

## **Unorthodox reminiscences / by Sir George Turner.**

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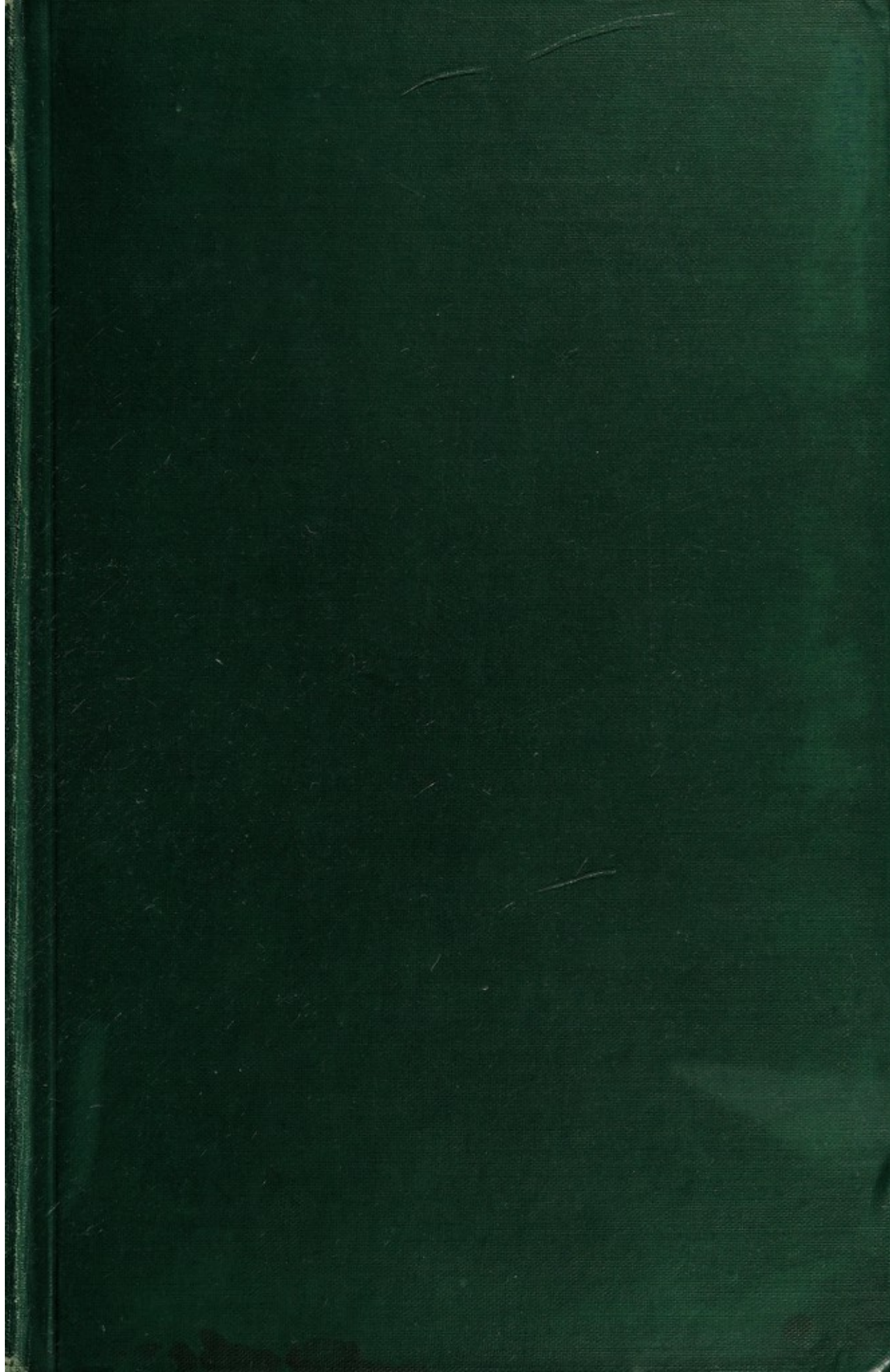
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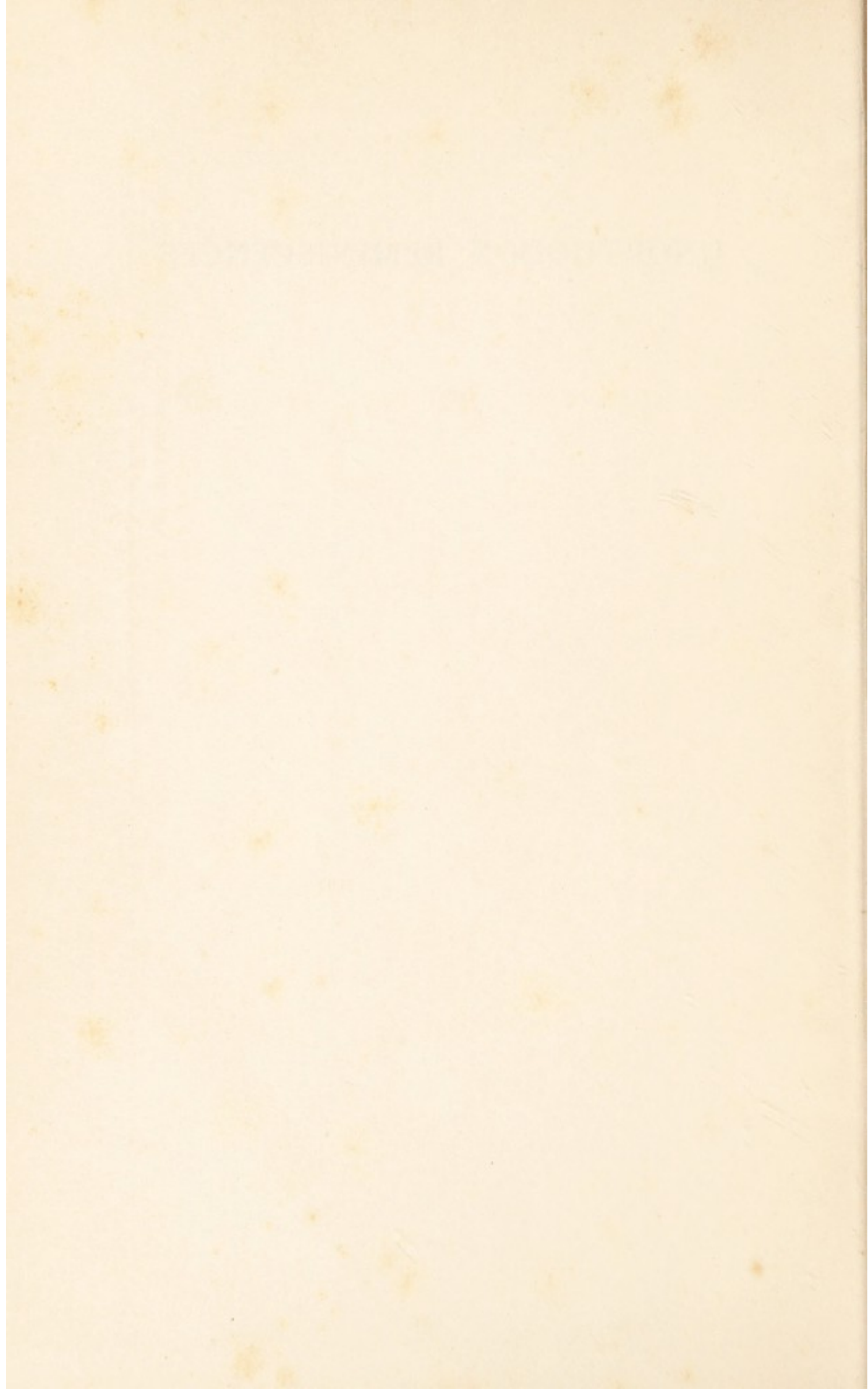
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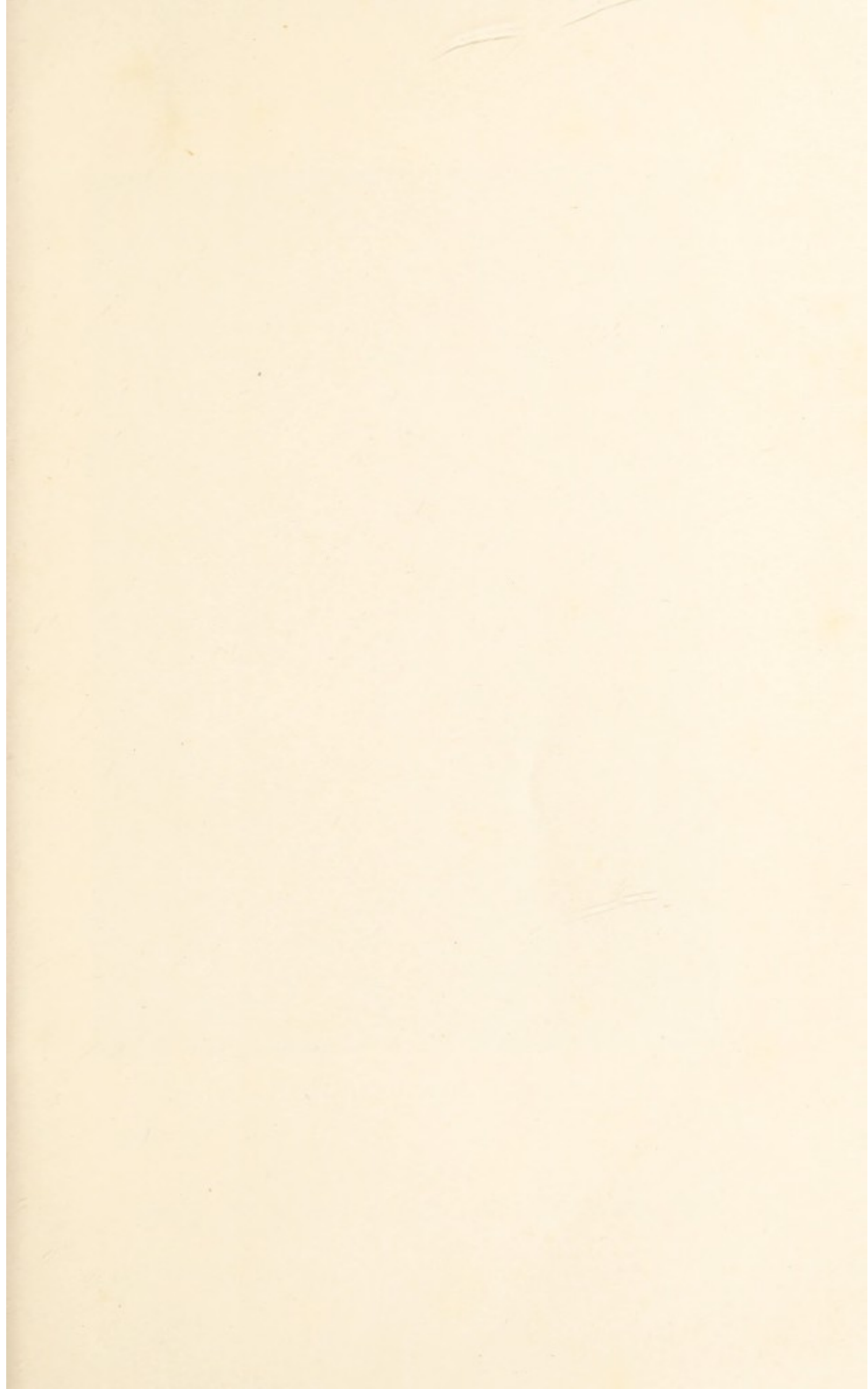


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UNORTHODOX REMINISCENCES







THE AUTHOR AS A REAR-ADMIRAL, 1917.

[*Frontispiece.*]

# UNORTHODOX REMINISCENCES

By

SIR GEORGE TURNER, K.B.E., C.B., F.R.C.S.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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BzP (Turner)



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## INTRODUCTION

I HAVE ventured to call these reminiscences unorthodox, as I have dared to live my life without an over-regard for what people have thought and said of me.

Doctors were formerly supposed to take a semi-clerical view of life—to be or to pretend to be so busy that they were unable to participate in the sports and pastimes that other professional men affected; to assume the virtue, though they had it not, of a good practice; to be solemn and serious in demeanour; cautious of tongue; and in the country to have a becoming humility in the presence of local magnates and even of the teachers of religion. If in the Services—to be the handmaidens of the combatant branch thereof. To treat and succour the poor without fee or reward. And when the hospitals were built and became many—to be the only unpaid officers of such institutions; and to be ruled and regulated by the laity in a manner that no other profession would tolerate for a moment.

In the Services the Law and the Church, the professionals have taken care to be supreme; or at least only under the heads of Government Departments. The “plums” enjoyed by Archbishops, Bishops, Law Officials, distinguished Admirals and Generals are many. There are practically no such “plums” in the medical profession. The work is never done. There is no limit to the day or night; any eight-hour day would be a very empty dream. Doctors work, and combine to work, at preventive

medicine, which of necessity limits their own professional activities and pecuniary rewards. The personal risks he runs are by no means negligible.

Before the introduction of india-rubber gloves and during the prevalence of sepsis the operating surgeon literally took his life in his hands. Any little scratch might be infected. Cellulitis, abscesses, septicæmia or even pyæmia might result. I have had erysipelas myself three times. A "dirty" appendix case was indirectly the cause of disease of my anteaum—this led to a blocking of the tear duct and some necrosis (death of bone) at the inner side of my eye from which in all probability I shall always suffer. It is too close to the brain to admit of safe removal—all these troubles from the gratuitous service of the poor.

My brother lost an eye from infection by a hospital case of diphtheria. My father died comparatively early from infection from a private patient. Nowadays the risks are comparatively little compared with what they used to be—and that this is so is due to Lister. He has saved many a doctor as well as millions of patients. I have a movable finger that I owe to his treatment; but for his work my career as an operating surgeon would have been a very short one.

The doctor depends on the "bubble reputation" far more than the soldier; and woe betide him if, however innocent, he is not (like Cæsar's wife) above suspicion.

But it is not to sing the grievances of my profession that I have been writing this book. It is in the hope that some account of the now distant latter half of the nineteenth century—as to school life of the boy sixty years ago; as to medical and surgical advances and progress, rendered possible by the genius of Lister, Pasteur, and other scientists—may not be uninteresting to the young of the present day; and, without being altogether a *laudator temporis acti*, to talk of the concomitants of my own

youth so as to compare and contrast them with the present times.

Young men in my time had to learn ; but were not taught as they are now. They were left to themselves more—even as boys at school—to find out things for themselves. There was very little of the "feeding spoon" in my early days. To-day is the day of the young. Formerly the young had to "also serve" by standing and waiting. The young surgeon of to-day makes money and is trusted by the public—it was age and experience that took what cream there might be going when good Queen Victoria ruled the land.

An apology is needed for what my granddaughter Elfrida has called an "I" book. One cannot help using the personal pronoun when beginning to remember and relate the events of a lifetime.

Being endowed with the gentle art of making enemies, I suppose that some of them may possibly read and hate me more than ever for my egotism. I once remarked to a lady that I hated myself. "Well, you know best," she said. So I can sympathise with those who have wished or done me ill. As one passes through life it is possible to enjoy both enmities and friendships. I am proud of some of the former and have wondered at some of the latter.

It has been my intention and desire to put down naught in malice. If any such has crept in, it is due to the infirmity of my very human nature, and I must pray my readers to pardon me.

No doubt there are indiscretions, but in this matter I wonder at my moderation. If it were possible to write posthumously, and one could give names freely, what a lot more could legitimately and amusingly be added !

BRIGHTON,  
*February 1931.*



## CHAPTER I

### EARLY YEARS

My ancestors lived in Devonshire. The first of whom I have any record, in the reign of James I, spelt his name Turnor. Our crest and motto is the same as that of Lord Winterton, and the Lord Winterton of the sixties of last century, in a correspondence with an uncle of mine, the Rev. A. G. Shirley, expressed the opinion that we were a branch of his family.

The Turners were Devonshire people, Lords of the Manor of Shobroke and owned property there and at Endacott. The entail was cut off in 1702. After that date the property descended from father to eldest son by will, until about 1780, when my great-grandfather gambled away his estates by horse-racing and by dicing at Doncaster. He died shortly afterwards, leaving a widow with but £200 a year, and two sons, the elder of whom, my grandfather, eventually became a doctor, and set up at Sherborne in Dorsetshire. He was so indignant with his father that he never mentioned his name or his family to his children—except when his cousin, the first Lord Churston, was elected a member of Parliament for Devonshire. The younger brother was a sailor and fought in the time of Nelson, and on one occasion took part in a "cutting out" expedition against a French frigate. He died young.

After the entail was cut off, one of my ancestors, in his will, asked his elder son to build a house for his brother George. This house was built, and an entry

made in a family Bible states, "It stands to this day, a monument to his meanness." We are descended from this same George, who survived his elder brother.

The Turners are very conservative, and of my grandfather's four sons, three became doctors. The other emigrated to Australia, lived at Adelaide for many years and became Attorney-General of South Australia. This uncle, Frederick F. Turner, had a great deal to do with the introduction of cricket into Australia. He wrote home to my father, in 1854, asking him to send out cricket bats, balls and stumps. He said that "the blacks" had a very good idea of throwing. He taught them bowling and cricket.

On my mother's side I am descended from the Buchanans of Lenny. One of my Scotch forefathers was a Covenanter and fought at the Battle of Bothwell Brig against Claverhouse. He escaped the ensuing slaughter by being hidden in a cupboard by a lady whom he subsequently married. I always think that he is accountable for the strong puritanical strain in my own character, and that some of my father's ancestors (possibly the Bullers) may be accountable for the very opposite characteristics that are sometimes unfortunately predominant. There has been often a mental tug-of-war between the Bullers and the Buchanans, the Jekylls and Hydes of my nature.

My mother had an aunt who was a bit of a cripple, and consequently had been left by her father sufficient money to keep her, in case she did not marry. This, however, she did, became a rich widow, and when she was fairly advanced in age (and her son had died), a parson came buzzing around. He was also a candidate for a City living. The old aunt was very excited and used to ask my mother, "Do you think he will propose?" My mother told this to my father, who said to her, "Well, do you think he will?" to which my mother replied, "I think that if he does

not get Aldgate he will take Cripplegate." This aunt quarrelled with her brother, my grandfather, a solicitor, who asked if he could help her in any way on her marriage; she refused to see him when he was dying. At her funeral her grave was too small, so that the coffin could not be lowered into it. She left all her money, a considerable sum, to the cleric and failing him to charities of the Church of England, failing them to Roman Catholic ones, so determined was she that no money should come back to the family. A good hater!

Details of one's family are not of much, if any, public interest, but the fact that one has had a few ancestors has before now helped me to "bear my burden" when I have had to deal with either the *nouveaux-riches* or snobs among the well-born themselves, those who imagine that no doctor can be born a gentleman. That such people did exist was artlessly shown by a little child who, when her mother said she must see a doctor (my father), said, "Oh, but Mr. Turner is a gentleman, not a doctor."

My paternal grandfather must have been a fairly rich man, and at his death a very large sum was owing to him from his patients. He had, however, given directions that none of this money was to be collected. I can't believe that the family legend that it was £10,000 is correct, but it was a substantial sum—and if patients through long years are never pressed in any way to pay the doctor—his unpaid fees accumulate with great facility. The medical profession now, through the hospitals, does an enormous amount of gratuitous work—and in my grandfather's time it did an enormous amount without the hospitals. The poor man never paid—and those near the poor line hardly ever. The sick poor were given stimulants, food, blankets, and clothing, not only by the squire and parson but also by the doctor. I remember this was the case in the seventies.

My earliest recollection is the birth of my second sister, 1857, when I was two years and two months old, more than seventy-three years ago. I remember distinctly going into my mother's bedroom to see her, and seeing the baby being washed by the nurse. Memories after this are indistinct till 1860. Winters were very different then from what they are now. There was a very hard one in that year, and I can remember sliding on the Serpentine. I fell repeatedly, but repeatedly tried again, to the amusement of a large crowd that was there assembled.

I can remember in the sixties the coming of Princess Alexandra, "Sea King's daughter from over the sea," and I saw her in her progress to the Great Western Railway Station when she was going to Windsor. I also saw her the last Rose day she drove in London.

I can also remember seeing Tom Sayers, the prize-fighter, driving in his own trap. My grandfather pointed him out to me. He is best remembered as the hero of the fight with Heenan. His arm was *not* broken in the fight, but it was disabled and he could not use it. I have had details of the fight related to me by one who was present, and he described to me how Heenan got Sayers down on the ropes, and how Sayers' neck was so pressed upon that he would have been strangled had they not been cut. My father used to relate a story showing the universal interest that was taken even by the godly in this affair. A Calvinistic lady of rigid morality and abhorring prize-fighting was so carried away by the description of the fight in the *Times* that she said to my father, "Our little David, Mr. Turner, was a match for their Goliath." Heenan afterwards went to Oxford, but was not allowed by the University authorities within the town, so he pitched a tent just outside. Amongst the undergraduates deemed

worthy to spar with him was my half-cousin, the Rev. Egerton Tapp, who died about a year ago over ninety. I also saw another celebrated prize-fighter, Jem Mace, on a race-course. He had the typical face of his fraternity. Much later in life, I was walking in the paddock at Doncaster with a sporting friend of mine, himself a great bruiser, when I saw the notorious Charlie Mitchell approaching us. "Hullo," said my friend, "I wonder what Charlie will do. The last time I saw him I had to keep him off with a champagne bottle, and he threatened that the next time we met he would do me in." The meeting at Doncaster, however, passed off without incident, neither noticing the other.

In my young days there was shown at the Polytechnic "The Wheel of Life," a revolving cardboard cylinder with vertical slits in it through which one saw different stages of the act of a man walking, so that the modern cinema was fairly closely anticipated, and the black silhouette did apparently progress. Descents in a diving-bell were another attraction of the Polytechnic.

At the Coliseum one could see the earthquake of Lisbon. In those days it was generally regarded as a punishment by the Deity of the sinful Portuguese. About this time I saw Blondin on the tight-rope at the Crystal Palace. I remember him with a wheelbarrow, and the thrill he gave us all when he pretended to fall. Of course there was nothing underneath him in the shape of a net. There were no laws about the safety of acrobats in those days. I also saw Zazel fired out of a large wooden cannon at the Aquarium. Modern raiment, which leaves nothing to the imagination of the female form divine, not being then in vogue, there was so much mystery about the natural curves of femininity that it was seriously argued that Zazel was a man. She

was, however, quite typically feminine, and had a slight but good figure.

Hatchments were common objects in the fashionable squares after the death of the owner of the house. Undertakers' men and guests at funerals were adorned with yards of the best black silk. One doctor's wife had a dress made from the "weepers" her husband gathered at funerals of his patients. There was more pomp and circumstance and gloves than there is now, and few, if any, flowers.

Oysters were a shilling a dozen in the sixties, and,

" Pickled salmon is nice  
At tenpence a slice,"

was a nursery rhyme. Alas! there are no such prices now.

There was an annual stag-hunt in Epping Forest. My father once took me down to see the stag turned out of the cart. How different was the country of Essex then from what it is now! Epping Forest swarmed with gipsies, many of whom my father used to look after for nothing when he lived at Chigwell. Later on in life I saw the Queen of the Gipsies, Lee by name, in St. George's Hospital. She was a patient of mine.

I remember well the Hyde Park riots, when the mob broke its way into the Park by tearing up the iron palings. My cousin Frank Shirley was there and has given me these details. A thin line of police had been put inside the Park by the palings. The pressure of the enormous crowd against these was such that down they came, and the crowd tumbled into the Park, many of them unwillingly, from the mere pressure of the numbers behind them. In spite of cavalry they were not dislodged. The day after this, when I was inspecting the scene of the riot, I found in the ditch separating Hyde Park from

Kensington Gardens a number of sharpened palings which would have made very formidable weapons in the hands of the rioters.

Later, at the time of the Bradlaugh Riots, it was my duty to look after the injured who were brought to St. George's Hospital. I was house-surgeon, and my views in those days were such that I regarded Bradlaugh as an offender, and so I attended to his enemies' cuts and bruises before I turned my attention to the Bradlaughites. My opinion now is that Bradlaugh was right, and that in fighting for affirmation instead of oath he was doing the right thing. I heard Bradlaugh speak in Hyde Park. Someone in the surrounding crowd jeered at him, and he at once drew a truncheon, jumped down from the platform and "went for" the offender.

Many of my early memories are connected with my old nurse, who was a great character and lived to the age of ninety-four or so. She was a rigid Calvinist, and believed thoroughly in the rigours of eternal punishment with which she used to threaten us frequently. She was a bit of a disciplinarian, and at tea in the nursery always had a cane on the tea tray, ready for my brother or myself. In after years, when I used to twit her with these repeated canings, she said, "Oh no, Master George, all that is past and gone." She used to lock us in one of the upper rooms as a punishment. We found that by opening the window and creeping along the parapet we could get back into the house through another window, and so in that way used to circumvent the old lady, much to her astonishment and fear, so that, not believing in the safety of our acrobatic performances, she discontinued this method of punishment. In her softer moments she used to tell us of the passion that she had inspired in the breasts of various gentlemen of her acquaintance, one of whom "had

it so badly " that, though he eventually married another woman, Nurse said he always had a pain in his " lift " side whenever he saw her. She remained a spinster until she was more than sixty, when an aged gardener who lived at Cookham proposed matrimony to her, which she accepted. When I asked her whether she liked him or me most, she replied, " Oh, of course I have known you much longer, Master George," and when we very rudely suggested to her that her husband was not an Apollo, she said, " Well, he is not so bad when you come to look into him." In that remark she differentiated between two styles of beauty, that of mere features only and that of expression and colouring. She never told her husband of her little savings, which she expended on tea and other small luxuries during the course of many years. Her birthday was on Lord Mayor's day, and she had almost a foreign estimate of the grandeur of the chief magistrate of London, and of Lord Mayors' shows, so much so, that when, many years after her marriage, she was staying with us and we were bidden to a reception at the Mansion House, she said, " Oh no, Master George, you won't make me believe that," and it was not till the following morning, when we showed her the menu card, that she realised that we had been deemed worthy of that honour. When some years ago I was asked to speak at the Mansion House on behalf of that excellent institution, The Surgical Aid Society, I could not help thinking of the dear old lady, and how proud she would have been.

She was a great stickler for absolute truth, and when I put to her the problem as to whether she would tell a lie to save my life, she was hardly of the opinion of the bishop who to-day has been giving his views on this matter.

She took the greatest delight in funerals, and as

we saw them passing from the nursery window, she would say to me, "Ah, Master George, we shall all be equal then." She would describe to us how, when she was a child, she was sent one morning on an errand near Newgate, and, becoming entangled in a crowd, saw a public execution. She told us how the executioner pulled a white cap over the head of the murderer.

Nothing used to surprise her, and when I told her as a joke, long before the war, that the Prussians had landed in Hampshire, she was quite unmoved, but when I suggested that she should go for a flying trip from the upper window of my house in Half Moon Street, she demurred very strongly. I explained to her about the X-rays and showed her some sciagrams of bones. "But, Nurse," I said, "these rays are nothing to the Y-rays. By means of the Y-rays you can see right through a person's clothes." I knew the old lady used to wear red flannel round her knees and I pretended by means of these Y-rays (a magnifying glass) to see it. This shocked her sense of modesty very much. This sense of modesty was such that when she went with us to a pantomime, she always used to look right away from the stage while the ladies of the *corps de ballet* were performing. What she would have said to modern skirts and dances, I do not know.

She used to wear a quaint cap, made by herself and such as is seen in an engraving entitled "Family Prayer." She wore a bunch of curls on each side of her face. Eventually she lost all her teeth, and her chin and nose became approximate. Her diet was what nature, I believe, means for old people, fluids such as milk and soup with a little of the crumb of bread mashed in them. She was a strict teetotaller, and I believe her ultimate advanced age was due to these facts. False teeth so often allow

an old person to masticate food that a senile stomach cannot digest.

As a boy I was taken by an uncle to Evans's, an old-fashioned music-hall where a chairman announced who was going to "oblige," and one sat at little tables and ate chops and steaks and had potatoes cooked in their jackets. I went also once to Cremorne, but it was an off night and I remember how dreary and dismal it looked. It was soon afterwards pulled down.

Theatres were not nearly so numerous as they are now, and to go to the theatre was a great event. I have seen Charles Matthews, Phelps, Fechter, Buckstone, Sothern, creator of Lord Dundreary, and all the contemporary actors of those days.

Opera was an entertainment that in my young days I seldom affected, but I was present on the first night that Patti reappeared in the opera *Dinorah* after she had run away from her husband with Nicolini. I never saw such an enthusiastic reception as she got. The house rose at her. I think it was universally felt that she had been very badly and harshly treated, and that although she had put convention and custom aside, she was almost morally justified in doing so. Her extraordinary charm, both as a singer and actress, no doubt was an added bias in her favour.

When the Albert Hall was built some friends of ours took one of the boxes. They were very kind in lending us this box, so that I repeatedly used to hear Titiens, Nielsen, Trabelli Bettini, Santley, Foli, Edward Lloyd and all the other great singers of that time. Trabelli Bettini, as a contralto, I liked best of all. I used to meet Foli in after life both in London and in Aix-les-Bains. He had a magnificent voice and was an extremely nice Irishman, very fond of cards and an expert picquet player. The artistic

temperament is always charming, especially so, I think, because of its irregularities. I knew a sculptor who was very talented and clever. He might have gone very far, but he used to turn night into day and was a great gambler. On one occasion, he told me, when he had a commission in America and went over to the unveiling of his statue, he lost all his fee in one night at poker. On another occasion when playing poker, he opened a £150 jackpot, and went to sleep as the others were coming in. When he was in pecuniary distress in London a friend of his, and he had many friends, offered him an appointment worth some £800 a year. Regular hours being attached to this appointment, the sculptor would have none of it. He said he was not going to be any one's slave.

In my boyhood there were many celebrations which have now all but, if not entirely, passed away. Valentine's Day was a great day. Every one used to send Valentines, and sometimes exceedingly rude ones would be received by an unpopular person. I think servants very often used to get even with an unpopular mistress in this way. The feast of St. Valentine is now practically neglected. The first of May was celebrated by the appearance in the streets of Jacks-in-the-Green, columbines, clowns and harlequins. This is a better way than the modern Labour and Communist demonstrations. On November 5th there were numbers of guys, and not only that, there was a strong "No-Popery" sentiment. I can see now the words "NO POPERY" chalked up in big letters on many a wall. I think this outburst of Protestant feeling was due to the sending over to England of the Roman Catholic Cardinal, Wiseman. The masses in those days were certainly very anti-papist. Ritualism in the Church of England was also to a great many people an unpardonable crime.

The "goings-on" of the High Church and ritualistic party was the theme of discussion wherever old maids were gathered together. I do not know what they would have thought of the proposed changes in the Book of Common Prayer. Cardinal Manning attempted to "convert" my mother, but she remained a firm Protestant.

My father used to tell a story of how he thought he saw a ghost in a country churchyard in Essex. Anyhow, he was riding home one moonlight night and saw a white body that flitted to and fro amongst the tombstones. He thought he was the subject of a practical joke and so got off his horse and for some time pursued the ghost without success. Eventually, however, he found it was a white cow, and that its presence in the churchyard was accidental, and not the result of some innocent merriment on the part of his young friends.

History repeats itself. Just recently a white cow, I read in yesterday's paper, has been up to the same tricks.

In the sixties there was an epidemic of garrotting. My father, whilst walking in London in a fog, was assaulted from behind. He thought he had to deal with a garrotter, seized his man, and gave him into custody. The penalty for garrotting was the lash, and it was by its use that Mr. Justice Day struck such terror into garrotters that the practice was soon discontinued. I wonder whether this remedy would stop the activities of the American gun-men? When my father's "garrotter" was charged, things looked black against him, but he said to my father, "Why did you touch my dog?" and then my father remembered that in the fog he had stumbled against a dog, and realized, as did the law, that it was no case of garrotting, but excess of zeal about a dog.

At this time there were great limitations to



THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

*[To face page 12.]*



smoking. A gentleman might smoke a cigar in the street, but never a pipe or a cigarette. I can remember when the latter "came in" and the instrument my father had for rolling them. He used to smoke in one room only, the smoking-room, in a smoking-cap, and after the act of smoking he would consume various little pink sweets that were supposed to disguise and take away the smell of tobacco.

It was a great time for caps. All married ladies wore them, and I can remember also seeing my father, mother and old nurse in their night-caps.

Hyde Park keepers were dressed in dark green, brass buttons, and a tall silk hat with gold "ribbon" round it. There was no mistaking them. My brother and I one day went out to fire with a villainous long-barrelled pistol, loaded with bullets of our own casting, at trees by the Broad Walk near Kensington Palace. Children in the neighbourhood were plentiful. It was only *after* I had discharged the pistol, aiming at a tree some ten yards off, that I realised the enormity of my act. The park-keepers gave chase and ran us to the end of Kensington Gardens by the Bayswater Road, where we escaped by getting into the deep ditch or moat that then separated the Park from the Gardens. We met our nurse with our two sisters, but did not gratify her curiosity as to our flushed and heated appearances. My father luckily eventually found this pistol and very properly confiscated it before we killed any one or hurt ourselves.

Ladies then used to walk arm-in-arm with their husbands or brothers. Those of the privileged classes were practically never alone. No lady ever drove alone in a hansom cab. The hansom cabs of those days used constantly to have red plush cushions, very often soiled and dirty, and on the floor of the cab was straw and often a

central hole in the wood through which any dirt or mud could be swept away. The "crawlers" or four-wheeled cabs were much the same. I heard of one case in which the floor of a four-wheeler was not sufficiently strong to support the weight of a heavy and elderly lady. It gave way entirely and her feet came to the ground: the horse started and the poor lady had to run as fast as she could for some twenty yards or so before the cab was stopped.

The ladies in those days used to wear black boots, white stockings, and long, white inexpressibles like pyjama trousers nearly to the ankles. My brother and I played a most inexcusable joke on a dear old maiden aunt of ours. The landing-stage at Cookham-on-Thames was then surrounded by about three feet of water. We were going to take our aunt out for a row. As she was stepping into the boat—I can see now the black boot and the white stocking coming out from under the crinoline apparatus—some devil, when she was one foot on shore and one at sea, prompted us gradually to shove the boat farther and farther away, so that after having done the "splits" the poor lady subsided into the Thames. It is very remarkable that she ever forgave us this, but she did. I am afraid I was rather a tease when a young man. A cousin of mine, Phyllis Shirley, was extremely good-tempered, but sometimes she rebelled. "If you don't do as I want," said I, "I will have a fit." She came from Dorsetshire and was well known by all the people in the neighbourhood. She could not realise that nobody knew anything about her in the streets of London. I once pretended to have a fit in front of the organ at the Crystal Palace, a horrid shame, but I cannot help laughing even now at poor Phyllis's consternation. "Don't, George, you make me feel so queer," was all she said.

In crinoline days my mother's standing by itself

in her bedroom used to make an admirable tent for us children to play in. How women can ever allow fashion to dictate to them such abominations I cannot understand. The bustle in the early seventies was another atrocity.

The American Civil War is full of thrilling memories. We little boys used to gloat over the pictures in the *Illustrated London News*, and the American songs of the period were very familiar to all of us—"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching"—"His soul goes marching on"—"John Brown's Body"—"Just before the battle, Mother," etc. All these were known and sung by the school-boys of the period.

I remember an uncle of mine coming to say good-bye and being given a sword by my father, before his regiment, the Scots Fusilier Guards, sailed for Canada. This was in connection with the Trent affair which so nearly caused war with America. This same uncle was in the Crimea and suffered from so-called Crimean fever, of which he eventually died in 1870. He lived and died a bachelor. At one time he had been paying a great deal of attention to a beautiful young lady in London, and then went off to join his regiment in Dublin. His attentions to this lady had been so marked that her mother called on my father to ask what his brother's intentions were. My father, who was very anxious not to quarrel in any way with the family, wrote to his brother in Dublin and urged him to write an appropriate letter that he could show to the young lady's relations. All the reply he had was a telegram, a very rare thing in those days, which was worded, "Knock the Jane affair on the head." My father was coward enough to get my mother, armed only with this terse telegram, to go round and see the parents of the damsel. She told me that after she had rung the bell, and before

the footman opened the door of the house, she spent some of the worst moments of her life.

I can remember seeing Garibaldi when he came to London in the sixties. Very few Englishmen, I imagine, have seen both Garibaldi and Mussolini. Garibaldi was laid up for months by a bullet in one of the foot bones. It was eventually discovered and localised by a Nelaton's probe which had a bit of china at the end on which the lead made an impression. My old chief George Pollock had an aphorism, "the finger is the best probe." So it is, but the finger of a surgeon in those days was a very dirty finger and septic. I myself can remember a German surgeon being laughed at because in his description of an operation he had said, "First have a good wash." "Those dirty Germans of course want it," said the more dirty English. An X-ray examination would have had Garibaldi right in no time.

I constantly saw Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, as when they came up from Windsor and went to Buckingham Palace, they used always to drive in front of my father's house. The death of the Prince Consort and seeing all the papers edged with black made a great impression on me, and was the first occasion on which I meditated on death and its mysteries. In about 1865 or 1866 the late Queen Victoria was very unpopular because, after the death of the Prince Consort, she went about so little and was seen so little in public. One day as she was driving from the Great Western Railway station to Buckingham Palace not a man was taking off his hat to her. She was leaning back rather listlessly in the carriage as she came near to where I was standing alone. I, of course, took off my hat, and the Queen did me the honour to sit up and give me a bow all to myself. I was in the Abbey at the Jubilee of 1887, and although the Queen was small

in stature, I never saw anything more dignified than the way she walked up the aisle, bowing left and right to the assembled company. An American, who was next to me, was very much impressed and said, "I guess we couldn't do this in America. It needs a monarchy for a show like this." I got out of the Abbey early and saw the procession from St. George's Hospital.

At the time of which I am writing, an unmarried lady became an "old maid" at about the age of twenty-eight. Sir Walter Scott speaks of "the reflecting age of twenty-eight." How different from the present times! Matrons, married ladies, took to caps at a very early age. Sometimes, too, they were called by the title or rank of their husband. I remember a Mrs. General Smith, who saw me, when about the age of eight, smoking one of my father's cigars as I walked up Gloucester Terrace to my first school. The fact was duly reported to my father by the old lady. "The subsequent proceedings" have always made me remember Mrs. General Smith. Another lady inseparably blended with my childhood was a certain Mrs. V. She had the typical Victorian curls on each side of her face, and always used to give us children cake or sweets when we accompanied our mother in her calls on her. Mrs. V. used to give two dinner parties annually. The number of her friends was limited and most of them had anatomical names. There were Mr. and Mrs. Hand, Mr. and Mrs. Foote, and, I think, Mr. and Mrs. Bone. At these dinner parties, when the company were seated and grace had been said, Mrs. V., the hostess, went all round the table with her inquiry, "Do you sit comfortable, Mrs. Turner? Do you sit comfortable, Mr. Bone? Do you sit comfortable, Mrs. Hand?" and so on. To this day we speak about "sitting comfortable."

Grace before meals was *de rigueur* both at home and at school. As a rule it was "For what we are about to receive, etc." On one occasion at school I had to say grace and created a veritable sensation amongst the boys by branching off into "Bless, O Lord, these Thy creatures to our use and us to Thy service." This grace had the charm of newness and the boys did not know what was coming. On these grounds I personally always enjoyed extemporary prayer. I remember once staying at Montacute with a friend whose father was a clergyman. Both morning and evening prayer were extemporary. On a certain Saturday afternoon there had been a picnic to which I had been bidden. Being an inexperienced youth of about eighteen, when it came to scattering in the adjacent woods after luncheon, I was so unfortunate as to find myself left with two maiden ladies, either of whom was old enough to be my mother. That evening at prayers the dear old clergyman prayed for the "stranger who was sojourning in his house" and expressed a hope that "his heart had not been turned at the picnic." While the father expressed these pious sentiments, his progeny, male and female, were slyly kicking me with their feet!

We had prayers at home. My father nearly every Saturday night used to make good resolutions for the coming week; vigorously read prayers on Sunday, and perhaps on the Monday, and then the matter used to drift into my mother reading about a couple of days, and perhaps on Friday and Saturday there were no prayers at all. My father was a very broad-minded, sensible man; for instance, so long as we attended church on Sunday morning, he would not object to us skating in the afternoon. An enormous majority of people regarded any pleasurable exercise, or indeed any pleasure, on Sundays as likely to lead to perdition. Sunday, con-

sequently, was a day universally hated by young people. It was too much connected with catechism and church. To make other people pray when they are not inclined to pray and do not want to pray seems to give a good deal of pleasure to a certain class of mind. There was no worshipping of God in the open, it had to be done in church, and not to go to church was an unpardonable sin. We boys sometimes used to compromise matters by looking in just before the sermon, getting the text, and doing our meditations upon it, outside church, elsewhere. If he was not present himself, my father was a great stickler as to what the text had been at church. In this way we were able to satisfy his legitimate curiosity, and not overdo our own piety. The Athanasian Creed and the Communion Service were always a little disquieting and used to fill me with spiritual despair, so that at an early age I used to look at the brute beasts that perish and wish that I was one of them. My sister Catherine died in 1871. I well remember how, some half an hour before her death, when we were all assembled round her bed, she looked up and said, "There is something wrong, I am going to die," and later, "Perhaps in an hour's time I shall be in hell paying for all my sins." What a terrible thing that a young, innocent, spotless child of fourteen should have such an awful thought as this, owing to that damnable and infernal doctrine of eternal hell-fire that was so rigorously preached, and so often believed in, in the days of my childhood. I remember that I believed eternal fire to be a fact, but, thank Heaven, children now are not taught such cursed doctrines. How any one can believe in eternal damnation and ever have a happy moment of life here, is more than I can comprehend. If you are "saved" yourself, what must be your feelings about the prospects of the hundreds and thousands of your

acquaintances who are not saved! When I called one of my own daughters Catherine, my mother said to me, "I hope she will be as good as my Catherine was."

Holidays in my young days, for professional men, were not at all as they are now. My father, for instance, worked thirteen years without leaving London or getting a real holiday except for an occasional day's fishing on the Thames, which meant an early start and return by six or seven o'clock in the evening. He used to fish from a punt, and his chief delight was to attempt to catch pike with a minnow or small gudgeon. He went many a long hour without doing anything except placidly smoking a pipe. Occasionally, however, a pike of some two or three pounds would give him a few minutes of real good sport. At my first boarding-school, the father of one of the boys there, a one-armed man, had also this hobby of fishing for pike. When he caught the pike he used to give it to the master of the school, and we had Thames pike for dinner next day instead of roast mutton. How we used to pray that when Tanqueray's father came down he would catch no fish! To the angler the joys of fishing are greater than those of shooting to the man with the gun. At least so an expert at both, a keeper at Drummond Castle, told me. "When I am near a bird I know that I have got it, but I am never certain about a salmon," said he.

As children we sampled Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs and Herne Bay. They were very different from what they are now, no overcrowding, beautiful sands and air. My brother and I once undressed and buried ourselves in the sand at Margate, when it was quite deserted. We remained until the fashionable crowd arrived, lost by our nurse, and were eventually dug out by this horrified lady,

whose modesty was excessive. A friend of mine who suffered from tubercle tried almost everywhere for a suitable place to live. He found it eventually in the Isle of Thanet and was cured. I do not believe that there is any place like this Isle for children. Later in life, but when Westgate was in its infancy with one hotel only, I nearly drowned myself by swimming out about half a mile to sea. The tide and currents were so strong that I barely got back. I have heard that several people have lost their lives in this way at Westgate.

Hampstead in my youth was quite country. My grandfather was sent to convalesce there after an illness, and we children got well there after our infantile disorders. There were charming places where we used to dig sand.

I remember the Kennington Pike and having to pay for crossing Battersea Bridge. Turnpikes were in full swing all round Sherborne in Dorset. The people who used the roads paid for them, and any scorching had to be done in laps. My uncle at Sherborne was well known to the pike keepers and used to have a running account with them, settled up quarterly, with additions. When his trap was seen, the gates were opened and there was no delay—an important thing for a doctor.

My Sherborne grandfather had as his gardener an old Peninsular veteran who often talked about his experiences there. "We always knew it was all right when told to fix 'bajonettes,' Master Garge," he used to say. The Duke of Wellington was "Old Nosey," and the troops knew all would be well when they saw him.

## CHAPTER II

### SCHOOL DAYS

THE first school I went to was a dame school in Westbourne Park, kept by a Miss Ward, reputed to be the daughter of "Horatia," and so the granddaughter of Lord Nelson. About the truth of this I know nothing, but I have a prize for Divinity and Good Conduct, signed by Horatio J. Ward, M.A., Examiner. Any proficiency I may have had in divinity was due to a most conscientious and religious mother, who every Sunday used to hear us our Catechism and cut our nails. My nurse too, as I have said, was a rigid Calvinist, who liked her hell-fire hot, and early taught us to regard the glowing coals of a winter fire as our eventual destination. I used to believe her as to my brother and myself, but hoped for the best for the rest of the family. Divinity thus may be accounted for, but I am entirely at a loss to understand how the "good conduct" ever came about.

The walk from my father's house in Sussex Gardens to Westbourne Park was not without an element of danger to any decently dressed boys. There was no School Board in those days, and our fights with the ragamuffins of the streets were constant. Tradesmen's boys, too, were our natural enemies. I remember having a bout with a fishmonger's boy near home. I paid due attention to business, but saw that we were being watched by a gentleman, who was smoking a cigar. When the fight was over, I found that it was my father who had been the spectator. Those

were days when summonses for assault were not as common as they are now. My grandfather was an athlete who, when a young man, could jump over what he could walk under. He was about five feet eight inches, and there were no spiked shoes in those days. I once accompanied him to Richmond. As he was looking at the magnificent and well-known view from the Hill, I saw a youth of about eighteen walk backwards into my grandfather's back. Without a moment's hesitation my grandfather turned round and took him by the scruff of the neck and belaboured him for all he was worth with his stout walking-stick. Explanations occurred *after* the event. On another occasion I remember a park-keeper offering battle to my father when he and I passed from Kensington Gardens over a wall and deep ditch that then separated them from Hyde Park. My father was not averse to the trial by combat, but the park-keeper's ardour cooled on finding this, and that was the end of the matter. I have myself twice risked summons for assault. The first occasion was during the war, when, in Rear-Admiral's uniform, I was deliberately impeded by a man at the Tube station of Oxford Circus, when I wished to get into the train that took me to Paddington. This man, with his back turned to me, held out both his arms at a right angle to his body to prevent me passing him. I forgot that I was an Admiral and remembered only that I had once been a football player in the days when charging was permitted. I "charged" him as hard as I could. He bounded away for about five yards before he fell flat. His supine attitude then was such that when he looked up he saw that he had been assaulted by a British Admiral, and he had the delicacy not to resent this attack on him by the Navy. I only just caught my train to Plymouth, with two minutes to spare. Had he protested at all, I certainly

should have missed it. Again, quite recently, I was about to enter a carriage on the Tube, and was waiting with my hands at my sides when I found myself burnt by the lighted cigarette of a man who was getting out of the carriage. I said to him, "Look out! You are burning my hand." He said to me, "Then why don't you keep your d——d hand out of the way?" I felt like an indignant schoolboy and, forgetting my self-control, gave him a "left," not hard enough to do him any damage, but sufficient to make the bystanders laugh as I got into the train. Punching the ball in the morning rather rouses one's latent pugnacity.

When we were small boys walking alone to school, the dangers of the street from traffic were nothing like what they are now. Omnibuses were few and only went along the more frequented thoroughfares, attended by a running accompaniment of little street-arabs turning catherine-wheels and somersaults for pennies thrown them by those on the top. Leech's pictures in *Punch* of this procedure are most excellent. In those days one might stand at the Marble Arch and gaze up the Edgware Road to see perhaps two or three omnibuses and no more.

When at Miss Ward's, I played cricket within a hundred yards or so of the Royal Oak public-house. There was a field there near a church. The boys at the school were of all sorts. My gentility was tested on Derby Day by a question as to whether my father had gone to Epsom. If he had gone, he was not a gentleman. I only came across two of these boys in after life. One was a sneak at school, for which he was duly kicked; in fact, on one occasion my brother and I pursued him even to his own doorstep to get even with him. Some thirty years afterwards he somehow or other found me out and came to borrow money in an ignoble and whining way.

I gave him a trifle, and he asked me "not to inform the police"! When I first made pot-hooks and hangers at this dame-school, this boy cried out, "Don't paint, Turner!" not with any desire of improving my pot-hooks and hangers, but to tell the mistress that I was not making the necessary bold strokes. The child is father to the man! One other boy, who was a bit bullied and used to weep and tell us he would give us all he had in his pockets if we would desist, became a doctor. I hope he took things out of other people's pockets then.

On one occasion the form on which I was sitting fell backwards and I cut the back of my head on an iron fender. There was a fair amount of bleeding, which scared the boys and my mother, who had come to fetch me from school. About thirty years after this I was one of a party at Aix-les-Bains which, for the fun of the thing, went to a Svengali-looking person, a Russian and a palmist. In speaking of my past he mentioned this cut at the back of my head which I had entirely forgotten. This same man told the fortune of an unfortunate lady who had set her affections on an Englishman with whom she had never spoken. She was companion to another lady, and they both went to have their fortunes told. The palmist told the lady that her companion would very soon die. Two days later she threw herself over the bannisters of the hotel in which she was staying and so was killed. Before this, my own sister, on having her hand read at a Charity Fair, was told that she would soon die. She laughed and said, "Well, if I do, there is my nurse Hillyer to look after the baby." She did die very shortly afterwards. In spite of these coincidences I have no belief whatever in palmistry.

After leaving the dame-school I went to a private school at Candover Park in Hampshire, some ten

miles from Basingstoke. I well remember my mother leaving me there and being turned out to make the acquaintance of other boys, and being put to a game of impromptu cricket, in which one of the small trees was the wicket. I can see my mother now being driven along the drive to the gate and waving her hand to me. I repressed my feelings and waved back at her as joyously as I could. She reported at home that I was all right and happy. A more miserable, homesick, unhappy little boy never existed than I was on that day. The scholastic year was then divided into "halves," with Midsummer and Christmas holidays, no others. The master of this school, a clergyman of the name of Gwynne, was a good fellow and was called "Old Tom" by the boys. His wife was a sister of Bishop Stubbs, and beloved of all of us. I can hear her now, at dinner, saying, "Who loves me best?" I can see her smiling in response to my smile, and giving me a third helping of treacle pudding. The discipline at this school was hard and we did everything to the tune of the cane. If one made a false quantity on reading a piece of Latin for the first time, the error was immediately corrected by two stripes on the palm of the hand, a barbarous method of punishment that may do permanent injury to the fingers. I sometimes think that any swelling of my finger joints is due to this cause. Inflammation of a joint caused in this way might easily lead to a deposit of tubercle in a suitable subject. We all had a hot bath on Saturday night, one out, another in. We were a lot of naked little boys, in a hot, steamy room, and Old Tom in his dressing-gown used to say, "Now George," and give me a friendly but painful stroke with the cane, and I popped into the bath. When it was time to come out, there was another, "Now George," and out I popped, eluding if possible the concomi-

tant cane. We used to get in and out very expeditiously.

Every boy had to take his place in the school by ordeal of battle. The fights had some semblance of order and good management. The ring was made by the spectators ; there were seconds and rounds. No notice was taken of black eyes, swollen faces or cut lips by the authorities. I remember Mrs. Gwynne once said, " Well, Bethell, you have hit your face against a door, I suppose ? " Dick Bethell, one of the pluckiest boys I ever saw, had for more than an hour been a chopping-block for a boy a head and shoulders taller and with a reach more than five inches longer than himself. He would not give in and had been dreadfully punished. You had to take " a coward's blow " or else to fight the boy who gave it. I had a good many fights, three or four with one boy who in after life became a trainer of race-horses. I remember him at school in brown corduroy trousers. I unfortunately mentioned this to my mother, who thought corduroy would be an excellent material for a pair of mine. In those days railway porters used to wear dark green corduroys, which had a most evil, penetrating and permanent smell. I had almost written " stink." My mother had selected this material for me, but my pride was such that when I arrived at school I never put them on. Had I done so, I am sure that I should have been well kicked by the other boys.

We used to play cricket, football, marbles, spin peg-tops, fight with horse-chestnuts, keep dormice, indulge secretly in catapults, build " houses " in bushes and toast cheese on biscuit tins over a fire made in a fireplace of bricks. " Spitting devils " made of gunpowder and iron filings were luxuries. On one occasion when a " spitting devil " had nearly spat itself out, its maker sought to replenish it by

a stream of powder from an old-fashioned powder flask. He was lucky to escape without the loss of his thumb. The flask itself obligingly missed my head by about a couple of inches.

The "cock of the school" was the boy who was best at games. I was never that, but before I left I was head of the school in work. The cock of the school thought it would be well to do his work with me. This was not allowed, but of course I could not say no to this high honour. He was a stupid boy about two years my senior, and I had to make sure of a certain percentage of error in his (?) work. I used to manage it in this sort of way. When we came to "ego qui amabam," I would say, "or should it be amabat?" I had "amabam" and he took a sporting chance with "amabat." On one occasion my own errors added to those I gave him led to a severe flogging for him. I hope I did not overdo my sympathy, but he looked at me out of the corner of his eye and afterwards "worked" with somebody else. History repeats itself. Later on, at Uppingham, I did a copy of prose for a good cricketer in the eleven, but a bad scholar. Here again I overdid the badness and the copy was torn up, to the surprise of the boy who had been helped.

I shall never forget one boy whom we will call Tommy Pink; big, fat, pale and flabby, with a taste for birds'-nesting. There was a rookery at Candover Park. Rooks, of course, build high, and one day Tommy had pursued them to the very top of a tall tree. It was windy, Tommy was short-sighted, and as he stretched from one fork at the top of the tree to another, the wind carried the latter away from his foot and down Tommy came. His fall was luckily broken by the branches as he descended, and he finally came to rest astride a large bough close to the trunk, some fifteen feet from the ground.

I had seen him fall, and ran up and said, "Tommy, are you dead?" He replied, "Not dead, I think, only stunned." It was a fortunate escape for him. One to beat it, however, I saw in the nineties in Pall Mall. A drunken man endeavouring to step off a ladder on to the top storey of a house, missed his footing and fell on to the pavement. Being drunk he made no effort to save himself and fell on to the tips of his toes. His legs then doubled up and he came on to his buttocks. I was some twenty yards off and ran up expecting to find his legs broken. He was livid, pale and collapsed. I hastily examined his legs and arms and found no bone broken or joint dislocated. I had him put in a cab and taken to Charing Cross Hospital. I went in and saw the house-surgeon and then the patient on the couch in the surgery, pale, sweating and collapsed, but with no bones broken. The next day I left London for my annual holiday in Scotland, and I do not know the ultimate issue of the case.

To come back to Tommy Pink. Being short-sighted and therefore bereft of the unconscious education that normal sight gives a growing boy, Tommy was always doing awkward things, and was as much caned as any one. He and I, however, out of bravado and to show what fine fellows we were, arranged to have a contest as to who would last the longer in getting each of us an extra caning in addition to those that came to us involuntarily. We ran level for some days when it occurred to me that if I made a paper dart and threw it at the master's head I should get my caning all right. It came to pass as I anticipated, but Tommy, who was devoid of originality and imagination, had the lack of tact to do the same thing after I had been caned for it. The master, Mr. Bates, had taken my effort with his usual geniality, but of course I was punished.

Tommy's venture, however, was looked at in a far different light, and after a *very* painful sequence of events, Tommy gave in and confessed himself vanquished. This same boy gave me one of the frights of my life. He and I had arranged in a friendly spirit to have a duel with stones. Each was to maintain a rigid attitude and military bearing without movement, while the other at a distance of about twenty yards had his shot with the stone. Tommy had his go and missed me. I took up a piece of slate as my missile, and threw it, without taking much aim, at Tommy. It swerved to the right, and then to my horror turned in, hit him close to one of his eyes, and his face became one mass of blood. It must have cut some blood-vessel. I was never so frightened in my life. Blood then to me was terrifying, and I thought I had blinded him. I had hardly proceeded two or three paces to his help when I heard the voice of Old Tom, who had been standing at the top of the flight of stone steps outside the house and had witnessed the whole proceeding, calling to us both to come in and be caned. I forget whether Tommy's hæmorrhage was staunched before or after this distressing event, but I remember that the punishment was most expeditiously, equally and skilfully performed. I am glad to say Tommy took no harm from his wound.

At Candover we used to have the same fights with "cads" or village boys as I had experienced with the Londoners. On one occasion we received a challenge for four of us, armed with ash sticks, to meet four village boys. The challenge I know was accepted, but as I was not one of the four, I have forgotten the result. I rather think that the villagers did not confine their numbers to four and the affair was a fiasco.

During my time there, the school was moved from Candover Park to Marlow Place, Great Marlow.

This latter place a hundred years ago was a sort of Woolwich or training school for military cadets, and I believe that Sir John Moore of Corunna fame had a good deal to do with its institution. There was at one time a mutiny of the cadets there, and the mutineers were punished by dismissal after their swords had been broken over their heads, a somewhat painful proceeding, I should imagine.

Near Marlow on the Thames, is the little village of Bisham. On one Sunday afternoon, when, as was the Victorian custom, all the good villagers were sleeping after their midday meal, another boy and I knocked at the doors of the cottagers as we went through the village and so disturbed their slumbers. When the main body of our boys out for their Sunday walk with a master came through the village, the villagers complained of their conduct. When we got back to the school, I, as head boy, had to read the roll-call and each boy was asked whether he was the culprit. My friend and colleague had to own up, and he was promised by the master "the best flogging he had ever had" on the following day. In fact the flogging was to be so severe that it was obviously thought it would desecrate the Sabbath, though we were not in any way free from the usual canings on the "Seventh Day" of the week. I, who read the roll-call, was not asked if I had participated in the crime. I can see now the face of the unfortunate victim, my fellow sinner, when he thought that he had to bear alone the full brunt of the righteous anger of the master. I teased him for a time, but eventually thought it only right that I should own up too, and so I participated in the preliminary apprehensions and the actual infliction of the punishment.

I have come across some of the boys at this school in after life. Meeting one of them in a railway

carriage more than fifty years afterwards, I recognised his face and found that he was Mr. Hammond Chambers, K.C. He had made an indelible impression on us boys because he was said to have "only one lung," and we looked on him much as we did on the "Living Skeleton" at the fair. There was another "old boy" who was afterwards a captain in the Senior Service. He reappeared as a "dug-out" when war commenced in 1914, and gave his life for his country. Captain Blackburn, R.N.

The vicar at Great Marlow was appointed to the bishopric of Calcutta. He preached an impressive farewell sermon and started on his travels. The following Sunday we vigorously and earnestly sang the hymn, "For those in peril on the sea," whilst, as we learned later, the worthy Bishop, travelling overland, was on the safe soil of Paris.

Having left the private school, I proceeded to Uppingham. This school, some time before, had achieved notoriety from the flogging of the boys who came back late after the holidays. Two boys, owing, it was said, to some accident to their conveyances (of course all traps and carriages were then drawn by horses), arrived late and were duly flogged. Their father regarded the matter from a different point of view to the school authorities, and there was an outcry in the daily and other newspapers. I think it was *Punch* that said the school ought to be called "Whipping'em School." I do not know more of the details of this story, but the name would not have been inappropriate. Unfortunately or fortunately for myself, I was placed in the middle fourth form and so never was a fag. My elder brother, who was at the school before me, when he heard of the place that I had taken, said to me, "Now you need not work," and I did not. The master of the form, the Reverend C. E. Cornish, who afterwards

became a Bishop in South Africa, had the reputation of being nice, quiet, and not a great disciplinarian. All the same, I had not been at the school a fortnight when, during an evening preparation, I was told for some trifling fault to stand out in the middle of the room. Being engaged in an attempt to translate *Hecuba*, a Liddell and Scott's lexicon was a necessity. This was a heavy book; *Hecuba* was a small, blue, paper-covered volume. I could not look up the words in the lexicon in a standing position, so, thinking work was more important than attitude, I sat on the floor and worked vigorously. When I was discovered, I was told to go up for a flogging the next day. To this day I do not see how I could possibly have gone on with my translation except by having something to rest my books upon.

I must admit that whilst I was at Uppingham I was a lazy, naughty boy, with a hatred of discipline or of being driven or forced to work. My sins were many, but they were chiefly sins that a man of the world, such as my father, would have been able to laugh at. Schoolmasters in those days were built in a very different way. Unfortunately my first house-master, who had a good deal of the milk of human kindness in him, and who was eventually made a colonial Bishop, was translated to another and a larger house. He was succeeded by a gentleman who had previously been Governor of a gaol in South Africa and who, whatever his other virtues may have been, most certainly ought never to have been a schoolmaster. He was very unpopular with the boys, apparently took no pleasure in their sports, and did not show any sympathy with them. He had little or no control of his temper. On one occasion he started to box my ears fairly vigorously. I was unconscious of evil-doing and thought it was a sort of rag, so put up my hands to ward off the

blows, saying, "Oh, sir, oh, sir," but when I looked at his face and saw it was livid with passion, I folded my arms in a Napoleonic attitude across my chest and said, "Hit on, you brute." I might here mention that the boxing of a schoolboy's ears is a dangerous proceeding, and before now boys have been made deaf by it. In the case of the son of a friend of mine the offending master found it no laughing matter. The father brought an action against him, as he had not been dismissed after complaint had been made. The authorities of the school supported him! but he had to pay fifty pounds into court. Luckily, although he had broken the drum of the boy's ear, no permanent injury was *said* to have resulted. I believe the boy died some six months afterwards of middle ear disease.

I think my house-master felt for me as much as I did for him. He told me that I was the bane of his existence; I told him that he thought that he was still the Governor of a gaol. On another occasion I told him that he was hen-pecked. It came about thus. The sanitary arrangements in our house were disgusting, even for those days, when to my knowledge from the best possible authority, the old story of the seaside landlady's reply to an inquiry as to the state of the drains in her house, "Sir, there ain't none," might have referred easily to the palace of a Continental king in his capital. At our house the lavatories were supposed to be looked after by a great lout of a boy. When I was captain of the house a small boy came to me to complain of the want of cleanliness and said that this boy would do nothing to remedy this. He at first refused to do anything for me, so I "kicked" him and made him do his duty. He went blubbering to the master. The latter *and his wife* came rushing in, and he told me to go up to Mr. Thring for a flogging. He had no right whatever

to give this order as I was in the sixth form and therefore exempt. After dinner that day, when his wife had left the room, he proceeded to harangue the house and attacked me in a violent manner. I was "fair wild," and told him before all the house that if he had not been *hen-pecked* and could have kept his wife away, he would have heard the explanation that I could not give in a lady's presence. I was determined to go to Mr. Thring, though nothing would have made me submit to punishment. I do not think the master had dared to tell Mr. Thring anything, as he seemed rather astonished, and said, "Well, Turner, you admit you kicked the boy." "Of course I did, sir, and would do it again," said I. I rather think this abomination of a master had a *mauvais quart d'heure* afterwards. I was not punished either for the episode or for my reference to the gaol, because what I said was true and he did not dare to appeal to Cæsar, the headmaster. He was of a very suspicious nature. When after a chequered career I eventually did work, and worked hard for some six weeks, in order to get into the sixth form, I did some of this work at night when we were supposed to be in bed. He found me in my study at about 10.30 p.m. working at Homer, and suspected me of having come down after his female servants, and told me of his suspicion! The result of the subsequent examination should have shown him that I really had been working. I was second in the form, beaten only by a youthful prodigy, H. J. Tylden, who afterwards took, I think, a double first at Oxford. My usual position in form was about sixth or seventh from the bottom. I was beaten again and again by boys to whom I could have given stones because I had been incurably lazy. The boy who was next to me when we were moved up into the sixth form was a "scholar," but rather casual. One day the form

master said to him, "Layter, of all the boys in this form there is none who will go to the devil in such a quiet, gentlemanly way as you will, not even Turner." Some thirty-five years afterwards we had a garden party at Hertfordshire. Amongst the young men who came was a Captain Layter, a gunner. I asked him if by chance his father had been at Uppingham, and found out that my old schoolfellow was a Canon of the Church of England. So much for that master's prediction. When I returned to Uppingham at the tercentenary, I found a good many of the good boys merely clergymen, and a good many more of the naughty boys making their marks in other walks of life. Some people of course are blessed with a continuously good temperament, and are good boys at school and great and good men afterwards, and are especially fitted for Holy Orders.

The first term I was at Uppingham I was lucky enough to get the prize in my mathematical form and to get second in an English scholarship. The latter was entirely due to my mother, who had brought us all up on the classical works of Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, and Sir Walter Scott. I never got any other prizes, although twice I ran second and should have had a prize but for the fact that I was an idle, naughty boy. One of these occasions was very lucky for me. My general school affairs were critical, and amongst other things I had not looked at the history that we were examined in at the end of each term. The reign of King John was our theme. The examination took place at 10 a.m. At nine o'clock I had never thought of John except as represented in Shakespeare's play. I read in an abbreviated history about half a page of print about John's reign and committed the bare facts and dates to memory. In the examination we had to write an essay on John, and I contrasted and compared

the real John and John's reign with the John of Shakespeare. I think the examining master, Mr. Thring, must have been surprised at a naughty boy doing so comparatively well and have marked me very indulgently, for I was second in the form, only beaten by a boy, Hassall by name, noted for his historical prowess and who later was for many years a professor of history at Oxford. This was Arthur Hassall, the Christ Church don who only died last week, December 1930.

I once had another lucky brain-wave when I turned "Men of Harlech" into Latin verse. I did the whole in about an hour, and the copy would have been "selected" had it been done by any other boy. In my case it relieved the tension of affairs, and I was given a little more rope. Apropos of luck in examination, I do not think I ever heard of anything to equal the luck of a London medical man who came up to Edinburgh to take the Scotch degrees. He met me and asked me if I would mind going over with him a few things in surgery, before he presented himself for examination. I took him over Myxœdema, which was then the subject of much interest because of the work of Victor Horsley and Dr. Ord. After this I talked to him about the way in which fractures of the neck of the thigh-bone were to be distinguished from dislocations of the hip joint. One more thing I touched upon, and that was the differential diagnosis of aneurism. Three days later I saw him, and he said to me, "Well, what do you think I was ploughed in?" He knew no surgery, and so I said, "Surgery." He said, "No, I have passed in everything. As far as surgery was concerned, they took me over Myxœdema, fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone and dislocation of the hip, and the differential diagnosis of aneurism." In fact, the very three and the only three things that I had selected.

Another case of luck ; my brother went up for an entrance scholarship to Winchester. For the unseen Greek translation he had a passage set that he had done before. His sense of honour was such that he went to the invigilator and told him of this fact, and so received, I believe, fewer marks than he otherwise would have got. He got on the roll but just failed to be elected to the school, and consequently did not go to Winchester, but came to Uppingham. I think he might very well have accepted this bit of luck, if only for the benefit of his father.

The headmaster of Uppingham, Mr. Thring, was very justly celebrated, and is still said to have been the greatest headmaster since Arnold. He was undoubtedly a leader of men and boys ; inspired enthusiasm and is still venerated by those who were at the school when he was head. His ideals were very high ; almost, I think, too high for the ordinary boy. If I may be allowed to say so, he had the defects of his qualities. Discipline had to be maintained ; the master was always right, the boy always wrong. He was sometimes an executioner rather than a judge. A master would tell the boy who was sent to be flogged, " You tell that to Mr. Thring." With Mr. Thring it was, " Take off your coat and kneel down." There was no " telling " of any kind. As a result there was sometimes a miscarriage of justice. It is one of the advantages of school life that a boy should learn there, rather perhaps than in the world subsequently, that there is such a thing as injustice, gross injustice. Thring was very thorough in his likes and dislikes, beliefs and disbeliefs. Darwin was anathema. He used to teach that Methuselah actually lived his nine hundred odd years, so that essential facts should be handed down by oral tradition during the centuries. His views on medicine must

have been peculiar. There was an outbreak of scarlet fever at Uppingham while I was there. It spread, and Mr. Thring eventually and very tardily gave permission for those "who were sneaks" to go home, but we were exhorted to remain and face the trouble. There was a boy in our house, a poor little fellow, who was very much afraid of catching the disease. He remained, caught it and died. It is only fair to Mr. Thring to remember that sanitation, hygiene, and science were in his time far from being the more or less understood things they are now.

The boys on the whole liked Thring, but they feared him; so too did the masters. When I was in the sixth form, I once wrote a letter to another boy asking him to come round the next morning and give me a construe. I said I was in the middle of Harrison Ainsworth's *Star Chamber* and could not possibly work myself that night. My letter was intercepted by the master and the affair was thought so serious that it was reported to my father at home. I was turned out of the sixth form, though I still had to do the work, and was put bottom of the class. I was lectured and reprimanded too by the headmaster. Towards the end of the term that headmaster's elder son was detected doing almost the same thing. *He* was not turned out of the sixth form, his father was *not* told of his iniquity and he went unpunished. Being nothing if not impudent, I bearded the master who had condemned me and looked over the fault of the headmaster's son. I told him that I did not want Gale Thring to be punished, but I should like an explanation from him of his conduct. His answer was, "Well, Turner, there is a great deal in what you say, but you see Mr. Thring is Mr. Thring." That put the matter in a nutshell. I met this master some six years afterwards when I had become house-

surgeon at St. George's Hospital, a post that in those days could only be obtained after extreme competition ; the students were many, the house-surgeons but two. The master asked me what I was doing and how I was getting on, and he was obviously surprised at the various successes I had obtained. He forgot that many a boy cannot be driven to learn unpalatable and more or less useless things, but that that boy may work extremely hard when faced by toil and trouble, to overcome which will be of great use to him in his profession in after life. Schoolmasters, too, did not sufficiently realise that boys develop at very varying periods of their life. Some are precocious at school and do extremely well there, but afterwards there comes reaction and they may tire of work when it is most vital to them ; and often the naughty boys at school when they leave it become men of action and of affairs, and the high spirits and devilry, which are drawbacks at school, are of great use to them when guided into the proper channels that lead to success in life.

Immediately following this trouble about the "Star Chamber," after my ejection from the sixth form, when the school was assembled in the big schoolroom, I most innocently took my usual place. Sitting next to the boy whom I had asked for the construe, I saw the headmaster talking and gesticulating, and I said with a smile to the boy, "What is exciting the old gentleman?" It appeared that he had been asking me why I was not sitting at the bottom of the form. When this repeated query eventually reached my ears I duly placed myself in the correct position, but Mr. Thring had obviously thought that I had been laughing at him, and as we in our turn filed out of the schoolroom, down he came from his throne shouting, "Out of the sixth form now, and I hope soon out of the school." Masters

and boys hurried away as fast as they could and the retreat of both of them was not an orderly one. You never saw such a scurry. It was always my unfortunate fate to aggravate rather than to tone down my misdeeds.

Later, just before I left, the school had done some good work in the East End of London, and leave was given to those who wished to be present at the consecration of the new church by the Bishop of Rochester. After the ceremony and outside the church the reverend Bishop said he would like to say something to the Uppingham boys, and as he could not speak to all of them he would select one as a typical Uppinghamian and would address his remarks to him. To my unspeakable horror he selected me, perhaps the most a-typical of the lot, and I had to wear an appropriate expression and look at Mr. Thring, who was facing me, while my virtues were extolled. I wonder if Thring saw the humour in this? I did, painfully.

I had considerable experience of all the masters of Uppingham, as I was so often taking round "gating papers" or others that said that "Turner minor is not trustworthy." On one occasion a master asked me if I was the brother of Turner major. "Arcades ambo," said he, both Arcadians, *i.e.*, scoundrels. My brother has been anything but a failure in life, quite the contrary. This same master laughed at me one day in form when I could not pronounce some jaw-breaking word; laughed at me because he said my tongue was too big for my mouth. This is not true, but a boy's physical peculiarities or deformities ought not to be laughed at by a master in public. If a boy is sensitive much harm may be done by such senseless and heartless conduct. A schoolfellow of mine used to be mercilessly punished for nocturnal enuresis by both masters and boys.

The poor fellow, of course, was not to blame and had no control over the distressing complaint.

One of the dearest of masters, a kindly, well-bred gentleman who never hit a boy when he was down, was "Daddy" Witts. He prepared me for confirmation, and it was only his amiability that allowed me to go up for it, as I was shaky on some of the more difficult parts of the catechism and was always overfrivolous. It was through his generosity that the school chapel became an accomplished fact. When he left, after a great many years' service, it is said that he had a sly and friendly dig at his friend the headmaster by saying that he had been "long enough at school."

The second master, William Earle, was a little feared by the boys, but his heart was in the right place, and I remember that mine went out to him when he made a speech at one of the Uppingham dinners and appealed to those with whom he had done the verbs in  $\mu$ .

One of my form masters was a gentleman who used to spend a great deal of time in early school expounding the Psalms to us. Had it been possible for the author to have heard the many cryptic meanings and interpretations of his words, I am sure that nobody would have been more astonished than David. One often thinks the same of Shakespeare, Browning, or indeed of any poet on whose work there is much commentary and criticism. We all loved this hobby of Psalm exposition. The master talked; we sat quiet; time passed, and early school was over without incident.

Uppingham was ruled not only by the masters but by the prepostors, the upper sixth form, who had a straw hat of their own. The prefect or prepostor system no doubt has many advantages, but I cannot help thinking that the wisdom and knowledge of the

world of these young people of sixteen to nineteen is not sufficient for them to decide questions in which another boy's whole future may be involved. Every boy had the right to appeal to the headmaster from any decision of the prepostors, but every one preferred to abide by their judgment rather than possibly be expelled by the headmaster. Thank Heaven I never went before them! Expulsion from a public school carries with it a stigma throughout life, but in my humble judgment this should entirely depend on the reason for expulsion; say a boy is expelled for such a thing as smoking or drinking a glass of beer. Ought this to damn him through all his adolescence and career as a young man?

The rule of boys by boys, both in sports and games and in house matters, no doubt gave us during the last terrible war a class of young trained material from which officers were easily and readily made. Let the public school system have all honour for this, and for the training that it gives a boy when it teaches him that he is not to sneak, that he is to keep a firm upper lip, that he is not to have a swelled head, that he is to play the game and play for the community rather than his individual self. It would be well if young democrats were trained more often as those more luckily born are in public schools. How many loud, unlicked cubs one meets nowadays!

In my time the food at Uppingham at breakfast and tea was distinctly bad. There was only bread and butter. The former thick, the latter extremely thin. The midday meal, dinner, was good. One could have two helpings of meat and two of pudding. The master and his wife had to be present at this meal, and this ensured that the food was satisfactory. It also helped, no doubt, to the learning of small talk by the boys who sat in the vicinity of the lady and had to talk to her. Occasionally, however, such boys

were more or less stricken dumb. Their nervousness and dumbness were not much aided by the whispered messages that used to be passed up from the head boy, "Tell Smith that if he doesn't talk to Mrs. Tomkins, I will give him a good licking after dinner." At one time we growing boys, using our muscles and our brains, had nothing between 5.30 p.m. and breakfast at 8.30 a.m. Most doctors would be agreed that this fast of practically fifteen hours was too long, considering that there were two periods of school, one at night and the other an early school in the morning, during those fifteen hours. Could anything be more absurd than the recent suggestion to feed growing minds and bodies entirely on a vegetarian diet? In consequence of this long interval between meals some of us in our house petitioned for a supper of dry bread. This was eventually given to us, grudgingly and of necessity. One evening this bread was not sent in, so five of the head boys of the house formed a deputation and went into the master's part of the house to ask for it. I was one of the five. The master was not there and nothing happened. We came back again. The next morning these five boys were told to go up to Mr. Thring to be flogged. Their half-holidays were knocked off to the end of the term; they were gated to a road, that is to say deprived of all games; they were to be sent to the bottom of the house. In this way they lost all their privileges as seniors, and had to take round a gating-paper to be signed by all the masters. Our indignation and surprise were unbounded, and we each drew up a gating-paper on the following lines. Mine ran, "Turner minor to be flogged by Mr. Thring; to be gated to the Leicester Road; to have all his half-holidays knocked off; and to be put bottom of the house; for asking for *DRY* bread." "Dry" was underlined three times. At noon we went to be flogged. No word of

explanation came either from the house-master or the headmaster as to what we were supposed to have done. When I was flogged with anyone else I always got flogged first so that I could see the others executed afterwards. On this occasion I made a rush for Mr. Thring, but was luckily beaten a short head by a boy whom we will call Floodgate. Thring snatched the paper from his hand, read it, exclaimed, "Another piece of impertinence, kneel down," and proceeded to flog him unmercifully. We were not allowed pockets in our trousers at Uppingham, but my piece of paper was successfully concealed about another part of my person, and I waited until two more boys had had their turn before I brought myself to face the offended dignity and weakened arm of the headmaster. I honestly do not know to this day what we were supposed to have done, or what lies the servants may have told of us. The indignation of the whole house was so extreme that we put the master and his wife into Coventry, and eventually, although the house was said to be "in a state of rebellion," all our penalties and punishments were done away with at the end of about ten days. To this day I boil with indignation at the memory of this gross injustice. The punishments were taken off, but we none of us had any explanation and none of us was given any redress.

Whether a boy was flogged often or seldom was a very little matter to the authorities. On one occasion this same Floodgate was flogged on two days running. He presented himself on a third occasion, one or at the most two days afterwards. The master was about to flog him again and said to him, "Well, Floodgate, we shall see who gets tired of this first, you or I." I knew that Floodgate, who was a stalwart youth, had made up his mind "not to take a licking." There was an unseemly scuffle of short

duration between the master and the boy. The latter had pointed out to the master that he was physically unfit for a third flogging, and he was easily first in a trial of strength. I may mention here, as a surgeon, that had he been flogged it is quite possible that he would have had gangrene of the skin, and the boy was undoubtedly right in refusing to submit. Threats of expulsion were held over him, but it must have occurred to the master that he was wrong, as some four or five days afterwards Floodgate made a nominal submission and received two gentle taps from the cane, and so the matter ended. I may say that when the boys bathed in summer those who had been flogged were very much like the zebra.

The headmaster used from time to time to take every form himself, and dire was the trepidation of the nervous boys. On one occasion a boy of nervous temperament in my form did badly in construing some Latin. His efforts were pronounced to be "disgraceful," and he was told that he "deserved to be flogged." "Is there any boy here," asked the master, looking round the class, "who does not think so?" We all downcasted our eyes, and I was wise enough to say nothing, although my views were very decided that a flogging was *not* deserved, and that nervous boys were not able to do themselves justice because of the dignity and dread that "hedged" the throne of the headmaster. It is only fair to say that there was no flogging on this occasion. On a similar occasion a boy was asked how long he had been learning Latin. "Eight years, sir." "And how long was it before you were speaking English?" "Two or three years, sir." "Are you not ashamed of yourself, then, to have taken eight years over Latin, and then to know nothing about it?" Could any argument be more absurd than this?

Flogging acts very differently on different boys

I do not think that any one of us was ever deterred by a flogging from again committing the same offence, but it was a very different thing to a nervous, sensitive boy than it was to a hardened sinner like myself. The schoolmaster of that period took no notice whatever of the constitution, mind or body of the boy whom he sent up for corporal punishment. Boys often used to pad and take the risk of detection. One day another boy and I were to be flogged at twelve o'clock. He had ingeniously twined rope all round those parts of his body open to the cane, and things would have gone quite happily, but just as we were going into the classroom his rope became undone and peeped, like a snake, very obviously out of his trousers. He exhorted me to go in and save time by being flogged while he put himself right again. He was not a boy I liked at all. He had once treated me badly and we had had a fight, and I am glad to say that I had given him "two jolly black eyes," but of course I did not mean to let him down, although I delayed till the last possible moment, and Mr. Thring had almost got to the door of the room before I presented myself for punishment and gave the boy time to do what he wanted.

I remember another time when we gave a cocky, bragging little boy a lesson. The first time a boy went up he was let off on pleading that it was the first time. This had happened to this bumptious youth. The second time he was bragging and saying he did not care and that he was not going to pad. We let him have his talk, but just before going into school two or three boys examined him and found him in armour suitable to have prevented any possible pain. I do not know how many articles were taken away from him, but he eventually had his thrashing with only a light pair of summer trousers between him and the cane. He never bragged again.

My French master, M. Parrot, was the cause of most of my floggings. We used to rag him unmercifully. The only way in which he could get even with us was to give us what he called a "Caning Teeket." These he gave freely, often without a real cause. On one occasion some boys in his form agreed to get another boy, Tarsley by name, a "caning teeket." At the class they looked at Tarsley and looked under the table as if he were doing something that he ought not to be doing there. The master saw this and said, "A hundred lines, Tarsley." "But, sir . . ." said Tarsley. "Two hundred lines," said the French master, and shortly afterwards, when the other boys once more looked at Tarsley under the table, Tarsley was given the "caning teeket" all right. He tried to retaliate on his tormentors, but we, being naughty boys, already had been placed next to the master who could thus see for himself that nothing improper was going on under the table when Tarsley looked there. In fact it only made matters worse for Tarsley.

The caning ticket was always in an envelope addressed to Mr. Thring. I used to drop it in the road—of course I could not present it dirty—so I put it in another envelope, and incidentally read it.

There were some boys who had been mean enough to trample on the French master's flower-beds. I was not one of these. I fought him often and long, but always fought fairly. On coming out of his room one day into the open, I suddenly found myself pushed by another boy on to the flower-beds. I tried to get off, was pushed again amongst the flowers and, I think, slipped and fell down. The school spy, a big, fat man, had been put to try to discover who it was that had ruined the flowers on the former occasion. I found myself gripped by this huge man and was taken back to the Frenchman's room. He was

dancing about with fury, and of course gave me a "caning teeket." I was less angry at being caned the next day than having to bear the odium of such an offence, for the boy who had pushed me on to the flower-beds was not gentleman enough to own up, and I was not cad enough to give him away. My indignation was such that I wrote home to my father and implored him to let me leave off learning French. The sun, however, had gone down on my wrath when I had his reply saying that he sympathised with me, but that if I gave up French I must take up some other extra, and he strongly advised me not to give up French. I am glad I did not do so, for though one learnt willingly very little, some of the mud of French with which we were being constantly pelted stuck to me, and later on in life I found that I could read a French paper. This led to a perusal of French books which now I can read almost as well as I can English.

Poor M. Parrot was very badly treated by us. We used to sing songs to him, introducing the name of his fiancée. When he asked us the English for a French word, we always used to give him the slang, and he must subsequently have astonished his lady-love when he tried to say some of these words. He bore no malice, and when I met him at the tercentenary celebrations we were the best possible friends.

An assistant French master, M. Rouge, tried to learn the noble game of cricket. As he played in the nets, we all used to go and throw cricket balls at him as hard as we could, and he would cry, "Oh, not so strong. Oh, not so strong." The headmaster used to give him and the German master their dinner every day in the School House, until, during the time of the Franco-Prussian War, they came to fisticuffs.

One of the Germans at Uppingham, Herr Beiseigel, the gymnasium master, was a real good old sport.

All the boys liked him, and there was great competition for the gymnasium prizes, which consisted chiefly of articles to eat, such, for instance, as a goose. He used also to take the duty of assistant music master, and held choir practices in the big schoolroom. These practices took place in what otherwise would have been playtime and were very irksome to me. One day it became so tiresome that I decided to make my way like a serpent underneath the forms to the door, and go off to cricket. I had gone some ten yards on my course, when my daring and apparent success proved too much for the envious choristers, and as they looked round and watched my progress, that progress was arrested by detection. I was duly flogged next day. When I saw dear old Beiseigel some fifteen years later, he at once recognised me and said, "Oh, you were the boy who crawled under the forms." We both laughed heartily at the recollection.

Music at Uppingham, then as now, was very much cultivated, and well taught by Herr David. There was a special choir which used to give musical evenings, and some of the boys sang remarkably well, the trebles and altos particularly. My knowledge of oratorios is largely derived from my school experiences. For boys whose voices had cracked, there was a dreadful alternative to choir practice. They had to learn by heart Keble's *Christian Year*. How I hated Keble, and when I was told that the new Keble College was not considered one of the best at Oxford, I thought it only proper that this should be so.

The amusements of schoolboys are peculiar. My brother, during our time at Uppingham, bought a small axe and had amused himself by chopping down some young trees in a spinney off the Seaton Road. I knew nothing of this, and one day when he asked me to go for a walk with him, it was not

until we had put Uppingham behind us that he produced the axe from his trousers. When we arrived at the spinney, he started his chopping, but we were almost immediately disturbed by the farmer, armed with a horse-whip, two other men and a bull-terrier. There was nothing for it but retreat! My brother, a year older than myself at a time of life when every year tells as far as running is concerned, out-stripped me and my honourable position was to bring up the rear. The men were not so difficult to elude as the dog, though the farmer got so close to me when I was getting over a stile that he only just missed me with his horse-whip. In the field on the far side, the bull-terrier made a vicious attack at my legs and things looked awkward, but I picked up a stone about as big as a lemon, and when the dog came at me again, I went for his head with all the vigour I was capable of. I am glad to say I missed him, but so narrowly that he refused to attack me again, and we escaped. The farmer was evidently a sportsman, for he made no complaint to the school authorities. Had he done so we should have felt compelled to own up.

I should like to say something about cribbing and the use of translations at school. If you want to learn a modern language, I know of no better way than to read a book helped by an English translation—a crib—but the masters at school thought this was quite the worst way to learn a dead one. We used to be put to learn some twenty lines of a Greek play, and we were supposed to hammer out the meaning by the use of lexicons and grammars. Some boys, to my knowledge, although in the odour of sanctity, used, habitually and deliberately, to use cribs. I did not use them, but then I did not always learn the allotted task. When told to construe a part that I had never seen before, I used, with a most unjust

audacity, to get up and make an attempt to translate at sight. Sometimes I scraped through, but it is needless to say that much more often my want of preparation was apparent. Had I now to learn either Greek or Latin I should use cribs freely and read over the English translation before I tackled the original. Knowledge of the New Testament in English always helped one to understand and appreciate the New Testament in Greek. The subjects I used to crib were Euclid and sometimes repetition. The cribbing of Euclid was more or less confined to the actual examination at the end of the half. The bad boys in the upper mathematical forms used to have the various books of Euclid in various pockets. How glad we all were that some of these books had been lost! I had a very lucky escape in one mathematical form. I cribbed enough Euclid to avoid punishment. Another boy, whom I will call Todson, was not so restrained. I think he cribbed the lot. Anyhow when the list of the form was read out, it ran Todson, Turner, Jones. Jones was closely connected with a prominent statesman, and was a worthy, high-minded boy who never cribbed. He ought to have had the prize. But Todson and I had beaten him both in algebra and arithmetic, and Todson's Euclid cribbing had won the prize. I thanked my stars when Todson went up the schoolroom to receive it, that I had been moderate in my evil-doing, and said to myself, "There but for the grace of God, go I, George Turner." To take a prize in such circumstances was almost enough punishment for the crime.

Cribbing at repetition was variously managed. In one form the master used to sit at a desk and put his mortar-board on the top of it. The boys reciting the repetition stood quite close to the mortar-board. The first boy put the torn page of Ovid or Virgil into

this concavity and the last boy used to take it out. Sometimes this master used to walk up and down the room like an animal pacing its cage in the Zoo, whilst the boys were murdering the ancient authors. It occurred to some genius that if a scrap of paper were pinned to the back of his gown it might facilitate the repetition of its contents. This was successfully done, but our consternation may be imagined when one day he left the schoolroom and went into his own part of the house, where the paper might easily have been seen by his wife or the servants. He came back all right with it on, and it was finally removed with a dexterity which would have done credit to a pupil of Fagin. In reality I am much indebted to the repetitions which we had to learn, as they undoubtedly developed one's memory and made the subsequent acquisition of anatomy comparatively easy. Before a boy was promoted to the sixth form, he had to be able to repeat all the *Odes* of Horace. I have often been glad of this, although at the time it was a nuisance. It gave me a knowledge of that good-natured man of the world and philosopher which has enabled me often to bring out an apt quotation bearing on human nature or the affairs of modern life. Human nature has not changed, and to know Horace at all is to love him.

Another task which I at the time thought an abomination has something to be said for it. I allude to holiday tasks. It is very tiresome for a schoolboy in his holidays to have to learn Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, or even to commit to memory the beauties of Shakespeare or Wordsworth, and I gave my time to them grudgingly and of necessity. But here again in after life some slight knowledge of them and being able to repeat lines of good poetry has helped one enormously, and even in these days of uneducated Labour, when members in the House

shout for a translation, an apt quotation from Horace is not wasted, or when one has to make a speech in public or indulge in after-dinner oratory. Cribbing sometimes leads to amusing situations. In one history examination the subject set had been "The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic," and at the examination it happened that an Irish boy had not even looked at his Motley. One of the questions was, "Give a short life of Alva." Paddy attracted my attention with, "Whist! who then was Alva?" "A Lutheran priest who went about preaching the Gospel," said I. Paddy had a fertile imagination and on this wrote about four pages of the life of this Lutheran Alva. All would have been well but for the fact that his right-hand neighbour was also entirely ignorant and took advantage of Paddy's apparent knowledge to write a similar "life" to his. When the papers were looked over, of course the fat was in the fire.

Uppingham in my time was very justly famed for its cricket. We had an extraordinary school eleven in the days of A. P. Lucas. H. H. Stephenson was the first really good school coach. I was never a cricketer although I had a fair eye. I was kept in too much ever to learn to hit, but I could keep my end up occasionally. It was my privilege at one time to play in the same game as A. P. Lucas, before his talents became widely known. If you were on his side you had a pleasant day, if you were not—you spent your time in leather-hunting. Whilst still a schoolboy, he and another boy, Fleming I think, scored over 240 runs before the first wicket of the school fell, in a match against a M.C.C. team taken down by C. E. Green, an old Uppinghamian, which contained two of their very best bowlers. Green himself had been Captain of the Uppingham eleven, played for Cambridge, and the Gentlemen; and was

President of the M.C.C. for many years. Uppingham cricket owes him a debt it can never repay, for he introduced H. H. Stephenson to the school as coach. I shall never forget the final of a house-match competition 1872, in which our side, who had scored some 150 runs in the first innings, was set to get 28 to win. We had several good batsmen, any one of whom was quite capable of doing this. I went in first, and thinking our task was easy, forgot my usual caution, hit out at a nearly wide ball to leg, holding my bat loosely, skied the ball and was caught out. Wickets went down with an appalling rapidity, and matters were made worse and our defeat finally accomplished by one of the bowlers of the opposite side changing from end to end in a manner that was not according to rule, but which was not stopped by the umpires. I only heard of this rule afterwards, and am so little a cricketer that I do not know whether there was really any irregularity or not, but I am told that there was and is.

The Uppingham football game was a mixture of Rugby and Association. We had scrummages and put our heads down, but we dribbled rather than ran with the ball. It was a first-rate game, and I rather imagine that Mr. Thring had something to do with the combination of what was good at Rugby with what was good at Eton. Anyhow it trained us to play both Rugby and Association. When I came to town and first played Rugby, all the forwards stood upright and most of them resented the putting down of our heads. "Take up your head, sir, or I'll hack you," I heard many a time. "Hack away!" said we. The upright gentlemen could not see where to hack, we could. Hacking did not stop us and soon ceased. In about two years all the Rugby teams were putting their heads down as they do now. The Rugby football itself in those days was not quite such a

conical article as it is now, and it was possible, instead of running with it, to dribble it. A good forward constantly was "on the ball," came through the scrummage and himself dribbled the ball in, and got his try. A Rugby game was very different in those days from the modern game; so, too, Soccer has altered a great deal. There was not the elaborate science that is now practised in both these forms of football. I started in London to play Association and took to Rugby because that game was played by St. George's Hospital.

I am afraid I have always been very outspoken and often rude. When I left school I joined an Association Football Club. A member some thirty-five years of age and rather stout, on one occasion did not distinguish himself by courage. I—a stripling of sixteen—went up to him and said, "You beastly funk."

This funking is involuntary—almost a reflex—and sometimes hereditary. One of the most famous "backs" of my time was on occasions plagued by it. Some thirty years afterwards I saw the same yellow streak in his son—displayed in almost the same way. I did not know his name, but said at once, "That must be ——'s son," and so it was.

I got through my football life with but few injuries, but once I very nearly had my spine broken by a very heavy antagonist. It was in one of the Hospital Cup-ties. My opponent eventually entered the R.A.M.C., and at Majuba Hill was shot through the spine, had his legs paralysed, and knew that he had to die. In spite of this he crawled about on his hands looking after the other wounded and giving them morphia to ease their pain—until he himself died. At St. George's Hospital I had under my care a man who had been wounded at Majuba. He had nearly bled to death from a wound in the leg. I

asked why he did not stop the bleeding by pressure. "Oh, I knew all about that," said he, "but the moment I sat up to do it the Boers fired at me and so I thought it safer to lie quiet and to take my chance." The paralysed doctor was, I believe, repeatedly fired on when oblivious of self he crawled from man to man to relieve their sufferings. He surely was worthy of a posthumous V.C. I am ashamed to say I have forgotten his name, but I think it was Landon.

School sports aroused considerable enthusiasm. Most of the races were run on the Leicester Road, hurdle races in the Middle Field, and steeplechases at Stockerston, where there was a natural brook requiring, as the American would say, *some* jumping. It was my fate to run second in the hundred yards under fifteen. We had a boy in our house who was able to run the following year under fifteen. I could only just beat him although I was six months older than he was. We thought, therefore, that it would be a good thing to back him for the under-fifteen races of the following year. We backed him at, I think, four to one. Our confidence was not misplaced. He missed the steeplechase by falling in his impetuosity at the first hurdle, and he was outstayed in the half-mile, but he won the other under-fifteen events.

The training for these races was very primitive. Even sprinters were taken out for long runs of two, three or even four miles. I can conceive nothing more likely to give a boy the "slows," but I still remember with gratitude old Thring's grin of approbation at me when returning from one of these "sweats" or "grinds" as they were called. Another pleasant memory I have of him was when he came to see us at our house in London some years after we had left school. Both my brother and I had then played football (Rugby) for England, the two first Uppingham

boys to do this. We had both carried off various events at the United Hospitals Athletic Sports, and we had both taken prizes for all sorts of work at St. George's Hospital. My father, I remember, greeted him in his usual genial way and said, "Well, Mr. Thring, your floggings have done some good." Thring, however, did not quite look at the matter in this breezy way, but I remember that he was very good and kind to me as I walked with him away from our house, and he told me how he had come up to London to be at the funeral of Miss Montgomery, the authoress of *Misunderstood* and other charming works of fiction, chiefly for and about children.

Whilst I was at Uppingham I was confirmed by the Bishop of Peterborough, Magee, who subsequently became the Archbishop of York. He it was who, in the House of Lords, so eloquently defended the Irish Church, and when speaking on another occasion against fanatical temperance legislation said, "I would sooner see England free than sober." I am sure his hands must have imparted to me this same sentiment, for although practically teetotal myself, I think it is a wicked thing that alcohol should be run down as it is by the intemperate temperance people. At home we always drank claret or claret and water. Alcohol, like all good things, can be abused, but there is no doubt that used in moderation it will help a man after his day's toil to resume the normal, to look upon life with an indulgent eye, and in very many cases to digest his food very much more efficiently than had water been his sole drink. I do not, however, think that the old custom at Uppingham and elsewhere of giving boys beer to drink with their meals was a good one. Personally I love beer, but I am very intolerant of it, and under its influence I developed lumbago in my early days at Uppingham. The first time it attacked me I was long-stopping at

cricket and fell to the ground as if shot. Knowing nothing of beer and its evils, nothing of gout and rheumatism, my first thought was that the end of the world had arrived, and I gazed anxiously at the sky to mark future developments. I thought I had been struck with something, and I was about to hear the reading of all my sins from the "Great Book," which my nurse had told me to expect to hear read when the end of the world came.

At Uppingham we were all taught by Professor D'Orsay to read before the whole school assembled in the big schoolroom. Every boy had to select something of prose or verse and to read it so that people at the end of the huge room could hear him. I attribute the fact that I personally have always been able to make people hear me when lecturing or speaking in public to this early training. D'Orsay used to teach us to pronounce our final consonants, and he also used to show us how stuttering could be temporarily cured by the stuttrer beating time with his finger. The stuttrer can always sing a song without stuttering.

Some of the boys used to choose odd subjects for reading. Thring could never bear anything about Eugene Aram, and so the new boy was often counselled to read :

" And four and twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school."

" Three o'clock," shouted Mr. Thring, which meant that the boy had to come in and have special instruction instead of having his half-holiday.

It is a great thing to learn early to face an audience and not to think of your enemies in it, to be unconscious of their personal disapprobation and to speak well and clearly. I think the best way is, as it were, to address one person in the audience. When you talk naturally, you are never at a loss for an accusative

to follow a verb, or even for an appropriate adjective, because you are speaking to one person and your sub-conscious mind automatically manages grammar and other necessary things for you. People blush, stammer and become self-conscious because they do not do this. One of the most painful instances of this that I ever remember occurred to a great friend of mine, Dr. Wilson, who was lost with Captain Scott in his last Antarctic expedition. He attended our St. George's Hospital dinner and sat next to me, after his first Antarctic experience. A year previously, knowing that he was in the Antarctic, we of the dinner had sent him a message of greeting. The next year he had to respond to the toast of his health. He rose, was vehemently cheered by every one, and could not speak one single word. I whispered to him, "Tell them how glad you were to receive their message last year when you were in the Antarctic." There was "nothing doing" and he had to sit down. Had he thought that he had to speak to but one person, there would have been no dumbness, and any emotion that he might have felt could have been controlled. It was the sea of faces, the universal cheering, the horrible thought that he had to say something to please and, if possible, amuse these two hundred people that made him, for the time being, incapable of effort. Had he been taught at school by a D'Orsay to speak before over four hundred boys and thirty masters, that experience would have pulled him through when he had to speak later in life to two hundred men. I have in my possession two of Wilson's wonderful water-colour paintings; one, showing the Great Ice Barrier, I bought when he exhibited them in Bruton Street. When he heard I had bought this, he very kindly gave me the other one of Mount Longstaffe, which was then the land "farthest south." On one occasion I asked Wilson,

“ Did you not get very tired of the ice and snow in the Antarctic? What did you think about? ” He replied, “ I saw enough to keep me thinking all the rest of my life.”

It is only recently that, on reading Mr. Thring's “ Life,” I found that, in certain letters to one of his masters, he spoke of two boys, T. and W. He was telling the master that if W. would not conform to the rules of the school, he ought to be punished rather than expelled, because expulsion might be taken to mean that the masters were unable to control him. He goes on to say, “. . . as to what you say about his pernicious influence on other boys, I do not think he is to be compared with T. and he is quite beyond reach.” I know who W. was—the boy who refused to be flogged three days running, and I am sure I was T. who refused to be bullied by my housemaster, the late head of the gaol. I was “ beyond reach ” because, unfortunately for the masters, I was right and could not be punished without scandal. I take this “ quite beyond reach ” rather as a compliment. Another compliment was paid me by a Jew book-maker, a horrible-looking person who showed his canine teeth. He tried to lay me a short price, and I said, “ I shan't bet with you unless you lay proper prices.” “ It ain't no catch a-betting with *you*,” said he—a very high compliment as to my judgment. I have always been very fond of children, and they luckily usually take to me. I once went to see the little child of a Dorsetshire labourer, and when I came away the mother said to me, “ Well, you are a well-mannered one, you are.” I was and am very proud of that compliment. A most delightful compliment paid to me by a child was his remark to his mother, “ What a nice toy Mr. Turner is.”

I don't want it to be thought that I do not in any way respect and venerate Mr. Thring's memory.

He was really a *great* man. If he was occasionally unjust—it was not *his* injustice—and it was his loyalty and belief in his colleagues and subordinates that led him astray. He was “thorough” in everything he did, and there were no half measures for him. There is a good deal in the saying that he was “the last Christian.” In his own words he always tried “to walk with Christ.”

He had a far-reaching influence for good on all Uppingham boys.

I am afraid I come of obstinate stock ; just as my ancestor Bishop Trelawney resisted James II. when he thought he was right—so I as a boy dared to resist the majesty of Thring and the masters when I thought they were wrong.

## CHAPTER III

### STUDENT DAYS

I LEFT Uppingham in 1872, when I was sixteen years old, and was glad to do so. I do not go quite so far as Bernard Shaw in describing schools as prisons, but our house at Uppingham was something like one to me, and we had our ex-gaoler as superintendent.

Before entering St. George's Hospital, I had to pass a qualifying examination for the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons. I attended lectures in chemistry during 1872, but did not formally enter the Hospital until May 1873.

The Hospital School was in a very flourishing condition at that time, with nearly two hundred students and a staff of great prestige. The surgeons were perhaps better known to the public than the physicians, and were a distinguished lot of men. Like other men they had their foibles and peculiarities, and as in all hospitals, there was a certain amount of jealousy amongst them. To an impartial spectator it was amusing to hear the surgical skill of a colleague criticised, because of certain irregularities at his birth. It is a fact that one surgeon in speaking of a senior colleague and questioning his opinion on a case, went so far as to say to a medical practitioner outside the hospital, "and he too a bastard," as if legitimacy or illegitimacy had anything to do with the value of a professional opinion.

One of our surgeons was the son of Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, who commanded, in 1842, our

punitive expedition into Afghanistan. He dressed in black with a neat little black bow tie, and on one occasion his dignity was much offended by being taken for an undertaker by a poor woman who had come up to the hospital to make a complaint. My friend George J. Romanes knew Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the first Afghanistan Expedition, and the central figure of the painting by Miss Thompson, called, I think, "The Remnant of an Army," showing him riding alone in an exhausted condition into Jellalabad. He had been badly wounded and was faint from loss of blood. Two Afghans had been left to dispatch him. One of them rode away, thinking his presence unnecessary. As the other approached him, Brydon swayed forward from exhaustion on to the holsters of his saddle. The Afghan, who had only a lance, thinking that Bryden was about to draw his pistol and shoot him, made off. When Romanes was a young man he used often to shoot with Brydon, who told him this story. Mr. Pollock did not wear a ring. On one occasion he looked at my fingers and said, "Ah, Turner, I am glad to see you don't wear a ring. *I don't wear a ring.* No good surgeon ever wore a ring." No less than three or more of his colleagues, to my certain knowledge, wore rings.

Another of our surgeons of world-wide reputation used to wear his waistcoats cut as a dress waistcoat is now. He had but one eye, and as he constantly was doing so-called "minor operations" without any gown to cover the whiteness of his shirt, the latter often looked like the wall-paper of a bedroom when he left, with red roses and stars on it.

There was another surgeon, a very clever man, who had a great opinion of the ancient method of stopping hæmorrhage by actual cautery—a heated iron. As he also had only one eye, some of his shots

with the iron used to catch the fingers of his assistant, whose looks of indignation and expostulation were perceived by the students, though not by the offending operator. His assistance was frequently required in the ward when some days after the operation the blood vessels used to start bleeding again—secondary hæmorrhage. He also had a passion for anatomical boots cut to the shape of his foot. He was one of the earliest of the proctologists, and could not keep his speciality out of even a consultation about a dislocated joint. A story was told of him, the truth of which I cannot vouch for, that as he knelt at the altar at his second marriage, when rather more than middle-aged, on the soles of his new anatomical boots was seen written, "This style 14/9."

The assistant surgeons were very good assistants and shone perhaps more when helping than when they came to the full staff. One of them had a difficulty in pronouncing an *h* in the middle of a word, which was unfortunate when in his lectures and demonstrations the word "adhesion" occurred.

There was also on the staff the son of the celebrated Dr. Lee, who first discovered and described the nerves of the uterus. It was related of him that, when in the board-room, one of the surgeons of his time, I think Sir Benjamin Brodie, said in his presence, "Thank God I know nothing of midwifery." Lee turned on him and said, "If you thank God, sir, for your ignorance, you have much to be thankful for."

The aural surgeon when I entered the Hospital was the late Sir William Dalby, who had a large practice and had Mr. Gladstone amongst his patients. He told me that latterly his practice never recovered from the effects of an illness he had, and subsequently went down to a fifth of his former earnings. It is a fatal thing for a surgeon, rising or otherwise, ever to be so indiscreet as to be ill himself. Medical

practitioners, the public and his colleagues do not forget it until some years have passed. I myself have experienced this, and more than a year after I had thoroughly recovered I was often greeted by, "Oh, I thought you were ill." Sir W. Dalby was a great character, and had a wealth of language of his own. He used sometimes to make his listeners tremble at the force of his oratory when in the presence of his patients, but he would relieve their apprehensions by saying, "My dear so-and-so, they cannot hear a d—— thing of what I am saying." Lip-language in those days was only just coming in.

The ophthalmic surgeon, Mr. Brudenell Carter, an extremely clever man who used to write leading articles for *The Times*, had a great command of words, was a first-class orator and used to tell tales as he was extracting a cataract or doing any other delicate operation on the eye. He published a book entitled *Defects of Vision*, which his rivals called "Carter's Defects."

The physicians at the Hospital, when I entered, were not perhaps quite so prominent in the medical world as the surgeons, though some of them held places of honour in the profession. One of them, Dr. Barclay, subsequently became President of the College of Physicians. He was a genial, courtly gentleman with a very good presence. A good presence is of more use to a physician than to a surgeon. You have to take more on trust in dealing with the workings of a physician's brain than you do when you see the results of a surgeon's hands. Dr. Barclay was very hospitable, and was a great advocate of a glass of sherry every night after dinner. He lived to a ripe old age, not hurting himself by this post-prandial pleasure. At this time water was a very unfashionable drink, and teetotalism was rare. One old gentleman of my acquaintance, a lawyer, used

every night to drink a bottle of claret at dinner and a bottle of sherry after dinner. He lived to be over eighty, but he combined these habits with the salutary one of walking every day from his house near Lancaster Gate to his office in Lincoln's Inn Fields and back again. There were no twopenny tubes or motor omnibuses to counteract the good effects of Shanks's mare. He had some Chateau Lafitte, meant in 1870 for Napoleon III, the best wine I ever tasted.

A great character and a great man was Dr. Howship Dickinson. He believed nothing was higher than medicine; few things lower than surgery. In fact, in an address he gave, he spoke of "these eviscerations and dismemberments that surgeons regard with such complacency, their patients with such inquietude." It was said that he made use of a stiff finger to produce "dullness" where he wanted dullness to be. He had, too, a habit of thinking aloud. On one occasion he was summoned into the country to see a sick child and was met by the authors of her being, both of them very ugly. When he went into the bedroom of the child, thinking aloud, he said, "Well, you are an ugly little devil! Just like your parents." The child was too young to resent this questioning of its beauty. The parents, however, were present, and naturally indignantly resented it.

There were many amusing traits in Dr. Dickinson's character. Although he had been instrumental in introducing a physician from another hospital on to the St. George's staff, he was always telling him at committee that what was good enough for his parent hospital was not good enough for Hyde Park Corner. The poor young physician used to blush and subside, whereas the proper treatment would have been to "answer back." Once at a Medical School Committee meeting he gave notice that he would bring

forward a proposal that only one of the surgeons should do abdominal operations. I was an ardent young surgeon only just elected, but I countered him by giving notice that I would propose that only one of the physicians should treat typhoid fever. He glared at me in astonishment, but withdrew his proposition, as I did mine. Ever afterwards he was my consistent supporter at that committee.

There is a disease in the early stages of which the patient suffers from megalomania—"swelled head." Dr. Dickinson, who often rather jumped at diagnosis, cross-examined an unfortunate crossing-sweeper by asking him, when he had found out his occupation, whether he thought he was a good crossing-sweeper. "I hope so, sir," said he very meekly. "There," said Dr. Dickinson, turning to the students as he walked away from the bed, "Boastful crossing-sweeper, G.P.I." The following story was told me of Dr. Dickinson and the truth of it was vouched for by a friend of mine, Beville by name. He was consulted by a gentleman who had a stone in the kidney. He was against an operation and advised the patient to go to Contrexeville. The patient, however, went to see Sir Henry Thompson, who told him he must have the stone removed and not go to Contrexeville. Undecided what to do, the patient returned to Dr. Dickinson to ask his advice again, and asked him, "Shall I go to Contrexeville?" "Contrexeville, Contrexeville," said Dickinson, "if you go there and you have not got a stone already, they will give you one"—quite forgetting his previous advice. Dickinson did not like his house-physician ever to make a diagnosis for him. On one occasion one of these gentlemen told him that there was a case of gout in his ward, and it so happened that this house-physician had been lecturing to a class of students on the case and had pointed out how typical was this

case of podagra—gout in the foot. Dickinson, irritated by the diagnosis having been made for him, said, "It is a case of rheumatism," and the house-physician looked rather an ass. Next day, however, our friend on coming to the case, said, "A typical case of gout; you will never see one more typical, gentlemen."

Differences of opinion between the house officers and the visiting staff must inevitably occur, but if the house officer is tactful he will never insist that his opinion is the right one. I know of one case in which an over-zealous young gentleman ruined his prospects of any future advancement by "maintaining his own opinion still." It was my fate once, by rare good luck rather than knowledge, to wipe the eye of one of my surgeons. He was a gentleman, generous and large-hearted, and he did not allow it in any way to hurt me, who had stumbled on the truth. The visiting staff are sometimes put on the wrong scent by their house officers. This happened twice in one day to one of our surgeons, who had been sent for to do an immediate operation on cases where it was absolutely unnecessary. In a third case the proper diagnosis had been made and operation *was* necessary. The surgeon was so confused, so suspicious of another error, that it was only after urgent pressing that he consented to operate, saying, "Well, I will operate, but it is not a hernia." It was a hernia this time, and only operation could have saved the life of the patient.

Consultations in those days were held in the wards of the Hospital, not as now in the operating theatre. There were many stories handed down by tradition about what had been said by present and past surgeons. On one occasion one of the surgeons, who had a large and fashionable practice, apologised for being late as he had been commanded to see a member of the Royal Family. "Ah," said a junior

colleague, "I too, to-day have had to do with royalty." His colleagues and the students looked at him with some wonder. "Yes," he said, "I saw the Duke of Cambridge's footman this morning." A learned judge has said, "Never give your reasons for your judgments." Edward Cutler, a surgeon at the Hospital in the fifties, was very good, so it was reported, at this. His opinion as to the prospects of a patient or the likelihood of an operation being any good was excellent, but he never gave his reasons. The nearest that he went to it was when, speaking of a patient at a consultation, he said, "I am damned if I know what is the matter with him, but he'll die."

The surgeons gave clinical lectures to the students, and it was from one of them that I learned the art of, as it were, addressing an individual when you are speaking or lecturing to a number of people. One day this gentleman was giving a lecture on all sorts of odds and ends of surgery, and illustrating his remarks by cases from his private practice, not mentioning, of course, the names of his patients but referring to them as an English duke, a French count, a Russian princess, and so on. He traced their troubled careers under the hands of other surgeons, but eventually "at last he came to me," and then, of course, "I put him right." He addressed me constantly, an earnest young student in the front row, and then he would turn and address some gentleman at the top of the theatre. Being plagued with a sense of humour, this "at last he came to me" was too much for my risible faculties, and when he had left me and had returned to the student in the gallery, I burst into suppressed laughter. The lecturer, turning round, fastened on an innocent first-year man who was smiling at me, and reproved him severely. The lecture was just at an end; I

went to this innocent student and said, "I must go and tell Z. that I was the culprit." "No," said this tactful young gentleman, "I will go and tell him that it was not I," and we left it at that. The lecturer, who had by this time quite recovered his temper, took the matter very nicely. He was a great friend to me in after life and helped me in many ways. Had he ever known that I had laughed at "at last he came to me," this might not have been the case.

The lecturer on chemistry when I first joined the hospital was first-rate, of a peppery temper, but a very amiable disposition. He thought the system of marking students for their attendance at lectures was absurd, so he constantly used to mark as present the whole class. He had a boy called Joe as an assistant, and to hear him say, "Joe, damn that boy, where is he?" reminded one of Wardle and the fat boy in the *Pickwick Papers*. His experiments did not always come off, as there was sometimes tinkering with the materials used by the attendant students. He was great at analysing beer.

In 1873 the students at St. George's were a varied lot. There was but a small sprinkling of University men, and these mainly from Cambridge, for at Oxford the then Regius Professor, an old St. George's man, did all he could to prevent the teaching of medicine catching on at Oxford, whilst at Cambridge Professor Humphry was doing all he could to make Cambridge a great medical school. We had a lot of public school men who came straight from school to the Hospital. Time spent at the University, if your ultimate destiny was pure surgery, was considered wasted because of the loss of seniority at the hospital that it involved. There were also a few students who had only just sufficient education to enable them to pass the very lenient tests that allowed them to

become medical students. For instance, later on, when I was demonstrator of anatomy, in an examination paper, in answer to a question on the anatomy of the eye, a student described the aqueous humour as a solid, consisting of various layers. He did not know that the word aqueous means watery. But whatever the student was when he came to St. George's Hospital, the greater proportion of his comrades being gentlemen, generally educated the uncouth in some ways as public schools and universities do.

The tall silk hat was *de rigueur*, and woe betide any student who came up to "the Corner" in a bowler. The offending hat was used as a football and the owner was lucky if he found any remaining fragments. In some less severe cases it was hidden and sent back to his diggings.

Before the days of the School Board, there were many "characters," especially amongst the poorer classes, though many emerged from those better educated. I have always blessed God for "characters," and regret the lack of them at the present day. Some were to be found amongst the students, but as a rule they failed in their examinations and never became qualified. One I remember contended that in an arctic temperature all the water inside him would become ice, although he would be alive and well.

Hospital nurses in those far-off days had none of the training that is given now. I remember one nurse who was a great favourite of the senior surgeon of the Hospital, who said of her in her presence, "This is the best nurse at St. George's Hospital, consequently the best nurse in London, and consequently the best nurse in the world." She used to sweep up the dust in the ward, and put it underneath the patients' beds. However, a great number

of them were empirically good and very conversant with sepsis. The night-nurses were not always watchful and awake. When I was house-surgeon and one night had been at a ball, on returning to the hospital at about 3 a.m. I went round the wards to see what the night nurses were doing. I found four of them asleep, and stood ten seconds or so by the side of each one before I woke her up. Three of them denied having been asleep, the other one admitted it and threw herself on the mercy of the court. I did not pursue the matter any further, and have no doubt that they were tired, and there was not then the compulsory day sleep for night-nurses.

Modern nurses are well trained and have to pass examinations. I should like here to say a word against excessive and repeated washing of patients. A patient of mine at St. George's had a fractured thigh which would not unite. I could not tell why this was so, until one afternoon on going through the ward I saw screens round his bed and found two nurses washing his back. They had twisted the broken thigh at the seat of fracture right round. When this back-washing was stopped the broken bone soon united. After some operations immobility is absolutely essential. I ordered this in one very serious abdominal operation case. Four days after the operation the patient and nurse laughed together at 7 a.m. at my apprehensions; when I called at 9 a.m. the patient was dead from hæmorrhage that started when he was turned over to have his back washed.

Nurses with hair on their heads and caps on their hair are not very susceptible to draughts. I have known their patients suffer from this. Nurses seem, too, to be very tolerant of hot water. I have only just avoided scalding myself on several occasions. There is no comparison between them and male

nurses ; the women are so much better. I had experience of this during the war. I had a very painful abscess by the side of the eye. An orderly was told off to give me hot fomentations during the night. At 11 p.m., trying to sleep, I closed my eyes, heard him tip-toe out of the room, and he never came near me again. I insisted that one of my own London nurses should look after me, and this was done, in spite of the initial protests of the naval authorities.

Some of the porters at the Hospital were great characters. You might make any request you liked to Alfred, the hall-porter, and he would say, " Yes, sir, it shall be done," and very rarely, if ever, it was not done. One of the porters in the male surgery was an old guardsman John, who had fought at Inkermann, and who used to compare that blood-stained field with the male surgery. His actual words were, " The b—— Battle of Inkermann ain't in it with the b—— male surgery." His successor Tricky was a man who acquired extraordinary dexterity in the treatment of minor surgical ailments and emergencies, and was often a very present help in trouble to the young house-surgeon, commencing his work as resident. In the same way the head nurse or sister of the female surgery, from her immense practice, became similarly dexterous. The anatomical porter was also a great character, with a pretty shrewd idea of the capacity, pecuniary or otherwise, of the individual students. His wife did not know the exact position that he occupied (not altogether a pleasant or nice profession), and her eyes were only enlightened by the laboratory boy who had a feud with Richard. The latter admitted that he had made one mistake in his life, when a French professor came over to show a new apparatus for the transfusion of blood. Richard allowed another porter to be the

subject of experiment before a crowded theatre of students and doctors. At the subsequent collection nearly four pounds was obtained as a reward for this man giving some five or six ounces of his blood. Richard was most annoyed that this good money had gone astray.

Old St. George's men must remember with respect Lowe the librarian, who ticked off their attendances at lectures. He was unbribable and most conscientious. Before his time many a student was signed up who had *not* attended the required number.

He used to supplement his income by being a waiter at night. My mother often availed herself of his services, and after a large ball that she had given she was very much surprised by the moderation of the champagne consumption, but Lowe, who was at the head of this department, told her that every waiter always took one or two bottles away with him and they had not done so on this occasion.

He eventually died in St. George's Hospital. In the obituary notice it was said that he would have liked to die there. I should query this. It rather reminded me of a sporting scribe who spoke of the appropriateness of Captain Machell's burial "beneath the turf he loved so well."

## CHAPTER IV

### ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL

THE Governors of St. George's fifty years ago were largely the denizens of Belgravia and Mayfair. All had the privilege of attending the weekly Board of Management, and it was not uncommon to have two or three dukes, five or six noble lords, sitting at the Board Room table. The people of Belgravia and Mayfair subscribed, some of them handsomely, to the Hospital, and no hospital was more hurt by the institution of King Edward VII's Hospital Fund than St. George's. I remember myself one dear old lady, a great friend of mine, who had been in the habit of subscribing to St. George's, saying to me, "You don't mind, dear George, I hope, if I leave off subscribing to St. George's, and give my subscription to the King's Fund." That, I think, was the case of a fair number of the aristocracy. The hospitals in the East End and remote parts of London have benefited much more than St. George's. I am not denying for a moment but what the King's Fund is an admirable institution and that much more money is given nowadays to Hospital Charity because of the institution of this and similar funds than was given in olden days, but also it must be remembered that much more money has now to be spent than was formerly the case. It was not necessary in the days that I am speaking about for a patient to be X-rayed, to have a bismuth meal, to have his blood-pressure tested, to have a vaccine, to have costly preparation of costly dressings. Everything in surgery was

simple and septic. In medicine, much was guessed at that now can be certainly diagnosed. Not to know what was the matter was often the case in olden days. Nowadays, we nearly always know what is the matter with people, but to know what is the matter may be, and often is, an expensive proceeding for a private patient.

Elections to the Hospital staff of the medical officers were carried out by a vote of all the governors, a method not nearly so good as when election is made from a limited few recommended by those who are in the best position to know their merits—the medical staff. The old system had its abuses. It was said that in Sir Benjamin Brodie's time, he absolutely "ruled the roost": his nominee was always elected. The modern method may also be criticised, for if amongst the candidates there is a man of marked character and ability, he very possibly may have trodden on the corns of one of the few who now have the selection in their hands. I have known such cases. In one, a candidate had been the joint author of a medical pantomime, in which several of his seniors were ridiculed in verse more or less appropriate and true. He was eventually elected, but a dead set was made against him by those whom he had caricatured. In another instance a prominent and talented physician was not elected because his father was a homeopath. This was to the great detriment of the Hospital, as the man selected could hardly be called his equal, and it was a visiting of the sins of the father upon the son with a vengeance. The defeated candidate was elected physician to another large London hospital, to the great loss of St. George's, and made a great name for himself.

In former days at King's College Hospital the candidates for election were asked if they were ready to sign the Thirty-nine Articles.

When a St. George's man, McHardy by name, was asked this question on his election as Ophthalmic Surgeon—he answered “Forty if you like.”

McHardy was the grandson of Nelson's signal lieutenant at Trafalgar, and told me that his grandfather had gone down to Nelson's cabin about altering the word “confides” into “expects” in the celebrated signal. Nelson was on his knees engaged in prayer. The lieutenant was about to retire when Nelson got up and said, “What is it? Duty first.” And when told agreed to the alteration of the word.

The work of the Hospital was done by the secretary, and one of the treasurers. The lay governors sat on committees.

I remember one amusing case of a governor who took great interest in the case of a fair dancer patient when fair dancers were not nearly so numerous as they are now. He sent her champagne and other delicacies, of which she was not allowed to partake. This unseemly kindness offended the puritan spirit of the Victorian age and the peccant old gentleman was duly tried, and I think reprimanded by his fellow governors. He attributed his conduct to the dictates of humanity rather than to the love of the beautiful.

The treasurers of St. George's Hospital, when I first joined, were the Dukes of Westminster and Richmond and Colonel Haygarth. The latter was the man who did all the work. He had been an officer in the Guards and was wounded at the Battle of Alma. One day he told me how he was wounded. He saw a Russian about to bayonet a brother officer, so he snatched up a rifle and shot him. At almost the same moment he himself was shot in the thigh and shoulder. Very curiously, on the evening of that day I was looking over some old letters written by an uncle of mine, who was in the Crimea with the Guards,



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in which he told my father about Haygarth, and said that he was then at Malta doing well.

The chief work of the Hospital fifty years ago was done by the secretary and the resident medical officer. The day of energetic treasurers like Sydney Holland (now Lord Knutsford) had not dawned, and there was very much less individual advertisement of hospitals than there is at the present time. When Colonel Haygarth resigned, he was succeeded, for a short time, by Mr. Moss, after whom came Mr. Timothy Holmes, who had been surgeon to the Hospital. Mr. Holmes was a capable treasurer, but perhaps a little old for his office. He was a man of rigid morality himself, but when it was a question of the employment of an expert (not medical) about some considerable hospital work, and it was pointed out by the "unco guid" that this gentleman had figured in the divorce court, Mr. Holmes said, "Eh! but I don't see that that will make him any the worse at his work," and he was appointed to do the job.

After Mr. Holmes, who was assisted during the latter part of his office by Mr. West, as deputy treasurer, there came the great controversy as to whether St. George's Hospital should remain where it is, or be removed to the wilds of Clapham and Streatham, or some suburban place. This split the governors into two opposing factions. The staff of the Hospital, with two exceptions, were strongly in favour of remaining at Hyde Park Corner. The struggle went on for some years, not to the benefit of the Hospital, and engendered a good deal of ill-feeling. The difficulties of removal were and are almost unsurmountable. The Hospital in those days was built on ground, part of which belonged to the governors of the Hospital, part held by them on an ordinary tenancy from the Duke of Westminster, and part held also from him but on a peppercorn lease,

so long as it was used as a hospital. The value of the site was estimated at anything up to half a million of money. We who were opposed to its removal offered our antagonists to advertise it for a year, confident as we were that no adequate offer would be received. This confidence was justified. The best offer made was one of about £300,000, but the security even for this money was not thought to be sufficient. All thought of removal of the Hospital has long been abandoned. If St. George's had been taken away from Hyde Park Corner, there would have been no hospital between Charing Cross and Westminster and the West London Hospital, and it was admitted then by those who wished to remove it from its site, that some receiving station for accidents and urgent cases at Hyde Park Corner was necessary.

I believe too, myself, that removal would have wrecked the School entirely. The perpetual talking about removal, for years did both School and Hospital an infinity of harm.

St. George's is now run like most other large hospitals, by a deputy treasurer, who does much of the work that in former years was relegated to the secretary, and is ruled by a House Committee which has taken on the functions of the open board that used to exist, and out of its members are composed all the various sub-committees, such as nursing, finance, and so on. This makes for expedition of work, but I am not sure that in some ways it is not a bad thing. A much larger number of influential people in the old days took a personal interest in the well-being of St. George's.

The medical and surgical work of the Hospital when I joined was absolutely different from the medical and surgical work that goes on there now. I suppose there has never been such a revolution of methods and abandonment of old rule-of-thumb ideas

in favour of more scientific and accurate diagnosis and treatment. I can speak most of surgery, as that has been my life-long vocation. The surgery of the seventies and even the early eighties was dirty and septic, and we who had to do with this class of work learnt many a wrinkle of how to deal with septic cases. Nothing impressed me more during my work in the Great War than the ignorance of the younger generation of surgeons, who had been brought up on antiseptic or aseptic surgery, of what it was necessary to do when a case went septic. There was, through the nature of the wounds, a great deal of sepsis during the late War, which eventually was treated by the practice of cutting away all the infected parts. This practice did not obtain recognition in the early days of the War.

The operations in the early seventies were done by the surgeons, in dirty overall coats, seldom washed, and sometimes the more bloodstained they were, the more proud was the operator. The wonder is that so many people survived. There arose in consequence of this septicity, a school of surgeons who were for leaving things alone, and only operating in cases of urgency.

Even when I was house-surgeon in 1879, one never wore the clean, white, washable coat, and india-rubber gloves were not known. One used to have various things like needles, hair-lip pins, artery forceps, silk waxed ligatures stuck about one's coat buttonhole with an utter disregard of possible sepsis. Lister, indeed, had to clear out an Augean stable, and like all reformers was assailed by misrepresentation and even abuse. The seniors especially were dead against the germ theory of diseases and all that it entailed. We, the younger men, used occasionally anyhow to go down to King's College Hospital and watch Lister operate, the seniors never, and yet they had the

audacity, with an exceedingly incomplete knowledge of the so-called antiseptic methods, to approach operations the success of which entirely depended on asepsis. I have seen, myself, a surgeon during the performance of a delicate operation on the knee joint, take his unwashed hand from his trouser pocket and put it into the operation wound, and then they wondered that these wounds suppurated, and attributed the failure of the operation, not to their uncleanness, but to errors in the method of treatment advocated by Lister.

The latter was constantly placed in a very delicate position, when his opinion as to the advisability of an operation was asked. The answer should have been, "The operation should be done if I do it. You are not capable of doing it." This was too hard a thing for a man of Lister's modest temperament to say directly, and so operations had to be forbidden, instead of done by a competent antiseptic surgeon. There never was a more modest man than Lister, yet strangely enough in his senile days he became obsessed with the idea that his services to science and humanity had not been adequately recognised by the profession.

Lister, at the Medical Society in 1882, was cheered when he showed his then marvellous results of operation on the patella (knee-cap). He paused and said, "Thank you, gentlemen, for that cheer; it is the first I have had since I came to London five years ago." I read a paper at the Clinical Society on the first fifty of such cases which showed that other surgeons could not do as Lister did. Lister was kind enough to attend and speak. The older surgeons talked a lot of nonsense which must have been very aggravating to Lister. But all pioneers are at first misunderstood and abused. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was an instance of this. As I ventured to say in an introductory address

that I gave at St. George's in 1898, he had saved more lives than the mightiest soldier has ever caused to be sacrificed, and all the modern aseptic treatment with its certain results and hugely enlarged fields of possibility, all this is due to the genius of Lister putting Pasteur's discoveries about fermentation to the practical aid of surgery.

Just occasionally, even in the seventies, there was an accidental aseptic case, but as a rule there was what was called traumatic fever after an operation, and one of the qualities of a good surgeon, was to find out and to know whether his patient was a good subject for operation. There is sometimes, perhaps, something mental in this. Mr. Brudenell Carter, who served in the Crimea, told me the story of a sergeant in the Guards who got a gun-shot wound of the knee-joint, in those days supposed to be a mortal wound. He was informed, in answer to a question of his, that his chances of recovery were not great, but when next visited by his surgeon, he was doing unexpectedly well, and he said to the medical officer, "I have been thinking over what you told me, sir, but I have decided that I mean to get well, and see the old woman and my children again." He did recover.

Sir James Paget in one of his excellent lectures, and I never heard a finer lecturer, described how a prominent politician of the Georgian period had an operation performed for a tumour near the hip. He died of sepsis, and Paget was inclined to attribute this to the fact that he approached the operation "without hope and without fear." Personally I cannot agree with this conclusion. The old saying, "Good healing flesh" had a great deal of meaning in the old septic days. Later on, many a time, when my patients have told me that "mine is such a good healing flesh," I have explained to them that

modern aseptic surgery makes the possession of this virtue of quite secondary advantage.

The hospital patients of those days were taken from a lower social order than one finds in hospitals nowadays. Some were great characters and some could neither read nor write, but those people who could neither read nor write were often very excellent observers of human nature and effects, and many an apt and witty remark would often come from the person who was "no scholar." The British workman in those days had but one desire—to get well quickly, to return to his work, and once more to support his wife and family. Malingerers stretching out their periods of "total and partial disability" were few and far between. There were, it is true, even then some patients who enjoyed their ill health and convalescence after an operation. Modern surgery sometimes gets patients well all too quickly for their desire. In Lancashire, I believe that when a young man asks the Lancashire lass in holy matrimony she replies, "Oh, yes, I will marry you, Jack, but you must give me my dues of courting." In the same way some people want their dues of operation. I remember well an old servant of my mother-in-law's who demanded these dues for six months, although her wound had healed and she was perfectly well at the end of two weeks.

The floors of the Hospital were very irregular and, I think, made of oak. I have known of more than one case of broken leg from a slippery floor. We had amongst the visiting governors a gallant Admiral, Pearce by name, who had lost his leg in the Crimea, and who used to walk about on a wooden one. When all the Hospital was re-floored, I think, with polished teak, the Admiral could no longer stick it with his wooden leg, and gave up attending St. George's, to the great regret of his fellow governors and the

medical staff with whom he was deservedly popular. He told me of some of the rough-and-ready surgery in the Navy in Crimean periods, when it was the fashion to open a glandular abscess in a barbarous way, by the insertion of a sharp hook and pulling it out with but little reference to anatomy or risk.

One patient distressed and amused me very much, when during a minor operation that was being effected with but moderate skill without any anæsthetic, he turned his eyes heavenwards and said, "Good Lord, help Dr. Tomkins." I was not Tomkins.

There was one patient, a chronic grumbler at everything and everybody, who finally had an operation performed on him, and he was approached by the house-surgeon one morning, who said in a chaffing way, "Well, what have you got to grumble about this morning?" "Well, sir," said the man, "is this the right thing for me to have in my dressings?" And a scalpel (a small surgical knife) had accidentally been enclosed within his bandages close to the wound.

The neighbourhood of St. George's was quite different in those old days from what it is now, and there were some very fine slums about Sloane Street, and it was from this neighbourhood that many of the maternity cases came. Students had to look after patients under the supervision of a resident obstetric officer who lived at the Hospital, and sometimes made very curious mistakes. There was one student, not very blessed with brains, who was unremitting in his attentions to a patient who produced a baby *one month* after he had sat up two nights running in the immediate anticipation of this event.

Human nature is the same in all walks of life, and the dear old lady out-patients of those days used to want in a minor degree what more exalted ladies, believing in tonics and drugs, accepted from a private doctor. I am afraid that I constantly used to take

refuge in prescribing a white mixture something like Epsom salts. One day one of these ladies came to seek my advice and I asked after her friend and whether she took my medicine, "Oh, yes, sir," said she, "she do treasure it up like gold."

Long afterwards when I was surgeon to the Hospital I had under my care a little boy on whom I had done an abdominal operation. He had to be fed artificially. On one occasion, just at the other patients' dinner hour, when this proceeding was over, he turned to the nurse and said, "I suppose now nurse, I ought to say Grace."

## CHAPTER V

### ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL—*continued*

ALTHOUGH I had been so lazy and good-for-nothing at school, when I went to St. George's Hospital I worked almost as hard as it is possible for any one to do. Starting at nine o'clock in the morning at St. George's Hospital, I remained there at work until four, except for half an hour for luncheon. Walked across the Park to my father's house, read from half-past four to half-past seven, started again at nine o'clock and read always till half-past twelve or one, sometimes as late as three a.m. I practically took no holidays except for football on Saturdays; sometimes on a Wednesday afternoon, but not often. I used to run at Lillie Bridge, which was then the great athletic ground. I do not suppose that my amusements cost my father £10 in the year. One of my friends at the Hospital, astonished at the hours that I was able to work, said to me, "Why, Turner, you work like a German." The result of this work was that theoretically I knew my subjects almost by heart, and whilst I was a student I was lucky enough to win every prize and scholarship that I entered for, in one case beating some one a year senior to myself for what we called the "Big William Brown Scholarship." When I eventually, in 1880, at the age of twenty-five, passed my final Fellowship examination, Mr. Holmes, one of the examiners, told my father that I was first of all the candidates up for examination.

When I obtained the Licentiatehip of the Royal

College of Physicians, the President, before reading out the names of the successful candidates, said, "The examiners desire to express their appreciation of the way in which Mr. Turner has passed his examination." I believe I got full marks for every subject.

All this was a very marked difference from my career at Uppingham, where masters tried to drive one to work at uncongenial subjects, gave little or no encouragement, and took little if any interest in any individual boy's success or failure.

My memory was good, and I attributed my success to this and hard work rather than to intellectual ability. Very few students physically could have worked as much as I did, and I started fresh, not tired from work at school.

Very early in my career I had to teach other people, for having obtained the prize in anatomy in my second year, I was made assistant demonstrator of anatomy, and a year afterwards, senior demonstrator, and had, whilst still a student, to give a course of lectures on osteology (bones).

Medical students traditionally have high spirits. I never had any difficulty with them except on one occasion when a young gentleman, who afterwards played football for England, threw a paper dart across the lecture theatre. I asked him to leave the theatre and reminded him that perhaps six months previously, such an incident might have been followed at school by a flogging, but at the Hospital one had to depend on the good taste and good feeling of the students for the maintenance of order during lectures. He was a very good fellow, and apologised.

Almost as soon as I was qualified, I was elected assistant house-surgeon and six months afterwards house-surgeon to the Hospital, living there for a year of my life, and having to render first aid to all

the casualties and look after one half of the surgical patients in the Hospital.

The public has often a mistaken idea of what constitutes a house surgeon. His duties are onerous and responsible, but at his back he always has the visiting surgeon, for whom he can send in cases of necessity, and who visits the hospital nowadays almost daily, in my time about three times a week, and superintends all the surgical cases in the hospital. The house-surgeon is an understudy not a chief surgeon; but in emergencies in my time, he had constantly to perform critical operations. Nowadays, as a rule, there is a resident surgeon who does such things.

After my time as house-surgeon had ceased, I was appointed senior demonstrator of anatomy, and later on, surgical registrar and anæsthetist.

As surgical registrar one had to take notes of all the surgical cases admitted into the Hospital, an arduous, sisyphus-like undertaking. I held this post for two years and it trained me in the methods of cross-examination. The difficulty to get the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth from a patient, is as great as that which a counsel experiences with a witness in a court of law.

I gave anæsthetics about a thousand times and am thankful to say I never had a death or any anxiety. Much less was made in those days of the giving of anæsthetics. In Edinburgh, students—non-qualified men—used to give them. This, however, I believe to be a dangerous practice, especially with chloroform. I was in Edinburgh some two or three months and by the kindness of Mr. Annandale and Mr. John Chiene, I followed the surgical practice at the Infirmary there, and certainly on five or six occasions I saw the surgeon stop in his operation and come to the assistance of the student who was giving the

anæsthetic—either too much or too little. Nowadays, very properly, the importance of the anæsthetist is not forgotten; indeed, I have known a physician anæsthetist who thought an anæsthetist was the highest act of God. He could see no wrong even when I complained to him that one of his juniors had left my patient to whom he was giving an anæsthetic, and went for a chat with a friend in a neighbouring room. During his temporary disappearance, I ceased my operation and waited until he came back. Howsoever well a patient may be under an anæsthetic, sudden vomiting may be fatal in an unattended case.

Whilst I was waiting, heir apparent to the visiting staff of St. George's, I was lucky enough to be elected visiting surgeon to the Dreadnought Hospital at Greenwich, where I had the care of some seventy beds. It was some six months after I had obtained my Fellowship, and I was only twenty-five years of age. I used to visit this hospital for over seventeen years twice a week, until I became full surgeon at St. George's Hospital.

At the time of the institution of the School for Tropical Medicine at the Albert Docks, the committee of the Seamen's Hospital Society made and published their plans without consulting the staff of the Dreadnought. Although they advertised the fact that we were all to teach, the only medical officer who was consulted was one physician not connected with the parent institution, and this was done secretly. I do not want to rake up an old controversy, but as a result of the committee's high-handed proceedings the whole of the medical staff of the Dreadnought resigned, and feeling in the medical profession was for a time so strong that it was difficult to find any one to fill their places.

In all, I was thirty years on the visiting staff of St. George's Hospital. Ten years as assistant surgeon

and twenty as full surgeon, from 1887 to 1918. This was the time when, owing to Lister's discoveries and teaching, surgery was revolutionised and all sorts of pioneer work was done, so we surgeons of that period had, whether we liked it or not, to be pioneers, and constantly had to approach operations that we had never seen performed before, and sometimes had to initiate others that had never been done before. Matters had so improved that before the War many of the younger surgeons hardly knew what sepsis was and had little or no experience of septic conditions. The War wounds, however, were some of them septic *ab initio* and others became septic from the lapse of time before they were treated, so that great as aseptic surgery is and was, antiseptic surgery had to be largely revived, and there was, in many cases of necessity, a reversion to antiseptics which had been almost given up.

Since 1918 I have been consulting surgeon to the Hospital, a purely honorary post, but I have retained my connection with it as a member of the house and other committees of management.

Now (1930) after fifty years' service as a governor of St. George's Hospital I have resigned my post on the House Committee, and being a medical man have received no thanks of any description. Had I been a layman all sorts of flowers of rhetoric would have been laid on my committee tomb.

It was the custom to collect cases of interest and send them up to the College of Surgeons to be examined by the candidates who were up for their degrees. Each patient spent the day there, had a good dinner, and was given five shillings.

On one occasion I had enumerated and explained all these advantages to a young man and had succeeded in persuading him to go and be examined by the "young doctors."

Just as I was leaving the ward, I felt my arm plucked, and turning round saw that I had been followed by the patient, who said, "I say, no cutting!"

He was in doubt as to whether he was to be cut and carved, as Mrs. Raddle would have said, by the young doctors.

Most of the cases sent up returned full of pride in the mysterious nature of their disorders that had puzzled so many of the faculty.

The place where the residents live at St. George's, although it is 1, St. George's Place, is still termed "The Cottage." The original St. George's Hospital was Lanesborough House, and in its neighbourhood was a cottage in which the residents lived. Whilst I was in "The Cottage," we were each provided with a tumbler of milk for supper, about 9 p.m., that was placed on the tables in our rooms. One of us, the obstetric assistant, had a habit of visiting the other rooms as he passed upstairs to his own on the top floor, and not uncommonly he would say, "Ha, milk" and take up another man's tumbler and drink it, pass up to another storey and repeat the process with the same apparent wonder that the tumbler was on the table. This went on for some little time, when it was thought advisable to put a little tartar emetic in the tumblers of those who occupied the two lower rooms. The gentleman fell into the trap, and after his pint of doctored milk began to wonder why he felt so ill. Milk afterwards was a sacred thing to him and he never touched it. This tartar emetic was commonly given to those who came into the Hospital drunk and sometimes disorderly, and it was curious and interesting to see their gradual loss of hilarity, and their approach to the mental and bodily condition that one usually sees on board ship during a gale.

In the olden days, the fashionable doctor who rolled about in his brougham with a pair of horses was often very ignorant of his profession. A good presence and a good bedside manner were sometimes of greater use than scientific knowledge. In London, too, when in difficulties he could always call in a second opinion. One of these gentry, whose bulletins about the condition of a certain well-known duchess were every day in *The Times* and *Morning Post*, used to come in the evening to "The Cottage," and in a friendly way pick the brains of the resident house physicians. We house-surgeons were not honoured in this fashion. The comparatively ignorant surgeon in private practice who undertook operations used to get some assistant surgeon connected with a large hospital to see him through. I may say that a clever assistant who saw that an inexperienced operator did what was told him, could guide even a student through most of the operations that were then done. It would be different nowadays, when operations are so highly specialised. It still remains a wicked thing for an inexperienced man to be brave and confident in himself at the expense of a trusting patient. During the War, it followed of necessity that many inexperienced surgeons had to operate in cases of emergency, but this should not be so in civil practice.

A surgeon sometimes operates not knowing of the secret intentions of his patients. Two of my patients, both colonels, told me afterwards that in case of the failure of my operation, they had made arrangements to commit suicide in the Surgical Home, one had some prussic acid, the other a revolver. Thank heaven, both did well. A nice thing for me if anything had gone wrong! It should be remembered that in any operation it depends on the surgeon, his assistants, the nurses, those who have charge of the instruments

and dressings and of the anæsthetic, whether a favourable result is achieved. If there is any want of cleanliness amongst some six different people, the blame will fall on the surgeon. I have often thought of this when reading Shakespeare's soliloquy of *Henry V*, "Upon the King, etc."

In the more restful times of old, with so many professional things to think of and to do, some of the older surgeons seldom went out and were not familiar with the jargon of social life and such things as games of cards. It is related that Mr. Whittaker Hulke, who was the son of the man who looked after the great Duke of Wellington, and was President of the College of Surgeons, was asked after dinner at a party whether he would "like a little nap." The old gentleman became very indignant, and said he did not want to sleep at all.

I remember assisting Mr. George Pollock at an examination of candidates for the R.A.M.C. It was at a time when the services were boycotted by the best of young medical men, and at first I did not tumble to the reason of the eccentricity of his marking. He would give 75 per cent. to a young doctor who looked a gentleman, and only 50 per cent. to a much more intelligent medico who did not look like a gentleman. They were all doctors, and he was choosing those that he thought would be best for the Army Medical Service. He was the son of a field-marshal himself, and no doubt knew what was desired by the "combatant" officers.

Mr. Pollock never left London for a holiday, and was of the opinion that a medical man should have no politics.

He once, when I was his house-surgeon, caught me laughing at him. He merely said to the students: "Well, Turner may laugh, but I am right all the same."

At one time I was surgical honorary secretary to

the Medical Society of London. One had to attend all the meetings, and being of a gouty habit of body I got all the gout specialists to read medical papers; the surgical papers, being a surgeon, interested me, and I took this method not to be bored by the physicians. One especially was all for a vegetable diet to ward off the ills of uric acid, but he could not answer Mr. P. J. Freyer's question—that if this was true, why did the rice eaters of India suffer so enormously from stone?—uric acid calculi—Freyer it was said received a £10,000 fee from a Maharajah and refused to refund this when urged to do so by the Indian Government. I don't know how far this is true, but he left the Indian Medical Service and was afterwards a successful London surgeon.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, still happily with us, was the president when I was secretary—and is a striking example of how not to grow old. I am not bad myself, when riding a motor-cycle at seventy-two from Brighton to London and back in a day, and driving a motor-car 220 miles without stopping, except for petrol.

I attribute any juvenility I may have to punching a ball and riding a home trainer nearly every morning. It does not take more than five or ten minutes, and you can laze the rest of the day.

Another admirable exercise for an old man is dancing. I took to it some eight years ago, cured a gouty knee that beat "the doctors" and became in many ways quite young again. One is sorry for May dancing with December, so I danced chiefly with lady instructresses. I always got a good partner and they were not wasting their time. I might be dancing still had not my best partner—a very charming lady—married and left London.

About high heels for women. When I was a student we were taught that they led to all sorts of

ills—internal displacements of important organs, etc. Nowadays my friend Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane openly advocates them, and that women should be *digiti-grade*—walk on their toes—rather than *plantigrade*—walk on the soles of their feet. Personally I don't mind so long as the toes are not cramped to fit the fine point of the shoe. The second toe should be the longest—not the great one—and all the muscles of the foot are grouped round a line drawn through its centre.

A shoe or boot should have a rounded toe and be without blocks.

Middle-aged people have a tendency to get stout. It does not do to interfere too much with nature. A doctor friend of mine boasted to me how he had taken off three stones. He looked it, the skin of his neck hung in great folds in its looseness. I was not surprised to hear soon after that he had been carried off by pneumonia. He had nothing to live upon, no fat to keep him alive.

There is a wrong kind of fatness that one sees in the self-indulgent and alcoholic—a flushed face—a big corporation, an enlarged liver, and thin legs. Carlsbad and abstinence are here the proper remedies. They are too lazy as a rule to take the sovereign remedy exercise, hence their “lean shanks” before they are “slipperd pantaloons.”

## CHAPTER VI

### ATHLETICS AND LAW

AFTER I left school I did a little running at the Star Grounds, Fulham, and subsequently became a life member of the Amateur Athletic Club, whose headquarters were at Lillie Bridge, under the superintendence of J. G. Chambers—the old Cambridge oar and coach. At Lillie Bridge we ran almost daily in all weathers and all seasons, and so kept fit and well. There are very few alive who can say that they ran at the Star, Lillie Bridge and Stamford Bridge. I did the latter at St. George's sports—when I was on the staff—in a veterans' race which I won, as the handicapper had forgotten or never known that when a student I had won the hurdle race at the United Hospital Athletic Sports three years running and had been second in the quarter of a mile, and had thought more of age than of my athletic past.

It is not often that one talks during a race—especially during a hurdle race—but on one of the occasions when I won at the United Hospital Sports an old schoolfellow and friend of mine, who was very anxious that St. George's should win the shield (which we did), came up to the penultimate hurdle and shouted at me to “come on.” I was jumping carefully to avoid a fall, and replied, in mid-air, “It is all right.”

The style of hurdling then was very different from what it is now. We did the *trois temps*, that is three strides between each hurdle, but the front leg was not

held as straight as it is now when striding over the hurdle. A man who did the course in sixteen seconds was a champion. Lord Burghley, I think, has done fourteen and two-fifths seconds, and this in 120 yards is an enormous difference. My mother came to see me run in the hurdle race I have described, but was so anxious that I should win she could not bear to look at it, so closed her eyes !

London all round Earl's Court has changed enormously ; as we walked to Lillie Bridge we had to pass a turnip field close to the station. There was a small iron church for the spiritual needs of the neighbourhood.

Professional running in the seventies had sunk to a very low ebb. There were still Sheffield Handicaps, where the stakes were good and betting fairly heavy. It was not always the professional runner who " pulled " himself. Constantly he did not know whether he was out to win or not, but his owner, the man who kept him during his training, would tell him to do all he could, and it was not until in the race itself he realised that he was running with a piece of metal in the sole of his running shoe. According to the weight of this, the " pro " was handicapped the necessary two, three, or four yards in the hundred. I once saw at Lillie Bridge, in a heat of a professional short-distance handicap, three runners, none of whom was " on the job." The cleverest stumbled and fell at the start. There was an apparent terrific contest between the other two until each of them realised the other was not trying. They then deliberately stopped and neither would break the worsted. Of course the heat was declared void, and all betting also. One of these competitors assumed a most injured air when he was booed and hissed by the crowd, but as he got behind the pavilion, I saw him burst into a fit of laughter. No wonder that pro-

professional running has not survived these practices. I am not saying for one moment that all professional running was of this nature. I knew several "pros" who used to act as trainers for us amateur athletes, whose career on the path had been without reproach, but I was told by one of them that the celebrated Indian "Deerfoot," who won a large number of long-distance races, ran against non-triers. When eventually our English runners were slipped against him and really tried, they had no difficulty in beating him. The advice of old Harry Andrews, the father of a very numerous family, "to eat light and run 'ungry," is very good, not only in running, but I think, in nearly all contests where hand and eye have to go together.

I was much amused at a criticism by one of these professionals, Bob Rogers, of the most beautiful lady in London. He could not appreciate the beauty of her classical features, nor could he put up with the whiteness of her complexion. "I like 'em," he said, "with a little bit of colour in 'em." This was before the days of the professional beauties.

Any lady who used rouge or powder to any extent was taboo—not respectable.

There was, however, a peeress who enamelled, rouged, and painted; when expostulated with, she defended herself by saying it made her "so beautiful that even the little boys in Sloane Street could not help looking at her."

I saw her walking there once—and everybody *did* look at her.

What a difference from the present day! But not so long ago I saw a gentleman, before he got to Newmarket, in a railway carriage, take a comb from his pocket and comb his moustache.

Lately there has been some discussion about the diet of Varsity rowing crews and athletes. What suits one man may not suit another. A nephew of mine,

of the lean kind, ran for Cambridge against Oxford in the cross country race. He was a natural runner, but he was trained to nothing—and badly dieted—so that he did not run up to his form in the Inter-Varsity contest. Had he run very little and eaten much more he would have done well. In my athletic days I ate and drank as I liked and had a very fair percentage of success, gaining in all some twenty-two prizes. My brother did well, but would have done much better if he had been less severe on himself. An old Uppinghamian who was running for Oxford in the mile stayed with us for the sports. On returning home after a long training walk, my brother said to him, "Are you going to have anything to drink, Chester? I'm not." Chester didn't, but ought to have, as he was not troubled with the superfluous.

I was once out shooting in Kent; a very celebrated Oxford oar was one of the party, and he ate a bottle of pickles, so his views on diet must have been liberal. I have heard that the coach of the Oxford crew had had trouble in restraining the natural instincts of this hefty gentleman when he was in training.

It is well said that every one at forty knows what is good for them, but I suppose we are learning in the twenties.

I was present at the hearing of the Tichborne case on two or three occasions, and well remember the fat, twenty-two stone man, Arthur Orton, the claimant. Providentially for him, he was eventually found guilty and served some years in Her Majesty's prisons, coming out, I believe, with the weight of some eleven stone, and living for some seven years or so afterwards. Had he not been imprisoned, he certainly would have died many years before he did of drink and fast living.

In court I heard Coleridge use his celebrated phrase "Would you be surprised to hear?"

I always rather admired the Tichborne claimant for his audacity, and his translation of *laus deo semper* as "the laws of God for ever" is worthy of any schoolboy.

He wrote down his philosophical reflections too, "that some men has plenty brains, some men has plenty money; surely those men with plenty money are made for those with plenty brains"—a quotation from Miss Braddon that leaves little to be desired.

I saw in court Mr. Henry Hawkins, who was eventually the celebrated judge in the Penge so-called mystery case. The victim, Mrs. Staunton, died of tubercular meningitis, one of the symptoms of which is extreme emaciation. Although she had food in her stomach, she was said by the local doctor to have died of starvation. The defence called in Dr. Bristowe, one of the leading physicians of London and author of a well-known text-book, to prove that tubercular meningitis was responsible for her death rather than any foul play on the part of the Stauntons. The Judge did not realise the value of this evidence as compared with that of the general practitioner, and the jury, under his direction, found the prisoners guilty. This created such an outcry in the medical profession that no less than 400 of them petitioned against the verdict and sentence. The latter was eventually altered to penal servitude—very hard lines on the Stauntons if, as I believe, they were guiltless.

It sometimes happens that legal authorities do not appreciate the difference between the evidence of a man like Dr. Bristowe, at the top of his profession, and any one of the hundreds who scrape through examinations and are qualified doctors, but often ignorant men. In the Services no one mistakes a general, colonel, or other officer for a private, nor do they make any error in distinguishing between admirals and captains and blue-jackets. Yet in the

medical profession, although there is no different uniform, no gold lace or stripes to distinguish them, there are as many ranks as there are in the fighting services.

I was once called but did not give evidence in an arbitration case. The "doctor" on the other side, in evidence, committed the most deliberate perjury. I said to our leading counsel, afterwards Mr. Justice Shearman, "This man is perjuring himself." "What do you expect?" said he; "an expert witness." The only mistake made here was that the gentleman forswearing himself was not expert in any single professional thing. It was with him, I fancy, like with the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*—"My poverty but not my will consents." Had the offender been cross-examined, or the matter referred to a medical jury, he would have had no chance whatever if he had been charged with perjury; not even his ignorance could have saved him.

Mistakes are often honestly made. A well-known lecturer and scientist was in a railway accident near Winchester, and claimed huge damages. His doctor certified "spinal concussion," a then fashionable surgical disorder. We had a consultation, and the case resolved itself into one of stone from which the claimant had been suffering for nineteen years! The doctor withdrew his spinal concussion unreservedly, and no harm to the insurance company resulted.

People with a hurt limb often hold it stiff. A case of this took in a well-meaning but not over-curious medical man who was prepared to swear to ankylosis of the ankle joint—permanent stiff joint.

The patient was quite honest. He held the ankle stiff when it was examined as he feared he was going to be hurt. But at a consultation before his case came on, when, with nobody touching him, I told him to move his ankle, he did it freely—to the amazement

of the ankylosis gentleman, and his case assumed quite a different aspect.

As consulting surgeon to the Railway Passenger Assurance Company I have done a good deal of insurance work. Hardly ever do companies not pay when they should do so, and very frequently do pay when they ought not to. They constantly pay for mistakes of the medical men who are looking after their clients. It is extraordinary how often adhesions are allowed to form after accidents, and how often they are overlooked by their creators. Again, too, it is often overlooked that gouty inflammation attacks injured parts, and that it is the undiagnosed gout that is delaying convalescence rather than remote effects of the injury.

The bone-setter scores from overlooked adhesions ; he says one or more bones are " out " and breaks down the adhesions. No bones are " out," but he has done what the surgeon ought to have done. It is true that occasionally the bone-setter has rushed in " where angels feared to tread " and irreparable mischief has resulted, *e.g.* a tubercular stiff joint. His mistakes are not trumpeted abroad. Every one hears of his successes. People insist on being " quacked " in medicine as in religion, and quack and patent remedies do sometimes score a bull's eye. The best remedy I have for my own gout is not in the pharmacopœia—and orthodox imitations of some patent medicine successes are usually inferior to those imitated. I could mention some from my own experience.

Real old-fashioned gout such as was prevalent in the port-wine days is now not nearly so common, but " goutiness " prevails where it is constantly overlooked, especially after injury. Many so-called golf, tennis, cricket accidents are purely gout on top of slight injury. Luckily massage and mechanical exercises are good for the uric acid diathesis and are

prescribed when no gout is suspected, but many a tardy recovery might be a quick one if the chief enemy were directly attacked by alkalies and colchicum.

A tipsy cook came up to the Hospital with a broken collar-bone. This was set and the arm confined to her side. She never came near me for more than six weeks. The kitchen-maid had been doing the cooking and the cook's injury had been kept dark from her master.

When I removed the bandages her fingers were absolutely stiff. She would not let me do anything for them, but some years afterwards, in Kensington Gardens, I was hailed by a female I did not know, who turned out to be the cook. All her fingers had perfectly recovered their utility.

Another operation case which I thought would result in a permanent stiff thumb got quite well by itself. The man was engaged in the making of submarine cables, "All thumb work, sir," as he said to me, "and that's why it got well," and he was quite right. The proper treatment of adhesions and the necessity of early movement to prevent their formation is not always known to the duly qualified but inexperienced.

My insurance work constantly brings home to me this curious ignorance of the legitimate profession on this subject. Every one ought to read Wharton Hood's book. It is one of the most educational that I know of, and but little read or acted upon.

Good insurance companies hardly ever go to the law courts and as they would be appealing to a verdict of a common mixed jury it is well that they don't. Were the jury a jury of medical men to determine a medical or surgical question all would be well. Arbitration is resorted to in nearly all cases, and on the whole substantial justice is done. I have

always held the view that when I appeared it was not as an advocate of my company, but as one whose object was to tell the whole surgical truth and to do what I could to get a really just decision. The arbitrators have nearly invariably taken my view.

Be it said with all respect and submission, I do not bow to supermen or even to the House of Lords in the judgment of medical facts, and I don't hesitate to say that I think in some cases within my recollection a wrong decision has been arrived at.

Just as a superman may play a very bad rubber of Auction Bridge, so he may be all at sea when laying down the law on an essentially medical question.

I should like to say a word about age limits and superannuations. If they are generally enforced many a capable man is got rid of, if they are not a driveller "may lag superfluous on the stage," but what has amused me in the past has been the different way in which old men on committees look on much younger men whom they get rid of on the ground of age. In one case to my knowledge there was a young committee man of over eighty-five, who thought anything over sixty too old to continue work. Recently I walked up the Monument, I drove my car 247 miles in one day five months ago, and six weeks ago spoke from memory for more than an hour and a half to a meeting of "Our Society" (Crimes Club), have been working on Mary Queen of Scots for seven hours a day, yet one is superannuated as a visitor to the King's Fund, the duty being to walk quietly round a few hospitals and to write a report, the plan of which is already drawn up for you. I did not and do not quarrel with this, but merely express a hope that all my superannuators may later on be as vigorous as I am and have as many grandchildren.

According to the way in which they have used and kept the machinery of their bodies in order, individuals differ enormously. Some are really old at forty-five, others really young at seventy. Colonel Crompton plays squash rackets at eighty-four, and Sir J. Crichton Browne is over ninety and is hale and hearty.

Lord Haldane, whom we used to call the metaphysical barrister, was never an athlete and when young looked more like a suet dumpling than anything else. He lived to over the allotted span of life. Lord Birkenhead's brilliant genius burnt itself out and he has died young. He told me that when at Oxford he pulled himself up thirteen times on the horizontal bar. What a contrast in the youth of these two Lord Chancellors! Lord Haldane was never young. Lord Birkenhead was never old.

Lady St. Helier interested herself in municipal and philanthropic work up to a very advanced age, when she was over eighty. Her recent death allows me to tell a story of a poor woman who wanted a pair of boots. Lady St. Helier, having already given away all hers, had bought a new pair. The poor woman was given these. I was told this by her maid. She sent Sir Evelyn Wood to me as a patient. Rumour at that time said that he and Lord Roberts were not at one time too friendly. Of course I had a bronze bust of "Bobs" in a conspicuous position on the mantelpiece of my consulting-room with which to greet him!

## CHAPTER VII

### SHERBORNE

AT Sherborne in Dorsetshire, Macready the actor used to live at Sherborne House, and Charles Dickens stayed with him there. He took the "party by the name of Guppy" from one of the tradesmen there; and there was, too, a lawyer man who had been actually or nearly struck off the rolls, who looked a sanctimonious hypocrite, and was the image of the illustration by Cruickshank of "Pecksniff" in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. My father used to tell the story of the avidity with which each number of the *Pickwick Papers* was read as it was published, and how one early reader of Mr. Winkle's experiences on the ice got great credit when somebody said, "How slippery it is," by saying, "Not an uncommon thing on ice"—Sam Weller's words to Mr. Winkle when on the ice at Dingley Dell.

I am one of Dickens's most ardent admirers—and love his Bob Sawyer—but I think he and Molière were both a little hard on the medical profession. Nowadays things are so different, both theoretically and practically, that sneers and jibes at our former ignorance and pretensions "cut no ice."

There were serious riots at Sherborne in 1832 about the Reform Act. It was reported that my grandfather, in talking to another old Tory, Lord Digby, had said "They will be demanding hot rolls for breakfast next." His house was besieged by the mob, who shouted, "Hot rolls for breakfast," and my

father described how his father and mother, both armed with pistols, stood by the front door in the hall whilst the children went by a back way through the garden to safety. The mob did not get into the house.

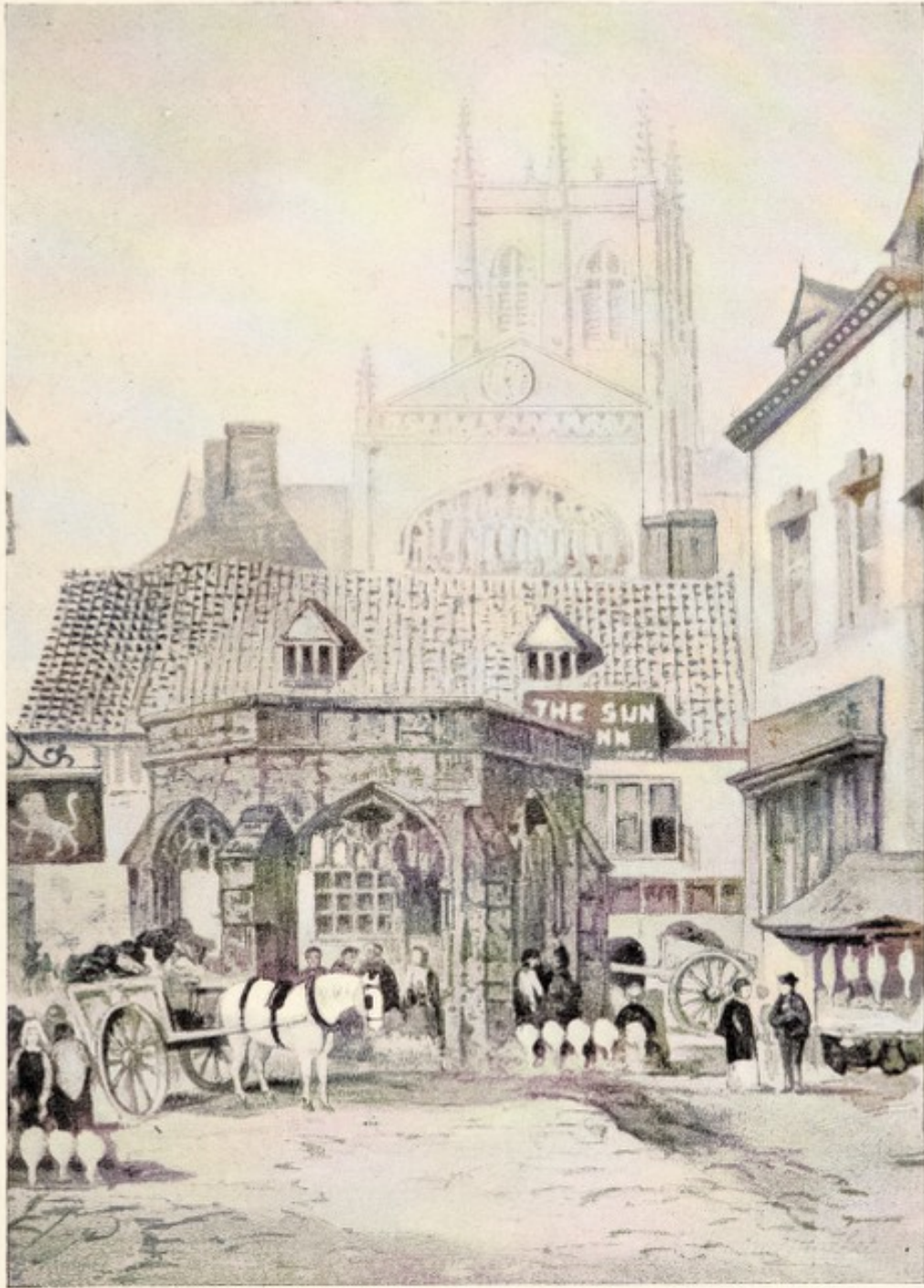
Cavalry were sent into the town, and a somewhat inexperienced leader took them up Green Hill. This is a steep hill having on either side of it an elevated pathway and cottages. The mob occupied these coigns of vantage on each side where the cavalry could not touch them, and they pelted them with stones to their hearts' content, forcing them to beat a somewhat ignominious retreat.

Amongst the characters in Dorsetshire in the "seventies" was Mr. Marwood Yeatman, after whose father, Harry Farr Yeatman, the Yeatman Hospital at Sherborne was named. He used to turn night into day and day into night. When he stayed with my uncle he never got up till about five o'clock in the afternoon, and used to keep us up playing whist to all hours of the morning.

Mr. Sawbridge Erle Drax, M.P. for Wareham, was a great character. In his park he had all sorts of wild animals. On one occasion he incautiously crossed this part of the park and was pursued by a buffalo. His keeper intervened and attracted the attention of the buffalo to himself, whilst Drax climbed up the circular iron railing that had been put round a young tree. From this stall, or dress circle seat, he followed the pursuit of the keeper with the greatest relish, and was as pleased as Punch. "Go it, Buffalo! Go it, Buffalo!" he shouted.

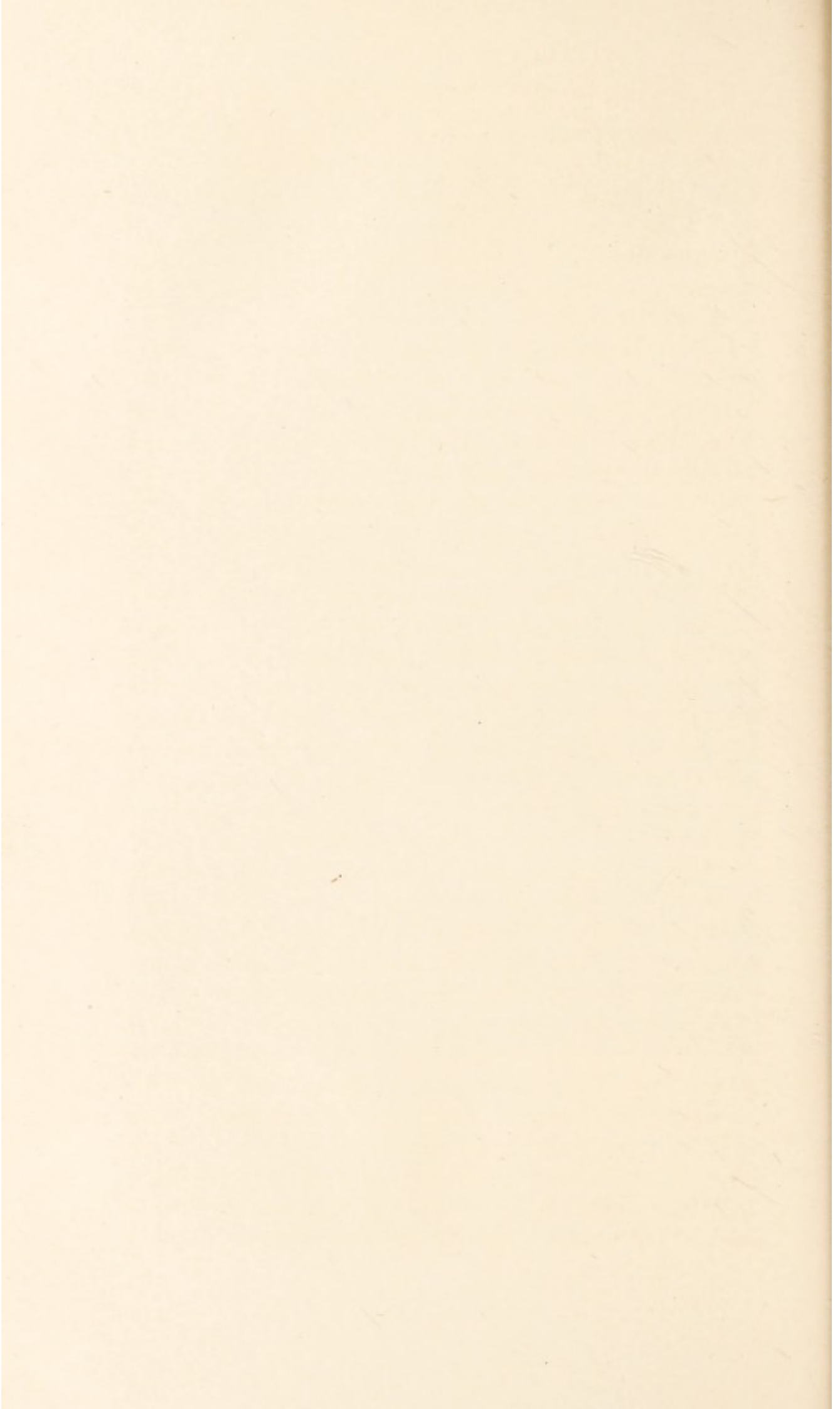
He erected a monument to himself on his lawn, and at the top of a column he was shown addressing a listening senate. As a matter of fact, he never opened his mouth in the House once!

The pictures in one of his rooms were entirely those of ladies that he thought he had been in love with.



SHERBORNE.

[To face page 108.]



Each had a separate story, and the old man was very fond of telling them. When I knew him he was one of the ugliest old men I ever saw, but he had no squint.

A cousin of mine who was short-sighted and therefore had missed a good deal of the unconscious education that normal sight gives, was a frequent visitor at my uncle's house in Sherborne.

His father, an old clergyman, would not let him join the army, and it was only after his father's death that Freddy was enabled to do so by first of all joining a West India regiment, as his age was too great for either Woolwich or Sandhurst.

It was just at the time when officers in the army begun to shave off their side-whiskers. Freddy, who had had a black pair of these appendages, appeared without them at Sherborne. When I asked him where they had gone to, he blushed, but did not tell me. Shortly afterwards I was going to run at some athletic sports at Blandford, and Freddy came with me. He was then attached to a regiment at Aldershot for the purpose of training. At the station he met a brother officer, who over-boisterously clapped him on the back and said, "Hullo, Cutler! Do you remember that night?" Freddy, who obviously liked neither the slap on the back, nor his friend, nor the allusion, again blushed but said nothing.

When we got in the train I said, "What happened that night?" but he would not tell me, and I could get nothing out of him. But later on I said to him, "I will tell you what happened that night. It was after mess, and they told you that you ought to shave off your whiskers. You said you could not do that as you never shaved yourself. They said they would do it for you, and they shaved off one and left the other on, and all this happened on a Saturday night."

I was right in all respects. I thought "what should I have done about Freddy's whiskers?" I saw

from the way he was greeted at the station that, being a little short-sighted, he was very likely rather a butt for the young officers at the mess, and if they had known he could not shave himself, they would have perpetrated a trick like this on a Saturday night, as in those days to get any shaving done on a Sunday would have been very difficult. This is the only time I ever tried to rival Sherlock Holmes. I told this story to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who laughed and asked me if it was copyright.

I have just heard on the wireless that Labour (Feb. 1928) is against hairdressers working on Sundays.

Some years ago in Hertfordshire I went at five minutes past twelve on Saturday to the local barber to have my hair cut. "Five minutes late, sir. I can't do it now," he said. "I should be turned out of my union." "I wonder you submit to such tyranny," said I. "I hate it but must obey," was his answer. Eventually I persuaded him to do it secretly with the blinds drawn.

On a railway journey a few years ago I felt very seedy, and so at a junction went to a refreshment bar for a little whisky (I hate this like poison and only wanted it medicinally). The barmaid could not serve me. It was after luncheon time and before dinner time. I explained I was ill and a doctor and would "prescribe." No! I could not get anything.

The Free Foresters used to hold a Fête annually in the grounds of old Sherborne Castle, with fireworks in the evening and other diversions. My sister, Freddy, another cousin, Phyllis Shirley, afterwards Lady Newdigate, and I went to see the show. Freddy had a great admiration for my sister.

There was a fair crowd, but nothing to cause any trouble or annoyance, but during the fireworks I went up to Freddy and said to him, "What are you doing, Freddy? Why don't you keep the crowd off

Edith?" upon which he barged into the crowd on all sides and soon cleared a ring in which two prize-fighters might have been engaged—to the very just indignation of the people he had pushed aside.

His short-sightedness was such that he never would have done for a practical soldier, but he got a prize at the Royal Institution for writing the best treatise on the defence of England in case of invasion.

He came of an able family and was an able man, and died young of phthisis.

His uncle, Edward Cutler, was surgeon at St. George's in the forties or fifties of last century. Dressed for hunting in "pink," he used to rely on a long overcoat to conceal his eventual destination when he came up to the Hospital to see his patients in the early morning. He was the first to make service as surgeon of the Guards a stepping-stone to private practice—and was affectionately called "Uncle Edward" by the Brigade.

"Old George Digby," who built the Digby Hotel, was at Sherborne Castle, and Sir Richard Glynn was master of the Blackmore Vale. He had been in the cavalry and had ridden in the successful heavy brigade charge at Balaclava; Scarlett's charge which went through the Russians, turned and cut their way back again.

My father was full of tales of the Blackmore Vale hounds with whom he hunted in the forties—he was also in the Yeomanry—and after a festive evening was nearly killed whilst removing a barber's pole. Knockers also used to satisfy the high after-dinner spirits of the young in those days. The Gooddens were at Compton, and my old friend Edward Goodden was almost the first clergyman in the west of England to wear mufti during the week.

There was no polo at Sherborne then. I saw some of the earliest of this game played at Lillie Bridge whilst it was still a running ground and I was training there.

## CHAPTER VIII

### LUNATICS AND OTHERS

IN my early days many young physicians and surgeons got a fee for certifying lunatics. This has to be done in some place other than a lunatic asylum.

The late Sir Frederick Hewitt, the well-known anæsthetist, told me this story of himself. He had agreed to certify a lunatic, and the rendezvous was the board-room at St. George's Hospital. There was a student called Swinburne who owed Hewitt half a crown, and he asked another student to pay the debt for him. The latter, Clark by name, did not know Hewitt by sight, but inquired of the hall porter, and was told that Dr. Hewitt was in the board-room. Clark entered and asked, "Are you Dr. Hewitt?"

"Yes," said Hewitt.

"Oh, I have come from Swinburne to see you."

"Oh, yes," said Hewitt, "Swinburne, and what do you think of his poetry?"

"This is nothing to do with poetry," said Clark, "I've come to give you half a crown from him."

"Oh, yes," said Hewitt, "and how many half-crowns have you got?" And so they went on at cross purposes for some little time, Hewitt thinking Clark was the lunatic. Finally Clark said, "Here's your beastly half-crown," and threw it on the floor as he left the room, and Hewitt sat down to make his report on the lunatic he had just interviewed. Later on the real article arrived.

I had a rather difficult experience myself once. I

had gone down to Dr. Tuke's private asylum at Chiswick House. The beauty of the grounds and house is so great that I once said to Tuke, "Verily thou almost persuadest me to be a lunatic."

As it was impossible for me to interview the suspected lunatic at the Asylum, it was suggested that we should take a little walk together, so out we went into the wilds of Chiswick. It is far from being a lonely or deserted place to-day. I conversed with the lady for some quarter of a mile and found no trace of insanity, and was just about to propose a return to Chiswick House, when she suddenly showed me that she was as mad as a hatter. She had, however, no inclination to return, but wished to divest herself of her raiment, so that she could better explain to me certain matters that were neither medical nor surgical. She persisted in trying to undress, and as she unbuttoned two buttons I managed to do up perhaps one. I had, however, got her headed for home, and although bystanders and passers-by must have wondered what on earth was taking place, I did eventually get her back to her future home, myself holding on most of her apparel.

It was and is really a dangerous thing to give a certificate if there is any chance of recovery of the certified individual.

After the late Dr. Forbes Winslow lost an action brought against him by a person he had once certified as insane, there was a great slump in the eagerness of young gentlemen desirous of fees to follow anything connected with mental medicine.

The mentality of the criminal lunatic is very interesting. Although I am a medical man, I rather think that the views of the lawyer should prevail over that of the doctor, even in murder cases, and that the lunatic who knows that he is doing wrong, and does wrong, should be punished, perhaps not by

the disgraceful death of hanging, but by a lethal chamber at Broadmoor.

I knew Dr. Orange who had been head of Broadmoor and was very seriously injured by one of the crafty inmates. I think it was he who told me that a criminal lunatic had threatened to "do in" a gardener, and had said to him, "If I kill you, I shall not be punished, but if you kill me you will be hanged." That seems to me a fair enough appreciation of right and wrong, and surely a man capable of this reasoning should be held responsible for his actions, and should be dealt with by the law accordingly.

It is said that those who have to deal with lunatics themselves have a tendency eventually to become more or less mad. I think there is something in this. We had a cook who had formerly been cook at Tuke's lunatic asylum, and she thought that nearly every one was mad. She used to wear a cap something like Old Mother Hubbard. My father, who had a sense of humour, expostulated with her about this extraordinary cap and asked her why she wore it. She said that if she did not wear it, she would have "a dozen men buzzing about her." She was very far from being a Venus, and this was a case of setting her cap against, rather than at, the men.

My brother, whilst house physician at St. George's Hospital, acquired from one of the patients diphtheria of one of his eyes, and lost most of the sight of it. The other eye was bandaged up to keep it from infection. When he was well enough to get up, the cook, who took the greatest interest in his case, came up to "see fair" and said to my sister, "You mind the window and I'll look after the stairs," as though he were about to commit suicide. His appetite, poor fellow, was feeble and capricious, but cook made up her mind he was to have a mutton chop. She

brought it up to his room and put a piece on a fork. When he said, "What is it? What have you got there?" she answered him by popping a piece of the mutton chop into his mouth. After he had spluttered and swallowed this, each time he opened that organ to swear at her she popped in another bit. The humour of it eventually struck my brother, and he took the rest meekly and properly.

She took the view that I was delicate on the chest because I liked sweetbreads. I helped to nurse my brother for seventy-two consecutive hours without going to bed, so was not exactly delicate.

I have twice sat up all night, once playing cribbage—the other time going over work for examination for a scholarship, working against time. I won at cribbage and was kept up by the loser who wanted his revenge, and I won the scholarship.

A junior colleague of mine at the Hospital once took away from me an anæsthetist that I had bespoken for a small operation in one of the wards. All that I said to him in expostulation was, "You have kept me waiting a quarter of an hour." The next day I got four pages of violent and undeserved abuse from this gentleman, and his letter commenced "My dear Turner" (we were not on "Turner" terms) and finished, "Yours very sincerely." In my reply I suggested to him that when next he wrote a letter of abuse, he should begin and end it in suitable terms, and went on to say, "Your enmity I may perhaps bear, but I cannot tolerate any assumption of friendship from you." Poor fellow! I did not know that he was in the early stages of general paralysis of the insane. When I discovered this later on, I was sorry that I had answered him as I had done. Megalomania (swelled head) is the early symptom of this terrible disease. He died of it some nine to twelve months afterwards.

In lunatic asylums the lunatics have to be periodically amused. My friend Dr. Tuke used to ask us sometimes to come down and dance and to join in the festivities at Chiswick House. There was a spice of adventure in such dances, but as a rule one's partners were such that you would never have guessed anything was wrong. I believe in one case nothing really was wrong, but the lady had been certified through the over zeal of her husband, and when she inherited money, he wanted her out; but she was so happy and contented where she was, away from him, that she took her revenge on him by remaining at a delightful place without his society.

Occasionally I have been asked to see a would-be suicide at asylums. From a utilitarian point of view it seems to me sometimes almost a pity to interfere. Lord Melbourne's "Why can't you leave it alone?" would not be so very wrong. Personally, if ever I were to lose my reason, I say now, being I hope of sound mind, that I would sooner not be prevented from ending a profitless existence, and would welcome a lethal chamber.

When I was house-surgeon at St. George's, a man, immediately after an epileptic fit, when he was in the *status epilepticus*, went for me. I took refuge behind a hefty porter, an ex-guardsman who had fought at Inkermann, and I was not hurt. If an epileptic commits murder when in this condition, he may have no memory whatever afterwards of what he has done. Sometimes there is only mental confusion and obstinacy. I remember mistaking this in a hospital patient for deliberate refusal to give any information about himself, and put the poor fellow in the padded room. When I went to see him after some two or three hours, nobody could have been more obliging and cheerful, and I realised what a mistake I had made.

A friend of mine, a young doctor, went for a long

voyage with a lunatic. The people on board ship knew one of them was odd in his head, and treated the doctor as if he were the patient. He could not understand the attitude of his fellow voyagers towards him, nor why everybody talked to him—a non-musical man—about violins, harps and pianos. A rumour had gone round that the lunatic's delusions were connected with musical instruments.

Years afterwards I took this doctor to a debate at a meeting of a learned society on Myxœdema. In this disease there is a long so-called latent period between the reception of an idea and acting upon it. As we came away I asked him, "Well, what did you think about it?" "Well," he said, "I think I must have myxœdema myself," and as far as his "latent period" was concerned he was not far out of it.

He eventually took up a craze against tobacco, and was more intemperate on this subject than even the anti-alcohol fanatics.

I never smoked until I was about sixty-five. I deliberately cultivated a taste for smoking then as so many people enjoy it that I felt I was missing one of the good things of life by abstinence.

There is no doubt tobacco makes for philosophy, and so when one has little to look forward to and is "waiting for the tomb," it is a good thing.

Like all good things it can be abused. I have given it up now.

Dr. Tuke used to give whist parties at his house in Albemarle Street every year after the annual dinner of St. George's. It was there that I had the privilege of playing whist with Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, and also to be gently reprimanded for my errors. I remember now his saying to me, "Can't you see the *rationale* of it?"

I also met there a gentleman well known in the medical world, whose wife died under somewhat

awkward circumstances, swallowing medicine from the wrong bottle. A German doctor who came over to London and was asked if he knew this gentleman, said, "Oh, yes, he is the man who did decease his wife!" I remember him chiefly for his hawklike face and dirty finger nails.

I once called a megalomaniac a "dirty little Jew." I was justly offended with him. He was little and a Jew, so I had only to explain the "dirty." I assured him I had meant no reflection on his personal cleanliness, and so we left it at that. He died in a lunatic asylum; at the time I had no idea he was insane, but he was very provocative and rude to me.

I have a great admiration for individual members of the ancient Jewish race and gratitude for the many good stories we owe to them. I often ask myself, where were all the Jews when I was young? One saw them so rarely; nowadays wherever you go you come across them—in many places where you are surprised to see them. How often nowadays are the old families gone from a country place and a Jewish gentleman reigns in their stead. It is quite common at a club nowadays to hear a Jew discussing hunting, shooting, fishing, breeding of horses and dogs, farming, and all the old pursuits and interests of a country gentleman and being readily able to accommodate himself to new walks and paths of life. I have no doubt that the Jew makes a good squire, but to an old-fashioned person like myself, whose boyhood was in the far-off sixties, the decline of the old families and old English stock is another proof of the flux of time and the crushing burdens that have been put on "land" by overtaxation and cruel death duties. With the admiration I have for the capabilities of the Jewish race it is to me extraordinary they have done so badly in Russia. Granted that before the revolution they were oppressed, they

are now oppressors that have shocked our civilised world, and have nothing to show for it—nothing productive has resulted—nothing but a blind and calculated hatred of others.

Some people can't keep an apology up for any length of time, and under provocation easily relapse. Three men at a club wanted a fourth for bridge; the only man there would not play with one of them, a gallant colonel who had been rude to him—this was explained to the colonel—"Oh, I'll soon make that all right," said he, and went and made a very handsome apology, asking to have his irritability excused. The offended one, who was not entirely English, sat down to the rubber with the colonel as his partner. After some five minutes his lack of skill was so disastrous that the irascible soldier man lost all his control and apologetic behaviour and called him "a damned Baboo." The play naturally ceased. A great roulette and *trente-et-quarante* gambler was taken racing to Kempton. When asked how he liked it he said it was all right, but there were "such terribly long intervals between the coups."

## CHAPTER IX

### TRAVEL

IN 1879 I went to stay with Lady Willoughby de Eresby at Drummond Castle, and whilst there met Monsieur Benedetti, the Frenchman who was wrongly said to have insulted the German Emperor William the First at Ems. I am sure his natural politeness was such as to make the German version of the affair a wrong one.

There was also Monsieur de la Valette, whose father's escape from execution, through the courage and skill of his wife, is historical.

I met also Lord Petersham, who afterwards was Earl of Harrington. In spite of the disablement of one shoulder, he was very proficient at Polo and all other sports. He had consulted Sir Prescott Hewett, who advised a masterly inactivity as far as his injured shoulder was concerned. Had his accident occurred twenty years afterwards, an operation would have put him nearly right. As it was, he used to shoot with his one arm, and was very prominent in all the riding contests at the Agricultural Hall—Polo, etc.

At Drummond Castle there was a ghillie, Donald by name, who taught me how to throw a fly for trout. One afternoon on the lake I, an arrant duffer, caught some fifteen of them in a very short time. The lake was an artificial one made, Lady Willoughby told me, by her grandfather. The property had been taken away from the family after 1745, and when restored

to it, the huts of the " Hanoverian soldiery " were so distasteful to her grandfather, as they could be seen from the drawing-room windows of the Castle, that he made the artificial lake to get rid of these unpleasant reminders of the Stuart disasters.

Lady Willoughby very kindly offered to send Donald and myself up for a week's salmon fishing, but I, like a young fool, refused this offer, so I have never learned to be a fisherman.

I was very much touched when leaving Drummond Castle on tipping Donald he refused to take any money from me. " No, no," he said, " you can't afford it." As a matter of fact, I could afford it, and eventually I prevailed on him to accept my offering. He was one of nature's gentlemen, as are so many of the Scottish ghillies.

He was as good a shot as he was a fisherman, but he gave the palm for interest to fishing, as one was never sure of your fish until landed, but could be certain you got your bird if once within reasonable distance of it.

Lady Willoughby told me that Mary Queen of Scots visited the Castle. I have lately read a paper on this unfortunate Queen and have verified this statement. She went there with Bothwell—so the historian Buchanan says—shortly before the murder of Darnley. She also hunted in the forest of Glenartney. Bothwell's presence is doubtful.

I heard a story of Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, who when shooting duck on the lake—one boat following another—severely peppered a gentleman in the boat next him. The occupants of this boat shouted to tell the warrior what he had done, but he, being rather deaf, misunderstood them and thought they were complimenting him on his shooting, and called back, " Oh, yes, I knew I had got him that time ! "

Whilst at Drummond Castle, one afternoon I

went with Lady Willoughby and General Stanhope to call on one of her shooting tenants. We arrived to find that they were out and were about to drive away, the General saying to Lady Willoughby, "Oh, that's all right, we've done the right thing, lucky to find them out" unconscious of the fact that the lady, who had been walking in the garden, was then standing by the side of the carriage within half a yard of him.

Lady Willoughby told me that her grandfather had introduced Capercaillie into Scotland. She disliked fish knives and forks, and was delighted that I ate some fish with the aid of a piece of bread.

Her views on modern "vulgar" stoves were emphatic, but the fireplaces at Drummond Castle were far too big for any imitation in most modern houses.

People often try to attune their conversation to what they think a man's profession demands. A dear old gentleman, Mr. Heathcote, a visitor at the Castle, tried to interest me in the increase of lunacy in Scotland when I was a healthy young man of twenty-four. On another occasion the spread of Roman Catholicism in Presbyterian circles seemed to him to be suited to my supposed scientific mind. I had no interest in either lunacy or Roman Catholicism at that time of my life.

I first made acquaintance of alopecia—a general falling off of all the hair on the body—by a lady's eye-brow assuming a Mephistophelian angle one night at dinner, and could not at first understand it. Her want of eyelashes had already troubled me, coupled as it was with an abundance of too youthful hair on her head—her wig. A relative of mine suffered from the same complaint, but—I am told—his brown hair came back black. His wife had married a man of a different colour to that with which she was

destined to live. Cause enough for divorce in America, I suppose.

In 1880 I travelled with Charlie Mills, afterwards the second Lord Hillingdon, in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna, Constantinople, Varna, Bucharest, Buda Pesth, Vienna, Paris—home. It was before the English occupation of Egypt. In Cairo there were but three hotels, Shepherd's, Hotel de Nil, and the Muski. You had to ride from Cairo to the Pyramids; there was no hotel there, and the Sphinx was not nearly so uncovered as it is now.

We went from Alexandria to Jaffa, where the landing-place was somewhat difficult between two rocks. From Jaffa we went on to Beyrout and down by the coast of Tyre and Sidon to the waters of Meron and the sources of the Jordan. I remember visiting Banias—the Cæsarea Philippi of the Bible—and then circling round to Damascus. There was but one road in Syria, Beyrout to Damascus, and the latter was then as it had been for hundreds of years—probably as it was in the days of Holy Writ.

There was no lighting of any kind, and when Mills and I went there, the only other European in the town was the French Consul. The little children spat at us, but the adults were fairly polite. In the evening the bazaars were all shut and we walked by the light of a horn lantern to a native entertainment. It was exactly like a scene out of the *Arabian Nights*.

The difference between Damascus and Cairo was nearly as great as the difference between Cairo and a European town. The street called "Straight" was, as Mark Twain described it, somewhat straighter than a corkscrew, but not so straight as a rainbow.

During our tour we rode Arabs. We had a dragoman and about a dozen men with us. On striking our tents in the morning these men used to

go on ahead so that in the evening we found our tents erected where we were to stay the night. Our diet was not very varied, and Mahomet, the dragoman, used to take refuge in what he called "very good chicken also." Occasionally a small lamb was offered up, but the chicken was our mainstay. I once, incautiously, saw the black cook preparing the food. My appetite was very small that evening.

One night we were flooded out by a torrential downpour of rain, and had to take refuge in a native khan. Mills was fairer and more delicate of skin than I, and the fleas, as he said, sent down Joshua, the son of Nun, and Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, to spy out the land. Having found him suitable and delicate, they came in their hundreds, and he, the next morning, honestly had not got a square inch of skin without a flea-bite. I was pretty bad, but nothing compared with him—he had an eruption all over him.

The last day of our ride back to Beyrout my poor Arab subsided on the ground. It was a very hot day and I took the saddle off, and found beneath the saddle a recently healed wound about the size of a soup plate. I found, on making inquiries, that the lazy Arabs never unsaddled the heated, unfortunate horses at night. I walked along carrying the saddle, and when I rejoined the party, for I had fallen behind, I was full of indignation with Mahomet. "Oh, but," he said, "your horse is the best." On all the others the sore was unhealed.

We went from Beyrout to Cyprus, of which I remember little, except that the corn was about nine inches high—next to no straw. From there we went to the island of Rhodes; this for two reasons. Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, was a friend of Mills, and had told him that the sunsets at Rhodes were only equalled by

those over the Acropolis at Athens. Mills was a connoisseur of Eastern pottery and thought that he might pick up some good Rhodian ware. He did buy some, but very little, as we found that all the good pieces were sent for sale to London and Paris, and those that were not sold in these places were sent back to Rhodes for any tourists who might visit the island.

From Rhodes we went on to Smyrna, and were asked by a German to go up and lunch on the hills above the town—to take, as he said, “a cup of wine.” We went up there and had a picnic meal, the three of us alone. Before its conclusion the German said that he hoped no *mauvais sujets* would molest us, as it was the place where, a fortnight previously, there had been a raid by bandits who had carried off some prominent personage as a hostage and held him to ransom. Mills, the son of Sir Charles Mills, one of the heads of Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., would have been a glorious prize for these gentry, and I was glad when we were safely down in the town again. Mahomet, too, used everywhere to proclaim Mills’s nobility and his friendships with English ambassadors with whom he was not really acquainted.

I was much amused by an American globe-trotter in Egypt. I met him at Shepheard’s Hotel and asked him how much one ought to give the waiters and what he was going to do. “Not a darned red cent do I give them—not a red cent. I am not coming here again,” and he walked out between two parallel rows of servants bowing to each side of them and saying, “Good day to you, good day to you.”

It reminded me of a story about Mr. George Payne, who when asked by an accidental gun at a big shoot what he ought to give the keeper said, “Well, as you will never be asked here again a sovereign will be enough, but I shall have to give a fiver.”

Both the American in 1881 and Mr. Payne were on firm ground.

From Smyrna we went to Constantinople, arriving about sunset—a beautiful sunset over a beautiful city. But with the interior of Constantinople I was disappointed.

I was much amused at Mahomet, our dragoman. In Palestine, Syria, and the Islands, and even at Smyrna, he had been very much cock of his walk. His treatment of the native was, to use his own words, "Give him good knock." He was most gorgeously attired, and his dark features were really beautiful, though a little effeminate. But when he came to Constantinople all his finery disappeared, and he was the most humble of humble beings when in the presence of his masters, the Turks.

Wherever we travelled we made the acquaintance and were entertained by heads of the Imperial Ottoman Bank. At Smyrna the gentleman in this position was most kind to us, and gave Mills and myself a Phœnician tear bottle. I have seen those at the British Museum, but think my tear bottle is better than anything they have there.

In Constantinople the head of the Ottoman Bank asked us to dinner. The only way to get to his house was to walk along the Rue de Pera, "and mind," he said, "that you keep in the middle of the road and have your revolvers handy." This was in 1880, two years after the Russo-Turkish War. There were large numbers of disbanded Turkish soldiery, poor fellows with no money and nothing to eat, and they used sometimes to assault and rob people in the streets. We made our journey to and fro without adventure.

While at Constantinople we went on Friday and saw the Sultan go to Mosque.

From Constantinople we crossed the Black Sea

to Varna in a gale. As far as I remember, we went on from there to Bucharest, in those days a dull, God-forsaken place with nothing to look at but some Turkish guns taken from the Gravitska redoubt at Plevna, and nothing to do but to ride about a very third-rate sort of park.

From Bucharest we went eventually to Buda Pesth and Vienna, passing through the Iron Gates of the Danube. It was somewhere about here that I saw an unfortunate sturgeon, stuffed and crammed with bran and ice, so that the caviare would be fresh when he eventually arrived at Vienna.

Whilst at Rhodes, and to a less extent at Cyprus, I was much struck by the classic and beautiful features of the male inhabitants, but there was a great lack of expression in their faces.

In Rhodes it was rumoured that I was a celebrated English Hakim, and the next morning after our arrival all the halt, lame, blind, and tubercular were round our tents. We had nothing in the way of medicines except a small travelling medicine chest. Luckily, in some of the bottles were some gorgeous colours, and I endeavoured to minister to the mind of some of the patients by a watery dilution of these. The poor people would not take my assertion that I could do nothing for them, so I had recourse to this subterfuge. Several of them came back the next day to say how much better they were.

Mills, who was nothing if not kind-hearted, I believe made arrangements to have several consignments of cod-liver oil and other suitable remedies sent out to them. I hope they got them.

Mahomet took leave of us at Constantinople and refused to be paid in cash. He was afraid of robbery on his way back to Egypt, and was more than content to trust an Englishman to send him the money. Mills knew Sir Richard Burton, who related

to him how one of the Mecca pilgrims found out he was not a Mahomedan. Burton got the best of the encounter and completed the pilgrimage to Mecca.

I did a very silly thing at Rustchuck. It was a place supposed to have been evacuated by the Russians under the treaty of Berlin—but they were still there—and two Russian officers at the railway station were swaggering up and down the platform for all they were worth. Being pro-Turkish and foolish, I strutted after them in my ulster and with a walking-stick, imitating them. I was not aware then of the summary methods of German and other Continental officers with unarmed civilians or I should have been more careful with the Russians.

Some English friends of mine had served with the Turks in the Russo-Turkish War of 1878, and told me that nothing could equal the devotion of the Turkish soldiers to their English officers—one of these was the celebrated Baker Pasha.

In the Great War, at Gallipoli an English hospital ship got in the way of the Turks, who politely asked it to move as otherwise they could not help hitting it.

In my humble opinion one of the greatest faults of our diplomacy has been not to continue our Crimean friendship with Turkey. Gladstone's "Bag-and-Baggage" policy has done us a great deal of harm, and a notorious politician of to-day, who was a youth in those days and infected by it, very nearly led us to disaster after the War.

About 1893 I went to Aix-les-Bains for the benefit of my lumbago. I did not think I was going to derive much good, but was so very free from it the following winter that for nine years running we took the baths there. At that time it was a charming place, unspoilt. The prices both at hotels and elsewhere were quite low. You could live quite happily *en pension* at an hotel for about ten to fifteen francs a day. The place

had been a great favourite with Queen Victoria, and a lot of nice English people went there yearly. Lady Somers and Lady Doneraile had villas and used to entertain a good deal. The fashionable doctor was Dr. Brachet, and his wife also was very fond of society.

Baccarat, both for high and low stakes, was played at the Cercle and the Villa des Fleurs. The plays and opera at the theatre were quite good and a good deal of Parisian talent was engaged—Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt, and others of note and reputation whose names I forget, were to be seen and heard. The music was good, and the conductor one of the best from Monte Carlo.

In the early season at Aix, in May, and later during August and September, the English were much in evidence. The whole place, as an English lady said when she first visited it, was like Monte Carlo "only better." Leopold, King of the Belgians, and George, King of Greece, used to visit Aix, the latter annually.

Baccarat, it was said by the French Government, is a game of skill, because it is a matter of judgment on the part of the punter as to whether he should draw a card or not at the point of five, and the banker has many more opportunities of using his discretion as to whether he should draw a card or not. I used to play baccarat for moderate stakes, but occasionally patronised the louis table. When I did this I was prepared to lose twenty louis, and came away when I had won fifteen. During one stay at Aix, out of forty-one of such sittings I made my fifteen louis no less than thirty-nine times, but on the two losing occasions I am sorry to say that my human nature overcame me and I did lose more than the twenty that I had settled should be my maximum loss. I got angry one day and went on losing, but in spite of this I had a good balance at the end of my holiday.

On one of these occasions I had got down to my last louis, but I converted this into sixty-five. I was in such a vein of luck that I had not stopped at winning fifteen. The best run of wins I ever had was thirteen not out. I had arranged to meet a lady whom I then did not know very well, and we were going for a bicycle ride to Chambéry. I went in to the rooms some quarter of an hour before our time of starting, and in about five minutes or so it was my turn to take the hand. I meant just to lose and go, but I won thirteen times running. My own stakes were just two or three louis each time, but the people round me were staking high, and their indignation when I got up and went without having been defeated, was very great. Had I known the lady, Mrs. Mackay, better I should have kept her waiting. I am sure she would not really have minded, as she was very keen on sport, and I believe drove a four-in-hand.

From Aix one can go many delightful excursions. I went to Annecy with Mr. Lushington, who was treasurer of Guy's Hospital, and on the boat, incognito, was the King of the Belgians, whom Lushington had met many years before in India. He reminded the King of an incident that occurred there, of a gentleman to whom a presentation of a piece of plate had been made, going afterwards to the shop to find out how much it had cost. This had been thought very bad form. The King remembered every detail of this affair.

Mr. Lushington was the treasurer of Guy's Hospital, and supported the matron when she used to interfere with the visits of the medical officers to the patients in the wards. This, of course, attracted great attention, so much so that *Punch* had a cartoon showing one of the honorary staff (I think a "Sir George") being stopped from entering a ward by "complines" or some other paltry excuse.

The staff made the mistake of sending Mr. and Mrs. Lushington to Coventry and refusing even to recognise them. Lushington, when I knew him at Aix, was a charming old gentleman, but I can quite understand that he might have been masterful and dogmatic.

So many of the laity forget that hospitals are medical charities and that all the money spent on them and the patients is money largely out of the pockets of the medical profession. Practically the only people not paid at hospitals are the medical men. Of late years, of course, both in-patients and out-patients pay small sums to the hospitals, not to the doctors.

No other profession, not even the clerical, does such an enormous amount of work for nothing. It is true that members of the staff of a hospital acquire experience and reputation by being connected with it, but the seniors, anyhow, have got all they ever could get out of a hospital long before they retire. They give all their experience and skill for many years when connection with the hospital has ceased to be of practical utility to them.

Not so long ago I read in a paper of the generosity, mentioned I think by a Judge, of a learned counsel who had helped some poor client for the absurd fee of a guinea. Those connected with hospitals, young and old, do this hundreds of times every year, and for no fee whatever. I myself was on the surgical staff of St. George's Hospital for thirty years and never received a penny for looking after the thousands of patients that passed through my hands; and eighteen years at the Seaman's Hospital at Greenwich, where all I had was a railway ticket. A voyage to Greenwich or Wimbledon may easily mean the loss of an operation in private to the visiting surgeon, and the big fee attendant thereon. *Experto crede.*

Operations in private come and go very quickly. If you are away some one else gets the job while you have been looking after your gratuitous hospital patients.

This was especially so when I was on the Greenwich staff before the days of the telephone.

One of the consolations of retirement and old age for the surgeon is that he no longer has that telephone tied on, as it were, to his coat-tails. The bliss of being able to dine out, to go to a theatre, to go racing or to any other amusement, safe from the tinkle of the telephone bell can only be appreciated by one who has lived under its sway—day and night. When democrats, young and old, talk of an eight-hour day I wish they had the doctor's day, or even the medical student's day.

King George of Greece was very popular at Aix, and used to attend the parties and receptions at Lady Somers' villa. I had the honour of being present at one of these luncheon parties, and I remember the King admiring the view for a very long time when I wanted to get away.

Lady Doneraile's husband died, I believe, from hydrophobia, it was said from the bite of a tame fox. Both he and his valet went to Paris for the Pasteur treatment. Lord Doneraile attended once, and then was tired of standing in a queue waiting his turn, so he left, but told the valet he could go on for his full number of times. The peer died—the valet escaped.

At Aix I met Clyde Fitch, the American author and playwright, and went with him, my wife, and the two Miss Forestier-Walkers to the Grande Chartreuse—a hot, dusty, prolonged journey in a double victoria. Fitch and I, the two gentlemen, took turn and turn about by the side of the driver, or inside with our backs to the horses. I remember I did not see much of the scenery, which is very beautiful, as I

subsequently discovered when another year I did the same journey in a motor-car. We stayed the night at the Grande Chartreuse. The monks were there then. The dinner we had at the monastery was a desert, the only oasis being the green chartreuse. I attended the midnight service, where each monk sat at a sort of desk with a little light before him to say his prayers by. It was not, to me, very interesting, but one of the chants that I heard seemed very similar, if not exactly the same, as one I had heard years before on an Austrian-Lloyd steamer, full of Mohammedan pilgrims. They sang this same chant as we were passing the coast of Tyre and Sidon. When I heard it at the Grande Chartreuse I wondered if it had drifted to the Mohammedans by means of the Crusaders of old.

Whilst I was at Aix a golf-course was started, and the first ball was driven off the tee, to the sound of trumpets and the letting off of rockets and other fireworks, by the Lord Donoughmore of that time. I do not know what the course is like now, but then it was a perfect wilderness of stones.

I made the acquaintance of Miss Loie Fuller, who died the other day, at Aix. She was a friend of Mrs. Balfour, at whose house in London I met Mr. Nikovitch, who had been Serbian Minister in London when the King and Queen Draga were assassinated. He told us this story at dinner. Some six months before the assassination, he attended a séance of a clairvoyante and was asked whether he would like to be told anything. The clairvoyante had to receive some article, and then started to speak of the future or past of the person to whom it belonged. Nikovitch gave her a letter, in its envelope, that he had received from the King of Serbia. She put the envelope to her head and said, "This is from a very exalted personage, and is in a language I do not understand."

Continuing, she said, " Oh, it's all dark, and two men are carrying lanterns. There are a lot of Russian officers," and then, " Oh, horrible, horrible! They are killing the King and Queen!" When asked why she said the officers were Russian, she said, " Because of the astrakan fur on their busbies and uniforms." Nikovitch wrote to the King of Serbia telling him of this warning, and begging him to be careful of what he did in the Palace. He never received any answer to this letter, and subsequently discovered that it had fallen into the hands of one of the officers concerned in the plot against the King's life.

The following, I believe, are the facts of that assassination. The officers, armed with their pistols, went towards the King's apartments in the Palace, but the King, being suspicious, had had a steel barrier built, something like the safety curtain at a theatre, separating his apartments from the rest of the Palace. This obstacle was got rid of by means of dynamite. The explosion, however, put out all the electric light, and the conspirators had to go down to the stables and compel two men with lanterns to go with them and provide the necessary light. So the clairvoyante was right as to the officers' uniforms, their brandishing pistols, and the two men with lanterns.

I would not have thought much of her prophecy of the assassination of the King, because the unpopularity of his marriage with Queen Draga was notorious, and the clairvoyante might very well have known that Nikovitch was the Serbian Minister, but the details of the men with the lanterns, the darkness of the scene, and the correct uniforms, require some explaining away.

During the evening the Serbian Minister related to us other stories of the occult and mystic, so much so that he was almost a professional ghost see-er.

One was that he had taken a house for a very little rent somewhere in the west end of London, and that his servants most unaccountably would not stay with him, but went away without giving adequate reason. Even his valet deserted him. He had got the house at a low rent as it was said to be haunted. On one occasion when he came home and opened the front door he saw an officer dressed in the uniform of Waterloo period come down the stairs from the drawing-room floor and go into the dining-room. When he went into the dining-room, nobody was there. An officer, shortly after Waterloo, had committed suicide in this house. I believe that this clairvoyante story has already been published in one of the magazines, but of this, I am not sure. The Serbian Minister said he was quite prepared to give the names of all the people who were present at the séance. If you can accept the facts as I have related them, it gives you very seriously to think about predestination. I am, however, still sceptical, and think that Nikovitch unconsciously embroidered the story. The story I have just told was corroborated by my friend the late Mr. Diosy, who told me that the Serbian Ambassador was not at all surprised at being so psychic "as his mother was a witch."

Whilst at Aix I rode my push bicycle without getting off up the Col de Chat—this meant some three miles up hill with zigzags at the top. There was just room, a small square space, at the top of each zigzag to recover oneself before tackling the next. I was fair done when I got to the top. One other man—an Englishman—had done this before me. Going up was hard work, but coming down was dangerous. Once or twice I was nearly over the side of the zigzag, but in spite of some shaves I eventually got down to the road leading to Bourget.

The big mountain by Aix is the Dent du Chat—

the Col is the neck below the summit. There is an hotel there. At our hotel was an elderly lady, said to be rich, who was married to a gentleman much younger than herself. He was travelling with a friend, but wrote to say he was coming to Aix. The old lady was all agog, and it was pathetic and painful to see how she decked herself out to welcome him, and to hear of her plans as to what they would do together. "Charlie" came one morning at 10 a.m. and left the same afternoon at 4 p.m. Not very nice of him.

Lady Burdett-Coutts before her marriage said to a friend of mine from whom I had the story, "They say he is marrying me for my money. Well, if so he will get what he expects—and that is not always the case in matrimony."

The advice of *Punch* that a wife gets on best with her husband by feeding the brute may be illustrated here.

A really good cook is a valuable asset to any lady, but beyond price to any one whose husband is a gourmet. Such a cook was under my care in St. George's Hospital with a chronic and troublesome affection of the leg. Months were needed to get this right, and even then there was danger of a relapse.

On explaining this to her mistress, I was asked if there was no quicker way of cure. "Only amputation," I replied. "How long would that keep her disabled?" was the next question. "About six weeks," said I. "And the present treatment six months?" "Yes," I assented. "Oh! do do the amputation. Sir Arthur is so impatient and cross about his food I don't know what to do." If the months could be converted into weeks the absence of the cook's leg was of little importance! I don't know how much this was a joke, but because the

cook's leg offended I was not going to cut it off and cast it from me.

Lady Augustus Fitz-Clarence and her daughter Eva were *habituées* at Aix-les-Bains. The dear old lady was a great friend of mine and I told her a story of the rudeness I had received from a lay St. George's governor whom we will call Tompkins Short.

I think it was at the time of one of the Jubilees that the Hospital authorities had seats erected on the portico, roof and elsewhere, and a considerable sum of money was made by letting them out to the public. As a member of the staff I was given two expensive seats, but not wanting them for myself I took in exchange some of the less expensive seats on the roof of the Hospital, so that my children might see the show from there. In doing this I was virtually making a present to the Hospital of, I think, some six guineas, the difference in price.

Rather a silly lay governor superintended the letting of the seats, and put those for my children behind a stack of chimneys on the roof, where grown-up people would have had a bad view of the procession, and children none at all. When I went to expostulate and to have this rectified, Mr. Tompkins Short endeavoured to be rude to me. I think he got as good as he gave.

I told this story to Lady Augustus when I saw the gentleman at Aix-les-Bains, and she was very angry with him. The next day she asked me to tea at Rumpelmayers, her other guests being the Duchesse de Grammont and the Princesse di Castiglione. Mr. Tompkins Short appeared at Rumpelmayers, and being a bit of a tuft hunter, made a bee line for Lady Augustus, coming toward her with extended hand. The dear old lady looked him in the face and cut him dead.

Eventually I was the humble means of getting rid of this gentleman from various committees at St. George's Hospital.

Colonel Allsopp sought refuge at Aix from his maladies. On one occasion he rather pointedly directed attention to his foot. This was of good proportions, but I fancy had been troubling him. As he was a friend of mine I restrained the remark which came trippingly to my tongue—that I had known the Allsopp hand from my youth upwards, and now I could claim acquaintance with and admire the foot!

Mr. and Mrs. John Thynne and their daughter Agatha were amongst those who adorned Aix-les-Bains. We saw them now and again in London at their house in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

It was about this time I took a violent dislike, without any reason, to an oily canon whom I heard preach in the Abbey. He had subsequently to leave his country abruptly.

Whilst at Bordighera I was bidden to a party at the gardens of La Mortola, a place much loved by the late Queen Victoria. Amongst the company was a charming young lady, a Miss Fortune. On leaving I said to my hostess, "Vous m'avez accablé de bonheur en me faisant connaissance de malheur."

Another joke I made in French was on a visit to la Sourée at Aix-les-Bains where one can see the sulphur waters "raging furiously together." I told the guide—an old French lady—that there some day would be a *tremblement de terre* (earthquake) and Aix would be destroyed. "Oh, no," she protested. "Mais oui," said I, "il faut mourir quelquefois." I knew perfectly well it should have been "une fois," but I liked to imagine a vain thing.

I went abroad the first time to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, saw all the Rubens pictures

at his tercentenary, acres of fleshy females, on to Brussels, Cologne, and up the Rhine to Mayence. On the steamer I got into trouble about the bones of the 10,000 virgins. In my anatomical fervour I had discovered a male thigh bone, so told a very proper old English lady they were not all virgins. "I think we had better change the subject," said she.

The following year I visited Paris and went up in the captive balloon one-third of a mile high, and have somewhere still my medal "souvenir de mon ascension dans le ballon captif." The balloon broke away on its own about three months afterwards. Before the War I went with my son by sea to Gibraltar and worked up through Spain and Madrid, visiting Granada, the Alhambra, the Crystal Palace copy is a poor thing, Seville, Toledo, and various other places and cathedrals. I got quite tired of these. We saw some cock fighting—a poor sport, I think—but no bull fight. There was a "little one for the children," but we did not go. I was interested to see—I forget where—300-years-old drawings of the tortures we English were supposed to have inflicted on Spanish prisoners about the time of the Armada—a counterblast to our stories of the doings of the Holy Inquisition. One Spanish dance, where a stout young lady stood on a table and wobbled like a jelly amidst general applause, amused us much. Madrid was dreadfully cold. We had a walking Baedeker, a guide by name Garibaldi who had formerly pioneered the Duke of Edinburgh over much of the same country. He was more than worth his money—well read and entertaining.

For six years I spent Christmas and Easter at Bordighera, between 1920–1926. One can have no idea of the improvement of Italy in every way by the advent of Fascism. An absolutely new spirit of work and devotion to duty and country is abroad,

and Italy had got as far as the erection of scaffolds for the massacre of the well-to-do.

Mussolini's right-hand man, Count —, gave a lecture in English to the English residents in Bordighera, told us how some 400 determined Fascists routed some 20,000 Communists, how Mussolini took his life in his hands when he addressed these people and told them they were wrong—that nobody makes money by being a Fascist—that the yield of crops with the same labour has increased some 25 per cent. since employers and employed work together for Italy. Building at Bordighera increased by leaps and bounds, as houses built during a certain time were not to be subjected to rates and taxes for some sixteen years, I think. The only fly in the ointment is that building will spoil Bordighera and its olive trees. What Italy wanted in those days was a lot of new roads suitable for motoring. I am told that they have been much improved. When the fundamentals of the Christian faith were being explained to an intelligent little Italian boy, he was told that God had sent down Christ to be crucified to atone for the sins of the world. "How selfish of him!" was his comment.

Both the father and grandfather of this boy had obtained the Italian decoration which is the equivalent of our Victoria Cross.

Bravery is hereditary just as much as cowardice. In one family that I know of the grandfather, in the Peninsular War, when a French officer challenged any British officer to fight him, accepted the challenge, whilst during a temporary truce the English and French troops looked on. The Scotsman killed the Frenchman. In the mutiny his son, when it was a question as to whether there was water in a moat surrounding a town held by the Sepoys and which the British troops were about to storm, rode

up to and along the moat in spite of cannon and rifle fire and signalled for the troops to come on. During his return he was wounded in two places.

One of this officer's sons was killed in the Boer War, and another—a gunner—by his resource and bravery prevented a repetition of the Sanna Port disaster. He lost his life in the Great War. The surviving son—a General—I heard described as a real good man, as he used to make his own observations from an aeroplane before going into action.

## CHAPTER X

### ILLUSTRIOUS MEN

I HAVE known a fair number of scientific celebrities, amongst them the late Lord Kelvin, whom I knew in London and used to meet at Aix-les-Bains. When he was over eighty and chairman of the Highways Protection League, I took him for a drive in my motor-car by the side of Lac Bourget ; I had told my chauffeur to go slowly and on no account to bump his Lordship, hoping that I might win him to the side of reason in motoring matters. He came back from that drive, in which he took the time of every kilometre with a stop-watch, with a reasoned decision that fifteen miles an hour was the utmost speed at which any motorist should be allowed to drive his car.

One evening in the garden of the hotel, looking up at the starry heavens, I made a remark to him which I have subsequently discovered was made by the great Napoleon to the savants who had accompanied him on his expedition to Egypt ; I said, " Knowing even the little that I do of astronomy I think that the orderly movements of the heavenly bodies and their extraordinary arrangements are an argument in favour of the existence of a Deity." " I don't agree with that at all," said Kelvin, with a slap of one hand on the other to emphasise his views, " I can imagine that anything can arise from the fortuitous concourse of atoms. To me the phenomena of life are much more powerful arguments of the

existence of the Deity." Kelvin at this time used to carry about the first piece of radium in his waist-coat pocket. This had been given to him by its discoverer, Madame Curie. Looking to the fact now known that work with radium and X-rays often produce cancerous ulcers of the skin, I do not think any one would do that now. Another great man that I met in olden days was Herbert Spencer. I well remember him at an at-home at Professor Romanes' house, taking a lady into supper. In his absent-mindedness he sat down on an only chair, and left the lady standing. Absent-mindedness was a characteristic of another great man of beautiful character, Sir John Burdon Sanderson. If he were given any little curio or thing of scientific interest to examine he usually at the end of his investigation put it in his pocket. His wife used to make it her duty to see that he did not do this, or to retrieve the articles when he did. There was no suggestion of kleptomania. It was simply pure absent-mindedness, which, I believe, sometimes used to make him forget time when he was lecturing, and largely go over the hour allotted to him for this purpose. He was one of the most delightful companions that I have ever come across. Every one in the house party used to love his charming nature. Mr. Henry Pollock, when a fellow guest said, "The burden of our song shall be Burdon Sanderson." A well-known savant once described Burdon Sanderson as "a natural liar!" The indignation of every one in the scientific world was extreme.

I used to know Lord Lister fairly well. Both he and Lord Kelvin were delightfully simple minded, and of a transparent modesty about their own great achievements. Whilst Lister was working out experiments with antiseptic dressings and applications there had to be extreme secrecy, until he knew they

were what he hoped them to be. I helped him at one of his operations when he was making a trial of the celebrated "double cyanide gauze." He would not tell me what it was, and gave me his reason for silence by saying that he could not afford to let an imperfectly tried antiseptic material be associated with his name. I need not say that Lister had no idea of making any pecuniary advantage by this reticence. The medical profession does not do this.

A story about Darwin was told me by Professor Romanes, who was his literary heir. On one occasion when Romanes was staying with Darwin, during the evening they—Darwin, his sons, and Romanes—had been discussing the origin of awe, and Darwin had said that he had experienced more awe when he was at the top of a very high mountain than at any other time in his life. Darwin was a bit of an invalid and had to go off to bed shortly after ten, but apparently not to sleep, for at about one in the morning he came in his night cap back to the room to tell those with whom he had been talking that he had made a mistake, that on consideration he had come to the conclusion that he had experienced more awe when penetrating into the virgin forests of North America than he had done on the mountain's summit. He had come down to tell them this in the interests of truth and so that they should not be misled by his error.

I remember when George Eliot died, Romanes told me that his admiration for her and her character was such that he felt her death almost as if it had been that of Darwin.

The scientific notabilities that one used to meet at the Romanes's Scottish residence were not all of them good at shooting, and somewhat comical, almost dangerous, incidents used to occur. To avoid the danger from one very notorious offender, the shot were taken out of his cartridges by another guest and



PROFESSOR ROMANES.

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the gamekeeper and bran substituted. The birds were uninfluenced by this, but those who knew what had been done, shot with a sense of security that otherwise they would not have had. One of the gamekeepers had been promoted from being a fisherman. He was one of nature's gentlemen, as so many Scotch ghillies are. His manners towards ladies would have done no discredit to any drawing-room in Belgravia, or even the court of Louis XIV. He had an odd way of speaking to you in the third person, for instance he would say to me, "I think Mr. Turner, if the doctor were to stand here, he would have a fair chance at the 'rarebits'." I was the doctor. He had never been away from his native Ross-shire, but the Philosopher, as we always used to call Romanes, had him brought up to London, coming by the sea route from Scotland, and sent him to the Lyceum Theatre to see Irving in *Faust*. At the end of the play he made no motion to leave and was in a state of trance. When Romanes asked him what he thought of the play, he said, "If there is a deil he's yon," alluding of course to Irving. He was very fond of the word yon. Once when out shooting with him we passed a crofter's cottage. The man was working in the garden. Sandy said, "Yon had a fair 'start' last fall." When I asked him what he meant, he told me that the man had accidentally shot his wife. That was the fair start, although a tragic ending.

It so happened the first time I went ferreting with Sandy I was very much on the rabbits. Sandy, who had had previous experience of Romanes's scientific guests, said to him when we returned, "But he hits them." The Philosopher himself was an extremely good shot. On one occasion a lady staying in the house said she would like to see some shooting. Romanes took up a rook rifle and went to the top of the cliff which he had converted into a rabbit warren

and there saw on the shore below a stoat darting between two rocks. He jerked his little rifle up and fired, cutting the stoat clean in two. Of course the shot was a sort of fluke, but it much impressed the lady as to the accuracy of modern arms of precision. "I did not fire any more after that," said Romanes.

On one occasion late at night at Geanies, the name of his Ross-shire residence, a noise was heard as of somebody trying to get into the house. It was thought it might be a burglar. The Philosopher proceeded to the kitchen, which was lighted by a skylight from which he saw dangling the two legs of the man who had caused the disturbance. He dropped at the Philosopher's feet who greeted him with "Good evening," leaving him to explain his presence. Most people perhaps would have rushed at him more or less violently, but it turned out that the poor fellow was one of those safties that in Scotland are not detained in asylums, but very often look after tethered cattle by the roadside. I believe that he had been told to deliver a message at Geanies some twelve hours previously, but idiot-like had forgotten about it until this somewhat inconvenient time. Probably it was not the first time in which he had been on the tiles of the house when nobody was living in it.

I believe a great deal has been written about the religious views of Professor Romanes. Throughout the time that I knew him he was agnostic. In early life he wrote a book on this subject, but although agnostic, he was one of the most Christian men, in the best sense of the word, that I ever met. He held, he told me, that there was evolution in religion as in other matters and that the Christian religion was, in his opinion, undoubtedly the best. He regarded Christ as the greatest moralist that ever lived. He was in no uncertain frame of mind during all the

time that I knew him. He told me it had been a great mental trouble to him to have to leave orthodoxy, but he could not possibly do otherwise. He was familiar with both sides of the question ; in fact, was almost a library on this and other subjects. He used to read prayers on Sunday for the benefit of the household and to please his wife. He also read sermons. On one occasion he accidentally skipped a page in the book and, his mind being elsewhere, proceeded from one sermon to another without, I am sorry to say, noticing what he had done. When I asked him what he was going to do about the religious education of his children he told me that he thought he would leave his daughter to orthodoxy, but would tell his sons his true opinion when they arrived at the years of discretion. His exact words were, " the tomfoolery of it all." He told me that he made it a rule never in any case to weaken the faith of another, unless by special request from the individual and when he already had grave doubts as to the truth of revealed religion. He did not wish that any one should go through the terrible mental trouble that he himself had experienced. He was constantly doing good and his left hand did not know what his right did. It was not until after his death that I heard for a long time he practically had run a school for the necessitous poor. One of his reasons for Sunday prayer he told me was that he did not wish his sons to think that he was " an Ingersoll " in matters of religion. Although he was well known in the scientific world he more than once regretted to me that he had not devoted more time to poetry. Poets, he said, were much more thought of than scientific men, and their fame was more enduring. I will say nothing about his own scientific work which early had brought him the F.R.S. He was very interested in the question of the inheritance of

acquired defects and made experiments by cutting off the tails of cats to see if it were possible to breed a manx one. When I suggested that his life must be too short for him to see the results, he said, "Ah, but Ernest (his oldest son) can continue the experiments after my death."

A friend of mine who had been brought up orthodox became agnostic and afterwards reverted to his former faith. The Philosopher was very anxious to meet this gentleman, as he said he could not conceive how he could possibly return to his former belief. It is said that this eventually happened to him—but if so it was after repeated cerebral hæmorrhages. He told me after recovery from one of these how painful was the return to life, and that he regretted that he had not died.

One distinguished scientist, a widower with, I think, seven children would not take "no" for an answer from a beautiful young lady whom he sought in matrimony, and demanded her reasons, in writing, for her refusal. He received a reply that "there were seven reasons—his children." This gentleman on one occasion was discovered on his knees by the footman bringing in the tea when he was pleading his cause. The lady in question, who was very attractive, had constantly to call in the aid of her mother to terminate an incipient amour, which her good nature and great kindness to everybody had allowed to develop further than she wished. Several scientific hearts were left lamenting.

Professor Romanes never went to a public school, or I believe to any school at all. He told me that he was allowed by his mother to do practically what he liked, and that his mind was somewhat late in developing. He never read a novel until he was over twenty years of age, but he used to read all sorts of other literature, and when he went to Cambridge

he used to say that he was really like Mr. Verdant Green. I believe that he was sent to a prominent oarsman and was told to express a wish to row in the Varsity boat. He did learn to scull and went out one day with a friend who was in another boat. Romanes was conscious of a most unpleasant smell in his boat, and from time to time his friend came up and said, "Isn't it disgraceful the way this river stinks? I believe it must be from the drains." As a matter of fact, this friend had put a piece of stinking, putrid fish in the Philosopher's boat. But the Philosopher was no fool, and when the friend came again to complain about the smells of the river, the philosopher flung the piece of fish with great accuracy and hit him full on the chest, so that all the way home the practical joker was hoist with his own petard.

The Philosopher used to laugh immensely at his former self. I think he was still at the University, or had only just left it, when he first attracted the attention of Darwin by the excellence of his writing about jelly-fish. They became fast friends, and Darwin made him his literary heir with discretion to publish what he thought fit.

Darwin's modesty was extreme, like that of other really great men whom I have met—Lord Kelvin and Lord Lister. When Darwin came up to stay with Romanes to attend a meeting of the Linnæan Society (of which I think Romanes was hon. secretary), he was very nervous about going there, and said to Romanes, "I hope they won't think it presumption on my part." This at a time when all the learned and scientific world were scrambling over each other to get seats to be present and to see the great man.

In those days I remember hearing scientific society described as society where the women wear their hair short and the men wear their hair long. There was perhaps some truth in this. Scientific, musical and

artistic people constantly grudged the time to get their hair cut.

It was a great privilege for me to accompany Romanes to the Zoo. He knew all the keepers, and we used to go behind the scenes and hear all the intimate details and study the manners of the animals. Romanes himself made many experiments with Sally, the gorilla. He taught her to count up to four and to distinguish different colours and so on, but he came to the erroneous conclusion that the ability of the highest anthropoid ape was only equal to that of a child of two. Nowadays any one who has seen a cinematographic performance of the highest apes, how they act, rescue babies from fires, and are certainly all but human, can no longer agree with Romanes—in fact, many statements in his book on animals' intelligence would have now to be modified.

I always used to disbelieve his story of the cat which spread crumbs for birds so that she might catch them, but I think Romanes believed it.

Animals have powers, there is no doubt, that are denied now to us, whatever may have been the condition of our remote forefathers. Their sense of direction is extraordinary. About a hundred years ago my grandfather was talking to Lord Digby, who then owned Sherborne Castle. Some little time before, he had sent one of his hounds of the Blackmore Vale pack to a Master of Hounds in Yorkshire. It was before the days of railways, and the hound must have travelled by coach from Dorsetshire to Yorkshire. When Lord Digby was reading the letter thanking him for his present—my grandfather was with him—the hound trotted up. He had come from Yorkshire to Dorsetshire back to his old master in the same time as the letter.

A frog story which I am assured is authentic. A gentleman in Australia, living in the bush, was

much disturbed by the croaking of neighbouring frogs, one of which invaded the veranda and used to come into his room and sit by his washstand. This showed great friendship, but was rather inconvenient, so the gentleman asked a man who was going on to another station some sixteen miles away, if he would take the frog away and drop him there. This was done. Three days afterwards Mr. Frog was back in his old quarters inside the gentleman's house! That meant that he must have hopped over five miles a day to get back.

There was a minister, Mr. Miller, at Bordighera who was a great Naturalist and had a very fine museum of his own collections. He told me that on one occasion he had taken a female butterfly from the one spot in Italy where this peculiar specimen was found, to his own house twenty miles away. Next day, or two days afterwards, he came across no less than twelve males of the same variety. They had never been seen in this place before, and were peculiar to the one small place from which the female had been taken.

One always talks of a "bee line." I believe that if the antennæ are cut off they lose their sense of direction.

Romanes was very interested in the growth of superfluous hair, and he was always on the look out for a hairy man who had got hairs on the back of the tips of his fingers. He never came across one.

He wanted to make experiments as to the clinging capacity of babies. He was not allowed to do so on his own children, but I think he had a try on one of mine. I am not sure about this, but I know he tested my daughter Catherine as to how she would regard him in a sort of Guy Fawkes mask. The child did not mind this at all, but burst into furious tears when the Philosopher put his own face near hers!

The absent-mindedness of philosophers is proverbial. One morning at breakfast Romanes hurriedly entered the room after an obviously rapid toilet.

I chaffingly said to him, "Philosopher, I don't believe you have washed, brushed your hair, or cleaned your teeth." He answered never a word, but about an hour afterwards he said to me, "You were right, Tom." He had been up to his bedroom to look.

In the early eighties of last century Romanes and I were discussing the warfare of the future, and he said, "War in the future will resolve itself into the manœuvring of one army to get to windward of the other."

"But why?" I asked.

"So that they may be able to use the poison gases which will determine the result of any battle that may take place."

Rather prescient of him to think of this. I have since wondered whether he had got the idea from Professor Hugo Müller, a great chemist connected with the firm of De la Rue & Co., an exceedingly able man—a Fellow of the Royal Society and at one time President of the Chemical Society.

Professor Müller married a distant cousin of mine, an English woman, and he was pro-English in every way.

Romanes once in a conversation with Oscar Wilde, whom he met at an at-home, said to him, "What an ass Bunthorne is!" "But Bunthorne finds it pays," returned Oscar Wilde, showing that his pose as an æsthete was assumed for his social advancement.

It was Oscar Wilde who said there were three inevitables—death, quarter-day and Lady Jeune's parties.

I remember Romanes discussing the origin of conscience with Mr. Cotter Morrison, the French historian. The latter had made experiments on his little girls, whom he taught that it was necessary to stroke their noses twice a day, and he found that when they did not do so they were much troubled by their consciences.

The efficacy of prayer much interested the Philosopher. He wanted some real test to be applied, such as praying for the inmates of one ward of St. George's Hospital, and not doing it for the inmates of another ward with somewhat similar cases in it, and then to have the results contrasted. It is needless to say this was not done.

A good and pious lady of my acquaintance, when she heard that her daughter-in-law did not inherit some money until an old General died, put together her hands in the attitude of prayer, cast her eyes up to heaven, and said, "Good Lord, take him." This was not in any way a joke on her part.

In olden days there is no doubt that sickness and accident were often regarded as a chastening at the Lord's hand. So much so, that until recently, when at my initiative it was altered, the prayer for the patients at St. George's was for those who were being chastised, as if the being in a hospital was the result of personal turpitude.

The way that some of the poorer classes in Scotland regarded the acts of Providence was shown when one of two women crossing a narrow plank or tree bridge, fell into the water and was drowned. The remark of the survivor was, "A Providence it was not me." It was in the small fishing village to which these ladies belonged that the minister, giving out in kirk the programme for the next week, expressed the hope that at the Holy Communion there would be such an attendance as would

cause a "verra great commotion amongst the angels in Heaven."

Romanes at one time of his life, had a somewhat philosophic disregard of his personal appearance. He came on one occasion to my house with a shockingly bad silk hat. It so happened that I had a brand new Lincoln and Bennett that was a slight misfit for me, but was exactly his size, so I gave it to him. The next time I saw him crossing Green Street to my house, I noticed that he had on his head an exceedingly small, ill-fitting silk hat. "Where on earth did you get this hat?" said I to him. "Well," he said, "of course I was not going to wear your nice new hat in London, and I came up yesterday in another. I must have changed it at the Athenæum Club, for I found that I had got one too small for me. This morning I went to a barber to be shaved, and my hat was hung up with some others. When I came away, I couldn't quite recognise which was the Athenæum one, and so I took the smallest there, and I find it is smaller even than the small one I took at the club." It was a balancing feat of some skill for him to keep the wretched thing on his head at all. He must have left at least two men with misfitting hats, and uttering strong language at their losses and his lack of accuracy.

I think it was at this time that he arrived at my house without his shoe laces being tied up. I did this for him, and the only reason he gave for not doing it himself, was that stooping gave him a headache. I have no doubt this was quite right, as it was after his first apoplectic seizure. Poor fellow! he had several of these before he finally died, and he told me that his one regret on recovering was that he had ever come round from any of them.

At Geanies both Romanes and his sister Charlotte were more than fond of the occult, and table-tapping and turning were often attempted.

Nothing ever happened when I was there, but on one occasion the table rapped out, "Will you worse than demons mock us below with your heartless laughter."

Mrs. Romanes had something like hysterics. A parson who was one of the party was also much perturbed and said it was the devil. The next day he took up his testimony and went round to all the offending guests showing them how necessary it was to give up all such evil practices.

Discussing the matter with Romanes, he was quite ready to agree that probably both he and his sister, unconsciously and without meaning to deceive, had something to do with the tilting of the table. In fact, he told me that by himself he was able to solve problems in this way by his unconscious mind that were too much for his conscious mind.

At Geanies, Ross-shire—which Romanes rented—we used to play an abominable game, in which a victim was sent out of the room, and on returning had to find the name of some celebrity selected by the seven or eight people remaining in the drawing-room. Each one of these took a letter of the name, and selected somebody who had that letter for his initial. On one occasion a fair young damsel selected Samson to represent the letter "S." Four questions were allowed to the person trying to solve the riddle. She had already admitted that he was a man of the Bible, and when asked what he was celebrated for, thinking that "strength" would give away the show, she took refuge in the Delilah affair and said "for his amiable disposition."

Corney Grain used to tell a story of how some young subalterns poured whisky into the works of a piano to binge it up and make things more lively after Mess. When told this story, a laird in Ross-shire said gravely, "But I don't see what good this would do it."

He was unconsciously most amusing in the Samson games.

I met at Romanes's house in the eighties a young German attaché, and was very much surprised at his account of his examination as to his fitness for the Foreign Office. He was sent to see Bismarck himself, who told him to take down from a bookshelf a classical author—I think it was Virgil—and himself listened to his construing. Fancy Lord Salisbury, who was then our premier, doing such a thing in England!

The young German's views on matrimony were very romantic. He proposed to marry on some absurdly small sum of money and his wife was to do all the cooking and housework. "Rather dull and troublesome for her, would not it be?" "Oh, but she would love me so," was his reply.

There is a mistaken impression that a nigger's dark colour enables him to bear the sun's heat better than a white man, and that the pigmented races generally are favoured in this respect. Dr. Clarke when he was in Egypt in the nineties made experiments on this subject by means of differently coloured tubes containing mercury. In the black ones there was always the greatest rise in the sun's rays, and in the white ones the least, so pigment was not meant to withstand heat-rays. The coloured races can undoubtedly bear the sun better than the white man, but it is because they can bear the sun's *light* rays better.

Pigment is a protection against light—not against heat. White or light-coloured clothing is the best protection against heat—the worst against light.

Dr. Clarke did a lot of most excellent work on the brain and cerebellum, and was the inventor of an instrument by which any desired part of the brain could be reached by a needle—practically without

pain. This as yet had not been applied to human surgery, but only to cats. There is a great opening for some one to adapt his instrument to fit the human skull and so relieve apoplexies, or accidental blood extravasations within it. Injections, too, could be directed absolutely to head-quarters.

Sane, sound, and well-informed on nearly every subject, Clark had one mental defect, he could not bear to be in the dark. An unexpected tunnel on a railway journey had to be met by the striking of lucifer matches.

He knew his fears were absurd, but could not cure himself of them.

Mentally and physically we all of us have some weak spot, some place of least resistance.

A scientist friend of mine—not Romanes—an agnostic—was taken to task by a friend of his, a canon, for not going to church. The parson was a good sportsman and had rowed in the Inter-Varsity boat race, was a good shot and good to hounds, but all these temporal pleasures of his were nothing, he said, to the spiritual one of Holy Communion on Easter Sunday. He proposed discussion and debate. The scientist was able and very well read, and so much did he prevail in argument that the canon eventually wrote to say that he could not continue the conferences as his own faith was being badly weakened. However good your cause, you ought to know the other side of the question before you argue. I can't help thinking the Church takes its clergy at too early an age. How can a comparative boy of twenty-three with only public school and university experience be able to lay down the law and guide people of much wider knowledge and greater age? What does he know of the world? Afterwards, too, the ordinary conversation of men in his presence is modified and hampered by respect for his cloth; that of women

by a conscious or unconscious admiration of a "good" man. The Church of Rome keeps its priests to themselves, but a celibate Anglo-Catholic, because his vows of chastity, poverty and obedience may not be known, is able unmeaningly to engage the affections of a young woman before she discovers her error. I think I have known such a case. Two people, more than worthy of parenthood from a eugenic point of view, did not marry although perhaps in love with each other. Good citizens are lost to the state, and all the time the pauper aliens of the East End of London go on breeding freely. The celibate should be labelled with a ticket plain for all women-folk to see. They are often men of high ideals and goodness, and ought to see the duty of passing on their good qualities to children and grandchildren. Marrying men are in a terrible minority already, and the greatest function of woman is motherhood, which she so constantly is not able to gratify.

Re pauper aliens. I have always contended that "St. George for Merry England" is a better cry than "London for the pauper alien," that St. George's, where patients are mostly English, is as worthy of support as the London Hospital and its East End clientele.

Amongst the celebrities I have met was "Doctor Jim" Jameson. I saw him in London just after he had been released from prison on the ground of ill health. He was a charming person, with a temperament well fitted for his subsequent distinguished career in South Africa. An old St. George's man who had been surgeon to one of the regiments of Guards, Seton Hamilton by name, was also in the Jameson Raid, and "not at all ashamed of it," as he told me at Bordighera in 1924.

I know a distinguished gentleman who is cognisant of the *real* history of this raid, but he will tell nobody.

I saw Colonel Fred Burnaby, of the " Ride to Khiva " fame, with his arm in a sling when he returned wounded from the Suakin expedition. The humanitarians objected strongly to his use of a shot gun against the Fuzzie Wuzzies. On his return he was killed when our square was temporarily broken. He was fencing with one Arab when another gave him a fatal wound in the neck. He had not got his shot gun, and I suppose the unco guid were satisfied.

Later on I was at a hypnotic séance, a piece of khaki stained with his blood—part of his uniform—in a pocket-book, was described by a woman in the trance when the unopened pocket-book was given to the man—I forget his name—who was giving the show, and was eight yards or so away from her.

Burnaby was an early and daring balloonist. Charles Pollock, so well known in this branch of aeronautics, was a friend of mine, and crossed the channel more than once I think. He wanted to take me up with him, but I declined. The captive balloon in Paris in 1879 had given me all the balloon emotions that I wanted—the difficulty of descent does not appeal to me.

Pollock's brother was one of the best card players I have ever met. He was first discovered by " Cavendish," the well-known writer on whist and picquet, who did not play as well as he wrote.

I once came across Sir Henry de Bathe, celebrated as an amateur actor; indeed, my mother, who was no mean judge, said he was nearly the equal of Charles Matthews. I well remember the latter in *My Awful Dad*. Extremely good but *passé*. It was about this time that poor old Buckstone, though he was stone deaf, continued to act at the Haymarket, and took his cues from watching the lips of the other actors. Toole I saw many times. Lal Brough was a sort of rival of his and extremely quaint. They

were both starring on tour at the same time, and sometimes in the same towns, Lal Brough preceding Toole. I was told that on one occasion when Lal Brough was very profoundly asleep after a convivial evening, they put him to bed and plastered him with labels, "Toole's coming"—the same placards with which the town was adorned. These were the first things "Lal" saw next morning.

"Jimmy" McDonald, a friend of the Duke of Cambridge, who used to live in Ranger's Lodge in Hyde Park, was a patient of mine. He was called the silver pheasant because of his hair. It was said that in the Crimea the Russian soldiers took him for a priest, and refrained from firing at him.

I met the Duke of Cambridge once on the doorstep of a great friend of his. The arm-chairs in the drawing-room had been made very ample to suit H.R.H.'s proportions.

There was a story of a well-born officer in a crack regiment who in the Crimea made no secret of being a Pacifist and said he wanted to go home! His brother officers gave him a very bad time and at night bombarded his tent with cannon balls. He was sent home, not shot. I don't think he was an honourable. "Honourable" is rather a difficult title for some of its holders to live up to. One stole a brand new opera hat of mine—leaving one with the springs broken. I never got mine back—I could not help being amused by the club hall porter who treated my expostulations rather as if an honour had been conferred on me. Another that I knew was supposed "corriger la fortune" at cards. The son of another got my brother's fishmonger to cash a stumer cheque. My brother paid rather than that the fishmonger should be swindled. The "honourable" mother would not pay. The actual miscreant years after called on me to try and borrow money. At first I

did not recognise the name, but when I did he had a very *mauvais quart d'heure*, and I thrust "Higgins, the fishmonger" down his throat, during his retreat through three rooms to my front door. My room right at the back of the house was very convenient for such conversations, as I found on another occasion when a swindling impostor—posing as a priest—forgot that he had paid me a former visit.

The estrangement between Gilbert and Mrs. Kendal which lasted a number of years arose from a misplaced emphasis in one of the lines she had to speak as Galatea in Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea*. She was corrected at rehearsal by Gilbert, but on the first night of the production accidentally gave her own version, and this Gilbert did not forgive. I well remember how charming and delightful she was in the part, but it was many years afterwards that Cecil Clay told me the above story, and I have forgotten what the words were.

The Daly Company, after making a tremendous success in London with *A Night Out*, went on tour to Edinburgh when I was there. I went to see them, and found an almost empty house. I met next day an English lady who had married a well-known Edinburgh professor, and spoke to her about this. She said "I love the Scotch, but there is one thing wanting in them—they don't know how to amuse themselves."

One of the Daly Company became a great friend of mine—Mr. William Sampson. I operated on him for a very novel but dangerous condition, and his gratitude was only ended with his life. He heard I had lost a lot of money in backing my son in a motor business, and thinking I was "hard up" sent me a magnificent "fee." I had taken none at the time of the operation some twenty years before.

I very nearly took a house in Chesterfield Street

from the celebrated "Skittles." Everything was settled, but I insisted that the drains should be passed by the London Sanitary Protection Association. The lady demurred and gave me an ultimatum of twenty-four hours. I refused to give way, and called the deal off. Then she was ready to consent to anything, but by this time I had found another house, and so started life in Green Street, Park Lane. I was there seventeen years—afterwards in Half Moon Street until the War. My lease of the latter was up the end of July, 1914, so I was not saddled with a London house whilst I was serving in the Navy. When I first started "practice" I had to supplement my earnings by private coaching in anatomy and surgery. The drudgery of this is inconceivable. I did it for about five years.

Young surgeons were very much neglected in those days; the young consultant was often like the briefless barrister.

In the hypnotic trance the subject does extraordinary things and the ordinary brain is not working. By invitation I attended a sitting given by Kennedy the Hypnotist to a lot of medical men and got myself elected to be one of a committee that went on the platform and watched the hypnotic proceedings at a near distance. Kennedy got a dentist to extract a tooth for one of his subjects. When the man recovered his normal condition he would not believe that his tooth had been taken out until he put his finger in his mouth and saw it covered with blood. Another subject after consuming a box of the most disgusting medicine enclosed in capsules, under the idea that he was a boy at school enjoying sweets, when he was told what he really had swallowed commenced the act of vomiting. Kennedy's power was such that by just raising his hand he stopped him in the very act and threw him once more into the

hypnotic condition. I expostulated with Kennedy as to the drenching of these subjects with nauseous and filthy things, but he told me that they never produced any bad effects. About the truth of this I have no evidence.

I remember George John Romanes telling me that by table-rapping he was able, by his unconscious mind, to solve problems that he was unable to solve in his normal condition. I remember him telling me about a French peasant girl who was dull, lethargic, and rather stupid in ordinary life, but who when hypnotised became quick-witted, clever, musical, quick at repartee, and with an absolutely different personality from her ordinary one. He asked me for an explanation. I suggested that in the hypnotic condition she threw back to some ancestor or ancestress of the noblesse, possessed of the qualities that she showed only when she was hypnotised. He agreed with this view.

There are a certain number of scoundrels who sail close to the wind in every profession, and the medical is no exception. A notorious wrong 'un overreached himself by swelling a millionaire's tongue. The rich Jew was no fool and immediately dismissed him. This gentleman, when he got hold of a prominent statesman told him he must *see* him eat a dinner before he could prescribe, and then gave a dinner "to meet Mr. Chamberlain" at his own house—this for his own social advancement and advertisement. He once strongly urged the claims of a surgical knight, Sir William MacCormac, against those of my youthful self to operate on a case. This was quite right, but when I was selected and met him, he told me "when your name was mentioned I said at once I should like to meet one so eminent"! I was not eminent, and I knew he was lying. He told the patient my fee was about double what I should have asked, as I was quite a young man then.

Another wrong 'un, B., eventually shown up by Labouchere in *Truth*, when he started got a crippled crossing-sweeper to go round to all the big houses in Queen's and Prince's Gate to ask for subscriptions for an apparatus for B. to put him right. He was quite incurable, but it was a good way of letting the neighbourhood know that B. was on the warpath.

To see incurable cases frequently to delude them and make them think they were curable was the practice of a well-known throat specialist in the Victorian era. I was told by a lawyer who wrote to tell him that a lady's income could not stand his fees, that he answered, "If her income can't her capital can," a callous communication that she had not long to live.

I am writing only of those who have been dead a long time; I heard to-day of two physicians—both baronets—who met in consultation on a millionaire's wife—a difficult and doubtful case. They did not like to say they did not know what was the matter, so the more adroit of the two, Sir William, addressing the husband, said, "There may possibly be two ignorant men in London who would give a name to your wife's malady, but we are not going to." He was called in on another occasion to advocate a necessary course of treatment to an obstreperous lady. He said absolutely nothing to her, but as he was leaving he told the doctors "the maid is the key to this case," and he was right.

During his long and prosperous career his exercise was climbing stairs, as he told a lady who apologised to him for having to walk up to the nursery floor. His lunch was often raisins in his brougham. He had absolutely no interest outside his profession.

The tact of another successful physician, Sir Andrew Clark, was never better shown than when he successfully soothed the ruffled feelings of a friend of

mine who had a bee in his bonnet, and, not understanding that he had to wait his turn before he could be attended to, challenged Clark's butler to come out into Cavendish Square and fight him. There is a story that Abernethy refused to see the Iron Duke out of his turn when he forced his way into his consulting-room.

A patient once said to Abernethy, "I always have such a pain when I put my arm in this position." "Then why the devil do you do it?" asked Abernethy.

Many years ago I was proposed by my friend Mr. Arthur Lambton for membership of Our Society—often called the Crimes Club. It is wonderful how hard he has worked as a presiding genius, and how much he has done to make the meetings successful. I have met very many interesting men there, and have heard very many interesting things not generally known. Our proceedings are secret, so I won't say more than that many *causes célèbres* have details not revealed at the trials of the criminals. Lately the committee of which I am a member have lost Sir E. Marshall Hall and Sir John Hall, both of whom took the greatest interest in the Club. Another prominent member, Sir C. Russell, has gone too. Amongst the early members, George R. Sims, Professor Churton Collins, Mr. Ingleby Oddie, H. B. Irving, Sir E. Wild, Sir Max Pemberton, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle were conspicuous and all first-rate criminologists. G. R. Sims was the man who proved the innocence of Beck—a case of mistaken identity that could easily have been proved at any time. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has, to my mind, proved quite as conclusively that Oscar Slater was guiltless of the murder of Miss Gilchrist.

I knew Professor Tidy, the expert on poisons, in the eighties. A Svengali-looking man, rather odd,

but exceedingly interesting. He told me the following about the Maybrick case. The night before the trial, at a conference with Sir Charles Russell and his junior, Russell asked him, "Well, what about the defence? What is it to be?" "That Maybrick did not die of arsenical poisoning, but of acute gastritis," said Tidy. "That's absurd," said Russell, "the evidence is overwhelming that he did." "That's all I can do for you," said Tidy, and he went to bed. At 1 a.m. he received an urgent message from Russell to come down and continue the discussion, a woman's life was at stake, etc., so he went down, but maintained his view of the question. He informed me that he was sure that acute gastritis was the cause of death. "But what about Mrs. Maybrick giving her husband arsenic?" said I. "Ah! that's quite another thing," was his reply. In fact he was ready to admit that there had been an attempt at murder, but "maintained his own opinion still" as to the gastritis.

He interviewed Lampson the day before his execution to try and find out from him the cause of the delay of the action of the poison after the boy had eaten the cake given him by Lampson. He asked him if he had injected the poison with a hypodermic syringe into a raisin. Lampson did not deny this—and it is the probable explanation—as the skin of the raisin would take some time to digest before the poison was freed and did its deadly work.

He was called to consult about a case of suspected poisoning. The doctors could not understand the symptoms of a rich lady who was desperately ill, and who had an only son. Both they and Tidy were morally sure that poison was at work, but absolute, definite proof was wanting.

Tidy settled the matter by interviewing the son, and telling him that the police would be communicated

with after twelve hours' time, so as to give the poisoner time to leave England. The son bolted at once, and the bluff to prevent murder succeeded.

A well-known man—long ago dead—once told me how he had, as he thought, to face death without aid when assistance could have been procured only at the expense of a lady's honour.

In opening a champagne bottle he was wounded by its breakage, and a severe cut by the knee bled so furiously that he thought he was going to die from the hæmorrhage.

His companion was a married woman of good reputation, and her being with him would have compromised her beyond redemption. He entreated her to go, and after some hesitation she went. Luckily it was not one of the main vessels behind the knee that was injured, but a smaller one, and so he recovered eventually to make a great name for himself in the literary world.

Celebrity often walks with sin. The public would be much astonished if I were to mention the names of three very celebrated men who died of G.P.I., or of one, famous in holy orders, who luckily escaped being the central figure of a paternity case.

## CHAPTER XI

### COINCIDENCES AND EXPERIENCES

IN about 1910, while I was trying a new motor-cycle, I went down to Chigwell in Essex where my grandfather and grandmother are buried in the churchyard. Leaving the cycle at the "King's Head," immortalised by Dickens as "The Maypole" in *Barnaby Rudge*, I tried in vain to find the graves. Crossing the road, I stood watching a cricket match and asked an ancient rustic by my side whether these were the boys of Chigwell School of which Mr. Crookes was once master. He stared at me in astonishment, for Mr. Crookes had been the master in the fifties and sixties of the nineteenth century, and said, "Who are you, sir, that knew Mr. Crookes?" I said that I was the son of Mr. George Turner who once had lived at Chigwell and that as a boy I knew Mr. Crookes, when he came up to London to see my father. He said, "I knew your father, sir." My father had left Chigwell in 1856. "What brought you down here?" he asked. "I was trying to find my grandfather's grave in the churchyard." "Oh," said he, "Sacred to the memory of Hannah, wife of Robertson Buchanan, who died June 1854, also of Robertson Buchanan, who died March 1st, 1869." "Good gracious," I said, "how do you know all that?" "Well," he said, "I ought to, for I dug the graves of both of them." In the one case it was some fifty-six years before, and in the other some forty-one. He went on to say, "Do you know how I learnt to

read, sir? It was by learning the letters on the tombstones." He then took me to the churchyard and showed me the graves that I wanted to see. The lettering was almost gone, and I had it repaired.

At the outbreak of the War I had two gardeners who were brothers. The younger one, although he was really under age, joined up at once, and was killed on March 13th, 1915. His elder married brother joined later and was killed on the following March 13th, 1916. The latter was a most capable man and an enthusiastic gardener. Some year or so before his wife had been ill and I thought a change of air would do her good, so suggested a holiday. "Oh! but, sir, with the grapes coming on, and the roses, I don't think I ought to leave them." His garden came even before his sick wife. The soil at Newlands at Radlett was a mixture of clay and gravel, an ideal place for the growth of roses, and mine were exceedingly good. The house was on the top of the hill above the Watling Street Road that ran through the village, and although within fifteen miles of London one might have been in Devonshire. Partridges and pheasants used to come on the lawn, and there was an open view of St. Albans Cathedral in the distance about four miles away.

A very great friend of mine, Dr. R. H. Clarke, who himself believed very firmly in telepathy, died on Monday, June 28th, 1926. On that Monday morning I had had my first long sleep which ended about 8 o'clock: in my second sleep, about 9 or 9.15, I can't say I heard a voice, but somehow it was communicated to me that "Dr. Clarke is dead." I thought little of it; knowing that he was ill and subject to heart attacks, it seemed not an unnatural thing that I should have thought of his death. On the Tuesday after midday, I heard from the lawyer that Clarke had died "last night in Paris." The

time did not apparently coincide with the notification to me, but later when I heard the details of his death, I found that he had got out of bed on the Monday morning, had ordered his breakfast, had got back into bed, and when about half an hour later they brought his breakfast to the room, he was found dead. I believe there was a nurse in attendance on him, with whom I was acquainted and who knew of our friendship. As yet I have had no opportunity of asking her whether she in any way thought of me. Clarke himself, and the late Mr. Capper of thought-reading renown, were able to do almost anything in reading each other's thoughts, or rather in Capper reading Clarke's.

I have left this account as I wrote it in 1927. It was not until 1928 that I received a letter from Miss Piggott asking me for a testimonial as she wished to obtain an appointment as nurse to one of the large steamships. I thus got into communication with her. Amongst others to whom I mentioned the matter was Sir John Rose Bradford, the President of the College of Physicians, who in former days had been one of Clarke's friends.

These reminiscences have been jotted down at various times during the last four years or so, and thus it is that I am completing my account years after I had written my original note (January 1st, 1931). I have Miss Piggott's letter, with the post-mark July 20th, 1928, describing in detail the improvement in Clarke's health before his sudden death.

She was kind enough to write me a long letter from which I quote. "When he felt a little better he decided to spend the week-end in Paris and return on the Monday. By Sunday he looked a different man, and it was decided that we should return to England the next morning at 9.30 a.m. My room was on the third floor—the next morning I was roused by the hotel proprietor, who was in a dreadful

state of excitement, saying that Monsieur had ordered his breakfast at 7 o'clock and appeared in the best of health—at a quarter past seven, when the valet returned, Dr. Clarke was dead. I ran down to his room and found him on his right side—looking as though he had tried to get out of bed. I secured his keys and locked his trunks and put his money and watch away. I was next taken to the British Consul, but before going I remembered of no address in England other than his Bank in Croydon. I then wondered whether he might have your address—or possibly a letter from you. I quickly searched through his papers, but I was probably too upset to look properly. That was about nine or nine-thirty a.m. I finally decided to let the Consul attend to everything, etc.”

I received this letter from Miss Cavendish Piggott July 20th, 1928. It will be seen that she was thinking hard of me and trying to get into communication with me the *exact time* that I learnt “Dr. Clarke is dead.” Up to receiving this account I had told the story to many people, but always saying that the time of Clarke's death did not correspond with the time of the message; this is true—but the telepathy was exactly accurate. I had an interview with Miss Piggott, and she told me she was doing all she could to get into communication with me.

T. C. Bush, the great cricketer who used to play with the Graces for Gloucestershire, was also a member of the English football team which played against Scotland when I did in 1876. I have a photograph of that team and I am sitting near the Captain, Frank Luscombe, whose horse “Marco” won the Cambridgeshire, and next to Bush the cricketer. This photograph was not in my ordinary sitting-room or bedroom, and I saw it very seldom. One day I could not get the idea of Bush out of my

head. I was thinking constantly of him for no apparent reason. It was not as if we had been great friends ; in fact, I do not think I spoke to him at any time except on the day of the International match, when coming out of the pavilion at the Oval, he said to me, " I wish this were a cricket match instead of football." The day following my involuntary constant thoughts of Bush I took up the *Morning Post* and found that he had died the preceding day, and there was a long notice of his business and athletic career. I am inclined to wonder if, when he was dying, that same photograph of the football team was in his bedroom, and that he was wondering who the fellow next to him was.

Years ago I motored my daughter into a town in Hertfordshire, where she went into a shop and I waited in a small open car outside. Without anything whatever to lead up to it, I began to think about a young lady whom I had known thirty years previously, in the West of England. A car came along the street from behind me, and as it passed I saw that it was being driven by her brother, whom I recognised at once, although I had not seen him for certainly thirty years. As the car flashed by me, I saw there were some ladies in it. Some two or three days afterwards I saw a letter in *The Times* from this gentleman who was driving the car, showing that he was still alive, and was living in the neighbourhood where I saw him. I never saw the car approaching, so had no view of it until it passed me ; nothing to suggest him in any way.

Although I have had these experiences and am more than ready to admit the possibility of telepathy, I am a natural sceptic in things occult, and have no belief in Spiritualism.

I have once attended a Spiritualistic séance, and

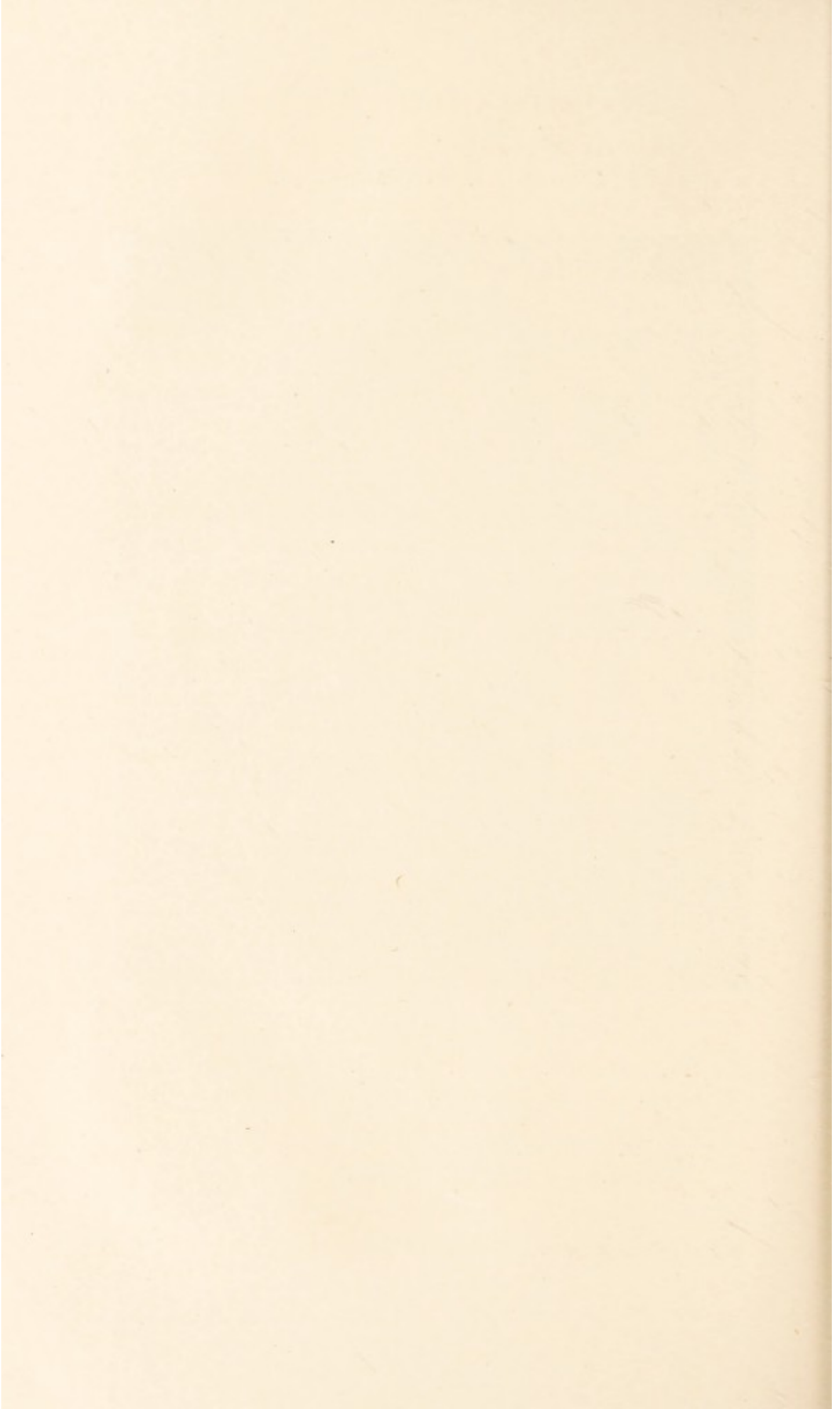
ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND, 1876.



THE LAST ENGLISH TWENTY.

Lee. Graham. Hunt. Parson. Walker. Hutchinson.  
Heath. Adams. Kewley. Collins. Stokes. Marshall.  
Chester.  
Birkett. Tetley. Luscombe. Bush. Rawlinson.  
Gregg. Turner.

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having the privilege to know Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, four different spirits did me the honour to talk to me during the séance, and in each case they gave themselves away and were obvious frauds.

The first purported to be the son of the house and who had been killed in the War. Although I knew his father, Lord Glenconner, I had never met the son, yet his spirit addressed me as if we had been well acquainted during his lifetime. The same error was made by another spirit. The next one purported to be that of a namesake of mine, General Sir A. Turner, with whom I had been unacquainted, but I knew several of his friends and he had stayed at the house of one of my married daughters. When he came I thought I would stop him making the error of having known me, and said to him, "Of course, Sir Alfred, we didn't know each other during your life, but we had several mutual friends and acquaintances." "Oh yes," said he, "yes; there were the Misses B." I said to him, "Let me see, what was the name of the one who was your great friend?" This gentleman had been in the habit of going about with the sister of my daughter-in-law a good deal. The spirit could not tell me the name, so I said, "Oh, I don't wonder at your not remembering the name, because you always used to call her by a nickname." "What was it?" The spirits, when they could not answer a question, took refuge in grunts, at other times their articulation was perfect. The young lady about whom I was cross-examining this spirit was called Birdie by my namesake in his lifetime, because of the shape of her nose. The spirit knew neither her christian name nor this nickname by which he always called her. The spirit of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's son again made the mistake that he had known me in life.

The last spirit who summoned me, was supposed

to be that of my son who was killed in the War. He began by telling me there was no such place as Hell, and went on to quote a little from a book on Spiritualism by Conan Doyle that I had been advised to read before going to the séance. I asked him what he would like me to do. He said he wished to be remembered to his mother. I said, "Yes, and to your wife or widow." He said, "Yes, and the children," using the plural. He had only one child, a daughter, but in the books where details are given of myself and family the words "has issue" had been put after his name. On my asking him what name his mother called him, he replied correctly, "Teddie." "Yes", I said, "and I." "Oh," he said, "Ned or Ed." Now I had never called him Ned or Ed in my life. When he was quite young he was rather undersized, and his great ambition was to be thought big, and he said he was "normous." In consequence of this I always used to call him "Normous" or "Big One." In fact, when he was killed, he had a letter of mine in his pocket which began, "My dear Big One." In addition to Big One and Normous I used to call my son who was killed in the War "Fidei Defensor," as when a little Joel at his preparatory school spoke slightingly of the Christian Faith he went for him *vi et armis*. He created considerable amusement at a circus when the clown pretending to help the men putting down the carpets was always getting in the way, he shouted out in a loud voice, "Why he is just like Papa!"

If he had told me at the Spiritualist séance either of these stories or other things known only to ourselves I should have been more of a believer in the faith and might have had to come down to telepathy as an explanation. The medium who made these repeated failures with me was a trumpet medium.

I went to that séance in an earnest spirit of

inquiry. It was opened by the saying of The Lord's Prayer, followed by "Lead Kindly Light" ("to increase the vibration"). The first spirit that spoke was very squeaky, so we sang "D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey." After that the articulation was perfect, except when a question couldn't be answered. I was told that the medium must have been an intermittent, that is to say, not above unconscious manufacture on the occasions when she could not call spirits from the vasty deep. At the beginning of the séance, the atmospheric conditions were said to be extremely favourable for them "to come through." I was shown the trumpet, and was told that if during the séance I felt anything like air coming against my face, that this was not the case, but that it was an emanation from myself. I did feel something like somebody's breath, and found it more than difficult to believe that it was anything proceeding from myself.

To me this one séance was more or less conclusive, although I went to another, more for the purpose of taking a friend than having any further curiosity myself.

I wrote to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and told him all about it. His explanation was that the medium was an intermittent, and that this was not one of her days. It certainly was *not*.

If one believes in telepathy and the possibility of the unconscious mind of the medium—whether hypnotised or not—communicating with the unconscious mind of a person at a séance, much may be explained, without bringing in spirits at all, in those cases where the medium has brought forward facts or events known only to the person in communication with the medium.

It might be awkward to many people if one's unconscious mind revealed all one's secrets to a suitable medium. I knew Sir Edward Marshall Hall

fairly well. That he was a convert to Spiritualism was, I believe, the result of some unconscious telepathy between himself and a medium. He was an emotional man, as indeed was almost a necessity for the flights of oratory and passion which adorned his career as the greatest criminal lawyer and advocate of his time.

Sir Edward was asked to defend Crippen. He would not do so as the medical evidence in which he believed was to be combated. He told me that his defence would have been that Crippen, to quiet Mrs. Crippen, had given her a dose of hyoscin—and accidentally a fatal dose—then finding himself in a position of great danger of being charged with murder, he made away with the body, feeling that, looking to his liaison with Miss Le Neve, no jury would bring in a verdict of “not guilty.”

I believe that Crippen won the regard of nearly everybody when he was in custody, both before and after his trial and condemnation—and some people have gone so far as to think that his unselfish love for Miss Le Neve ranks him amongst the great lovers of history. His one idea was to shield her at any cost.

Sir Edward talked to me also about the Seddon case and his satisfaction that he secured the acquittal of Mrs. Seddon. Her innocence, he told me, he made the chief plank of his defence in the hope that the jury would also find her husband not guilty. This case and others of arsenical poisoning have shown that arsenic can be obtained all too readily. It is no good making the rarer poisons difficult to obtain if this well-known one can easily be got as a fly-paper or a weed killer. If I had my way, a poisoner should not be hanged but be killed by the same poison as his victim. Hanging is too good for strychnia, arsenic and antimony culprits. Where a nice, quiet, painless soporific such as opium or its alkaloid morphia has been used, the murderer might also be put to sleep

without any undue suffering on his part. Hyoscin instead of hanging might have done for Crippen. In long-continued, protracted poisonings the murderer should also have delay and difficulty in his expiation. Modern hanging is almost certainly painless and death immediate. It is not always that the culprit's neck is dislocated, as is laid down in works on medical jurisprudence, but the sudden sharp shock may be attended by fracture of the spine—even as low down the fourth cervical vertebra. Sentimental humanitarians need not be shocked at this. It is quite true that a fracture of the spine at this place is not immediately fatal in itself—but added to shock and rope pressure, consciousness and existence would immediately cease whether the neck is dislocated or not.

I used to wear on my watch-chain a small crystal locket, no bigger than the top of my little finger, that my sister Catherine had given to my father, and which he valued very much. One evening, after having in the afternoon watched a review of volunteers in Hyde Park, I found on dressing for dinner that the crystal locket was gone. Early next morning, about eight o'clock, I got up and went to Hyde Park. I met a friend in Green Street, who asked me why I was up so early, and I told him that I was going to look for a needle in a bundle of hay—this small locket in the Park. I went to the gate by which I had entered the Park the previous afternoon, and, as far as I could, went over the ground, got to the place where I had stood watching the troops, and then began to “quarter” the ground. In less than a minute I saw something sparkling in the grass, and there was the locket that I had lost the day before. I think this is only equalled by what happened to my grandfather. He was riding with my mother along the towing-path at Richmond, and said to her, “It was

about here that I must have lost my ring last Saturday." As he spoke his horse's hoof kicked up the ring that he had lost a week ago. Of course the towing-path by Richmond in the late forties of last century was a desert compared with Richmond of to-day.

I have been told a story of a most extraordinary find of a gold sovereign purse lost in the Sahara desert off the usual track *seven years afterwards* by a gentleman who out of curiosity returned to the place where he knew he had lost it. He saw something glittering in the sand and it was his purse. It must have been covered and uncovered by sandstorms innumerable times in seven years. The lady who told me is of unimpeachable veracity.

Another remarkable story of a gentleman called Murray, who in paying an omnibus conductor dropped a £5 note. When he found out his loss he communicated with Scotland Yard and gave the number of the note. That evening his brother, Canon Murray, got into the same omnibus, saw as he thought a piece of paper, picked it up, and finding that it was a banknote went himself with the conductor to the place where lost property was taken. The people there had already been apprised by Mr. Murray of his loss, and their astonishment was great when the Canon gave the same name and related the circumstances of the finding of his brother's money.

When I lived in Green Street, Park Lane, my children one day brought home from the park a young sparrow that had fallen out of its nest. It had next to no feathers. Tweakey Boo, as we called it, was revived with a drop of sherry, survived, and lived with us no less than thirteen years. He was, of course, exceedingly tame, and a bird of great character. He lived in the nursery, was looked after by the nurse, and he used to sit on her

shoulder and nestle amongst her hair as she did her sewing.

The nurse left us suddenly and did not come back again for five years. She then went up to the nursery—which had now become a schoolroom—and when Tweakey saw her he fluttered down to the door of his cage in great excitement, and when the door was opened he flew at once to her and nestled up against her as he had been in the habit of doing five years previously.

Dr. R. H. Clarke was greatly interested in this proof of memory in small birds. He came to the house, cross-examined the witnesses, and wrote a full account of the incident which appeared in *Bird Notes*. I subsequently related it in the columns of the *Daily Mail*.

Tweakey used to take his bath in a saucer with a gold rim round it, no other saucer would do for him, he insisted always on having one of this pattern!

A lady whom he much admired, once asked my father-in-law to bring down from London a "little parcel" for her. He readily assented, and half a sheep in brown paper was duly delivered to him as he sat in his railway carriage at London Bridge.

This lady's sister—a Peeress—once carried off a nephew of hers from his work as a clerk in the City, to sit outside Gunter's in Berkeley Square and drink champagne. She wore the badge of teetotalism on the front of her dress. "But, Aunt Loo, what about the ribbon?" asked the nephew. "Hush, hush, my dear, that's for the waiters," said she.

Her husband was a collector of Bibles—scandal said that he had taken one not rightly his from a church where it was chained to the lectern.

He would not show this collection except to a favoured few of his guests. His poor wife was left to make excuses to the others.

I once met a gentleman called Taswell, who lived, I believe, somewhere near Canterbury. A number of young cavalry officers, about two o'clock in the morning, jumped on their horses and galloped up to his place. Making a great noise, they demanded to see him, and when he appeared asking, "What is it, what is it?" they said, "Is your name Taswell?" "Yes, yes," he said. "Wouldn't it be as well if you dropped the 'T'?" said they.

I once claimed from a fire insurance office under the following circumstances.

A servant of mine had upset a big bottle of sulphuric acid on a Turkey carpet. I wrote to the company and told them of this and asked them to send somebody to estimate the damage. A young man called, and we covenanted and agreed for £9 to be paid as damages. He returned shortly after he had left the house, a little doubtful, I think, as to whether he had done the right thing. He said to me, "Was there really a fire?" "Well," I said, "if you are anything of a chemist you know that the chemical processes are not unlike, and we surgeons call red-hot irons actual cauterisers, and the strong acids like sulphuric potential cauterisers."

"But was there smoke?" said he, so I rang the bell for the servant.

"Was there smoke, Mary Ann?"

"Lor, sir, the room was full of it!"

I concealed nothing from the Insurance Company, but I am a little doubtful as to whether I was within my rights or not.

One of my cousins, Cyril Parker, who was killed in the War, was a great friend of mine and a real good sportsman. When at Eton he won the light-weight boxing competition, and backed himself to win the middle-weight. He succeeded in this. In after years, when he came home one night he found a burglar

in his rooms. The burglar bolted and Cyril gave chase. Eventually he caught the man, who implored him not to give him into custody. "On one condition," said Cyril, "that you stand up and fight me." Although Cyril was a stone or more lighter, he gave the burglar a good thrashing and then allowed him to depart.

When he was "swished" at Eton he took out a silken handkerchief and carefully dusted the execution block.

If the execution master had any sense of humour the swishing should have been a light one, but my experience of schoolmasters was they were singularly lacking in this redeeming quality.

I served Her Majesty Queen Victoria on two occasions as a special constable. When the mob threatened to storm Trafalgar Square I went down to the Wellington Barracks, learned the goose-step and to form fours, was provided with a truncheon and marched off to Trafalgar Square. Amongst the specials in the square I must have seen fifty to a hundred men that I knew as old footballers. The mob came and boo'ed and hooted, but thought discretion the better part of valour. I think these football forwards would have been awkward propositions for any rioters.

A good many of my friends joined up, and I played a practical joke on about a dozen of them, sending a notice to each to attend the drill hall of the 153rd Middlesex Volunteers for drill at 9 a.m. on a Monday, and added that the Colonel Commandant trusted there would be no absentees, as such were liable to a fine of ten shillings.

I think nearly all of my victims wandered about, trying to find the 153rd's drill hall. In spite of acting of which I was proud, I must have incurred

suspicion, as one of my friends subsequently visited my house and stole the truncheon which a generous Government allowed one to retain as a memento of this special service.

My grandfather used to relate his experiences when he served as a special at the time of the Chartist riots.

He was also one of the earliest volunteers—so much laughed at by *Punch*. I remember the beautiful green feathers of his head gear. This was at the time when the French Colonels addressed Napoleon III as to what doughty deeds they would do if necessary against poor *perfidie* Albion.

It was from this grandfather that his descendants got their athletic capacity. He was able as a young man to jump over what he could walk under. My son who was killed in the War, won the mile and three miles at the Freshmen's sports at Cambridge, also the cross-country race, and ran for Cambridge against Oxford. I won some twenty-two races as a young man, including the Inter-hospital hurdle race for three years running.

My brother E. B. Turner was a good miler and in the eighties and nineties was making all sorts of world records on a tricycle, beating even the bicycle records, when he himself was nearly forty.

I was much interested to learn from his father that Lord Burghley was the first athlete of his family. It was most unexpected news to me.

In the late seventies we were asked by some friends to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat race from Chiswick Eyot. After we had lunched and were waiting to go back in a coach the horses of which had been taken out, I was standing talking to the ladies inside the coach, when a policeman tried to force his way in. He was told it was a private coach and gently ejected. About half a minute after this, another policeman, minus his helmet, drew his

truncheon and rushed at me. I eluded the truncheon, but this was the beginning of a regular fight between five or six undergraduates who were with us, against the two policemen and the surrounding mob. It appeared that one of these policemen had tried to get on to the top of the coach, but had been dropped over the side by Mr. T. Snow, who had been running for Oxford against Cambridge the preceding day. It was this man who came at me with his truncheon. The fight waxed fast and furious for some little time, when it eventually occurred to an inspector of a large force of police quite close, to stop the riot. The crowd protested in vain and strongly against the buffeting that we had given them.

It appeared that the two policemen had been sitting up all night looking after the temporary stands that had been erected to see the race, and had been too liberally supplied with alcohol. I believe they ceased to be members of the force.

At one of the Earl's Court Exhibitions I visited a lady who told your character and your fortune by your face. I at once thought something of her because the first thing she said to me was, "You are intensely irritable." I was smiling and endeavouring to look pleasant at the time, but she was right; I have never been able to "suffer fools gladly," and am gouty and irritable.

She went on to tell me that although I was in a prominent position, I might have held a much higher place in my profession, had it not been for the animosity of a lady of title. I have wondered who this could possibly be, but of course if there was any truth in it the last person to hear of such a thing would have been myself. If by any chance it is true, I am not ungrateful to her, as I am sure my life has been more many-sided and amusing than it would have been if my profession had been my all in all.

There are several instances of very eminent physicians who, having no interests outside their profession, were bored to extinction when they could no longer work.

Napoleon on one occasion moralised as to what would become of him if deposed as he was "un être politique"—not caring either for women or gambling.

Mr. Gladstone in my young days was very much hated by Conservatives, especially after he took up Home Rule and so obtained the Irish vote at a useful moment. They could not forget he had denounced Parnell as "marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the empire." On one occasion General and Mrs. Mark Wood were invited to a public dinner, and found Mr. Gladstone was one of the guests. The General did a right about turn, and in spite of the protests of his wife, left the room, and was going downstairs when he met the Duke of Cambridge, who was a personal friend of his. The Duke said to him, "Where are you off to?"

"Well, sir, I cannot sit down to dinner in the same room as Gladstone."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense!" said the Duke; "you come back with me. I've got to do it, and so you must too."

The General sat next to Mrs. Gladstone at the dinner and used to tell the story that instead of eating a peach she put it in some pocket or other of her dress. "What did you do?" the General was asked. "Oh, I squashed up against it," said he.

Whether ladies had pockets to their dresses in those days, and whether the story is true, I do not know, but anyhow the General used to tell it as I have related it.

When the General's son was married to a very charming lady, my father and mother sat in a pew directly behind him, and when, in the course of the

marriage service the son said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," the General remarked in an audible whisper, "Damn him! He hasn't a penny."

Enthusiastic admirers used constantly to take off their hats to the Grand Old Man. A Scotch gentleman, Mr. Andrew Williamson, who was one of the pioneers of Tariff Reform (indeed it was after reading his book that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain took up the idea), was walking one day in Princes Street, Edinburgh. Some ladies whom he knew were coming towards him, and just in front of them was Mr. Gladstone. The Conservative gentleman took off his hat to the ladies. Mr. Gladstone thought that he had been saluted, and politely raised his hat, to the indignation of the Tariff Reformer, who explained to him that he was the last man in the world to whom he would ever take off his hat.

Not long after the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon, for which Mr. Gladstone was, rightly or wrongly, held responsible by many people, a beautiful young lady, a relation of mine, met him at dinner at Dalmeny in Scotland and attracted his attention. Mr. Gladstone talked to her for some considerable time. When this was known and she was asked, "What did you think of Mr. Gladstone?" she replied, "I thought of Gordon."

There used to be a crossing-sweeper in a red jacket who swept a crossing across Berkeley Square, from Davies Street nearly to Gunter's, the confectioner. I was walking along this one day behind a gentleman, and we met Mr. Gladstone. The gentleman in front of me was obviously a Liberal and took off his hat, to which Mr. Gladstone replied by a similar salutation. I had been brought up to hate Gladstone and all his works, and had been told that Palmerston had said of him that he would either ruin his country or end his days in a lunatic asylum.

I was rude and impertinent enough as I passed Gladstone to hiss him.

In after life I had the great privilege of knowing that most charming and delightful great lady, Lady Frederick Cavendish, whose husband was foully murdered on May 6th, 1882—the day my father died. From the reverence, respect and love with which Gladstone was surrounded in her house and the way in which she spoke of him, I am sure that the Grand Old Man in many ways was really “grand.”

They used to say that Mr. Gladstone was many-sided, but sometimes superficial. I was told that at a luncheon party at Oxford when Dante was the subject of conversation Mr. Gladstone was the chief speaker and critic. Lord R——, a great Dante scholar, was present, and Gladstone, at the end of his remarks, turned to him and said, “Don’t you agree with me, Lord ——?” “Well,” said his lordship, “I was not going to say anything at all, but as you have asked me, I am afraid I must say that I differ very materially from your views on Dante.”

I was once asked to stay in a house where Gladstone was coming as a visitor, and like an ass refused to do so.

I revisited Aix-les-Bains about ten years or so ago for a bad knee, and whilst there occasionally played chemin-de-fer. There was a nice, quiet-looking English lady, grey haired and dressed in black, who knew all there was to know about the game. To me this form of baccarat was novel, but I soon picked it up. Occasionally sitting next to this Mrs. Tompkins, as I will call her, we got to saying a few words to each other.

Months afterwards in London at my bankers, I found myself next to this lady and spoke to her, mentioning Aix-les-Bains. She flushed, said she

did not understand me, and when I said that we had met at Aix, she said she had never been there in her life, and went away after an expression of sorrow on my part at my mistake. I saw, however, after she had gone the name Tompkins on a slip of paper that the bankers' clerk had, and I said to him, "Was that lady Mrs. Tompkins?" "Oh yes," he said, "that's her name." Curious coincidence that the lady that had never been to Aix should have the same name and the same appearance as the lady who was having a little flutter there. I wonder if the lady was at Aix incognito, and that I made no mistake?

Grace before dinner at dinner parties always preceded the soup at my father's house. It was sometimes said by a fairly young, very High-Church curate. He had never been to school, and when he went to Oxford his mother went and lived with him. After grace there was usually a hush before conversation became general. During this pause the curate addressed me, and in a nervous, rather high-pitched voice said, "Can you tell me, Mr. Turner, is it possible to take out the human eye, clean it, and put it back again?" It was with difficulty that I preserved sufficient gravity to answer him in the negative. Later on, when conversation flagged, his thirst for scientific knowledge was such that he inquired of me whether, if one ate watercress with tadpoles in it, a frog would develop in one's interior. This is an absolute fact. I am always indebted to curates and the members of that brilliant financial race, the Jews, for the number of good stories of which they are the central figures. Perhaps one ought to add Scotsmen, who are so often slandered in funny stories.

A young Maltese came to London with a letter of introduction from Colonel Percy Feilding, who

commanded the troops in Malta, to my father. He spoke English perfectly, but with ever so little of an accent. At dinner my father said to him, "I suppose you go out and see all you can of London?" "Oh, no," said he. "It is so expensive," and he told us how, when he arrived at Victoria he took a hansom-cab to drive him to the neighbourhood of Russell Square, where apartments had been provided for him. The cabman's fare for this was five-and-twenty shillings. Half a crown or so would have been the correct sum. The day afterwards he drove from Russell Square down to Westminster to see the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Hall, etc. This cabman's fare was eighteen shillings. On the night he had come to dine with us he had been charged five shillings and set down at the wrong place. Another cabman picked him up and charged him only eighteen pence for his final hundred yards.

Shortly after this dinner, during an exceedingly hot summer, I drove down to Victoria, and gave my cabman the usual extra sixpence. He said, "Oh, can't you give me another sixpence, sir. It's so awfully hot." "No, I won't," said I to him, and told him the story of my Maltese friend. He nearly rolled off his box with laughter.

When this young gentleman paid his duty call after dinner, my mother was out, but he was received by my sister. Small talk is not the gift of every one, and no doubt it was difficult for a nervous young gentleman to start a conversation when alone with a Victorian young lady. After a silence and sitting on the edge of his chair, he looked at a beautiful collie dog that we had in those days, and started his conversation by saying, "Is he clean about the house?" My sister was able to assure him as to Crimond's good behaviour, but was rather embarrassed as to what might follow such an opening.

I once gave a cabman a lesson. I took a cab from the Marble Arch to just this side of "Cock," Kilburn, and gave the man his fare with an extra sixpence. "Oh! no," he said, "outside the four-mile radius." This was not so, but he was inclined to be aggressive, so I told him to wait while I went into the house and kept him waiting twelve minutes. Up to fifteen minutes no charge was made. I then took him back to Marble Arch and gave him his exact legal fare—a sixpence or a shilling more than I had originally offered him, but he had waited twelve minutes, and driven me more than two miles for the extra money. His only comment was, "Well, you do know 'ow to lay out your money, you do." In those days before I had a brougham I did all my work in hansoms, and always, except on this occasion, overpaid the drivers.

They were always most civil to any one connected with St. George's Hospital—so many of them had been inmates there.

On one occasion, an old patient—an omnibus conductor—tried to save a penny for me. "You get down 'ere, sir, it's a penny more round the corner"—another hundred yards.

There was a paper that lived for a short time, very malodorous, and which contained articles, which were libellous, on the past of rich financiers and company promoters. It was said that it was in the habit of blackmailing these gentlemen, and that absence from the list of those to whom open letters were addressed had to be paid for. One of my acquaintances stood the racket of this rag's attack, and the companies he had been connected with were enumerated, and I will say no more than that they had not been very successful. I heard this gentleman once upbraid his partner for not supporting him at auction bridge. "But," said he to the offender, "I said two hearts *quite quickly*."

Another financier of my acquaintance to whom I spoke on this subject, told me that he had bought the silence of the newspaper for about £1,000. It was not a cash transaction for nothing, he was given some hundreds of worthless shares for his money. He was a rich man and really had no purple past, but he said he preferred to pay the money rather than be pilloried as his more pachydermatous friend had been.

Tea tasters are, I believe, extraordinarily well paid. One my father knew got £3,000 a year. He was blackmailed for thirty years before he confided in my father, who had no difficulty in at once stopping the trouble, but the scoundrels were not prosecuted. This was in the sixties, and the law as to publicity was different then from what it is now.

I heard Disraeli, when Prime Minister in the seventies, speak in the House of Commons. The question was asked what the Government would do if the neutrality of Belgium was threatened. "If the neutrality of Belgium is threatened, really threatened," said Dizzy, and you could have heard a pin drop, the silence was so intense, "Her Majesty's Government will do their duty to their Queen and country." The House burst into a roar of laughter at Dizzy's adroit way of not answering an awkward question.

One used to see him walking about arm-in-arm with "Monty" Corry, just as was depicted in the cartoon of *Vanity Fair*.

On one occasion he had a majority of 101 in a vote of the House of Commons. He was asked what do you think of the division? "Oh!" he said, "a royal salute."

I wish we had a Dizzy or two now. Politics seem like religion. One has to be guided by faith rather than reason. A prominent politician who in

the War was against conscription—the one thing necessary for our salvation—in spite of this mental incapacity “bobs up” again after the War and is entrusted with posts of responsibility and trust as if nothing had happened. An equivalent mistake would have ruined the practice of any doctor.

The same with the gentleman who had seen “the Russian scare,” “the French scare,” and now (the end of 1913) the “German scare.” This was to pass like the others. He knew, too, at the time of Lord Haldane’s forebodings. A mistaken past seems no drawback to future advancement or the confidence of the many headed. Don’t use your reason, have faith in your eminent statesmen. Quacks are treated like this—not doctors.

At the time when relations between Russia and England were somewhat strained because of the advance on Herat, Lord Dufferin was our representative in arranging about the delimitation of the frontier. My friend Sir Thomas Gordon was with him when they were inspecting a bleak and uninviting portion of land for this purpose, and Dufferin said to him, “I do not think two great empires like the British and Russian could possibly go to war for a strip of country like this.”

Sir Thomas, who was a great Persian authority, told me this many years after the so-called “Russian scare” had passed.

The second Lord Dufferin told me a story of an experience of a relative in the Wild West of America. He saw a young cowboy come into a drinking saloon, rather the worse for liquor. He asked an old cowboy who was the leading man of the district to drink with him. “No thanks,” was the answer. “Well, if you won’t drink with me you shall dance for me.” And the young man proceeded to make the elder man move his feet by shooting at them. After a

short time of this amusement, the old man was again asked to drink and assented; then saying, "I have danced for you and drank with you, and now it is my turn," he pulled out his "gun" and shot the young man dead.

An inquest was immediately held, and "found shot" was the verdict.

A friend remonstrated with the murderer, "Don't you think you were a bit hard on him?" "No," was the reply, "if I had left him alone, every durned guy in this place would have been doing the same thing."

A young friend of mine started to learn how to shoot. His mother was anxious that he should be asked to join a shooting party. She told me how good a shot he was. "The first fifty cartridges he fired," she said, "he shot fifty birds." On seeing my look of astonishment, she said, "I don't mean all birds, but fifty cartridges, fifty things," and repeated this in a dreamy convincing manner. I heard that he was asked to the shoot, and that during the day he did not disturb fifty feathers.

I was once glared at by great Admiral Jackie Fisher. I had taken my children to see *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and we were in the stage box. I had been explaining to the children about Admiral Porter, K.C.B., and his cousins and his sisters and his aunts, etc., when coming along a row of the stalls towards us I saw Sir John Fisher, and said to the children, "Oh, there he is, the real First Sea Lord." I suppose they must have looked at Sir John with unmeant rudeness or anyhow with considerable curiosity. I think Fisher knew I had spoken about him, but as I had nothing to do with the Navy in those days, I was untouched by his indignant glance.

It was then a matter of much importance to naval officers whether you were "in the Pond" or not.

I have an unfortunate habit of looking at people

when I know the face, but cannot remember the name.

Once when in the stalls of a theatre, on looking up at a box I saw a familiar face that I recognised, and stared. The gentleman looked down, and it was longer than it ought to have been before I realised that I was having a staring match with the King of England, Edward VII. Of course I at once modestly looked my regret at my lap and felt ashamed of my rudeness. I was wondering what Club acquaintance of mine he was, and I had been looking up at his Majesty at a curious angle, so did not at first recognise him.

It has before now seemed to me almost cruel to prolong the agony of a dying person, who has got to die whatever is done for him, and this I think must have been in the mind of a lady who wrote to tell us of the death of her husband. She said, "Dear Harry died yesterday—a good old-fashioned death." By that I take it that he had not been plagued with useless oxygen inhalations, futile injections of strychnia, and useless administrations of stimulants when his case was hopeless.

His wife—long dead—was perhaps a little cold-blooded. She suffered from chilblains of the fingers during her courtship. This my dear old father-in-law thought a decided drawback at this stage of her career. He was a very proper old gentleman, but obviously knew something of the "ways of a man with a maid."

My father-in-law in early life had been in Australia, and was always ready to extend his hospitality to any Australian who came with a letter of introduction to him. One gentleman arrived with his luggage in a big sponge bag. Mr. DuCroz, unaware of this shortage, before dinner said, "You would like to go and dress now?" "Wal—I don't mind if I do have a wash,"

and he changed his boots for bedroom slippers—that was all. His conversation was monotonous: “Do you mind Clarke?” “Oh, yes, Clarke of Melbourne. Wal, he’s dead”—a pause, then—“Do you mind Jones?” “Oh, yes, Jones of Sidney. Wal, he’s dead,” and so he went on, picking out all Mr. DuCroz’s old friends for obituary notices. After his visit all visitors were inspected before receiving an invitation to the country.

My mother-in-law told me she saw the first nugget of gold found in Australia; this was taken to a jeweller near where she was living. The secret of where it came from was a dangerous one. I met in Sussex one of the Australian millionaires who made his money by buying gold from the gold-diggers and selling it again. He raised every penny he could for this purpose, and doubled and redoubled his money with great rapidity. The miners received barely 30 per cent. of the real value of the gold.

A gentleman now dead, with a very well-known name, squandered his estate early in life. He told me that one night he lost £6,000 in tossing £1,000 a time with a Jew gentleman. The next morning he went to Sam Lewis, said he had had a “bad night” and wanted £10,000. Sam opened one of the drawers of his desk and handed him ten £1,000 notes. This was before his estate, pictures, and plate had gone, and his credit was still good. He liked to “shock” people and had told this story to a very proper lady, the sister of his lawyer. He succeeded. Years after, when he was on his beam ends, a lady, a professional beauty, who was in love with him, offered to share her fortune with him and marry him. But he would not look at her generous offer of over £100,000.

A friend of mine with a sense of humour played various practical jokes on the captain of one of the liners going to Australia. Orders were given that

baths should be taken at certain regular hours, and that passengers were not to stroll about in their pyjamas at other times. Matters had come to such a crisis that the captain had threatened to put Gay in irons, but there he was on deck in pyjamas just at luncheon time. The indignation of the skipper knew no bounds, but Gay took off his pyjamas—completely dressed underneath them!

He was one of the many good fellows killed in the War.

My wife, whilst talking to an omnibus conductor, one of my St. George's patients, quoted some well-known proverb, "Yes, mum, 'as you vulgarly says,' that's the explanation," said the busman.

This type has now vanished from the London streets just as much as Mr. Weller, Senior. The permanent red face of both driver and conductor of the 'bus was, I think, due to the drink at each end of their journey. This flushed the cutaneous capillaries—blood-vessels of the face—and the outdoor life as it were fixed the colour.

Indoor life without exercise is very different from outdoor life with exercise. The latter accounts for the amount of whisky some Scotch and other gamekeepers can put away without permanent injury to themselves.

My friend Mr. McHardy was the inventor of a very ingenious instrument by which malingerers pretending blindness of an eye can be detected. Roughly, when the malingerer thinks the right eye is being examined, it is really his left one that is being tested, and so he goes "blind" in the wrong eye, and is easily detected.

I once operated on a small baby born out of wedlock. I was with it as I thought alone, and it had taken a firm grip of my index finger, and was smiling at me, "Well, you little devil, what do you

mean by coming here? You have no right here, although you are a nice little beggar," said I. When I turned round, the mother was there. I don't think she heard. She was a very nice woman, and there was every excuse for any irregularity. *Tout savoir c'est tout pardonner.*

One cannot always get out of awkward positions. My mother knew the younger of two ladies of the same name who lived together—one the mother-in-law of the other. She particularly inquired of the servant if the younger of the two was at home when she called one day.

On being announced and ushered into the drawing-room, she heard the elder lady, who had been lying on the sofa for a little siesta, say, "What a bother! What a bother!" On seeing my mother she continued, "I was just saying, Mrs. Turner, what a bother it is that Hilda is out!" Not a bad get out.

A St. George's man of resource who eventually became a K.C.B. at an early period of his career took a locum tenens in the country near a Ducal estate.

The Duchess's maid suffered from tooth-ache, and sent for him. He knew nothing of dentistry—students were not taught it in those days—but nothing daunted, he attacked the aching tooth—possibly with a wrong instrument, and broke off all the crown, leaving the fangs—which to him were inextricable. This would have nonplussed an ordinary man, but "Dicky" was equal to the emergency, and retreated with honour, telling the maid and the Duchess that he had extracted "the offending portion of the tooth."

I don't believe the saying "as callous as a surgeon" applies to the modern one, however true it might have been in the old pre-anæsthetic and septic days.

If you walk round a surgical ward to-day there are very few of the patients suffering pain; some of course, especially after accidents, is unavoidable, but the aseptic operation may be quite painless, and anæsthetic sickness the only trouble.

My own feelings with regard to children and animals are the same as they were before I became a surgeon; with reference to adults—who understand—thinking what one can do to alleviate their suffering and doing it does not destroy sympathy, but may make it less obvious and evident to onlookers. One has to admire courage and sympathise with pain without showing it. Cowardice is another matter, but this often occurs from want of knowledge on the part of the coward.

At one time there was a reluctance to go to a hospital, nowadays people flock to them. I once had a difficulty in persuading a gentleman of title that St. George's was meant for the poor, and that he could not stay in it when he was able to be moved to his house in a fashionable square.

A very long time ago, amongst the visitors at St. George's Hospital was a lady who was well known for her charm of manner and goodness. She was the daughter, nominally, of a Peer, but her real father was a fascinating Premier of the early Victorian era, and it was from him, I have no doubt, that she inherited her personal charm.

She had been unhappily married to a man who had coerced her into the marriage by the threat of publishing her mother's love-letters to the eminent statesman. More than this, when he was a tutor to some young sprig of nobility, he blackmailed him, under another name, and gave the unfortunate boy the advice always to pay the blackmailer—himself! When eventually he was discovered, he had the decency to commit suicide.

This lady was a great friend of my father's, and when he died and she came to see my mother, she tried to console her by saying, "Well, Mrs. Turner, you will have many pleasant memories of your husband. I never have had any of mine."

Her sacrifice had been a vain one, for the love affair of her mother had been common gossip at the time and is mentioned in some well-known memoirs.

It was said that in her widowhood five Admirals proposed to her. I never knew any one more charming than she was, and quite believe in the good taste of the Navy.

A great many years after her death I met one of her descendants who was perhaps just a little too proud of his descent and name. I should like to have enlightened him.

Amongst the students at St. George's in my time was one very sanctified person, about whom one of the female patients said, "I don't think much of him as a doctor, but, lor, sir, he do pray so beautiful." He eventually had a good seaside practice, and annually used to take his holiday apart from his wife, laying great stress on the advantages to both of them of this temporary separation for a few weeks. Things went well for some years, but during one autumn holiday, he was found with another man's wife on the Continent.

It was my duty during the War to propose the toast of the bride and bridegroom at a naval wedding. Amongst the advantages of marrying a naval man, I pointed out that the Admiralty from time to time separated husband and wife, so that there were in such marriages, more than one honeymoon.

This happy couple had first met at Gibraltar, so their affection was founded on a rock.

With reference to "praying beautiful," the story is told of two well-known consulting surgeons who

simultaneously, on opposite sides of their patient's bed, dropped on their knees and accidentally knocked their heads together, over the recumbent form of the invalid, when each was about to test the efficacy of prayer.

Amongst the students at St. George's was a very prominent athlete, who, unfortunately, was eventually detected stealing money from the clothes of the other fellows who were engaged in running. On one occasion when I was going to run I gave him my grandfather's gold watch to keep, as so many robberies had been taking place. When, after my race, I asked for it back again, he said, "By jove, it's gone!" "It isn't," said I, and he produced it from his pocket with a laugh.

Various robberies having occurred from the cloak-room, one of the students secreted himself and kept watch. He saw this gentleman take away an umbrella that was not his, and followed him for some considerable distance in the street to see if he pawned it. At last he became impatient and went up to him and accused him of the robbery, saying he had seen him select it from several others. "Of course I knew you were hiding, and thought I would pull your leg," said the other. The next day he came up to the hospital and told the story as a capital joke. He was living with another student who was an official of one of the Inter-Hospital clubs and had a fairly large sum of money in his trust. The thief used to rob his friend, ask him to go to the theatre or some other place of amusement, and when the latter demurred on the grounds of economy, used to stand treat for them both out of the stolen money. He was detected stealing marked coins, was not prosecuted, and was allowed to go out to Australia.

One unfortunate student had "done time" before he entered at the Hospital. I was one of only

two or three who knew this. He worked well and became qualified. Many years afterwards he called me in to a case, and I saw him pocket a fee that the patient had given him for me—the child was father to the man. I did nothing in the matter.

Another good-looking, nice young fellow got into a smart set, lived beyond his means, and eventually was sentenced for obtaining money by false pretences.

I was robbed of a pearl pin once returning from Sandown. There was a fog, no racing was possible, and no members' train ran back. There was a scuffle to get into a carriage, and I had to exert some of my former football scrummaging to get a carriage, open the door, and see the lady who was with me safely in. Although the rush for the carriage had been very considerable, we found ourselves sitting nearly alone, I put my hand up to my tie and found my pin missing. Of course "the boys," when they had robbed me, had gone elsewhere. A large number of police were at the station, but charm I ever so wisely, I could not get any of them to take any interest in the fact that I had been robbed under their very noses. Their one idea was to get back to town.

I was robbed on another occasion of a pocket-book containing some ten or twelve pounds, in a motor-bus. I had to go into the City and found myself with a certain amount of time on my hands, so elected to go by bus and to walk from the Post Office to Cornhill. I got up once and noticed that three men got up and when I sat down again they sat down too. I thought nothing of this at the time, but remembered it afterwards. When I did get up and was making for the exit, one of these Jews apparently dropped something in front of me and stooped down to pick it up. He was very deliberate in doing this, and as the bus was moving on, I said to him, "Get up, don't block the way, this is not Jerusalem." When I

eventually got out of the omnibus the men had disappeared, and I found myself with both my greatcoat and my ordinary coat unbuttoned, and my pocket-book gone. I believe the bus conductor was in the job as he never stopped the bus when I wanted him to do so. I never got the pocket-book back. In addition to the money, it contained various things of no value to any one but myself, and I hoped that I might be favoured as I had heard of other people being treated, that is, by having the empty pocket-book returned to me. I suppose, however, that my remark about Jerusalem prevented these gentlemen from making use of the address on my cards. Often, I believe, the empty pocket-book is consigned to the nearest post office pillar box.

My brother and I one Saturday morning, when students at the Hospital, were walking to it across Hyde Park. About a quarter of a mile from Hyde Park Corner, I decided to give myself a holiday and not go on to St. George's. He went on. He went into the students' room and was standing by the mantelpiece reading a sporting paper, when the iron water tank which stood on the roof of the Hospital gave way and came crashing down through the wards into the room where he was. Luckily the ceiling did not entirely give way over his head, but he was knocked down and found himself attempting to swim in a mass of water and plaster, two or three hospital beds and, I think, two patients. Except for some trivial cuts, he was uninjured. As the tank in its descent was passing through one of the wards, and one of the beds with a patient in it was slipping after it, one of the house-surgeons, Mr. Wilson, at considerable danger to himself, rushed forward and pulled the patient out of the bed as it disappeared downwards. This is not the only incident of heroism on the part of a house-surgeon about that time.

When operating on a child for diphtheria, Mr. Lionel Kay-Shuttleworth, when the tracheotomy tube refused to function, freed it by sucking. Needless to say, in doing this, he was incurring a terrible risk of diphtheria in the days when diphtheria was a fatal disease.

Mr. Timothy Holmes, one of our surgeons, once did the same thing. He made light of it, but told me that his wife was very anxious as to whether he would be infected.

When I was surgical registrar at the Hospital, about 1882, *twenty-one* cases of diphtheria were admitted into the Hospital in one year. Of these *twenty died*. Nowadays, owing to the serum that is used, diphtheria, if seen early and properly treated, is practically innocuous. Yet some fools go about and lift up their idiot voices against the experiments and research which have made such things possible. The public are often led to believe that cruel vivisections are prevalent. I am a surgeon, and was for thirty years on the surgical staff of St. George's Hospital and have been there since 1872. I have never seen any vivisection of any kind whatever. This fact rather astonished the late Lord Lambourne when I told him of it.

We still have some characters in the profession. A very successful, well-known, and good doctor of my acquaintance on one occasion asked me to see a case of a fractured wrist. (Colles's fracture.) Whilst I was wrestling to put back in place the broken bone, he pulled *The Sporting Times* out of his pocket and began to read the jokes on the front page. The patient was not under an anæsthetic.

On another occasion, when I was about to operate on the son and heir of the house and the child was taking the anæsthetic, he suddenly became anxious as to whether his poodle dog, who always followed his

brougham, had arrived safely at the house. Up he threw the window and called loudly into the street, "Dab, Dab, Dab." I hoped he was not heard by the anxious parents. As a rule there is a hushed and suitable silence in a private house when an operation is going on.

I have done a good deal of skating in my time, having been both a member of the London Skating Club and that of Wimbledon. The former used originally to skate on the Long Water. My father was invited to skate with them, and on one occasion, when the ice on the Long Water was breaking up and people were falling in, he saw the head of a man in a tall silk hat just above the ice, still retaining in his lips and smoking a cigar. On going nearer to see who this cool fish was, he found it was his brother Henry.

I myself went through ice on the Long Water at the end of a frost more than once on one afternoon. At last I got too wet for further recreation, and on running home through Kensington Gardens, dripping very freely, I was stopped by a gentleman of humour who asked me if the ice bore!

When Dr. Monier-Williams was comparatively new at St. George's Hospital, I was walking with him in Hyde Park, and we talked of skating. I hope I did not endeavour to patronise him on the subject, especially when, that evening, he very kindly sent me a copy of his well-known work, of which till that time I had been ignorant. I believe his skate is still one of the best on the market, but since I ruptured my *tendo Achillis* I have not dared to venture on any skating. One of the best skaters at the London Club was Sir Edward Pollock, himself an old St. George's man.

My brother and I went up to skate at the Welsh Harp, but he fell in and I saw him safely off the ice.

I continued to skate for a time, and when I got home without my brother and was asked where he was, my father was angry with me that I had not found out. As a matter of fact he had gone to bed in the Welsh Harp while his clothes were being dried.

The Welsh Harp was unlucky for me on another skating expedition. When a boy about fifteen, I had gone up with two young ladies in their carriage, with a well-stocked hamper and champagne for luncheon. The latter meal we took inside the Welsh Harp. Mr. Warner, who told me he was a licensed victualler, was then the proprietor of it, and very properly wanted corkage on the bottles of champagne. I had about two shillings in my pocket, and five shillings was wanted for the corkage. I forget how I got out of the difficulty—I think by sending the money the next day, but it was a very unpleasant experience.

I have on two occasions felt the urgent need of "waistcoat pocket sovereigns" ready money: when a linkman after a dance called a cab for a lady for me, and when a boy I had no tip for a waiter who had looked after my sister and myself eating ices. After these humiliating experiences I have always seen that I have abundance of silver about me.

Amongst the students at St. George's was a man with a squint, who was very proud of the dimensions of the calf of his leg, and never saw we were ragging him when we seriously used to measure it to decide—as we told him—bets about its size. He kept bees and said he was immune from their stings. This, however, was a little doubtful when one day he appeared with his already big nose double its size, the result of an onslaught.

He said he had never told a lie in his life. We made him, when he was in the Cottage, an April fool—writing as if from a learned Continental society to which (we said) his fame had penetrated and asking

him and Dr. Barnes to read a paper. He and Dr. Barnes believed it, and when we thought the joke had gone far enough, he would not believe the truth and told a number of lies about the contents of our letter—of which we had kept a copy and repeated to him.

He had never published a thing in his life, and was absolutely unknown. Dr. Barnes, however, was a European celebrity.

He is not the only man I have known with a squint who was proud of his personal appearance and his legs. A Hebrew gentleman of my acquaintance was similarly affected, and used to suggest that he had had numerous successes with the fair sex. A pity we all of us have not "the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us."

Many of the men at St. George's have been good all-round men. "Johnnie" Morgan, the celebrated Oxford three-mile runner, became surgeon to Charing Cross Hospital. Clinton Dent—a great Alpine climber and President of the Alpine Club—one of the best photographers in London, good at everything he took up, eventually became surgeon at St. George's. He won throwing the hammer at the U.H.A.C. sports too. Dr. Monier-Williams, one of the first of skating authorities and not unknown at croquet, was also a St. George's man.

Then there were Dr. Wilson, the life and soul of the Antarctic expeditions and who was one of the three who perished with Scott; Gowland, a boxing authority and boxer; Dr. Dawtrey Drewitt; whose skill as an artist was, I believe, commended by Ruskin; Dr. Dakin, who had he not made a fortune as an obstetric physician would have done so as an artist; Sir Prescott Hewett, whose water colours were very beautiful and well known. Sir Francis Champneys, who was with us for some seven years, was a great musician. Sir Russell Bencraft was a cricketer of renown, and

C. M. Tuke played for Middlesex. We have had quite a lot of International football players. My brother E. B. Turner was a champion tricyclist, and took an extra Master's certificate when a yachtsman.

We have had an abundance of University oars, and have before now won the Hospital Rowing Championship. Our Rowing Club was in existence as far back as 1840. St. George's has always been a small school, and when it gave up the teaching of anatomy and physiology it became still smaller. This handicaps us against larger hospitals in inter-hospital contests. Big hospitals like Guys and others have dental students. We have none.

I think it will be a long time before ladies are admitted to the great London hospitals. The male students won't have it. We tried it in a small way at St. George's without success. Had we continued we should have had no men students. They petitioned against the fair sex. Of course one does not know what legislation may do in the future, and politicians, afraid of an adverse female vote, may step in and make their admission compulsory. Very many women are fit for nurses—very few, I think, for doctors. I made inquiries after the War where women doctors had been at work. I was surprised to hear they were "callous" and "unreliable" from two separate sources of information.

One of our surgeons was noted for the magnitude of the cuts by which he endeavoured to stem the acute inflammations that were so prevalent in the days of sepsis.

One day he asked his surgical clerk to read out the notes of one of these cases. "Mr. Holmes then made an incision twenty-four inches long," said Dale. "No, no," said Holmes. "Mr. Holmes then made an incision twenty-two inches long," said Dale, taking off only two inches of its length!

The late Sir Frederick Wallis had an exceedingly

able clerk, an old Uppinghamian, who had been a double-first at Oxford, and was a prodigy of learning when he was at school with me. Mr. Wallis, as he then was, was somewhat rubicund of countenance and had hair with a tendency to the colour of William Rufus. Tylden read out his notes, "Being red and angry, Mr. Wallis made an incision five inches long into the inflamed parts."

Tylden sacrificed his valuable life in making experiments in connection with enteric fever at a time when the typhoid bacillus was unknown. Had he lived, he would have gone far in the scientific world.

The shortest notes I ever heard of being taken by a surgical clerk, who was on duty for three months, were, "May 2nd, scab on. June 5th, scab off." This was all the description he had of his surgeon's cases for three months.

Hospital nurses are inclined, some of them at least, to look up to the students and doctors as beings rather above the average of humanity. We had an exceedingly pimply, red-faced student, short-sighted, who walked with a peculiar gait and looked an oddity. As he was passing through a ward one day, the Sister with whom I was engaged in conversation about the patients, said to me, "Beg pardon, Mr. Turner, that young gentleman's friends have made a mistake. They ought to have put him into the Church." This was about the time when *The Private Secretary* first appeared and all London was laughing at Penley's portrayal of the curate. It is not generally known that his celebrated performance was a copy of that of Beerbohm Tree, who first took the part. Nearly all the humour and "business" was to be seen in Beerbohm Tree's version; Penley copied him.

I was present at the second night of Tree's performance, and dared to take a maiden aunt to see it later on. She was extremely high in her Church

views, so I told her that the gentleman who did not like London was a Low Church parson. In that way we got through our evening cheerfully—and I was not disinherited.

When I was house-surgeon I constantly had to attend at the Old Bailey, where Serjeant Poland, Mr. Douglas Straight, Mr. Montagu Williams and other distinguished criminal lawyers were practising. One often had to wait three or four days before the case in which one had to give evidence came on, so I saw a great deal of the practice there, and was surprised at the lenient view taken by the juries.

I remember one case where a man was charged with having sold a painted sparrow for a canary. The facts were plain enough and everything was blowing up for a conviction. But the victim of the fraud—a typical stupid bucolic—was cross-examined by a shrewd young barrister. The bird was said not to sing. "But," said the counsel, "how did you feed him?"

"With bird seed, sir."

"You mean to say you never gave him sherry and biscuits for luncheon?"

"No, sir, I never did."

"Well, didn't you know that you had to give him sherry and biscuits to make him sing?"

"No, sir, I didn't. I'd have done it if I'd known."

There were roars of laughter in Court and the prisoner was acquitted.

If an assault or any other case is over-serious, the magistrate at the Police Court may send the man for trial at the Old Bailey.

In one case of a brutal wife-kicker whose victim I had to look after at the Hospital, the husband implored the magistrate to deal with the case himself.

On the case coming up for trial at the Old Bailey

before Mr. Serjeant Cox, who was very kind-hearted, I was asked whether an injury such as the poor woman was suffering from could have been caused by a fall against the kerb. This was possible, though not probable. I suppose I was a bad witness, and I simply answered, "Yes." The evidence as to the kicking was overwhelming, but because of the kerb possibility the man was acquitted. The brute afterwards had the audacity to come up and thank me for my evidence.

When I was house-surgeon I came across the celebrated Lord Shaftesbury, who came up to the Hospital to see and look after a little child who had been injured by his carriage. His philanthropic work in connection with children is well known.

Lord Lucan, who gave orders for the Balaclava charge, was also interested in another patient of mine. He was a relative—I think by marriage—of Lord Cardigan and said not to have been on good terms with him. This, according to some people, was the cause of the "blundering" and confusion of the order to charge—Cardigan not liking to ask for explanations from his brother-in-law with whom he was not on friendly terms. I am not a collector of autographs, but I have kept Lord Lucan's letter.

I have a very characteristic one of the Iron Duke declining to introduce a gentleman into the House of Lords as he was not personally acquainted with him.

It looks that in this case the wife of the autograph hunter succeeded.

The big statue of the Duke—now at Aldershot—used to be on the top of the Arch opposite St. George's.

Mr. Spedding, so well known in connection with Bacon, died in St. George's Hospital, as the result of a street accident, during my house-surgeoncy. He was one of my patients in the accident ward, and his case was hopeless from the hour of his admission.

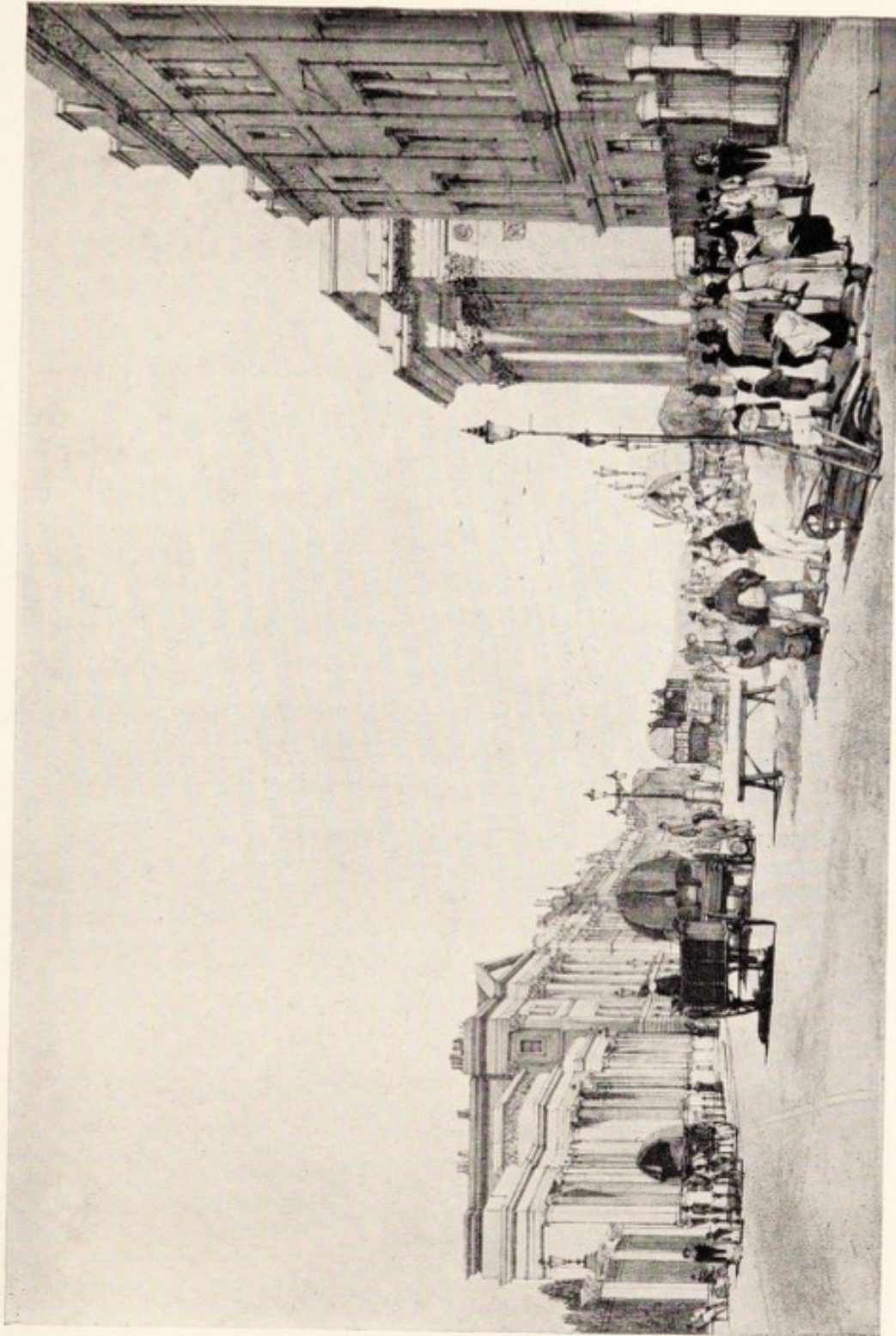
One of our house-surgeons in the seventies was of humble origin, but his industry and talent early gained him distinction. One morning as he was going round the wards he came to an old man, and taking hold of his larynx (Adam's apple) he said to us students, "This man nearly popped off the 'ooks last night from spasm of the glottis; he will some day." He did not in any way mean to be callous or unfeeling. His prophecy came true two days afterwards.

A labouring man on one of my father-in-law's farms fell off a hayrick and broke his spine. My mother-in-law went to see if she could do anything and found him lying paralysed on the floor of the kitchen of his cottage. His mind was quite clear.

"Why don't you take him upstairs to his bed?" asked she. "What's the good, when we shall so soon be bringing him down again?" said his wife. The poor man could understand everything. The poor have often to face the hard facts of life and death, and are tactless rather than devoid of feeling—but this was going a little too far.

The medical staff of the big hospitals is usually recruited from men educated at them, and this has many advantages. Everything is known thoroughly as to their merits. There is also no danger of an inferior man being palmed off from another hospital, though of course in some cases such men are extremely and exceedingly good. The immortal John Hunter came to us from St. Bartholomew's, so did Sir Humphrey Rolleston and Sir Francis Champneys. Dr. Dakin, Dr. Collier and others have been excellent bargains. I am speaking only of those who have left us.

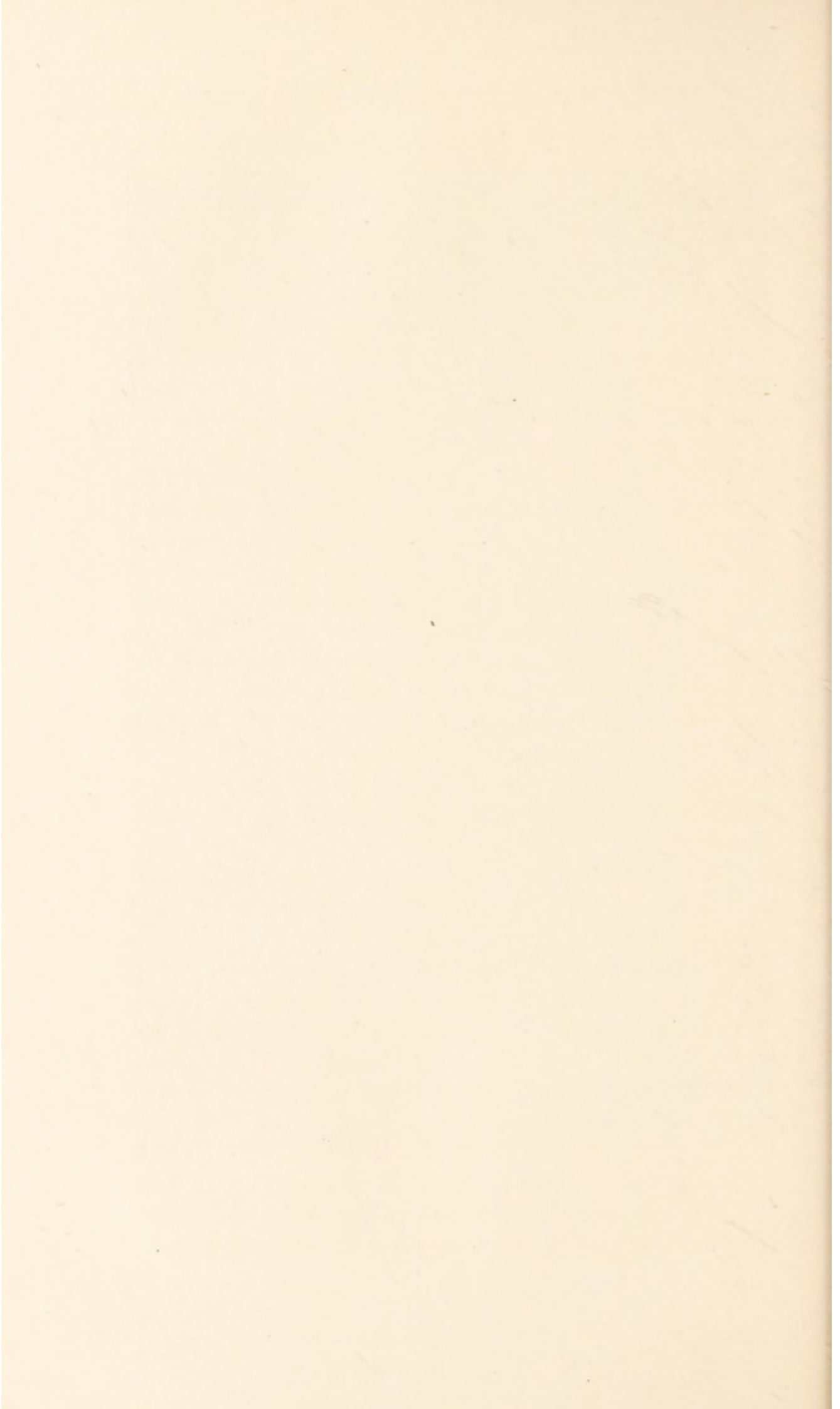
It may, however, occur that others do not quite come up to initial expectations of those who give them testimonials.



HYDE PARK CORNER AND ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL

Before removal of the Arch and before the Statue of the Duke of Wellington, now at Aldershot, was put upon it.

[To face page 210.]



In some cases people who go elsewhere than to their own hospitals become justly celebrated and may "make" the school. Professor Humphry of Cambridge, the real founder of the Cambridge medical school, came, I believe, from St. Bartholomew's. Sir James Paget was a celebrated surgeon at this hospital. His brother, Dr. Paget, was a celebrated physician—I think at Cambridge. Anyhow, Humphry used to say that he was planted at Cambridge by one Paget and watered by another.

Mr. Keetley, who left his own, made the West London Hospital. On one occasion he came to my house asking me to take a coachman's wife into St. George's. He had already seen my house-surgeon at St. George's, and said, "Perhaps I owe him an apology." "Why?" said I. "Oh, for what I said to him—when he had kept me waiting for half an hour—and told me that if I was right in my diagnosis he would take the case in, but so many mistakes were made that he never promised anything." Keetley was a well-known surgeon and author of a well-known text-book. I spoke to my house-surgeon, and asked him why he had kept Keetley waiting. "Oh! as a matter of discipline," said he.

This house-surgeon was a nice, clever man, and has made an eminent position in the profession for himself.

After living with another doctor for some time, Mr. Keetley left the house to go to another, leaving a metal notice of his removal and where he could be found, attached to the area railings. Some days afterwards, on Keetley going round to his old abode, he found that this notice had been taken down by the other doctor. "Well, what did you do?" asked my informant.

"Got a screwdriver from the servant," said Keetley, "removed and took away *his* brass plate."

But for his deafness Keetley would have gone very far.

Another thing about Nelson and the Battle of Trafalgar. A friend of mine possessed the chest of drawers that was in Nelson's cabin, which was perforated by the round shot that had killed Mr. Scott, Nelson's secretary.

My friend Mr. George Beauclere told me that his wounded grandfather was in the cockpit next to Nelson, and a pillow was made for him by rolling up the Admiral's coat, which had been taken off. The killed on our side at Trafalgar were under 500. What a contrast to the modern casualty lists!

One of our students eventually became a professional entertainer. The story was told of him going to a ducal residence in Scotland, and over-apologising for his temporary lack of evening clothes, his luggage having miscarried. Next day it duly arrived, and in the evening he went suitably attired into the drawing-room where all the men purposely were in lounge suits.

A gentleman, the son of an English peer and having no right to a kilt, was a guest at a big house in Scotland where all the men wore kilts. He came down to breakfast one morning with a bath towel round him in place of a kilt and a sponge bag in place of the sporran. His joke was *not* appreciated at all by the indignant Scotsmen.

Oddity of dress in Scotland reminds me that Professor Romanes one day accompanied me after partridges in an ordinary pair of trousers and bedroom slippers through high and very wet potatoes. I asked why he did it. "Oh! one gets wet anyhow," said he.

On another occasion he rigged himself up in a sort of Jack-in-the-green costume of sea-weed—so as to get near the many wild sea birds that frequented the

wild, rough shore of Geanies. The effect was comic in the extreme—nobody more amused than the dear Philosopher himself.

The views of house-surgeons, I found, were sometimes somewhat peculiar. In two of my cases of broken leg, I found the splints had been too tightly applied, and a splint gall threatened in each case. I suggested to the young surgeon that he must be more careful in the amount of pressure that he put on injured and swollen parts. He argued with me that if there were only two sore places amongst his twenty or so cases, it was only 10 per cent. of the fractures that suffered!

Another house-surgeon loved to give that abominable but useful drug, iodide of potassium. He gave it for everything, and was quite cross with me when, being sceptical of its universal benevolence, I scratched out his prescriptions and thereby saved the patients from those unpleasant effects called iodism.

It is a great thing to believe in your own powers and to think that they are helping unfortunate patients towards recovery. One of my house-surgeons carried this to such an extent, however, that he resented me, his chief, altering any of his remedies or touching any of his work. I had, however, as a matter of humanity, to disregard the consequences to myself.

A belief in drugs is not necessary to the surgeon—some twenty of them would do for him; but a physician's path is helped and softened if he possesses a real credulity that embraces many more. In the eighties we had an assistant physician at St. George's, a F.R.S., who put sixteen different drugs in one prescription. The dispenser kept it as a curiosity. I think the patient survived. I don't know if he swallowed the medicine, or even if it was made up.

Dr. Wadham was once visiting a country practitioner in the days when doctors dispensed their own medicines, and was sitting with him in his surgery. A woman came in with a long list of complaints. She said she felt giddy. "Giddy?" said the doctor, taking down some green medicine, "and had such shortness of breath." "Shortness of breath," said he, adding a yellow potion, "and such pain in the innards." "Pain in the innards," said the doctor, adding something blue, "and I can't sleep o' nights." "Can't sleep at night," said the doctor, and brown was the colour, and so for each ailment he had a proper colour remedy!

This style of prescribing has been often desired by the laity and pandered to by medical men. It is very different from what I saw in a case of Dr. Brachet's at Aix-les-Bains. A lady on her arrival consulted him for bronchitis. He never came near her after his initial visit. She recovered, and as Brachet passed her in the street in his carriage, he blew her a kiss. He, of course, knew that the climate of Aix was all that was necessary for her bronchitis, and did not minister to her mind with any rainbow physic.

It does not do always for a patient literally to obey the doctor. During an influenza epidemic many years ago, my brother told a patient to go to bed and stay there until he came and saw him again. He forgot all about the case and never went! The patient's friends still ask him what he means by being up and about.

At St. George's a house physician wishing to examine the chest of a young girl patient told her to go behind a screen and take off her things for this purpose. He found her like Eve before the fall.

Early in my medical life I joined the British Medical Association, but left it when confidential

notes of the Emperor Frederick to his English doctor reflecting on the German ones were published in the *Journal*. The poor Emperor could not speak, and of course meant what he wrote to be absolutely private.

A good many of us resigned—amongst them the future Lord Lister. At that time, too, I thought the *Journal* was being run for the advantage of certain people anxious rather to advertise themselves than to promote the cause of science.

Of late years the British Medical Association has been really representative of the profession under the able editorship of the *Journal* by Sir Dawson Williams, who has recently died.

## CHAPTER XII

### A MIXED BAG

DOCTORS are not always wanted for illnesses. In olden days a lady sent for my father in a great hurry. She lived in a part of the country where the neighbourhood was not very refined, and consequently she and General Wood depended for society on the friends that used to come and stay with them. Mrs. Wood was the Lady Bountiful of the district, and there was one old gentleman who used to assist her pecuniarily in any good work she was interested in, and as a consequence was occasionally asked to luncheon at Bishop's Hall. When my father came into the room Mrs. Wood was like Niobe, all bathed in tears, saying, "He's dead, Mr. Turner! He's dead. He's gone to Heaven! He's gone to Heaven!"

My father said, "But, Mrs. Wood, who's dead? Who has gone to Heaven?" to which she replied:

"Oh, that dear Mr. Smithson. He's dead, he's dead. He's gone to Heaven, but he was so dreadfully vulgar that we could not know him in London."

Another story about the same lady. After my father's death I was honoured in the same way, that is, to help her in many things not surgical. By this time she was a very determined old lady, dead set against the craze of bicycling. When I laughingly told her I should come and see her on a bicycle, she said:

"My dear George, if you do so I will not know you any longer." There was more in this threat than is apparent.

One Sunday afternoon after lunch, her French maid came in a great hurry for me to go at once to see Mrs. Wood. I could not get a cab, so I jumped on my bicycle, and rode down into Belgravia, hoping that she would not see me arrive at her house. She didn't, and I put the bicycle in the hall, and when I went upstairs I found my mission was to compose a difference between the French maid and the cook. The dear old lady was not ill at all. Having settled the affairs of the ladies, when I was saying "good-bye" she pulled out her purse and said, "And now, dear George, I must give you a shilling for your hansom cab."

"Nonsense," I said, "I don't want a shilling."

"Oh, but you must take it," said she, "consider your five children."

"Well," said I, "I will take it on one condition, that you lie down on the sofa in the back drawing-room, because all this worry must have upset you."

Having seen her safely planted there, I sneaked out of the house, and my bicycle was not discovered.

This was the same lady who described racing in the Marquis of Hastings' time as "a gentleman's innocent little amusement" and instanced Byron as one of the "great good men" that Harrow had produced when she was giving her preferences for that school over Eton.

In the sixties, when crinolines and flounces were the fashion, the Woods' gave a dinner party and Mrs. Wood had a love of a new dress for the occasion. She was very religious. As a footman was handing round a trembling cream it slipped out of its glass dish on to Mrs. Wood's shoulder and went bumpety bump all down her silken flounces, to the floor. As she was about to express her indignation the General—her husband—who had seen the whole occurrence, leant sideways so as to catch her eye, and

said, "Call religion to your aid, my dear." Religion won—she was looking daggers, but said nothing.

Some people bring Providence into their most ordinary acts. A Don at Cambridge, very fond of liver and bacon at the breakfasts he gave to the undergraduates, used as his invariable grace, "Let us see what Providence has provided." It was always liver and bacon.

A teetotal sportsman, after a very cold shoot when his guests returned to the house, cheered them up with, "Here, you fellows, which will you have—hot or cold water?" None of them felt much inclined to say grace, *i.e.* thank you—"for what they were about to receive." Physiologically a little cherry brandy may not increase your temperature or make you better able to resist cold, but it makes you feel warm and comfortable and appeals to the mind of a cold man, though it may not actually warm his body.

My maternal great-grandfather, who owned slaves in Jamaica, must have transmitted to me a dislike of all pigment, so much so that I never, if possible, touch a coloured man, and when I had to operate on them at the Seamen's Hospital, I used to leave the subsequent dressings, as far as possible, to the house-surgeon. Whilst there, on two occasions at operations, exceedingly dangerous and difficult complications occurred from injury to the jugular vein (not from any fault of my own, but the disease had invaded it). On each occasion I felt "I am glad this is not a white man." On both occasions I did what was necessary and the patients recovered, but when the same occurred whilst I was operating on a white patient, I was acutely alive to all my responsibilities other than surgical, and greatly relieved when the danger was over.

There is no doubt that if you go to any specialist, you stand a fair chance of being found to be suffering

from the specialism he affects. On one occasion a little girl from the country was taken by the friends she was staying with to see an oculist. Spectacles were prescribed and duly obtained, much to the indignation of her father in the country, who said that the Ponsonby-Tompkins's never had occasion to use spectacles, and he would settle with the oculist himself. He went to Savile Row to make his complaint, and came out of the house with a pair of spectacles on his own nose!

There was a student at St. George's who was always borrowing money from his fellows and was very dilatory in his repayments. One of his victims, standing with others, said to them, "By Jove, there is Billy, I will get my ten shillings back." He returned later having lent another half-sovereign.

Patients sometimes are quite peculiar in their gratitude towards, or condemnation of, the surgeon who looks after them. I learnt this very early in life when I was summoned to the wilds of Highgate to see a patient who had a whitloe that involved his finger and the palm of his hand. Immediate surgery was necessary or he might have lost his finger, his hand, or his life. Those were the days when there were no telephones, motor-cars, and very few people who gave anæsthetics; for operations were not then one-fiftieth of the number that are now performed. I told this gentleman that something must be done at once, that I must do it without an anæsthetic, and that it would be painful. I did what was necessary and saved both his finger and his hand. I heard afterwards that he went about calling me "a butcher."

Not so many years ago I had one of the most difficult operations in my life, on a very stout lady, and quite contrary to my expectation I saved her life. It was necessary in the saving thereof, to use a

drainage tube, which led for a time to the existence of a sinus, a small, deep unhealed track in which the tube had lain. The dear old lady naturally did not like this, though it was a small price to pay for her life, and it eventually healed. I heard that a lady of my acquaintance, of high degree, had told the relatives that Mr. Turner's patients "usually had a sinus." This "damned good-natured friend" was inaccurate in her assertion. I got no gratitude. Had the old lady died, it would have been said, that in spite of a successful operation, she had succumbed to failure of the heart and everything had been done that was possible. This, in my mind a veritable surgical triumph, no doubt brought me a certain amount of discredit.

It is only fair to say that sometimes patients who have been mutilated, or treated with little skill, are exceedingly grateful to the authors of their evil. I came across a case not so long ago, where a patient grossly maltreated for a simple fracture of the thigh was acutely grateful to his attendant surgeon.

There is sometimes an element of comedy in the minor tragedies of surgery. One evening as I was leaving St. George's Hospital, a club friend of mine was brought up in a taxi suffering from concussion of the brain and a scalp wound. As he was a friend, I went back with him into the Hospital and myself examined the injuries and gave directions to the house-surgeon what to do, and recommended that he should wait for some hours in the Hospital, before he was taken to his own home. When I returned some four hours later, I found that the house-surgeon had carefully cut the hair of a wig he was wearing in the neighbourhood of the wound of the scalp. The wig was a good one, and no doubt as the result of the hæmorrhage from the wound, was more adherent to my friend's head than it otherwise would have been,

and he was in too dazed a condition to expostulate at the unnecessary tonsure.

In my student days a groom was thrown from his horse in the Row. He had slight concussion of the brain, but "the young doctors" who looked after him found that the pupils of his eyes were unequal and that one of them did not respond to light and the eyeball was insensitive. The surgeon on duty was sent for, as it was thought it might be necessary to trepan. The ocular mysteries were eventually explained by the fact that the offending eye was a glass one!

Occasionally patients or their parents have more than a well-deserved confidence in their family doctor. I was asked on one occasion to operate on a child and the doctor said that he would give the anæsthetic. He gave chloroform and luckily my attention was drawn, by the cessation of all hæmorrhage, to the dangerous or even desperate condition of the little patient from the effects of the anæsthetic, given with too free a hand. It was, of course, stopped at once and I was able eventually, with great difficulty, to resuscitate the child and all ended happily. Afterwards the doctor and I went into the "Parlour," where sherry, biscuits, and cake had been provided to restore our exhausted energies, and both father and mother were brimming over with delight that the child was safely through the operation, and the mother, in a burst of candour to me, said, "You know Mr. Turner, father and I have always had the greatest confidence in Dr. —, but we said to each other, that we could not have the same confidence in you."

The gratitude of patients is, I think, on the whole increased by drink, "in vino veritas." Once when I went to St George's, I heard loud shouts proceeding from the male surgery, "Do I know my Saviour!

Do I know my Saviour! Of course I know my Saviour." I thought that there was some Moody and Sankey revivalist sort of person there. It turned out, however, to be an old patient of mine on whom I had operated for a form of cancer of the face, and who though perfectly well came to see me every three months or so, to see that his cure was permanent. He had come up "well oiled," and somebody had asked him, when he said he wanted to see me, "Do you know Mr. Turner?" He replied in a loud, drunken voice, in the way I have related.

On another occasion I heard a patient lift up her voice, so as to be heard by all the ward, in a protest which was thoroughly justified, as a dirty instrument had accidentally been used on her and she was suffering from sepsis; she was shouting out, "If she has spoiled me, if she has spoiled me, I will have the law on her." I am glad to say the "spoiling" was not permanent and that the recovery was a quick one.

St. George's Hospital being in the West End and most of the honorary staff living in its neighbourhood, even those who were senior, in my time, themselves looked after nearly all cases of emergency, and consequently were not infrequently called out in the middle of the night. This is not a pleasant process, and being of an irritable disposition, I confess that not uncommonly I made silent protest. Occasionally my protests were not silent. On one occasion when I had a new house-surgeon, he called me up at 2 o'clock in the morning on the telephone to inform me that a grave abdominal operation that I had done that day was doing splendidly. I confess that I could have waited for this excellent news without having my beauty sleep disturbed. If there is something not always to be desired in having a broken night's rest, the return from the Hospital after having probably saved some unfortunate man's or woman's

life, more than made up for any inconvenience, and it was at such times as these that I used to thank my God I was a surgeon and that what Lord Lister called the Divine Art of surgery had, under his teaching, become worthy of the epithet.

On one occasion when called up at about 2 a.m., I opened the window of my bedroom and shouted in rather an impatient voice to a person standing on my doorstep, "Well, what is it?" A mild, timid voice replied, "Please, sir, your house is on fire." This was all too true, two rooms, my consulting room, and the room underneath it were gutted and some oil paintings that belonged to my grandfather and were irreplaceable, were destroyed. This fire was not without its comedy and tragedy. I had been inculcating into my elder son the necessity of always looking nice and clean. That day there had been bought for him some nice new Eton collars, and although the flames and smoke filled the house, and were right up to the nursery floor, the boy refused to leave without his new collars.

The attire of people disturbed by fire is very often comic and not exactly perhaps fitted to the figure. We had at that time a new servant, and I had remarked to my wife, when this maid was handing round the tea things, that I thought her white bib and tucker were a little more prominent than they ought to have been and expressed suspicions as to whether her condition was interesting. When we were all collected together scurrying away from the fire, and before being dispersed to the houses of neighbours who were kind enough to take us in, the condition of this lady was no longer an open question. I am glad to say that my wife took the affair in hand, and what I hope was a happy marriage resulted.

While I am on the subject of being called up at night, I once was asked to wait about during such

time as an old crawler went to Hanwell and back to get the consent of parents to an operation. I said I did not want to picnic all the night, but would come round when such consent had been obtained. I am afraid I offended the gentleman who asked me to this all-night vigil.

I have related elsewhere how once it was my privilege to save the life of a card-sharping swindler, whom I had met years before on the way to Epsom, and because I had denounced him as a card sharper had threatened to "do me in" the next time he met me. We met at the operation that saved his life.

Those about to be operated on look at the matter from a different point of view to the surgeon. On one occasion I saw a married lady who had a son by a previous marriage: the existing husband, a poor little meek creature, ventured to press on her the advisability of submitting to the proposed operation. There was no danger to life whatever, but the lady most obviously thought otherwise, and it was evident that she regarded her spouse as advocating the operation in the hope that he would be left a widower. Reason eventually prevailed and all went well.

Occasionally patients get angry with a surgeon because he will not operate on them. A hospital patient paid me a compliment in this way when I refused to do a fourth abdominal operation on her and told her that if she wanted anything more done, she must go to some other surgeon. She was angry at my refusal, but mollified my sorrow at her displeasure by saying to the nurse, that she would sooner "die under Mr. Turner than let any other surgeon operate on her." Compliments are sometimes paid to us for what we do. I shall never forget the worshiping admiration of a gentleman of colour to whom, when I was anæsthetist to St. George's, I gave ether while his

leg was amputated. When he saw me next morning he looked upon me almost as a god and said, "You kill and bring to life again."

When I was house-surgeon at St. George's there was an old man who periodically required mechanical treatment of a somewhat difficult nature and always hauled me out of bed at about 1.30 a.m. Each time I saw him I told him, in the future, when he had been ill for perhaps twelve hours, to come up at a more reasonable time, or go elsewhere. He persisted in doing me the compliment, in spite of my just indignation, of always coming to *me* between 1 and 2 a.m.

Night fears are curious things, and may be due to the old cave-man inherited tendencies. They act sometimes on patients, sometimes on attendant physicians by making them constantly come for surgical aid after, instead of before, midnight. I once knew a physician who had, amongst his many shortcomings, this unpleasant peculiarity.

People have before now asked me how I felt when I did my first operation—thereby hangs a story. When I was a raw youth, just qualified, full of all sorts of theoretical surgical lore, but with next to no practical experience, I was asked by the assistant house-surgeon to take his place at the Hospital. It so happened on that day that the house-surgeon went out, and I, as acting assistant house-surgeon, had to take his place. I was assured, however, that I was not on duty, my services would not be required, and in that comfortable assurance I sat down in the Cottage, as the place where the resident staff live at St. George's is still called, to a rubber of whist. In the middle of this I was summoned by the porter to come over and do a tracheotomy in the Belgrave Ward. That ward was one of the most remote from the Cottage, not quite half a day's journey, but a distance that was not negligible in such an urgent

condition as a tracheotomy operation. I ran to the ward with my heart in my mouth and a box of instruments clattering under my arm, wishing that the earth would open and swallow me. I had never seen a tracheotomy performed on either the living or the dead subject. The poor man was just conscious enough to try to fight me off. The dear old resident medical officer, Mr. Marshall, was there, and when I said to him hurriedly, "I have never done this before," said to me, "Never mind, you will do it all right." Thank God I did do it all right and rescued the man from the death that was impending. I shall never forget the grasp of gratitude that that poor fellow gave me when he realised he was no longer suffocating and was restored to life.

Surgeons of the present day, although progressing always, are not progressing with the same leaps and bounds that they did when first Lister's teaching made so many operations possible and we, who were then called on to operate constantly, were pioneers and had to do things that we had never seen other surgeons do before. The first time I ever operated on the appendix, for gall-stones, on the kidney, and other important abdominal operations, I had never seen them performed before by any other surgeon. It makes an enormous difference to a surgeon if he has seen the thing done before. Nowadays the young surgeon has not even to go to the operating theatre for this experience because the big and difficult operations have had films taken of them and can be seen on the screen.

In an introductory address I gave in 1898 I pointed out that Lord Lister had even then saved more lives than any warrior lord had ever destroyed. Now the number of civilians has been increased by demobilised and wounded soldiers. Yet for a long time he was unhonoured here, was tardily made a

Baronet and finished as a Baron. What a contrast in honours between this man whose name will live for centuries, and the multitude of Law Lords who adorn their profession, the successful journalists and politicians, about whom little will be remembered a hundred years hence. No title is necessary to keep the name of Lister alive, but he deserved much more than a barony.

In his latter failing days he thought his work had not been sufficiently appreciated by his own generation, and there was something in this, but there was no hankering after exalted rank and worldly honour, but only for the greater approbation of the scientific and medical world.

A would-be well-dressed student who at first arrived at the Hospital with a velvet collar to his ordinary black coat was so particular about the sit of his trousers that he never sat down whilst at the Hospital. He lived at a medical man's house where there were some other students, but they were not dressed well enough for him to walk with them to the Hospital. The trousers were changed when he returned home in the afternoon, and he sat down to read.

He lived to become a really well-dressed and successful man. Wellington always liked his dandies. To dress well shows a desire to please others as well as to satisfy your own conceit.

The rapid discard of the velvet collar of his coat was the key to his character. He quickly learnt what to do and what not to do, and pursued his path to success with deliberate calculation of every word and action of his life, looking always to his own best interests.

One of my cases that eventually had a fatal result was that of a gentleman Head of Police in Jamaica. During the riots there, he had been caught unarmed by a mob of blacks, some 200 yards away from his

barracks. They did their best to kill him with glass bottles and bludgeons, but being an old Rugby football forward, as well as a cricketer who played for Middlesex, he fought his way through them until eventually he was rescued by his imprisoned men. He was more dead than alive, but eventually recovered. He was left, however, with a tumour, I think the largest I ever saw, that extended from his heel almost to his groin, and was wrongly thought to be of a cancerous nature. He came back to England and I successfully operated on him for this, but during his convalescence he developed a blood clot in the vein by the knee, "the dangerous region," and so had to rest for a prolonged period. When he went back to Jamaica, I cautioned him that he must rest as much as possible and not to ride. To rest when you are feeling perfectly well is difficult. One day he rode round and inspected all his stations, a ride of some twenty miles, dismounted and went in to luncheon. At luncheon he suddenly died from the dislodgment of the clot. His sense of duty undoubtedly led to his death. I put the case before Mr. Alfred Lyttelton at the Colonial Office as strongly as I could, and I believe something was done for his widow. Lyttelton was an old cricketing friend of his.

I knew another case of the same thing, where a chemist accustomed to counter practice laughed at the advice of his young doctor. He also died suddenly from the same cause.

Another minor tragedy was that of a lady, who was about to be married in six weeks' time after a slight operation. She recovered from this perfectly in the ten days that I had allowed. When I told her that she might get up, both she and the nurse blushed, and it was then that I first heard that while she was lying unconscious from the anæsthetic after the operation, a hot-water bottle put into her bed had

seriously burnt her foot. Neither she nor the nurse had dared to tell me of this misadventure. I got her to church for the marriage, but her white satin shoe had to be down at the heel.

Nurses nowadays are very much better trained than they used to be. Their knowledge of anatomy in olden days was very limited. I was told by a doctor that on one occasion when he was about to syringe the ear of a patient, the nurse held the basin beneath the *opposite* ear, expecting the fluid to go clean through the skull and emerge on the opposite side.

The difficulties of telling people the truth are sometimes very great and often not advisable. As a young man I helped to look after a noble Lord, who was dying in the corner of a huge room ordinarily used as a ballroom. I had been asked by the relatives what I thought of his prospects. I gave them to understand as tactfully as I could that it was a matter of hours. A very celebrated medical baronet was in attendance. When he came, the relatives asked him whether he couldn't do something for the patient. Poor fellow, he was beyond hope, but the physician asked for a piece of blotting-paper and some ether, and then gravely and solemnly dropped ten drops of ether on the blotting-paper made in the shape of a cone some twenty feet away from the patient's bed-side. He proceeded with stately stride to the patient and held the blotting-paper, which of course by this time was absolutely devoid of any ether, in front of the patient's mouth. A pure piece of humbug. When we eventually "consulted" he defended his conduct to me for quite twenty minutes and said what no doubt was true, "You must remember that the world is governed by sentiment, not by science; it would not have done to have said that I could do nothing. I have been reviled by the

profession not once, but I always look here " (touching the region of his heart). I suppose because I was an anæsthetist at St. George's Hospital at the time, and so constantly had to deal with the rapid evaporation of ether, that my face must have shown him my amazement at his manœuvres. Youth is intolerant, and I regard his conduct now, very much more leniently than I did at that time. It is absolutely true that the world is governed by sentiment.

This medical baronet told my father that the first pair of stockings he ever wore he made himself. He was the son of a worker by the riverside. One day in a dense fog the treasurer of Guy's lost his way, and was jeered at by the little ragamuffins in the street. One bright intelligent boy, however, volunteered to show the gentleman the way to his hospital. He was so taken by the lad's intelligence that he had him educated and made him librarian to the hospital. Whilst in this position he passed the necessary examination to enter the medical profession, became a medical student and carried all before him.

At first, of course, his experience was limited to the poor people who were driven in their extremity to seek hospital aid and advice. Judging by these poor people who were unable to obtain the comforts necessary to their sickness, he gave a well-to-do lady whom my father asked him to see, only some twelve months more of life. She lived thirty years! The physician had not taken into account the difference between the well-to-do and the poor in their resistance to disease.

There have been, of course, many self-made men in the profession of medicine. One surgeon was called in to see a case in the country, and the doctor told me that he pretended not to know the neighbourhood at all, although he had been born and bred in humble

circumstances in the immediate vicinity of the house that he was visiting as a distinguished specialist. Quite contrary to this, and much more commendable, was the behaviour of another celebrated surgeon, who, when he might have had the highest of all society, made it his custom in his holidays to return to the haunts of his youth and freely associate with the humble friends of his early days.

Another surgeon that I knew of would have nothing to do with a junior whose father had helped him in the early period of his career. The junior's resentment at this ingratitude was such that he proclaimed the comparatively humble origin of the offender on many occasions.

The self-made man has no occasion to be ashamed. He might remember the dictum of one of Napoleon's marshals who, when twitted with the fact that he had no ancestors, replied "*I am an ancestor.*"

Sometimes one is consulted under difficult circumstances. I heard of a surgeon, who was consulted by his dancing partner at a Palais de Danse about a little pimple on her leg below the knee about which her mother was anxious. On being told that he would be very pleased to see her any time she liked to come to his house, she said it was a trivial matter, and couldn't he tell whether it was cancer or not where they were, and asked him whether this could not be done when the lights were lowered during the next waltz. Accordingly, during the next period of gloom, an attempt at diagnosis was made ; when she suddenly said in a loud voice, "*But A.B. that's the wrong leg.*" The same lady consulted a doctor about some trivial indigestion, and he recommended an eighth grain of calomel to be taken at dinner. She went to a chemist who told her that this ought to be followed by a seidlitz powder on the following morning. Her mother took her to a matinée the next day. She saw

her doctor that evening, who asked her about the play, "Well," she said, "I didn't see much of it, in fact both mummy and the other people in the stalls got quite angry with me for so constantly leaving them." The effect of the chemist on the top of the doctor had been too much for that unfortunate sufferer from their dual control.

The effect of concussion of the brain and apparently slight head injuries is sometimes very tragic. A person of absolutely irreproachable character and always moderate and correct in language may during "cerebral irritability" shock his neighbours by foul and coarse words. There may sometimes be an absolute change of temperament. An exceedingly genial and popular farmer going home from market, sustained a serious head injury by being thrown from his trap. For three years afterwards he was cross, irritable, and most unpleasant. On his death it was found that this change of temperament was due to pressure of a blood cyst on his brain. I came across a case during the War where an unfortunate man had been injured by shrapnel in the head. He had always been scrupulously honest, but was convicted of robbing the till. Nothing was apparently wrong with his head, but I found that at the seat of one of his seven shrapnel wounds there was a depressed fracture of the internal table to his skull, and I believe that his moral obliquity was due to this cause. The matter was put right by the operation. The other "head symptoms" disappeared and he was pardoned for the misdemeanour he had been guilty of, when suffering from this pressure on the brain.

A great many crimes of old men are due to physical causes. The condition of the body frequently leads to irritability and want of judgment. I had once to appear before a learned Judge who had, as I knew, a stone in his kidney. It was in the days

when surgeons did not, as they do now, remove these painful and irritating "foreign bodies." He snarled at me from the Bench like a bad-tempered dog, when I was putting forward my views about the mental condition of a woman who had sustained a very serious head injury. I am glad to say that the Jury took my view of the case and awarded the poor woman some £500 damages.

I hope, if it is ever my fate to appear in the dock, or elsewhere in a Law Court, that I shall have a Judge of healthy body, as well as of abundant knowledge of the law. When you think that the punishment of crimes varies so much for the same offences at different places, good health should be a *sine qua non* of his lordship on the Bench.

The brother of this Judge very nearly killed me when out shooting. He was a veritable Mr. Winkle and never touched a feather all the day.

When we were moving from one stand to another through some rhododendrons a cock pheasant got up between us. I was not more than five yards from him. He fired point-blank at the pheasant when it was about five feet or so from the ground. I saw a red circle of light, no smoke, and providentially was not hit! The gamekeeper rushed up to me and said, "Good God, Mr. Turner, I thought you must be killed!"

Mr. Vernon Boys has photographed flying bullets and charges from shot-guns, showing that the latter proceed for a certain distance in a compact mass before the pellets spread. My escape must have been due to this fact. The shot—like a bullet—just missed my head.

I shot the pheasant.

I knew a gentleman who spent a good deal of his night time in a subterranean cellar at Oxford, weighing the earth. He became engaged to be married, and

when he came to dine with us and took his fiancée into dinner he was so tired that he went to sleep by her side during the meal. I thought it a little premature.

Later on, when congratulated by my wife on the birth of a son, he wrote, "Thank you for your reference to our domestic affairs."

That concussion of the brain does lead to loss of memory, I know from my own experience. I was concussed about 1905 by a fall from a motor-cycle. During the War I had to operate on a bad case of what is called axillary aneurism, following an explosion, where a piece of metal had penetrated the main artery of the armpit. This is a dangerous and may be even a desperate operation. I am glad to say the patient recovered perfectly, but on talking the matter over with a gentleman who had been my house-surgeon at the Seamen's Hospital nine years before he reminded me that I had done an almost similar operation on the carotid artery at the root of the neck of a negro. Of this I have no memory; I only know that I have tied a carotid artery. This gentleman reminded me of many details of this case, and how that I had said the poor fellow might die on the table, and that he ought to be told of the risk he was about to undergo. Death was certain had he not been operated on. He made a good recovery.

I do not think it fair that any person should go down into the valley of the shadow of death without knowing it. I expressed this view to a very brilliant surgeon, a splendid operator, with whom I had a consultation on one of his cases many years ago. He said, "I shan't say much to the patient." There is always to be taken into consideration any mental effect which might prejudice the condition of a person subjected to a grave operation, and it may in certain cases be advisable that he should be ignorant.

I think myself, I should like to know my risks and what the odds were against or for me. This was the practical way that an American abroad once looked at his case. He knew I was at Aix-les-Bains and he appealed to me as one Anglo-Saxon to another to tell him what his chances were, if he consented to an operation. He had no chance without one, and he asked me to tell him what the odds were if it was performed in the endeavour to save his life.

Malingers are curious people and, like hysterical patients, they will mangle more with some doctors than others. During the War, I saw a man who was said to have lost his eyesight, following shell-shock. I could find nothing wrong with his eyes, and I said to the head sister—my daughter, who was full of sympathy for him—"Have you tried the passion of love?" I went back to the Hospital about a month afterwards and she said to me, "You were quite right, we caught that man walking with one of the prettiest girls of the village, and there was no lack of eyesight about him at all."

In olden days blisters, counter irritants and actual cauteries were much more freely used than they are now, and during my house-surgeoncy days, I found that when my surgeon directed me to give a malingers a few "light touches" with the cautery, the malingers began to hop about and use his palsied limbs vigorously. Some of them recovered on just seeing the cautery irons being heated.

Self-mutilations are not confined to absolute lunatics. The hysterical sometimes indulge in them. One lady I knew amused herself in her leisure time by sticking needles into her knee joint, a process not altogether without danger. She was X-rayed after my operation, to show that they were all removed. She came back in six months' time with some more. She denied this time having put them in herself, but I

insisted that she should confess, before I removed this second batch. I believe in Lancashire, it is not uncommon for ladies when sought in holy matrimony, to assent, but with the proviso that they should have their "dues of courting." Some people want their dues of operation. A too quick recovery does not suit them. They like to be the central feature of interest longer than modern surgery, with its quick healing, allows them. I remember one pathetic case, where a poor solitary widow came to her daughter's house for an operation. The wound was all healed in some three or four days and I ceased my attendance. So as to stay longer in her daughter's house, this poor woman deliberately tore open the recently healed wound. No permanent harm resulted.

It is not always onlookers that see most of the game in surgical affairs. On one occasion I operated on a little boy, who was most desperately ill with peritonitis. I did not think he had the ghost of a chance of recovery, but found very unexpected and beneficial results followed the giving of a certain meat extract. I think the bottle must have been a bad one : anyhow it caused unusual symptoms, unpleasant in themselves, but which relieved the patient and he recovered satisfactorily.

That year I was an examiner for one of the prizes for Students at the Hospital. One of the candidates took this case for a text, severely criticised my treatment, maintained that I ought to have given the boy mutton broth and was quite unaware of the effects of the meat extract, which saved his life. That gentleman did not gain the prize.

It is well that physicians and surgeons should be in accord in their views, especially in private cases where the relatives want to know everything. I once had a serious case, and on going to see her one morning was met by her anxious mother who related

symptoms which told me, as a surgeon, that all anxiety was over. I told her this and said that we ought to rejoice greatly and be exceeding glad. "But," said she, "Dr. ——,"—who had arrived before me—"says that something must be done to check this 'alarming condition.'" Nothing was done and the patient never looked back.

I was consulted once by Mr. Bram Stoker, the biographer of Henry Irving, and told him the following story. It had been my good fortune, when a student, to gain various Wm. Brown exhibitions and prizes, and when Mrs. Wm. Brown, the widow, died Lady Burdett-Coutts, with whom she had been living, sent me an invitation to attend the funeral. I hate funerals, but I was told it was my duty to attend. I went and found myself as a representative of the Wm. Brown Scholars, placed in the fore-front of the proceedings, walking immediately behind Lady Burdett-Coutts who was chief mourner. Amongst the pall-bearers was Henry Irving, and just after the ceremony was over, he came up to speak to Dr. Wadham, who was talking to me, and said, "Well, Wadham, how did I do that?" "Very well indeed," said Wadham. "I ought to have," said Irving, "for I have been burying Ophelia every morning this week." It was just before his first production of Hamlet.

A lady who had fallen off her horse in the Row was brought into the Hospital. She had evidently been partaking of alcohol and refused to give her name or any information about herself. A somewhat tactless house-surgeon applied electricity as a remedy, with satisfactory results. The lady, however, afterwards, with some justification, made a complaint. Evidence was taken of the witnesses and the police. They one and all testified as to the tipsy condition of the patient, and a gentleman who had come to

"see fair" on her behalf expressed himself as satisfied with what he had heard and that there was no real cause for complaint against the house-surgeon or police. Something must have happened after this, as some two or three weeks later on paragraphs were put in the papers expressing the regret of the police at the mistake they had made as to the lady's condition. She was a very well-known lady and very rich.

On one occasion the Hospital Committee were engaged in "trying a magistrate." A somewhat dictatorial and well-known magistrate, who was interested in a woman who was admitted into the female surgery, pushed himself behind the screen, and although he was in the Hospital, in a room, still kept his hat on. The house-surgeon, who was attending to the patient, pointed out to him that his presence behind the screen was improper, and I think also suggested that perhaps his hat had better be taken off. The magistrate complained to the governing body, who came to the unanimous verdict that the house-surgeon had only done his duty. This same house-surgeon, Dr. Rivers Pollock, was a great athlete, had won the Hurdle Race at the Inter-Varsity Sports and had dead-heated for the Championship. A more inoffensive or polite man never drew breath.

I once made the mistake when fixing a bandage round a man's fractured ribs, to pass the safety pin into his skin. The man never came near me for about a month, and when I removed the bandage I saw to my horror what I had done, and asked him why he had not told me of it and had not come up sooner to see me, and whether he knew that I had pinned him to his bandage. "Oh yes, sir," he said, "but I thought that was the proper thing to do." A good many years afterwards, when I had completed

an operation on a lady, I saw that my assistant, who was putting on the bandages, was about to commit the same error. I told him this story and to be careful. He laughed at the story, but next day, when I came to see my patient, she said, "I feel perfectly well, but I have got such a pain in the back." She ought to have had no pain in the back, so I undid the bandages and found, in spite of my warning, this young man had duly pinned her to them. He was an unfortunate young man, and in the days when push-bicycling was popular, ran into a pedestrian. A policeman came on the scene and eventually he had to go to the Police Station. It so happened that I passed in my brougham when they were discussing the necessity of his presence at the Police Station. He said, "There goes my cousin, he'll tell you that I have given my correct name and address." "Oh no, that won't wash," said the policeman, and off to the Station he was taken. About the same time, when I was living in Green Street, Park Lane, I came round a refuge at the Marble Arch on the wrong side of the road and my bicycle knocked over an old gentleman, in the presence of a policeman on duty. I jumped off and asked the old man what on earth he meant by getting in the way. This carrying of the war into the enemy's country was so successful, that the policeman forgot I had taken a wrong turning. I am always so thankful I was not born a girl on this account. I have no bump of locality and am always taking these wrong turnings.

One sees in the lay Press perhaps more often than in the medical, wonderful cures advertised even for that terrible disease called Cancer. I once looked after a poor woman to whom I was summoned in the early morning to do a tracheotomy, as a cancer was pressing on her throat. There was no doubt that it was of this nature, as I removed a little bit for microscopical

examination. My Autumn holiday coming on I left for Scotland, leaving her in the care of my colleague, Mr. Clinton Dent. When I returned, I said to him, "I suppose that poor woman is dead." "No," said he, "she is down at Wimbledon Convalescence Hospital, and nearly all the swelling has disappeared. She goes by the name of The Wonderful Woman." I saw her at Wimbledon and I arranged for her to come and see me from time to time. Some two or three months afterwards it was obvious that there was a recurrence, the swelling was growing again rapidly. I urged her to come into the Hospital while it was still removable. She procrastinated, and when she did come, after what is called an exploratory operation, we decided that it could not be removed. Curiously enough, once more the whole thing practically disappeared. She lived for some two years after this, and when she died there was an undoubtedly malignant mass, not much bigger than the top of one's little finger: this mass which had been as big or bigger than a cocoanut. I found, on looking up the literature, some thirty-eight cases where, as here, there had been no doubt as to the nature of the trouble and where there had been disappearance. The histologist who pronounced this cancer was the late Mr. Sheridan Délépine, one of the best specialists of his time. What a case for a quack cancer curer—when one hears of the marvellous cures treated by these gentry! Just as all is not gold that glitters, so luckily all is not malignant that is said to be so.

It is most important that a surgeon should be fit, or anyhow know if in any way he is unfit or incapacitated. During the War, I fell down and broke a rib just in front of the heart and ruptured a muscle in my left leg. I was not able to lie up, and about two days afterwards I started on a somewhat difficult operation, with a not very experienced assistant.

Halfway through I found that I could not properly use my left hand from the injuries I had received at the accident, and I had to leave the operation in an incomplete condition. I really ought never to have started on it, but I did not know the full extent of my injuries and incapacity. I am glad to say the patient eventually was cured of his malady, but by another surgeon who no doubt imagines he "wiped my eye."

All surgeons make mistakes. A surgeon who says he never makes mistakes is a liar. Sir Astley Cooper is said to have admitted that his mistakes would have filled a graveyard. In his day even a little operation might have been fatal from sepsis. Lord Lister and Pasteur have altered all this. One of our surgeons at St. George's when I was a student had the run of the town, chiefly because he knew when to keep his hands off. Both he and another celebrated surgeon used to carry this masterly inactivity a little too far, and in consequence sometimes the bone-setter, rushing in where angels feared to tread, made a great and well-advertised success. Of the failure of these gentlemen the people hear little. Their successes are trumpeted to the four corners of the earth.

An unfortunate fishmonger, stumbling when getting out of an omnibus, injured his knee. He *walked* for nearly a mile home. He sent for a notorious bone-setter who told him, as they very nearly always do, that he had "put a bone out"—dislocated his knee—gave him an anæsthetic and, as he said, reduced the dislocation. I may say here, that dislocations of the knee are very rare—real dislocations—and nobody could walk immediately afterwards. I am not now referring to the present fashionable dislocations of the semi-lunar cartilages, and other so-called internal derangements of the knee joint. The fishmonger brought an action against the Omnibus Co., and called the bone-setter as a witness. This gentleman,

in his cross examination, was given the bone of a *right* thigh and a *left* leg bone, and asked to put them together to demonstrate the dislocation that he said had been present. He did not recognise or realise that the bones were of opposite sides, and when he was asked, "Where did you learn your anatomy?" he had the impudence to answer, "In my family—it is hereditary." The fishmonger was ruined by this case, having incurred costs which he was unable to pay.

Properly qualified doctors, being human, often make errors, but sometimes there is no excuse. A lady who was interested in St. George's once asked me to take in and operate on a case that had already been operated on for hernia in a country hospital. When I came to do the operation, I found that the seat of the trouble had not been dealt with on either side, in the very slightest degree. It was as if no operation had ever been attempted, save that there were two pieces of silver wire placed underneath the skin. This lady had her knife into the country doctor, and was for cross-examining me as to what I had found. I got out of the difficulty by saying, "Lady S., I never criticise other people's operations, being quite conscious that I myself may be, might be, and have been criticised for what I have done in some of my own." I had a very divided duty. It was an atrocious thing for that doctor ever to have touched a knife, and had I given him away I don't think he could have much complained. The way that some inexperienced men, who have a *pruritus secandi*, operate on people is most unjustifiable. It may be brave on their part, but it is a kind of bravery that should be non-existent. I heard of one young general practitioner operating successfully on a rich old lady for cataract. He had never done the operation before. It turned up trumps, and the

gentleman eventually enjoyed an extensive seaside practice ; but what about the lady and the risk that she ran of blindness from his inexperience ?

When I was first appointed to the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich there was no ophthalmic surgeon, and I was supposed to operate on the eye. I had had some little experience as assistant to Mr. Brudenell Carter, but I soon saw to it that a proper ophthalmic surgeon was appointed to the Hospital. Mr. Brudenell Carter was one of the cleverest men I ever came across. For years he was on the staff of *The Times* newspaper, writing leading articles. His language was extremely ornate, and he was a first-rate after-dinner speaker. When I was his assistant in the eye department, and somebody came up with an inflamed eye, he would say to me, " I think, Mr. Turner, that a lotion containing perhaps two grains of the sulphate of zinc to the ounce of distilled water will meet the requirements of this case." All this instead of telling me—zinc lotion, or again he would say, " I should be tempted here to prescribe the two perchlorides, namely, that of iron and mercury." When I was up for my final examination at the College of Surgeons, and was being taken to diagnose various cases who were attending for that purpose, the late Sir Wm. Humphry, Mr. Erichsen and Mr. Cooper Foster, were listening to my replies to the late Sir Wm. Savory, who was the examiner. Savory was accused of being a very harsh and sometimes unjust examiner. He certainly liked the candidate to err a little. The cases were so easy that I was not humouring him in this respect. At last we came to a boy whose body was one mass of scar tissue, the effects of a burn. Savory said, " What is this ? " I asked the boy, " Have you ever been burnt, boy ? " " Yes, sir," he said. I said, " It is an overgrowth of the scar, following a burn." " Yes," said Savory,

“and what would you do for him?” I replied, “I think, sir, that in this case, I should be tempted”—“Yes, tempted,” said Savory, and I said—“to leave him alone.” The onlooking examiners burst into a roar of laughter. I think Savory was under the impression that I was going to recommend that the boy should be flayed alive.

When I first became assistant to Mr. Carter I asked my predecessor what sort of a man he was. His reply was, “I should like him very much if he wasn’t so damned polite.” Then he told me how at one operation he had got an exceedingly sharp little knife, that was used for cataract extraction, in his hand, with the point directed towards Mr. Carter. The latter turned quickly round for the knife which went under his thumb nail for about half an inch. “Well, what did he say?” said I. “He said nothing, but just looked at me.” My own experience of his politeness was of a less unfortunate nature, but I was made to feel that I was very ignorant and a great fool. There had recently been a case of a rare affection of the back of the eye, in which the pupil looked of a primrose colour. An oldish man came up to see me about his eyes, and I thought this was another case of the same thing. I consulted my predecessor, who agreed with me, and I sent for Mr. Carter. Rare cases in hospitals often come in couples, and I thought this was an illustration of this fact. Carter came, looked at the man’s eye, by putting on a pince-nez in front of the spectacles that he habitually wore, and then said, “I think, Mr. Turner, we will take him now to the dark-room and examine him with the ophthalmoscope.” By this time, I was fully aware that there was nothing wrong with the eye at all, but proceeded like a culprit with Carter, while he examined the patient with the ophthalmoscope. He got up and said to me, “I think, Mr. Turner, you

will find that the media are quite clear." That was his way of telling me that it was a normal eye and that I had summoned him without good reason. The assistant who made this mistake with me was my great rival for prizes and scholarships. He worked very hard, and on one occasion whilst walking across the park together, he said to me, "How do you get to sleep when you have finished your work late at night? I have found out a very good plan," and he told me that he was in the habit of putting a small piece of lint at the bottom of a tumbler and then saturating it with chloroform. He put this over his mouth and nose, when he was in bed and so induced sleep. I told him I thought this was a dangerous proceeding, but he said, "The weight of the tumbler always makes it fall off." Some thirteen or fourteen years after this, I saw in the *Times* that he was dead, and at the inquest it was stated that the tumbler with a piece of lint was found in his bed near his face. I think an open verdict was returned. There were no reasons whatever for suicide and I am sure that it was the fatal accident that I had told him might at any time occur. Chloroform acts very uncertainly, I think, on people and is, in my opinion, a much more dangerous anæsthetic than ether.

On one occasion at Greenwich I was about to do a very complicated operation. The patient was afraid of an anæsthetic, but this was absolutely necessary. He then asked that he might have chloroform rather than ether. I referred him to the anæsthetist who consented. Before the operation began and whilst I was getting my instruments ready, I was called by the anæsthetist, who had only just started his work, to see the patient. He was dead, and nothing we could do revived him. It was as much a death from fear as from chloroform, but had ether been used this probably would not have been

followed by such a terrible result. I myself have seen at least three deaths from chloroform, but never one from ether. The latter, however, has been said to kill not on the operating-table, but in the wards from bronchitis. A very great deal depends on the anæsthetist; nowadays they practically are all specialists, in my early days hardly any of them were. When I was a house-surgeon I had to look after a civil servant who was admitted with a broken leg. He developed delirium tremens, and died of it. My evidence at the inquest was to this effect, but I was interrupted by a gentleman in the court, who said he did hope that the jury would not believe the doctor, as if a verdict of death from delirium tremens was brought in, there would be no pension for the widow and children. The jury "did not believe the doctor," and brought in a verdict of accidental death from fracture of the leg. It would have been my duty to have signed the death certificate. I could not go back on the evidence I had given before the Coroner, but the difficulty was solved by the resident medical officer, who had seen the case when first admitted, giving a certificate in which there was no mention of delirium e potu.

Another Coroner's jury disagreed with the evidence that I had to give. A poor young fellow who had been abroad trying to make sufficient money to marry upon, returned to England to receive a letter from his fiancée stating that owing to his impecuniosity the engagement must be broken off. One afternoon I was summoned hurriedly to the house next my own in Green Street, and found that this young man had just shot himself through the heart with a revolver. The smoke was still in the room. He had taken off his coat and waistcoat, and had sat on the bed to do this. On the mantelpiece he had left two letters,

one, I think, for his father, another for the young lady. At the inquest one of his relations said that he was always careless with fire-arms, especially out shooting, and that he had no doubt that his apparent suicide was an accident. The jury took that view, I am glad to say, and discredited my evidence.

A medical man of my acquaintance received numerous congratulations on his escape from death from prussic acid, and he told me what a fearful feeling he had had, "as if his heart was bursting." Some years afterwards he was found dead with prussic acid by his side. I think there can be no doubt that he had attempted suicide on the first occasion.

I was much struck by the absolute callousness of a young woman, as to the death of her lover, who had shot himself in the head after putting a bullet into her brain. I successfully extracted this and she made a good recovery, but was not in the slightest degree upset by the death of the man with whom, there was no doubt, she had agreed to die. Perhaps the injury had altered her disposition.

The modern surgeon has not to be of such coarse fibre as his predecessors of a hundred years ago, before anæsthetics were used. Sir Astley Cooper was almost as good a draughtsman as he was a surgeon, and in his pictures of operations he depicts the resolution and the fortitude of the patient at the commencement of an operation, as well as his limp collapse at its termination. I know nothing more horrible than to operate, even for a slight thing, without an anæsthetic, but before now have had to do it. A hospital porter refused an anæsthetic for the terrible operation of removal of the upper jaw. He lived for many years afterwards doing duty as a night porter.

A lady who was plagued with a disfiguring little swelling of the scalp, tightly adherent to the skin and consequently very painful to remove, would take no

anæsthetic. Her sister said, "Harriet has a good courage." Harriet had a good courage, but it was very painful for *me*.

A consulting surgeon may go through life without being called doctor very much, nor does he carry his profession into private life by means of this prefix, and so is spared many gratuitous consultations. I have always hated to be called doctor. A little child at the Hospital said to me one day, "Thank you, doctor." I said, "Don't call me doctor." She said, "No, doctor." I said, "I will give you sixpence if you will not call me doctor." "Oh, thank you, doctor," she said. She got her sixpence all the same.

Lawyers, engineers, men in the services, are not called according to their profession. On some occasions one has heard all sorts of ridiculous ideas given vent to by people in ignorance of the fact that they were in the presence of a medical man. When the Emperor Frederick of Germany eventually died, I remember a first-class idiot at my Club saying, "Of course he died, as he was fool enough to have his throat cut." He died because he did not have "his throat cut" in the early stages of the disease. A personal friend of mine, who suffered from the same complaint, had the whole of the disease removed more than thirty years ago, has just died from another cause at the age of eighty-seven.

How different the world's history might have been if an early operation had been performed on the Emperor Frederick!

Medical men at times of death and trouble see much bravery and sometimes much cowardice. I have had, before now, to admire the heroism of the poor as well as the *noblesse oblige* of the well-born in meeting trouble and death with fortitude. I came across one young married lady who deliberately elected to die rather than submit to an operation that

would have saved her life. This was a wrong sort of bravery. Unexpected relations are sometimes revealed by death. I saw on one day the wife and the unfortunate mistress of a gentleman who met his death from accident. The wife was really but little upset. The poor unfortunate woman who had been linked to him by no ties of Holy Church was the picture of despair and sorrow.

It is the duty sometimes of one doctor to make the best of or even conceal the professional mistakes of another. I once, when abroad, was asked by a doctor to come and see a case of broken fore-arm, which he was going to put up in Plaster of Paris. Our conversation and consultation was carried on in the French language unfortunately before the father and mother of the young man. I examined the fore-arm and found that there was no break at all, and using technical terms "not understood by the people," I told the doctor that the bone was not broken. Perhaps he did not follow my bad French. He had committed himself to the fracture, the Plaster of Paris was ready, and he put the injured limb up in a Plaster of Paris splint. I was returning to London, the patient was coming to England also, and he was to come and see me when he arrived. The Plaster of Paris itself was not bad treatment for the sprain, and so I silently acquiesced for the time being in its use. I took it off about a week afterwards, in London, and told the young man just to keep his arm in a sling, and also I said to him, when he asked me how it was, "If I had seen your fore-arm now, for the first time, I should not have known it ever had been broken."

When I was a student, one of our surgeons was honesty itself about his mistakes, and used to speak of any case where he had gone wrong as being "of very painful interest to me." He was supposed

generally to be callous, but really this was not so. On the day of his retirement I was walking across the Park with him to the Hospital, and he was talking of his career there, and said to me, "The most worrying thing in surgery is when one has to ask oneself whether one could not have done better for the patient." He was not generally credited with such sentiment. He had a great objection to anæsthetics for minor operations, and had had one of his eyes removed without any ether or chloroform. When I was his house-surgeon I often tried in vain to get them used. It is only fair to say that he himself had whitloe—he would not have the laughing gas I suggested—and bore his pain bravely. He asked me once to help him at an operation and give "a whiff of ether" to the wife of a publican in the King's Road, Chelsea. The operating table was an old-fashioned four poster bedstead, with a feather bed on it. There was no way of getting to the other side of the operator but by lying on the bed the other side of the patient parallel to her. This I did. The surgeon had only one eye and so *really* required assistance. It is still a wonder to me how we ever got through the operation, which was not a minor one. There ought to have been two assistants, an operating table and an anæsthetist.

One of our surgeons when about to amputate at the hip joint, said to the patient, "We'll do that little thing for you to-morrow." As wrong a sense of proportion as any of the criminal classes possess.

Doctors have to help each other, and many a helping hand is held out to the young struggling beginner, by another in a similar predicament. On one occasion when I was in this condition myself, I transferred a lady to the care of a gentleman, afterwards a baronet and a very distinguished man in the medical world, but who then was at the outset

of his career, the late Sir Francis Champneys. For some reason or other, he and the lady did not "hit it off" altogether, and I believe he had to threaten her with his lawyer if she did not curb her unruly, libellous tongue. He lectured at the Hospital at nine o'clock in the morning; I had to lecture at ten. I used to meet him in the park, coming away from Hyde Park Corner, as I went down there, and I am afraid that my excessive sense of humour sometimes made me smile when I heard of the misdemeanours of the patient that I had sent to him meaning to do him a good turn.

Hyde Park was the scene of the rudest act I ever committed. As I was walking across one day, I saw in front of me a man whom I did not like, and who was no friend of mine. On seeing me coming, he waited for me as we were going in the same direction. I did not know what to do, as his general appearance was such that I did not want even to be seen in his society. When we met, "Walking across?" said I. "Yes," said he. "Then I shall run," said I, and started to run for about 150 yards and then walked. I am rather ashamed of this.

Rudeness does not always effect its object. There was a member at one of my clubs many years ago whom we used to call Spides, because of his pronunciation of the word spades in this way. He had been elected by a mistake, and the cardroom community practically boycotted him. He was pachydermatous, however, and it became a case of either cards with Spides or no cards at all. Meaning to do his persecutors a good turn, and soften their hearts, he put them all to the tune of some hundreds of pounds into a gold mine which went phut. He was perfectly honest and lost money himself in the same venture. He was really, although vulgar, a very good-hearted man.

I was once consulted by a good looking, although rather wild and wayward married lady, and she was coming to see me at 11.30 a.m. At breakfast that morning a note, sent by hand, was brought to me from a Jewish gentleman, saying he wanted to see this lady and might he come at the same time. I did not take the trouble to answer the note, but sent out a very peremptory "Certainly not." The lady came at 11.30, and after our consultation she said, "You know that Jew you dislike so?" "What about him?" said I. "Well, last night, when my husband was gone to the Opera, and I had said I had a headache and was going to bed, and so did not accompany him, the Jew came at about 9. My husband returned earlier than he should have done, and found him with me in the drawing-room. He was very indignant, kicked him out of the house, and threw his coat and hat after him." This was the man who the next day had had the impudence to try and make an assignation at my house. I was very angry and pursued him from place to place until I found him eventually at his club. He sat and literally sweated whilst I called him all manner of names and cursed him freely. I very nearly hit him and expected never to hear of him again. Shortly afterwards I received a note from him telling me that he had advised a friend of his to consult me about an operation. I took no notice of his letter, but the patient came and he was the first of two that this man deliberately sent me after this episode. I suppose it was to placate me. It was very clever of him to be able to find two cases to suit his purpose.

There was a boy at St. George's Hospital, an in-patient himself who had a most uncanny sense of death and was nearly always to be found behind the screens put round a dying patient, and that not only in his own ward. His taste for death was fitting for

an executioner of the future. Another boy, the exact opposite to him, went about cheering up those who were down on their luck, and heartening those about to be operated on. He went direct to his point and used to say, "Cheer up, No. 17."

I remember a lady who on leaving a surgical home kept by a beautiful lady, when I asked her if she had got along all right, said that she had, but that she would have much liked on her admission to the home to have been greeted by a motherly woman rather than "a good-looking one dressed up for effect." There may be a little too much beauty in such places.

During the War, at the time when first the German atrocities were becoming known I was asked to see a German officer—a prisoner and a Junker. It seems he had not made himself popular by asking to be confined in another room to a German Naval Officer. Apparently the latter gentleman was not worthy to breathe the same God's air.

A good many of the wounded in the early part of the War received first aid from very inexperienced hands. This case was one of them, for a young outside surgeon with more ardour than discretion had been trying to ferret out a bullet lodged about a foot from its point of entrance, the seat of his operation. This bullet was perfectly quiet and doing the German officer no harm. It was then very difficult for any one to leave an imbedded bullet alone. I was asked on another occasion to open the skull of a wounded man and remove the bullet that was lodged at the base in the bone. I was shown X-ray diagrams and told exactly what the depth of the bullet was from the surface of the skin. The elevated temperature and fever that existed were pointed out to me, but as the wound had been incurred five months previously I looked elsewhere for its cause, asked

him if he had a sore throat and found one that explained all his symptoms. I came across a case in private long before the War where a man had given himself facial paralysis by an attempt at suicide. The small scar where the bullet had entered his skull was just behind the ear and was hidden from general observation. The bullet was causing no trouble except this permanent facial palsy, and the poor man told me that his punishment for having tried to take his life was the daily exhortation he had from people to get this incurable paralysis cured.

People not in the scientific world have very curious ideas as to the social and other status of those eminent in it. When the late Professor Dewar first liquefied air, a very dear old friend of mine who also had been my patient and who used to have an annual garden party, wrote to Sir John and asked him what his terms would be to give a show of the liquefaction of air to her guests. I believe that Dewar's reply on a postcard was, "Madam, your request is as extraordinary as my discovery." The old saying that more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows, is very true with reference to surgeons who see multitudes of patients and their friends in different garbs and disguises. I once made a terrible *faux pas* myself in not recognising a lady of high degree whom I had seen on the operating table and in a house in widow's weeds, but who came to see me afterwards dressed in the height of fashion with a bonnet and veil. I was fool enough to ask her her name.

I was much amused once by a dear old lady, the wife of a tradesman whom I had rescued from impending death by an operation, when she called shortly after my marriage to make, according to promise, the acquaintance of my wife. She arrived while the latter was engaged and I first interviewed her. She took out of her pocket, hidden under her

skirt, two earrings and put them into her ears, various rings that she put on her fingers and bracelets round her wrists. She had come to "tea," but stayed until we had three times rang the bell for dinner. She then unhooked her earrings, took off her rings and bracelets, replaced them in her pocket, and went home by 'bus, with this precaution against robbery in that public conveyance. Her husband had been very extraordinary and had wanted to make a kind of Eastern bargain with me about the fees, so I was more than surprised when later on he brought a son-in-law to see me on whom another surgeon was about to operate; he wanted me to be present, asked me what my fee would be, and to my surprise when I mentioned it, "Oh, that will never do, you must have double that." He was not dealing with his own money. That was the explanation.

I don't wonder that at one time lawyers and the medical profession were not admitted into certain clubs. They are often in the position of Father Confessors not bound by the secret of confession. It is very rare, however, that this secret is not kept. On one occasion a doctor whose brother was in a crack regiment was asked to look after a lady about to have a baby. She was living in the wilds of Maida Vale, and obviously did not belong to that locale. She was said to have a husband, but the doctor never saw him until one day, as he was leaving the house a month after the birth of the child, one of his brother's brother officers drove up to the house. He was the "husband." The real husband, a Peer, was abroad. The soldier man was not married. I met the lady in after life, but she little dreamt that I knew of this incident in her past career. I may say I am telling no stories that can affect the living in any way. The actors in this affair have long been dead.

Sometimes a wound that apparently would

disfigure a patient dreadfully leaves but little permanent or visible scar. I can recall the surprise of a surgeon who removed from the hollow part of the upper jaw of a man a piece of metal some three inches long which had come off a gun that had burst some nine or ten years previously. In some guns on this flat piece of metal there is room for an appropriate picture of a man shooting a bird or a rabbit. This must have entered the patient's face beneath the upper lip. There was no apparent disfigurement, and the astonishment of the surgeon was very great when he extracted so large a foreign body.

Curiously enough, during the War I gave a certificate to a German. This man had years before tried to commit suicide by shooting himself in the abdomen. I took him into St. George's about two years before the War. X-ray examination showed the bullet some four inches from the surface doing no harm, and I left it where it was. He had pleaded its existence as a reason against service in the German Army, and I forget exactly how, but I rather think through a German officer, I was asked about him.

It is a very long time since the storming of Badajos, during the Peninsular War. The last of the wounded died in the seventies of last century. He had been shot in the liver and the bullet had become encysted. When he was a very old man over eighty, he was getting into his old-fashioned four-posted bedstead by means of two stair-like steps that were by the side of the bed to help him do this. He slipped, the bullet became dislodged, set up peritonitis of which he died. Not quite similar, but rather interesting, was one of the most delayed casualties of the Crimean War, when more than forty years afterwards some Russian sailors dredging in the harbour of Sebastopol were killed from the explosion of a shell that had been

there since its bombardment in 1855. A shell fired by dead men killed those who were then unborn. With reference to the Crimean War, in the late seventies I had to deal with certainly seven or eight of those who rode in the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. They were then middle-aged men and becoming very much affected by the infirmities of on-coming old age. They told me that when they got up to the Russian guns they found the gunners hiding under these guns, to which they were chained, and they killed them with their lances as they passed by. The son of the hero of the Badajos story met with an accident, from the effects of which he was paralysed. He received about the largest sum that an insurance company ever had to pay, producing books that showed that before this accident he was earning three to four thousand pounds a year. As luck would have it he eventually recovered completely from the paralysis, but I don't think the insurance people got back any of the £40,000 which they had paid him. It was not a case of malingering but a case where the pressure on the spinal cord had been due to blood which in process of time had become absorbed.

On one occasion I operated on the relative of a prominent statesman, and saw the latter during the convalescence of the patient. He was always attending to the set of his tie, pulling his waistcoat down into a proper position and looking at himself in a looking-glass. I confess that I thought he was rather conceited, but when in the next day's *Morning Post* I saw his engagement to a beautiful and charming lady, I recognised that it was but the pluming of his feathers by the male bird before he went courting. I knew another very distinguished statesman in the days of his youth, Lord Haldane, and when he was first elected to the House. I became disgusted with

party politics when, shortly after the time that Gladstone had gone over to Home Rule, Haldane came to stay in the same house where I was, having left one where the late Sir William Harcourt was, and he told us that Sir William had asked him what he was going to do about this Home Rule question. He replied that he had not quite made up his mind, and Harcourt went on to say, "Well, you are young, you can do as you like, but I must stick to the party." Sir William was the author of the celebrated phrase "steeped to the lips in their Parnellite juice," and had been a determined Unionist. Many years afterwards I was looking after a soldier, Lord Binning, who was going to stand against this learned gentleman in a Scottish constituency and used to discuss with him what he had better say at his meetings. I suggested that he should say he was a plain soldier not accustomed to argument and that he was pitted against a man who was most proficient in a profession, members of which can be briefed for either side and can make a good case out of a bad one and show a bad case to be a good one. When lawyers stand for Parliament, the constituencies should remember this.

I wonder if a time will ever come when "none are for a Party and all for the State"? In Italy some years ago I heard a lecture given by an Italian Count in most perfect English on "Fascism." This gentleman was one of Mussolini's right-hand men, and as he explained it to us, there is no self-seeking of any kind among the Fascists. They are not allowed any pecuniary advantages, they work, employers and employed, all with one object, the betterment of the State, and I think he told us that in one agricultural district the output of wheat had been increased three-fold with the same expenditure of labour and money as before Fascism was introduced. In Italy itself

there are signs of a new orderliness, a new spirit which may perhaps be due to this régime.

There was a well-known member of the House of Lords who used to attend the Board Meeting at St. George's Hospital. When he spoke in the House of Lords he was given next day a column in *The Times*, and I thought from this he must be an orator, but when he spoke in the Board Room of St. George's Hospital, he hemmed and hawed, couldn't always get an accusative to follow a verb, repeated himself without necessity, and was such a failure on one occasion that one of the senior surgeons sitting next to me said, "God did not make Lord YZ. for an orator." Had he not been born in the purple he would have made no mark at all in life. I have always been a Conservative and appreciate the advantages of birth and breeding, but I cannot help thinking that the Conservative party has too often in the past put birth before talent, and the reflections of a former Lord Chancellor in his autobiography are worth remembering. I forget which Lord Chancellor it was, and I am quoting from memory of his book, but I believe that what he said was as follows, "There now came a time in my life when I had to choose whether I should be a Liberal or Conservative. I saw that on one side birth was everything, whereas on the other side capacity and talent were allowed to come to the fore, and so I became a Liberal." On one occasion I was dining at a City Company and, as Warden's guest, was sitting at the high table next to a well-known member of Parliament, Sir H. Howarth. I was rather interested in the possible career of a friend of mine, Colonel Lockwood, who was in the House of Commons, and I asked the Member of Parliament whether he thought he would get any appointment. "Oh, yes," said he, "he may do, he belongs to one of the 'Houses'." My fellow-guest asked me, when I

had given expression to the opinion that our King Edward VII was the greatest king since Henry VIII, why I had mentioned Henry, and I said that because he was before his time, was a great advocate of education, and, whatever might be the opinion as to his religious views, was an Englishman who meant to be master in England; that although his matrimonies were unfortunate, he honestly believed he was right and was right in the execution of his two wives. "And more than that," said Sir Henry Howarth, "it curiously happens that to-day at the British Museum I have been reading the manuscripts of the arguments put before the King about his marriage with Katherine of Aragon being a nullity because she was the widow of his brother. Any one who will read the marginal notes in the King's own handwriting must," he said, "be convinced of his sincerity."

Some people would say that I once saw a ghost at one of my cases. I had been helping one of our surgeons, Sir Prescott Hewett, to look after a lady and had been up nearly all night with her. When I left in the morning I told her son that I did not think I could do anything more for her, but as he wanted me to go back in the evening, after a hard day's work at the Hospital, I went. It was obvious the poor woman was dying, but how long she would live was uncertain. I went to lie down on a bed in a neighbouring room, having told the nurse to awaken me if anything was wanted. I was awakened from sleep, as I thought, by a servant dressed in white passing across the room from the door to the window. I started up and said, "Why have you come in without knocking?" At that moment there came a knock at the door: it was the nurse to tell me that the lady had just suddenly died. There was nobody else in the room. I think that I must have really been

awakened by the noise of the door of the opposite room opening and I had mistaken some moonlight effect on a white marble mantelpiece that was in my bedroom, for "the servant."

I do not myself believe in ghosts. A friend of mine, however, told me a very realistic story of his experience. He was in Brussels and engaged to be married to a young lady who was living at the English Embassy in Paris. One night after dinner he had a curious sense of mental malaise. He went to bed and dreamt or thought that he saw his fiancée and heard her calling "Alec! Alec!" to him. More than that, she touched him on the forearm. He went in to see his mother and told her the story, and next day went to consult a doctor about a small blister that he had at the spot that had been touched. The doctor pooh-poohed his story and told him that he must have burnt himself smoking in bed, but as he did not smoke this was an impossibility. During the course of the day he had a wire from Paris saying that his fiancée had died about the time that he thought he had seen her. Her mother afterwards told him that when she was delirious and dying she was constantly calling on him, "Alec! Alec!" I told this story to Mr. Myers, who with Mr. Gurney started the Society for Psychical Research. He was much interested in it, mainly because there had been apparent contact between the apparition and the person who saw it, and he told me that of the innumerable ghost stories that he had investigated or heard of there was only one other instance of this nature--where a lady, a relative of a Peer, had been touched on the wrist, scarred, and had subsequently always worn some black velvet to cover the scar. I believe that Gurney and Myers, both of whom I knew, agreed that the one who died first should appear if possible to the survivor, but that nothing of this kind ever happened.

I once sat up all night with Prof. Romanes to investigate a "ghost" in Scotland. In the preliminary examination of the scenery I found a bit of wood to which was attached an iron chain, also two mischievous boys. This was enough for me. The ghost was said to make noises like the rattling of an iron chain and I played chess during the night with Romanes with little hope of any apparition. He was not so readily satisfied as myself, but about two months afterwards I received a letter from him telling me that I was right in my surmise that the boys were the guilty parties. Men of science are themselves so truthful and so accurate that I think it is harder for them to detect fraud and inaccuracies than, we will say, a suspicious schoolboy.

On some occasions if a medical man makes a mistake in his diagnosis, he still may be right in his prognosis. What he loses on the swings he gains on the roundabouts. A contemporary of my own at the Hospital, who took some fifteen years to "walk the Hospital" before he became qualified, disappeared into practice. I met him some two years afterwards in Hyde Park, asked him what he had been doing, and when he told me that he had been at work in the country I asked him whether he had had any good cases. He thought for a moment and then said, "Well one that was awfully lucky for me, awfully lucky for me." It appears that he had been working in a small village, with his principal some five miles off. The latter came over at intervals to superintend his assistant's work or to see any of the graver cases. The "lucky" case was that of a poor woman who had a bad throat, which my friend had put down to diphtheria and had prophesied a fatal result (for this occurred before the days of the serum which now makes diphtheria a negligible quantity). When the principal looked at the throat he patted the old lady

on the back and said, "You have a quinsy and you will soon be all right." That night the poor woman died from the effects of the bursting of the quinsy, a very rare accident indeed, and the reputation of the assistant who had made a bad diagnosis, but whose gloomy prognostications had been fulfilled, was much increased. As he repeated, "It was awfully lucky for me."

The same gentleman and a South African were put to examine and report upon an abdominal tumour in a man at St. George's Hospital. After much hesitation they sent in "Ovarian Cyst" as their diagnosis. This is an absolute fact.

## CHAPTER XIII

### ACCIDENTS

ONE of my earliest escapes from accident was on the day when the Duke of Edinburgh drove with his bride through London. As I was walking along Regent Street, somebody let fall an axe from the top window of a house. As it came down, the wooden part—the handle—struck my forearm. Had it been the “business end” I should have experienced a rough-and-ready amputation of the hand.

Much earlier even than this was my escape, as a baby confined in a high chair, from my brother, who had heated the poker and wanted to “make me a Guy Fawkes.” A little later on, when I was pushed by him downstairs, and cut my chin, my brother was made by my father to share the rhubarb powder that was thought necessary for my healing.

At my first school Gregory powder was the first remedy for all sickness. There was no getting away from “the dregs.” The master in his dressing-gown—cane in hand—saw to that. I can see him now.

I have always hated and avoided rhubarb tart since when a child I was told by my brother, who wanted to get my share, that it was the same as the medicine.

I have been in a good many accidents in my life, and did everything that was possible in this line in hansom cabs.

On one occasion a young thoroughbred ran away with me—first in the road, then with the cab partly in the road and partly on the pavement, then entirely

on the pavement, and finally we crashed into some area palings close to Lord Coleridge's house in Sussex Square, ploughing them up for some six or seven yards. The cab was smashed on that side, and the horse so injured that it had to be destroyed. I jumped out on the opposite side, unhurt, thanked the cabman for having stuck to his ship and remunerated him accordingly. A big crowd had collected, and one member of it, a gentleman who looked like a Presbyterian Elder, addressing me said that I had much to be thankful for that I had escaped uninjured. During this adventurous ride my predominant feeling had been not fear, but rather anger that it was I who had been selected for a nasty accident. The shock of such things, however, is beyond one's personal control, and as this old gentleman spoke to me, I suddenly found my knees trembling, just as those of Homer's heroes did, and it was with difficulty for a moment that I stood upright.

I experienced the same difficulty on Boxing Day, 1926, near Hounslow, when, from the skidding of my car, which turned turtle, I went through the top into a deep ditch and was hauled out from the débris, and from an unpleasant mixture of earth and petrol, feet foremost, by my rescuer, the driver of a motor omnibus. On this occasion I had slight concussion of the brain, and found for half an hour or so that my only possible position was supine. A very hard bowler hat saved me.

On another occasion when I had concussion leading to more than an hour's unconsciousness, I fell over the handles of my motor cycle, again near Hounslow, on to the pavement. In those days the turning circle of a motor cycle was a large one. I was learning to ride and was not aware of this fact. When I recovered consciousness I was in the surgery of a surgeon about a mile from the place of accident.

Two stalwart policemen were watching me and saying that I must have "fallen heavy." On my return to consciousness one of them went to the telephone to ring up my house in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, and told my daughter, who answered the call, that I had met with an accident and was "waiting to be claimed." She was sensible enough to make inquiries, and came down in my brougham and took me home.

On another occasion at Bordighera in 1925, whilst paddling on some rocks with my little granddaughter, the wind took my new panama hat into the sea. I pursued it over the slippery surface of the rocks, fell and struck my head—got up again, fell once more on to my other side; once more semi-conscious, I got up and pirouetted round to fall this time face downwards, buried in a basin-like depression full of sea-water, on the surface of the rock. My wife, who had witnessed all this, came to my rescue over the slippery rocks, and although she fell and sprained her ankle, she reached me in time to pull my head out of the sea-water and so undoubtedly saved my life.

As is usual in cases of concussion of the brain, my memory is almost absent, or at the most very vague, as to what occurred. Two young Italian workmen helped to get me off the rocks and got a taxi to take me back to the hotel. Although they were poor men, they declined to accept anything but thanks.

On this occasion I had broken ribs on both sides and a scalp wound with concussion of the brain.

I broke some ribs when, at the end of a journey from Rugby to Radlett on a motor-bicycle, I found the road at the bottom of the hill outside St. Albans blocked by a hay-cart and a motor. The stupid driver of the hay-cart was watching the chauffeur mending a puncture. I had to select which of the two vehicles I went into, and chose the hay-cart.

The motor-cycle and I went into the ditch and I cut my thigh severely, as well as breaking my ribs. The driver of the motor-car luckily knew where I lived as he had taken some guests to a ball we had given a few days previously. This was before the War, and a most painful experience. I remember wishing that it had been the Kaiser so that he might know something of the pain of a wound and be less likely than he seemed to plunge Europe into a great war.

During the War, at Chatham I broke a rib just over my heart by falling in a blizzard from a very high, old-fashioned carriage on to the kerbstone. I was going to the theatre—and went all the same, as I thought the performance might divert my mind from my more than uncomfortable condition of a broken rib and a ruptured muscle of my calf.

I broke a rib again by slipping up on the two-penny tube. I ran to get into a carriage, and the guard deliberately shut the door in my face. Both my feet shot off the ground, and I fell on to my ribs. I should have liked to have talked to that guard afterwards!

In all, I have broken ribs five times—not bad for a non-hunting man! A fracture from direct violence is much more painful than one from indirect violence. In my insurance work, people with fractured ribs want a lot of time for total and partial disablement. I have never allowed this for myself, as the treatment of a fractured rib is, roughly, simply to leave it alone with a bandage or plaster round the chest.

I have had some close calls whilst riding a motor-bicycle. On one occasion, on an elevated road with tramlines, I was going to pass one tramcar, going in front of it and avoiding another tramcar that was on the other line. I was doing some twenty-five odd miles an hour, when I realised that there was hardly room to do this. I put on the foot brake, and

then the hand brake, and found that neither were acting. There was nothing for it but to go as hard forward as ever I could. I just managed to squeeze in between the two tramcars with some six inches to spare. Had I hesitated for one half-second, I should have been squashed between the two cars and killed.

On another occasion when going from Radlett into St. Albans on a very twisty road, a solitary chauffeur, driving his car at some forty miles an hour on the wrong side of the road, missed me by inches as he came round an abrupt corner. Luckily I was quite close to the hedge, and had just time to "damn" him as he passed by.

On yet another occasion, when I went from London to Wincanton on my motor-bicycle and had done one hundred miles and got within eleven miles of the latter place, a somewhat similar experience befell me, but on this occasion there was no room for me to do other than turn myself and bicycle over on to a heap of stones by the roadside. I saw so little of my would-be destroyer that I do not know whether the driver was a man or a woman, whether the car was open or closed—I simply saw the swiftly approaching bonnet and radiator, and avoided it as I have described. When I eventually extricated myself and the damaged motor-cycle from the stones, I expected to find some motorist expressing his contrition. Nobody was there! Luckily the controls of the motor-cycle had suffered no injury, and with a somewhat damaged machine I did the further eleven miles into Wincanton—a most disreputable-looking object with torn and bloodstained clothes and a broken rib. I went to a chemist and superintended my own first aid.

I was upset once on the Slough road, just outside the town, by a silly push-bicyclist who turned and ran into me at a right angle just as I was passing him.

It was in the early days of the motor-cycle and I think he lost his head on hearing my horn. As we lay on the ground together I upbraided him in suitable language and then made him push my injured motor-cycle back into Slough for repairs, leaving his own bicycle in the ditch by the roadside.

I will say that I have always found people willing to help an elderly gentleman in difficulties with a motor-cycle, and when I was an Admiral—or anyhow dressed as an Admiral during the War—both officers and men rushed to help me if ever there was any little mischance.

In the early days of the motor-cycle, more than twenty-five years ago, when there was a surface carburettor, platinum points, and about twenty ways by which you might be stopped, it was not uncommon to sit under a hedge for half an hour before you found out the cause of your trouble. I remember on one occasion another bicyclist, a mechanic, took nearly an hour before he found out what was wrong with my cycle and put it right for me. It was on a Bank Holiday and he would not take a farthing from me for his time and trouble. "No, sir," he said, "you're out for a holiday and so am I. I should have been very much ashamed of myself if I had not found out what was the matter with your cycle and put it right. I am much obliged to you for the experience."

I think I did get him to have a drink, but as I am practically a teetotaller he had it alone.

I have been pinned in the seat of a hansom cab by another vehicle charging it at right angles, and was something like a baby sitting in a safety chair!

I was once nearly thrown over the splash-board on to the horse's quarters.

I have been jammed up against the roof and saved by my hat, but had acute gout in the shoulder after

this contretemps, and this was followed by adhesions of the shoulder joint.

On yet another occasion, in the Bayswater Road, the hansom was knocked clean on to its side on the pavement by a wagon that was out of its course. I was unhurt myself except that I could not move my left shoulder or arm, and I did not know whether anything was broken. The cabman was pitched on to the pavement, which was very muddy and greasy, and was unhurt except for a scalp wound. I examined him roughly, and a four-wheeled cab was called to take him to St. Mary's Hospital. As, with my support, he walked to get into this cab, he suddenly lost his morale and subsided in a heap on the pavement. I am afraid the surrounding crowd thought I was very unsympathetic, for the language in which I exhorted him to get up and not be a fool was strong. I got him into the four-wheeler, directed the driver to take him to St. Mary's, and was about to shut the door when an officious member of the crowd did this for me, and jammed one of the fingers of my right hand. As my other side was disabled, my condition was not a happy one.

Talking about loss of morale, I was driving my car near St. Albans when I saw a youth of about sixteen fall from a bicycle on to some stones. He cut his head, so I went up to him, put the bicycle at the back of my car and drove him to the hospital. As we were going there, he asked me what would happen to the cut in his head. I said, "Oh, they'll stitch it up for you. It will soon be all right."

He said, "But I don't want to go to the hospital," and burst out blubbering and crying.

"But you've got to go," I said.

He said, "Will it hurt me?"

I said, "Yes, and serve you jolly well right for being such a coward!"

That young man had not had the discipline of a public school and had not learnt how to take punishment.

In quite the early days of bicycling, my brother took me down on a tandem tricycle to lunch with some friends at Redhill. On returning to London, he lost his pedal as he was descending a steep hill. Being a novice, he looked for his lost pedal instead of steering straight. The machine ran up the bank at the side of the road and he was thrown on to his head, and for half an hour was unconscious. I thought he was killed first of all, as his head lay in a pool of blood, and I thought he might have fractured his skull. Personally, I bounced about the road, and but for a few bruises was not hurt. The roads in those days on a Sunday afternoon were comparatively deserted, and after the buckling of the wheel of the tricycle had been put right, I, who had never worked a tricycle before, had to pedal this tandem tricycle seven miles into Croydon, before we could get a train to take us to London. The difference between Sunday traffic on country roads then and now is absolutely inconceivable. I do not suppose we passed more than three or four horse-driven vehicles in that seven miles. The bicycle and tricycle were such new things that they were conspicuous by their absence. We arrived home to dinner at 9.30 p.m., my poor mother, who was dead against the cycling methods of progression, having passed a very unpleasant and anxious time, which was not relieved when she saw the gravel-rashed, skinless face of her eldest born, who, to lessen her anxiety, walked into her presence with quite a jaunty air, looking very "bloody bold and resolute."

Whilst riding a hired bicycle that was not up to my weight at Aix-les-Bains, the metal upright supporting the saddle, broke. This occurred just after

I had passed a coach-and-four descending a very steep hill. There was no stopping either for myself or the coach, so I had to balance myself on the pedals—the saddle rocking about between my legs. It was a most uncomfortable position, and dangerous going round the turns until a level bit of road enabled me to dismount. The spike under the saddle was most viciously pointed, and quite justified the surgical apprehensions I had had until I had successfully eluded it. One of the drawbacks of being a surgeon is the knowledge of unpleasant potentialities during times of risk and adventure. As I told a French friend, "heureusement je n'étais pas percé"—to be chased by a four-in-hand with a sharp spike under your seat on a down-hill course was distinctly an unhappy position. Thank heaven we met nothing.

In my last motor-car accident my car skidded and turned turtle into a ditch. I went through the roof, was shocked and slightly concussed. The shock alone would have killed many men of my age, but my trained heart did not fail me. In the hospital I got a hard bed and a hard nurse, not at all a ministering angel. Bruised all over like a rotten potato, softness and warmth were my first necessities; nurses should remember contusion's needs and not make traumatism harder. I left before I should have done and nearly complained when I sent my donation to the hospital. I have always appreciated Louis XIV's rebuke to a late-comer, "I have nearly been kept waiting." I was kept waiting a very long time before any one came to my assistance at the time of this accident, although an A.A. man was within a hundred yards of me. To the doctor, however, I was and am grateful. He was very good to me and sent me home in his own car, although I was departing "without leave."

## CHAPTER XIV

### RECREATIONS

I WAS one of the early motorists, when to motor was thought by some of the public to be a crime. When we stopped outside a confectioner's shop at Guildford, to have some tea, a policeman on duty told me to move on and not to obstruct the traffic. I said to him, "If this was a carriage, you would not tell me to move on, and I am not going to move on," and I didn't. On the return journey, motoring up Notting Hill quite close to the pavement, on our own side, a young bicyclist on the wrong side of the road ran into my car. The cyclist was quite wrong, and my chauffeur quite right, but we were surrounded by an almost French Revolutionary crowd, in spite of the boy not being injured.

The first time I took the motor-car abroad, as we were passing through Rouen a crowd booed and threw stones at us, one of which hit my wife.

When I was learning to drive a car and was in the neighbourhood of Epsom I knew very little about brakes and sounding a horn. Luckily going very slowly, I ran into an old man and gave him a Dutch run. I expected all sorts of trouble. The crowd, however, acquitted me of all blame because the old gentleman was stone deaf.

I joined the Automobile Club, as a sort of protest against automobile persecution, at the request of my friend Colonel Crumpton who, now well over eighty, is still an expert squash-racquets player at the Automobile Club and elsewhere.

It was at his house I first saw electric light used. He gave an "At Home" and lighted all his rooms in this manner—the first time, I think, the light had ever been used for such a purpose.

A benevolent gentleman wished to give a thousand pounds to St. George's Hospital and approached me on the subject. I asked him to stipulate that the money should be put to the electric lighting of the operating theatres, and this was done. Other hospitals soon followed suit. I told Lord Lister what I was going to do, and he said the money could not be spent in a better way.

In olden days we had recourse to all sorts of illumination even at hospitals. I once, in a ward at the Seaman's Hospital, tied the femoral artery by the light of a candle, single handed, as the gentleman who ought to have assisted me lost his nerve and confessed himself useless. It was a case of hæmorrhage, and the patient's life was saved.

I once saw a senior surgeon at a hospital, in the middle of an operation, absolutely lose his nerve and drop his hands helplessly. "Shall I finish?" said his assistant, and he completed his senior's task.

Whilst motoring in France my chauffeur was driving fifty miles an hour along a long, straight road. Two pigs appeared—and one was killed by our front mudguard. No one appeared, and we were miles from anywhere, so we drove on; some five miles further on, whilst mending a puncture, we were overtaken by a French car, the driver of which said to me, "Vous avez tué un cochon." I turned to my wife, who was a good French scholar, and said, "You had better talk to him." He said, "You have keel a pig." "Have I?" said she. "Oh, yes, you have keel him right enough. In France you may keel a dog, but if you keel a pig you must pay sixty-five francs." I expressed my readiness to pay, and explained the

circumstances. "You go to the gendarmerie," said he, "and tell them." So I meant to do, but as I did not know where I had killed the pig, and also remembered I was driving in France with an English number—contrary to law—and having to be at Toulouse that evening for letters and a telegram I was expecting, I later on thought it advisable to avoid gendarmeries, as the French officials would undoubtedly have prevented me getting to Toulouse. I was expecting to be summoned back to England by an urgent case.

I had taken my Delaunay-Belleville to test its speed as England was impossible with a rigidly enforced limit and fines often most unjustly imposed.

I tested the speed all right, but the trip cost me no less than nine tyres! The roads were so bad and flinty, the wonder is we had no accident. What we lost on the tyres we saved at the hotels; the franc was then worth tenpence and the charges were very moderate, so that later on a journey from Havre by car to Aix-les-Bains for four of us cost very little over ten louis! A good deal cheaper than the railway. As far as I remember, we took three days on the road.

My first motor-car was a Delaunay-Belleville, a very good car such as the French gave the Emperor of Russia. It stood in a show-room in Oxford Street next to a Mercedes car. I took it abroad to Aix-les-Bains and back. When we were coming back, some six miles out of Boulogne it stopped for want of petrol. This was in the early days of motoring, and the places for petrol were few and far between. Cars also were rare. I thought we were in for a night on the road in the car. My chauffeur went to see if he could get petrol in one direction, and I went in the other. To my delight I saw a car coming at me with a solitary chauffeur in it. I stood in the middle of the road and made him stop. I explained my wants, and he grudgingly gave me a little petrol. The car

was the one that had stood in Oxford Street next to mine, and was returning from an expedition in the Austrian Tyrol.

I garaged my car in London some distance from my house. At the garage a man said to my chauffeur, when he was rather boasting of having driven some thousands of miles in France without ever stopping (a rare thing in those days), "What a fool you were," meaning that he ought to have made stoppages, punctures and difficulties, so that he (the chauffeur) could have made money from commissions from those who put things right. My chauffeur, however, was an honest man, and I afterwards passed him on to Lady St. Helier.

Another chauffeur I had was an old soldier who served with two friends in the Boer War. They were shot down, one on each side of him. In telling the story to my wife, he said, "Then I did feel lonely, mum." When I engaged him I expressed a desire that my chauffeur should be a married man. He was unmarried, but said that the matter could be arranged. Shortly afterwards he rang us up on the telephone. I was out, so he asked my wife if she thought I would give him a few hours off the next day to get married. She replied that of course I would, and not a few hours but the whole day. In about half an hour's time he rang up again and said he was "very awkwardly situated"—that it was not on the morrow that he was going to be married, but the day after. Curious not to know the exact day of one's marriage!

When motoring up from Radlett to London, a tyre punctured just outside the Bald Faced Stag at Edgware. We went into this Inn to have tea whilst the puncture was mended. After the tea was over, I said to the damsel who brought it in, "I should like to see Dick Turpin's room."

"Yes, sir," she said.

I had not the slightest idea that there was such a room in the Inn, and was what is commonly called humbugging. There was, however, not only the room that Dick Turpin used, but also his sword hanging up on the wall. The window opened on to the stable yard, and any one could, with the greatest ease, have got through it to any horse put up there. I knew, of course, that Dick Turpin infested the suburbs of London, and the Inn being an old one suggested to me the joke of asking to see his room.

It is not generally known that Turpin's ride to York is a myth.

In Charles II's time a man committed a robbery at Kingston-on-Thames—saw that he was recognised—rode as hard as he could to York in two days, I think, and appeared at a public entertainment so as to be able to prove an alibi.

One of the best amateur billiard players I ever saw had also a pretty wit. When Wainwright the murderer buried his wife beneath the concrete floor of his kitchen, Hatchard remarked that Wainwright had no objection to marriage in the concrete but only in the abstract.

I am only a very moderate player myself; in my young days billiards, it was said, went with drink, and I was over thirty when I really began, and you ought to begin young. I once made a break of sixty-one and another of fifty-eight on a championship table after a very hard day's partridge shooting. As a long start man I have won two Club Billiard handicaps—one because a man I disliked said I had "no nerve" and betted freely against me. To say a young surgeon had no nerve was an insult, so I practised vigorously and he lost about £400—not to me but to my friends. I took £15 from him. In my practice I did the long losing hazard off the middle spot forty-five times running—winners are and always have been my downfall.

I brought off two little bets of one pound to a shilling in one game. My opponent was at ninety-eight when I took the first one, and I was forty-eight behind. I got halfway and left him a fairly easy cannon; the layer offered another 20-1 which I took. The cannon was missed, and I ran out. My opponent with 20-1 on him had become nervous because of the money he was carrying.

I can remember when the elder Roberts lost the professional championship to Cook. The old gentleman would have made a much better fight of it had he taken the matter more seriously. As it was, he spent his time when not at the table in betting and chalking down his bets, etc. I had, late in life, some billiard lessons from John Bennett who defeated Cook. Bennett was a good teacher; he insisted on the losing hazard and keeping the balls in the middle third of the table—"your territory" as he called it. Mistakes were as "easy as falling off a log." He limited the aspirations of his pupils to the next two strokes—and rebuked the over-curious by "You are all learning" if they were not contented with the simple things of billiards. Bennett himself was defeated by "young" John Roberts who held the title for so many years. Roberts had the end of his umbrella made like a cue tip and so brought off several matches when he undertook to play a man with his umbrella against his opponent's cue.

The uncle of the Jubilee Juggins told me how the latter used to take on Roberts at pyramids—receiving of course a big start—and how *every* member of the Club used to back Roberts. The Juggins took all the bets offered him. No wonder he got through his money with a record rapidity.

A friend and I played a practical joke on another friend. We were all three watching a game of billiards, and we arranged with the marker—who

knew of the joke—that at the end of the game when asked who had won he was to say “the striker.” One of the players was about fifty behind when we offered to back “the striker” just as he was about to play. A shilling was accordingly snapped up by our victim. Curiously enough, against all probability our man won, and we had the greatest difficulty in not being paid, but we had written the joke down and were corroborated by the marker—so all was well.

At one time I played chess a fair amount at Simpson's in the Strand. You paid a shilling for a cup of coffee and cigar—but I did not smoke. The professionals played for “the usual stake,” one shilling, and you were always handicapped to lose. There was, however, one little Frenchman—who must, I think, have been a Communist taking refuge in England—not so good as the others. On one occasion I played him level thirteen games and was all square at the end. The loss of a shilling to him was like losing a tooth. I went in one night for half an hour, before going to a theatre, and won my game from him. His distress was pathetic, “he would not have played only one game had he known, etc.” I did *not* take his shilling. He could not afford to lose even that.

My father played chess with an old gentleman who was nearly blind, and sometimes stayed over long. One night when I was sitting with him in the smoking-room, a ring came at the front-door bell; the servant was told to say my father was out. “Oh, never mind,” said the old gentleman, “I will wait for him.” As he came along the passage to the smoking-room—an end room with but the one door—my father was uncertain and slow in his decision, got up and crouched behind his arm-chair with his pipe still in his mouth. This chair was taken by the old gentleman, the tobacco smoke ascended to heaven, and the chair's occupant began to sniff.

The whole effect was comical in the extreme. My father was like a Venus accroupie, a difficult physical position to maintain, and had to rise and make the best explanation he could. Luckily the sight of the gentleman was such that he may not have realised exactly what had happened, and he had a nice evening's chess, although my father was tired.

His daughter, unmarried, succeeded to an estate by the riverside. The lawn led down to the river. The people of the village imagined they had a right of way or rather a right to bathe from this lawn, so there were many studies of the nude in the early morn—elaborate bathing dresses of to-day were not then known—but there was no mixed bathing. As Miss Z. was an early riser and the breakfast-room looked on the river, it was awkward. I don't know how the ensuing legal dispute ended. I think it was in the lady's favour.

Harking back to chess, there is nothing like it for a railway journey. A friend of mine had a moor in Caithness which we used to visit for the middle of the week. Two or three games of chess killed the slowness of the Highland Railway. Chess is one of the few games where it is not necessary to have a pecuniary stake to increase its interest. I would just as soon play chess for nothing as bridge for money.

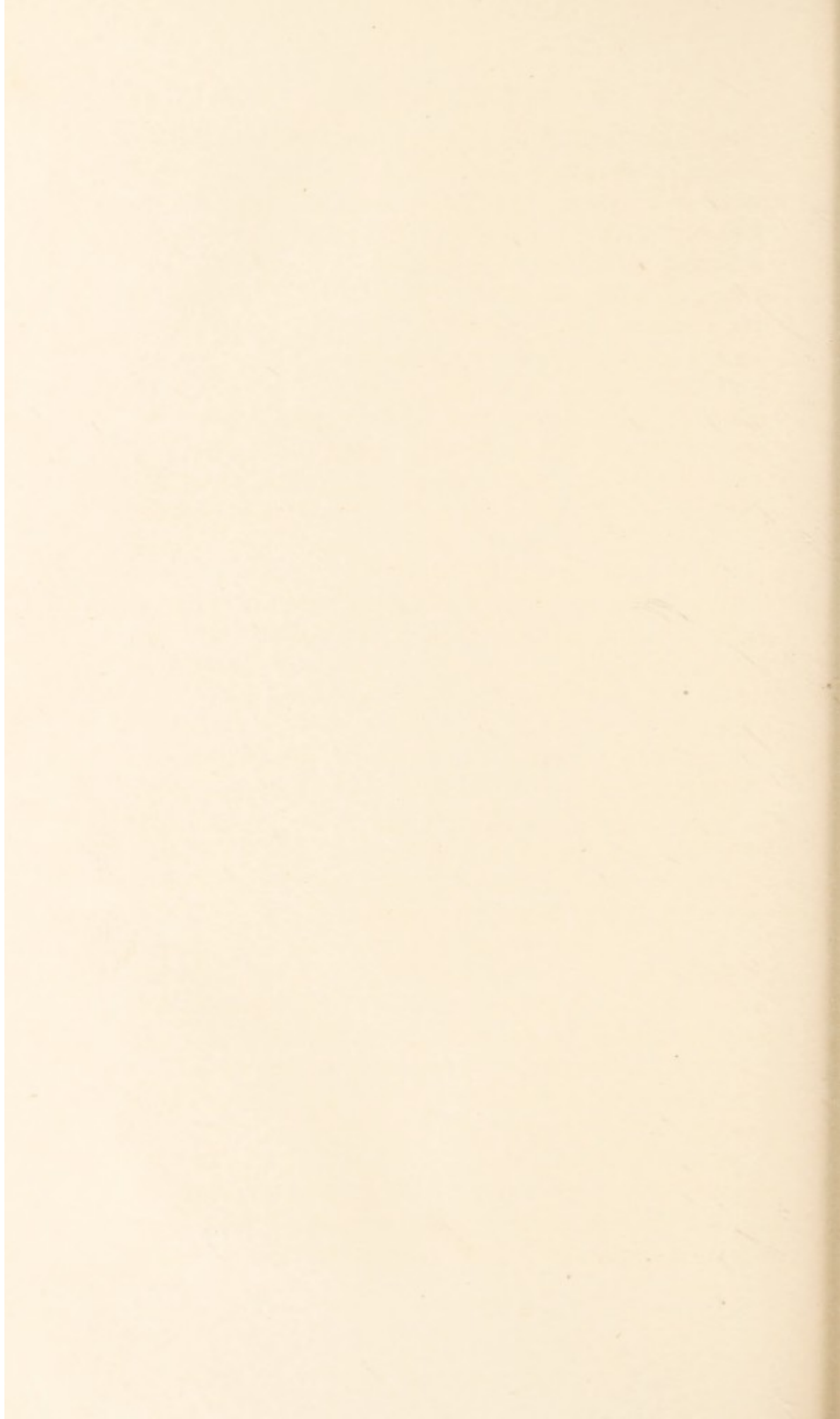
At Bordighera there was a Russian refugee, Prince Cantacuzéne, with whom I used to play. He had been one of the best at St. Petersburg—but was ruined by Bolshevism. The heroism of his wife and daughter, who refused to say where their jewels were, even when five Bolsheviks actually touched them with their rifles and threatened murder, enabled them to escape.

Something diverted the attention of these scoundrels, and they left the carriage. They subsequently held up a train and robbed every individual in it of all they possessed.



LADY TURNER.

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Princess Olga, the daughter, was only fourteen. She told me that she had seen such horrors that she did not care what happened when the Bolshevist pressed the muzzle of his rifle against her.

I took to golf unfortunately late in life. In my young days Wimbledon was about the only place where this game was played. I was never more than an eighteen man, but I did once get round in eighty-six on a course, the bogey of which was seventy-nine, and I once did a hole in two. I played more against gout than anything else, and often went round with a caddie alone. On one occasion I was asked to make up a foursome. About the third hole my partner had done a good drive, and I played too long a brassie into a bunker guarding the green. My partner came up and stood looking at our opponents some way behind on the opposite side of the course. As my partner stood in the bunker he pressed down the sand behind the ball so as to make it teed up for the next shot.

I will not disclose his nationality, but he was not a Britisher. I don't think any money depended on the match. It was simply that he could not help cheating. This particular club was said to have been the scene of a dispute over a hole, and a voice was heard, "don't 'aggle—'arve it."

All our family are card players. I myself played whist at quite an early age. On reading over a book on clubs I was much interested to learn that a great-great-uncle of mine, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, was a *habitué* of the Cocoa Tree Club. This was Bishop Beadon. The mother of my great-grandfather who lost his estates by gambling was a Beadon.

When I first played whist at my Club in 1888 for half-crown points and ten shillings on the rubber, I learnt how bad my preceding sixpenny point play had been. A bumper of thirty shillings was a serious

matter, but I soon improved and learnt to hold my own. The only good of fairly high points is that you take trouble and the general play is so much better. I have in my time played for fairly high points both at Poker, Picquet, Whist, Bridge, and Auction Bridge, but never so high that I could not afford them or such as to cause me, if I lost, a mental headache the morning after. Character, I think, comes out at cards more than in any other pursuit. The mask is off.

I have often been told by long-suffering partners that I am too forward a player—*e.g.* at auction bridge, but they do not lose. The mistakes of such a player are open, gross and palpable, those of the cautious player are not so evident. He loses his 500's by not winning a game that just audacity would give him.

A gentleman does not wait for certainties—not that this waiting is ungentlemanly, but because it does not pay. No really good player hesitates about taking a sporting chance when opportunity offers. Much, too, depends on the jockey who is going to ride—*i.e.* play the hand. It is no good being a forward declarer if you are going to give away a trick or two in the play.

I once at a card club saw an opponent, a well-known cheat, deliberately looking over my partner's hand. "Do for God's sake hold your hand up," said I. "I can nearly see it, and poor Smithjack can't help looking over." The offender glared at me, but I had said nothing he could lay hold of, and my partner afterwards was less careless in the way he held his cards.

I have known two ladies who both had the same trick. In neither case was it a matter of money, the stakes were ridiculously small, and they were rich women.

It is said the great Napoleon used to cheat at cards and knock the chessmen over when he was getting the worst of the game. Some people cannot

bear to be beaten. Real cheating at cards in respectable clubs is extremely rare, but it does occasionally occur. I was told once by a Jewish gentleman that he detected a fellow countryman cheating at picquet, by altering his discard after he had "taken in." He had not at once denounced him, but had refused to go on playing. He had told others, one of whom must have cautioned him as to the danger of bringing such a charge without overwhelming evidence, for the next day he came to me in great agitation asking me to forget that he had even spoken to me on the subject. They say that when George Payne was asked by a young man what he was to do—as he had detected a fellow member of the club cheating—he said, "Why, back him, you fool." This, of course, by way of a joke.

George Payne, when taking a railway ticket for Newmarket at Liverpool Street, heard a voice, "Take one for me too, George." Payne did so, and handed it over his shoulder to one of "the Boys" who had asked him. "Thank you, Mr. Payne," said the "Boy."

Payne in telling this story used to finish it with "Clever devil, he deserved it."

The most extraordinary distribution of cards that I ever saw occurred when playing the old-fashioned bridge. I picked up seven spades and six clubs, my partner had seven clubs and six spades. Our adversaries had all the red cards. Hearts were made trumps and of course a grand slam resulted. It was not the first time that evening that the pack had been used.

Another extraordinary distribution occurred at picquet, the elder hand with four kings "left" a card, an ace, and the other three the younger hand drew in were the other three aces! I was not one of the players, but a friend who told me the story was "the younger hand."

Now for another story about four aces.

In the days when I used to play poker, I met, at the house of a very old friend, a man of good birth whom I had known some fifteen years previously. He had brought with him an American who seemed a very good fellow, and was known to the wife of an old officer in the Guards. She also was present. I won that afternoon, and again when my old acquaintance asked me to a party in his rooms. It was now the American's turn to ask me to his hotel. I went, and found three other Americans—my old friend was not at first there. So we played with an *écarté* pack. The limit was higher than I liked, but as I had won three times I did not like to object. At first I again won, then the luck changed. Everything I did was wrong. I suspected nothing, not even when I discovered five kings in the pack. I met four aces about four times; as a rule they come out, if at all, about once in an afternoon. Proposals were made to increase the stakes, but my Scotch blood made me demur, and I played as cautiously as I could, when I once more met four aces. I jumped up and said, "This is too much." Up jumped the Yankee too, who no doubt thought I had detected him cheating. I had no suspicion whatever and was only alluding to my luck. I had lost enough, and went. As I was leaving the hotel it suddenly struck me I might have been cheated. I went to an old friend, a lawyer, who himself was a poker player. He made inquiries at the American Embassy and employed a private detective. One of the party was the most notorious card sharper in America, the others were members of the Cutlass gang, some of whom had been tried at the Old Bailey for attacking a victim, who refused to pay, with cutlasses. Thank heaven I did not actually detect their cheating or I might have been attacked myself. My lawyer advised me to pay. Some time afterwards I attended professionally an old officer in

the Guards. He was so ill that I suggested to the nurse that his wife should be sent for, and was told that she was a very bad lot, and separated from him. His name was similar to the lady who had introduced the charming American to us.

Lords, when I first knew it, was a very different place from what it now is. There was the pavilion and some seats near it, but the ground itself just had forms round it—only a single row, if I recollect rightly, in some places.

One used to see the three Graces—E. M., W. G., and G. F. His mother used to say the latter was the best of the three. E. M. was "the doctor" then. I came across W. G. when he had practically retired from cricket, and was at the Crystal Palace, and often saw him play when in his prime. The three Walkers—V. E., I. D., and R. D.—were also celebrated. The latter I knew in his later days. In racing he made a practice of laying odds when they were 5-2 or more, and was said to have made his system pay.

"Charlie Buller" was one of the cricket stars. I was at school with his first cousin, and having Buller blood in me myself, used to take great interest in his cricket career. He was a hero to us boys because of his prowess with the raw 'uns and having knocked out a nigger pugilist bully of the Haymarket and its neighbourhood. Kargaroo I think was his name.

I used to see C. J. Thornton, the Jessop of his day, and one of the biggest hitters ever known. When he batted without pads at Eton, it was rumoured that he had them under his flannels. This was actually the case. His fag, Bobby Lockwood, told me so. "I know," said Bobby, "as I had to put them on and take them off."

I don't think Thornton was so interesting to watch as "the croucher" Jessop, but he used to make things hum, and some of his hits were marvellous.

## CHAPTER XV

### RACING

My interest in racing is probably hereditary. My great-grandfather gambled his estates away by racing and dicing at Doncaster about 1780. My father had to do with the Marquis of Hastings during the so-called Hastings era, and as a boy I was constantly hearing of the notabilities of the turf at that time. When Padwick, the so-called "relieving officer," had so many of the young nobility as his clients, "Harry Hastings" lost much money, but in many other places besides the race-course. He was sometimes a little under the influence of champagne, and sometimes a bit reckless, but Danebury was often victorious in his contests with the Ring.

Gentlemen used to bet heavily in the "Hastings era" and even make yearling books on the Derby. Captain Machell is said to have backed "Hermit," the subsequent winner of the Derby, for a hundred thousand pounds in this way with the Duke of Hamilton. The bet, however, was subsequently by mutual consent declared off.

My father was in the Hastings's box at Epsom just before the start of the Derby for which "Lady Elizabeth" was such a raging favourite. The Marquis came up and told his wife before the race it was "all up with the mare"—she ran nowhere—although on her two-year-old form she should have had the beating of her field. What an opportunity for a betting man! My father looked after him in

his final illness and used to tell us of the sorrow and sympathy of hansom-cab drivers and many poor people who had benefited by the generosity of the dying man. It was in the days of "Pretender" and "Pero-Gomez" that I first began to read turf literature. *Bell's Life* and *The Sportsman* were the two chief papers, and they were full of the advertisements of advertising tipsters and bookmakers with whom it was not then illegal to bet. They would give you the tip and lay the odds too. Their blandishments were seductive, and this was the sort of way in which they put their wares before the sporting public. "To those who wish to realise an opulency, John Jones has got a dead snip for the Cesarewich and Cambridgeshire." Good things kept all the year and then, of course, a request for money or a percentage of the coming winnings. They were only too willing to lay the odds themselves: sometimes by a misfortunate chance the good thing came off. A party of us Uppingham boys in this way backed "Indian Ocean" and "Exciseman" for a double. My share of the winnings would have been £25, but providentially the bookies were welshers. Had I been paid so much it would have infallibly led to the detection of my unlawful proceedings. The scoundrels said our commission had arrived too late, offered us our stake money back again or to put it on another equally good thing. I got my stake money back again. One of the others of the syndicate had the daring to write to the *Sporting Life* and expose the fraud. The welshers' advertisements were refused by that paper, and, better still, Uppingham masters remained in ignorance of the episode.

The first day's racing I ever attended was at Windsor, and I lost every penny I possessed, and so had to walk from the course to the station to return home. It had been done *sub rosa*, but I by no means

regret the experience as I saw that great jockey George Fordham ride. As far as jockeys are concerned, my opinion, though not worth much, is that Archer was the finest I ever saw. I can see now the look of grim determination that came into his face just before a start. In one two-mile race at Ascot, which he won on "Bird of Freedom," the moment previously he had been smiling at the remark of a man in the crowd, the next moment you could read in his face there was but one thing on which he was already concentrating—the winning of the race. His finishes, of course, were magnificent. The worst of backing him was the comparative short price that one got. The very way in which the poor fellow, when delirious, committed suicide showed, to my thinking, what a man of resource he was in any critical moment. As I understand it, his sister tried to prevent him using his revolver. He pushed her off with his right hand and shot himself with his left by putting the pistol in his mouth. Very few right-handed suicides would ever think of shooting themselves with the left hand. Did they do so, the diagnosis in doubtful cases between murder and suicide would be more difficult than it is now. When Archer, savaged by "Muley Edris," consulted Sir James Paget, the first surgeon in London, Paget, who knew nothing of the turf, asked him what he was. Archer's reply, I believe, was, "I am as great a man in my profession as you are in yours, Sir James."

In the days of "Musket," the sire of "Carbine," I made a practice of backing him whenever he ran in a long-distance race. There was an accommodating tailor who was ready to make advances on one's wearing apparel. "Musket" never let me down, and I always had back my pea-jacket, trousers, or whatever other article of attire I entrusted him with. Still, other animals were not so reliable and I

remember my mother's surprise, when I returned home with a wardrobe consisting only of the suit of clothes in which I stood.

It was about this time that the red-hot favourite "Macgregor" was defeated and unplaced at Epsom. A friend of mine, a very old race-goer who knew Fordham the jockey and saw him just before the race when mounted on "Macgregor," wished him luck, and he told me he was sure that Fordham felt something was wrong with the horse. There was, of course, no question of Fordham's honesty, but he was persistently unlucky in the Derby until eventually he won his first and only one on "Sir Bevys."

Schoolboy tips as a rule are not worth much, but "Doncaster" was freely given for his Derby. I have myself seen thirty-one Derbys and have backed the winner twenty-one times. I should have seen more only for professional reasons and thinking it bad for me as a surgeon to go racing. For about ten years I omitted going to Epsom, or indeed anywhere.

The first Derby I ever saw was in 1874, won by "George Frederick," named after His present Majesty. I liked the look of him as he went up, and backed him at 8-1. Never having seen a Derby myself before, I climbed to the top of my stand, saw the race, saw that "George Frederick" was going to win, and saw my bookie pack up his traps and disappear. This was the first time that I was welshed. The only other time was many years afterwards at Goodwood. I had been racing at Stockbridge for a couple of days with fair success and had betted with a man with a villainous countenance, a cast in his eye and a suggestive scar on his face. He, however, had always paid and I had entrusted him with a £5 note, which was duly returned to me. I was one of a party staying at Chichester for the Goodwood Races, and when we appeared on the course this gentleman

saluted me by touching his hat with his pencil. This appeal to my vanity was too much for me, and I introduced him to my friends. We betted for some time without much harm on either side, but I remember taking a violent fancy to a horse called "Dog Rose," that won at 9-2. All our party were well on him and this proved too much for my bookie. I have never seen him since.

My elder son was called George Frederick after his two grandfathers—the survivor of whom he horrified by telling him he was named after my first Derby winner. About a century ago the father of the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley, who took the name of Laurie, determined to name his child after the winner of the Derby. Luckily Emilius won. I believe "Beelzebub" was his other horse (1823). His victory would have been awkward.

The ways of the Navy are very excellent. I remember a dinner at my house in London after an Ascot day. A cousin of mine, who was in the senior service and had been at Ascot, was dining with us. I said to him, "A good race that, the Hunt Cup, wasn't it?" He said, "Oh, Hunt Cup, I didn't see that race." I said, "What! not see the Hunt Cup?" "No," he said, "it was my turn to watch the book-maker." He and another naval officer, Trigby, we will call him, took it turn and turn about: one watched the race, the other the layer of the odds. Amongst the winners of the Derby that I backed were "Sir Hugo" at 40-1, "Merry Hampton" at 100-8. The 40-1 chance, in my opinion, ought never to have come off. "La Fleche" was badly ridden or, as it seemed to me, struck into something when descending Tattenham Corner. She was so upset by the race that she (two days afterwards) only just struggled home in the Oaks from "The Smew." I backed the second in "St. Amants" Derby, run in a

thunderstorm. It is said, I do not know with what truth, that the ears of this horse were plugged with cottonwool, and he was the only one of the field who was not upset by the thunder. Another second that I backed was "Louviers" in "Minoru's" Derby. I am sure that the Judge's verdict was a right one, though many people to this day think otherwise. "Craig an Eran" recently, in my opinion, was a most unfortunate second. I backed him.

Epsom has many aspects. Some of my early Derbys I saw from the Hill, where all sorts of shows were going on during the intervals between the races. I remember one tent contained a fat lady. When the gentlemen present were threatened by kisses from this huge damsel I took refuge by climbing a ladder and refused to come down except on terms. There was no osculation.

I gave up racing unwillingly. The year that I did so I had nineteen days of it, and won on seventeen: but there were so many people who thought that a surgeon ought not to have the ordinary pleasures of a gentleman, and as so much gross exaggeration was made of any apparent lapse from virtue, especially by one's friends and colleagues, I decided to give it up entirely. One of my senior colleagues, when I put in an appearance on Derby Day at St. George's Hospital, had a tilt at me before a crowd of students, asking why I was not at the Derby. I said, "I am giving up racing because the profession is such a mass of tradesmen that they don't understand any one who has a desire for the pleasures of a gentleman." He was much of a tradesman himself, and he knew what I meant. I was never troubled further. It is too absurd to think that a surgeon has no time except for his profession. I have known one carry this idea to the absurd extent of apologising for being seen at an exhibition of pictures

at the Royal Academy. Other professions and the successful men in them went racing. One rarely saw a medical man.

I have always made it my business to be present at every Ascot, where one sees the best horses of the year, and if one is able, as I am, subsequently to visualise these horses in their after running, one has a pleasure even although not present at the actual performance.

I used to do work early in the morning and late at night in the Ascot week. There was a comic song, "I Always Leave My Hat in the Hall." On one occasion I had been seeing a patient in a very proper and sanctimonious household and had left my hat with all the Ascot tickets for admission to Tattersalls, to the paddock, to the stands, etc., in its lining. There was a look of much sorrow on the face of the worthy butler when he handed me this as I was going away. I have no doubt it had been subjected to considerable inspection by the other inmates of the house who were waiting about to hear what I thought of the patient after his operation.

Racing—a day in the fresh air—is an excellent thing for a surgeon. It ought almost to be obligatory now and then for anæsthetists—those unfortunate people who live in an atmosphere of ether, chloroform and gas, and inhale so much of it themselves.

I have never been a betting man in the proper sense of the word. A sovereign or two was my usual stake, a fiver was something quite out of the ordinary and as a rule only when I had to lay odds. I have known more than one doctor doing a flourishing practice, seen everywhere about London in his brougham, attending good-class patients, who spent his spare time in speculating on the Stock Exchange and risked his money in nearly all the rotten gold-mines that once were so common a method of having

a flutter. If you lose a fiver racing, you see it run for, you are in the fresh air, whereas if you lose £50 or £500 in your brougham or consulting-room by giving orders on the Stock Exchange, you may be more moral than had you betted and seen your money running, but I contend it does not do you nearly so much good. The discipline of the turf is very character forming. You soon realise what a fool you are and have been, and you need not waste a fortune over the process.

If you regard betting in the same way as you would taking seats at opera or theatre, that is to say, as a matter of amusement, you can survive and have much pleasure on the turf for many a long year. I still exist, after more than fifty years as a small bettor, and have much pleasure whether I win or lose. Sometimes I have brought off long shots. I remember one of the Duke of York's stakes at Kempton won by "Miss Dollar." I had noticed that this mare was second best in the Hunt Cup at Ascot and was taken by her appearance as she went to the post; so, too, was my wife, "who had an eye" for a horse. I put a sovereign on her with Alec Harris, the spitting bookmaker, at 66-1, ready. (Harris was called Spithead.)

I was then a member of Kempton, and some eight or ten people standing near Alec in Tattersalls followed my example. When I went to receive my £67, Dick Dunn, another well-known bookie who had had a "skinner" like most others, said, "Good race that, Alec." "Good race be blowed," said the unfortunate Alec. "I laid more than £1300 against the (wicked word) mare in the last two or three minutes." I heard that when a stable boy at Newmarket told the trainer, who was there, I think Chas. Archer, that "Miss Dollar" had won, he said, "I'll 'Miss Dollar' you," and gave the boy a hiding for what he thought was his joke.

There was another occasion when I might have backed a winner at the long odds of 100-1, but did not. I was showing Sandown and its beauties to a lady who was fond of hunting but had never been racing. I did not have a bet of any kind myself all the day, but when I was leaving the paddock just before the big two-year old race, a lady met me and said, "What are you backing for this race, Mr. Turner?" I said, "I am not betting at all, but I have seen the favourite; I am sure he is not all right; I don't like his looks at all, and if I had a bet I should waste a sovereign on "Coriander." They were betting 10-1 on the favourite. The race was run and "Coriander" won. I met the lady afterwards, and she said, "Well, I 'wasted' a sovereign on 'Coriander,' Mr. Turner." I said, "Oh, congratulations, what odds did you get?" "A 100-1," and she and two of her friends had taken my tip and each of them won £100. I was taking but a partial interest in that day's racing, as I had a patient in a Surgical Home about whom I was a little anxious. He was a Canadian and was in a Home kept by a most efficient and nice lady, but who, in my opinion, had the defect of suffragetism. I believe one of her rooms was papered purple, another green, and another white. As I was leaving the Home one day, she said to me, "I don't like that patient of yours, Mr. Turner. As a rule all your patients are such nice people." "What's the matter with him?" I said. "Oh, he is not a man." "Why not?" "Well, every night he says he cannot stand it and he must have the night sister down and hold her hand." I took an early opportunity of going in the evening and seeing the night sister. I found her "comely of face, and of an agreeable shape," so when I next saw the proprietress of the Home, I said, "That gentleman's conduct proves he is a man. If I were in your Home, I should have

the night sister down every night and hold her hand myself."

In olden days I used to invest my sovereigns regardless of the market, except in selling races, so long as the horse looked well in the paddock and went down all right. Old age has brought me caution and I think some loss of judgment. I am not so successful now as I used to be in my earlier years. For example, this year's Hunt Cup; my paddock inspection left me with two horses, "Pondoland" and "Weathervane." I came back to the ring and found "Pondoland" being backed, and so discarded "Weathervane," who started at 20-1 and won. In olden days that 20-1 would have tempted me, and I should not have followed the money.

I have seen many memorable races at Ascot, "Ormonde" beating "Minting" and "Bendigo." I had not betted, but I placed them. I saw "Ard Patrick" beat "Sceptre" and "Rock Sand" in the Eclipse at Sandown, and although I had backed "Ard Patrick" to beat "Sceptre" up the hill because of his strength, and he did it, I think he was a little lucky to have succeeded.

I saw "St. Simon" beat "Tristan" in a canter for the Ascot Cup; I saw "Bendigo" win the first Eclipse Stakes from "Candlemas" and "St. Gatien"—I saw also the first Kempton Jubilee. The course here is, I think, peculiarly suited for good horses with heavy weights—as the triumphs of "Bendigo," "Minting," "Orvieto," and others show. A furlong from home "Orvieto" looked absolutely out of it, but ridden by Morny Cannon he got up and won. Had there been an Ascot or Sandown hill to be surmounted he would not have done this. One of the best performances of a two-year was that of "Meddler," of the same year as "Isinglass," in the big two-year-old race at Sandown. He was left

several lengths, yet won in a canter. This same race was the closest of the "Tetrarch's." He was rearing when the barrier went up. "Why so close?" I heard the man leading him in say to the jockey on the return of the horse to the paddock. I had laid odds on him and my binoculars had never left him, and so I could have answered the question.

I saw "Isinglass" beat "Bullington" and "Ladas" for the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket.

This is a race I shall always remember. I was in a carriage about 150 yards from the finish. "Bullington" was well shut in on the rails, and his jockey, Morny Cannon, as they passed us pulled him up and had to take him to the outside to make his effort. He was beaten a head. I had backed "Bullington" on looks for the Derby, and I think this race showed that my judgment was not very far out, although "Bullington" ran nowhere at Epsom.

There was a party of about six of us on that day at Newmarket in a carriage. One of our number said, "Don't go wasting your money on bookmakers, I will lay any of you starting price against your selections so long as you write them down on the card before the horses are off, but mind, none of your 'Ladases'." In consequence of this we collected and put about £25 "ready" on "Ladas" in the ring. The rest of the day, the amateur bookmaker was most unfortunate. We started with a 7 or 8-1 winner, and backed every one of them, except "Isinglass."

Another day's racing lives in my memory. When my elder son was about sixteen, I thought I had better show him round myself and took him to Lewes races. I pointed out the bookmakers to him and told him how they all lived by betting *against* horses and enlarged on the folly of backing them. We went

into the paddock before the first race and I showed him a horse that I should have backed had I been going to have a bet.

The race was run and this animal was defeated by a head. "There, you see," I said, "how lucky I was not to have backed it." The next race I thought I would give him a practical demonstration and put on half a sovereign. Unfortunately the horse won, and I backed every other winner that afternoon, but because the boy was present I only went home with about £20 ready. My outlays were small although I was winning, because of his restraining presence. I am afraid the lesson was rather wasted, but although a sportsman he has never had any great liking for the turf.

The day that "Rêve d'Or" won the City and Suburban at 100-7 is also full of pleasant and interesting memories to me. I had backed the mare in town and had gone down alone to Epsom to see the race. As my movements were always uncertain, I not infrequently went off at the last moment and alone, as I could never be certain that I should be able to go racing at all.

On this particular day I backed the winner of all the seven races. I have done this twice in my life; the other time—the Thursday of the Epsom summer meeting, when "St. Serf" won the chief race. My continued success was most displeasing to my brother-in-law in whose box I was. He was positively angry with me! On the "Rêve d'Or" day a lumberer endeavoured to fasten himself to me. In spite of my more than negative attitude to his advances, after each race he came up and said, "Did you back that one?" Towards the end of the afternoon my patience was exhausted, and I answered him also with a question, "Do you know what a lumberer is?" This was unwise on my part, as later when I was

passing a drinking-bar where he and some of his pals were refreshing themselves, he flung a stone ginger-beer bottle as hard as he could at my head but luckily missed. Nothing can be more foolish than in any way to provoke "the boys" or card sharpers.

I had an adventure with a card sharper in the train on the way to Epsom in the early eighties. A gang of sharpers entered the compartment where a friend of mine and I were sitting. They tried to induce us to play cards, it is needless to say without success. Halfway down, I think at Mitcham, the unsuccessful gang left us; tickets were collected, and when the ticket collector came to me, I said to him, "Why don't you fellows prevent gangs of card sharpers infesting the railways as they do? That man over there," and I pointed to him, "is a sharper and three card trick man." He saw me point at him, and came back to the carriage. I prepared to receive calvary, but he contented himself with blasphemy and obscenity, telling me that he would "do me in" *the next time he saw me*; that the boys and he would jolly well kill me. I soon forgot all about this; but some ten years afterwards when I was assistant surgeon at St. George's Hospital, one afternoon I saw at my door in Green Street a four-wheeler cab with a hospital porter by the side of the driver. This meant an emergency operation at the Hospital. Before the days of telephones and taxis we were summoned by a porter in this way. When I got there I found a man very ill requiring immediate operation to save his life. I said to him, "I know your face; where have I seen you before?" He said, "Nowhere, sir." I said to him, "I am sure I have seen you before. I never forget a face." I operated on him and perhaps unfortunately for the community, he recovered. As I was walking home to Green Street it suddenly flashed on me that this

was the card sharper. The next day when I went to the Hospital, I found the man with a green cardboard shade like an inverted crown round his head. I asked the nurse how he came to have it on. It was one of the shades that were used for the gas that then lighted the Hospital. She said, "Last night he was so restless and complained so much of his head, and asked me so earnestly to let him have the shade, that at last, to keep him quiet, I consented." I might say that his head was in no way involved in the operation and its effects. The obvious explanation is that he was a "wrong 'un," possibly wanted by the police, and almost certain that I had recognised him. I went no further in the matter—said nothing to him—for I thought that when he was "down and out" in the Hospital, to have tackled him about our former interview would have been like putting a ferret in on a tame rabbit.

A gentleman whom I knew, when he once found himself in a carriage with card-sharpers politely said that he could not play with them and had only thirty shillings in his pocket, which he would be very ready to give them if they showed him some of their tricks. They accepted the thirty shillings and gave him an exhibition of sleight of hand and cunning, which he always said was well worth the money. "Suaviter in modo" is sometimes better than "fortiter in re."

Years afterwards I again found myself in a carriage with a gang of sharpers. There had at that time been a good deal of rough work and brutal violence in race trains and race-courses. I was determined that this should not stop my racing, but I was not molested this time as I sat in my corner seat. They devoured other prey, and I felt quite comfortable in the knowledge that I had a small loaded revolver in my pocket. I had this with me as a

matter of precaution ; but thank heaven had no occasion either to show or use it.

I mentioned just now the sitting on the box of a four-wheeler cab of a hospital porter. I always respect the memory of and take off my hat to a distant connection of mine by marriage—a small middle-aged man with a stubbly beard, a slight skin eruption, very nervous and awkward, but who had this world's goods in abundance. His uncle, an elderly gentleman, had taken a third wife by the help of the *Matrimonial News*. This lady, with a past not unconnected with a gallant Victorian Prime Minister, had a daughter. The *parti* was asked to dine and go to a theatre with his new relatives. After the play the elders went off together, leaving Joey to escort the young lady home. Instead of taking the usual hansom—in which he would undoubtedly have been compromised—he took a four-wheeler ; put the lady inside and drove home himself with the driver on the box. In this way he retained his threatened celibacy. He died eventually full of years and masonic honours.

Back to racing again now. I was with a party at Doncaster, one of whose members was very much afraid of his wife. Her parting words to him were that he was not to bet or lose money. We will call him " Billy." Billy betted and lost money—some £20 or so in the four days. When the last race of the meeting was about to be decided, he asked me whether I thought it was good business to lay the odds of 5-2 on a mare of the " Duchess of Montrose " ? I said, " Yes, good business." Billy hardened his heart and laid £100-40. We were in the York and Lancashire Stand. Billy's agitation was such that he did not dare to watch the race and asked me to describe it to him. I can see him now crouching down below the railing so that he should not see

anything. The race was, I think, over the old St. Leger course. The horse was ridden by Morny Cannon and won in a canter. The jockey had his feet well out all the time and there was never a moment's anxiety; but it seemed to me that it would be a good moral lesson to Billy if he had a very exciting race—so from the Rifle Butts in—I am afraid that I strained the exact truth and described a ding-dong tussle that ended when all seemed lost in a victory for the Duchess. What Billy thought of me the next day when he saw the account of the race I don't know. He was of an excitable disposition. I remember we saw together the race when "Signorina" once again showed her true form and beat the two-year-old "Orme" for a big—I think £10,000—stake at Leicester. On her way to the post "Signorina" was full of beans and let fly at a policeman's horse. Because of this I backed her. Billy was on too. When they had gone about twenty yards he shouted in a loud voice, "It's a race! It's a race!" to the astonishment of his neighbours. At Ascot he got into the hands of a lumberer, and when we asked him what he was backing for any race, he said, "I can't tell you until I have seen my 'Commissioner'." I am afraid that Billy and his money were soon parted.

In Clubs' and Members' Enclosures there is very little display of outward emotion. Every one learns "faire mauvais jeu avec bonne mine," and also remembers the lines of Horace :

*Non secus in bonis  
Ab insolenti temperatam  
Lætitia.*

The first St. Leger I saw was won by "Memoir"; she had been absent from exercise shortly before the race and started at 9-1. She had been in training

all the year, and I argued with myself that a little rest would not have hurt her any more than it would a man athlete under similar circumstances, so backed her with Mr. Pickersgill. This was my first bet with him. One of his charms was that he was just as civil and obliging to a small bettor like myself as he was to a client who betted in hundreds. A lady asked me to introduce her to him—I did so unfortunately. Some months afterwards she lost some hundreds to him and did not pay, anyhow immediately. Pickersgill would not listen to any apology. He said to me, "Of course you thought she would bet as you do in sovereigns and half sovereigns, I quite understand!" This had been my idea, but never again do I ever introduce a lady to a bookmaker.

Before now doubts have been expressed as to the efficacy of prayer, and more often doubts as to the use of swearing; but I knew a man who had not great control over his emotions, but had a marvellous gift of language to express disapprobation. If his luck was out at cards he used to swear like the English army in Flanders, and worse. On one occasion, at Ascot, his racing partner and he had a dispute as to which horse their money should be on. The partner prevailed, and when in the race the horses passed the confederates, it looked as if another animal was sure to win. The gentleman proficient in oaths started to blackguard his partner in the most unwarrantable and ungentleman-like way. As the coarse language flowed from his mouth, the hill began to stop the offending race-horse and the one they had backed finally won by a head. He did apologise. His luck at cards always used to change for the better after he had been delivered of strong language. A well-known nerve specialist, a physician who outwardly looked devoid of humour, recognised the value of strong language as a safety valve to an irritated and

pent-up brain. He used to say that if he had his way, he would have places like cabmen's shelters in the streets where angry and irritated people might go and swear. In bad cases a looking-glass and a poker would be provided so that the patient might break the former, and in extreme cases he said he would like to have a Bishop in attendance to be shocked by the oaths.

On one occasion I myself said a big, big D. at a most inappropriate moment. I had slipped on some wet asphalt in crossing Oxford Street; had fallen and just escaped death from the wheels of a motor omnibus by some six inches; as I stumbled on to the kerb, the unfortunate ejaculation of the monosyllable occurred just as a nice, well-meaning clergyman, rushing to my assistance, received me in his arms.

A racing friend of mine whose horses were managed by Captain Machell, in middle age took unto himself a young wife. The lady's idea was to enjoy life and her husband's money. The gentleman who, like "Champagne Charlie" of the song, "had seen a deal of gaiety throughout his noisy life," had aspirations for quiet and rest after marriage. With such different views the inevitable eventually happened and the lady left him. After dinner at Newmarket, where he was staying, the husband related at some length his trouble—he was never terse in his anecdotes—and Captain Machell became somnolent, so that when the injured husband, at the end of his story, said, "And then, my boy, she bolted. What am I to do?" the sleepy Machell, thinking he must be speaking of a mare or filly, said, "Put her in a selling race and get rid of her." This gentleman had a great idea of the value of exercise and used to walk round one of the London parks. In the road and parallel to him proceeded a four-wheeler cab in which had been placed a change of socks, an umbrella, and overcoat so that

he should not suffer in any unexpected way from rain. He lived to a good age.

Captain Machell was dreaded by the ring. I was told of a starting-price job of his over a long-distance race; no money was put on the horse until the start had taken place, then some ten or a dozen men scattered about the ring backed the horse for all they could get on at any price on the course. This betting after the start did not influence the starting price. So the Captain had the long odds from the offices as well as "tons of money" on the course.

A racing man, a gallant Captain, an acquaintance of mine, running a horse of his in France at a small meeting, agreed with his English bookmaker that he should have the price returned by the pari mutuel. I think some £250 was in this way invested. On the course the judicious investment of some £50 on the other horses running, made (as it was a very small meeting) the return of the price against his horse a very long one. This horse won in a trot. He always used to chuckle over the way he had diddled the bookmakers. As a rule the boot was on the other leg.

One of the most exciting Derbys, which showed Fred Archer, the jockey, at his absolute best, was that in which "Melton" beat "Paradox" in the last stride. At the number board "Paradox" looked to be winning fairly comfortably, but he was a lazy horse, and Archer on "Melton" knew this and delayed his effort until close on the post, when he gave Melton two rib binders which forced his head in front at the winning-post. Before and after this spot he was behind. Old Tom Jennings, the trainer, was in our box, and he said, "I have never seen such riding, never anything to equal it."

I did not think that I should see "Spearmint's" Derby, but at one o'clock in London I found I was free until 4.30. I had then a powerful motor-car,

and I determined to see if I could get to Epsom. By this time the bulk, if not all, of the traffic was off the road and I arrived at Epsom in time to back the winner of the race before the Derby. I then backed "Spearmint," saw the race, and was back again in town at about 4.30. This showed me that on Derby Day, perhaps not now, but in those days, by going very late and returning very early one need not be away from London more than some three and a half hours.

"Ayrshire's" Derby I shall always remember from the way in which old John Osborne rode "Crowberry." He came round Tattenham Corner on the outside and finished on the ground close to the Stand. By doing this he no doubt came round much more quickly than had he attempted to get near or hug the rails, but I could not help thinking at the time that he must have lost much ground by doing so, and he was beaten by only two lengths. It is, however, great presumption in me to criticise so world-famed a jockey as John Osborne.

Johnny Osborne was honesty itself, and no trainer would have dared to instruct him not to win. The nearest to this was just before the Derby when Osborne was already mounted, the trainer said, "I hope you will win, but if you can't win, the horse is in the Ascot Stakes with 5 st. 8 lbs.," and left him to his meditations. The horse was not placed in the Derby, but won the Ascot Stakes all right. Osborne, I believe, in relating this story said that possibly he might have been placed had he punished his mount severely.

"Common," who won in 1891, I was told about during the winter. My friends backed it at 50-1. When the day of the 2,000 guineas, his first race, arrived, I tossed up as to whether I should go to Newmarket and see "Common" run, or whether

I should put the £5, which this would cost me, on to "Common." Unluckily fate decided that I should go to Newmarket. I saw "Common" and thought him rather on the leg, and so backed Peter Flower. It was in this race one first saw the beautiful stealing action of "Common" that won him the triple crown, the 2,000, the Derby, and the St. Leger. In the latter race, it looked at one time as if the French horse had the beating of him. "But mine is a stayer," said John Porter. "Common" stayed home and won.

The Derby of 1890 is impressed on my mind by the exhibition "Surefoot" made of himself. His one idea, even when close home, was to savage the neighbouring horses. I can see him now doing this about 100 yards from the winning-post and believe that had he run kindly "Sainfoin" would never have been the winner. As it was, "Surefoot" was only beaten by about a length although unplaced, or rather, to be accurate, placed fourth. I saw "Surefoot" subsequently win the Eclipse Stakes, it was said in a fit of temper and running away.

The St. Leger of 1894 was a memorable one. "Matchbox" was the favourite of the two Kingsclere horses and "Throstle" was not generally supposed to have much of a chance. The day before the race was run, I went with Porter, the trainer, Sir Fred Johnstone, Sir George Chetwynd, and my friend Burt to see these horses. They were brought out, and "Matchbox" monopolised our attention. Sir Fred Johnstone, patting the neck of "Throstle," said, "But this is the winner of the St. Leger, at least the Duchess says so." The Duchess of Montrose had seen "Throstle" win at Goodwood and rightly thought her a stayer. In the race, "Ladas" the favourite, who had been lying nearly last just before turning into the straight, went through his horses like a streak of lightning and assumed the lead, only later on to

falter and be caught and beaten by "Throstle," ridden magnificently by Morny Cannon. I may be quite wrong, but I thought then and think now that if the effort of "Ladas" had been delayed for another furlong, his speed was such that he would have won. I did not see the Derby won by "Flying Fox," but his subsequent running and brilliant career made me rather proud of the prophecy that I made concerning him. When he came out of Ascot, as he was going to the post with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, I said to a friend of mine, "There goes another 'Orme,' only better."

I heard a story about a well-known horse which ran nowhere in the Derby, much to the disappointment of his owner. The jockey's excuse was that he had been caught in the tapes at the start and so got badly away.

The owner went that night to the cinema and saw the start as portrayed by photography. The tapes did not seem in any way to blame. The excited jockey must have imagined his story, perhaps he did not know how to explain his bad riding, for, without any fraud being attempted, even a crack jockey may ride a very bad race, especially in the Derby. "Oh reason! thou art fled to brutish beasts" may often be said of the Derby jockeys. Archer and Donoghue both rode and reasoned well.

Between 1895 and 1907 I only saw one Derby, that of "St. Amant," for reasons that I have already given.

I have only twice had a winter bet on the Derby. I took 20-5 about "Cicero," and by all accounts was lucky to win, as "Jardy" was off colour. I did not see this race. The other winter bet was in favour of "Craganour." He impressed me very much as a two-year-old. In the race at Epsom he was first past the post and then disqualified in favour of "Aboyeur." I saw the cinema film of the race, and it

seemed to me that "Craganour" was much more sinned against than sinning. I thought so much of him as a two-year-old that I put a sovereign on for my first and newly arrived granddaughter. As she was a lady I paid up to her, though of course I lost my own money.

Another memorable Derby that I saw was won by "Kisber," who was permitted to run by the sportsmanlike behaviour of Sam Lewis, the money-lender. I have heard the following story about the origin of the success of Sam. He used to do business with the cavalry at Hounslow in a small way, when Lord Cardigan was in command. Cardigan had given orders that no people like Sam should be allowed into the Barracks, and so Sam used to come when his lordship was safely away. On one occasion Cardigan rode back in a great hurry unexpectedly. He was hot and perspiring, saw Sam and asked who he was and ordered that he should be brought before him, as he sat on one of the stone eminences in the courtyard of the Barracks. He began forcibly to reprimand Sam, who stopped him and said, "Beg your Lordship's pardon, but if you, when hot and perspiring sit on cold stone, you will suffer from piles." The humour and audacity of this tickled Cardigan so much that he allowed him afterwards to come into the Barracks and peddle his wares. Both Sam and his wife did many kindnesses and good acts. Amongst the latter was the running of nurses to look after sick people. I remember a lady, the wife of a former patient of mine, bringing in an ambulance to St. George's Hospital a case for admission. From purely philanthropic motives she had become one of Mrs. Lewis's nurses. I was unable to take the patient in as we had no beds, so she went elsewhere with no better success and finally made a promenade of nearly all the hospitals in London. After she had left

St. George's there came an agonised call from the ambulance people saying that the ambulance was to be stopped at all costs, as before this lady and her patient used it, its occupant had been a case of confluent small-pox. I believe the hunt for this ambulance occupied several hours before it was eventually found. Luckily neither the lady nurse nor the patient contracted this terrible disorder.

A very benevolent lady whose husband was a bit of a martinet and lived in a fashionable part of London in the sixties, saw a poor man looking terribly ill in the street. The goodness of her heart was such that she took him into her house, put him in the attic and sent for her doctor, who, when he came, proclaimed the disorder to be confluent small-pox. The one thing both lady and doctor thought most important was to keep the knowledge of his risk from the somewhat peppery General, and the patient, during the latter's absence at his club, was removed to a fever hospital. The General at the time and ever afterwards never could understand why there was such urgency for the re-vaccination of himself and all the household, seeing there was apparently no epidemic of small-pox anywhere in the metropolis. However, it was a case of all's well that ends well.

This same lady, at the time of the ruin of the Marquis of Hastings and the scandal of the scratching of the earl and *Punch's* cartoon of the spider and the fly, wept copiously at a luncheon party because "gentlemen could not have their little innocent amusements without those horrid papers interfering." It was she also who said she did not like Eton, "it was so wicked." "Harrow was much better." "Why?" she was asked. "Just look at all the great and good men Harrow has produced." When asked "Whom?" she said, "Why, Byron." She did not get any further as the general laughter was so loud.

We once attended a race meeting in Ireland to which our hostess went rather unwillingly. Her brother was running some horses that he had bred himself, so her husband, my cousin, and we were keen to go and see them run. She good-temperedly went, much against her inclination. When we arrived on the lawn things were luckily quiet, and some of their friends were present. Eventually the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Cadogan, and his party drove up. My host thought this a good moment to soothe and cheer up his wife, and endeavoured to make her feel quite at home by saying to her, "There, you see, my dear, just like a garden party, just like a garden party." At this moment, however, the roar of the ring commenced. "I'll take odds. I'll take odds. Three to one bar one, three to one bar one," and then things did *not* look quite "just like a garden party," but very much like a race-course.

I have heard the following story in connection with "Laureate's," Cambridgeshire. When the horses were going to the post the Prince of Wales expressed a desire to see the owner, Mr. Hammond, who told him "Laureate" had a good chance. The Prince backed him. The orders to the jockey had been, win if you can, but otherwise make no show. A man on horse-back was sent post-haste to alter these to make all the show you can. After "Laureate" had won, the jockey said to Hammond, "It was luck you altered your orders, as at one time of the race I thought 'Melton' (the Derby winner) had got me stone cold."

I think it is due to my medical training and being an old athlete that I am able to make a paddock selection that usually goes very near the mark. I can see if a horse is fit and well and suited to the course. An Ascot and Sandown horse is different from an Epsom and Kempton one.

Horse-racing is a noble sport, but when I look at

the majority of those that follow it I occasionally am not over proud that we have similar tastes. I believe, however, that there is much less rascality in racing than people think ; if only " once warned off " meant " warned off for life " it would be much less. People are warned off for what practically is thieving. There should be no mercy for the racing thief whether he is owner, trainer, or jockey. If it were known that sentence was a life sentence, few would risk it.

I have only seen one Grand National, but it was a memorable one when " Cloister," with 12 st. 7 lbs., made all the running and won. In trying to find one to beat him I had picked " Æsop " who ran second.

A mare called " Casse Tête " was engaged in another Grand National, and when writing of her chance the chief scribe of the *Sporting Life*—Angur, I think—said, " if she wins I will eat her." She won, but Angur did not have any horse-flesh for his dinners.

I always regret that the National type of horse is so seldom entire, and cannot be bred from. The qualities of stamina and pluck are well worth transmitting. A National horse has to go on jumping even when he is tired, such a one as " Shaun Spadah." Although I have only once been to Liverpool, I have backed a good many National winners, but missed one under tantalising circumstances.

Some friends and I were discussing the Grand National and I expressed an opinion that " Father O'Flynn " had a good chance. One of my friends who did not know a horse from a haystack laughed at the idea, and offered to bet me the market odds, 20-1, against it. I accepted his offer, but a fortnight afterwards he wrote asking me to scratch the bet and have it with a bookmaker as the odds were still the same. I assented, but left the race alone, so, although my judgment was verified, I lost my 20-1 bet. I ought to have made him hedge instead of scratching the bet.

When Jack Spigot won the City and Suburban I drew him in a sort of sweep over and over again, was laughed at, and so in a spirit of bravado I doubled all the bets at 20-1. We were boys betting in sixpences, but it was a great haul for me.

A friend of mine had an old gamekeeper who, with his wife, used annually to go to Doncaster from the Lake District to see the St. Leger run. Asked by his master on his return how he had enjoyed it, he said that what he liked best was to see "the nobility and gentry playing cards in the railway carriages."

Bookmakers, turf sharps, and card sharpers were his "nobility and gentry."

Travelling back from Newmarket about six years ago, I found myself in a carriage with an old professional, whose stories of past racing were most interesting. I asked him about the existence of a jockey ring thirty years or so ago—if it really was a fact.

"Well," he said, "I can tell you this, I was stopping in a small inn where some four or five jockeys were also staying. I had gone to bed early, and my room was next to that of one of the jockeys who had also retired. The partition between the rooms was so thin that I could hear two or three jockeys enter and say to the jockey in bed next door, 'You are going to win the selling race to-morrow.' 'Oh! am I?' said he. 'Yes, we have arranged it all.'"

"This was enough for me, and so I backed his horse at 7-1. It won all right, and the thing was so cleverly managed that although I knew it was a put-up job I could not see how it was done."

Racing reminds me of double events. I pulled off one by being President of the United Hospitals Athletic Club and President of the United Hospitals Rugby Football Club. Whilst the latter, I had on two successive years the honour of attending the

Prince of Wales, now his Majesty King George V, at an Inter-Hospital Cup Tie, and of appreciating both his knowledge of football and his interest in hospitals, for which he, his father and son have done so much. As I was a visitor for King Edward's Hospital Fund from 1906-1929, I know something of this.

One of the reasons I took to racing was that on the race-courses alone I found forgetfulness from the greatest sorrow of my life, the death of my sister Edith. I suffered dreadfully from the restlessness of grief. I found the consolations of religion utterly inadequate, and have always done so, even when a firm believer in Christianity and orthodox in my religious views. The roar of the betting ring, the crowds on the course, the excitement of the races did more for my dreadful unhappiness than any prayer or thought of future re-union. I have known others, and religious people, to take to drink or dope in an attempt to relieve their hopeless misery. So many, outwardly faithful, suffer from unconscious infidelity even in clerical circles. If death is really and truly the gateway to life, it is illogical to pray to be spared it; to pray for an ailing Archbishop or even for your nearest and dearest. To those alone who are neither consciously nor unconsciously agnostic or infidel are the consolations of religion satisfactory. The slightest particle of hidden doubt makes them valueless in a real and devastating sorrow.

Life has been said to be a *mauvais quart d'heure* with some delicious moments; there is much sense in "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," whatever faith may sustain us. So many forget that duty of cheerfulness; this too depends so much on the state of the body, the fitness of which depends on proper food, drink and exercise. The wise man will study all these and will not of necessity exclude alcohol—rave the temperance fanatics ever so loudly. One

should not allow a just indignation at excess to obscure the benefits derived from the use of alcohol in moderation. To drink too much is due to want of self-control. What, I allow, has puzzled me is to see men whose careers show that they have abundant self-control give way to this failing. In such cases I have suspected some secret cause, a woman, blackmail, remorse, or hopeless sorrow. Just as in hysteria, there is nearly always some unknown cause. Heredity in many cases supplies the suitable soil. An unsatisfactory or childless marriage may be too much for a woman's self-control, and drink or dope is the result. In some cases I have known it lead to self-mutilation instead of drink or change of religion. Being nearly a teetotaller myself, I have on occasion, after a long afternoon—three hours perhaps of operating—appreciated the revivifying effects of a glass of champagne. The intemperate temperance people forget that it is a food, and they forget the enormous amount of happiness its moderate use has brought to the truly temperate ; they forget its use as a stimulant in sickness and ill-health. Ammonia and coffee are " not in it " with alcohol.

Exercise in the open air beats exercise in a bedroom, but by punching a ball and riding a home-trainer I have kept myself fit for many a long year. In five minutes in his bedroom the old man can in the morning make his muscles fit for the day, and exercise both his cardiac and respiratory systems so that they will not fail him in extremity.

## CHAPTER XVI

### POT POURRI

THERE is some talk of admitting women to Holy Orders. A bishop has protested against it. It reminds me of what I once said to a lady whose matrimonial affairs did not turn out well, and who consequently had become converted to the Roman Catholic faith. On my asking her whether she got all the comfort and consolation that she expected from this step, she became very eloquent and finally said to me, "Oh, do let me send you a priest!" I replied that a priestess would have a better chance of converting me. She laughed, but I never saw her again for five years. If women are to be admitted to other professions, why not priesthood? Many priests are celibate—why not celibate priestesses? The Romans had Vestal Virgins.

It is somewhat daring in these days to say that I am of opinion that the mass of women, both physically and intellectually, are inferior to the mass of men. I can't forget the average weight of the *brain of a woman is five ounces less than that of a man*. Individually there are many clever women—*e.g.* the lady who was placed "above the Senior Wrangler," but collectively I am sure the lack of that five ounces of brain matter tells. This lesser weight of women's brain is a fact not generally known. It was not known to the M.P. son of a talented lady who was one of the leaders of the anti-suffragettes until I told him. I wonder if Mr. Baldwin knew of it when he

added so many charming young ladies to an already ignorant electorate? Ladies sometimes weep to show their happiness—tears of joy. A nurse who was looking after me when I was ill had a tiff with the young man to whom she was engaged, broke off the engagement, and gave him back his ring. She then returned to me, "Oh! so happy," and burst into a flood of tears, declaring she was "Oh! so happy." I was nearly well, but I had to get her to stay a few days longer so that her "happiness" might diminish. The lover's quarrel was made up.

Another lady decided to separate from her husband by mutual agreement. She was "Oh! so happy" in the same way and with the same weeping.

I knew a lady who smiled when she was miserable and told you of her misery, and wept when she related a cheerful story. A deaf gentleman who had not the key to her emotions made a terrible blunder by laughing, as he thought with her, when she was telling him of the death of her first-born son.

Women are said to be afraid of mice. One of them frightened a girl in a sweet-shop by running about the bottles. She started and jumped and caused a gastric ulcer to perforate. I operated on her at St. George's and she recovered. This is the only time I have heard of any justification for mouse terror.

A gentleman was passing a man working with lime, the workman shook his brush and only two pellets of lime hit the gentleman, but each was in the centre of an eye, and he was blinded on both sides. This is hard to beat for ill luck. The story was told me by Mr. Brudenell Carter, the ophthalmic surgeon.

A gushing, emotional, well-intentioned lady of my acquaintance volunteered to take a blind man across Hyde Park Corner. She clutched his arm and eventually ran him violently into a shelter. The blind man was not a Bayard, and his abusive language

was terrible, and awkward. The same dame borrowed, without her husband's knowledge, a pearl necklace which had belonged to his first wife. She was plumper than the last-named lady had been, and at the ball the necklace string broke and the pearls went everywhere, several being lost. The husband was a bit of a martinet, much older than she was. Her fear of discovery of her peccadillo was, I am told, most amusing and real, as the re-threaded pearl necklace was now much too small for her, and she could no longer wear it, except perhaps as a bracelet.

An American said to me, "I don't understand your use of the word 'gentlemanly.' In my country a man may not do a thing because it is unseemly, immoral, or against his interests, but he would never be prevented from doing it because it was ungentlemanly."

A young American of artistic taste was taken to see Westminster Abbey by one of my sons. He gazed at the frozen poetry, the magnificent architecture for some little time, and then said, "Say, this is some cheese!"

An American lady asked an Englishman at Bordighera what he thought of America and the War. "I am afraid I shall offend you," said the Englishman. "Never mind," said she. "Well, America was a party to the treaty about the integrity of Belgium. She did not come into the War until she was literally kicked into it by Germany, being 'too proud to fight.' She came in late, went out early, and then did not abide by what her representative, President Wilson, had undertaken—to be a guarantee for France's security. She has made millions and millions of money by the War, and demands that the allies' debt shall be paid in full, like a Shylock." "I agree with every word you have said," was the answer. I think one ought to remember that interference in European

politics could hardly be expected; that America being a continent rather than a country, it was impossible at first to persuade the Westerners that they were affected; that there were a great many Germans in America, and the rights of the question were by propaganda made very difficult for Americans to understand; that the anti-English Irish-Americans were powerful; that the frightfulness and barbarity of the Germans required the sinking of the *Lusitania* to make America believe in them; and as far as money is concerned, "les affaires sont les affaires." But still, if America had not insisted on her pound of flesh, what a name and reputation she would have made for herself! As it is, she is not exactly popular anywhere.

A friend of mine, a physician, used to hunt and hire horses from a man in Leicestershire who knew he was a physician at a London hospital. The Leicestershire man became ill and wired to my friend, "Who is the best man for pneumonia?" He was answered, "I am the best man for pneumonia; who is the best horse dealer?"

The public think there is a "best man" for every different thing. The truth as a rule is that there are a number equally good, and often it is not the one who has advertised himself most. I was once dreadfully let in by a man whose book was supposed to be the best on the subject. He looked wise and took out a measuring-tape, and then I knew he was a fool, for nothing but a trained eye was wanted. He came to quite an erroneous decision and caused me a lot of trouble, but he was perfectly honest and later on admitted his error and its consequences.

Not all professional books are written to further science, many only to further the authors.

It is hard for the public to know how much paste and scissors have been used in a medical book.

A porter at the Seamen's Hospital was supposed to have cancer necessitating an operation on the upper jaw. He was not my case, but I showed him to the surgical staff at St. George's, who all agreed. He consented to an operation, but being a philosopher decided to have a week's drink before it was done. I accidentally met him at Greenwich and he told me of his purpose. "Well," I said, "if you are going to drink, drink iodide of potassium with your whisky. Just on the off chance." He returned at the end of the week nearly well, and afterwards completely recovered. Such a mistake could not be made nowadays, methods of diagnosis are so much more sure; in fact, the early treatment of syphilis is now so effective that one rarely comes across its neglected horrors. The young surgeon has no idea of them. Coming home from my Autumn holidays many years ago, I found that the young surgeon who had been doing my work had done a very extensive operation of trephining on a swollen bone that needed only this same iodide of potassium to effect a cure.

At Aix-les-Bains one year the gentleman who looked after our spiritual needs at the English Church told us that he was going to select as the subject of his sermon, "The Common or Garden Sins." I thought he would start at the beginning with Adam and Eve in Eden, but his discourse had nothing to do with the apple or horticulture.

There was many years ago a delightful, eccentric clergyman at Cookham, who used to perambulate all parts of the church whilst preaching, up and down the aisles and everywhere. I think, too, he had peculiar views about surplices; anyhow he was a character much to be thankful for. When I was a boy Spurgeon was all the rage. There was always, "quelque chose imprévue." One summer's day he entered his pulpit and said, "It's damned hot!" Then

after a pause, "Such was an expression I heard this morning," and proceeded to preach against swearing. His illustrations were vivid, as when he slid down the pulpit bannisters to show how easily one could go to Hell.

The Salvation Army was greeted with ridicule and contempt by the orthodox when it was first started. General Booth was laughed at and derided. No one then had any idea of how much good it was to do for the submerged tenth, and how much it would appeal to a certain type of religious mind. I went and heard Moody preach and Sankey sing, but neither appealed to me much, and one wonders that they created so much sensation. My father knew a beautiful old lady who always asked him if his soul was saved—her son, I think, used to hold forth in the Park—yet this pious person told him in high glee that a grocer had given her two tins of lobster and had only charged her for one. She had not the slightest intention of correcting his mistake.

A widow lady who drank was rather an offence to her late husband's people. They were "climbers" and afraid of scandal. Her brother-in-law represented a constituency where the Nonconformist Conscience was supreme. On one occasion my mother visited the poor lady, who was ill in bed. As she was tearfully relating her woes, she put her hand under her pillow for her handkerchief and inadvertently brought forth her black bottle of brandy. Whisky was not so popular then. The M.P. called on my father to discuss what measures should be taken, and calmly told him that a cheque for a thousand pounds would be his fee if he would certify his sister-in-law as a lunatic. Our parrot, which was in the room, had not much command of bad language, but very appropriately kept on shouting out, "You wretch! You wretch!" as my father showed the legislator the door.

The "climbing" of the family has proved successful and some of the rich members of it have married into the aristocracy, and I read of their doings now and then in the *Morning Post*.

I once found out that a lady I took to be English was American, as was also her husband; when I asked her why they were living in England, she said, "If you had ever lived under a democracy you would not ask me such a question," and went on to say that in those Victorian days there was real freedom in England; such was not known in the United States. Her opinion of England in these days—with the remains of Dora still about the country, when you can neither eat nor drink what or where you will—might easily be altered in America's favour.

Even in democratic America the President—who is temporary—has more power than any European king who is permanent.

Here we are ruled by a coalition of Socialism with what Liberals Mr. Lloyd George has left of a once really great party, and we are not to be allowed another general election because those who swear by Democracy—the rule of the people—are afraid of the very god by which they swear.

Prohibition is one of the latest of America's mistakes, but in the American constitution there is a much earlier mistake if it is stated that all men are equal. Surely nothing can be more absurd than this, or even that they should have equal rights to representation. Men are no more equal than are horses or dogs. Heredity makes all men unequal, whatever may be their environment. An inferior brain can be improved by education, but however much "taking of pains" there may be, there can be no approach to genius unless there is a hereditary strain of talent. Breeders of racehorses will not breed from bad racehorses, or from those who show

any family taint of temper; the same with breeders of dogs. The breeding of man is not a matter of eugenics, and so the clever strain of a father may be neutralised by the mental stupidity of a physically attractive mother and *vice versa*, but, all the same, there are clever families, such as the Darwins, the Pollocks, and others that I could mention. Members of these families produce clever women as well as men. From an intellectual point of view, nothing could be finer than the breeding of Miss Fawcett who was placed "higher than the senior wrangler." But if you admit heredity you do away with equality of birth, either in the matter of brains or physique. It is the fashion nowadays to swear by Democracy, but look at what it is producing! Every big business—trade, banking, engineering, etc.—requires a working head—a brain—independent rather than subordinate to the other working parts. Yet in politics the shifting opinion of the ignorant, many headed, open to indirect bribery, without seeing beyond the immediate present, is presumed to be the only way by which the proper government of an Empire is to be carried on. *Vox populi vox Dei!* Compare the present state of Italy with the present state of Great Britain, where we have rival parties bidding against each other in a squandermania which is a direct road to ruin. It does not seem to me to be a time for the smoking of pipes, even of peace. In his fight against national bankruptcy, economy and open Protection should be Mr. Baldwin's bludgeons against the heads of Spendthrift Socialism and Little England Liberals.

## CHAPTER XVII

### WAR EXPERIENCES

IN the summer of 1914 I began thinking of my Autumn holiday, and as no holiday *is* a holiday to me unless I see the sea, I thought I would go to Berlin by way of Hamburg. I took tickets at Cooks' Tourist Agency for the sea trip to Hamburg, to be in Berlin for a week or ten days, and then to return by the same steamer.

When the Austrian Archduke was murdered at Serajevo it occurred to me as a humble student of world politics that European war might be on the tapis, so I went down to Cooks and said I wanted them to change my ticket for a trip round Land's End to Belfast. The clerk asked me why I wanted to change, and I told him. He rather laughed at the idea, and said, "Surely what is good enough for us is good enough for you." Seeing me, however, determined not to venture to Berlin, the tickets were changed, and he said, "Do you know anything?"

"No," I said, "I know nothing. I am only a man in the street, but I do not want there to be any likelihood of my being in Berlin when war is declared. The steamer would come back as fast as it could to London, and I should be left in the enemy's country."

It so happened that the movements of that steamer were exactly as I had predicted, and had I sailed in her I should have been stranded in Germany.

As it was, I had some days at sea, and hurriedly came back to London on being commandeered as

a consultant to the Admiralty, and proceeded, on August 4th, 1914, to the Royal Naval Hospital at Chatham. As I was starting for this trip to Belfast, I saw a German steamer come up the Thames as far as the Tower Bridge, turn round and start back again—I presume—for Germany. This was on the Thursday or Friday before war was declared, and no doubt the hurried return was due to what the police call "information received."

I went down to Chatham on August 4th, 1914, to the magnificent naval hospital there. Whilst at Chatham I received much kindness and hospitality from Admiral Sir Richard and Lady Poore, old friends of my cousin Captain Shirley.

In the early days of the War it was supposed that the German fleet would come out, that there would be a big battle, numberless wounded, and so this large hospital stood, with many a vacant bed, waiting for "The Day." This, of course, did not happen, but some fifty wounded men came in from the first naval engagement in which our destroyers were concerned, and in which the German steamer *Mainz* was sunk. All the fifty cases were put under one surgeon's care. In the later stages of the War it was recognised that the sooner casualties were operated on, to prevent the wound becoming septic, the better. The need for this was not so well understood, perhaps, in the early days of the War, and surgeons were allowed to stand by, doing nothing.

In my letters home I forgot the censorship and described some of the proceedings of the scurrying orderlies and the flashing of the gold lace of the officers, in a way that was, perhaps, a little frivolous. Anyhow, a notice was put up shortly afterwards that no one was to see the cases except those immediately concerned. At the time I was in mufti and one of the consultants to the Admiralty, and had been

given more or less a free hand with reference to my duties at the hospital. So I took it that this notice did not concern me.

There were no instruments for mechanical exercises or means of treating disabled and wounded men at Chatham. I went to the Medical Director at the Admiralty, who agreed with me as to the necessity of having these, and obtained a grant of £500 for this purpose. In the meantime, I got several essential instruments to go on with from a sort of surgical gymnasium that I had rigged up over my stables at my house in Hertfordshire. The space at Chatham Hospital is enormous, but at first no place was said to be appropriate for the purpose. I asked if it would help if I reported to the Admiralty that I was unable to treat cases as I wished. After that remark of mine, all was plain sailing!

Later on Johannesburg subscribed some thousands of pounds and all the naval hospitals had a very complete massage, electrical and mechanical exercise department.

I was more than a year at Chatham. Part of the time, however, was occupied by a voyage to Malta and bringing back some 700 wounded from Gallipoli. It had been intended by the Medical Director-General that I should go on to Mudros, but it was engineered (I think I know by whom) that I should come back from Malta, and another gentleman went on to Mudros. Nobody was more surprised to see me than the Medical Director-General when I reported my return at the Admiralty.

A naval officer who had been ill for some time was advised by me to have an operation performed by a specialist. He had to get leave of a certain distinguished Admiral. I had to interview the Admiral, who said to me, "I don't like operations at all. I don't believe in them, or in this one doing

any good." I very nearly retorted, "What would you think, Admiral, were I to criticise your Fleet operations?" The operation was performed and with absolute success.

The various special departments of surgery were, during the War, presided over by civilian specialists. This does not reflect in the slightest on the naval medical officers. From the fact that in peace time they have to do with a large number of healthy young men, it stands to reason that their clinical field in the special departments must be extremely limited. It is on these grounds that I have, constantly and earnestly, urged the establishment of specialism for the benefit of the blue-jackets. Officers go for such matters largely to private specialists. The blue-jacket has no such opportunity. I have outlined a scheme by means of which this might be corrected. If I had my way, what I would do would be to appoint some of the junior specialists at the large hospitals in the large towns as Aides to the Naval Medical Service. Such men, for some small retaining fee, might be summoned when necessary for a special operation at Chatham, Haslar, Plymouth, or other naval hospitals from the nearest big town. They would also, as it were, be recruiting sergeants for the Naval Medical Service and could be ear-marked for duty in cases of "grave national emergency."

If there were twenty such young men at £50 a year, it would only mean a cost of £1,000 a year.

I have suggested that these officers should be the assistants in the *special* departments of large town hospitals. Their education is such that they are *true* specialists long before they, in due course, themselves become the seniors.

Executive officers in the Navy have to go in for courses of gunnery, torpedoes, submarines, and so on, and they do this thoroughly and efficiently, but in

my opinion, there not being enough clinical material amongst healthy young sailors, specialists in medicine and surgery can only be created from those who live and practise in great cities. A six weeks' or two months' course by a Naval Medical Officer at a civil hospital would not make him a specialist, and the blue-jacket in England or Scotland is entitled to the services of a *true* specialist when perhaps the sight of an eye, or the deafness or otherwise of an ear, depends on the trained skill of a specialist operator.

Whilst at Chatham I saw the *Bulwark* blown up. There were two distinct explosions, and then a column of smoke and debris ascended to the skies looking about twice as high as St. Paul's.

I was there when the first Zeppelin came over. I think it was rather surprised to find itself at Chatham. It dropped no bombs—probably hadn't any—and a few of our pop-guns were let off at it. In those days the anti-aircraft artillery was nearly conspicuous by its absence.

Later on, my friend Sir Alfred Rawlinson, brother of Lord Rawlinson, was put in command of some of the anti-aircraft guns about London, and he told me that he trained his men by taking them over to France to shoot at the actual thing—the German aircraft. Later in the War, when I was not there, Chatham was the object of an air attack and there were numerous casualties.

Just after the three cruisers were torpedoed, I was in the hospital at Chatham. A young gentleman was brought in who had been on all three of them—*La Hogue*, *Cressy*, and *Aboukir*. He was torpedoed in the *Aboukir*, swam out to the second, and was duly torpedoed again. He got on the third and down she went.

Whilst I was at Chatham the wounded were visited by their Majesties the King and Queen.

The interest that His Majesty has always taken in hospitals is well known, and his knowledge of them is such that later on when, at Plymouth, I had to talk about Admirals and Hospitals, I ventured to say that what the highest of them all did not know was not worth knowing, and this is no mere compliment, but a truth worthy of acceptance.

Whilst at Chatham in 1914 and 1915, I used often to watch and listen to the sergeant drilling recruits on the lines. Whilst impressing on these gentlemen to keep in line during an advance, he told them that if they did not keep in line—"what 'appens? they would get 'took prisoner'." "And then what 'appens?" said he; "no (wicked word) pay!" Addressing quite the smallest of these recruits, he was explaining to him how frightened the Germans would be of him and his bayonet, and told him that when he came to close quarters with the Germans, it would be all up with them. The little recruit, like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, "swelled visibly." I do not know what his eventual destination or destiny was. He was not one of the London Scottish who made such hay with the Prussian Guard when they came to hand-to-hand fighting.

A friend of mine who really was in this magnificent victory of the British volunteer over the vaunted Prussian professional, told me that he saw red on that occasion, because he saw a German bayonet their doctor when he was kneeling on the ground looking after a wounded enemy, a German. My friend was one of the fourteen survivors of the London Scottish. The day after they routed the Prussian Guard with the bayonet, they were almost exterminated by the multitude of fresh German troops, and the excessive gun and shell fire to which they were subjected.

On leaving Chatham I went to Plymouth, where I spent the rest of my time until the end of the War.

Vice-Admiral Sir William Norman was in command of the hospital, and a more charming or popular man, good at his work, could not be conceived. He succeeded Sir W. May as Medical Director-General at the Admiralty, and was himself followed at Plymouth by the present Rear-Admiral Sir William Pryn. He also did excellent work and was very popular.

At Plymouth I had a house in West Hoe Terrace by the sea-shore, close in front of which everything that came to or went out of Plymouth Harbour passed. The Admirals while I was there were Sir George Warrender, Sir Alexander Bethell, and Sir Cecil Thursby, from all of whom I received much kindness and hospitality. Sir George Warrender was a charming personality, who most unfortunately became ill and died in London during the War. Sir Alexander Bethell succeeded him, and was most efficient during his command. He was very kind to me, and my little granddaughter fell in love with him. Admiral Thursby comes of a family of sportsmen, and I remember at a cricket match one day when he was knocking the bowling all over the place, I heard one blue-jacket say to another, "Remember, Bill, he's an Admiral not a Rear-Admiral," meaning by that that he was an older man than a Rear-Admiral would have been and consequently his prowess was the more extraordinary.

A St. George's nurse wanted to work under me at Plymouth. I managed this for her, but her nursing career was cut short by matrimony with one of the naval medical officers. Her brother was to have given the bride away. He was on leave from the Front in France, but he had to return to his regiment and leave Plymouth the night before the wedding. I was asked to deputise, and so next day the bride and I entered a motor-car the driver of which was directed

to go to the appointed church. The bride was a little nervous, but I did not think much of that until she said, "But we're not going to the right church!" I tackled the driver, who said, "Nonsense," and that he knew his way about Plymouth, and so on. So we drove along, the bride protesting and saying she was afraid the bridegroom would be angry. We duly arrived at the wrong church, and the bride said, "I know this is the wrong one because I helped to decorate the right one with flowers yesterday." The error was rectified and the motor eventually went to the right church. The driver did not apologise in any way—he seemed to think it was almost the right thing for a bride to be a girl who took the wrong turning on her wedding day!

There was, of course, a lull in the activity of naval surgery from time to time. One used to see the victims and survivors of some of the U-boat atrocities, and I heard many stories of the abominable methods of the German navy. How any one can for one moment forget the Hun in all his inhumanity, barbarity, and beastliness I cannot conceive. Surely we all ought to *remember* rather than to forget—it is a duty. I am writing now just when it has been decided that the Nurse Cavell film shall not be exhibited. I have since seen this most harmless production.

At Plymouth I saw several of the "Q" boats and much admired the ingenuity by which guns could be trained on the German submarine almost at ten seconds' notice, from the apparently innocent ship.

I heard the real history of the *Barralong* affair from the British Commander. When I asked him how the accounts published in America could be reconciled with what he told me, he said (I speak from memory), "Amongst some seventy muleteers German gold could easily buy untruthful statements

and lying affidavits." All he had done was to give orders to his men, when they went on board the *Barralong*, to see that they themselves suffered no loss. Those orders were carried out and were perfectly legitimate ones.

During the lull in naval warfare I suggested to the Admiralty that it would be well to pass a number of naval medical officers over to France so that they might see the practice at the military hospitals there, both in the Field and at the Bases, so that when our turn came, they themselves would be efficient in all the modern and novel methods of treatment of wounds. I had the hardihood to suggest that I might myself go out as their representative.

Not being a "pukka" officer, this was not granted to me, but they did the next best thing. I was given leave of absence to go abroad, and when I got out to France I found a six-cylinder motor-car and a Captain in the R.A.M.C. to guide and direct me over the First Army area. I visited hospitals at Boulogne, Wimereux, and other places, went up to the Vimy Ridge, Lens, Arras, and saw everything there was to be seen and got to within a mile of the German lines. I was surprised at the extraordinary goodness of the roads. I could have ridden my motor-bicycle practically up to the most advanced dressing-stations close to the Germans.

I saw our big guns at work, and our aeroplanes fired at by the German anti-aircraft guns. I noticed then that our aeroplanes flew comparatively low over the German lines, whereas the German aeroplane was the tiniest possible speck, immensely high up, when it was over ours.

I went over to Philosophe, where my boy who was killed is buried. That part of the journey was not always a safe one. The driver of our motor-car was rather inclined to stop on account of a German

aeroplane, but I demurred. The latter was high up, and did not molest us.

Whilst going round one of the hospitals near Boulogne, the officer who was seeing me round was told that Sir Henry Burdett wanted to see him. He was for staying with me, but I told him his assistant could show me the cases and that he had better go to Sir Henry. Years before I had crossed swords with Sir Henry Burdett, both at the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich and again at St. George's Hospital, where I told him to his face that the unpopularity of this hospital with the King's Fund was due to him, so when the officer, after his interview with Burdett, came back to me, I said to him, "I am afraid you may not have had a very good report of me from Sir Henry."

"Oh," he said, "quite the contrary. Burdett said, 'Oh, Turner knows what he wants and usually gets it'!" I thought this very generous of him, for I had endeavoured to be extremely rude to him and had succeeded.

On my return from France, in the railway station at Boulogne, I happened to pass a colonial, a colonel with two rows of ribbons, who was saying, "I suppose I am the only man who was crucified by the Germans and got away." Incidentally I found myself next to him on the boat, and said, "Excuse me, but I suppose you were humbugging about that crucifixion?" "No I was not," he answered; "look at the marks on my hands." I asked him how it happened, and he replied, "We were attacking in a fog; and got ahead of the supporting troops and were surrounded by Germans. Usually there was little quarter between them and us, but they wanted information. My men would not give them any, and when I refused, their officers gave orders that I should be crucified. It was only when they had practically finished the job and nailed

me up that they were themselves surrounded by the troops that we had out-marched and had now come up on both sides. So I was rescued." "I suppose not much quarter was given?" I said. "Not much," he answered.

At Plymouth I had the privilege of making the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Page. The American Ambassador was a simple, charming, and shrewd man who obviously had always been very well disposed to the English and the Allies.

I saw, too, a number of American naval officers. The Admiral and the Captain were especially nice. On speaking to one of them—I forget which—about the British Navy, he said, "Oh, we always regard the British Navy as one to look up to and imitate." In the future are we going to look up to the American Navy, and is it going to be true what that wretched ex-Kaiser has said—that Britannia no longer rules the waves? God help us if we don't!

At Sir George Warrender's I met again my old friend Lady Tryon, widow of Sir George Tryon, who went down in the *Victoria*. I remember, some time before this catastrophe, dining with them in Eaton Place. The Admiral has just returned from what had been one of the earliest manœuvres of the Fleet. Somebody said to him, "You must have been very tired, Admiral." "Yes," he said, "I was, but I took jolly good care that every one else should be tired too!"

During a visit to Plymouth the Prince of Wales inspected the Crimean naval veterans at the Royal Yacht Club; they were white-haired, white-bearded men with many medals. One had no medal. The Prince talked to him twice as long as he did to the others. No wonder he is popular.

My friend Miss Forestier-Walker not only did good work at the hospital at Plymouth, but also provided

young officers with a house on the Hoe which they could use as a club.

I wonder how I ever got either my C.B. or K.B.E., for during the War I sometimes was rash and more than outspoken. The head of the Naval Medical Service was an old friend of mine, Sir William May, who was educated at King's College Hospital. A man naturally knows more about people of his own hospital than those connected with other hospitals. Two of the consultants to the Admiralty, Sir Watson Cheyne and Sir L. Cheatle, very properly appointed, were King's men. Later on, in an interview that I had with the Director-General, there was some question of yet another younger man from the same hospital for another appointment. I told Sir William, "Then the Naval Medical Service will rightly be called and indeed be the *King's Service*." "Yes," he said, "but my answer to any criticism would be that I know all these men are fit for their positions." Nobody was questioning this, but only the propriety of their all being of the same breeding. We are all apt to think our own hospital the best, and I am not blaming Sir William for his loyalty to his. Perhaps my joke was ill-advised, but some one ought to have made it.

The Council of the College of Surgeons of England is elected by the Fellows of that College. Big schools like St. Bartholomew's have many Fellows and consequently many members of Council. Any young surgeon at such a big hospital, with his numerous friends at Court, *i.e.* on the Council, has a far better chance of being elected to the Examinerships and Professorships than an equally or better professionally endowed young gentleman who hails from some smaller school.

There ought to be a rule that not more than a

certain number of Councillors can be elected from any one hospital.

I am not democratic enough to think that all members should have votes. This would be the advertiser's gain—and advertisement may be good for a trade, but is bad for a profession.

It is sometimes not advisable to wipe another person's eye. I did this once to a President of a College of Surgeons, now dead. The footman of an illustrious personage was taken into St. George's Hospital with a broken leg. I maintained he was doing well and recovering properly. The President, who had been sent officially to see the case, differed from me and said that the fracture was not uniting. He was backed up, unfortunately, by two other surgeons, and so an operation was started, which showed that they were wrong and I—who had had the advantage of seeing the case throughout—was right. I don't want to boast in any way of this. I had more information and evidence.

This same President subsequently visited the patient without my knowledge—a breach of medical etiquette. I accidentally heard of this from a silly layman and wrote to the offending surgeon on the subject. He had to admit the soft impeachment, acknowledged that he had done wrong, and apologised. His perturbation was such that his letter to me started "Dear —" and then his own name. I never spoke a word of this to any one. As he had apologised, I kept the matter quite secret, but a year or so afterwards a friend of mine said to me, "What have you done to the President? He hates you like poison." So then I told him the story, and he said, "Oh, of course that accounts for it."

In the early days of the War one of our visiting staff at St. George's asked me for a certificate as to his surgical capability. He had been in the habit

of performing all sorts of capital operations. To my astonishment he was not deemed worthy of a place in our Army Medical Service, and he had to go to France, where he was in surgical command of a hospital, did most excellent operating and other work, and was decorated with the Legion of Honour. It was only years after the War that I ascertained that my friend, the former President of the College of Surgeons, had adjudicated as to the fitness of my colleague to serve in the British Army and no doubt had rejected him because of my recommendation—this, too, at a time when all sorts of general practitioners unused to operating were being accepted!

Poor Tommy Atkins!

Many ladies were kind enough and patriotic enough to give their services during the War as nurses. In one case that I heard of, one of the young nurses was the daughter of the commander-in-chief of the district. She was a very good nurse and took great interest in her work, and was very keen in helping to arrange many matters connected with the nursing, but she mentioned her mother, Lady Z., a little more frequently than was agreeable to a certain Miss Potts, so when Lady Z.'s name was again mentioned—"My mother, Lady Z."—the nurse said, "Yes, and my mother, Mrs. Potts, says so and so"; and "My mother, Mrs. Potts" was always brought up when "my mother, Lady Z." was mentioned.

I was much amused during the War, when, dressed as an Admiral, I was walking along the Birdcage Walk near the Admiralty, an enthusiastic taxi-driver shouted out to me, "Ah, you're the men we want now!"

When coming up from Plymouth to London I used to spend some of the time in sleeping, and was doing so in a railway carriage one day when two

gentlemen got in at Newton Abbot. Of course I rose, “ Oh, no, Admiral, no, Admiral, you take your sleep now,” they said. I may say that throughout the War my sleep was never seriously interfered with at any time.

Since the War I have, of course, dropped the “ Admiral,” but on one occasion at Newmarket, as I was walking into the paddock, I heard somebody say, “ Admiral, Admiral.” I took no notice, but then it dawned on me that it might have been some one who knew me at Plymouth. I looked round, and sure enough it was a delightful and charming lady who husband’s horse won the next race, starting at 100 to 8. I went and spoke to the lady after the race and offered my congratulations, while concealing the regret I experienced that I had not spoken to her *before* the race, as possibly the kindness of her heart might have suggested to her a very remunerative tip in connection with her husband’s horse. I never answered to the name “ Admiral ” in those days, but if any one were to call me that now, I should at once respond !

Whilst at Plymouth I came across a young airman who had been decorated for accounting for six German aeroplanes. He shot down two, two others collided and crashed, and the remaining two ran or rather flew away.

Some months later, on my way to London, I met in a railway carriage another airman. In the course of conversation I said, “ You seem to have got the German airmen stone cold,” and told him the above story. “ Well, that’s very funny,” said he, “ I got this decoration for much the same thing. I had eight against me, shot down two, two of them collided, and the other four went away.” I am sure that he was not pulling my leg, and his decoration was a reality.

I heard of another airman who found out, just before a big battle, that part of our trenches was held by Germans. This was not believed, but he was so sure of it that, contrary to orders, he went next day and bombed them. A number, 156, came out and surrendered with their thirteen machine guns. He was right, but because of his disobedience he went through the War without decoration or reward!

Physicians and surgeons, if there is a mutual confidence between them, will work together well, but if the one has no confidence in the other, it is very much the reverse. I myself have on more than one occasion been asked to do an abdominal operation on a case of pneumonia—this has actually before now been done—but I am glad to say in each case I recognised that the lungs were at fault and was masterly inactive. All the same, like every surgeon, I have had my errors, and during the War on one occasion I “went too low,” although I went where I was directed; no bad consequences resulted, but I was a little ashamed of myself for not having personally verified the exact position where surgery was necessary.

The greatest master of physical diagnosis that I ever came across was a physician who met with no success in private practice. He was never wrong as to what was out of view, but he was hardly ever quite right in his treatment, in fact, a little eccentric in this respect, and although next door to a genius, the private practitioner would have none of him. He devoted his life to his hospital work, and if any one deserved success he did. He sacrificed a lucrative position at another hospital, where he would have become a successful specialist, to serve St. George's, and he died a *very* poor man. His was the hardest case I have ever known. Everybody liked him, he

was the soul of honour, an excellent physician, a great writer, yet he failed, and failed badly.

On his death the Governors of the Hospital—who knew not Joseph—gave him a single line as an obituary notice in their annual report. Had he been a layman he would have had half a page.

Many of our profession, after life-long gratuitous work at hospitals, remain unnoticed on retirement, even by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Lately, when asked to subscribe to a hospital, I had a friendly correspondence with its President, a lay legal Lord, and ventured with submission to contrast the medical and legal professions in their altruism and their pecuniary rewards. I was told I had led "a noble life." I don't know about that, but it has been an amusing one to me, and I hope I have not always failed to amuse others.

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