Carter H. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison were there, and together we reached the crest up a steep and winding road on the back of an elephant. The Maharaja, who built this stupendous city, was a true sport; he made provision for the scriptural number of wives and a thousand concubines, all in sumptuous quarters, which are inlaid profusely with semiprecious stones. But the place was short of water; perhaps the women all

wanted to take a bath at the same time. However that was, in the language of the mining camp and the cattle ranger, the Maharaja "pulled his freight" and transferred his capitol to Jaipur five miles away.

At the time of my visit the Maharaja of Jaipur had four wives and only six hundred concubines. He was waiting for the end, paralyzed and under the spell of fifty physicians.

Agra! I cast a sprig of jasmine upon the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal at the Taj Mahal. It had been duly blessed by the Hindu priest who had in turn been blessed by a rupee or two. All this devotion is quite regular, although Mumtaz, who sleeps there by the side of Jahan, is said to have been a Tartar, poisoning her maids of honor when they failed in the savoir faire.

Jahan's grandfather, the great Akbar, already had the biggest tomb in the world near Agra. Mumtaz, the late lamented, probably told Jahan that he was a tightwad if he didn't put up a bigger one for her. Jahan needed this indulgence in the luxury of grief for he had killed two brothers and put out the eyes of a third. There was then a law in India that no blind man could occupy the throne. Agra, with its wonderful deserted city, twenty miles away, and the Taj Mahal, which disappoints no one, I leave to the guidebooks.

I exercise restraint also in the omission of an extended description of Delhi, the new capital of India and pass on to a city said to have been greater than Rome ever was, even before Rome was thought of.

Benares! The Mecca of Indiadom. Any Hindu dying within five miles of Benares will be saved! Probably even an infidel has a good fighting chance of Heaven. Any Hindu dying with his feet in the Ganges is booked automatically, clear through to Paradise. At the pivotal point,

two miles or so of the river front, a noxious sewer empties into the Ganges. Here millions of pilgrims purify themselves by bathing, rinsing their mouths and drinking the water—auto-baptism—toto animo et corpore. Dead bodies of dogs, cats and fragments of people were in the river and among them hundreds of Hindus, rich and poor alike, were lapping up the sacred water.

Some of the rich have palaces on the high bank with stone bathing houses on the shore where they clear the track for Paradise every day. If a Hindu is cremated on the river bank, within the two-mile limit, and if his ashes and other disjecta membra are swept into the stream, he gets into the highest heaven.

While I was navigating in a boat, up and down, I saw six bodies brought from the city and carried to the terraced shore to be cremated. The bodies on ladder-like stretchers were carried upon the shoulders of the mourners and laid down on the shore with their feet in the water. Mourners scooped up water with their hands and poured it on the bodies; next they piled sticks of wood crosswise, like a cob house, three feet high. The body was then untied from the stretcher, which was not burned; laid on the woodpile and covered with other wood. A relative at this point dipped up an urn of water from the Ganges, poured it over the body, turned his back on the ceremony to drop the urn behind him, breaking it into a thousand fragments—a sign that he does not wish to return on the same errand. He joined the mourners, who were squatting near and the torch was applied to the woodpile.

In one burning the bereaved husband, a rich man of fifty, squatted say ten feet from the funeral pyre, where he had his head and mustache shaved clean by a barber, also squatting. He then repaired to the polluted Ganges and purified himself inside and out, first with a plunge, then by

mouth rinsing and a drink. At last having been dressed in yards and yards of mourning robes of white muslin, he walked slowly to the pyre to be given a lighted torch which, chanting, he carried in measured tread five times around the pyre. He then applied the torch and the pyre crackled into flame. Nauseous odors and heavy smoke floated out to us on the river. And now, being clearly overcome with sadness and unable to stand there any longer, he walked slowly to a stone platform one or two hundred feet away and sat down a little apart from his relatives. I never saw a more genuine exhibition of grief.

The other incinerations were similar; the rich victims got bigger woodpiles and were burned to ashes while the poorer victims got small woodpiles or were thrown into the Ganges without any burning at all. Whatever remained, charcoal and charred members, were all swept into the Ganges. One partially burned seeker of heaven was rescued by a dog. These hungry animals are always there

in patient waiting for a choice morsel.

The partially burned coals and wood are picked up by hangers-on in boats and are sold to the bazaars for fuel. My Mohammedan guide the next day pointed out some charcoal in a shop in which I recognized charred finger bones. A group of Indians were cooking food over it. Just as I was leaving the river I saw my Hindu servant in process of purification. He was a faithful child, one wife, nine children—\$15.00 a month. He found his own food and slept, like a watchdog, on a rug just outside my door, and took comfort in a few swallows of the Ganges.

It was an entertaining spectacle—this river bank with its gruesome ceremonies. I was told that on special occasions hundreds of thousands congregated there, having walked hundreds of weary miles, some of them sick and

dying. They are always to be found on the roads about Benares going or coming.

We pass Calcutta and sail by the Pacific Mail, a few miles north of the equator. Here a pleasant surprise awaited me. An old friend had traveled three hundred miles from Kuala Lumpur to renew an acquaintance that began about twenty-five years ago, when I was crossing the Pacific, on board the old Empress of China. As things have come about I look upon that first meeting as one of the most dramatic experiences of my life. I remember the details quite well. My Chinese cabin boy burst into my stateroom to startle me with the announcement, "Gentleman next door belly slick." "What, who?" I asked, trying to collect myself. "Gentleman next room belly slick," he repeated. I rubbed my eyes and for the moment sat wondering what possible concern I could have in a slickbellied gentleman in the next room. At last it dawned on me that the gentleman was "very sick" and of course I lost no time in rendering what service I could. I found the patient a distinguished financier with whom I had some acquaintance. He was gasping for breath in a desperately serious condition with heart failure and consequent pulmonary ædema. I thought he was dying. I turned to the boy who had followed me into the room and told him to get the ship's doctor as quickly as possible. A few minutes later the boy returned with the ship's uniformed physician, who introduced himself as Dr. Stanton. He was so youthful in appearance as to make me almost doubt that he could have attained a medical degree. But there was no time for conjecture; we drew together in immediate consultation, the result of which was the hypodermic administration of nitro-glycerin, morphine and atropine. The financier's condition improved; slowly he came back to life; and a few hours later was apparently well. But as my condoctor grew. He had gone about his examination with the dexterous, confident touch of an expert; his conclusions were briefly and logically drawn. The following day I sought him out. "My boy, I said, you are wasting your time at this sort of thing; you must get into a broader field." He then told me that he had taken the position solely to save money, that he had at that time \$600 and that as soon as he got together \$3000 he would go to Lon-

don to study Tropical Medicine.

I went back to the financier; I somehow felt vaguely stirred by the modestly ambitious attitude of this youngster and came directly to the point. "The ship's doctor saved your life; you must do something for him." "What! that child!" he retorted with evident surprise. "Yes," I answered, "that child." "Very well," said he, "when we get to Yokohama I can give him, say, \$200. How will that be? Seems a good deal to pay for an old sinner like me," he added laughing. "No," I returned, "you underestimate yourself. The boy must have more." I then disclosed the young man's ambition and stated the amount that was necessary to acquire the special training in Tropical Medicine. In the end, with considerable reluctance, the financier agreed to take the small hoard of the ship's doctor to see what he could do with it in the stock market. He protested that it was a dangerous game, a coast strewn with wrecks.

A few months later I received from London a letter. It was the glowing appreciation of a young man who had realized his ambition. The financier had supplied the

\$3000.

And now after twenty-five years I saw standing on the deck at Singapore, not the child of the transpacific voyage, but a very distinguished scientist, the director of the Bacteriological Institute for Tropical Diseases at Kuala

Lumpur, a recognized world authority in tropical diseases, the forecaster of vitamines, one of the great contributors to our knowledge of the cause and cure of beriberi; I took off my hat to Dr. Ambrose Thomas Stanton, former surgeon of the *Empress of China*.

Out of Singapore on a small Dutch ship! A broken propeller shaft! Twenty hours we roll and pitch in a trough of the China Sea, drifting a hundred miles out of our course. Visions of a derelict! A wireless! "Where are you?" We look to the Captain—"Yes, where are we?" The wireless! "TYPHOON"—We scan the sky. The captain turns to his chart; he reads the message again. Slowly his finger glides over the blue map of the China Sea. "There," he announced laconically, "it would have got us three hours ago!" The shaft is repaired; we are on our way. I recall some one who said that if he had his life to live over again he would stay a little longer in some places and not quite so long in others.

My entrance into Hong Kong was triumphal! With my back to the forward cabin I looked over the bow of the ship toward the city that was to be my entrance into the vast country of China. It suddenly came to me that a demonstration was going on. The official part of the city in gala attire! Guns were booming from every warship in the habor. I turned to the captain for explanation. My triumph was brief. It was Washington's Birthday.

Sailing on another ship from Hong Kong to Shanghai I was somewhat embarrassed to find that some wag had spread the news that I was a distinguished and in some way an important missionary. The captain, a religious man as captains go, treated me with singular deference, showing me the hospitality of his private cabin, where he initiated me in the game of Ma Ch'iau and incidentally disregarded the Eighteenth Amendment, i.e., the laws of my country, in

order to entertain me in his quarters. I protested vigorously having no desire to sail under false colors. My friends at home would have been shocked, had they seen me suddenly enveloped in Galilean raiment. But the tragedy of wearing a halo on the Yellow Sea! A Japanese liner tries to cross our bows, misses, side swipes us, a hole below the water line! Low tide! We ground in shallow water to save ourselves! In the confusion I seem now to hear the Frenchmen who stood by, "Sacré tonnerre! Sacré bleu! ces missionnaires ne manquent jamais de nous jeter au Diable." These missionaries are always throwing us into Hell.

Shanghai; and I board another steamer for Hankow six hundred miles up the Yangste-kiang; fifty miles wide at the mouth and narrowing to a few miles above Shanghai; this gives an excellent opportunity for a glimpse of the densely populated river and of the oldest part of old China. Thousands of junks of all description, fifty to a hundred feet long, clutter the stream; some were commodious, others floating slums; each in the business of a fisherman or a freighter, many of them ancestral homes of growing families. The river life is exclusive; a child born on a junk may scarcely ever leave it until, a grandfather, he is taken on shore, dust to dust, or, if you please, water to dust. I was the only first-class passenger. I mean the only passenger occupying a first-class cabin. A thousand natives occupied the lower decks and neutralized the otherwise delightful aroma of incense which here and there wafted from the burning incense temples on the shore. Soon we pass a mission in which fifteen young women missionaries were slaughtered in the Boxer Rebellion. Some garrulous person, intending to be witty, had been overheard by a Chinese servant to say, "Yes, the missionaries dig out the eyes of Chinese babies and stew them to make medicine." The remark was taken seriously by the Boxers. It illustrates how careful one should be in the selection of people with whom he will be facetious. Also it emphasizes the invariable rule in China never to joke with a servant. We pass ancient cities with forbidding walls and frowning fort-fications, some of them having hundreds of thousands of population and all of them except certain treaty ports practically inaccessible to tourists unless they can be under the care of a missionary or a Standard Oiler.

The flat lower reaches of the river have given way to hills and mountains, at first distant but now on the river bank. I am at Hankow at the end of a five days' voyage eager for the final stage of the journey to Yale-in-China, only two hundred miles by rail or river. I began to feel the thrill of possible adventure, for a fellow traveler has pictured the railroad as it runs through a soldier infested territory, where the soldiers sometimes collect their back pay from railway passengers. As a measure of insurance I see the guard to his entire satisfaction. He put me in a room to myself.

At about 11 P.M. the soldiers invade the car; at first a few and later in large numbers. Needless to say, I was not very tranquil. Suddenly I bethought myself of my Major's Reserve Corps commission in the United States Army and the advice of the British Consul General: "It's a good thing to carry on top of your luggage." I fished it out and gave it to the car boy. After a brief inspection he locked the door of the stateroom and took the document away with him. During the following three hours not less than twenty soldiers rattled, banged and kicked at the door. I could distinguish them through the translucent sash. Each time the boy would appear, say something to them in what seemed to be awed tones, and they would move off down the car, leaving me in undisputed possession.

Next morning a Chinese gentleman, a graduate of Yale University, came to my room much amused. The boy had shown him the commission and as I recall the conversation, he had told him that it was the commission of a high officer of the American Army, that I must be traveling incognito, that if the Chinese Government or the Railroad Company had known that I was there they would have given me a special car. I am not certain but that he told him that I might be the next President of the United States. This incident confirms the general idea that the most imposing thing in the Orient is an official document, particularly if it is well fortified with sealing wax. I heard of an Englishman on a bet, who made a golf club ticket do duty as a pass, all the way, twelve hundred miles, from

Bombay to Calcutta.

Changsha! Here I am with half the world behind me. Old China seen from the Yangtse in a measure had oriented me for a more intimate acquaintance but hardly for the astounding revelation of Changsha and Yale-in-China! Here is a city, the Queen of Hunan, with its 400,000, the capitol of the Province, of the seven iron gates so named because in ancient times it had withstood siege upon siege, impregnable! imperial! Proud of its patrician ancestral tree, with its Princess, Governors, Generals, Viceroys, and of the temples and arches which have been erected to their honor! Proud of its rusty old cannon mounted on the city walls, which are held in high esteem because of ancient prowess! Here is a native Chinese University which for hundreds of years has been in continuous service. Changsha was one of the last great cities in China to hold out against the invasion of the foreign merchant and missionary. Until the Boxer movement scarcely any foreigner had been able to get into the city, and those who came had been promptly expelled. Now numerous churches with their missions are scattered interstitially through the city, but are so buried in Chinese surroundings that the casual observer would scarcely notice them. The outstanding foreign feature is a modern compound with its imposing groups of buildings covering many acres. Here graduates and students of Yale University established the institution which made the breach in the Chinese wall of exclusion. For twenty years Yale-in-China has provided Chinese students, in their own country, with an education in arts, science and medicine as thorough as they could obtain by going abroad.

I cannot recall ever having been associated with a group of people more hospitable, charming, stimulating and interesting than the faculty of Yale-in-China, nor with a class of students so serious, so hard-working, so appreciative as I found them in this and other medical schools, whereever I went in this great country. If my students here showed anything like the rapt attention that they gave me over there I should think they were guying me. The Yale Mission is unique among missions in the absence of the proselyting spirit. It is essentially an educational institution, nonsectarian. I suppose it is evangelical, though possibly not what the fundamentalists would call e-van-gelical.

The institution includes well-equipped laboratories, an adequate modern hospital and would compare favorably with similar institutions in America. Instruction is given exclusively in English.

In picking up the loose ends of a month's visit to Changsha, I find myself detaching rather dramatic and interesting experiences. Chinese food is fearfully and wonderfully made. Chinese cooks are the most wonderful in the world. Twenty-four courses is the average dinner for entertainment, allowing five different ingredients to each course. Think of it, one hundred and twenty separate kinds of food to masticate and digest; one hundred and twenty potential assassins to carry home, to sleep with and to dream over. Nevertheless I enjoyed these expressions of appreciation, many of them from the students themselves. I learned the use of chopsticks after a somewhat clumsy fashion. An American once dining in Canton in a moment of doubt, when the interpreter was absent from the room, held before the attending China boy on his chopsticks a bit of what he had almost decided to be duck:

"Quack, quack?" he queried.

"Um, Um," the boy protested, "Bow Wow!" All of which goes to show that in this charmingly sympathetic country a man may put on a good deal of dog and still

conform to good manners.

One day seven of my students expressed the desire to escort me to an ancient temple on a near-by mountain. I was thrilled at the prospect of an experience not usual to the tourist. The Chinese possess the faculty of making one feel important; a natural elation possessed me when I set

out surrounded by seven disciples.

When we arrived at the temple on the summit the aged priest received us most graciously, showed us the many imposing bronze gods, offered tea and asked many questions about America, not omitting the specially courteous question, "How old are you?" Upon interpretation of my reply he almost bowed his forehead in the dust. It must be remembered that Chinese students in four years of Western tutelage may have lost some of the ancient discipline, for when later I inquired why the priest had shown me so much deference on learning my age, they replied that they wanted me to be respected according to my deserts and had told him that I was a hundred and fourteen years old.

The older one is, the more he is respected in China. The priest having been told that I had a deep appreciation for Oriental theology, replied that he would like to have me join him in his temple and become a priest. Surely I was making progress in the theological world.

Toward the end of my visit I quite naturally felt a desire to return in small measure some of the delightful entertainment that had been shown me, and to this end I conspired with a Chinese colleague: "I want to do the thing up brown," I said to him. It was really a noteworthy affair, specially arranged twenty-four courses! When the bill came in I collapsed. Thirty-one and a quarter cents a cover, including fees for ten waiters and all other expenses. Yes, the Chinese cooks are the best cooks in the world. There were sixty guests.

The day finally came to say good-by! When I left the house of my hosts, Professor and Mrs. Gage, thirty or forty students and others were standing in the hall waiting to escort me on my way to the boat. It was midnight and as we proceeded down the narrow streets the students began firing firecrackers. I was soon the center of a blaze of them. The townspeople leaned from the windows and crowded into the narrow streets. I had all the appearance of a victorious warrior in a triumphal procession. There are certainly no other people on the face of the earth who can so inspire an unworthy wayfarer. Professor Gage and Professor Smith, two Yale men, gathered up the remarks of the bystanders and translated them to me. They were not the traditional cry of "Foreign devil," but "Good luck. Come again. Bon voyage. God bless you." Of course, they had no idea of my identity. This was only a routine bit of curiosity and courtesy. Merely the natural behavior of a people who for ages have been engaged in effort to make democracy safe by decorum.

In traveling from Changsha to northern China one breaks the journey at the crossing of the Yangtse-kiang. Here at Wuchang I brought letters to Dr. Paul Wakefield, a missionary of distinction attached to Boone University. I was glad to find him in his own home and where he had achieved such a notable accomplishment. We had many familiar conversations and I took rare pleasure in the intimate touch of a man familiar with the dramatic side of Chinese history. He gave me a thrilling account of a visit to the family of Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman and diplomatist of the last century, whom we in Chicago remember as a visitor to the "World's Fair," 1892-1893.

A large number of the family received him, perhaps twenty, as a guest of high degree. He was taken at once to the tomb of the statesman where in one of the rooms an elaborate luncheon was served. After the formalities of the table the son of Li Hung Chang arose and said, "Perhaps Dr. Wakefield will be interested in an account of the greatest service our father ever performed for China." He explained that at the time of the Chino-Japanese War, Li Hung Chang was "persona non grata" to the Empress Dowager, but in desperate need of counsel and aid, she turned to the statesman. An infirm old man, he came into her presence with bowed head, for no subject could look upon the face of the Empress.

She restored him to favor in her greeting as follows: "The Noble Li Hung Chang may lift his eyes to the face of his Empress. The Empress is in sore need of the services of China's great and loyal adviser. Proceed at once to Tokio unattended save by your personal retinue. You will have full power and you are commanded to conclude

a treaty of peace without consulting Peking."

When Li Hung Chang arrived at the coast of Korea,

he was received on the royal Japanese yacht, escorted to the Japanese coast, thence to Tokio where he was domiciled in a palace with great ceremony. He found himself at a council table facing Japanese Princes, Statesmen, Generals, Admirals, Diplomats and other dignitaries. There was more ceremony. The chairman spoke: "The Honorable Envoy of the 'Daughter of Heaven' exalts us by his presence and this commission desire to hear the terms upon which he would adjust the relations between China and Japan."

The unattended envoy arose. He turned toward the chairman with calm assurance. He spoke slowly: "China loves peace and hates war. Japan has received from China her traditions, her art, her culture, her laws, her religion, her philosophy, her civilization. Japan is the daughter of China. China has made no preparation for war. Japan, more wise, has followed the example of the warlike powers of Europe. I respectfully ask for the conditions upon which Japan would conclude a treaty of peace with China. I do not fear the result. It is not for China to name terms."

The Japanese Commission read off a long list of conditions—cession of territory, trade privileges, free hand in Manchuria, and Korea, control of Chinese ports, cession of Port Arthur, conditions which would have turned China into a vassal state. Li Hung Chang repeated: "I do not fear the result. But is that all?" The Japanese Commission replied: "No, we must have another day to present other conditions." The following day they presented other conditions and the next day a longer list, and so on. Li Hung Chang, each time reiterating, "China loves peace and hates war; I do not fear the result; but is that all?" At last they replied, "Yes, that is all."

Then Li Hung Chang rose and addressed them: "The

envoy of the Daughter of Heaven would crave another day, and if it please the Royal Commission of Japan to

adjourn until to-morrow, he will give the answer."

The following day the aged Chinese diplomat appeared before the commission. There was that in his manner which put an anxious expression on the faces of the Japanese dignitaries. "Honorable Commissioners: Before deciding to accept the terms imposed by Japan I cabled to the leading powers of Europe. I state their reply; that the acceptance by China of the terms imposed by Japan will be construed as a declaration of war! Now it is unfortunate for China to be at war with Japan, but more unfortunate to be at war with Japan, England, France and Germany. You cannot have a foot of Chinese territory on the mainland, you cannot have Port Arthur, nor free hand in Manchuria, nor in Korea! You can have no treaty rights not enjoyed by other nations! You can have the Island of Formosa. I do not fear the result. China loves peace and hates war."

The adopted son of Li Hung Chang continued: "There was a vague rumor that our father on his departure from Japan was wounded by an assassin." He moved toward a door opening into another apartment of the tomb, and motioned Dr. Wakefield to follow, drawing back the bronze door of a cabinet in a distant corner of the chamber, he reverently removed a beautifully embroidered robe. He passed the garment to Dr. Wakefield. "This," he said, "was worn by my father when he boarded the Imperial train at Tokio." From one shoulder to the end of the sleeve there was a continuous stain of dry crusted

blood.

Dr. Wakefield also told me of one of the best loved men in China, Dr. Samuel Cochran, a physician who went there years ago, grew a queue, mixed with the natives,

lived their life, and by singular devotion to them in their afflictions, rich and poor alike, won the affection of the people. In a devastating epidemic of typhus fever he took the disease himself and his life was despaired of. Now comes a striking illustration of a wonderful quality in the Chinese character. Fifteen Chinese of the Mandarin class were dining together. They had arranged for bulletins at short intervals. At about ten o'clock the messenger announced that the doctor could not live the night out. Presently one of the number rose and solemnly proposed to go to the temple and there before Buddha to offer up a year of his life to his friend; then each of the others said, "I will go, too." All repaired to the temple, knelt before the Buddha and sacredly relinquished, each a year of his life. They continued their supplications with great fervor until after midnight, when the messenger brought word that Dr. Cochran had passed the crisis and would recover. I shall have more to say of him in connection with a visit to Tsinan-fu where I had the pleasure of being a guest at his house.

The explanation of the sacrifical devotion may be found in the family life of China, where ancestor worship and devotion to the clan outweighs every other motive, even to the free sacrifice of life. These mandarins regarded their friend in the light of an adopted member of the family.

The diseases of America and Europe occur with little or no variation in the Orient and in addition to them also there are numerous groups of diseases peculiar to the tropics which for many years have been made the subject of much original and valuable investigation by the older medical missionaries. Some of these diseases which are widely distributed in the Far East, are nutritional, like beriberi. Parasitic diseases like hookworm or amebic dysentery abound. The Chinese largely avoid them by

drinking little or no water, only hot tea which has been boiled.

One disease scarcely recognized, although not quite unknown in America, prevails in the Yangtse Valley and accounts for about 20 per cent of the mortality among the Chinese rice farmers. This disease, called schistosomiasis, is caused by the Schistosoma, a bisexual trematode. invades the system like hookworm through the skin of the farmer as he wades through the inundated rice fields, or it may enter the system through food or drink. Some sailors on a United States gun boat took the disease from washing the deck with water drawn from a branch of the Yangtse. The schistosoma, having entered the body, appears to know its way, for it proceeds with seeming intelligence by a definite though indirect route, through various organs, to the liver, the habitat of the parasite, where, to use a military term, it "digs in." The gravity of the disease is directly proportionate to the number of invading parasites and consequent destruction of liver substance. Recovery from a single attack is usual. Repeated attacks are apt to be fatal. The only treatment is to wear high rubber boots in the wet rice fields and to avoid drinking unboiled, contaminated water. Dr. Henry S. Houghton, Director of the Peking Union Medical College, was an early and original investigator of schistosomiasis. This disease is not confined to the Far East. Clear evidence of it has been found in Egyptian mummies. It is not unknown in the tropics of America.

My professional activities as visiting professor in the Orient were confined to Yale-in-China, to Tsinan-fu, to Peking Union Medical College already mentioned, and to an operative and didactic course in the University of the Philippines at Manila. I was absent from home during

most of 1922 and 1923.

Let us pass on to Peking! The historian, the archæologist and the artist look upon this imperial center of China with the impulse to pronounce it the most interesting city in Asia. The Peking Union Medical College, in grandeur of conception, in classical design, in grasp of purpose, is unique in the whole world. It was erected at a cost of about \$10,000,000 and annually calls upon the Rockefeller Foundation for more than \$1,002,000 for maintenance. Here is a singular combination of oriental splendor and occidental utility. Four years of intensive work are prerequisite for matriculation. The personnel of the students is carefully selected and only highly qualified applicants are received. The immediate purpose is thoroughly to educate Chinese of both sexes in all of the branches of medicine and surgery but the graduation of mere practitioners to go out in competition with the old mystic, spiritinvoking Chinese physicians would be uneconomic, would not justify the immense expenditure necessary to maintain the present high standard of research and training, a standard not inferior to that of any other medical school in the world. The ultimate purpose of the school is to educate not only medical experts, but to train teachers and administrators who, it is hoped, will establish other similar institutions and thus disseminate scientific medicine throughout China.

The China Medical Board honored me with an appointment of visiting professor, and I did some work there in 1922. The teaching force, however, is so strong, so adequate, that a visiting professor well may feel that he is bringing coals to Newcastle.

Since returning home I have many times been congratulated on having escaped the terrible bandits. Here is a misapprehension. China is not the lawless country that rumor indicates. One cannot deny the seriousness of the governmental financial situation, the growth of brigandage in outlying regions, the universality of grave political corruption, even extensive civil war. At the same time, extraordinary as it may seem to the Western mind, the course of daily life is not greatly affected by these things which are largely on the surface. Under the ancient paternal régime through which the Chinese are ruled in small sections by heads of families and clans the substratum of China muddles along pretty cheerfully and functions in the usual fashion, regardless of the absence of a central government in Peking. Superficially China is a lawless country; fundamentally one of the most law-abiding. What would be featured as a calamity in our newspapers here scarcely makes a ripple on the surface there. In ordinary times there are probably fewer crimes of violence in the whole of China with its 410,000,000 than occur in two or three of our larger cities. I have heard that the only part of Peking in which white women have been molested is the part carefully guarded by occidental police-the legation quarter.

Let us look at the matter—a priori from known qualities of the Chinese: (1) They are the most industrious people in the world. They have as a race a saving passion for work. (2) They are impervious to hardship. (3) The struggle for existence has weeded out the unfit and left the strong. (4) Considering their poverty they are among the most honest people in the world. (5) They are the most democratic people in the world, the originators of civil service. Under the ancient empire any coolie, however obscure, could rise by examination to the mandarin class. Would anyone expect permanent lawlessness from such people?

Things go in China by contraries. The people are proverbially devoted to the arts and yet make an immense

show of the military. They are highly philosophical and yet deeply superstitious. Books and manuscripts begin at what to us is the end. Carpenters saw from the plane toward themselves. Intellectual Chinese are wary and open, indeterminate and frank, impenetrable and accessible.

While in Peking I was seated next to a Chinese gentleman at a dinner party. He was a cosmopolitan of an old family, a graduate of an American university, a distinguished Chinese jurist and a charming companion. We drifted from one subject to another and finally settled down on the missionaries. His judicial and sympathetic appreciation of them and their work may be taken, perhaps, as an index to the attitude of many intelligent Chinese toward their own and the Christian civilization. He deplored the confusion in the Chinese mind consequent upon the diverging views of widely different sects and between the fundamentalists and the modernists. He welcomed the recent strong movement among the younger and more progressive missionaries, looking toward the suppression of nonessentials and the union of different denominations on broader principles. He was sure that this would result in improved business methods, in greater efficiency and, to use the language of industry, in a more solid and comprehensive output. He raised the question how long contributions would continue to flow in from foreign countries and how soon, therefore, the Chinese churches would have to depend upon themselves. Already some of the mission churches were going on their own. For example, one flourishing church in Peking.

I then put the crucial question: "Do you think the missionaries will realize their hope, evangelize 410,000,000 Chinese?" An inscrutable expression deepened on his face. He replied: "Already 2,000,000 Christians are in China, of whom about four fifths are Catholic, and of the re-

mainder the Methodists probably predominate, with the Presbyterians next."

"Do you regard the Chinese Christians as genuine?"

"Oh, about the same as they are in Chicago or Boston."

"But will the missionaries evangelize China?"

"The missionaries," he replied, "are among the sweetest, most unselfish, most indispensable people in China. The contributions of some of them are marvelous. By decipering inscriptions on many of our ancient monuments they have changed much of what was prehistoric to historic China."

"But will they evangelize China?"

"That is what I was telling you," he went on, "they have among them great classical scholars, who have found proof of the visit of Marco Polo, and thus have verified his account."

I ventured again: "Is there some hope-?"

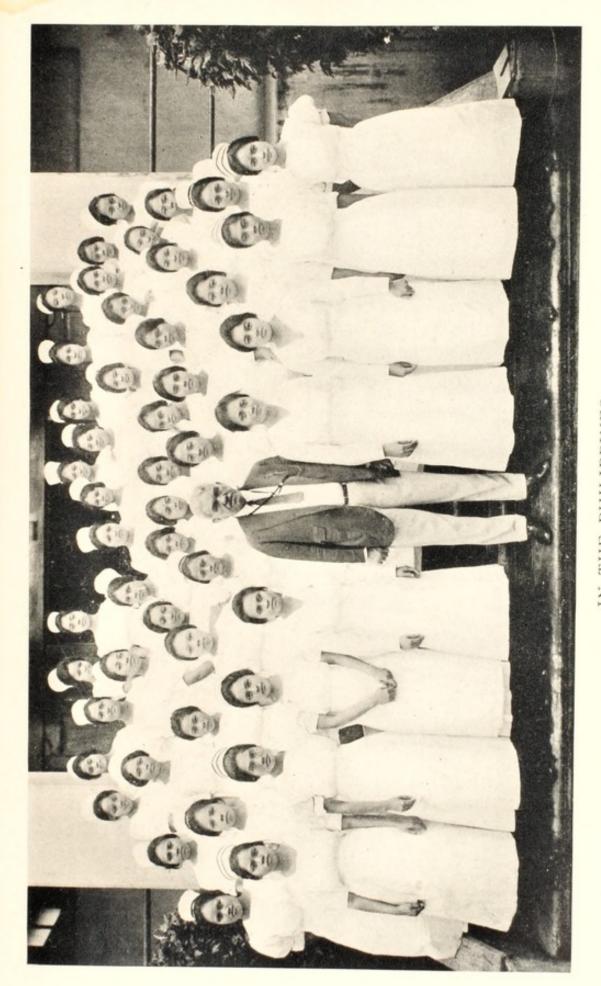
"I was about to explain that," he continued. "Are you aware that grapes and many other choice fruits which you enjoy were introduced by them! And then the railroads! It is not generally known that we owe the railroads to them. When these enterprises looked discouraging, some of your Americans, missionaries induced capital to come in."

"Do you think there will be a Christian mother in every Chinese home?"

"That is an interesting question; the missionaries show an astounding practical sense in reaching the heart of the Chinese, they have honey-combed the country with schools, colleges, hospitals and other educational enterprises; there is scarcely a city of any importance not subject to their influence; all accessible to the Chinese, rich and poor alike."

"Do you-" He interrupted me again.

"It is unthinkable that any great movement, backed as



IN THE PHILIPPINES

Dr. Dudley and a group of his special Filipino nurses



this movement is by integrity, high purpose, and unselfishness, can fail to accomplish a legitimate result." Then he paused thoughtfully. "I have sometimes thought that in two or three hundred years (only a moment in China, you know), the Chinese may organize under the religious or ethical banner which may prevail at the time, turn the tables, and evangelize America."

I put the next question to myself. "Is the cat playing with the mouse? Is the 'heathen Chinee' going to intimate that the missions are trying to substitute one superstition for another? Does he deplore the effort, as frantic, the effort of a people to convert another people?"

"You know," he went on, "we have our Socrates in China. He antedates yours. He also held dialogues in the groves under the trees and was a bit given to the

laconic method."

"Yes," I answered, "I visited the tomb of Confucius and scaled hundreds of stone steps to the top of the most sacred of China's sacred mountains and visited the temple where Confucius is said to have worshiped more than two thousand years ago."

"I thought you would have done that." He paused, and fixing his eyes on a distant object, resumed, "Let me relate to you a semi-imaginary conversation between Confucius

and his pupils.

"'O Confucius,' said the pupil, 'how would you requite good?'

"'I would requite good with good."

"'O Confucius, would you requite evil with good?"

"'No, many evil people would do evil in order to obtain good. Not enough good would be left with which to requite the good.'

"'Then, O Confucius, would you requite evil with evil?"

"'No, that would be worse than requiting evil with good.

It would multiply evil by two; there is too much evil now.'
"How, then, O Confucius, would you requite evil?'

"'I would requite evil with justice."

During my period of service at Peking I was invited by the Christian Union University at Tsinan Fu, about two hundred miles south of Peking, to give a month of clinical and didactic lectures in that institution, and went there for that purpose in November, 1922. This university would compare favorably with the average similar institution in the United States, especially in the department of medicine, which has a large hospital with the usual laboratories and other appurtenances. While there I enjoyed the bountiful hospitality of the professor of surgery, Dr. William Stearns and Mrs. Stearns, and of the dean of the school, Dr. Samuel Cochran and Mrs. Cochran. According to the mandarin respite Dr. Cochran had about five years of life remaining.

The lectures there were given to the Chinese students through an interpreter. At first I thought this arrangement might be embarrassing, but soon found it quite practical. First, because I was always under the impression that the interpreter improved on my lectures; second, because, while he was interpreting I could think up and arrange in order what I was going to say next. One day at tiffin—luncheon—at the house of Dr. Cochran, I received a cable from home that my grandson, Jason Harvey, the two-year-old son of my second daughter, Dorothy—Mrs. Henry B. Harvey—was seriously ill. I cabled at once that I would return to America if needed, which fortunately

proved unnecessary.

I went immediately from tiffin to my lecture. Then occurred an example of Chinese deportment. I hardly know what to call it—not hospitality, not punctilio; it was an exhibition of kindly sympathy, often recognized in the

Orient even among the common people. Tidings of the cable had gone before me to the class. A note was handed down asking me to remain a few minutes after the lecture. Then one of the students, in excellent English and with great deliberation, spoke for his fellow students. said that the class had learned with much regret that my lectures might have to be interrupted, that this in itself would be a great loss to them but nothing compared with the sorrow which they shared with me in the reported illness of my "dear grandson," who they prayed might soon be restored to health. They also prayed that I might continue to have a long and useful life but that he might live many years to worship at my grave. It was a genuinely sympathetic and touching address, full of human kindness. He then requested me before leaving to remain a few minutes at the entrance of the hospital, where I found the class again assembled. A photographer was there who took a group picture. As the class was about to disband, one of the students came running up, out of breath, holding in his hand a photograph of himself and saying that he had been unavoidably detained from the lecture and that he had brought this photograph, which he hoped I would accept as a token of his personal kindly feeling and sympathy.

At the close of my Peking engagement I accepted an invitation from the president of the University of the Philippines and from Dr. Fernando Calderon, Director of the Philippine General Hospital in Manila and of the medical department of the University of the Philippines, to give an intensive course of lectures and to hold surgical clinics in the hospital. This rounded out my stay in the Orient previous to rejoining Mrs. Dudley and my daughters Katharine and Helen who had been with me in Peking. We sailed from Shanghai early in February, 1923, for

London.

My sojourn of a month in the Philippines was entertaining and instructive. There was historical evidence that sometimes things had been carried on with a high hand in the pre-American period. For example, under one of the churches a dungeon had been discovered which for a long time was not known to exist. Some workmen were tearing away the walls under an old church and uncovered an inclosure which evidently had been walled up and forgotten. Inside they found a skeleton. On consulting ancient history it was learned that a long time ago there had been a bitter quarrel between a church dignitary and a governor-general who suddenly disappeared from view and was never heard from again. I did not go into the particulars beyond the belief current among the Filipinos that the skeleton was that of the Spanish grandee. Whatever the true version may be, it was evident that the owner of this skeleton had been persona non grata, somewhere.

I observed that many of the newer generation of Filipinos of mixed blood born since the American army occupied the Islands appeared inferior to the former mixed generations of Spanish descent. I inquired of a distinguished and very able Filipino who held high positions in the Islands the reason for this. He replied that the early Filipinos of mixed blood came from excellent Spanish stock while the half-breeds of recent times came largely on the paternal side from the common soldiers of the American army. He said, for example, "I am one-fourth Filipino, three-fourths Spanish; my Spanish antecedents were of excellent stock. For example, my mother was the daughter of a bishop." This goes to show the practical workings of the pragmatic philosophy in the Philippine Islands.

One of the most interesting places I visited was the waterworks which supply the city of Manila. Close by

was a high, rather inaccessible mountain, in which there were numerous caves inhabited by millions of bats. These bats made daily journeys from their caves in the direction of the seashore, always at a fixed hour, that is, at about dusk. Millions—I would almost say billions of them—suddenly appeared from the mountain, like a cloud which almost darkened the sky, and took flight in the direction of the ocean. At about dawn the next morning they returned again to the mountain. This was one of the sights of Manila.

I spent a few days at Baguo, called the Summer Capital, where the American officials congregate during the heated months. The place is supplied with excellent hotels, a very up-to-date club, numerous beautiful villas, and has all the attractions of another Newport or an Atlantic City on a much smaller scale.

Dr. Guy Potter Benton, president of the University of the Philippines, was doing a wonderful work in the educational development of the Islands. I saw considerable of him and found him a gentleman of most attractive personality. Manifestly the United States has conducted the affairs of the Islands singularly in the interest of the Filipinos. I found much unrest and dissatisfaction among the natives, who are clamorous for freedom. So far as I was able to judge they are not ready for independence nor will be for a long time to come. There is every reason to think that antagonisms between different races in the Islands would soon lead to disastrous internal warfare. The Filipinos themselves want us to give them independence and then be responsible for them both in their internal and foreign relations. Such an arrangement is of course absurd. If we ever do give up the Islands we ought to give them up absolutely with no string tied to the arrangement. The question is a difficult one to solve. They are the key

to the Orient and involve international problems, the im-

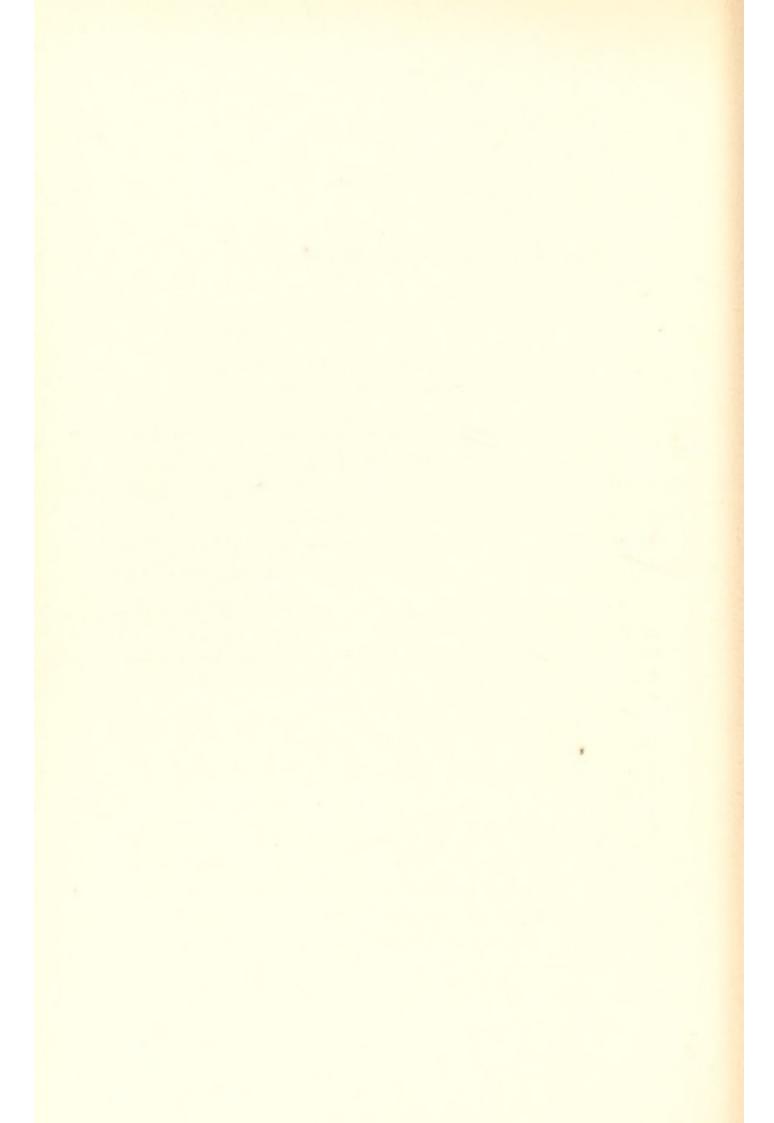
portance of which no one can foresee.

The medical department of the University is a great credit to American enterprise. Formerly it was under the control almost exclusively of American physicians and surgeons, but of late these have been displaced almost entirely by native Filipinos who, so far as I could judge, were doing excellent work.

The nursing in the Philippine General Hospital is conducted by a training school under the Medical Board. The nurses are all native Filipino young women who have received their training in the hospital. They are devoted to their work, which they perform with ability and with singular amiability. Miss O'Campo, who appears on my left, in the group portrait, gives to the school a quality of distinction. She moves among the nurses and for that matter among the doctors, like a Queen. During the time of my month's work in the Medical School, Professor Fuchs, of Vienna, recognized world-wide as one of the greatest of opthalmologists, was giving an intensive course in Diseases of the eye to a very enthusiastic class of students.

General and Mrs. Leonard Wood, with whom I formerly had some acquaintance in Chicago, extended to me much kindness and hospitality. They lived in the palace once occupied by the old Spanish governors. There are in Manila two noteworthy and very select Spanish clubs, in both of which I was honored with temporary membership. In renewing invitations according to Spanish punctilio, the Spanish invites the guest to come again, not to "my," but to "your" house or club. There was much gayety and hospitality both Filipino and Americano in Manila and at the Summer Capital—Baguo—particularly in the Army and Navy Club which I enjoyed so far as the rather strenuous duties of the intensive course which I was giving permitted.

I was called to operate on the wife of a United States Army Colonel and was permitted to do the operation in the well-equipped, well-conducted army hospital—the Sternberg Hospital. This courtesy was given me by Colonel Kennedy, head of the army medical and surgical corps and by the other army surgeons in direct charge of the hospital, a privilege seldom extended to a civilian.



CHAPTER XVII

MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried, Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

LET us take up some of the earlier advances in medicine and surgery which preceded the phenomenal development of the last two generations, a greater development than has taken place in all previous time.

In ancient times the physician must have had sporting qualities, as the following laws of the Chaldeans will show.

"If a physician make a large incision with an operating knife and cure it, or if he open a tumor over the eye with the operating knife and saves the eye he shall be paid ten shekels. If the patient be a freed man, he shall receive five shekels."

"If the physician make a large incision with the operating knife and kill him, or open a tumor with the operating knife and cut out the eye, his hands shall

be cut off."

The history of medicine is easily written from the second to the sixteenth century. During this time no one dared to question the dicta of the great physician, Claudius Galenus, otherwise known as "Galen," who practiced in Rome early in the Christian era. He left behind him two hundred volumes on anatomical and other medical subjects and then proceeded for thirteen centuries to rule the medi-

cal world from his grave. The works of Galen, speculative, imaginative, bizarre, worthless and absurd, in a pragmatic sense, passed for truth which no one dared to question.

In Roman ages medicine combined harmoniously with philosophy and mythology; the Gods came down on earth and found the society of mortals agreeable. In the middle and dark ages everything was usurped by the theologians who established eternal war between themselves and whatever medicine failed to square itself with current dogma. Insanity, for example, was possession by the Devil. The patient was the guest; the Devil was the host, but fortunately for the Devil they could not get their hands on him and so they treated the guest as they would have liked to treat the host. The rise and fall of the Devil furnishes an interesting chapter. In the war between science and religion when Satan and Medicine did not rest, he seems to have enjoyed his palmiest days; Medicine, disrespectful as it may appear to his Majesty, always did raise the Devil.

Back in the Middle Ages, Michael Servetus wrote a book on a seemingly innocent subject, "The Sweetness of Syrup," in which he took exception to some of the crazy notions of Galen. As a consequence there was reported violent reaction in the University of Paris and bloody riots in the streets. Servetus then journeyed to Geneva and became a neighbor of John Calvin. He carelessly showed Calvin one of his books. The sentence of the Court was that together with this book he was to be burned at the stake. The book incidentally contained the most comprehensive of all anatomical and physiological discoveries.

The discovery of the pulmonary circulation of the blood in which Servetus had anticipated the crowning work of the Great Harvey. Servetus had dared to contradict Galen.

Contrast the practice of Louyse Bouigeoise, accoucheuse

to Marie de Medici, wife of Henry the Fourth of France, with Midwifery as now practiced. Louyse was the first woman to write a book on Obstetrics in French, perhaps in any language. She writes:

"As soon as the woman has been delivered after a tedious labor, a black sheep must be flayed alive, and the raw surfaces of its fleece put as warm as possible around the naked loins of the woman, which are thereby greatly strengthened. Next flay a hare alive, then cut its throat, and let all its blood flow into the skin, which must then be put reeking on the woman's middle part. This constringes the parts overstretched by labor, removes bad blood, and chases away the vapors."

Louyse often proved the good effects of these remedies, which in winter should be kept on for two hours, in summer for one hour.

One should not jump to the unwise conclusion that the fleece of a white sheep will answer as well. The great Ambrose Paré most positively declares that the fleece must be that of a black sheep, even if it be the one black sheep in the flock.

In the sixteenth century Merciful Church rescued the souls of all heretics who were caught in the dissection of human bodies by burning their sinful flesh. Let us follow at midnight a live thief, a youth, as he scales the scaffold and carries away to his mother's house on his shoulders the dead thief he had found swinging on the gibbet. His mother watched his dissections through the night. In the moment of triumph the fires of the Inquisition have no terror for him, for he has discovered the structure of the human heart. "It is in the blood," exclaims his mother, "for his father was an apothecary to Charles V, his grand-father was physician to Mary of Burgundy, his great-

grandfather taught medicine at Louvain, his great-greatgrandfather was an anatomical writer."

This youth was no less than Andreas Vesalius, the creator of modern anatomy. His subsequent career was dramatic. At the age of twenty-two he was professor of anatomy at Padua, where six years later, 1543, the publication of his monumental work "De Humani Fabrica" rendered the works of all previous anatomists obsolete. Subsequently he was physician to the Court of Charles V of Spain, married a wife, made money and was reported happy until a nobleman died under his scalpel and he was condemned to death by the Inquisition for impiety and murder; but Philip II commuted his sentence to pilgrimage in the Holy Land whence he was called to his old chair in Padua. On his way to Italy the anatomist was wrecked. A wandering goldsmith on the Island of Zante is said to have discovered, on the floor of a wretched hut, a corpse that "Andreas Vesalius would never dissect."

Not long before my student days there were times when physicians were seriously handicapped with the difficulty, almost impossibility, of obtaining anatomical material for dissection. Sometimes people about to die sold their bodies, as the stock brokers say, for future delivery at the time of death. Dr. Warren, whose skeleton is in Massachusetts General Hospital, donated his body to the cause of science. Generally speaking the alternative was either to go without dissecting material or raid the burying ground by moonlight. This was called "body snatching." In my time the laws were becoming liberalized and sometimes gave over for dissection the unclaimed bodies of paupers and criminals, but I have heard many a thrilling story of the glowing love of science as it was exhibited by medical enthusiasts in a graveyard. These lawbreakers on principle could revel in the excitement of piracy and the

secrecy of burglary all with a clear conscience. And betimes these heroes were rewarded by prolonged vacations in the county jail.

We waited until the nineteenth century for so small a thing as a stethoscope. In 1816 Laennec was solicitous over a woman suffering from heart trouble. It was useless to thump her chest, she was so stout that the thumps would not penetrate deeply enough. The modesty of the times did not permit him to put his ear directly over the heart; she was too young. In this dire emergency he recalled a fact in physics; so he rolled a quire of paper into a cylinder, applied one end of it over the heart, the other end under his own ear. Although Arotaeus, the forgotten physician, had done something similar before, yet this was the first stethoscope. "A sick organ whispered its tale of woe into

the ear of the sympathetic physician."

A brief historical sketch of medicine would be incomplete without some mention of a pioneer surgeon of America, Ephraim McDowell, the originator of an operation for the removal of ovarian tumors, an operation which in the aggregate has saved millions of years of human life. Mc-Dowell performed the first ovariotomy in Danville, Kentucky, in 1809. On the publication of this operation he was exposed to a storm of almost universal vituperation and calumny from the surgical world, whose sensibilities he had shocked by being in advance of his time; we see him in America denounced as a crack-brained, backwoods adventurer; in England, called upon to choose between being deemed an irresponsible fanatic or a fit subject for the executioner; in France, with greater appearance of politeness, but equal virulence, held up as the grand exponent of American audacity. He answered a critic with the modest statement that he had tried to describe the operation so that an intelligent anatomist could understand it,

and then let time and conscience bring an editor of a British Medical Journal to his knees, with a prayer for "Forgiveness" before "Almighty God and McDowell." In the prime of life, at the summit of usefulness, he closed a mortal career which had shed luster upon his age and his country; McDowell, the unique figure in a brilliant group of Kentuckians.

I recall a conversation I once had with Dr. Dunlap, of Springfield, Ohio, in which he gave an interesting account of his first ovariotomy. He said that he and his brother began practice at the same time, and that after considerable discussion it was decided that the brother should do the medical part of the practice, and that he should attend to the surgical. He had had very little experience, but was soon called into Kentucky to see a case of ovarian cyst. He said to the patient, "There is a man named Atlee over on the other side of the Alleghany Mountains who takes out these cysts." The woman said, "Take it out, then." He did not remove the cyst then, but tapped it, and said to the woman, "If it refills, I will remove it." In a few weeks he was summoned to go again sixty miles into Kentucky to remove the cyst. He gave an interesting soliloquy, as he traveled on horseback alone with his saddlebags. Said Dunlap to himself, "You have undertaken a serious piece of work. You never saw an ovarian cyst, and how will you know, when you have opened the abdomen, what to remove?" And then he said: "You know the intestines, and you won't remove them. You know the liver, and you won't remove that. You know the bladder, and you won't remove that. You know the mesentery, and you won't remove that. You know the normal ovary, and you won't remove that. You know the kidney, and you won't remove that. You know the normal uterus, and you won't remove that. You know the spleen, and you won't remove that. Dunlap, you will remove every damned thing you don't know."

In this connection one is reminded of a conversation which took place between Chester Harding, the celebrated portrait painter, and Daniel Boone, the great Kentucky hunter, whose portrait he was painting; "Mr. Boone," said Harding, "were you ever lost?" "No, Mr. Harding, never exactly lost, but I was once bewildered for eight days."

When I matriculated as a medical student, the prerequisites for a medical degree, as of old, were that the applicant should produce a letter from an accredited physician stating that he had been enrolled as a student under his direction for three years, during which he must have attended two full courses of lectures. A course of lectures usually lasted four or five months, the second course being virtually a repetition of the first; if in the same school, the two courses were identical. Graded instruction was unknown, or at least unusual. At the end of the second course the candidate was eligible for examination, and if he passed, was graduated and turned loose on the community. During the large part of the three years of registration, the student could be engaged in some gainful occupation such as that of carpenter, blacksmith or teacher. It was not even necessary that he should go to a medical school. Anyone could set up as a doctor, irrespective of his attainments. There were few if any state laws to regulate medical practice. The county and state medical societies frequently exercised some control by admitting to their membership accepted graduates of credited medical schools, and an examining committee not infrequently indorsed nongraduates who in their judgment were able to conform ethically and professionally to a variable standard.

Instruction in the schools was mostly confined to didactic lectures given from a platform by the professors. Gradu-

ates not uncommonly were turned out, who for example had never seen an accouchement or a case of typhoid fever or pneumonia. Clinical experience for the most part was such as the student could pick up in association with his preceptor. Any medical school could be organized by a number of doctors who were ambitious for professional honors. It was only necessary to apply to the Secretary of State for a charter, elect themselves as professors, rent a building, and open the gates to a flood of students. Laboratories and other appliances were meager and, compared with those of the present day, inexpensive. The faculty received tuition fees from hundreds of students and returned to them little more than dry, tedious, monotonous didactic lectures which followed one after another from morning till night. Large dividends in some schools were divided among the faculties. When I was an interne in the Woman's Hospital of the state of New York about fifty years ago, I heard one of my chiefs, the late professor T. G. Thomas, define an American medical college as a collection of doctors who wanted to make a little money. Compare this situation with present conditions. Now the endowed medical college is on a high scientific plane and is no longer commercially profitable. The tuition fees of a student only suffice to reimburse the school for a small part of the cost of educating him.

Few people realize the bewildering mortality of infections which formerly we were powerless to combat. I, myself, as a hospital interne, in the late seventies recall case after case of consecutive infection following operations, in the service of one of the foremost surgeons of New York with an appalling mortality of one hundred per cent. This was after the doctrine of antisepsis had been theoretically established but before the technique of antisepsis had been perfected. In Philadelphia, within my memory, a distin-

guished obstetrician, a social favorite, was driven from the city because for a long time puerperal fever had followed his footsteps in all of his obstetric cases.

Every obstetrician in the middle of the nineteenth century was familiar with this curse of the maternity ward. He had dreaded from afar the coming symptoms as one discerns the black cloud upon the horizon. In the balance between hope and fear he had watched the anxious face, had observed the chilly wave sweeping down the spinal cord, the drawn expression, the cold extremities, the explosive nausea, the progressively rising temperature, the gradual failure of the pulse, first weak, then running, then thready to the vanishing point, the lethal delirium, the rapid respirations, the staring eyes, the wide nostrils, then finally the inevitable collapse.

In 1843, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, once professor of anatomy at Harvard, was immortalized by a memorable essay on the contagiousness of puerperal fever. In this essay he laid down the startling fact that the disease was not communicated through mere proximity, like scarlet fever or smallpox, but by direct contact of the part with the infective material. He also set forth clearly the preventive treatment—cleanliness and disinfection. Dr. Holmes was not an obstetrician and what therefore should have been immediately an epoch-making contribution was forgotten.

In 1849, four years later, when Ignaz Semmelweis, a Hungarian, was assistant at the maternity clinic in Vienna, a colleague had pricked his finger in a post-mortem examination and had developed symptoms of blood poisoning identical with those of puerperal fever. Semmelweis put two and two together and was startled by his own conclusion. He saw that the colleague and the puerperal woman died from an identical malady due to the introduction of

infection by the hand or by instruments or some other appliances. The practical reasoning at once was obvious. If this infectious material, whatever its nature might be, could be kept away from the parts involved, puerperal fever would cease. The bacterial cause was unknown, the technique of protecting an exposed part against infection was undeveloped. He saw that death might be carried by the unclean hands of an attendant. He made a practical distinction between æsthetic and surgical cleanliness. It no longer was permissible for a mere devotee to æsthetic cleanliness to wash his hands after a confinement. He must scrub them before he approaches the lying-in woman.

Semmelweis, although handicapped by inadequate technique, reduced the mortality materially, but not enough to save him from a storm of vituperation and ridicule. He became almost a monomaniac on the subject, "stopped farmers and laborers on the street and tried to make them listen to his doctrine, saw them tap their heads knowingly and pass on."

In 1865, at the age of forty-seven, a nervous wreck, he entered an asylum. Within a day or two an infected wound was discovered on his finger, the result of his last operation. Soon a post-mortem examination disclosed the fact that he had fallen a victim to a form of blood poisoning which he had discovered to be identical with the infection of puerperal fever. Scarce had the grave closed over him when Pasteur and Lister brought to light the deadly secret in the form of microscopic bacteria. "Then all the world knew that Semmelweis had been right since 1847." As Robinson remarks in his history of medicine, "A marble mausoleum at Budapest will crumble, but there is to Semmelweis another, an everlasting monument—the Safety of Motherhood."

Accumulated knowledge in 1875 already had reached a

volume and degree of classification which made it available for new medical advancement, for what is known as group evolution. The time was soon to come when further progress in medical teaching would necessitate efficient coöperation in every department, especially in the laboratory departments and in the closely allied clinical departments. This was a welcome departure from the old didactic lecture, always dried but seldom cut. The inharmony of these lectures was distracting. For example, the professor of medicine would have something to say about the pathology of the disease upon which he chanced to be lecturing. The next hour another lecturer, discussing a similar disease in which the pathology was similar, would go over the same ground with a confusing difference. I have even known a teacher to lecture on a case of delirium tremens and the next hour another professor to lecture on the same case as one of uremic coma. To-day the student, before going to either lecture, would have had his groundwork in a pathological laboratory and would be qualified to check any such discrepancies.

The first considerable movement in America toward group specialization took place in the Johns Hopkins University Medical School in Baltimore. The movement spread gradually and now has become general, not only in medical colleges but also among groups of practitioners who in many places have combined and organized the various specialties as autonomous units. An objection has been urged against the system of what is called "team practice"; that it savors of the department store, that it is commercialized medicine, and destroys the old-time sympathy between physician and patient. Weighty as this objection is, it may be outbalanced by considerations of increased efficiency. A sick man generally will be satisfied if he is convinced that a physician or any group of physicians is working for his

interests. That is the point. In this specialization of the group, medicine has followed the lead of the time.

Biologists and socialists now tell us that man already has reached or nearly reached the end of his development as an individual and hereafter must develop by group specialization; that in his evolution as an individual he has been limited, nilly-willy, to the germ plasm and the chromosomes of his two irresponsible parents, all subject to chance. On the contrary his future evolution, by group specialization, as they say, is to be largely under his own control, and will rid man of many unsupportable beliefs such as the fallacy of Molière, followed by Rousseau and Thomas Jefferson that all men are born equal. We are told that inequality does not disqualify anyone for special work; that every normal man in the widest sense can be a specialist. He may be only a hewer of wood or a drawer of water, but he can take his part in group evolution. They affirm that this group evolution by specialization is now necessary to progress; that progress is always characterized by simplicity and that hereafter everyone will be trained to the limit of his capacity and that everything for the trained man will be simplified. This is the most recent message of hope for the race.

Very painful and very long has been the evolution of individual man up to the present time. Painful and long also will be the social evolution of the future. Let us hope not so painful, not so long. "For the individual withers and the world is more and more."

Group evolution apparently now is well on the way. It is said on authority that men have traveled and goods have been carried a greater number of miles in the last generation or two than in all preceding time. The same is true of the whole field of applied science, not excepting medicine. A book published entitled "Fifty Years of Medical Prog-

ress" by H. Drinkwater, M.D., M.R.C.S. Eng., F.R.S.E., 1924, contains over seven hundred references of noteworthy medical and surgical events in the period 1873–1922.

For centuries we have been interrogating nature, but she has been extremely reticent and has withheld her reply because we have not known how to put the questions in her language. Nature always returns a true answer when questioned properly; but there is the rub, how to put the question. Benjamin Franklin flew his kite and the reply promptly came back in the form of an electric spark.

A doubting Thomas named Garri rubbed into the uninjured skin of his forearms some pure culture of Staphylococcus bacteria. Four days later a large carbuncle surrounded by an abundant crop of boils appeared at the sight of the inoculation. Inflammation ran its usual course and seventeen scars remained as a lasting proof of the success of the experiment. Garri had put the question correctly

and nature had returned the truthful reply.

An anti-vaccinationist picked his teeth with a vaccine point and got his reply in the form of an unpleasant experience. He, too, had put the question properly, quite regardless of the fact that in the eighteenth century eighteen million people died of smallpox and that smallpox was

a preventable disease.

The conquest of yellow fever is one of the most astounding events of modern times. We know now, since the work of Walter Reed, an army surgeon, that yellow fever cannot be communicated from one person to another, that it is communicated only by the bite of a certain female mosquito, Stegomyia fasciata, and then only if the mosquito has fed on a person having the fever. If all the people in a community had yellow fever, and there were no Stegomyia mosquitoes, the disease could not spread. To put it another way, if for a limited time, long enough for all

the infected mosquitoes to die, no infected persons were bitten by a Stegomyia, the disease would disappear. Destruction of the Stegomyia at his breeding place, and screening of the patient from his bite, has swept the disease from the world. Howard Kelly, biographer of Reed, and his associates, says: "Although they slew no tens of thousands, these men of war swept away a hideous plague which had visited our shores and devastated our lands." What military power in all Europe can compare with the medical corps of the U. S. Army?

Upon a monument in Baltimore erected in loving memory of Doctor Lazear, who gave his life to the cause, are

these words:

"WITH MORE THAN THE COURAGE AND DEVOTION OF THE SOLDIER, HE RISKED AND LOST HIS LIFE TO SHOW HOW A FEARFUL PESTILENCE IS COMMUNICATED AND HOW ITS RAVAGES MAY BE PREVENTED."

Typhus fever and bubonic plague are now preventable diseases since they occur, the first in association with body lice, the second with infected rats or other rodents.

Cancer already has been artificially produced and cured in animals and there is reason to hope that we may be on the eve of conquering this deadly disease by non-surgical means.

The honor of having introduced modern surgical anæsthesia lies between numerous Americans. Among them, Long, Morton, Jackson, Welles and Holmes. It is certain that the first to use openly an anæsthetic in a case of childbirth was James Young Simpson of Edinburgh.

Not the unscientific rabble, but the great master minds of medicine in Europe, Great Britain, and America assailed him. They said, "The maternal instinct would be abolished. Mothers could not love children brought into the world without pain." The church was not silent. "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow; thou shalt bring forth in pain," et cetera. For striving to assuage the sorrow of parturition they called him an atheist, an imp of Beelzebub; going directly in the face of God's curse and the decrees of Divine Providence. But Simpson replied that when God himself had a difficult operation to perform, he too used anæsthetics, for in order to remove a rib he had caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam.

This was in 1848. But Simpson unexpectedly found a mighty champion. Some one had placed something over the face of Queen Victoria, and the Royal mother inhaled chloroform. The passage in Genesis! the Blasphemy! the Sacrilege! the Atheist! all were forgotten. Simpson became a hero with a Sir in front and a Bart. after his name,

and finally his statue in Westminster Abbey.

There is confusion in the popular mind over the words asepsis and antisepsis. Asepsis means no germs; antisepsis, against germs. The two words are used interchangeably. Asepsis is now in more general use. I have used the word antisepsis when referring to the older Listerian management of wounds. In my Woman's Hospital experience, we greatly feared the infective influence of germs from the external air, and used carbolic spray to destroy them before they could gain access to the wound. Soon we knew that germs from the external air seldom invaded the wound in lethal quantities, but that the dangerous element was rather the introduction of infective material from the hands, instruments, dressing and other appliances which had come into direct contact with the wound.

There was a long and painful period when we were striving to kill germs by means of various antiseptic solutions in which, after scrubbing, we immersed our hands, instruments and dressings. All these antiseptics were useful but not wholly adequate. Scrubbing of the hands and immersing them in carbolic or other antiseptic solutions did not always destroy all germs. This was shown by cultures taken from the hands which disclosed sometimes an abundance of infective bacteria because they could not be made aseptic. The same was true of instruments and dressings. Then came the rubber glove, one of the most effective barriers against infection, but more important than this was steam sterilization. Not mere steam but steam under high pressure which was hot enough to destroy most germs. But we could not boil our hands, much less expose them to high pressure steam.

With these radical changes, surgical mortality dropped to a surprising degree, say from 10 per cent or 15 per cent to 2 per cent or 3 per cent. This development in surgery was recognized not as antiseptic but as aseptic. The report forty years ago of my first twenty consecutive ovariotomies without a death was unusual and arrested attention. No one now would think of recording even a hundred such cases.

The seriousness with which antiseptic surgery is taken may be illustrated by this remark of Volkmann, a great German surgeon; that some of his assistants would automatically immerse the shears in an antiseptic solution before using them to cut a plaster of paris jacket. "Of course," he said, "this is unnecessary but they are my best assistants."

The course of antiseptics, like true love, did not "run smooth." Lawson Tait of Birmingham, England, made himself a target in the opposite camp by declaring that if he could obtain bacteria in sufficient quantity and could make them absorbent, he would dress his wounds with them. When I visited Tait's clinic about 1883, I found a

large number of suppurating wounds which demonstrated his consistency and sincerity. Tait was a brilliant operator, not a judicial surgeon. His relative freedom from mortality was owing to the rapidity and accuracy which enabled him to get into and out of the abdominal cavity with the minimum loss of blood, the minimum insult to the tissues involved, and the minimum amount of operating.

One of the most significant contributions to scientific medicine was made by Dr. Frank Billings of Chicago in conjunction with laboratory investigations done by Dr. Rosenow. This is known as focal infection; familiar examples may be found in diseases of the teeth, tonsils and sinuses connected with the nasal passages which may spread to distant organs.

It is amusing to look back not so many years ago on the withering scorn with which the old family doctor replied to his humble patient who told him that he had a cold or a sore throat which had "settled in my knee or my back." This was of course focal infection and serves to illustrate how the common people through the ages have foreshadowed great discoveries which ultimately the scientific world was compelled to recognize. Other familiar examples may be found in the spread of such disorders as appendicitis, and heart, and gastro-intestinal lesions which may spread from initial diseases in distant organs. We now recognize rheumatism, for example, as being not usually an independent disease to be treated as such but rather a malady which may disappear by defocalization of some distant organ on which it depends as for example the tonsils. The necessity for defocalization is now established in the treatment of a large number of disorders.

There is promise, in the not distant future, of astonishing results from experimental medicine. Let us consider a single accomplished fact as an example of what experi-

mental medicine is doing; the thyroid gland has been known to have relation to the physical and mental growth of the individual. Three substances have been derived from this gland which may be designated by definite chemical formulæ; these substances when taken by a normal person are distinctly poisonous and dangerous, but when taken by a cretin, i.e., by a certain type of dwarf of defective physical and mental development, they not only are non-poisonous, even in considerable doses but they promptly have given rise to several inches of increased height and temporarily

to pronounced mental development.

The so-called ductless glands—glands which have no outlet through which their secretions can be discharged to the outside surface—are known to have or believed to have influence, not only upon normal but also upon abnormal nutrition and growth. At any rate there is reason to infer that under conditions not yet fully known they are essentially related to the defective development which produces the giant or the dwarf. They may be factors also in the excessive deposition of fat in one individual and in excessive leanness in another. It is no idle dream to anticipate the day when these hidden conditions will come to light, and when therefore not the tailor but the family physician will take us in in some places and let us out in others.

A river contaminated by sewage will run itself clear and wholesome in a few miles. Perhaps by analogy the human stream some day will eliminate the sins of the parents which are visited upon the children so that in the course of the biblical third and fourth generations, inherited disabilities which lead to drunkenness, idiocy, insanity and crime, together with transmitted nonresistance to disease, may diminish or disappear. Then the race like the river might run clear, might redeem itself. Unfortunately children are

not permitted to select their parents, although clearly this would be very much up to date. We may, however, suggest for the week-end and house party not the haphazard culmination of natural selection for marriage and giving of marriage, but a sober inquiry and a judicial hearing whether the established rules for the selection and improvement of domestic animals could not have a wider application. At any rate, we may seriously affirm that the elimination of inherited disabilities and the intelligent application of what already is known of the prevention and treatment of disease would at least facilitate our journey from infancy, youth, middle age, old age, and senility through that phase of life which we call death with fewer handicaps.

We already may foreshadow revolutionary changes which are likely to occur in the near future. We have so far conquered tuberculosis, for example, that in a half century it may, like yellow fever, be swept from the map. It is highly probable that the great majority of acute and infectious diseases will follow in the wake of diphtheria, smallpox and scarlet fever and become either preventable or curable. There are indications that pneumonia may soon be an entirely manageable disease. Glandular pathology and glandular therapeutics are still below the surface, but perhaps very near to realization. Beyond the general recognition of heredity we know little of what may be called cell persistency which makes for immunity from disease and consequently for long life. In this direction we must look for changes which are to come from biochemistry, which already stands almost on a level with bacteriology. This is the chemistry of the living cell; it is of vast importance for the present and for the future outstrips the imagination.

The diagnostic test of Widal in typhoid fever and of

Wassermann in syphilis are only an indication of the generalizations which may grow out of only a few parallel achievements.

The great scourge of leprosy is dying out both from the practice of isolation and from recent effective medical treatment. Diabetes, though not cured, may now be arrested by medical treatment.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century was a period of marvelous advance in our knowledge of the bacterial causes of infection. In rapid succession were defined specific germs causing many human diseases such as, tuberculosis, cholera, erysipelas, surgical infections, tetanus, pneumonia, malaria, typhoid fever, and cerebrospinal meningitis. The great bacteriologist, Pasteur, discovered methods of rendering domestic animals immune from numerous infections, notably chicken cholera, and devised successful inoculation against hydrophobia, and other infections. The application of similar measures by inoculation with diphtheritic serum, and vaccination for typhoid fever now saves millions of lives.

Aseptic surgery, the direct result of bacteriologic science, gives a reasonable security in many major surgical procedures which formerly gave a prohibitive mortality. Now the surgical nurse of a well-equipped operating room will make such adequate preparations that the mere tyro can perform a serious operation with almost as little immediate risk to life as the experienced surgeon of mature judgment. This is because he is prevented by a technique, ready-made for him, from introducing septic matter, a technique for which he deserves no credit, which he may not even comprehend. There should be some means of protecting the public against a type of surgeon who, forgetting the Hippocratic oath, is stimulated by security from immediate mortality to undertake ill-conceived and meddlesome surgery

of which the secondary results on the patient may be disastrous.

In order to show that there is still much to clear up in this theory and practice of medicine let us follow a patient in pursuit of health from one doctor's office to another. First his family physician tells him that he has contraction of the kidney and perchance prescribes a diet. He gets no better and goes around the corner to the next doctor, who pronounces the case hardening of the spleen. On he goes without relief to a specialist in diseases of the liver, who tells him that his liver has undergone sclerotic degeneration and consequent hardening. The opinion of the next consultant is that the spinal cord is contracted by a disease process known as sclerosis. The next doctor takes his blood pressure and finds that he has high arterial tension; the diagnosis then is degeneration of the blood vessels which has rendered them brittle and liable to rupture. Finally the man dies of apoplexy caused by rupture of an artery and the formation of a clot of blood which is pressing on the brain.

Now let us analyze the situation which gave rise to so much seeming conflict of opinion relative to all of these organs. Every diagnosis was, within limitations, correct.

Each doctor has singled out the particular organ. Each one of these organs was subject to a definite pathological change known as sclerosis, or hardening, that is, increase of the connective tissue between the cells which has taken place at the expense of the cells, thereby crowding them out and interfering with their functions.

The process may be illustrated by assuming that the cement in a brick wall which corresponds to connective tissue has increased at the expense of the brick which corresponds o the cells thereby pressing upon the bricks and causing the brick to shrink with consequent destruction of the wall.

This sclerotic condition constitutes one great pathological division which may give rise to a broad generalization. That is, a whole group of disorders may be classified under that division. Other groups of diseases may be classified also under other basic pathological divisions. In the present state of our knowledge, it is not possible to make a very clear-cut distinction between such basic diversions, that is, one cannot stake off these divisions definitely from one another because, more or less, the features of one may be common to others, but it is easy to understand that on the classifications indicated the future text-book of medicine will be simplified to such an extent that instead of describing, say five hundred apparently distinct diseases, the whole number when referred to their basic divisions may be greatly lessened. That is, these divisions may serve as pegs on each of which to hang a number of diseases which have something in common.

It has been said that now the valleys are leveled up with elevated mediocrity, so that the mountain peaks of the pathfinders no longer stand out in the bold relief of former times. All this is relative. Never before has medicine rested on foundations so broad, so deep, so secure. The bedside guesswork in a degree has given way to the more exact methods of the laboratory. Medicine is no longer to be regarded as something taken out of a teaspoon but rather as a department of biology. Medicine has ceased to be medicinal; it has become rational. The last half century has witnessed more practical progress in the science of medicine than all previous time and this is only a beginning.

Jove, King of Gods and men, when he unrolled the scroll of the future for the Roman Empire, declared: "My purpose shifts not * * * Now ease thy mind * * * To these no period nor appointed date nor bounds of power.

I assign. An endless Empire shall the race await. Then war shall cease and savage times grow mild."

Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Napoleon and the Kaiser have tried to fulfill the declaration of Jove and have failed.

Now let medicine fortified by sciene make the conquest of the world. To the trained mind, medicine then will be simple but the crudely educated physician will be about as much at home as primitive man, driven from his raft, would be in the engine room of a superdreadnaught.

THE END

