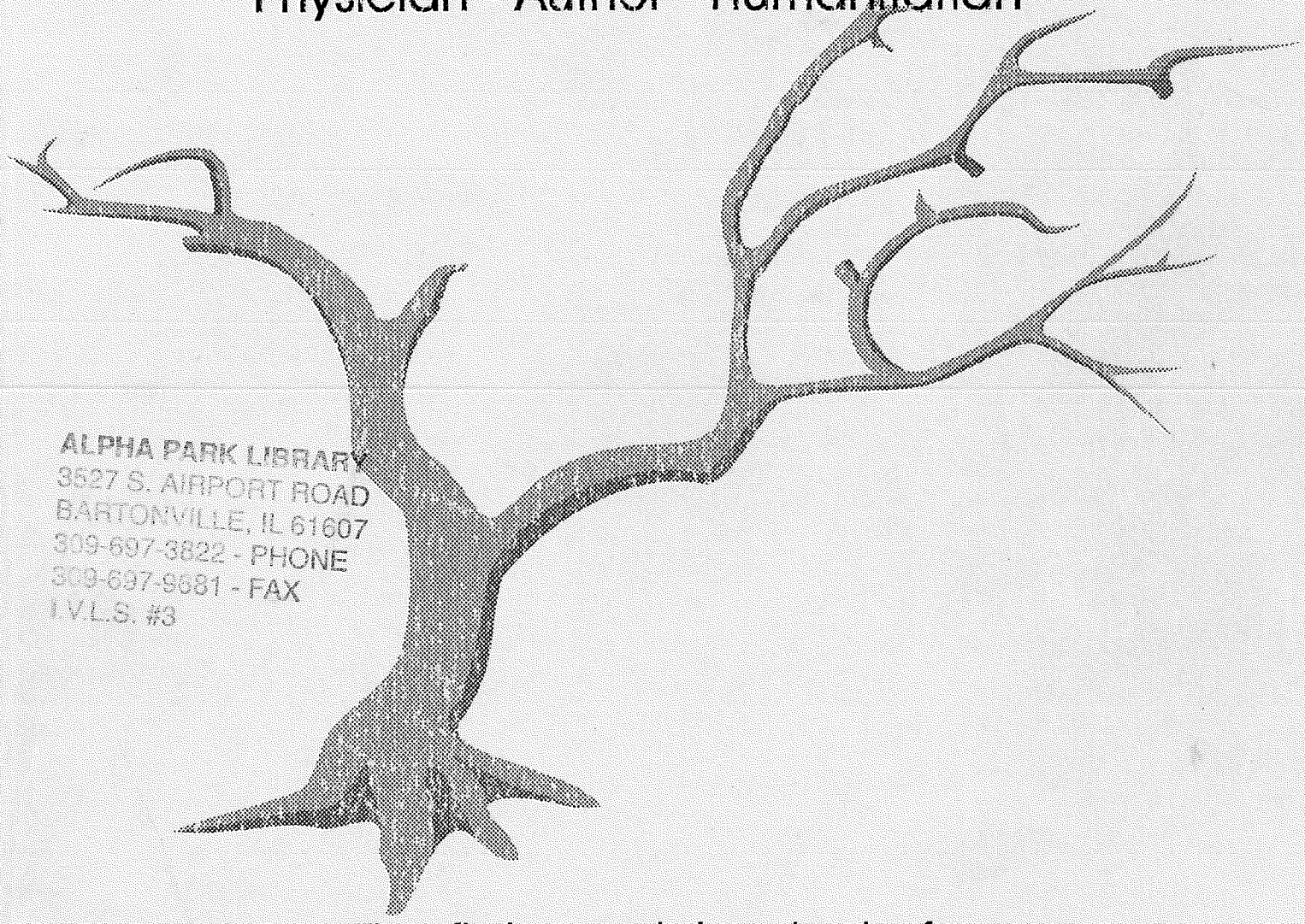
File #5

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

George Anthony Zeller, MD

1858 — 1938

Physician - Author - Humanitarian



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CHAPTER I

THE DAWN OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Illinois, closing the first decade of its second century as a state, has passed its pioneer days, its era of canal digging, railroad construction, land reclamation and interior development, and is now well on its way toward its cultural and artistic improvement.

The generation that participated in the first of these epochs has long since gone to its reward and those of the present day are enjoying the fruits of its hardships and sacrifices.

Of those who played a part in the constructive period only a few remain and it is my good fortune to be one of them - not as a participant, but as one who in his childhood witnessed the passing of the log cabin, the ox-cart, the muzzle loading shot-gun, the Illinois and Michigan canal and the country doctor; the disappearance of river traffic, the passenger pigeon and the stove pipe hat and the advent of conveniences that were at first considered luxuries available only to the rich but which have come to be recognized necessities, easily within the reach of the every-day man; who saw the typewriter replace the quill, the bulky and nauseous drug give way to the concentrated and palatable alkaloid, the covered wagon replaced by the limousine, the megaphone by the radio - and whose memory retains every great episode from LINCOLN to LINDBERG:

So it might not seem out of place or evidence of egotism were I to attempt to set down some of the observations and experiences of my own humble cycle that led from life in the rude river town to that of the great human centers.

Every man's career is a romance and a tragedy - whether busied with minor details or embracing the larger affairs of life. With me the final tragedy is yet to come and I approach it with the feeling that when the curtain is lowered for the last time, the world owes me nothing and I am indebted to my day and generation for the compensation far beyond the value of any service I may have rendered, and that I have favored by friendships so genuine that I constantly wonder if I have shown adequate appreciation.

Few people can recall the period of their first consciousness. Some have told me that they remember incidents that occurred when they were two or three years of age; others remember nothing previous to their first day at school, the possession of certain toys, a trip by boat or train, or as some notable occurrence, the date of which they may have learned from their elders later in life and thus be led into the delusion that the recollection was actual.

With me there were incidents - tragedies - that stamped themselves indelibly upon my juvenile mind and fixed beyond dispute, the dawn of conscious events.

One was the death of Lincoln. I have dim memories of the beating of drums and of meetings in the town hall previous to this and of being told that volunteers were enlisting for the Civil War and of hearing the next morning that Johnny McQueen or Clay Clifton or John Hodge or any of the dozens of young men of the village had "signed up."

We street urchins were usually the first to get any startling news as we were generally present at the landing of the steamboats or the arrival of the semi-weekly overland mail or hung around the wagons of the farmers just returned from the city of Peoria, eleven miles away with the latest news.

On the playground of the village school, a tall "Douglas" or "Liberty" pole, erected during the hectic campaign of 1860, was standing as late as 1865.

During the recess, boys gathered at the base of the pole and discussed the irony of fate that had placed Lincoln, instead of Douglas, in the presidential chair; from these gatherings a few of us were rigorously excluded and were dubbed "Black Abolitioners" because our fathers were suspected of being conductors on the Underground Railway, a road which, years later, sitting as a delegate in a Republican state convention, I heard Clark E. Carr characterize as "Greater than the Appian Way; greater than any of our trans-continental highways of today; a road which led from Slavery to Freedom, from Hell to Heaven"

So, when someone returning from the city brought the news that "Abe Lincoln was shot" - it being nearly supper time, I ran home and casually announced it to my father. He was busy prescribing for an office full of patients at the time and I could not understand the tremendous outburst of feeling that caused him and all his patients to dash downtown and join a fast gathering crowd of lamenting villagers.

Instantly the complexion of the gatherers changed. There was no more Copperheads, Douglas Democrats, or Black Abolitionists. All in a breath had become Unionists and all equally bemoaned the great tragedy that had befallen the Nation.

Needless to say, supper went untasted that night and the patients, who had considered themselves sick enough to consult my father, so far forgot their ailments as to render their return to his office unnecessary.

As if this were not sufficient to fix a time in my memory there occurred, just thirty days later, an event which, while of no concern to the world at large, was to our immediate little family circle a tragedy far greater than had befallen the Nation.

My mother had been lamed by rheumatism and used a crutch. I recall having frequently made of it a hobby horse and of bringing it to her when she wanted to cross the room.

Long suffering had given her a wearied expression, but never drew from her a complaint. She was a great aid to my father during his early struggles in establishing an extensive country practice but she knew she would never live to enjoy the prosperity that came to him later. Both endured hardships that their children might be spared them. There were four of us; an older brother and two younger sisters.

She taught us little German poems and prayers, which I can repeat now, after the lapse of more than sixty years.

On the night of May 8, 1865, she called us to her bedside as usual and had us recite our evening prayers and then, as if by intuition, told us that we would be without a mother and that we must always be kind and obedient children.

Three of us slept in the trundle bed which is still in the old home, treasured as an heirloom; the baby slept in a walnut cradle, all in the one bedroom.

Kindly neighbors spent much time at my mother's bedside, for she was highly accomplished and greatly beloved by the community. On this particular night while the pall of Lincoln's death still enshrouded the nation, one of them remained unusually long and we went to sleep while the two were conversing, only to be awakened a few hours later by an outburst even greater than had marked the death of Lincoln a month before.

I don't know that we went to sleep again, for as the news of her death spread, even in the night, the neighborhood flocked in and the house was filled with sympathizers from that time until the funeral.

The latter I well recall. It was current community gossip of those days to tell of how long a funeral procession was and I remember having been told many times later that seventy-eight wagons and buggies followed my mother's body to the cemetery, five miles away.

Two tragedies in a single month - the one carrying grief into every household in the land, the other forever extinguishing the light of a humble home in a village on the banks of the Illinois River.

Who knows but that the two intertwined - that the tremendous shock caused by the tragedy in Washington permeated our little home and prematurely terminated a life which, at best, hung by a slender thread.

All this I relate in order to establish the date of my first consciousness and while others may not have such momentous occurrences with which to associate their mental awakening, they may be interested in knowing that I was six and a half years of age.

Whatever our subsequent vicissitudes and the changing tides of fortune, I can say to the spirit of my mother that her fine example sustained us always and my father scrupulously treasured her deep concern for our future and gave us every opportunity that a busy country practitioner could afford.

My older brother, ever fond of navigation grew to be a steamboat owner and as "Cap" was known all along the river for his generosity and public spirit. He was called much before his time but stamped his personality upon the community and left two fine boys to carry on, one having served in the philippines and both veterans of World War I.

My two sisters, both with university degrees, have labored all their lives implanting high ideals in their associates, one teacher in a volunteer kindergarten of early days, the other an accomplished physician. Both studied in Europe and circumnavigated the globe. Neither one ever married, but many children will attest their indebtedness to them for aid beyond the ability of their own parents to provide.

In the course of time, my father married again and of this union three children were born.

That one became a state senator in Mississippi, and whose son, Raymond B. Zeller, a recent graduate of Jefferson Medical College will, in all probability, be practicing medicine 100 years after his grandfather began; another the wife of a prominent Illinois attorney, her only daughter a graduate of Vassar, and the baby remaining in the old home to care for his mother during her years of invalidism and who resides there now, a respected and highminded citizen, especially interested in the preservation of our wild species, shows that neither rose at the expense of the other.

When we were a little older, our mother's effects were passed on to us and I only regret that our thoughtlessness caused us to use up what we would now treasure as priceless heirlooms.

French brides in those days were fitted out with elaborate trousseaux and much of hers was still in the big steamer chest. Occasionally a silk dress or piece of fine linen was cut up and made into clothes for the two little girls and we boys got handkerchieves of the finest texture and slept between sheets of a quality not now obtainable.

Her towels were the best example of the output of the French looms, but before I was old enough to realize their value, we had used up all of them except some that we spurned because they were of unbleached hemp, coarse and heavily ribbed. A connoisseur would give even those a high rating today.

She had two fans; one would disappear in its hollow handle and the other was of ivory, each leaf showing a miniature hand-painted Watteau design. These, with her needles case and cushion, mounted on brass legs like a jewel box, we managed to save and will pass on to the next generation.

And those delicate lisle thread gloves, knitted as far as the middle joints of the fingers, leaving the tips bare - we wore them out playing ball!

"My Mother! When I learned that thou wert dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered they spirit O'er thy sorrowing son-
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?"

This I quote because I sometimes wonder if I was all to my mother that she was to me.

I was her favorite, if maternal devotion permits such discrimination. My father was six feet in height, had red hair and a full beard of the same shade and my brother and two sisters had light complexions. I alone reverted to her French origin, with inky black hair, and for years her former associates referred to my striking resemblance to her and to her frequent allusion to me as HER boy.

CHAPTER II

MY FATHER

John George Zeller was born in Bavaria within sight of the alps, in 1828.

The Zeller family tree harks back to Switzerland where there is a Zellersdorf and where an upper arm of Lake Constance bears the name of Zeller Sea. Fort Zeller is a well preserved revolutionary fortification in Pennsylvania, still owned and maintained by members of the family and the annual reunion of the Zeller clan is held there. Although unable to trace the slightest relationship, we are complimented each year by invitations to attend. The "Pennsylvania Dutch" were conspicuous in the Colonial wars and the fort was no doubt built or commanded by members of the family.

David Zeller, a noted capitalist of Hagerstown, Maryland, was on account of his extensive land holdings in Illinois, a frequent guest in our home. He reposed the utmost confidence in my father's judgement and they corresponded for years. It was a rather strange coincidence that these two strong men bearing the same name, though not in the least degree related and with a thousand miles separating them, should find each other and form a lasting friendship.

Dr. Edward Zeller, internationally known for his discoveries while a member of the faculty of the University of Berlin was not a relative, but I have his textbook and treasure it more for the sake of the name than for my ability to grasp the depth of his reasoning. Several Americans who, as post-graduates attended his lectures, have asked me as to our relationship and I always replied that there was none but that it was nevertheless an incentive to keep unsullied a name that held so high a place in the field of education.

The same is also true of Dr. Samuel Zeller who founded an asylum in Switzerland nearly a hundred years ago. It is still maintained by his descendants who recently sent me a bound copy of the biography of the founder containing many pictures of the family and of the institution. It appears to be a very devout establishment and throughout its pages reference is made to the intervention of Providence in affecting cures. The final page shows his grave which is on the premises and is regarded as a shrine. The inscription "Samuel Zeller Knecht Jesu Christu," reveals the deep religious atmosphere of the institution.

I don't know how they secured my name, as there are no ties of consanguinity but it is a singular circumstance that both of us spent our lives in the same field of endeavor unknown to each other and four thounsand miles apart. I only wish I were imbued with the piety that guided him through life.

My grandfather was a land owner and prominent citizen of a dorf in the Danube valley not far from Ulm. He gave his children such educational opportunities as the excellent school offered and my father was exceedingly well equipped when, at the age of eighteen, he decided to migrate to America. Not knowing a word of English, he hired out to a worthy couple near Cincinnati who knew not a word of German. Naturally they found it difficult to add to their linguistic accomplishments, but with him the acquisition of the English language was the all important object. Many times have I heard him recite their fine qualities,

their honesty, piety and refined conversation. He always spoke of them with profound respect and I wish now that I could trace their descendants in order that I might express to them my sincere appreciation of the correct principles they instilled into the mind of a young and ambitious immigrant.

He remained with them a year and then decided to visit other parts of the United States reaching in the course of his travels New Orleans. Down there they were enrolling men for the war with Mexico and he and a companion went up to the recruiting office in a livery stable prepared to enlist and add one more to the adventures they were seeking. They were told to report the next morning but that night the news broke that the City of Mexico had fallen, and of course, recruiting ceased.

But there was plenty to interest him in New Orleans and the thing that attracted him most was the slave market. Often in later years, he would reproduce the scene and hold a mock auction, placing some member of a congenial gathering on the block, describing his qualifications and calling for bids. The company readily entered into the spirit of the occasion and many a white man was knocked down to a neighbor at prices from seven to fifteen hundred dollars or drinks for the house.

After two years, during which time he visited seventeen states, he returned to the Fatherland and it may be well imagined that he was the center of interest there.

Many were emigrating to America, but he was among the few who came back. He was always of an independent nature and his utterances during the revolution of 1848 came near to bringing the family into trouble; in fact, government troops were domiciled in the home on several occasions. At the Gasthaus, he would gather a bunch of listeners about him and tell of the glorious freedom in America and ridiculed them for bearing the yoke of monarchical government. Just when he had grown most eloquent about this American freedom, a scholarly old fellow said, "You have been telling of the great freedom and independence in America in the same breath in which you described the slave market of New Orleans. Can you point out any spot in Germany where human beings are sold on the auction block?" Right then and there he shut up.

He remained at home four years, occupied largely in helping his father dispose of his speculative property. My grandfather would buy anything and take a chance. He acquired several land holdings, some with small castles on them. These holdings he would subdivide and parcel out to small landowners. The left over furniture of some of these old baronial homes would often bring more than the land. Sometimes he would get gloriously stung in these trades, but he always took his losses philosophically.

My father often told of a swindler who came with a concentrated fertilizer. A small quantity was dissolved in water and the seed thoroughly soaked in it. Thus, the seller said, the fertilizer for the entire crop could be carried in one pocket. When it was tried, it was found that the chemical destroyed the germ in the seed and not a grain sprouted. He then said to his father, that while the man was correct in saying that one vest pocket was large enough to contain the fertilizer, he might have gone further and said that the other pocket could also hold the crop. He was never quite forgiven for this quip.

After four years, the States again called him and he boarded a sailing vessel for New Orleans, reaching there after a voyage of sixty-four days.

He had diligently read medicine in the office of Dr. Dorflinger, the family physician and when the ship's captain learned this, he made him ship's apothecary. He even gave him a written certificate of competency showing him qualified to treat the sick. This in those days was almost the equivalent of a diploma, although my father never used it as such.

But the desire to equip himself for the medical profession never left him and in due time he worked his way up the Mississippi and entered the Medical Department of the University of St. Louis, from which he graduated with the class of 1855. In those days, a student paid each professor whose lectures he attended and we still have the handsomely engraved cards issued to my father by his various teachers.

St. Louis was then, as now, a noted medical center and Dr. Charles Alexander Pope, the president of the school, was easily the leading physician of the Mississippi valley. My father had no card to Dr. Pope's classes, but was so fascinated by his brilliant discourses that he frequently remained in the gallery during the lecture hour. Dr. Pope observed this and sent for him and asked why he did not become a member of the class. Upon being told that he was unable to pay the additional tuition, Dr. Pope presented him with the proper credentials and made him curator of the museum. My father treasured this act of kindness throughout his lifetime and when his first son was born, named him Charles Alexander.

Dr. Pope's reputation extended to Europe and when he decided to locate in Paris, he was tendered a farewell banquet that is still alluded to as the most elegant social affair ever given in St. Louis; and St. Louis with its fine strain of French Voyageurs and accomplished Southerners and Germans is noted for its brilliant social functions.

The comparative isolation that one experiences in a new location must have depressed Dr. Pope, for he committed suicide two weeks after reaching Paris.

The other great medical luminary of St. Louis was Joseph Nash McDowell. As owner and president of McDowell Medical College, he was the preceptor of Dr. Pope and when the latter rose to greater prominence at the head of a rival school, it aroused the animosity of the former and he would make speeches on the street denouncing Dr. Pope, alluding to him as one who "used the heart of his master as a stepping stone to greatness." Dr. McDowell was a militant Southerner and his activities in behalf of the Confederacy caused his school to be seized by the Unionists. It was converted into a military prison and Dr. McDowell was himself confined there for a time.

With his coveted diploma, almost his only possession, my father boarded a steamer and proceeded up the Mississippi and its tributary and landed at Spring Bay where he had been invited by leading German residents who felt that the community needed a man who spoke their language and understood their ways.

Asiatic cholera was raging at the time and the first patient he attended was Dr. Higgins who succumbed to the disease within four days. That same night the wife of the proprietor of the LaFayeete House was confined and my father attended her. She gave birth to twins and they are both alive at the age of seventy-three. Recently, I attended the golden wedding of one of them and told the circumstances of their birth and how the news spread that the young German doctor had brought twins with him. It gave him a far flung reputation and in the next forty years, he ushered two thousand six hundred babies into the world.

He was an enthusiastic horticulturist and promptly organized a local agricultural and horticultural society. He experimented with many kinds of fruit and his contributions were always courteously acknowledged by the Department at Washington. There were 32 varieties of bearing grapevines in our vineyard and early settlers and people from the city came to visit it, and incidently, imbibe without cost some of the native wine with which our cellar was always stocked. His reports to the government were always illuminating and I quote from the volume of 1860 in which he says "after all, the grape that will survive in Illinois is the Concord. It stands the winters best, has fewer pests and matures when the sugar content is at its maximum." Now, after eighty years, his conclusions are universally accepted. After trying hundreds of hybirds and seedlings, the Concord is still the one dependable grape of the central Mississippi valley.

He also experimented with the cherry and the peach and had a bearing prune tree. He told me that in the home of his boyhood I would find many examples of his earlier attempts at grafting and budding and it was one of the pleasures of my trip to the Vaterland to have them pointed out to me.

While there, I visited my grandfather's grave. He toured America in 1968 and spent the summer with us. I found the headstone with the inscription, in German: ANTON ZELLER Born 1800....Died 1872.

After the world war, I sent many Hoover packages to the people of his native village and particularly to the descendants of Franz Seitz who was my father's schoolmate and with whom he corresponded to the time of his death. The family is one of distinction in the Danube county and the daughter, in acknowledging the receipt of supplies for the poor of the dorf wrote: "We cannot repay you. Everything was sacrificed for the Vaterland, but the Alps still stand and the Edelweiss still blooms above the snow and the enclosed pressed flowers are all we have to offer in return. Yesterday, Sunday, I visited the churchyard and placed some on the grave of your grandfather." I though she had more than repaid me, but there was even a more tender response to another shipment in which she said: "This is not the first time we are indebted to your family; your father sent my father a five dollar gold piece with the request that he give it to his youngest child. That happened to be me and I kept it until I was grown and had it made into a brooch which I wore until the last year of the War, when as the last piece of gold in the Seitz family, I laid it on the altar of my Country." I am happy in the thought that in 1922 when a friend went over he carried with him and delivered a gold coin to each of the three surviving sisters.

Just as soon as my father had established himself in his new location, he sent for Frederica Caroline Nicolas of St. Louis and she came up by steamboat and he met her in Peoria where they were married. She was born in Lorraine, France, and at the age of eight brought to this country by her parents. I have heard old neighbors say that they never saw a more beautiful young woman than the bride who walked down the gang plank on my father's arm that day.

She was destined to survive but ten years and her only regret at passing to the great beyond, an event which her infirmities foreshadowed, was that she was leaving her four young children to face, motherless, the uncertainties of the future.

I have seen many children thus deprived and the scene always brought back to me that lonely night when death entered our house and took from us what we needed most and what never could be replaced.

My father was the busiest man in the county and was absent on his rounds most of the time, but he was ever considerate of our welfare and no matter how occupied the housekeeper might be, he insisted that her first great responsibility was to see that we were ready for school. We were never absent or tardy.

My father was not only physician to the entire countryside, he was everything to his people. He was their advisor, consoler in time of sorrow and distress and a friend in the hour of need. He was the real "country doctor," a type that has passed with the advent of the telephone, automobile and hospital service.

He died as he had always desired, "in the harness." On the day of his death, he answered a call in the country, served his patients in the village as well as in his office, made all entries in his day ledger, and in the evening, attended a meeting of the village board. Then he returned home and retired for the night with the knowledge of a full day well closed. Before the morning dawned came another call which he answered unafraid, and with fortitude and with confidence, and passed on to where, we hope, there is no sickness, nor dying nor any crying.

CHAPTER III

THE HERR LEHRER

Up to the time of my mother's death, I had not gone to school; I didn't need to. School was right in our house.

The West end of Woodford County, with the exception of the pioneers from Kentucky, was composed largely of Germans only a few years away from the Vaterland. There was a few who, like my mother, had come from France, but the Germans predominated. They were a thrifty, frugal and happy people who preserved the best traditions of their native land, but held loyally to the laws of their adopted country, as is shown by their response to Lincoln's call when the Union was threatened with dissolution. To them no education could be complete without a thorough knowledge of German.

My uncle, John Keppler, was an example. He owned a drugstore in West Frankfort, Missouri, and was assessor of Saline County.

He was the father of Joseph Keepler, founder of Puck, and next to Thomas Nast, the greatest cartoonist of his day.

I have a letter written to my father in 1881 in which he says : "Well, the war is on but it will not last long, the rebellion will be speedily crushed and, anyhow it will never disturb us way out here in the West."

In six months, he was a refugee in our home, his property confiscated by the Quantrell gang and a reign of terror instituted by the younger brothers and the James boys that continued twenty years after the war!

He returned to his looted home but in his old age, after my aunt's death, moved to New York and died in the home of his son.

My father's office was a sort of intellectual headquarters and as soon as a sufficient number of native born had reached school age, their parents organized a subscription school and engaged a Herr Lehrer, as these scholarly but improvident teachers were called.

They were usually men of rare accomplishments, but in a busy world of settlers bent upon wringing a living from virgin soil, clearing the land and building homes and barns for the future there was no market for their talents. Theirs was a pathetic lot. Cultured, highly educated, but unused to hardship and without a trade they became, in a measure, a charge upon their more prosperous countrymen. They were always welcome in my father's home and in return for his hospitality, gave us lessons in German.

By and by a boy or girl from another family would come in and pretty soon he had a considerable group of youngsters about him and moved into a house in which he maintained bachelor's quarters and a class room.

Each parent contributed a small sum, how small I would be afraid to state in these days of high salaried instructors.

But it was a happy community. It had its GESANG VEREIN, its TURNHALLE and its pastor of "Die Deutsche Evangelische Lutherische Gemeindschaft."

They even had an amateur dramatic club and I have a part of a manuscript of a skit entitled "A Night in Spring Bay," written by the village pharmacist, which is not only faultless chirography but as a take-off on the leading citizens of the town shows more than ordinary histrionic ability.

Our Lehrer was not only a scholar, but an accomplished musician as well. He played our old black fiddle which he prized highly. He would let us peep into its insides and read the label, proclaiming it a genuine Cremona.

It was of the 17th century and remained in our family until a music lover came along and offered several times the price of an ordinary violin. He got the fiddle and we got his note and are still holding it. I know where the instrument is but am afraid to approach the owner for fear he has become cognizant of its value as an antique.

However learned the Lehrer was, I always found my father more so. If we brought home a recital of one of Hans Cristian Anderson's tales or one of the adventures of Til Eulenspiegel, we always found that father was familiar with either and was ready to tell us more of German folklore.

As I look back upon the little 'PRIVATE SCHULE', I recognize that it was merely the precursor of what is now a part of the curriculum of our public schools - the kindergarten - although more than a generation ahead of its acceptance by the school authorities.

I don't know how old I was when the private school dissolved and the inevitable time arrived when we must enter the regular district school.

It was a day I dreaded for I knew that we must be assigned to the primer class while boys no older than we would be in the third or fourth reader. It seemed strange to sit on the benches with much smaller and younger children and be segregated even on the playground and made to play with our juniors.

But it didn't last long. What we thought was lost time in the German school really proved a thorough preparation for the change to English, and I have noted since that a person fairly grounded in one language quickly and easily familiarizes himself with another. We shot ahead of our classmates like meteors and at the end of the second term, were up with and in many instances, ahead of those who ranked us at first.

I was particularly proficient in spelling and in the days of the spelling school, the older pupils would take me along, with a sleigh load, to spell down the pupils of a distant school; and distances in those days meant six or eight miles.

The village had no church, but all meetings were held in the town hall.

It stands to this day a fine old reminder of the foresight of the founders. In it Sunday School was held, revivals conducted, funeral sermons preached, political rallies, elections, and of late years, even dances were served by it. But the greatest blessing it conferred upon the community was the Sunday School, taught by rare old Mrs. Hulbert.

Among all these activities the one regular Sunday tenant was the German Evangelical Church. The pastor was a circuit rider who served two other churches. Pastor Kircher, somewhere from on high, as you gaze upon your scattered flock and deplore its dissolution, don't take it too seriously for, far as we may have drifted from the pious paths you trod, there is not one of us who is not a better man or woman because of the truths you taught us, of the fine example your mode of like offered and the patient manner in which you endured hardships and labored in the Lord's vineyard with a monetary compensation that would shame a beggar.

Long after the private school was abolished, we continued to study the catechism in German and fourteen of us were regularly baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran faith.

Throughout the west end of Woodford County, there are many little cemeteries and in all of them may be found tombstones with tender messages of grief and endearment, inscribed in German text.

Two examples, still legible in the Sand Hill Cemetery of my native township are noted. One over the grave of a little neighbor:

Des Eltern Freude Warest Du
Und Gingst So Frueh Dem Grabe Zu

Another conveying the tender message of a grief-sticken widow:

Ausgelitten, Ausgelungen
Armer Dulder Du
Wast Du Suchtest
Hast Du Nun Errungen
Ewigkeit Und Ruh

A death in those days was more than a family sorrow. The community sympathized as a whole and funerals were largely attended, the faithful minister often having to come long distances over almost impassable roads.

As I visit these cemeteries now and read the inscriptions marking the resting places of former companions, there comes over me the feeling of satisfaction that in almost every instance I was present and paid them "the passing tribute of a sigh."

CHAPTER IV

THE GENTLY FLOWING ILLINOIS

Ever associated with my boyhood is the river.

I was born less than a hundred feet from its shore and, although my father built a larger house farther back, even it stands only a block from the river bank and the front porch commands a majestic view of the broad expanse of water known as Peoria Lake, down which LaSalle sailed on his voyage of discovery and exploration in 1680.

I have seen the sun disappear through the golden gate, in mid-ocean, on the broad prairies and beyond high mountain ranges and have lived under the Southern Cross, but no where have I found a more restful end of the day then when, at even-tide, it sinks behind the bluffs opposite our home.

I have searched the United States postal guides and have seen numerous Springfields, Spring Hills, Spring Valleys and Spring Brooks, but in all the forty-eight states there is but one Spring Bay.

Before the decline of river traffic, it was not unusual that two or three Mississippi steamers and half a dozen canal boats lowered their gangplanks in a single day. They brought lime, sugar, salt, cement and crockery and took away lard and pork or livestock from the slaughter houses and wheat, corn and other grains from the farms.

The landing was our rendezvous and we never ceased to wonder at the black faces of the roustabouts and their "YE OH ME" chorus when they lowered or hauled in the stage.

We got to know the boats by the sound of the whistle and we knew the Jennie Whipple, the Lady Lee and the Gray Eagles or the LaFayette long before their prows turned the bend.

The Bay was a beautiful sheet of clear spring water in which the finest game fish abounded.

Fish boats with seines a mile long piled up and down stream and it was one of our pastimes to watch the "river rats" wind the windlass hauling in the net. As it drew nearer and nearer to the shore in ever decreasing semi-circle, the space became so crowded with fish that the net had to be staked out until some of the surplus could be removed. It was a shameful waste of natural resources.

The sturgeon and shovel fish were not considered edible and their carcassess, along with thousand of sheephead, then considered worthless but now classed as white bass, were left festering in the sun and the breeze; the beach carried foul odors a mile inland. It was always an easy matter to catch a string of black bass or jack salmon in the clear and cool waters of the Bay and likewise the gun could be taken from the rack any afternoon and a mess of mallards, blue winged teal or an occasional wild goose brought in. Pot shots and commercial hunters were glad to get a dollar a dozen for mallards in the Peoria market.

Not a losing transaction, at that. Night shooting was not prohibited and some hunters brought in as many as 200 in a single day.

Feathers sold for forty cents a pound and I know of wives who had more ducks on hand than they could dispose of who would simply pluck them for their feathers and give the meat away.

Ah, you Issac Waltonians, had you been in existence in those days you would have prevented this wanton destruction and would not be paying high prices for membership in shooting clubs and limiting yourselves to the daily fill of ten.

Some of the very sloughs in which we hunted have recently been acquired by the state at the price of farm lands, custodians and wardens have been named, and we may hope to again see the return of waterfowl but never in such quantities and varieties and never to be hunted in that gluttonous and wasteful manner as of old.

The cool waters of the Bay afforded splendid bathing facilities. We did not have to seek the old swimming hole for there before us stretched the gravel bank of the stream with water of every depth beckoning us.

A shrill whistle and two fingers held aloft was the standing invitation to "go in" and I know I have been swimming as often as six times a day. It required little preparation. We were bare-footed and throwing off the one suspender and slipping the shirt over our heads we could divest ourselves of all clothing in ten seconds. Trunks were unknown but I would advise all parents, no matter how remote the swimming place, to see that their boys are provided with bathing suits of some sort.

One fall, after an unusually hot summer, the river shrank to its lowest stage. Of course pollution is greater at such times and an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out. One after another of my school mates dropped out and my father was busy day and night. I felt a languor coming over me, but persisted in attending school.

One day I felt chilly and sat down against a barn in the warm sun and went to sleep. There they found me and I was amazed when the delirium left me that I had been in bed five weeks and that there were bed sores on my hips and shoulder blades.

There were vacant desks in the schoolroom when I resumed attendance. Several had succumbed and my dearest chum, Prosper, lay at the point of death. He survived a few weeks, and although still weak, I saddled up the pony and accompanied the funeral to the cemetery of the church to which his mother belonged, six miles back in the hills. I have attended many typhoid cases since, but never approach a bedside without thinking of my youthful companion and of the strange twist of fate that took him at the threshold of life and left me after all these years to record my sorrow.

When the river froze over, there was no smoother skating anywhere and the skates my father bought when we were old enough to use them were the most appreciated gift I ever received.

I spent much time on the ice and took many useless changes. There was no bridge within ten miles and just as soon as the ice was safe we would cross the river with horse and sleigh. Nearly every spring while the ice was still thick but rotten, as they call it, some farmer would lose his team or his life in crossing over the ice when it was no longer safe.

One Sunday afternoon while I was mixing medicine in my father's office, I heard a loud outcry from the river bank and ran down to see what it was about. I found a dozen men and women at the shore wringing their hands and not fifty feet out was a neighbor boy, clinging to the ice with two-thirds of his body submerged in the chilly water. He had broken through the thawing ice and no one felt safe in going to his rescue for fear of also breaking through. They had pushed planks toward him but they were not long enough. Instantly I grasped the situation. Two skiffs were nearby and I quickly dragged one over the ice, got in and willing hands pushed it out to where I reached the almost frozen and exhausted boy.

I went back to the office and changed clothes and dismissed the incident and was much surprised that the next day it was the village topic and my part in it was given much more praise than it deserved.

It was a perfectly rational thing to do and I only excelled the others in presence of mind and a quicker application of the means at hand.

The pier at high water became submerged but we boys delighted in wading out to the dock. While coming from one of these excursions, we passed a group of smaller boys swimming. A few moments later a stark naked little fellow came running after me and shouted that his companion was drowning. I ran with him to the middle of the pier and there in shallow water lay the outstretched body of my little friend. Quickly I brought him to the surface and carried him ashore. He was dead. But had I possessed then what I later became proficient in, namely a knowledge of the resuscitation of the drowned, I am sure he could have been restored to life.

As it was, I could only go and break the news to his sorrowing mother, a widow who had suffered more than the usual vicissitudes; and once more I attended the funeral of a juvenile companion.

Although it occurred many years later, I have yet another drowning experience to record and as in the others, unable to render any assistance.

Cincebeaux was a reporter on the staff of the Peoria Star. He was a newcomer but a likeable fellow who quickly gained a wide circle of acquaintances. From these he could always draw a story and he stood high with the management.

We liked him because he dished up the political news in a readable and truthful manner. He frequented the waterfront and was always able to scoop the other reporters on river news. One day, while walking along the gunwale of a barge, his foot slipped and he went overboard in nine feet of water. The crew must have been very stupid for the body was not recovered for fifteen minutes and nothing was done to restore life. I happened to be in the court house on public business when the news of the drowning flashed. We immediately started for the wharf, three blocks away, but when we reached it we learned that the body had been taken to an undertaker's parlor. Proceeding there, we found poor Cincebeaux on a slab and the mortician injecting embalming fluid into his circulatory system.

The proprietor was looking on and I motioned him into a side room. "Are you sure your embalmer is not injecting a living corpse?" The poor fellow turned whiter than the corpse and muttered something about the lividity of drowned persons and the discoloration that was certain to remain unless the stagnant blood in the capillaries is quickly forced out by the embalming fluid.

I told him that I would rather one of my friends were an unsightly corpse than to feel that I had embalmed him while the spark of life may not have wholly left him.

Of course Cincebeaux was dead and embalming him was quite in order. The undertaker was my very dear friend and I am sorry that I hurt his feelings, but many times in after years he mentioned my admonition and assured me that he never again sanctioned such haste.

He realizes that there could be such a thing as a "living corpse."

CHAPTER V

THE STATE UNIVERSITY

My father, though his necessary visits to the county seat, became intimately acquainted with Professor Don Carlos Taft, principal of the Metamora High School. He was an unusually learned man and found in my father a congenial spirit.

He occasionally drove down to our home and remained over Sunday and the two spent hours together discussing horticulture, paleontology and kindred topics.

At the opening of the State University at Urbana, Prof. Taft was called to the chair of natural history and became a noted member of its educational staff.

It was on account of his acquaintanceship with, and high regard for Professor Taft's character and scholarly attainments, that my father decided to send us to the State University.

The school was young, and so were we, but even at that I was wholly unprepared to enter an institution of that class.

My brother, a year and half older, was far better equipped, but the lure of the river caused him to quit at the end of the spring term.

I continued three years and should have gone onto graduation even though I was pursuing the rather aimless "elective" course of study. I did, however, spend much time in the library.

I was never a diligent student. Somehow I mulled through recitation hours, but I would be ashamed to have someone hunt up and reveal my class ratings. I always claimed that I gained my education by absorption, although I do not recommend this careless and haphazard method to any student. What I missed in study, I more than made up in my associations. I seemed to feel that every older boy and every one from larger towns was my intellectual and social superior - and he generally was. I eagerly absorbed their knowledge and copied their better habits.

What an opportunity it was! Professor Taft and his wonderful collection of coins, shells and minerals. Professor T.J. Burrill the noted authority on horticulture whose researches have added untold millions to the value of Illinois farm lands through the extermination of insect pests. The noted educator, John Milton Gregory, the first regent of the school, who is buried on the campus and and whose grave is about to be marked by an imposing monument donated by the "Gregorians," as those of us who attended during his regency are called. There were many others to whom the school is indebted for the splendid start they gave it. And the students! In the very front rank stands Lorado Taft, America's foremost sculptor. His father often went out and lectured on numinmatics and even as a young boy "Rady" as he called him, drew enlarged crayon copies of the heads and figures of the Roman and Egyptian coins to illustrate the lecturers. He went to Paris upon graduation and has made many European trips since.

It was a military school and my captain was James R. Mann who rose to the republican leadership on the floor of congress and almost had the presidency in his grasp in 1916.

And his brother, Frank I. Mann, one of the leading agricultural experts of the nation.

Henry M. Dunlap, true to the teachings of his pioneer ancestors, not only mastered the course in agriculture but through farmers, institutes and horticultural societies greatly advanced the standards of rural life. He is entering his 30th year as a member of the state senate from the university district and has been its champion in all legislation tending to promote its interests.

Bailey was another plodder whose devotion to his studies rather isolated him but he followed the star of empire westward and became governor of the state of Kansas.

George T. Page, justice of the United States Appellate Court was not only a fellow student, but is a native of my native village and has been my neighbor and esteemed friend through all the succeeding years.

And there was James H. Kyle, whom nobody noticed particularly, but who went west and came back as United States Senator from South Dakota. He was one of the few westerners who stood loyal to the party when nearly half the delegates walked out of the St. Louis convention in 1896. The vice presidential nomination was easily within his reach.

Lorado Taft's closest boy companion was Henry W. Beardsley, since Mayor of Kansas City and admittedly its first citizen.

And William B. McKinley another whom modesty obscured, but who became the traction king of Illinois, a leader of the United States Senate and maker of presidents. It is rather an interesting coincidence that Champaign and Urbana, three miles apart, and connected by interurban horse cars, developed this millionaire utilities builder and owner.

He died in 1926, a member of the United States Senate and is buried within sight of the stadium, for which he was sponsor.

My affection for the school never waned, and we were the forerunners of a stream of students who went from our native county.

My two sisters attended and more than thirty years later, our nephew was there and his twelve year old son will enter some day and graduate sixty or seventy years after the first member of the family matriculated.

The total enrollment then was 317 while today the faculty alone numbers more than 1200.

I go back to the annual home coming and witness the great football classic. In the mammoth armory there are rows of pedestals displaying the years of the various classes. The alumni assemble about these posts in reunion and great crowds gather around those of the more recent year, but I find that those of forty or fifty years back are comparatively deserted. Still, when our class had its semi-centennial reunion, out of an original forty one, nineteen were living and twelve were in attendance.

One of the notable episodes of my college career was the dedication of the Lincoln monument.

As a unit of the Illinois National Guard, we were ordered to Springfield to participate in the parade and ceremonies.

It was a notable gathering of statesmen including President Grant, nearly every member of the Senate and Congress and the governors of most of the States. The surviving generals of the Union Army came and brought with them many of their former comrades.

Sherman was there, as was gallant Phil Sheridan, General O. Howard with his empty sleeve turned up and pinned to his shoulder, General George A. Custer, at the head of his picturesque seventh cavalry rode in review, but General John A. Logan, commander in chief of the society of the Army of the Tennessee riding at the rear of his comrades, and at that time, a member of congress elicited more applause than even the president of the United States.

President Grant was the speaker of the day and I was standing guard near the foot of the statue and was just getting ready to hear a lengthy speech when, after a few well chosen words and a fitting tribute to the Great Emancipator, it ended. I realized then what was meant when Grant was alluded to as "The Silent Soldier from Galena." Others spoke that day at greater length but like Lincoln's Gettysburg address, brevity won over loquacity.

It was a great privilege to a boy of sixteen to be thrown into the presence of such illustrious men and once more I could say that I got my education by absorption.

While at the university, the "Virginius Affair" arose and our country was on the verge of war with Spain. Of course the entire student body volunteered for service, but the matter was diplomatically adjusted. Little did I think that twenty five years later I was to spend three years under the flag in the tropics in a war which grew out of the Cuban question, which like the abolition movement in the States, had to submit for settlement to the arbitrament of the Sword.

My vacations were spent at home and my father tried to keep us busy in his extensive gardens, but there was the tempting river and at every opportunity we went out in the skill, running the "trotline," searching for wreckage in the acres of drift-wood that lodged against the trees or remained high and dry along shore as the waters receded. If we found an occasional upturned skiff that had broken from its moorings upstream, we regarded it as treasure trove.

Occasionally the find was more guresome. Nearly every spring and summer the corpse of some "floater" would be brought ashore and the coroner notified. It was usually someone who had broken through the ice or some hunter whose frail boat had failed to weather the storm on the lake. Identification was seldom possible and there are several graves in our little cemetery where tombstones, were there any, would be marked "Unknown".

CHAPTER VI

MY PROFESSION

At the end of three years at the state university, I proceeded by steamboat- always the river - to St. Louis to enter the alma mater of my father. I presented myself to the dean of the faculty with heaffancy and tried to tell him of my preparations and was surprised to find that little was required. I found later, through association with my classmates from the Ozarks, the Tennessee Hills and Texas Cowboys, that this was true but as I meet these men from time to time and find that, almost without exception, they became leaders in their localities, I feel sure that a determination to get on in a profession or in business goes a long way toward making up the lack of educational qualifications.

But times have changed since then and the young man who would succeed to the place and meet the fierce competition of today must equip his mind with a thorough preparatory and ever more, thorough professional education.

A two years course was all that was required in order to secure a diploma but there was an optional three years course which I decided to take and I graduated with the first authentic three year medical class in the United States. There were thirteen of us who stuck through the course. I recently attended the [illegible] reunion and it may be of interest to know that five of us were present and letters were read from several other survivors.

Today, the medical course is four years, preceded by a college degree and followed by an interneship. It was a proud day in March 1879, that I was able to accomplish my father that I had successfully passed my examinations.

He visited St. Louis and was present when I received my diploma just twenty-four years after he had received his, while on the stage, sat three of the professors whose lectures he had attended a quarter of a century before. We came home by steamboat, but it was under far different auspices than when he made the trip as a boy.

When we stopped nearby, a farmer was waiting to rush us four miles into the country to dress the injuries of a little girl whose hand had been accidently chopped off by her brother while cutting stove wood.

From then on for ten years it was a succession of long rides covering the west end of the country or crossing the river in row boats attending the needs of a widely scattered clientele.

In 1883, I took the practitioners course in Rush Medical College. It was a forerunner of the post graduate school, and although short, it was of surprising value in helping to solve the problems that every country practitioner has to face almost daily.

Although a generation later than my fathers, I found him alert to the advances in medicine and in every consultation he was my master.

He enjoyed an extensive and well earned reputation, and had the telephone and the automobile been in existence then there is no telling the extent his field of practice would have covered.

Gradually his clients accepted me as his substitute, however unworthy, and we continued an intimate relationship which was never broken. I just could not entertain the thought of leaving him, but better living conditions and prophylaxis were showing results, and there was no longer the waiting list of patients and it was evident that the village doctor must seek a more populous field. So, in 1889, with my father's blessing and his substantial gift in my pocket, I took my bride to Europe and spent six months in the clinics of Berlin and London, where I saw and heard the great Von Bergmann and Sir Joseph Lister. My wife, who was Miss Sophie Kline of Henry, Illinois, and a graduate of the exclusive school for girls at Knoxville, took advantage of the trip to cultivate her very fine taste for music and art. I visited my father's native Danubian dorf and was surprised to note how many of his boyhood companions remembered him after a lapse of 40 years.

Upon my return from Europe, I located in Peoria and immediately fell into an extensive city and surburban practice, and had I attended to it as faithfully as my confiding patients deserved, I might have stood alongside the very leaders of my profession. My office was located directly opposite the court house and as juries passing on cases of alleged insanity must of necessity have at least one physician, it became the custom of the court officials to subpoena me and this brought me in contact with many mental problems.

Up to that time, the result of an inquirendo de lunatico consisted of a single printed form on which the finding was written and to which the jury subscribed.

No family history, no facts to guide the asylum authorities who had long felt that this lack of information was detrimental to the interests of the patient, that a state committee was appointed to draft a set of forms to remedy this defect. Judge Samuel D. Weed, a distinguished Peoria jurist, was a member of this committee and he called me into numerous conferences on the subject.

The result was the present interrogatory form, containing a comprehensive family, social, professional or industrial history of the patient. It was a great advance over the curt forms then in existence and was the forerunner of the elaborate case histories, social service workers reports and staff presentations now in use in every institution caring for the insane.

Judge Weed never received the credit due him for his admirable work in this connection, but the strangest thing was that it constituted for me a sort of preliminary training for a field which I then considered only casually but in which I was destined later to spend the better part of my life.

Incidentally, the law authorizing County Judges to name two physicians to act as a medical commission to examine the insane suspects was passed at this time.

Trial by jury was optional with the court but the commission form has grown in popularity until, at the present time, a jury is seldom impaneled and an insanity finding is now surrounded by every refinement and nothing is done or said that would hurt the feelings of the patient or the family.

It has even gone farther in that the voluntary commitment law, which avoids both jury and commission, has been enacted. It simplifies admission and opens the door to many incipient cases that might otherwise delay seeking aid until symptoms of violence compelled resorted to court procedure. The voluntary commitment law is more frequently invoked in Illinois than in any state of the Union.

A recent New York report mentioned with considerable pride, that 22 voluntary patients had entered its state institutions in a single year. During the same period, our institution alone admitted 55!

My income was never large. Fees were small and what with livery bills, office rent and current expenses there was little surplus at the end of the year. I carried an unusually large free list and every favorable outcome in a difficult case simply added to it.

Here again compensation was not measured in dollars. For instance, a man rushed into my office exclaiming, "two boys are drowning in the swimming pool," as a frequenter of the river, I knew what this meant and immediately ran to the bath house, only a block away. The court of this establishment contained a large swimming pool. There I found a group of fifty men either wringing their hands or with poles trying to reach the young negro whose body lay outstretched at the bottom of the pool, plainly visible, under twelve feet of crystal clear water. I grasped the situation in an instant and plunged into the water and settled down directly over the body, seized him by one wrist, kicked my heels against the cement bottom and rose to the surface. Ladders were floated out to me and we were hauled in. I immediately began a vigorous application of the means employed in the resuscitation of the drowned. But it was in vain. He had been too long in the water and life was extinct. I had better devoted my attention to the living, to the other boy who had been rescued alive but who was freely expectorating blood. They took him home but he died that evening.

I returned to my office thoroughly soaked and had a haberdasher bring me a complete outfit except coat and vest which I had thrown off before making the plunge.

Two days later, while making my rounds a hearse passed me followed by half the colored population of the city. The hearse contained the bodies of the two bath house attendants.

Of course, there could be no financial compensation for such an act, but I noticed that, as I passed along the street after the evening papers came out, people would turn their heads and point me out or an occasional acquaintance would grasp my hand and congratulate me upon an occurrence that I merely counted as part of the days run.

Later, several delegations of colored people called at my office and expressed their appreciation of what they considered great condescension on the part of a white man toward one of their race.

The incident did not strike me that way at all. No color line is drawn when human life is in danger nor should it at any other time, for that matter.

My association with the colored people did not cease with this incident. Years later, I was post surgeon in Albay, Luzon, garrisoned by a troop of the 9th U.S. Cavalry. Every man, including Capt. Charles Young, was colored. We were stationed there ten months and Lieutenant Pearson, myself and one member of the hospital corps were the only white men in the command.

Capt. Young was one of the most accomplished men I ever knew. He was a West Point graduate and the only man of his race to rise to a captaincy in the regular army. He rose much higher later and was retired a Brigadier General just before his division sailed for France during the World War. He died in 1922 while serving as military attache to the Republic of Liberia. He know Booker T. Washington and was an intimate friend of Paul Lawrence Dunbar and recited his poems with more than the fervor of a trained elocutionist.

During one of the fiercest downpours of the rainy season a detachment was cut off by the swollen streams and in trying to ford one of them, Private Cornelius Mitchell, with his mount, was swept away by the raging current. The men reached the post in an exhausted condition, but next morning a fresh detachment started for the place to recover the body if possible. I asked Capt. Young's permission to accompany the party and he consented, but said he could hardly see how a doctor would be of any assistance to a man who had been drowned two days. I then told him of my experience with the colored boys ten years previously.

We had a long and hard ride, but when we reached the ford the waters had receded and the natives pointed down stream where they said a dead horse had been found. Proceeding there, we were told that a sick American soldier was quartered in a nipa shack. It was Cornelius. He had been carried along by the swift current and his horse was washed from under him. He bumped against driftwood and finally grasped a log which an eddy washed to shallow water and he crawled ashore. We wrapped him in blankets and returned to the post and placed him on a cot surrounded by hot water bottles, to prevent asphixiation pneumonia. Every part of his body was bruised through contact with logs and stones. He made an uneventful recovery, but a delegation of colored men, headed by Capt. Young came to my quarters to thank me for my part in rescuing one of their comrades and once more I was the central figure of a drowning where there was no drowning, of a rescue with which I had nothing to do. Capt. Young, however, considered it the equal of a life feat and repeated to the men the circumstances of the drowning of the two colored boys in Peoria, years before. The story with embellishments spread through the army and I heard of it many years later, in the States.

A week after Cornelius was "rescued" two natives came in carrying the army saddle which the soldier bestrode when the current unhorsed him and three months later when the rainy season ended, they brought in his carbine. For the latter, they received the regular government reward.

CHAPTER VII

THE WRECK OF THE FRANKIE FOLSON

One night, in July 1890, while on the way home from a late call, I noticed an unusual number of carriages rolling down the street. At first I thought it was a crowd of merrymakers returning from the river park where summer opera was under way. It was long after closing time, and I soon learned that the carriages contained the survivors of an excursion steamer that had been caught by a squall and overturned in the lake.

Professional instinct prompted me to follow the crowd to the river bank where I found a large assemblage of people who, like myself, had been attracted to the scene of the catastrophe. Several bodies had been brought ashore and laid on the beach, the rescuers returning to the wreck for another load. I immediately joined the rescuers. There was a boatyard nearby and we turned over a number of flat bottomed scows and laid out the bodies in regular order. Although they had been dead nearly an hour and life was extinct beyond hope of resuscitation, I immediately began active restorative measures at which I had become proficient.

It was a weird scene. Of the eight bodies brought ashore, seven were women and there, in the moonlight of a July night, was a morgue surrounded by 500 people.

All of the passengers were from Pekin, ten miles below Peoria and they had come in holiday garb and in holiday spirit.

The first body was that of a girl who had graduated from high school the night before and who, with several of her classmates, had come up on the excursion steamer as the guest of the school authorities.

A middle aged woman and a grown girl were drawn out and their resemblance to each other proclaimed them to be mother and daughter, which fact was afterwards verified.

In inducting artificial respiration with the head lowered and the arms alternately stretched overhead and the elbows forced against the chest rhythmically seventeen times a minute, the first effect was to force the accumulated water from the mouth and probably from the lungs. During the movements, an occasional gurgle would issue from the throat and the bystanders mistaking these sounds for signs of life, cheered lustily and encouraged me to continue. It was all in vain, however, and I was sorry that false hopes had been raised. Others joined in the attempt at resuscitation and we did not desist until the last victim had been treated.

As I stood beside the body of one woman, a man came up and removed her breast pin and was stripping the rings from her fingers. When I peremptorially stopped him he said it was the body of his wife. I told him even so it was a bit unseemly to be tearing the jewelry from her person when even death was not established beyond question. I told him that we had no way of knowing he was her husband, although I was satisfied he was and I merely used the occasion to instill a little show of respect for the dead. It evidently did not occur to the man that at a time like this he might be regarded as a ghoul and it would require but a few minutes to inflame a crowd already wrought to a high pitch into a lynching party. Aside from this, a coroner does not permit the removal of any object that would assist identification or offer evidence in case of an accident like this.

Our efforts at resuscitation having proved futile, I stepped into a boat and was rowed out to the wreck, about half a mile from shore. The little steamer, caught by a gust of wind had turned completely on its side, but the water was shallow enough to permit the side of the cabin to be flush with the surface. It was surrounded by a fleet of skiffs, many of which had aided in rescuing living passengers.

She was a reconditioned freighter and was renamed in honor of Grover Cleveland's bride who had just been installed as mistress of the White House. I hope that this excellent lady has never heard of the misfortune that befell her ill fated namesake and have no fear that the limited circle this narrative will reach will include her and cause her a pang of regret. In changing the boat into a double decker, the superstructure was so far above water that it brought the center of gravity so high as to easily topple it over when the storm struck it amidship. The many passengers on the hurricane-deck gave it additional impetus when it started to reel. These were thrown into the water and had some chance to swim or cling to the wreckage, but those inside the cabin were hopelessly trapped. Inspection was not rigid at that period of inland navigation and e excursion steamers were nearly always loaded beyond their rated capacity.

We were able to stand on the exposed side of the boat and immediately began breaking down the windows and transoms and exploring the interior of the cabin with pike poles which had been brought out from ice houses on the opposite shore. It was a gruesome task and the crowd gasped as each body was recovered and placed in a skiff to be taken ashore.

After we had torn away practically all of the cabin and grappled every part of the hull, we felt that there might be bodies hemmed in around the boilers and engine.

Then a scene strange to an inland town was enacted!

The Peoria waterworks owned a diver's suit which was kept in case exploration of the city well became necessary. The coroner had publically proclaimed me in charge of all operations and I sent for the suit and diver.

It was a novel proceeding to dress him for the descent. The leaden shoe soles must have weighed twenty pounds each. The brass casque with its strong plate glass eye pieces was placed over his head and bolted to his metal rimmed collar. Before descending, we tested the hose and the pump that was to convey the only air he was to breathe after submerging. He gave us specific directions before fitting on the mask. In addition to the hose that kept him supplied with air, we tied a rope around his waist. His signals were, one tug, MORE AIR - two tugs, HOIST.

To us it was a critical moment. The coroner ordered absolute silence while operations were under way and the crowd respectfully obeyed. Two men worked the air pump and the diver dropped out of sight. Before he had been down two minutes, I felt a tug on the signal rope and we quickly brought him to the surface and unscrewed the helmet. He asked us that was the matter and we asked him the same question.

It appeared that in moving about the machinery the rope caught against something and I felt a slight tug. The experience was so unusual for me that I took no chance of mistaking the signal and he was prematurely hoisted.

After rehearsing the signals and readjusting the helmet, he again descended and, after what seemed to us an endless time, two jerks told us to bring him to the surface, which we promptly did. He told us the water was so murky that there was scarcely any visibility but that he located a body in the stern of the vessel. It was hemmed in by a broken beam but, following his description, we were able to recover it by means of grappling hooks.

Breakfast and dinner were brought out and I continued on duty throughout the day. In all, we recovered thirteen bodies in addition to the eight already ashore. A checkup showed one more missing and that body was found a week later several miles down stream.

It was identified as that of the pastor of a nearby village church and his parishioners turned out en masse to pay him a final tribute but wondered why he was on a pleasure craft loaded with merry making young people on Sunday night when he might with greater propriety have been holding services in his parish church. The river will never reveal the reason and it is just as well to allow it to carry the secret to the waters of the ocean in which so many have gone down deprived of the opportunity of leaving a final message.

Of course there could be no fee for services rendered the dead, but I was more than repaid by the approval of the public and by the generous press notices. Not so long ago a man brought our home paper into my office and there, under the heading TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO was a very complimentary allusion to my part in the tragedy. Others deserve much more credit, when the lake was crowded with river craft carrying thousands of spectators sort of obscured the work of the valient volunteers of the night before. Some of them were invited to the homes of survivors and heard expressions of gratitude, but I dealt only with the dead and all I got out of it was a clear conscience, a thorough soaking and the ill will of the fellow I prevented from removing the jewelry from the person he recognized as his wife.

CHAPTER VIII

POLITICAL ACTIVITIES

Politics always fascinated me and I became a member of the Woodford County central committee the year I cast my first vote, 1880. Incidentally, I was nominated for coroner the same year, an honor or obligation usually impressed upon the newest physician but carrying with it, as it did in this instance, the certainty of defeat.

Over there at Metamora in the old court house of my native county, now a Lincoln shrine, are the certified returns of the votes case in Spring Bay township in the election of 1860.

At the head of the ticket stands the name of Abraham Lincoln, at its foot, John G. Zeller, nominee for coroner. Of course both lost the county, although my father carried the township. He had just been granted citizenship, but was drafted to complete the ticket.

Somehow the losing campaigns we conducted in an overwhelmingly democratic community made us intensely ardent republicans and my ardor was only heightened by moving into the larger field.

Before I was in Peoria a year, I was chosen vice president of the Young Men's Republican Club, an organization that had a subsidiary in every ward in the city.

In 1894, I was made a member of the county central committee. A few days later I was told that I was being mentioned for chairmanship. Now this was an honor far beyond my dreams and one rarely conferred upon a first termer, but when the committee met for organization, I was elected without a dissenting vote. The chairmanship in those days meant much more than now. We called the conventions, apportioned the delegates and virtually dictated the nominations.

The campaign of 1894 was unusually hectic. The county had never gone republican, even Abraham Lincoln having lost it both in 1860 and 1864. When the votes were counted that fall we found that we had carried the county by 2008 and had elected every man on the ticket. Of course we were roundly abused-persecuted in fact-by those whose nominations we blocked but our sincerity was never questioned.

We held tremendous rallies, the greatest of which was the opening of the colosseum when we brought out Major McKinley, Governor of Ohio, whom we proclaimed everywhere as "The Advance Agent of Prosperity." We provided a special train and I rode down from Chicago with him. Every town on the line wanted to hear him and he made thirteen speeches from the rear platform to my old neighbors at each station. I had telegraphed ahead to the various towns and at nearly every stop, prominent citizens boarded the train and rode with us to Peoria.

It was really the preliminary swing around the circle that resulted in the nomination and election of McKinley as President of the United States in 1896. When he left the Ohio capitol, he took from the wall a life size photograph, autographed it and sent it to me. I hung it in the republican headquarters, but I treasure it too highly to again allow it to pass out of my hands.

I got to know him intimately and was, on two occasions, a guest at the White House. Several positions were open to me, but as they were not in line with my profession, I could not consider them. The opportunity came when the Philippine insurrection broke, and I asked him for an assignment in the medical corps.

I was named acting assistant surgeon of the United States Army. President McKinley had been a gallant soldier in the Civil War and had served sixteen years to congress and held strictly to the customs of the service.

He said he could commission me out-right, but it would be much more consistent to do so after I was once in the field. How true he was in his friendships!

After I had been in the provinces fourteen months and had participated in several campaigns, I was surprised to receive a cablegram saying I had been promoted to the rank of captain and assistant surgeon, United States Volunteers. I was number thirty-three on the list of 150 that were named and had not lifted a finger nor invoked the slightest influence in securing promotion and I felt that back in Washington in the midst of the duties that press heavily upon the occupant of the presidential chair, someone remembered.

I was heartily congratulated by the officers and men of the little post I was serving and a major, who had just been promoted from captain, presented me with his discarded shoulder straps.

I was fortunate in having, as my immediate superior medical officer, Major Merritte W. Ireland. He placed me in charge of the field hospital when he was transferred to Manila as chief medical surveyor of the Islands and I have watched with pride his steady advance and now that he is surgeon general of the United States Army, I cannot help feeling grateful at being, in a sense, his pupil.

I never got to express my gratitude to President McKinley. I came in from a hike one day and the post flag was at half mast and I learned that our commander-in-chief, the President of the United States, had succumbed to the assassin's bullet. Previous bulletins had told of his steady improvement. His successor, Theodore Roosevelt, faithfully carried out the dead president's policies and recommissioned us.

So I have two commissions, each signed by a President of the United States. I was a great admirer of Roosevelt and called at the White House while he was President. He seemed eager for my views as to the future of the islands.

I attended the first meeting of the progressives in 1912, not as a member of the party but as an ardent republican trying to prevent the schism which resulted in the defeat of nearly every republican nominee that year.

I remained loyal to my party and went down to defeat with it, but I never split with Roosevelt and was in the national convention in 1916 hoping he would be the nominee. The whole course of history might have been changed had the party named him and nothing but death could have presented his nomination and election in 1920. His old time popularity had returned and his name was on every tongue when the strenuous Rough Rider went out on the Long Long Trail, all too soon in 1919.

I was three times re-elected chairman of the county central committee and in 1895 and 1899 enjoyed the dual honor of being chairman of both the city and county central committees. Those years we fought and won the hardest municipal campaigns ever waged in Peoria.

In 1896, my prominence in the councils of the party brought me forward as a candidate for the state treasurer. I made a creditable showing in the convention, but a Chicago man was slated. I was told that if I would wait until 1898 I would be named without opposition. By that time, I realized that I had no business aspiring to an office of such grave responsibility.

Immediately after the sinking of the Maine in Havana Harbor, Governor Tanner urged upon the President a prompt declaration of war against Spain. It was apparent to everyone that a conflict was inevitable and a number of us began to recruit a volunteer regiment in order to be able to tender it when the call came.

Its nominal commander was Colonel Issac Taylor, veteran of the Civil War, and several other officers who had previous military experience.

Together with Col. S.O. Tripp of the adjutant general's office, I visited several outlying towns in each of which we mustered a company.

Governor Tanner at once mobilized the national guard of seven regiments and accepted the 1st Illinois Volunteer cavalry, the 8th Illinois Volunteer Infantry (colored) and the 9th Illinois, made up from the territory around his home and in the southern part of the State.

Patriotic feeling ran high and the pressure for precedence of call was tremendous, but the war department could not accept more than these ten.

We could have been the 15th Illinois had there been need of more troops. Some of the companies drilled regularly and it would have been a presentable and serviceable regiment. I was to be the surgeon, but signed up as private, feeling confident that I would soon rise from the ranks. My three years as a cadet in the University of Illinois would under any circumstances have given me at least a lieutenancy. I was an examining surgeon of the United States Bureau of Pensions under President Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley so was entirely familiar with military records. Later, when I saw active service and was without a field clerk, I found this earlier training invaluable, although many a sick and wounded report came back for correction before I mastered the intricacies of what is slightingly alluded to as army red tape but which is merely a demand for accuracy and precision.

I had been active in Governor Tanner's campaign and he asked me to come down to the capitol and tendered me the superintendency of the Illinois Asylum for the Incurable Insane, then under construction in my home town. Now here was something in my own line and I was glad to accept. Its opening seemed a long way off and no salary was forthcoming so I went to the Philippines for a year. The exigencies of the service kept me there three years. During my absence, Richard Yates was elected governor, but I had campaigned with him and he notified me by cablegram of my reappointment. It was eleven months before I was able to report for duty, but he faithfully held the place for me.

The men around headquarters in Manila knew of my appointment to the high position in civilian life and General Lloyd Wheaton offered to have me assigned as surgeon of a transport that was returning to the States via the Suez Canal, but cholera was raging in the Islands and I was on active duty as sanitary officer of a populous section of Manila and told him that to go home now would be like deserting in the face of the enemy. This remark he repeated when he preceded me home and I received more compliments than the attitude called for. A sense of loyalty to the duty at hand permeates every fiber of a soldier, particularly when engaged in an arduous campaign and no real soldier would give up the hardships of the field for the ease and comfort of a desk assignment.

If I lost by reason of being held overtime in the Islands, I was more than compensated by being cited by name in Governor Taft's Report of the Philippines of 1903 - "For efficient and meritorious service rendered during the cholera epidemic of 1902." Oh, there are still emoluments other than dollars. One of them is my corps badge bearing the names of the many skirmishes in which our expedition participated in Southern Luzon; the other is my Government medal bearing the coat of arms of the United States Government with the inscription "For Service" and on the reverse "Philippine Insurrection, 1899-1902." These with my army commissions and medical diplomas and certificates I prize above every other possession.

That at the age of 62, I came automatically into a pension of twelve dollars a month is not a factor in estimating my compensation, but it is a reminder of the gratitude and generosity of our great Republic.

CHAPTER IX

THE ARMY TRANSPORT

On November 10, 1899, I was named acting assistant surgeon, United States Army, with the rank of First Lieutenant and ordered to report to the chief surgeon of the Presidio of San Francisco, for over-seas duty. I took a few days to close up my affairs and did not reach the Pacific coast until the day before Thanksgiving, but right then I had my first lesson in army punctuality when I was told that I had evidently consulted my own convenience in complying with the order.

Inasmuch as the vessel I was to accompany lay in the harbor four weeks undergoing alterations to accommodate 400 cavalry horses and did not sail until the day before Christmas, I could not see that my tardiness would in any way effect the outcome of the Philippine insurrection.

After that I was, if anything, too previous. Later, while with my regiment in the Islands, I was seated at about the only staff dinner given in our officer's mess when an orderly came in, saluted, and delivered a forthwith order directing me to relieve a post surgeon whose term of enlistment was terminating. I arose in the midst of the meal, had my mount saddled, got my mess kit and blanket roll together and, with my corps pouch across my shoulder, was on the way with a detachment of 32 men in less than a half an hour. We rode two days and spent the night in a large stone building at Palestina, which we afterwards learned was an abandoned leper asylum. Later, after having served for months as sanitary officer of San Lazaro Leper Asylum in Manila, leprosy caused me no more concern than a case of ordinary itch.

When we reached our destination, it transpired that we had arrived five days before we were expected and I had to skirmish around for a bunk. I learned later that others also took their time in complying with orders, for after I had been in the provinces sixteen months, I received notice that a surgeon had been ordered to relieve me. I patiently awaited his arrival and after three months, had elapsed and he was not in evidence, I facetiously sent a telegram to an officer at headquarters stating that I had been so long at the front that I was greatly emaciated and my teeth were bad and that if the surgeon who was to relieve me was not coming, I would like to be informed of the fact before all the desirable lots in the provincial cemetery were taken.

The fellow I sent it to was a congenial friend, but he carelessly showed the telegram around headquarters and it was taken up as a breach of military etiquette and the only thing that saved me from a court-martial or censure was that I was able to produce a receipt from the signal sergeant showing that I had paid thirty-eight cents for the telegram, which stamped it was personal, rather than official, communication. Another three months rolled by before I was finally relieved, but I never again tried to get gay with headquarters.

But I am breaking the continuity of my story and must revert to the army transport. I boarded it on December 23rd and she lay in the "stream" over night. Next day we steamed through the Golden Gate and I took what I considered might prove a last look at the shore of my native land. Even the outer light ship, permanently anchored twenty-four miles from shore, seemed a final friend. We had scarcely passed it and the pilot was still aboard when something happened and we cast anchor.

The ship lay there all Christmas day during which there were disquieting rumors as to the seriousness of a mishap to the machinery.

It was a chartered English vessel and the captain was a gruff old sea-dog who said it was a matter that was his own affair as navigation officer and intimated that it was none of our business. The pilot, in conference with the lieutenant in charge of the troops, said that since we were set on a 6000 mile cruise without convoy we could not afford to start out with crippled machinery. Incidentally, he may have had another pilot's fee in mind, but the ship was ordered back to port.

I rather felicitated myself that I was to again set foot on land, but that dream was shattered when inspecting engineers came aboard and pronounced the vessel fit for the voyage. Anchor was raised next morning and for the third time we passed through the Golden Gate.

The ship - I don't remember its name, and don't want to - was a big freighter belonging to an English company which leased it to an agency for 300 dollars a day. This agency sublet the lease to another agency for 600 dollars a day and the final leasees leased it to the United States for 900 dollars a day, so that three sets of individuals were each receiving 300 dollars a day for the old hulk.

It was a freighter that had been in the Australian wool trade and was knows as the worst roller afloat. Our government had spent more than a hundred thousand dollars on the superstructure for the accommodation of the horses and for the fresh water tanks.

The additional weight on the upper deck added to its top heaviness and when we struck a rough sea the horses were thrown forward and back and their bodies were bruised so that great gangrenous hunks fell away leaving ugly open sores. We had a veterinary surgeon aboard, but he could do nothing except to assist in heaving the carcases over-board every morning. We lost 55 head before reaching Honolulu and 150 more were so bruised that they were taken ashore and left in a corral. We reached Manila with less than 200 of the 450 animals we had taken aboard.

The quarters for the men were abominable and the fare was none too good. The men were fed on contract and a ship's officer told me that a captain's standing with the owners was gauged by the profit shown at the end of each voyage.

The crew consisted of 55 Chinamen who were under a super cargo of their own nationality. His men were quartered below the fore castle and their care did not devolve upon me. When their super complained to me about their food, I accompanied him to their mess and found a wretched condition. My nostrils told me of tainted meat even before it was shown me. I went to the captain of the ship and expostulated and he said they were part of the operating crew and that their welfare was none of my business. I told him that as a United States army officer sailing under our flag I would certainly report the situation upon our arrival in port. He accompanied me to the Chinese quarters and gave the boss a severe scolding for complaining. He broke a rancid biscuit and pronounced it good and pointed to the mottled rice as evidence that they were properly provisioned, but I noticed that he never tasted the rice or the meat. Neither did I. He told me that after I had followed the sea as long as he had, I would consider anything good enough for a Chinaman. Thank heavens, afloat or ashore, I never lost sympathy for those people or any other who were being denied their rights.

I learned that this captain had been complained of in a hundred ports, but that he always reached the consular office first and told what a crew of rapscallions he had aboard, thus forestalling their protests. The home port of the ship was Liverpool and maritime law held that a sailor need not be paid until his return home. If he quit before the voyage ended, he was considered as a deserter and lost his accrued pay. This showed an additional profit, as there were always beach combers ready to sail on any vessel and the company was ahead the amount owing the deserter.

Down in the hold were about fifty live sheep. Several were slaughtered every day for the Chinese crew. There was no ice aboard and the tainted meat and the odor from the offal was nauseating.

Our fare was very good. We ate at the captain's mess, as per contract and paid a dollar a day each, which further added to the company profit.

When we crossed the 180th meridian we gained a day; that is we went to bed Sunday night and woke up Tuesday morning. When I settled with the captain in Manila harbor, he charged me for that day and I made him deduct it. He was utterly disgusted at what he called Yankee cheek and told me that if he had me under British jurisdiction he would order me in irons. I told him that if I had him ashore under our flag I would turn him in as a sea monster. We parted with mutual disgust and I am a strong believer in American ships for American soldiers.

Just before we entered Honolulu harbor the pilot and the quarantine officer came aboard. The two engaged in earnest conversation with the captain and I heard them talk about the national guard, quarantine and fumigation, and I wondered whether there was war or pestilence or both in the city. They called me in conference and told me that a violent outbreak of bubonic plague was raging in the city and that no vessel was permitted to leave port and that we must decide whether or not to land.

Four blocks of buildings had been turned to check the spread of the disease, a foolish and wholly useless procedure as subsequent revelation of the origin and communicability of the disease has proven.

The cable had not yet been laid and I could not communicate with the home authorities for instructions, but told the officers that the pitiable condition of the horses demanded immediate relief, so we proceeded to the pier. Just as soon as our hawsers were fastened, we attached tin discs around them as a precaution against rats running up the ropes and infecting the ship.

Upon landing, we found a state of terror gripping the city. No steamer could secure clearance papers and the hotels were filled with frightened tourists unable to quit the Islands. Fabulous sums were offered for passage home and a group tried to charter a ship and pay a corps of sanitary officers to accompany it. One banker went down to the wharf in overalls and shipped as a common seaman on a vessel bound for Australia. He knew that months would lapse before he reached home, but he would at least be on the way and out of a pest ridden city. A society lady hired out as stewardess on a vessel bound for Brazil via Cape Horn. Long before she reached home, quarantine was lifted and passengers were proceeding on their way on the regular liners.

I promptly tendered my services to the chief health officer and was given a sanitary inspectors badge that admitted me anywhere within the quarantined district and gave me police powers. The entire national guard was on duty and everyone approaching the proscribed district was challenged. Ropes were stretched across many street and the Chinese and Japanese quarters were under double guard. I knew nothing about bubonic plague, as our text books touch upon it lightly and when I went to the Royal Hawaiian Libraby I could find no medical books. Then I thought of the Encyclopedia Britannica and sure enough, there under the proper heading, was an exhaustive treatise on the disease. In thirty minutes I became an expert and knew the history of the great epidemic that decimated various parts of the world in the past. The disease was mentioned as being confined to the barefooted and bare legged races. This proved to be true in Honolulu where, of the dozens of cases only one American was smitten and this was a girl who ran about without shoes or stockings.

Now that we know that the disease is conveyed by the bite of a flea that imbibes the virus from an infected rat, we fully understand why it affects the bare legged races and why a dead rat found in the street near the governor's

palace caused consternation in the residential section of the city.

We had been fifteen days on the way from San Francisco instead of the usual five or six. The boat rolled so in the rough sea that we sailed hundreds of miles out of our course. In that time, much soiled linen had accumulated and I took a bundle to a steam laundry that promised to have it ready in two days. The next morning ropes were stretched across the street and trucks were hauling the clothes to the quarantine station. I was told to go there and identify and reclaim my apparel, but when I have one look at the mountain of stuff gathered from half the laundries in town, I gave up. I was advised to list my effects and file a claim with the commission, but my loss seemed so trifling compared with sacrifices others were making that I could not bring myself to do so. Had I followed instructions, I would have been amply reimbursed, as our government, a year later, voted five million dollars to the insular authorities for damage incurred in checking the outbreak and I could have been wearing Japanese silk with the money allowed for the loss of my cotton shirts and white duck blouses.

We were in Honolulu thirteen days and when we sailed were told to make a thorough search to see that no stowaway had crept aboard thus endangering our personnel during the remainder of the cruise. The search was unnecessary. There was no stowaway, while on the other hand, several of our stevedors and quartermaster's men were missing and we learned later while on the high sea, that they had joined the Hawaiian National Guard at three times the pay they were receiving in the transport service.

It did not constitute desertion, since they were not in the military service and I wished them good luck and immunity from the plague.

CHAPTER X

THE CARGO AND PERSONNEL

Our transport, in addition to 450 horses carried an enormous stock of supplies for the army and the insular government. We had 700,000 feet of California redwood lumber aboard and all the machinery and tubing that went into the constuction of the largest ice plant in the world. There were twenty blacksmith's outfits and 50,000 horseshoes as well as a years supply of medical stores for the entire volunteer force. The manifest read like the catalogue of a mail order house and the stock was about as extensive, except that none of it was for sale.

The personnel was a motley company of calmness and fury, of piety and blasphemy, of courage and timidity, such as could only be found on a transport in the strenuous days of 1899 when the second volunteer army was pushing its way East to quell the hostile outbreak that followed our first attempt at colonization beyond our shores.

We had on that boat every phase of humanity from the devout chaplain who offered a daily prayer to the God of War and the Angel of Peace, to the reckless cowboy who damned the enemies of his country and who was spoiling to get at them.

There were officers of rank and scores of subordinates. There was a battalion of raw recruits going out to complete the quota of regiment that was being assembled in Manila from time expired men of the first expedition who chose to be mustered out in the Islands and receive the handsome travel pay accruing to them by reason of saving the government the expense of transporting them home and bringing others over to fill their places.

It was an interesting medley of humanity representing every section of the United States, but the great majority came from the coast country and the territory west of the Mississippi. There were blacksmiths, packers, teamsters, printers, farmers, and trained department clerks who were to open the books of the new Division of the Philippines, as well as the hospital corps men and a number of contract surgeons - bright intelligent practitioners who had closed their offices for a tour of duty in the colonies - many to win promotion in their special field and many, also too many, to fall victims to the very diseases they sought to combat.

The men who were employees of the quartermaster's department ranked as civilians, with whom it was no breach of the customs of the service for a commissioned officer to associate, and I whiled away many an otherwise tedious hour with them.

The packers, known as mule skinners, were plainsmen who had participated in the Indian Wars and one man was with Custer's regiment, but was left behind with the pack animals on that fatal morning when every member of the command, including the general, was killed. He seemed to feel that, had he been with them the result would have been different and, anyhow, he said he had no business being alive when so many better men met death. Later, when our regiment took the field and I saw these sturdy frontiersmen bring up our supplies without a moments delay, I realized what a valuable adjunct they were to the army during what Roosevelt termed the "Winning of the West."

Of all this crew there was none more unique than "Slim." Slim didn't rank anyone in particular, but unconsciously he was the idol of the whole batch of quartermaster's employees and the envy of all the enlisted men and most of the officers. It wasn't on account of any exalted station he had held in life, nor was his present assignment of such a nature as to cause him to be worshipped for he was carried on the payroll as "Cyrus E. Wang, packer, late private, 2nd Oregon Volunteers". It was this latter designation that caused us to look with wonder upon Slim, for, though many of us had idled in the Southern concentration camps during the entire war with Spain, none, or very few, had been privileged to participate in actual hostilities. Slim had been a cowboy on the Western plains since he was old enough to straddle a broncho and throw a lariat and was always spoiling for a fight, and he joined the Oregons the moment he thought there was a chance for active service. He spoke Spanish like a Greaser, for he had herded along both sides of the Rio Grande and this knowledge made him a conspicious figure in the regiment on its way over with the first expedition. It didn't win him a commission or even a corporal's chevrons, for Slim wasn't of the material of which noncoms are made. He was one of those fellows who was constantly guilty of some escapade which caused every member of his company to fear a general court-martial, but his faculty for getting into trouble was only equalled by the ease with which he got out of his scrapes. How he ever got into the army only a volunteer recruiting officer can tell. The regiment had to have its quota, for many complete organizations were clamoring to be called into service and it would never do to offer a National Guard regiment unless recruited to its full strength. Anyone could see the fight in Slim's eyes, so he was enrolled. His name "Cyrus" didn't cling to him a week. No sooner had he taken his place in the ranks than his tall ungainly figure had won him the nickname of Slim. It stuck to him throughout his enlistment and it was not a misnomer. Every community has among its young fellows a few choice characters to whom appropriate nicknames are given. There isn't a farming community or a city lodge or even an athletic organization but has among its members a "Slim" or a "Fatty" or a "Shorty" or a "Red". In the former, the Oregon volunteer certainly excelled for the name fit the individuals appearance so perfectly that one instinctively recognized its appropriateness and stopped all further inquiry as to the real name.

So it was that everyone felt that he knew Slim. My attention was first directed toward him on my inspection rounds. His assignment placed him in charge of a bunch of horses down on the lower deck and the familiar manner in which he approached the animals stamped him at once as one of that rapidly disappearing band of western pioneers knows as "cowboy". We invariably either found him caressing one horse or cursing another. Most generally the latter. And the conversation he bestowed upon them was so witty that an inspection of his particular section of the ship meant simply for us an ordeal where to suppress a smile was our principal concern. Slim was a quartermaster's employee, hence, only slightly susceptible to army regulations and he knew it. His talk to the horses was really meant for us and if the rations were a bit stale or lacking in quantity, we usually found it out through Slim's conversation with the animals. He would chuck a horse under the chin and pat him on the hide and say, "Cheer up there old Nazeppa, you ain't faring' no worse than we are. You have your fodder brought to you and don't have to stand in line and take hands out when it suits the scullions to serve you. Brace up, old fellow, and you may be detailed as an officer's mount and then you'll be a darned sight better off than any private in the army."

It was such choice bits of raillery that made the inspection of Slim's squad so painfully humorous. When he wasn't at work he was usually seated upon a hatch cover surrounded by a score of listeners whom he regaled with choice yarns of experiences in every part of the world from the Rio Grande to the Pasig. Many a time the loungers on the officer's deck were disturbed by loud peals of laughter from Slims audience and then he would hear him say, "Shut up, you rookies; don't you know that an enlisted man has no right to laugh? That is a privilege reserved for us teamsters. You fellows are coming over here to get killed and our business is to haul you off the field and see your bodies properly labelled before they are thrown in the trenches. Oh, I'll see that your graves are kept green. It's an easy job to be sexton in Luzon where the grass begins to sprout almost before you are through pattin the earth smooth on the grave. It's much pleasanter to be the Burial Corps than the burial corpse. I've been the one and came durned near being the other, but this trip you fellows do the fightin' and it will be our business to see how many of your bodies we can pile on an escort wagon without straining the mules. I tell you its ticklish business drivin' over a rice field after a fight and not run over the fellows layin in the grass who are still alive. I know how it is myself, for up there on the north line around Caloocan and Laloma Church, I was more in danger of being trampled to death by the mules than I was from dying on account of this wound which tore away half my face and made a veteran of me. Most of us that were hit got it right in the head. The rice dikes are just high enough to hide the body when you lie down flat, but you have to raise and aim when you want to make your shot effective and as that is just what some confounded insurrector was doing at the same moment it was nothing unusual to see a fellow fall back with a jerk and let his rifle drop over the trench. We hadn't time to tend to them during the day and at night we had to replenish our stock of ammunition and cook up enough chow over a screened fire to last us through the next day."

"Those were the days when they spoke of the firin' line and it was rightly named. If ever those rice fields became exhausted the owners can turn them to good account by converting them into lead mines. The line was miles in length and we advanced by successive volleys and rushes, until the voices of the Filipino, low as they speak, could be plainly heard. The afternoon of February 5th, the day of the outbreak, a little Filipino boy came crawling up to us from the river with his usual bundle of poorly printed Manila papers and told us of the havoc in the other regiments. He said that up to noon there were ninety-five Americans killed. I was just beginnin' to wonder how many of our fellows were

in the list when suddenly the light went out. You don't know when you are hit. You must stop thinkin' and if you live you can only remember what you were doin' last. Now I have a distinct recollection of talkin' with that Filipino and the next thing I remember is waking up in the wet grass with a headache. When I put my hand to my head, I found that only a part of it was there, but the little newsboy was with me and his papers were bloody. He said the soldiers had all gone. I looked around and couldn't see one of my comrades and then I knew they had charged the line as they intended to, just before dark."

"You know how the wounded always suffer for water? Well, when you lie wounded in a rice field that doesn't bother much, especially in the rainy season. I had enough water about me to supply the wounded of an entire brigade. Well the litter bearers got to me after a while, being guided by the boy and later I was able to ride on the seat with the ambulance driver while worse wounded men were inside. Those places sound a long way from Manila, but it isn't far. They are really suburban towns and by noon I was in the hospital with enough bandages and dressings on my head to make me look like a walking pillow."

"Some days the doctors decided I must have a part of my tongue removed, other days they decided that the left eyeball would have to come out to save the right, then I was told that a part of the upper jaw would have to be removed and through all their consultations I kept gettin' better and better until, just as I was countin' on rejoinin' my regiment and wondering how far the fighting line had advanced, I was suddenly ordered home to be mustered out of the service for gun shot wound in line of duty. Funny that they won't take a man for a soldier and in the next hour hire him for harder work as a teamster, but that's what they did with me and here I am, in spite of the doctors."

"They said my jaw was sprung so that it would be impossible for me to subsist on the army ration and they said my eye would prevent me ever again being a good marksman. The sharpshooters badge I had on when I was shot and which I proudly wore to the recruiting station when I tried to re-enlist didn't seem to make any difference, but when you fellows get down to field rations and are grumbling at the fare you will find me enjoying hardtack and if things ever get warm and you chaps are running from the enemy or seeking shelter, I'll be pumpin' 'em full of lead at three hundred yards without taking aim. A good pistol shot don't waste time taking aim. Many a time I've thrown my hat in the air while in full gallop on the plains and put all six bullets of my Colt's through it before it struck the ground. You don't aim to do that. You just bring your gun in line with a jerk and pull the trigger."

This is just a sample of Slims narratives. He was always at it and never lacked an audience. We had a little hospital in the rear of the ship and in it was a young volunteer. He was a fellow Slim had induced to enlist and whom he had always known. When Slim wasn't recounting adventures down on the soldiers deck, he was sitting beside his chum in the hospital. From the young soldier I learned that what Slim was telling of his Philippine experience was true, but that half had not been told. From him, as well as from Slim himself, I obtained his most interesting history, all of which was substantiated in my future contact with an officer of his regiment.

It was a history that made history and had the hero of it possessed a fractional part of the sense of publicity as he did of courage his name would rank among those who won fame in the Islands of the East.

Ah, Slim, out there at the foot of The Dalles on that irrigated tract you filed on with your soldiers warrant, you have grown rich and your two college bred boys are mining engineers with a promising future, but I dare say you have never been as carefree as on that second voyage to the Orient.

One night we were told that there would be a watch party on deck and we sat about until two o'clock in the morning and there was revealed to us that most wonderful and awe-inspiring sight of all the firmament, The Southern Cross, and we knew we were nearing port.

We had very little sickness and no deaths on the voyage and when the rocky coast of Corregidor hove in sight and we passed through the inlet and dropped anchor in Manila Bay, we had been out from San Francisco just forty-five days.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE FIELD

Countless impressions of Manila have been published, so one more recital would be of no interest. In fact, my opportunity for observation, so eagerly anticipated during the tedious voyage, was limited to forty-eight hours.

After reporting to the chief surgeon in the Ayuntamiento and getting a clearance for the government property charged to me, I was told to report at the office of the captain of the port where a naptha launch would take me across the bay to Naiac, a town that had been recently captured and was garrisoned by our forces. On the way, we passed the half submerged hulks of the Spanish fleet destroyed by Admiral Dewey on that memorable May morning in 1898.

My stay in Naiac was of short duration and was occupied principally in preparing for embarkation on an expedition to the Camarines. The flotilla, consisting of three transports, two gunboats, a cruiser, two freighters and several dispatch boats, lay about five hundred feet off shore and we had to wade out to navigable depth.

As the rain was descending in torrents, we got thououghly drenched. Salt water from below and rain water from above. I recall that the former was warm, while the rain, even in the tropics, is chilly. The natives are very much afraid of rain water and I have seen thousands of them under umbrellas or banana leaves protecting the heads and shoulders from water over head while the rest of the body was immersed in the stream.

Our force had a formidable name. It was General James M. Bells Brigade of Major General Bates' Expedition to the Camarines.

We skirted the west coast of Luzon, passed through the Straits of San Bernardina and up the east coast to the mouth of the Bicol River, where anchor was cast. We were eight days on the way and spent the last night getting the men ready for an early morning dash to the shore, where an engagement with the enemy was certain to take place. It was dramatic as yawl after yawl pulled away, each carrying thirty-two men.

The colonel gave each sergeant instructions that there must be no cross firing, that is, each man must fire over the side he was nearest to.

I supposed that I was to accompany the first landing party, but Major Ireland, the regimental surgeon, stepped into last launch, saying that he could not consistently remain behind while headquarters accompanied the battalion. It was so with everything Major Ireland did. He never shirked duty. He was with Pershing in Mexico and was one of the thirty-two staff officers who accompanied the General in 1917 on the first U.S. transport that went overseas after our declaration of war and became chief surgeon of the A.E.F. He is the present surgeon general of the U.S. Army, retired.

The men left behind on the transports chafed all day, especially when they heard the desultory firing ashore, but our turn came next morning and the routine of the previous day was repeated.

BEFRIENDING THE BEREFT

It was Washington's birthday and I recalled that at home my club was holding its annual banquet and that no doubt the orators were telling all about the Philippines.

Distressing rumors of the lesses sustained by the men of the first landing party spread through the command, but these were dispelled in a happy reunion when we reached their camp two days later and found that the casualties consisted of only one man killed and several wounded. To me it was a great relief, as one of the first men to go ashore was my nephew and namesake who, although under age, was accepted by the recruiting officer at home. He was the only grandson of my father. He came home with his regiment wearing a corporal's chevrons and was mustered out under eighteen after serving 20 months in the islands. At the age of 35, he enlisted for the World War and after being stationed in several cantonments, was honorably discharged at Camp Lee, Virginia, after the armistice, just as he was about to be commissioned second lieutenant.

On the way, and in my friendly relationship with the officers, I learned much about army life and military maneuvers - information that I was very much in need of. I found that a number of war correspondents were aboard and as one of them represented the Chicago Daily News, I sought him out and it proved to be John T. McCutecheon, whom I had met in the lobby of the Springfield hotels while he was reporting conventions. He was among the first to go ashore and was always right at the front, eager for first hand information. When we landed and captured Nueva Caceres, after a feeble resistance during which we were under fire many times, he was everywhere jotting down items for the columns of his paper.

Months later, when his articles reached us, we saw that he had drawn pencil sketches that stamped him as more than a mere correspondent. His illustrations showed the genius of an artist and I was not surprised, after coming home, to find that the Chicago Tribune recognized this talent and that he had become, and still is, America's foremost cartoonist.

But there is a story connected with that: When I called on him in his Chicago studio, he told me that when Philippine news was growing stale he was ordered to proceed to South Africa and report the Boer War. He took an interland transport for Manila and caught a liner bound for the Suez Canal. At Singapore or Arden, his ship was quarantined for three weeks and during that time, Ladysmith had been relieved and the Boer War blew up, but worse than that, the Boxer uprising had taken place and he missed that also. He said he was so disgusted that he would never write another line about war and he hasn't. The reading public missed much during the World War by reason of this decision, as he was as brilliant in reporting as in sketching.

Within two hours after entering Nueva Caceras, we arranged temporary quarters for the sick and wounded and in a few days established a creditably equipped hospital in a fine old Spanish residence. Our forces consisted of the entire 45th and 47th Infantry, U.S.V., but as most of the 30,000 inhabitants had fled to the hills, there were quarters for all.

Along with my regular duties I volunteered to care for a large number of Spanish prisoners whom we had rescued from the enemy. They had been in the hands of the Filipinos more than two years and were emaciated to the point of starvation. The Philippine diet was not suitable to their needs, either in quality or quantity.

My hospital stores contained ample rations and these were issued freely. They were eagerly devoured but I noticed a disposition to share equally with their fellow prisoners. That "fellow feeling that makes us wondrous kind" seemed to prevail among them and they were most considerate of each other.

My great problem was in trying to prevent them from eating their salt bacon raw, but when their sergeant explained to me through an interpreter that this was quite the common practice of Spanish soldiers we simply issued more bacon.

Several of the Spanish prisoners were suffering from old gun shot wounds and Major Taylor did some very creditable and successful surgery, considering that he had only field equipment on hand.

One poor fellow died of abscess of the liver and we buried him with military honors, convering the coffin with a Spanish flag that he had kept wrapped around his person throughout his entire imprisonment.

It was a happy day for them, and for us, when they boarded a transport for Manila on the way to Spain. They were exceedingly polite and grateful, even offering me rings and trinkets which they had kept concealed on their persons during their long imprisonment. Of course these could not be accepted and one felt more like giving to, rather than taking from, these unfortunate defenders of their flag.

They assured me that they would recommend to their country that the order of "Ysabela la Catolica" be conferred upon me, and I actually had some correspondence on the subject but there certainly was nothing about ministering to alot of starved prisoners of war that called for such extraordinary recognition.

The flotilla was still anchored in the harbor and within a week, the 47th re-embarked and proceeded to Mandanac and the 45th was ordered into the interior of the province to round up the insurrectos holding the various towns. The major surgeon accompanied the regiment and this left me in charge of the hospital, with two companies guarding the post.

When the major left, he charged me particularly to look after Corporal Taylor, a very sick man. He had pneumonia following measles. I saw that his case was critical and remained at his beside until after midnight. He passed away in a delirium during which I caught the name of his mother and his affianced in Texas. I clipped the chevrons from his sleeve and enclosed them in a letter to his mother in which I gave the particulars of his death and burial and received a grateful acknowledgment. He was the only son of the widow of a Confederate veteran. It was our first military funeral and half the garrison attended. We did not have to dig a grave, as there were several vacant niches in the cemetery wall which serve as a mausoleum in their cemeteries. Some time later, I was censured for having permitted the body to be conveyed in an ambulance instead of an escort wagon, but when it was shown that the wagons were hauling supplies from the wharf, twelve miles away, criticism was withdrawn.

I learned, however, not to misuse an ambulance and in conducting my State hospital, I never permitted a corpse to be carried on a stretcher that is used for living persons and in conveying the sick from one of our cottages to the hospitals. I have more than once corrected the litter bearers who were carrying a sick man feet forward. A man is carried but once feet first and that is when on the way to the grave. Once, when a workman was fatally crushed, I had him placed on a stretcher and conveyed to the hospital. On the way, he died and I had the carriers reverse and carry him to the morgue, feet first. It seemed a minor thing but it impressed our force with respect to the living and the dead. It still persists. Our asylum cemetery contains three thousand graves and never a woman is buried without the presence of a female attendant and a nurse accompanies every woman's corpse that is carried from the hospital to the morgue.

After a few weeks our battalion was ordered to Iriga, a beautiful inland town of 10,000 inhabitants, and I improvised another hospital. Just as I had everybody comfortable, I was ordered to proceed to Bubi, about fifteen miles away, to look after a typhoid case. The usual escort of thirty-two men went along, for it was hostile territory and the insurrectos had a number of Mauser rifles they had captured from the Spaniards and the bushes concealed numerous snipers. The men had a well defined case of typhoid fever and I realized that I was in for at least a three weeks stay.

Sickness developed among others of the garrison of eighty-seven men and I was on continuous duty in that remote town thirteen months. During that period, I became thououghly acquainted with the natives and as civil government succeeded martial law we worked in harmony. As military rules became less stringent, we attended their fiestas and social affairs and were everywhere shown courtesy that we tried to make mutual.

The Bicols are a mild mannered people and have their own simple language, part of which I acquired.

In addition to my routine duties, I held a free clinic under a mahogany tree on the plaza. The natives had long been without medical attention and every disease was present, including leprosy. We had a special store of medical supplies for indigent natives and these we issued freely. Many came with money which I invariably declined. We did some very creditable surgery, notably the removal of the cancerous breast of the sister of the Alcalde and the reputation of the open air clinic spread throughout the province. I regretted its abandonment more than anything else when shifted to another post, but quickly established another at my new station.

I relieved surgeons at Ligne and Polangui and my final station was Tabaco, in the rich province of Albay, where I remained seven months. The post was garrisoned by a company of the 15th Infantry, a fine old regiment whose history dated back to the Revolution when it was known as the Second Foot and its Colonel was George Washington. It had just come from China, having been a part of the relief column of the allied army that captured Peking. The men had much valuable loot and I could have bought sable cloaks and cloisonne vases for a song, but who cares for cloaks in the tropics. The company was succeeded by a troop of the 9th U.S. Cavalry, colored.

That reminds me of a visit I made to Lipa during the cholera epidemic, when I saw a pair of skates hanging on the wall of the barracks. Upon inquiry, I learned that the company was fresh from an Alaskan station, where skates were appropriate. I was impressed with the ability of the human body to adapt itself to a change from the artics to the tropics, but it seemed to me that it would have been much worse to reverse the move and am sure that I would have chilled to death had I been ordered to the Artic Circle. I have been home twenty-five years and even now find myself shivering in freezing weather, particularly at night.

IN THE FIELD

When General Frederick Grant was placed in command of the Department of Southern Luzon, he came down on a tour of inspection and his transport lay at anchor in the Seno de Tabaco, a landlocked harbor not quite deep enough to permit ocean going vessels to come up to the pier.

His side came ashore and when I learned that the General was aboard, I told the men around our mess that I was going out to pay my respects to him. They scouted the idea and said, "Very likely that a captain in the medical corps would have the nerve to step into a government launch and call on a brigadier general, commanding officer of the department and son of a president of the United States." "Why not?" I said, "he is a native of my native state and I know many of his friends and I'll bet you there will be a friendly exchange of greetings, aside from that, I have not had a square meal in two years and that ship is provisioned for a banquet and it will be just about invitation time when I reach it." They intimated that our cook would set aside something to appease my appetite when I returned from a fruitless endeavor to put my legs under the table of an officer with stars on his shoulder straps. I told them they need not mind, and that on the contrary, I would bring ashore some delicacy from home.

Their concern was wholly unnecessary, not only did General Grant receive me with the utmost courtesy and cordiality, but he seemed pleased to see someone who had not been as long away from home as he himself and we spent several hours in pleasant conversation. I was able to bring him a reminder of his mother for I had attended the banquet of the Hamilton Club in Chicago shortly before leaving home. I described the scene in the banquet hall when, at the call of the toastmaster all festivities ceased and he announced: "The widow of the commander of the union forces of the civil war and twice president of the United States." She came through a side door of the auditorium banquet hall, leaning upon the arm of her daughter Nellie Grant Sartoris, proceeded to the middle of the room where she was met by the presiding officer who took her hand, bowed and bowed again and again to the banqueters and escorted her to the exit. Not a word was spoken but the silence on both sides spoke more eloquently than words. It touched him deeply. He did not see her again, for she died while he was still in the field.

He told me of the marriage of his daughter to Prince Cantacuzene which had recently taken place in Russia and which he could not attend because of the exigencies of the service. He said he would be ordered home by way of the Suez Canal and would break the voyage by running up into Russia to visit his daughter and new son-in-law. So, you see, shoulder straps are not a bar to congeniality. I was impressed with his elegant manners and his finely modulated voice.

Offering me a cigar, he said, "I'm sure that you have heard of my father's excessive smoking. It was very much exaggerated. He generally had a half-smoked cigar between his fingers while talking, but would light it half a dozen times before discarding it and his consumption of tobacco was far below that of many who thought him an inveterate smoker."

I came ashore with the feeling that I had almost been on a visit home. I don't know how the General felt, but several years later when he came into command of the Department of the Lakes, I called on him in Chicago and found him the same affable and courteous gentleman.

Fred Grant was a teetotaler, aligning himself with the prohibition party and those most intimately associated with him knew that he had presidential aspirations. He would probably have been the nominee of that party had not death ended his career while on Governors Island in command of the Department of the East and who knows what the drawing power of this worthy son of our greatest military strategist might have been.

The discomfiture of our officers mess was complete when I presented each with a fresh home grown apple, drawn from the ship's cold storage room.

Ordinarily the duties of an army surgeon are limited to matters pertaining to his profession, but down there in the provinces, while the military was giving way to civil government and there were but two or three officers in any of the five hundred army posts scattered about the Islands, we had various tasks assigned us. All of us were instructed never to be unarmed. As post surgeons we automatically became the health officers of the towns in which we were stationed, and with the hearty cooperation of the Alcalde and his council we made a thorough clean up. Vaccination was introduced and American schools were opened. Two of the first contingent of teachers that came over made their home in our mess and we found them a cheerful addition to our limited social circle.

Lieutenant Newbold was acting as postmaster and when he was promoted to a captaincy, he turned the post office over to me. He had been promoted from second to first lieutenant and was awaiting orders to join his battery. The new army bill went into effect in the meantime and increase of the artillery forces jumped him one grade and he became a captain ten years sooner than he had reason to expect. I paid him for eighty dollars worth of postage stamps but the market was exceedingly limited, especially for the larger denominations and during the rainy season, they stuck together and half of them were a total loss.

It was interesting work though. The inter-island transport from Manila would land at Nueva Caceres with all the mail for our regiment and a convoy would bring it down the line in a two days trip. We would receive half a dozen bags and most of the garrison would hover about during its distribution. I had five sub stations to serve and native runners were on hand each time to carry a consignment to a certain town.

I had to render official reports to the postmaster at Manila and found the work very agreeable until a sergeant came in and said he had not received an acknowledgment of some money he had sent to the states. I told him that he could not expect round trip mail short of seventy days and that his people might not hurry about sending a receipt for such a small sum. "Small Sum! There was 17 hundred dollars in that package." "Currency" I said. "Yes sir, how else could I send it? There is no bank in this bamboo town and I did not want to keep it on my person so I sent it home." "Do you mean to tell me that you dumped 17 hundred dollars into the mail sack that hangs out there in the hall as much as three weeks before a boat comes along!" I said. He assured me that he did and I was greatly relieved after the arrival of the next mail when he informed me that the money reached home intact, but right there I tendered my resignation as postmaster of the Pubelo of Tacaco, Province of Albay, Luzon, P.I.

The fellow was a card shark and the 17 hundred dollars represented his pay day winnings. He would have been nothing out had it been lost but I would have felt myself under suspicion forever..

I found later that my assumption of the duties of postmaster were purely voluntary and carried no liability and that I was not obliged to carry a stock of postage stamps. Likewise it carried no emoluments.

One week when I was the only officer in the post, a telegram arrived ordering the officers in charge to take a detail of men into the hills and capture Simeon Ola and his band of insurrectos. They were among the last of the irreconcilables and we were told of their rendezvous and to observe the utmost secrecy of movements. Accordingly, I sent for the sergeant and told him that taps would sound and lights would go out at 9 o'clock as usual. Five minutes later, 32 men would slip over to the corral, mount their horses and we would gallop away on our quest.

The program was carried out with precision and we rode 8 miles and did not halt until we reached an abandoned hacienda, where we rested our animals. Two native guides conducted us along an arroya for several miles and we dismounted at the foot of a steep bank, tethered our mounts and proceeded to clamber to the top along steps that had been cut into the rock. We reached the barric just at day break and it was a complete surprise - not to the insurrectos - but to us, for we found a few old men and women sitting around fire pots cooking rice for breakfast.

Nothing could have been planned with greater secrecy. The fastest rider could not have distanced us, there was no telegraph or other means of conveying information ahead of us, but through that mysterious grapevine communication that has puzzled all students of Island enigmas, word of our approach had preceded us. They had been forewarned and we came back from a fruitless chase. More than likely Ola and his followers looked on from some point of vantage along the bluffs and chuckled over our discomfiture. Our disappointment was only skin deep, however. The insurrection was crumbling Ramon Santos, the wariest of all their leaders, surrendered with the honors of war and within three months we were attending fiestas and home comings at which these same men were the guests of honor.

They were heroes in the eyes of their countrymen and deservedly so whatever ill feeling we may have entertained toward them while they were in the field. I saw a man accompanied by the Alcalde and guard of honor walk down the decorated

street of one of these towns and at almost every step some person would dash out and grasp his hand. I asked a bystander who he was and he said "That is Pedro Ricarte, a true Bicol and a native of this town. He has been in the hills three years and was never captured. He came in with his men last week under the amnesty terms. We are proud of him and are giving him this welcome home."

I felt that I would feel equally proud of one of my neighbors who had made similar sacrifices for my country. These men, who seemed expatoriated, speedily regained their standing in the community.

Captain Betts, an American, after being mustered out, remained in the province, married the daughter of an influential native and was elected governor. He was a very capable man but within a year, Ramon Sartos defeated him for re-election and in two years, there was not an American governor in the Islands except in Mahommedan Mindammac. It was a repetition of the honors heaped upon the brigadiers of our Southeran states after their return from fighting for the "Lost Cause."

The Bicol provinces are the home of the head hunters, of whom we heard much before our arrival. I saw two instances of their horrors. Colonel Dorst sent for me to review 7 bodies that a detachment of our men brought in from a raid on an insurrecto nest. He asked me to describe their wounds and mutilations but I could not do it any better than he did in a cablegram he sent to Colonel Durbin of Indianapolis, who was then a candidate for governor of Indiana.

The political campaign of 1900 was on at home and much was said about imperialism and the injustice of our treatment of the Filipinos. Cable rates were high and it cost Colonel Dorst $350 dollars to send the message. It was circulated as a campaign document in order to influence voters to sustain the administration. It was good for electioneering purposes, but after all, it was merely a specific instance of vengeance wreaked against a family and no more characteristics of the people as a whole than occasional Tong assassination or the fiendish act of the Camorra of Sicily.

The bodies which included the father, mother and 5 children, one an infant, were mangled beyond description. It is possible that they were accused of giving information of our movements or, it may be, that it was the culmination of an old feud stimulated to a fatal termination by the existing state of way. The bolo is a short heavy sword and swung by an expert can almost sever a body in a single stroke. The bodies showed many such thrusts.

Just before leaving the province, I was detailed to lead a detachment about ten miles into the hill country to bring in aheadless body that a pacifice or non combatant had reported. I thought it about the last piece of hard luck that I should be sent out on this dangerous hike when I had my kit packed for home, but there was a novelty and uncertainty about it that offset the inconvenience and danger.

The trail was narrow and deep and most of the time we were single file. It led up the mountain side through dense tropical jungles and past cocoanut groves, sugar plantations and an occasional abacalis or hemp field, and the native guide admonished us to be on our guard as we entered a small clearing.

There, in the center of the clearing, lay a headless human body. Not until we turned it over several times were we able to determine the back from the front. The head was missing and never found, but one of our guides claimed to identify the body by the shirt and cut away a small patch to carry away as evidence. In that way, it can be seen how feuds are perpetuated. As Filipinos dress very much alike, it is easily possible that some innocent person may become the victim of mistaken identity.

The clearing was surrounded by trees and dense vegetation and we posted a guard to insure against an ambuscade. The place was deserted, however, and we returned after assigning two natives to bury the body.

One morning, Lieutenant Adams left our post with a detachment headed for Legaspi. At noon a runner came in saying that the outfit had been ambushed while crossing a ford. I was ordered to take a squad and proceed there at once. I thought that if Adams could be waylaid, what chance would we have of escaping a similar fate? But we rode on and in two hours reached the ford.

Aside from a dead pack mule there was no evidence of the fight so we proceeded to the next town where we learned the particulars. One man was shot through the leg and Lieutenant Adams had a bullet embedded in his body. Adams took me straight to his wounded horse before having me see anyone else. He grieved over the wound and when the animal died a few days later seemed much depressed.

Adams was a native Alabaman and in addition to inherited southern culture, showed all the fine instincts instilled by West Point. His name was Sterling Price Adams and he told me that while stationed in western posts where veterans of the civil war were still serving, he was given a rather chilly reception on account of being the namesake of the notorious confederate guerilla.

Just before I enlisted, the boys at home presented me with a rabbit's foot suspended from a bar of quarts, which they called a Hot Springs diamond. It was mounted as a watch charm. I showed it to Adams just before his hike and, being much interested in southern superstitions, he asked to show it to some fellow officers.

About a week after the episode, I said: "Adams, where is my rabbit's foot?" "It's in my pocket, right where it was the morning we were fired upon at the crossing." I said "The boys at home gave it to me as a luck token and it seems to have acted as a charm in your case, but of course you are not superstitious." "No indeed, that is just a foolish belief of the ignorant masses."

About a week later I said, "How about my rabbit's foot?" "Well you see medico, I don't think you need it or care much about it. I am not superstitious but if you don't mind, I would appreciate keeping it as a reminder of our pleasant association." I said "Adams, I am not superstitious either but am somewhat of a mind reader; you are welcome to the talisman and may good luck follow you and it where ever fate may lead you." I am afraid though that the charm lost its potency. Adams would have been a high ranking officer in the world war and when I failed to see his name in any of the bulletins and made inquiry, I was told that he died just as a brilliant future loomed.

CHAPTER XII

BACK FROM THE FRONT

When the coast-wise steamer dropped anchor in Manila Bay my emotions were quite different from those experienced upon landing two years before. Then I felt that I was coming out of civilization and entering the territory of the Barbarians; now I felt the seasoned campaigner coming from the rude surroundings of camp life into an atmosphere of comfort and refinement.

Coupled with it all was the thought that I was at last on the way home and that the remainder of my service would be spent with congenial comrades of my own nationality. They were certainly most courteous and considerate. Peace had been restored, civil government had succeeded martial law, governors had either been elected or appointed in the province, the Philippine Commission with Wm. Howard Taft at its head was instituting local self government and the amnesty proclamation was about to be published.

Aboard the steamer we had a number of prominent Filipinos on their way to pay their respects to the governor general. All had been insurrectos and several had distinguished themselves in the field and their ability to avoid capture while 80 thousand of our volunteers were scouring the hills for two years showed remarkable strategic skill. Most of them had surrendered with the honors of war and I had for them the same respect we now feel for the military leaders of the Southern Confederacy, misguided though their activities were.

They were intensely attached to their country. I recall standing on deck as we passed along a strait separating two islands. A cultured native pointed across the water and said: "That is the island of Mindora. You have been there I presume?" Having informed him that my activities had been limited to the southern part of Luzon he said: "Then you have not seen the Pearl of the Orient, Mindoro, Mina de Oro, Mine of Gold." Expressing my surprise at there being gold in Mindora, he said, "No, there is no gold in Mindoro, but the soil is so fertile, the wood is so rare and valuable, the cattle so sleek and fat and the vegetables and fruit so abundant and luscious as to make the entire island a gold mine, which its name, Mindoro, signified. It is my native island and although I have been away 3 years fighting for the greater cause of the entire archipelago, I will deem it the happiest moment of my life when I can again resume my place among my neighbors of the "Enchanted Isle."

And then the thought of John Howard Payne, "Be it ever so humble," of Nathan Hale, "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country," of Arnold of Windelried and of Edith Cavell!

Ah you verdant prairies and gently flowing rivers of Illinois if you could instill into the hearts of your sons the same loyalty and devotion shown by these islanders you will never lack defenders when peril threatens.

When I reported at headquarters next day, I found that I had been ordered to Manila as an invalid. Although I had not missed a sick call in two years, the department must have concluded that I was entitled to a rest and I was ordered to report to the chief surgeon of the convalescent hospital on Corrogider Island.

Upon my arrival there, I found the interpretation correct for I was saturated with malaria which the cooler atmosphere developed into teeth chattering chills. It was a pronounced climatic change from the Southern provinces and neither my clothing nor bedding was sufficient to make me comfortable. The temperature the second night I was there registered 55 degrees above zero, the coldest recorded in 80 years, and the Manila observatory is known as one of the most accurate in the world. Its seiamograph, recording earthquakes, has always been regarded a model.

After a week of energentic treatment, I was ordered to the First Reserve Hospital for dental attention and when discharged from there, took quarters in the Hotel Oriento, the finest in the Far East outside of Japan. Here I eagerly awaited the anticipated order home. It was finally issued and the transport was at the pier loading for the homeward voyage. It was to go via Suez and I planned leaving it at Gibraltar and coming down through Europe at my own expense.

Next day, the papers carried headlines telling of two cases of Asiatic Cholera. In the afternoon, several more developed. The next morning, I went to the office of the chief surgeon and said that I was awaiting transportation home but if in the meantime I could be of any assistance in the cholera epidemic, my services were at his disposal. "You are just the man we are looking for. We are establishing a branch health office near Bilibid prison and you will report there at once and organize it, calling for such help and equipment as you deem necessary." Proceeding to the designated place, I found that á hospital steward was in charge with several assistants and that he had a number of cholera suspects

under surveillance. We immediately augmented our force and in a short time, our district had four native physicians and 22 sanitary inspectors. Two caromatas with native drivers or cocheros were placed at our disposal and we soon had a splendid organization.

My territory included the district of Binondo, Quiapo, Sampaloc and a part of Tondo, the most densely populated part of the city. At one time, we had 80,000 people within our sanitary district. The epidemic spread rapidly and we were busy all day and not infrequently spent the entire night visiting outlying territory. The fears of the natives greatly embarrassed the work of the health department. They were afraid of cremation, a foolish practice which we soon abolished. Incineration is particularly obnoxious to the Chinese. It seems there is something in their religious belief that the soul is destroyed along with the body when cremated; consequently, they used every means to conceal their cholera cases. They were known to attach a corpse to the bottom of a skiff and row unconcernedly up the Pasig river until they reached a sequested spot where the body would be taken ashore and buried in a hidden grave there to await such time as it could disinterred and returned to the Flowery Kingdom. Cocheros drove along the streets with two Chinese passengers, one of whom would be a corpse and the other apparently talking to him. Reaching the outskirts of the city, the same process of the hidden grave would follow. It was all so unncessary and when it was demonstrated that cholera could only be transmitted through the alimentary canal and that neither corpse nor atmospheric currents could disseminate the germs quarantine restrictions were greatly modified.

My district included the Chinese chamber of commerce, which was really a social organization including in its membership the leading men of their nationality. In a conference with the president of the club, I was assured that his people would comply with any regulations that would avoid incineration. This information I carried to the chief health officer and it was agreed that if a metallic coffin was provided and the grave 6 feet deep, burial would be permitted. These provisions were strictly adhered to and one of our inspectors was present at each funeral and measured the depth of the grave with a bamboo pole.

We had no further difficulty with the Chinese. In fact, they became helpful allies and promptly reported every suspect. I became intimately acquainted with these people and the privileges of the club were placed at my disposal.

My office was next door to Bilibid prison and Ci Chim, able Chinese caterer, had the contract for feeding the prisoners. He gave an ultra exclusive banquet in the garden of his residence and the consul general came over from Cavite as the guest of honor. Dishes and decorations such as I never expect to taste or see again graced the table.

The consul general was a splendid example of the Chinese ruling class. He spoke English fluently and told us he was a graduate of Williams College. He seemed to know that I was interested in the welfare of his people and expressed his appreciation in language that marked the trained and educated diplomat.

Ten years later, our home club had a banquet guest and speaker Sir Chentung Liang Cheny, Chinese Ambassador, and as a member of the reception committee, I took the opportunity of telling him of my pleasant relations with his people and my interesting evening with the consul general. "He is my brother, although as is quite common in our country we do not bear the same name. We are both graduates of Williams College, but there are so few of us in comparison with the population of our country that our influence is necessarily limited. My brother has been promoted and is now consul general of Mexico."

It gave me the utmost pleasure to be associated with those two refined gentlemen, and I hope that in the startling changes that have rent their government they have been given the recognition they deserve.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

The epidemic, at first confined to the populous portion of the city, gradually spread to its environs. Such quarantine was instituted and a strong cordon of soldiers guarded every outlet. Steamers from Japan and China were held in the harbor pending inspection and the passengers chafed under this unexpected restraint. No vessel was cleared until thououghly fumigated and then had to lie at anchor five days awaiting a possible outbreak. In spite of these precautions, the disease manifested itself in the outlying provinces and then jumped from one island to another. We rendered daily reports of new cases and the authorities were thus able to keep posted as to its subsidence or extension. When we relaxed our prophylactic measures, the number of cases increased and vice versa..

We soon found that the real source of infection lay in the food markets and these were rigidly inspected. One of the delicacies enjoyed by the natives was a preparation imported from China. It came in long dry strips which, when moistened, formed a gelatinous substance very much like tapioca. It was in reality agar-agar! Now agar-agar is used in all laboratories as a culture medium for the growth of germs and it can readily be understood that, absorbing moisture during the rainy season and with flies buzzing about as carriers, it was a menace. Pansit, another favorite Tagalog food, was also a source of infection. It consists of strands of dried dough which even when covered with mould, finds ready sale. Large quantities of both were condemned and destroyed and other foodstuffs were covered with mosquito netting. We had to watch our food inspectors closely in order to guard against their disposition to deal harshly with the natives, and at one time, a delegation of leaders called on the chief health officer to protest against what they considered unnecessarily harsh measures. A compromise was agreed upon and they became trustworthy aids in our efforts to check the epidemic.

There were many pathetic occurrences. I was called into one of the finest homes to see a young woman who had been stricken that morning. She died in the afternoon. The family, with the exception of the servants, was away for the day and when her brother returned and found his sister dead, he sent me a letter in which he expressed his appreciation of the attention that had been given the unfortunate victim and also deplored the "disgracia" that his household had occasioned. I called and assured him that to fall a victim to an epidemic disease was not disgrace, but a bystander explained to me that the term disgracia meant a shocking occurrence or something out of the ordinary and not a reflection upon anyone as we would interpret it.

The Licso de Manila, a very old institution of learning was near my office. It had 3000 students, more than 1000 of whom were residents. Two of their young men were attacked, and the problem of closing the school arose. To scatter these boys would only disseminate the disease and I called at headquarters and obtained permission to treat them in quarters. One of them died and others came down, but we made an emergency ward of one of the dormitories, and thus segregated, carried them through to convalescence while recitations went on uninterruptedly in the classroom.

This concession was considered a great boon and was so much appreciated that the trustees, under the seal of the school named me honorary professor of hygiene. Their appreciation was shown in a more substantial way when the class

in wood carving asked for my photograph and a few days later presented me with a lifelike bust carved from narra, a white wood of mahogany texture. It is a work of art and is looking down upon me from the mantel as I write.

At two o'clock one morning, I found a 16 year old boy sitting in a rice field on the outskirts of town out toward LaLoma holding the corpse of his mother in his lap while the father struggling with the disease was propped up against a dyke. They were trying to escape into the open country and we traced them from house to house where they were refused admission by inmates whom fear alone made inhospitable. In another instance, my inspectors found a family in a similar place. The father was in extremist and the mother was nursing her dying child. I had the three sent to the cholera hospital in one emergency ambulance, the father expiring on the way. The cholera hospital was within the grounds of San Lazares Hospital, a most excellent location, approached by smooth streets. For some unexplained reason it was decided to abandon this site and the hospital, at the height of the epidemic and at great expense, was transferred to Santa Mosa, nearly four miles away, to reach which the ambulance rumbled over a rough and hilly road. Deaths in the ambulances enroute to the hospital became so frequent as to call forth an order forbidding the transfer of patients in an advanced stage of the disease. The absolute unfitness of Santa Mosa as a site for a cholera hospital became so apparent after six weeks that it was abandoned and again removed at great expense, this time to the commodious stone building in Ermita, known as Santiago Hospital.

My staff consisted of 4 native physicians. They were men of unusual ability and stood so high with their people that any request made of them was speedily complied with. We also had a number of ex-soldiers as sanitary inspectors and 21 native boys employed as rat catchers, several cases of bubonic plaque having developed. Every forenoon the boys brought in their catch, each rat bearing a label where it was caught. These were sent to the Civil Laboratory for examination and if one was found infected with plaque that house was promptly vacated, fumigated and quarantined until the last rat was exterminated. The boys were paid per capita, but as rats grew scarcer their fees were insufficient and they were placed on salary. The Department had at one time 2200 plates for laying poison and 1200 rat traps. It was found, however, that the pests got wise to all these contrivances and the boys were found to be the best exterminators.

The U.S. Government had issued a bulletin discouraging the use of cats, poisons, traps and other measures against rats and advocates the erection of rat proof structures and the destruction of all breeding places. This, as a bamboo country abounding in nipa shacks will always be impossible.

The Department issued quantities of Haffkines lymph and Kitasatos serum and left nothing untried or undone to check the spread of the disease. The cholera death rate ran high. About 60% of the stricken natives died while of the whites less than 20% succumbed. The Filipinos seemed to offer little resistance to the disease. They just seemed to collapse and pass out with scarcely any recuperative power while our people responded to stimulating measures and, when the crisis passed, quickly convalesced. In all, there were some 5500 cases of whom perhaps 100 were of the white race.

Here is an example of just one of the 450 cases my station reported:

Individual Record of Cholera Cases Occurring in the District of Santa Crus, May 2, 1902
No. 431
Name: Juana Mendoza
Residence: 429 Calle Paz Letter C (Interior)
Age: 32
Sex: Female
Race: Filipino
Where Found: In house
Condition When Found: Collapsed. Cadaverous expression, marked dyspnoea aphasia. Cyanosis and suppression of urine.
How Long Sick: Five hours
Diagnosis: Cholera Asiatica
Disposition of Case: Sent to San Lazaro Hospital
Remarks: Surroundings unusually neat
Number and Disposition of Contacts: Five people taken to Detention Camp. House disinfected, closed and placarded five days.

These forms were made out in duplicate, one of which was given to the ambulance driver as a transfer slip. In case the patient was dead, a card containing similar information was attached to the wrist of the corpse for identification at the morgue. A morgue wagon frequently reached its destination with 10 or 12 corpses and confusion was bound to ensue unless this precaution was observed. The other, after being copied into the summarized report of the days cases, was forwarded along with the others to the office of the Board of Health on the ground floor of the Ayuntameiento, the municipal palace within the walled city of Manila. Inasmuch as all stations reported each morning at 8 o'clock, the authorities were able to accurately note the progress of the epidemic. Following the ambulance, came the disinfecting carts and the premises were thoroughly disinfected.

A conspicuous death was that of Lyman J. Carlock who had been sent over as a Judge of the Insular Court. He was appointed from Peoria and was my neighbor. Although I did not get to meet him over there, I learned of his excellent record and of the high esteem in which he was held. While visiting the southern islands, he was stricken on ship board, taken ashore and died 24 hours later. The body of a cholera victim could not be shipped home until after the lapse of two years, but that of Judge Carlock will remain on the islands, a suitable monument having been erected over his grave.

The death of a certain white man had an almost humorous side. He was a member of the exclusive English club and spent his evenings in the club room, meticulously dressed. He was missed for a day or two and when he was reported a cholera victim, his body was found in one of the primitive nipa shacks whose only other occupant was his querida a Filipino girl with whom he had been living and whose lamentations were certainly more sincere than the grief of his compatriots who gave him respectful burial but exchanged sly glances when his dual life was revealed.

Our territory included San Lazaro, the leper asylum, which I visited frequently. Like Bilibid its isolation afforded me protection against cholera and we had several fatal cases. Seven hundred lepers lived there under rather favorable conditions. Cholera naturally added to the anxiety under which these unfortunates lived but on the hole they exhibited a courageous spirit.

It was a well built and well conducted establishment but was abandoned a few years later when all lepers were removed to the island of Gulion, where our government maintains a great national leper colony. It was for the purposes of raising funds for this worthy cause that General Leonard Wood came home on his first vacation in 6 years and it is hoped that his unexpected death will not cause these people to be lost sight of.

At first all bodies were cremated. The crematory was within my territory and I visited it daily. It is well out in the suburbs but not so remote but what the odors of burning flesh reminds one of its dread mission. It is a circular oven, similar to a lime kiln and the bodies were shoved in like cord wood, as many as 12 at a time. One morning I went out and saw them pushing in the body of one of the prison guards with whom I had talked two days before. He was a former soldier who had taken a position with the civil government after being mustered out. When Chinese bodies were incinerated we collected a portion of the ashes and presented it to their representatives. This gave at least partial assurance of burial in the Flowery Kingdom in compliance with the Confucian belief, but the practice was soon discontinued as extravagant and useless and burial under proper safeguards substituted.

In the first excitment, a concentration camp was established to which all "contacts" were promptly removed. It was an improvised stockade heavily guarded by soldiers. In a very short time 1500 suspects were herded there under conditions that were necessarily shocking. Another and more sanitary camp was prepared in the open country around Santa Mesa but before it was occupied, the futility of the whole scheme was realized and the camp was abandoned and the reconcentrados returned to their homes.

Bilibid prison is a fine old Spanish institution with more than 2000 inmates. The very latest model, the new Joliet prison, is no improvement on Bilibid. It has the same central building with cell houses encircling it. A stone wall 30 feet high encloses the premises, which include an extensive court. A mobile machine gun, commanding every angle of the yard, is mounted on the turret.

We hoped that cholera would not invade the prison, but those people had to have food and in that way the germs must have been introduced. We had five distinct outbreaks within the walls. A case quickly fatal would occur, the body promptly removed, the cell fumigated and, none other arising, we felt that it was merely sporadic. In a few days there would be a recurrence and the situation was most baffling.

Captain Geo. Wolfe, late of the Oregon Volunteers, was warden and a more humane and upright public official never existed. The warden's residence was within the walls and poor Mrs. Wolfe had to live there and know of the recurrence of the disease. She screened her doors and windows and sterilized every utensil and went through it all unscathed although danger constantly confronted her. I enjoyed their hospitality a number of times. Captain Wolfe retained his post until the cholera ceased when he resigned and returned to his home state.

Bilibid presented many problems. There is one cell in which women who are serving long terms are kept. One of them was stricken and died within 24 hours. The poor woman had been a prisoner more than 30 years. Another died who had been imprisoned 23 years. She had only 7 more days to serve. The fellow prisoners took a stoical view of the situation and no panic ensued. They were exceedingly kind to their cell mates. The women wore stripes, like the men, but it seemed odd to see them in native dresses woven in alternate horizontal stripes of black and white.

My saddest recollection is that of the 4th of July, 1902. I went out to the Luneta and heard the amnesty proclamation read in English, Spanish and Tagalog. It was a gala occasion and largely attended. There were about 65 political prisoners in Bilibid who came under the provisions of the amnesty bill and I went over to the prison to witness their liberation. They had all dressed in white the day before, in anticipation of their coming freedom and the streets in front of the prison gate was packed with relatives awaiting a happy reunion. A rope was stretched a safe distance from the open gates and conversation was carried on over a vacant stretch of perhaps 20 feet. It was the confusion of Babel. Many relatives had come from distant islands, bringing fine clothes and gifts and they chafed at the delay. At sundown the gates closed and next day

the scene was reenacted and not a prisoner was released. Up at the government office they said the papers had to be made out. This occupied about 8 days during all of which time those poor people were denied the freedom which had been publicly proclaimed as theirs on July 4th. I made a protest, but it was in vain. During those 8 days, four of these men died of cholera and it seemed an outrage that with freedom so near they should die in prison.

Recently I met the officer responsible for the delay and as 20 years had elapsed and I was a civilian and beyond the jurisdiction of a court martial, I expressed my indignation in no very mild language. He passed the matter off very lightly as merely an example of the red tape of official procedure. Had he witnessed the harrowing scenes inside and in front of the prison, had he seen the alternate expression of hope and despair on the faces of those prisoners and their families and could he live through it again, I am sure he would cut several bands of tape.

Prison sentences under the old Spanish law are exceedingly long. They read, for instance, 22 years, 5 months and 2 days. There is a sort of mathematical calculation used in making up the term of imprisonment.

In the office of the warden stood the garrote, the Spanish chair of death. Although grusome it was splendidly built. What would represent the head rest of a barber chair was an upright post and the heavy screw passing through it tightened the brass collar that encircled the prisoner's neck after his arms and legs were pinned as in our electric chair. The executioner stood behind and gave the vise a few turns that ended the scene. There were two ways of execution. One was to gradually tighten the band and kill by strangulation, the other by quick and severe wrenches crushing the cervical vertebra and causing instantaneous death.

There were 11 of these garrotes in the prison, but this is the sole remnant except one in the museum of the capitol of St. Paul which was brought home by the first Minnesota Volunteers.

Now that electrocution has supplanted hanging in Illinois, perhaps a gallows tree will become as much as a curio as the now obsolete garrote is in the Philippines.

Another dread reminder of capital punishment was to be seen in every principal provincial town, namely executioner's wall. It was about 8 feet high and stood at the back of the municipal building. Its face was tiddled with pit marks caused by the bullets of the firing squad.

All executions were public and during the height of the rebellion against Spain, the morning executions on the Luneta, the fashionable Manila boulevard, became a social event and the avenue was lined every morning with the equipages of the elite, mostly Spaniards, to witness the tragedy as today they flock to bull fights in Mexico. A goodly number of natives was always on hand. Some of them to comfort their condemned relatives, but most of them invited by the authorities to witness the fate of traitors. During that rebellion, 4500 of the flower of the islands faced the firing squad!

Yet the longing for independence was not squelched and, although Aguinaldo was in excile when Dewey arrived, the fires of rebellion were only smouldering and even now, under our beneficial occupancy, we must remember that a suppressed people, although weak in themselves, will seek alliances and having found them might start a conflagration that would involve the entire Orient.

And Then The Yellow Peril!

CHAPTER XIV

LOS RESPECTABLES

A foreigner might live in Manila many years without becoming acquainted with its leading citizens, but in time of epidemic when domicilary visits were the rule, one with a little tact and courtesy could meet them on terms of intimate friendship.

For instance, there was Dr. Agaton Cecilio, one of my most valuable and trustworthy assistants. He had been a brigade surgeon in Aguinaldo's army and knew every person of consequence in the city. He is a pure Tagalog and his family has resided in one section of the city more than two hundred years. I was often in his home and witnessed his happy family life. I mention this because recently, twenty-five years later, I received a letter from him asking about the feasibility of having his son complete his medical education in the University of Illinois. I am sure that this young man is one of the babies I saw romping about the place on the occasion of my visits. I am deeply touched by this exhibition of confidence and friendship continuing through a quarter of a century.

One of the homes within my territory was that of General Emilie Aguinaldo. It was a very large house, on the Calle de Concordia. He and his family lived upstairs while the ground floor was occupied by a military guard, for he had been a prisoner of war ever since General Funston effected his sensational capture in his remote and presumably impenetrable retreat in the province of Balor.

At the height of the cholera epidemic a muchacha, or family servent of General Aguinaldo's household, was fatally stricken and it became necessary to quarantine a house already under military guard. It was naturally a desperate situation for the General but he displayed the same courage that characterized his leadership of his people through two insurrections. The family continued to and removed to his birthplace by his devoted countrymen, but somehow the spot possessed a fascination for me and I frequently took visitors there.

I found that it attracted others also and it was not unusual to see a wreath over the place that for a number of years sheltered his mortal remains. The Philippine postage stamp bears his portrait and the province in which Manila is situated has been officially designated Rizal.

One of the mythological characters of Manila was La Candola, King of Tondo. Perhaps not altogether a myth for it is said that when Magellan landed in the sixteenth century he found the city at the mouth of the Pasig ruled by a chieftain who was invested with royal prerogatives.

I was interested in folklore and it was a coincidence that I was detailed to visit a house in which a mad man was creating a disturbance. I found the rooms filled with people and he was alternately haranguing them and playing the violin. Nobody was alarmed at his actions or by my presence, as my uniform and inspector's badge proclaimed my mission. The man became calm and informed us that he was a descendant of La Candola, King of Tondo, and that these were his subjects to whom he was laying down the law.

I found, upon interviewing some of the spectators, that his claim was not without merit and that he was generally credited with being of royal lineage. I assured him of the friendly nature of my visit and he took up his violin and for half an hour I heard the weird notes of music that only islanders compose. The man was evidently mildly maniacal, though harmless and I reported accordingly. It seems however, that my report gained publicity and the "King" had so many callers that he held a sort of court every night.

There were eighty-thousand Chinese in Manila and the heads of the various Tongs were implicitly obeyed. I found them intelligent and helpful and on several occasions when cholera had been reported, they conducted me to live in the house and no other member contacted the disease.

On July 4th, after the amnesty proclamation was read, I called upon the general to congratulate him upon his newly acquired freedom. Judge Houston of Columbia University was touring the Orient and was stopping at our hotel. He bore letters from Elihu E. Root, Secretary of War, and we were all anxious to show him every possible courtesy. Having expressed a wish to meet Aguinaldo, the hotel management referred him to me as one who had the entree to his home. We took a caromata, picked up Dr. Cecilio on the way and drove up the Galzada de Bilibid into the Galle de Concrodia and soon reached the residence which was in reality a prison. We passed the guard without difficulty, ascended the mahogany stairway and entered the large living room and were introduced to the general.

Aguinaldo is undersized according to our measurements but a typical tagalog in form and feature. His face is somewhat disfigured with pitting of smallpox, but this is so common over there as to scarcely attract attention. He received us with extreme courtesy, but seemed a trifle reticent, which was to be expected considering that he had been captured by a ruse the year before.

He started out by saying that he spoke very little English and I replied in Spanish that, although I had been in his country three years, he spoke my language better than I spoke his. We did not touch upon his career or the amnesty, but I told him that it was the birthday of our republic and I hoped for the day when his people could come to hail it as the day of their independence also.

He was cautious about committing himself and after discussing the cholera situation and hearing from him words of appreciation of our efforts in behalf of his countrymen, we withdrew and everyone of us felt that he had been in the presence of a man who attained and maintained the leadership of six million people because he was a leader.

The Aguinaldo family has lived in Cavite province many generations and the general owned an estate there which he donated to the public on condition that it be used as a school for the preservation of Tagalog culture. His daughter, a recent graduate of the University of Illinois, is married to an attache of the Philippine Junte and lives in Washington.

Although no longer under guard and free to go where he chose, the general continued in voluntary imprisonment and I learned that he had resolved not to accept freedom until the last political and military prisoner had been released from Bilibid and the exiles had been returned from the Island of Guam. It was a noble stand to take and stamped him so different from what the apparently necessary misrepresentative war time propaganda demanded.

Jefferson Davis, a veteran of the Black Hawk war and suffering from gun shot wounds inflicted while gallantly leading our troops in the war with Mexico, was confined two years in Fortress Monroe after the Civil War - part of the time in irons! - Or Dr. Mudd enduring four years imprisonment in the impossible climate of the Dry Tortugas. For what? For ministering to a fugitive who came to him in the night with a broken leg. That this hunted man proved to be John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin and that the injury was incurred in jumping from the presidential box to the stage did not incriminate the doctor in rendering first aid, nor was it ever conclusively shown that he knew that identity of his patient. But passion swept all reason aside and poor Dr. Mudd became its sacrifice.

And I think of Gregorio del Pilar, major general of the insurrecto forces, killed in action at the age of twenty-three. His will reads: "I bequeath my

horse and sword to my faithful adjutant; I wish I could give him more. My few worldly belongings I bequeath to my mother. I wish I could give her more. My life I give to my country. I wish I could offer it more."

And Napoleon, after fighting a hundred victorious battles for France, dying in exile on the lonely Isle of St. Helena after seven years of banishment and for twenty years denied burial "by the banks of the Seine in the heart of that France I loved so well", as expressed in his last will: But what a homecoming it was when the clouds of prejudice cleared and what a shrine the tomb in the Invelides!

On, Aguinaldo will have a place in history. He is still the first Philippino, had declined every elective office and was General Leonard Wood's most loyal supporter. The Philippine legislature voluntarily voted him an annuity of six thousand pasos for life.

The undisputed literary light of Manila is Pedro A. Paterno. He is the author of a number of novels and dramas and of a striking opera. I attended a premier rendition of the later in the Zorilla theatre. It partook of the nature of a society function and the social leaders, dressed in their best, turned out to honor their talented countrymen. The theme dealt with ancient Tagalog traditions and legends and the printed program contained copious explanatory notes. The costumes were elaborate and the scenery was specially designed. I could not entirely follow the scheme, but caught enough of it to know that this man was a scholar and an interpreter of the obsolete customs and superstitions of his people. The orchestra was splendid. The Filipinos are natural musicians and every town has an orchestra or band and the most accomplished performers are drawn to the cities, so one would expect the best at the capital.

The ballads were harmonious, but lacked the rhythm of our negro spirituals. A Tagalog sitting next to me explained that the Philippines could never produce a great prima donna. "Our climate does not promote chest expansion and our women will never acquire the lung power to sing grand opera." But their voices were soothing, whether solo or in chorus.

I called on Senor Paterno the next day to congratulate him upon his triumph. His is one of the conspicuous mansions of the city. His spacious sitting room was lined with books and there were many rare souvenirs gathered in his extensive travels or presented to him by admirers. He was one of few Filipinos who had visited the United States previous to our acquisition of the Islands, just as Dean C. Worcester was one of the few Americans who had explored the Philippines previous to 1898.

In telling of his travels, it is interesting to know that the Mormon temple and the Mormon people impressed Senor Paterno more than any other feature of our national life. He was quite feeble when I visited him and it is not probable that he is living, but his memory will endure as succeeding generations come to realize the honorable position he attained in the literary world in a day when educational opportunities were at best limited.

The greatest Philippine of all time I could not meet, but his spirit like that of all martyred leaders is as potent as if he were living and moving among his people. Dr. Jose Pizal was not only a physician, linguist and novelist, but a patriot who gave his life to his country's cause. His novel Noli Me Tangere, signifying in Tagalog, "Don't Touch Me" and translated into English under the title The Eagle's Flight and as The Social Cancer, is a scathing arraignment of Spanish colonial rule and was the inciting cause of the final uprising against Spain in 1896. It failed as all others did, but the fires of revolt were never extinguished and were only smouldering when Dewey entered Manila Bay on that eventful morning in May 1898. After numerous arrests and

long terms of imprisonment, Dr. Rizal was executed on the next to the last day of the year, 1896. He asked to be allowed to face the firing squad but was ignominiously shot in the back. The volley that killed him marked the doom of Spanish Colonial rule. I visited his temporary grave in Paco cemetery where he fell. His body is not there, having been disinterred through the innermost recesses of their temple or pagoda. They maintained a national cemetery out near LaLoma and I have seen the smoke of incense curling from twenty-thousand graves on certain anniversaries.

One of my staff was Dr. Laureano Vindo. He brought a tiny Filipino woman into the office and said she wanted to pass to Pampanga. I told him that would be impossible as quarantine rules were strict and a strong guard surrounded the city to prevent the carrying of the disease to the outlying provinces. "Yes, but this woman is Paisana de mio, a country woman of mine. She is from Pampanga, my native province and is homesick." I told him I was six thousand miles from home and was also homesick but must suppress my longing to be in my native land. "But, Senor Medico, it is different with you. You have a longing to be with your friends and are merely homesick, but when a Filipino is away from home, especially from Pampanga and is not allowed to return, she dies." We smuggled her through the picket line in the night. I knew who her escort was and no guard would challenge a sanitary officer.

On another occasion, Dr. Vindo brought in a little woman who wanted a pass to a neighboring province. I asked him on what grounds she expected permission to pass the quarantine cordon. He said the woman was embarrassed and must get home. I told him that we treated all visitors with the utmost consideration and the fact of this woman's embarrasement was no justification for raising quarantine. "Ah, I see you do not understand. The woman is embarrassed with child. She is about to become a mother and bespeaks for her prospective offspring the right to be born in the home of her ancestors." It was a pathetic plea and we found her a berth on a coastwise steamer that shipped her as stewardess, after we had assured ourselves that she was not a carrier of the cholera germ.

"And I learned about women from her."

CHAPTER XV

HOMEWARD BOUND

Toward the end of August, 1902, there was a decided drop in the number of cholera cases and the extensive force of auxiliary health officers was rapidly demobilized and with it came the welcome order home.

It was with mingled joy and regret that I contemplated severance of relations with a work which, though arduous possessed a fascination that comes from the double sense of rendering a distinct service and of participating in an event that will not recur.

There can never be another Philippine insurrection of consequence, nor can there ever be a world epidemic of cholera. The cause is now so well known and the bacillus is so easily destroyed that any outbreak can be checked in its incipiency. It is a man borne disease and its perpetual abiding place is Mecca, from which it was carried into Eastern Europe, onto the coast and finally across the Atlantic and into the interior of the Western hemisphere.

On the eve of my departure, the Filipino Medical Society tendered me a complimentary banquet at the fashionable Paris restaurant, on the Escoelta. About forty of the leading physicians of the city were present and to my mind the appointments were as refined and the menu as tempting as any I attended before or since.

I am sure that many pleasant things were said of me in the speeches that followed and I would have liked to have been able to reply in Spanish, but I only remember trying to convey to them the idea that the heart is the only organ that speaks and interprets a universal language and that as long as it continued to beat I would treasure the friendships I had formed among them and that wherever I would be thrown, I would always advocate complete independence for their government and its people and I here repeat that there are twenty independent nations less able to manage their affairs than the Filipinos would be if given the opprotunity.

I had lived at the Oriento Hotel the entire seven months of my stay in Manila. A fellow officer asked me how I could afford to live at the Oriento Hotel on a captain's pay and I told him I couldn't and that the hotel was practically draining the captain's pay, but I was at least safe against tainted food. We paid in Mexican pesos - great big silver dollars which for a time passed two for one of our coinage, but they depreciated so that we could go to the bank of Australia with one-hundred dollars in our currency and bring away some two-hundred-thirty-eight to two-hundred-forty-one Mexican dollars in exchange.

I made payments on my hotel bill from time to time and when I stepped up to the desk for final settlement and called for the few valuables I had deposited for safe keeping, the clerk handed me a roll of fifty pesos. I asked him the idea and he said I had deposited it with him. I was certain that he was mistaken and asked him to show me his account book. Sure enough, it was entered as of a certain date. I then asked him to look up my house account and see if the fifty pesos were not credited on my bill the same day. There it was, in plain figures. The fifty had been credited to my account and afterwards credited to me for safekeeping in the vault and I returned the roll as it did not belong to me. A bystander ridiculed me for correcting the error of a Chinaman in giving back fifty dollars that I had in my hand and could have kept without the house knowing of its loss. I could not reconcile myself to his viewpoint. The Oriento was conducted by Ah Gong, a very smart and obliging Chinaman and all his helpers were Chinese. I had observed the army rule of no tipping, but had not suffered for attention on that account. But, with my face turned homeward I made amends and distributed largesse about the place to a degree that must have caused them to think I had only been shamming before.

Perhaps the most touching incident of my leave taking occurred on the wharf, just as I was about to step into a launch that was to take me out to the transport Sherman, lying at anchor several hundred yards from shore. Two Chinamen came along, kow-towed, and handed me a package, which they said in answer to my inquiry was a "recuerdo" or remembrance. I don't know to this day from whom it came or what obligation the giver considered himself under. I merely had time to thank them, but when I opened it on the deck it proved to be a bolt of the heaviest and strongest pongee silk. My wife has never had it made up and, although pongee suits for men became fashionable, I never had the courage to have it cut up and it is treasured even now in grateful memory of a people little understood by occidentals. I was leaving them forever, would never see them again, yet they thrust upon me this costly gift.

I had never been much homesick while on active duty but now that I was headed that way and merely a passenger, I dreaded the twenty-eight or thirty days that must elapse before I could set foot on my native soil. As matters turned out that would have been a short voyage.

In the first place, we had to lay in the harbor five days under observation of the U.S. Public Health and Marine Hospital Service in order to pass the period of cholera incubation. We did not have to wait that long! The transport had a heavy passenger list, including many officers, among them forty-one of the medical corps. In the assignment of quarters I fared badly, but it was such a relief to get into an American bunk after nearly three years of sleeping on army cots or on the floors of nipa shacks that I felt grateful at being the middle man of a three tier bunk.

We were between decks and fifty of us occupied the same hold. The cots were built of gas pipe and it made little difference to me whether I was in the lower, middle or upper berth. We all had the privilege of the main dining room and the fare was excellent.

I was told that some of the cabin passengers were leaving ship at the first Japanese port and that from then on I would have a first class stateroom on the upper deck. My wife, who had come over in the earlier part of the year had run up to China and expected to join me in Nagasaki and did.

But I am anticipating. The second evening aboard I saw the ship's surgeon conversing seriously with a young lieutenant and several ladies in the galley. I heard the words "quarantine", "delay", "fumigation" and other terms in use during such times. One of the ladies pointed to me and said, "Captain, they say you have had extensive experience with cholera. Won't you step into the stateroom and pass on a case under suspicion?"

I promptly complied, assuring him that I could do no more for the patient than he, but that I had personally attended four hundred eighty cases and felt perfectly competent to diagnose the disease. The patient was a little lady, the mother of the lieutenant to whom the doctor was talking. She had come over from the States in order to accompany her son, who had just risen to a commission from the ranks, home.

She showed the characteristic shrivelled face and her voice was a whisper. These are unmistakable symptoms. The bodily fluids are so rapidly withdrawn that persons apparently age from ten to fifteen years in a few hours. I motioned the doctor to step outside and said: "That is a genuine and fatal case of cholera. I counted seven persons in the room. All will be considered contacts when the quarantine officers come aboard in the morning and you must not add to the number by allowing others to enter!" He replied, "I wish your news were as cheerful as it is emphatic. Don't you think it would be well to await confirmation?" I told him, "Certainly, but in the meantime we might as well accommodate ourselves to the facts. This boat will be held up two days for fumigation and an additional five days for observation."

The effect on the passengers was naturally depressing. The wives and children of many of the officers were aboard and they were not as familiar with means of control as we who had been through the epidemic. The next morning Post Assistant Surgeon Perry came aboard. He immediately coincided in the diagnosis and ordered strict isolation. The Ship's surgeon, the son, two nurses and myself were the only persons who had access to the room. Dr. Perry took cultures to the laboratory at Mariveles and said he would acquaint us with the findings the next morning. When he came again the reaction was positive and he showed us the characteristic cherry tint in the test tube. I told him that the diagnosis had been confirmed in a greater laboratory for the patient had died at five o'clock the previous evening.

He ordered the body taken ashore and two life boats were lowered from their devits. In one were six oarsmen and in the other, attached by a tiller perhaps twenty feet long, the flag draped coffin. A torrential rain was falling and just before the boats pulled away it struck me that it would be a callous proceeding to permit the body of this little mother of an American Soldier to be taken ashore for burial in alien soil, unaccompanied, so at the last moment, I took a seat in the stern of the rear yawl and the funeral procession started for shore. There the body was taken over by the quarantine authorities and we returned to the ship.

The incident of going ashore as the one lone pall bearer did not impress me as anything out of the ordinary at the till, nor did I discuss it or hear it discussed, but during the World War, one of my friends while serving in France happened to be stationed with some of the identical officers who were aboard our transport fifteen years before. When they learned that he was from Peoria they related the incident, generously embellished and every time he repeats it he adds a touch of romance.

The same morning the nurses and others who had come in contact with the patient were removed to the detention hospital at Mariveles, for observation. The ship underwent a thorough fumigation for two days after which we were detained five more days awaiting developments.

The stateroom in which the patient died was thoroughly scrubbed, saturated with formaldehyde fumes and sealed. When it was refurnished passengers commented on the foolishness of equipping a room that no one would care to occupy. To their surprise, the quartermaster was swamped with applications and it was inhabited by two ladies the remainder of the voyage.

The five day quarantine passed without a recurrence, the nurses and others came out from the station and we set sail for Nagasaki with a clean bill of health just nine days after boarding the ship. We were out from Manila about two days and had passed the island of Formosa when there was a rumor that an enlisted man on our deck was taken violently ill in the night. I saw him at daybreak and he was dead two hours later.

Again came the hope of the passengers that it might not be cholera. Everyone knew that it meant detention at Nagasaki and delay in reaching home. The argument was advanced that having no laboratory aboard there could be no actual proof. The symptoms were unmistakable and later developments demonstrated the correctness of our diagnosis. And right there I participated in about the last burial at sea. There will never be another such scene on an American transport, for shortly after our voyage, the War Department issued an order discontinuing the practice.

We carried a stock of coffins in the hold and the ship's personnel included an embalmer who masqueraded under the title of baggage room steward, but this being a contagious disease, the captain ordered immediate burial. The body, wrapped in sail cloth and with two heavy grate bars attached to the feet, was placed on a plank balanced on the rail. Two of us held it there, the chaplain recited the ritual of burial at sea, the engines were stopped and the officer on the bridge called out the latitude and longitude and at the order "Let Go!" we released our hold and the body plunged into the ocean exactly at noon and disappeared like a plummet, the propellers resumed their revolutions and the ship, which had never really stopped, proceeded on its way. The entry on the log book shows this spot to be the man's grave however far he may have drifted.

But before this ceremony ended, two other cases developed and from that moment, night and day, I was again absorbed in cholera work. The ship's surgeon was most courteous and I had a free hand. It was two or three o'clock in the

morning before we finished our night rounds, accompanied by my faithful and efficient steward. He had been promoted from private in the hospital corps to the grade of acting steward, which is quite an advance for an enlisted man.

At daylight an orderly awoke me and said the steward was not well. We had parted only four hours before, but what a change had come over him in that time! His voice was almost inaudible and his features were drawn and wrinkled. He whispered to me that he had been seized with cramps soon after retiring and his voice failed him so he could not call for help. I stayed right by him and called counsel, but he died before noon. His was one of the four corpses we brought into port. I could not bear the thought of seeing him heaved overboard. We had one other funeral at sea, but as we were nearing the coast and were afraid the corpses might be washed ashore we decided to bring the last four into port.

Our first cases were treated in the sick bay, but as the number grew we preempted the large saloon that had been used by the second class passengers before the liner was converted into an army transport. We had eleven active cases when we anchored. Japanese quarantine officers came aboard. The next day they began a systematic fumigation and cleansing, even wiping the doorknobs, the chairs and the bed frames with cloths wrung in a disinfecting solution.

We were all ordered ashore and passed through the extensive quarantine station. First we entered the large assembly room; from there we stepped into booths and removed every stitch of clothing; then walked naked under a shower bath and from there into dressing rooms each of which contained a large towel and a clean kimono. Then we entered the reception room where tea and cigarettes were at our disposal. In an incredibly short time each person was handed his bundle of clothing which had in the meantime passed through hot dry sterilization. A launch returned us to the vessel and, although we lay within easy reach of land twelve days, this was the only time I set foot on Japanese soil.

Two days were lost in coaling and after the last contact with land, we had to lay five days for observation before starting upon our five-thousand mile voyage home.

The Japanese retained all of our sick and convalescents, but before closing down they brought out four urns containing the ashes of our dead, in one of which was all that remained of my unfortunate steward. I could not help pondering over a reversal of the situation and am sure had the ashes been mine, he would have shown the same respect that I am now paying his memory.

I write of all this as though I was the only one actively engaged in caring for the sick. In a sense I was. There were many other surgeons aboard, but after I got started it seemed unnecessary to call on them and as the ship's surgeon looked after all other cases of illness, I could easily handle the situation.

A transport had a captain, who is in complete charge of all matters pertaining to navigation, but the troops and army supplies are under the jurisdiction of a commanding officer. In this case, it happened to be Colonel Brown who was on his way home awaiting retirement. He was a fine old West Pointer and observed the best traditions of the service. He extended favors beyond what my rank warranted, but there were no jealousies.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LAST TRIP

After clearing from Nagasaki, my active duties ceased and I became merely a cabin passenger. There was more or less anxiety the first 5 days out, but after we had passed the period of incubation we felt secure against a recurrence of cholera.

In spite of all modern remedies, we found the good old hot drops, known as Squibbs Mixture, the most dependable. It is in reality a non-proprietary duplication of the Sun Cholera Cure, a formula for which the New York Sun paid $10,000 during the great epidemic that swept the United States in the early fifties. It is a combination of aromatics, astrigents and antiseptics, which produces a feeling of internal warmth and when administered early, seems to offer resistance to the proliferation of the germ. We had a liberal supply of it in our pharmacy and this we decanted into half ounce bottles which were distributed among the passengers, particularly the ladies, who prized it as an emergency measure.

No case of cholera developed during the remainder of the voyage, although we had several deaths from non-communicable diseases. One, a major ordered home for retirement, died of Brights disease and an old sergeant, much emaciated, died of chronic dysentery. The sick bay was filled with convalescents but the diagnosis was clearly established in each case so, when we passed the outer light ship, steamed through the Golden Gate and dropped anchor in San Francisco Bay, we felt that we were able to present a clean bill of health. Telegrams of welcome were brought out to us and we filed answers announcing our safe arrival.

Quarantine officers, who had advanced knowledge of our tribulations came aboard, examined our papers and heard our verbal reports. We had been exactly 51 days at sea and provisions were running low and everybody was preparing to go ashore and indulge in a feast. We were doomed to bitter disappointment when an order was issued that we must remain aboard 5 days for observation. When we protested that we had been 26 days out from Japan without a suspicious case they pointed to our sick and wounded report and said, "You have had 5 deaths since leaving Japan. The diagnosis is clear in every case but you must take into consideration the fears of the public and the fact that the Marine Hospital Service would never be forgiven if cholera were brought into this port on account of the relaxation of the usual quarantine rule. It will be modified to the extent of having you removed to the isolation camp on Angel Island where you will have all the comforts of hotel life except that you cannot leave the island for 5 days.

Then came the most astounding "welcome home" any exiles ever experienced. A harbor tug drew up alongside and the stevedores passed up great quantities of watermelons, oranges, baskets of California grapes, cantaloupes and lemons until the deck of our transport resembled a commission house. And it was all the gracious act of one man. The proprietor of the Occidental Hotel, a retired West Pointer, had kept posted as to our progress and the moment he learned that we were in port, he ordered this ship load of fruit and vegetables sent out to us as his personal gift. Just imagine what it meant to a lot of people who had for three years been subsisting on army rations and who had been on ship board 51 days.

Those were our fruits and our vegetables and we had nothing worse to fear than over-eating. I wish I could recall the donor's name, to again express my appreciation, although I did so in person during our stay at the Occidental while awaiting transportation home. The hotel along with its neighboring buildings was swept away in a great fire following an earthquake and the proprietor has no doubt long since gone to his reward but his thoughtfulness will never be erased from the memory of those who participated in his bounty. After being released from Angel Island, we spent a few days getting our baggage together and started on the last lap of this eventful voyage.

The trip over the Union Pacific was like an excursion and in every coach we found congenial campanions equally happy at the prospect of a reunion with their families anf friends. I arranged for a stop over in Nebraska to visit our farms, which had risen in value during my long absence, but when the station was called, I was just so anxious to get home that we never left the train, thinking that I could run out there any time. As usual, I haven't been there since.

At home I found everything moving along as if I had merely been away overnight. The same clerk was behind the hotel counter and in the lobby, I encountered the same friends I mingled with previous to my departure, all extending a hearty welcome. Out at the asylum the physician who was temporarily in charge pending my arrival, was anxious to be relieved so he could return to his institution at Moline. He called me up and asked when I would assume charge. I told him that I had not reported to the Governor. This sort of amused him, but I had been observing military etiquette so long that I was bound not to violate it now, so I ran down to Pekin and called on Colonel Conzelman, who was on the governor's staff. The colonel was most courteous and we formed a friendship that continued throughout his life, which was altogether too short.

Governor Yates was in the critical stage of typhoid fever but I went down to Springfield and called on Dr. L.C. Taylor who was attending him. The governor was delirious and I did not enter the sick room but Dr. Taylor conveyed my message after his patient was convalescent. I was amazed to find the governor of a great state at the point of death and only a single physician in charge. The doctor said that no consultation had been called for, although he had suggested one several times. Dr. Taylor was unusually well equipped. The governor recovered and became one congressman-at-large while poor Taylor is dead, much ahead of his time.

CHAPTER XVII

LES MISERABLES

On November, 1902, more than four years after Governor Tanner's original appointment, I took charge as superintendent of the Illinois Asylum for the Incurable Insane, never having drawn a dollar from the State up to that time and, of course, no back pay was possible.

The assumption of office was so simple that it surprised me. There was no invoicing, no checking in and out, no accounting for property as I had become accustomed to in my various changes of assignment in the army. It seemed a loose way of surrendering and taking over a million dollars worth of property, much of it expendable and I am pleased to say that the department now has an

accurate system of accounting and maintains a perpetual inventory, balanced at the close of each day.

The ponderous name of the institution conveyed neither cheer nor hope. There were 690 patients present who had been drawn from the excess population of the other state asylums during my long delay in reaching home. Not one was from a poor house, as our county homes were designated at that time. In not a single instance had the institution risen to the situation it was specifically charged to remedy.

Already the talk was passing around that poor house care was good enough for incurables and that no state hospital should house more than 1,000 inmates. A survey by the board of charities showed 2,983 insane inmates in the 101 almshouses of the state, many of them under conditions so shocking as to give impetus to the movement that resulted in the erection of our asylum. The wretched conditions under which these unfortunates lived cannot better be stated than to quote page 11, of the printed report of our institutions for 1908, Meaded:

TWENTIETH CENTURY WITCHCRAFT

"In a former report, mention was made of the remarkable case of Rhoda Derry. She died in October 1906, and the following letter was sent to Hon. C.B. McCorry, judge of the Adams County Court. Its publication is deemed appropriate at this time as it deals with a unique case and with a condition, God grant, that will not recur in Illinois:

" I have the honor to report that Rhoda Derry, of your county died in Hospital A, in this institution, on October 19th. The passing of this most unfortunate woman calls for more than a formal notice, as she was alone in her class and it is not likely that her duplicate could be found in the United States or in the world. Her mental affliction dating back half a century makes her a connecting link between the time when the revival of interest in the insane began, and the present. Blind, deformed, demented and helpless, she lay for forty-three years in the Adams County almshouse, her eyeballs having been plucked out by her own hands in some of the outbursts of insane fury which her keepers were unable to control. More than once she was the subject of a special report at the hands of the State Board of Charities, and it seems almost beyond belief that the public conscience could so long tolerate a condition against which every humane instinct rebels. Leading up to the cause of her final transfer to this institution, I hope I may be pardoned for quoting the letter of your State's attorney:

"'In going over our insane papers, we have one woman about sixty-six years old, who has been in our county house forth-three years, became insane at about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. She has never taken medicine and seems to be in good health. She is drawn up so her knees touch her breast, is rather stout, weighs about one-hundred-fifty pounds, is blind and cannot attend to the wants of nature. Up to three or four years ago, she tore off her clothes and unless tied would be naked. She is kept in a box in which straw must be changed several times a day. She has occasional violent spells and beats herself and whatever else comes in her way. In that way she beat out her own eyes. She eats with her hands only and swallows everything she can get hold of. As a rule, now they keep a slip or gown on her. Our authorities have noway of keeping her hidden from the public or taking scientific care of her. Her identity is practically unknown. Neighbors ascribe her malady to witchcraft.' "

"The Autumn of 1904 found us with eight new cottages with a capacity of 100 each and a general letter sent out to the county judges brought the above reply and immediate authority for transfer of twenty women inmates from your almshouse was granted. We practically doubled our population in the three full months and among the 700 inmates received, there was necessarily many deplorable cases but none to compare with "Rhody". I remember the night of her arrival. There had been a washout and the special car containing the Quincy contingent was many hours late, and did not reach here until one o'clock in the morning. We

had been receiving patients all day and took our conveyances to the railroad crossing to meet these latest arrivals. Mr. Hoarn and a number of supervisors accompanied the party and assisted in carrying, or leading a very motley group of inmates from the car. When all were seated, two of the party handed up a common clothes basket and we started up the hill. Presuming that the basket contained the clothing of the party, we were not prepared to see the bundle move about and begin to jabber, and interest was at once centered upon the strange guest. That interest has never abated in the two years Rhody has been with us. She immediately became the object of solicitude on the part of the nurses and she has never been a moment out of their sight night or day. She was placed in a comfortable and clean bed and it was changed as often as soiled and no nurse ever complained because of the demands made upon her time for caring for Rhody. Her unfortunate plight had been given wide publicity by reporters who were noting the new arrivals and few visitors went away without asking to see the 'woman who was brought here in a clothes basket.' As our hospital facilities developed, Rhody was given even better attention and her appreciation of special delicacies was only equalled by her delight at being given a chew of tobacco. We never allowed her to become the object of curiosity, but when real students of social problems came along, we took them to the bedside of Rhody and her case alone called down more blessings upon the State than all the eighteen-hundred others we are caring for. No one ever blamed the almshouse authorities for her former care and all seemed to feel that they gave her the best they could afford and I often told them the fact that she had been kept alive all those years probed she was not without considerate care, but somehow visitors went away with the feeling that this one case alone justified the erection of this institution and no person ever saw her without becoming a firm convert to the belief in state care of the insane.

When the weather grew pleasant the nurses would place Rhody on a mattress on the porches. She was too deformed to even sit in an invalid chair and at one time when she was transferred from one cottage to another, the clothes basket was again brought into requisition as the most available litter. Time, which had spared her to become an object lesson to the State and arouse its latent sense of justice to the unfortunates, was slowly accomplishing its mission and her emaciation, always notable, became more pronounced until only a bundle of bones tightly covered with skin remained, and when the final summons came, it found her surrounded by her faithful nurses, without even a bedsore upon her deformed body. Tell me such a life was lived in vain! Where are all the relatives of this once prominent family? All have preceded her to the grave. They, no doubt, lived useful lives but none made such an impression upon the public thought of the day as this unfortunate woman. She reached the allotted three score years and ten and is buried in grave number 217, asylum cemetery. The nurses who cared for her in life were at the side of the grave when the last honors were paid her and, when they returned to their duties, instead of feeling relieved that a great burden was lifted from their hands, all were crying.

The impression of a humane service, dutifully rendered has shed its halo about them and the institution is better for having cared for her, the State is better for the knowledge that justice was finally done this long neglected woman."

To me, the transition from military to civilian administration was easy. I had established field shacks and here I had a million dollar plant in running order and a wide field of activity. This field we were determined to cultivate to the utmost and the next day I looked around to see where we could accommodate more people. As fast as suitable quarters were found and equipped, we sent for all of the insane of some of the smaller counties.

My thoughts naturally turned toward home and the first to be relieved was my own native county, Woodford. There were only seven insane inmates, all told, but four of them were friends and acquaintances of my boyhood. One in particular was with me in every class of the village school and I meditated for years over the strange twist of fate that clouded her mind and placed me where I became her custodian. Needless to say, I always maintained a personal interest in her welfare and it extended to the attendants who hearing her utter the name "George," learned of our childhood association and were particularly kind to her, not only on my account but because she showed, even in her delirium, the same gentle disposition that characterized her girlhood.

I often cited her case as a lesson in human sympathy and impressed upon them the fact that while this unfortunate woman happened to be a friend of mine, it must not be forgotten that every person in our institution had, at some time been other than a patient, and even though apparently friendless, were entitled to the same kindly care as if visitors were present every day.

To show that interest in our patients extends even to the grave, the following article, published in an issue of "Asylum Light", is reproduced. But for the presence of someone like myself this unfortunate woman would have been merely a case number on our records:

MARTHA GOES HOME

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdaining smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Spring Bay, Woodford County, celebrated its centennial this year. It received its village charter in 1836, the first document issued under the Village incorporation law of Illinois. At that time, it was a flourishing river town of 1300 inhabitants. The general merchandise store of Hosher and Dement enjoyed an extensive patronage and in addition they had a grain elevator, lumber yard, pork packing plant and a fleet of barges.

Absolom Hosher was a man of unusual business acoment but his premature death deprived the concern of his leadership and the business languished. His widow, through unscrupulous advisers, lost her little fortune and became quite destitute, but her three grown children maintained her above want. The oldest, Martha, was her devoted and constant companion. She was a shy, gentle spirit, never involved in the gossip so prevalent in isolated communities. After her mother's death, she resided with relatives for a time but when they died, she was left without a home. Melancholia ensued and it became necessary to commit her to the Jacksonville Asylum. There she remained until the Woodford County Quota was overdrawn and, in accordance with the then existing law, chronic cases had to make room for new admissions, and Martha was transferred to the Woodford County Poor House.

I was in every class with her in the district school and when I assumed charge of the Peoria State Hospital in 1902, then known as the Illinois Asylum for the Incurable Insane, I thought of poor lonely Martha and went over to Metamora and listed seven "Incurables" whom the sheriff brought over the next day, Martha among them.

Her mind had deteriorated but she knew me and the attendants stated that she frequently mentioned old neighbors and friends. When any of them visited the institution, I always took them to Martha's cottage and once, accompanied by two nurses, took her up to the old home town. She recognized her old home but asked to see acquaintances who had been dead many years. When I was moved to Alton to open the new institution and fifty patients were transferred from Peoria, Martha was one of them, the authorities ignoring the proximity of her native village.

When I was re-assigned to Peoria, four years later, I promptly asked the department for authority to return Martha. This was accomplished through the kindly action of two nurses who brought her back in a comfortable automobile. Here she remained until October, 1936, just 34 years after coming from the poorhouse. These institutions are now known as county homes and district asylums are state hospitals but the poorhouses were the only outlet for the overcrowded asylums.

But reverting to Martha, she sustained a fracture of the hip, nearly always fatal to elderly people, and died in her eightieth year. Friendless though she was, I could not entertain the thought of burying her along side the 3,000 who sleep in our institution cemetery, so I drove up to the old home and enlisted two neighbors to prepare a grave. Mr. Hayward, the undertaker, kindly donated his hearse and through the use of the State automobile generously tendered by Dr. Baer, the Superintendent, accompanied by Miss Roberts, her devoted nurse and Miss Thomas of the office force, we stood at the grave and I recited the short burial service without which we never lay away even the humblest inmate of this institution.

There she rests where
"Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."
Yes, Martha has gone Home!

The removal of the chronic insane from the poorhouse completely changed the nature of those institutions and they became in fact, as well as in name, county homes. All of the insane had at some time been inmates of state asylums and had been returned to county care after the quota of any one of the counties had been reached. The State institutions were district asylums and could only admit as many so called incurables as were in excess of the allotment of his particular county; and so it happened that many of the incurables had been continuously in local or state asylums thirty and even forty years.

I employ the terms "asylum", and "poorhouse", that was their designation until 1909 when institutions became known as State hospitals, their inmates as patients and the poorhouse as county homes.

We decided to make ours a State home with particular emphasis on the word "home." In the process of rehabilitation, we ignored every bit of service offered by those experienced in the care of the insane. We recalled that Tuke, in his psychological dictionary, says that the first 1800 years of the Christian era shows practically no advances in asylum methods.

Pinel struck the chains from the limbs and arms of the unfortunates in Bicetre, and Salpetriere, Connolly, and Clouston introduced radical improvements in asylum methods in Scotland and England during the Napoleonic wars, but there was no general move looking to the amelioration of the conditions surrounding the lives of the unfortunate inmates of the asylum for the insane. A reputable textbook published late in the eighteenth century declared that "after all, severe and repeated flogging is the best treatment for the insane." Not that I mean to convey the idea that flogging was permitted in our American institutions at the opening of the twentieth century, but I do say that abominations nearly as cruel as that were tolerated as late as 1915. Not only tolerated but approved. And why approved? Because the authorities relied upon "experienced" help for their information as to how the insane must be handled. It was the old story of precedent, the stagnation of clinging to tradition, of closing the mind to the few "agitators" who were clamoring for the abolition of archaic methods and the substitution of modern humane and scientific standards. We proceeded cautiously along these lines as anyone must who is departing from established and recognized custom. Hostile critics were watching us and the slightest occurrence was distorted to our disadvantage. When we decided upon greater freedom for our patients, they

tried to create a feeling of fear among our neighbors. But they forgot that there is a public conscience and that conscience, once aroused, would support any measure that would bring a little more cheer into the drab lives of these people, that would minimize the institutional and custodial atmosphere and tend toward a return to normal community life.

Word was carried to Springfield that a reign of terror existed in our neighborhood and that our paroled patients were committing all sorts of depredations. The State Board sent a man to investigate and after spending three days in the neighborhood without our knowledge, he walked into our office and said that he had been given a great surprise. He came expecting to find an excited and hostile community, but after visiting numerous homes and interviewing many people, he found that our methods were heartily approved and not one uttered a word of hostile criticism. He reported to his superiors accordingly and we were encouraged to go to greater lengths. Such a thing as insane women having the freedom of the grounds was not to be thought of but we assembled our best women into one cottage, removed the bars and grating and left the doors unlocked night and day. Pretty soon other buildings and other patients were similarly treated and on November 1, 1905, exactly three years from the day we took charge, we had 2,000 patients without a bar on any window, without a locked room, without a vestige of mechanical or medicinal restraint and with a female attendant or nurse in charge of every ward for men.

These changes were not easily wrought, as anyone can testify who has left the beaten track and gone out to explore new fields. Pioneering is always beset with difficulties but when it involves human lives, the situation becomes infinitely more delicate than where it merely refers to material things. We could not have succeeded had we not surrounded ourselves with a staff in thorough sympathy with these ideals and who had the courage and determination to successfully carry them out.

My most valuable aide during this trying period was Dr. George W. Michell, a recent graduate, who had spent some time as physician to a mining camp in the Northwest, hence, like myself, not unuse to the hardships of the field. He was even bolder than I and when I began to hesitate about enforcing this or that policy, he stood firm against all discouragement and we invariably won our point.

Dr. Michell left the institution in 1910 to engage in private practice in Peoria. His success has been phenomenal and he is at present the sole owner of two splendid institutions for the care of the mentally afflicted and ranks with the very leaders of the community. He has always been generous in crediting much of his success to his association with this institution, but I feel that I owe him words of appreciation for his generous support, words that, I fear I did not sufficiently express during his tenure.

And so it goes - Michell has a million despite his most generous contributions to worthy philanthropic causes - Ed Hull, secretary of my county central committee was given the post office, administered it ably, invested in numerous outside enterprises, served ten years in congress and is now vice-president of the largest distillery in the world, with a fabulous salary - Rennick, vice-chairman of the committee, became U.S. Revenue Collector, turned millions into the treasury, became a noted authority on local history, and is regarded as the ablest income tax expert in the State. His book "The Lincoln-Rutledge Romance" is a classic - All rate high in the financial world while I, poor scrivener, am casting about for means to publish these memoirs since the State has not seen fit to do so.

CHAPTER XVIII

REVOLUTIONIZING ASYLUM METHODS

The foregoing chapters, as might be surmised, lead up to the departure from precedent to institutional administration and the introduction of reforms so rational and practical that one wonders why Illinois allowed more than half a century to elapse before their feasibility was demonstrated.

On November 1st, 1905, we issued a book of rules, clearly defining the duties of every position and they are as applicable today as when written. I quote from its foreword:

"The thirteen and fifteen hours of duty which still prevail in practically all other institutions for the care of the insane were in 1905 voluntarily reduced to eight. The eight hour law is as old as civilization. The Good King Alfred, who alone of England's illustrious line of kings bore the surname 'Great' had a candle with three sections so arranged that they burned eight hours each. In this manner, he divided the day into three equal parts, one for work, one for recreation and one for sleep. The world is supposed to have progressed since the days of that wise ruler but in the matter of shortening the hours of continuous duty of asylum employees, there has been no advance in centuries.

"In thus reducing the hours of duty to comply with the just demands of labor, no surrender of the right to dispose of the liberated time of the employee has been made. Emergencies are liable to arise at any moment that will call the entire force into activity and for this reason resident members must always be present or accounted for.

"The merit system, which has been impartially observed in this institution from the outset will be maintained all the more forcibly now that the civil service law governs the service. Employees will be recommended for advanced rank and pay as vacancies arise strictly upon merit, and permanent rank will not be attained until the required promotional examination has been passed.

"While the public service is not military in its character it resembles it to the extent at least that its first great law is OBEY. When the public servant is given an order, it is his duty to obey, except where it involves the taking of or jeopardizing homan life. If the order seems unreasonable or the employee feels aggrieved, he will report the facts to the next highest in authority and he may rest assured that no possible injustice will be done him by reason of lodging such complaint.

"Except in the skilled trades, no employee is to consider himself permanently attached to any class of work.

"The superintendent reserves the right to reassign employees at any moment, without previous notice. This order includes night watches, who may be restored to day duty at any time as the good of the service or the welfare of the attendant may indicate. No line will be drawn between the domestic force and the attendants. The same excellence of character and degree of propriety will be demanded of both. The public is an exacting master and an unsparing critic.

"Those in the service should never forget that they are under the closest observation and their acts and sayings are subject to the grossest exaggeration. They have only themselves to blame if in their failure to maintain a dignified self-respect they bring themselves and the service into disrepute.

"The ideal in the public service is perfection and although never attained its constant pursuit, marks the servant as one capable of higher things and eventually places him at the head of his chosen work.

"The superintendent, in order that his work may produce the best results, must be faithful to his trust and to those in authority above him and he must have from those under him the same unfaltering loyalty to the service. He expects his staff to, at all times, discourage contention and ill feeling between the various members of the force and to exhibit in all dealings with each other that dignified and ethical demeanor that is demanded of those privileged to practice the noblest profession in the sacred cause of humanity."

To show that these principles were lived up to, I quote the opening paragraph of our biennial report of 1908:

"We take pride in presenting the observations of a complete biennial period during which 2,000 of the most violent, destructive and dangerous insane in the world have been cared for without once having to resort to mechanical restraint, without using a single grain of narcotics on any ward except in the hospital for the physically sick, without a screen or bar on any door or window, without once turning a key upon a single patient, night or day, and with women caring for more than 800 insane men."

The report contains pictures of our museum of mechanical restraint apparatus. The bars and grating and the handcuffs and anklets are shown as of the "Iron Age." The Utica Crib and strong chairs under the "Age of Wood," the muffs, wristlets, belts, and mitts under the "Age of Leather" and the camisoles, straight jackets, strong suits and blind sleeve dressed as of the "Age of Canvas".

It is to be regretted that after I left the institution, interest in these lagged and the collection was dispersed, although remnants are stored in the State Arsenal and I retained a few.

Men who had employed these agencies and who were firm advocates of mechanical restraint could not tolerate the compliments uttered by visitors when shown these discarded instruments of torture. And I mean that the compliments were for those who abolished them and incidentally, an indictment of those who still advocated their use. And I want to say right here that anyone who believes that mechanical restraint is permanently abolished is mistaken. The reactionaries are never idle and it will be an easy matter to convince some future director that the patient is safer in restraint, sleeps better under the spell of the hypodermic needle and behaves better after a severe flogging. The few who persistently fought these abominations and brought about their banishment will be cited as cranks, and asylum life will revert to the days preceding their exposure by Dickens, Pinel, Charles Lamb and Dorothea Dix. Only a very few give much thought to the internal management of insane asylums. Casual visitors are impressed with the stately buildings, elaborately furnished reception rooms, smooth lawns and formal gardens, but with that their interest ceases. All that takes place within the walls is to most people a closed book and it is only when some shocking occurrence that cannot escape the prosecuting authorities is brought to light that public opinion is aroused. And even then, the incident is quickly forgotten or is explained away by the institution authorities as an unavoidable and necessary incident of asylum life. Only recently, I read in an eastern report of the murder of a patient by two attendants.

"It was their life or his" the report stated. I want to say right here that the report is misleading and untrue. A sane man can always get away from an insane patient without killing him. In 35 years, I know of only two instances of the death of an attendant at the hands of patients and one could have been avoided had the attendant observed the policy of non-resistance. Maniacal fury soon expends itself if unopposed but is only aggravated when physical force is resorted to in an attempt to control the victim. In these 37 years, the injuries inflicted on patients out number those sustained by attendants 500 to 1.

Only about once in a generation does a Dorothea Dix, A Mrs. Packard, Jane Addams, Julia Lathrop, Frederick H. Wines or an A.L. Bowen appear on the philanthropic horizon and peer into the innermost recesses of public institutions and call attention to their shortcomings.

Even the best intentioned outside officials are led into the acceptance of asylum practices as necessary, even when their better nature tells them otherwise. They hesitate to set up their own opinions against the advice of those actually engaged in the work. Of course they do not tolerate open brutality but there are denials that, while in themselves are not cruel, nevertheless take much of the joy out of the lives of the helpless insane.

One of the coveted bits of political patronage is that of the State Humane Officer but his guardianship does not extend to the human field. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty of Animals, with all the abuses it has corrected, would have been snubbed had it turned its attention toward the amelioration of conditions surrounding the care of the insane. Had anyone treated a dog or horse as cruelly as were the insane, he would have been speedily brought into court. But the insane had practically no champion outside the asylum and the few voices that were raised in their behalf were stilled with the charge that they were meddlers or ignorant of the problems arising in the daily life of the asylum.

Conditions do not arise where it is "their life or his" and even if the attendant were injured or killed, it would be nobler than if the situation were reversed.

Is not the captain of the ship the last man to leave the wreck? What would life be worth to him had he sought safety while one life was in danger? Think of the Italian leader of a crew of arctic explorers marooned in the frozen North? When discovered and a plane came to rescue them, he was the first to board it for home, leaving half his crew to await its uncertain return. Is there a deader man than the leader? Stripped of his naval rank and publicly excoriated by the Italian government, he had far better shared the fate of Sir John Franklin, Elisha Kent Kane, Andrae Greely and other great explorers who stayed with their men - "even to the death."

PELLAGRA

A shocking occurrence in this institution during the summer of 1909 awakened the nation, particularly the southern states to a realization that a new disease hitherto scarcely recognized and was threatening to become an epidemic. A staff physician asked me to accompany him to the bedside of a patient suffering from extensive scalds. Examination showed that both his feet had been submerged in boiling water. The skin was blistered and discolored well above the ankles. He was in delicate health and we felt that he could not survive the schock. He suffered no pain and could give no account as to how the scalding took place, neigher could (or would) the nurse. He died the next day and we promptly notified the coroner who made a searching investigation and the jury censured us not only for carelessness but for failure to fix responsibility upon any one person. Within a few days, another "scalding" occurred and then another and within a week 20 more, followed by 250 cases during the summer.

We immediately consulted our library and in Manson on Tropical Disease, we found that we had an outbreak of pellagra, known as Italian Leprosy and ascribed in Italy as due to the use of maize or American corn as a principal diet. We had dismissed the nurse in compliance with the recommendation of the coroner's jury and she had gone home, a heartbroken girl conscious of her innocence, a victim of mistaken diagnosis. I immediately notified her of her reinstatement, without prejudice, but she proudly declined the offer and I not only apologized to her at this late day, but wish to impress the reader with the danger of condemning any accused person upon purely circumstantial evidence.

News of the outbreak attracted the attention of medical authorities everywhere. I took 7 male patients to the meeting of the American Medical Association in St. Louis and the characteristic skin lesions were demonstrated to thousands of visitors by such eminent experts as Dr. George Dock and Dr. C.C. Bass of Tulane who later wrote a text book and used our photographs in illustrating the disease. A national meeting was held in Columbia, S.C., which I attended at my own expense.

Interest was intense and we formed a national society for the study of the disease. No subsequent meeting became necessary because the U.S. Public Health Service took immediate cognizance of the situation and established a laboratory at Spartenberg, S.C., where the ablest experts of the service are still engaged in research. Captains Siler and Nichols of the Army Medical Corps were assigned to our institution and spent 3 months with us, making a second stay the next year. Governor Deneed appointed a state board, headed by Dr. Frank Billings and its report, edited by Dr. H. Douglas Singer, is the ablest document ever published and probably had much to do with the subsidence of the disease through correction of dietary inequalities.

We had probably 500 cases in all and a total of 150 deaths stretching over a period of three years but with the advocated change of diet, we witnessed the steady subsidence until now with the occasional appearance of a sporadic case in August or September, it has ceased to be a factor. At the time, however, it caused wide spread alarm especially when the term Italian Leprosy, by which it is designated in the Near East, was applied. Its non-contagiousness was shown by the fact that not a single nurse or attendant contacted the disease, although constantly engaged in dressing the extensive and active lesions of the afflicted.

In Italy, the cause of the disease was charged to the extensive use of American corn or maize and restrictive measures against its importation and shipments were under way there and in several southern states. As a native of our greatest corn producing state, I prepared a paper warning the public against unwarranted prejudice against this stable and wholesome agricultural product, and I believe that it had some effect in allaying fears that might have resulted in seriously restricting its market.

A favorite Italian dish is polenta, a mash of corn meal that is allowed to dry and get moldy, but even at that, it has not been shown that this diet is productive of pellagra and the fears of the public, both here and abroad, have been allayed and corn is still "King in Illinois".

The outbreak, as mentioned before, attracted national attention and brought many scientific visitors as well as voluminous correspondence. And right here, I experienced another of those instances of inadequate remuneration. At the height of the epidemic, the publishers of the Year Book of Medicine asked me to prepare an article on pellagra for the volume for 1910. The firm made the specific statement that: "inasmuch as we pay our contributors, the paper becomes our property and is copyrighted." The compensation did not enter into my plan, although I proceeded to go into matters thoroughly.

I wrote to the secretary of the Board of Health of each state in the Union and received intelligent replies. Pellagra was present to some extent in 38 states with the Carolinas', Georgia and Alabama predominating. From the Weather Bureau, I obtained outline maps of the United States and, with the aid of our record clerk, tinted the various states in proportion to the prevalence of the disease, also expressing in figures the number of cases.

It really made a pretty good article and the map illuminated the subject so as to make it readily understandable. The publishers must have thought it all right since it was given the place of honor, that is, it begins with page one of the Year Book, as the reader can verify by consulting any extensive medical library.

We were several months in preparation, used numerous photographs and a mass of correspondence. There is no way of ascertaining what it would have cost in time, material and postage but the publishers sent me a check for five dollars and a half. I presume that I received just five dollars and a half more than should have been paid me for a scientific article which was a labor of love in the interest of humanity and as a duty toward my profession, but I could not help wondering what the publishers construed as compensation when they wrote: "We pay our contributors and retain the copyright." Guess I was not cut out for a profiteer.

In addition to Captains J.S. Siler and H.T. Nichols of the Army Medical Corps, who set up a special laboratory and spent two months with us in intensive study of the disease; Dr. Frank Billings, president of Rush Medical College, sent a distinguished corps of specialists down from Chicago and our institution became an active center of scientific activity. The interest aroused by the presence of so many distinguished scientists in our laboratory resulted in the discovery of many hitherto unsuspected cases in widely scattered parts of the country.

CRUSADING AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS

In 1905, Dr. Pettit opened his Tent Colony for consumptives. It was an occasion that drew many interested students to Ottawa, of which I was one. I came home with the feeling that if segregation and isolation were beneficial for the sane they must, even in greater degree, benefit the insane. It was charged that our insane asylums were really disseminators of the germ; that the presence of consumption of the crowded wards was exposing the non-tubercular inmates to the disease. This was no doubt true, as the vital statistics of the time prove. So we enclosed the porches of two of our large cottages with heavy canvas and established what we termed porch colonies for 12 men and 12 women.

The effect was soon apparent. The fresh air and nutritious diet promptly resulted in a gain in weight and the subsidence of the hectic fever. We then bought a number of square tents and attached them to our 2 hospitals. They were connected by canvas corridors but otherwise segregation was complete. Then we built 2 separate tent colonies housing 50 patients each and these have been replaced by modern sanitoriums, still having in mind the open air and dietetic features. The result far exceeded expectations. Instead of 120 deaths a year from tuberculosis as formerly, we now lost but 20 and no patient entering the Illinois state hospital need fear infection from a fellow patient.

This favorable result shown in the reduction in the mortality rate and the many cases of mental restoration attracted favorable attention and it was felt that the name "incurable" no longer applied, and the legislature of 1907 designated the institution as the Illinois General Hospital for the Insane. At the same time, we were voted funds for the erection of two modern fireproof hospitals with a capacity of 125 beds each. They still stand and could scarcely be improved upon.

In 1909, the legislature created the Board of Administration supplanting all trustees and commissioners and vested with supreme authority over all the institutions. The loss of individuality may have embarrassed some of the superintendents, but we were very glad to be relieved of the burden of purchasing supplies and we accepted this advanced legislation as heartily as we did the civil service law four years previously.

Judge Lawrence Y. Sherman, former lieutenant governor and later U.S. Senator, became president of the board and presided over it with that independence and fearlessness that characterized all his official acts.

The official report of the Peoria State Hospital issued in 1906 chronicles the following innovations:

Non Restraint
Non Imprisonment
The Eight Hour Tour of Duty
Women Attendants for Insane Men
Segregation of Consumptives
Colonization of Epileptics
Phototherapy
Abolition of Narcotics
Industrial Re-education

And while on the subject of ancient literature, I submit verbatim the following reprinted from the archives of the State Charities Commission:

PAPER BY DR. ZELLER:

"Dr. George A. Zeller, superintendent of the Asylum for Incurable Insane, read the following paper, 'Mechanical and Medicinal Restraint':"

CLASSED WITH BLUE LAWS

"When one cares to indulge his taste for the antique in legal literature and phraseology, he naturally looks up the Blue Laws of the New England States or searches the musty tombs of the bold European libraries. He is rewarded by startling definitions of what the intelligence of the age construed as crime and by some of the penalties inflicted. Most of these laws have long since been repealed or have by common consent fallen into disuse, but there still remains on the statute books of Illinois one that, to my mind, is as out of place as a geography of 40 years ago or a treatise on surgery of 10 years ago would be in the hands of the instructor of today. Most laws are passed to abolish abuses or punish offenses against the security of property or the person, but this particular law does neither in that it apparently legalizes the infliction of bodily injury in a manner that the earliest Egyptian and Roman writers decried and against which the finer instincts of all times have rebelled."

CITES THE ILLINOIS LAW

CONDITIONS ALLOWING RESTRAINT

"The law referred to is paragraph 21, chapter 85, Revised Statutes of Illinois, 1903, and reads as follows:

'No patient shall be placed in restraint or seclusion in any hospital or asylum for the insane in the State except by the order of the physician in charge; all such orders shall be entered upon a record kept for that purpose, which shall show the reason for the order in each case and which shall be subject to inspection by the State Commissioners of Public Charities and such record shall at all times be open to public inspection.'

SAFEGUARD AGAINST SOMETHING OBJECTIONABLE

"The law itself would appear as a safeguard against the over application of something in itself objectionable and herein lies the absurdity of the law. If the application of mechanical restraint is construed so serious a matter as to call for legislation specifying under what conditions it may be practiced, then why tolerate it all and above all why give it legal sanction?

Search the Statues of Illinois and you may fail to find anywhere a clause legalizing the infliction of bodily injury except in the case of hangman alone and then only after a verdict has been rendered by a jury of his peers and the pardoning power of the Chief Executive has been sought in vain. When men executed upon the order of an assistant physician there will be some excuse for the restraint law of Illinois."

HISTORY OF MECHANICAL RESTRAINT

DEFINITION

Mechanical restraint consists of applying to the human body some mechanical device in limitation of its movements. The history of the movement looking toward the amelioration of the condition of the insane is but the history of the curtailment or abolition of mechanical restraint. Narcotics were not sufficiently known to the ancients to have been a factor in the subjugation of the unruly, but might, force and brutality have been agents by which the strong overcame the weak from the days of Cain. If some of the greater minds of the earliest days cried out against restraint, the force of their teachings was evidently lost and it is a well known fact that for nearly 19 centuries there was absolutely no improvement in the care of the insane. They were burning them at the stake as late as the 17th century in Massachusetts and the latest and most scientific text books of a much later day declared that severe and frequent flogging was, after all, the best treatment for the insane.

FIRST DEMONSTRATION OF USELESSNESS

The first demonstration of the uselessness of mechanical restraint in the care of the insane had its origin in a revolution as sanguinary as and far more bitter than our civil war. Out of the French revolution came Pinel, one of its patriots. Fresh from the movement that abolished monarchy and re-established the rights of the people, his mind was ripe for the work of removing the fetters from those of unsound mind who were merely the victims of a long-cherished custom, and when he struck the shackles from arms and limbs of the inmates of Sal Petriere and Bicertre, he started the movement which later swept through England and was taken up by Gardiner Hilland Charlesworth and Conolly and resulted in the total abolition of restraint as early as 1837.

EARL OF SHAFTSBURY'S WORK

When at a latter time the movement was about to lag, it was taken up by the Earl of Shaftsbury, and the utmost that the advocates of mechanical restraint could say was that the abolition of restraint needlessly increased the labors of those whose duty it was to care for and treat the insane.

ONLY MOTIVE

And let me say right here that this is the only motive that lies behind the application of mechanical restraint today. Physicians may ease their conscience that it is the welfare of the patient they are considering, but I have invariably found that convenience of the attendant governed this, as well as every other asylum abuse. I watched it jealously for 3 years. I saw men and women in the cottages for the violent as regularly in restraint as the day or night came on. Some were only restrained during periods of violence; others for a few hours a day while the attendants were busy; and others almost constantly in some form or other for such trifling matters as picking at and destroying the clothing or fighting each other. In the systematic crusade against restraint, it was my observation that the amount of restraint increased in proportion to the previous experience of the attendant. I found that when I cited this or that case that might be handled without restraint, I not frequently had a responsive echo from a recruit who seemed willing to give the patient a chance; but ever suggest such a thing to the hospital tramp, and you were invariably confronted with a hundred reasons why it could not be done.

"EXPERIENCED EMPLOYEES" RESTRAINT

To completely shift the entire personnel of an insane asylum in time when political activity was responsible for every member upon the force is in itself a more difficult achievement that the abolition of mechanical restraint, yet the one was dependent upon the other, and the removal of the last vestige of restraint was almost coequal with the disappearance of the last experienced employee.

UTTER USELESSNESS OF RESTRAINT

"I am not called upon to recite my own experience in dealing with this subject, yet why should I take such a decided stand against mechanical restraint if I were not able to point to a successful year in which not one vestige of it has been employed? Its utter uselessness has been demonstrated in a hundred cases who were restrained so long that it seemed a befitting garment. Our working details are filled with men and women who are daily expanding upon some useful occupation the energy that once was spent in madly chafing at the restrictions that were limiting the movements of the body. Note the dog that bounds at you when you enter the yard and frisks about you as you walk up the path and then note the tethered dog tearing at his chain and threatening to tear you to pieces. It is the same with human beings, sane or otherwise. Insanity, like bodily disease, is but a disordered function. The function still remains no matter how far the disease has progressed. Impaired though it may be, the insane mind is still capable of receiving some impressions. The horse, with supposedly no mind at all, never fails to find his own stall in the largest stable, and the dog will recognize his master among 10,000 men. The child is not more tractable than the average insane person. One might as well bar from the school an unruly child, because it entails a burden upon the teacher to successfully direct it, as to fly to mechanical restraint because its abolition the work of those who care for the insane. As well, let the victim of infectious disease die, because his care would entail danger of contagion to the nurse. As well as leave a battle unfought, because to meet the enemy might expose the soldier to bullets! Men who serve have no right to take their convenience into consideration beyond that of the good of their charges; and if more numbers are needed, the State has never limited its force, and all of us in the public service have unlimited resources at our command. Therefore, how can we excuse ourselves, if in a failure to avail ourselves of them, we inflict physical and mental torture and resort to the devices of the dark ages in meeting conditions which experience has shown can be solved without the employment of such means?

"HUMANE" APPARATUS

"One of the most potent causes of the preservation of mechanical restraint has been the ingenuity of the dealer and manufacturer, who has artfully adopted the name 'Humane Restraint Apparatus' and by that means has caused many who were using it to lapse into a position of false security, when in fact, the most humane apparatus is inhumane. I have in my museum whay any of you would shrink from as the most repulsive of restraining devices, the Utica crib; and yet, hanging upon the wall are apparently harmless appliances a hundred times more cruel. The Utica crib is nothing more than a bed with strong and high wood sides and ends and a swinging door over the top. In it the patient has perfect bodily freedom, limited only by the dimensions of the enclosure. Let any one witness the writhings and contortions of a patient in a restraint sheet tied hand and foot in bed, or study the interference of respiration while wearing the straight jacket or camisole with arms crossed over the breast and the hands tied across the back by means of the blind sleeve, and see if he would not prefer even the monstrosity known as the Utica crib.

SECLUSION THE COMPANION OF RESTRAINTS

UNNECESSARY AND UNJUSTIFIABLE

"But the crib brings to mind that other and equally unnecessary and unjustifiable procedure known as seclusion. Seclusion consists of removing the patient from the society of others and in institutional practice commonly takes the form of locking him in a room. So great an evil is this considered even in the lay mind that it has been the subject of legislation and seclusion is ranked

along with restraint as to undesirable a practice that the consent of the physician must first be obtained. Where it is practiced it has again only one object in view and that object is the convenience of the attendants. Some states have no laws governing secludion and it is practiced to a frightful extent in the east. Some of the very latest reports state that recently the experiment of leaving some of the doors that lead from the single rooms into the main halls unlocked at night had resulted in much good in that the patients did not disturb the other inmates by rattling the door knobs. I recently visited an institution in the east that stands almost as a constructive model of many of the later asylums and every door was of double thickness, either a circular opening at the bottom for the rays of a lantern to enter and another higher up for the attendant to look through and observe the occupant.

BUT THE DOORS ARE WIDE OPEN

"If any of you will visit the Illinois Asylum for the Incurable Insane, you will notice 175 beautiful doors defaced with circular openings in the panels with sliding lid, through which the attendant was to watch the charges. Fortunately, though, you will find every door standing open day and night. And this represents an architecture of only 7 years ago. (Secludion is the cause of more melancholia and depression and suicide than any feature of institutional life. Mechanical restraint will infuriate and finally kill by the interference with the normal functions of the body and death from such a cause is an outrage, but seclusion brings on a condition of the mind from which death is a welcome relief).

REGICIDE BECOMES A MANIAC

"When Italy felt that death was too mild a punishment for the regicide who took the life of the late Humberto, they sentenced the prisoner to solitary confinement. In 100 days, he was a raving maniac and in a year, he was a corpse, yet we here in Illinois in the 20th century give legal recognition to seclusion, specifying only that it must be sanctioned by an attending physician, who may, after he has prescribed it and perhaps ordered its definite continuance, go at large and move about in his circle of acquaintances. There can be less excuse for seclusion than for mechanical restraint. Fear of bodily injury may excuse the advocates of the latter, but seclusion is absolutely done to lessen the vigilance and responsibility of those who are paid for the exercise of these very qualities. We are not prepared to admit that either is ever justifiable and failure of a sane mind to triumph over one that is impaired is a humiliating admission and simply calls for one of stronger mentality to assume the task.

USE OF SLEEP-PRODUCING MEDICATION

GRAVE ABUSE

"As grave as either of the previous abuses is the resort to soporific or sleep-producing medication. It is not necessary to go deeply into this subject for the public is only too familiar with the victims of the drug habit who abound in every community in the world. Some of the brightest intellects of every age gave way under the blighting influence of narcotics. Thomas DeQuincy is one of the few men of genius who overcame the habit and retained the intellectual power that gave us the classic entitled, 'The Confessions of an Opium Eater'. But the world has had but few men of the mental calibre of DeQuincy and even he is but one who survived out of the millions who failed. It would be idle for me to outline the stupifying effect of narcotics upon the victim, of the thrill of pleasure its earlier use conveys, of the freedom from pain or relief from insomnia that come to the novice and tempts him to deeper and deeper draughts, nor is it necessary to dwell upon the constantly increasing dose, to the wretchedness of the reactionary period from which the only relief is greater indulgence, to the vigil that even the largest dose cannot change to a restful sleep. These are the things that come over the sane mind and they only reflect what the insane

must endure when placed at the mercy of narcotics. The subject is purely a medical one and would have no place in this paper were it not for the fact that it is not so long since the tray loaded with its sleeping potion was carried down the isle by the attendant and the night watch of his rounds had his bottle of chloral and administered it in proportion to the restlessness of the patient, whose restlessness of course grew in direct proportion to his ability to procure 'dope'.

EASY TO ELIMINATE

"Narcotics in institutional life are easily dispended with for the reason that, unlike restraint or seclusion, they cannot easily be employed clandestinely. In the first place, opiates are not easily obtained and secondly, the average attendant would fear to employ an agent of whose effect he knew so little. It is doubtful if harm would come to any patient if the employment of narcotics in institutional life were made prohibitive. Certain it is that with hydrotherapeutics, with massage, with action of the violet ray, and the many other non-medical agents at our command, the employment of narcotics or hypnotics merely to produce sleep is never justifiable in asylum life. The alleviation of real pain may call for the exhibition of an opiate, in as well as out of an institution, but as a sleep-producing factor, never!

IN CONCLUSION

LEGENDS ON THE SUNDIAL

"In casting about for a suitable ornament for our grounds, I decided upon a sundial as appropriate and unique. Before it was placed in position, the sculptor carved upon the respective faces of its stone base the words 'Eight Hours Labor', 'Non-Imprisonment', 'Non-Resistence', and 'Non-Restraint'. There it stands, proclaiming the principles upon which 1,820 inmates are being cared for, ever calling the attention of employee and inmate to the lines of conduct from which there has been no deviation in a year and which, if we desire to bring this work up to the highest attainable plane, must eventually be adopted unreservedly by every institution having for its object the care of dependents.

TIME AND PLACE

"The time to do it is now and the place Illinois!"

After removing $6,000 worth of iron grating from the doors and windows of the institution, we used them to enclose a ravine for an animal park. I obtained three deer (one by purchase and two as gifts), three bears, and my tenant in Nebraska sent a pair of coyotes and they gave birth to seven pups. Their yelps with the antics of the deer and the playfulness of the bears drew the attention of hundreds of visitors who not only were interested in what might be considered an incipient zoo, but commented most favorably that equipment that had been used in imprisoning humans was now harboring wild animals.

When I left the institution to become state alienist, my successor took little interest in the menagerie, allowed the fences to fall down, and the deer to escape. The herd had grown 15 and they are seen to this day in the woods along the Sangamon and Mackinaw rivers nearby. A pathetic incident occurred ten years later. Eight of the deer came out of the woods, approached an old habitat, gave a look around and scampered down the hill at the approach of a group of patients.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE PROCTOR HOSPITAL AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS, JUNE 1907

I am not so old that I can afford to become reminiscent, neither am I so young, but that within the period of my own professional life I have witnessed the inception and development of the present world wide system of sick care, typified by what is known as the trained nurse, but which I, in my work, have qualified even into a narrower field by the recognition of only those who can prefix the term Graduate. And it is to the Graduate Nurse that I would in particular address my remarks tonight. I was at Medical College when the Medical Practice Act of Illinois became a law. Its discussion had taken up the time of half a dozen legislatures and when it finally became a statute, it was loaded with riders and shot full of holes, as they say in legislative parlance. It was a law that would be ridiculed for its weakness by the newest or the most unprogressive state in the Union today, yet it was a decided advance over any previous legislation on the subject. In order that it would not be retroactive and inflict a hardship on the numberous practical physicians of the day, who by reason of a predisposition for the work had taken it up without the benefit of a course in a medical school, it was specifically provided that after a certain period of time no man not possessed of a diploma could practice medicine in Illinois unless he could prove that he had been engaged in practice for 10 years immediately preceding the passage of the law. This exception allowed many undesirables to continue in practice but their end could be easily foreseen, as they would pass away with their generation and of course a repetition of this condition could not be possible under the Medical Practice Act. At the same time, it preserved for the benefit of humanity many a valuable man who, a student by nature, had taken up the practice of medicine empirically at first and by close study of the works of the best authors and constant observation at the bedside, had made of himself a physician or surgeon so skillful that his disbarment would have been a distinct loss to a community that had learned to lean upon him in distress.

In these days of specialists and specialties, a few of you will come to know the all around family physician, now rapidly passing, and those of you who have never felt the thrill of confidence enter your hearts when the doctor reined up and who have not listened with a feeling of unbounded gratitude to his fatherly advice, which extended often into fields far removed from medicine, have missed a unique figure in pioneer life. For such of these as the law spared, let us breathe our thanks. Over the less worthy which the evasion tolerated for a more or less precarious existence until death or retirement ended their professional careers, let us draw the mantle of charity.

They saw a business opportunity and availed themselves of it. The law said nothing to the contrary, then why should they not call themselves doctors, just as anyone today may call herself a nurse, and why not go out and render such service to people as they are willing to pay for and let the ability to secure a clientele be the sole test of proficiency? It seems strange now, looking back over a stretch of less than one generation, that a great state like Illinois should have exposed its citizens to the malpractice which one could almost with certainty associate with an unprepared and uneducated medical profession. Weak as the initial law was in 1887, it drove more than 1700 so-called doctors out of the state. Locating as they did in the adjoining states, their presence there opened the eyes of our neighbors and it was not long before they, too, began to agitate the passage of a medical practice act, and so the field for the non-graduate physician became narrower and narrower until, like the lottery owner, he has no territory in which he can ply his vocation without the fear of the magesty of the law. Last year, I had with me an attendant in the asylum who was a doctor. He came as a plain attendant at $26 per month, yet his friends who had recommended him said he was a

physician. I said to him, "Doctor, how does it come that you, a doctor, are taking a position as a plain attendant at $26 a month? It seems to me that you could hang your shingle out almost anywhere and beat that." He said, "You see, its this way with me; I never was able to take but one course and after that I opened up in Utah and was doing fairly well, when Utah was admitted as a state and some of these confounded antimormon reformers passed a medical practice act and had to pull down my sign and leave the state. I went to Indian Territory and had a big practice among the Oklahoma Boomers but the first thing I knew they organized the Oklahoma strip into a territory and the legislature passed a medical practice act, so I skipped across the line to the Cherokee Nation and was just getting started when the Federal authorities got after me. The prevailing opinion out there seemed to be that a good Indian was a dead Indian and I thought I was certainly safe in practicing medicine among them. When they cited me to show them my diploma, I told them I was not practicing in Missouri but they were insistent and I knew the jig was up. I had spent most of my money paying fines and retaining lawyers and when the settlers discovered I could not legally collect my bills, they availed themselves of the loopholes in the law and I concluded to finish my medical studies and I am here to earn enough to complete my course."

Unfortunately, while he was trying to evade the law, the cause of higher medical education had progressed and one term, and then another, had been added to the medical curriculum until the poor doctor is farther away from a diploma now than when he set out to cure the ills of mankind after one 5 months term in a medical college. But one would think from all this that I am speaking to a crowd of medical students about to receive their precious roll of parchment so long and eagerly looked for. Why burden a class of young ladies with a history of the struggles of a profession which they do not primarily expect to practice? Simply to show you how history repeats itself.

What took place in Illinois a generation ago in the field of medicine, is now transpiring in the field of nursing. At the present hour, any person in Illinois can proclaim herself a nurse. She can even prefix the word "trained" to her name. She can undertake the care of the most critical case no matter how meager her opportunity of acquiring knowledge may have been. Successive legislatures have struggled with the bill for the registration of nurses as they did with the medical practice act and as regularly the bill died in committee. Be it said to the credit of the present legislature that it has finally placed upon the statutes of Illinois a law defining what constitutes a nurse. The law is crude. It has many omissions. Many compromises were made in order not to make its enforcement too drastic but it is a move in the right direction and it will be modified and amended until the public will finally be assured that the nurse who takes the life of the invalid in her hands has had all the advantages that 20th century knowledge and 20th century demands can provide.

And in congratulating you upon the passage of this law and upon the possession of diplomas that you entitle you to its protection, I would not for one moment be disrespectful to that mighty army of self-sacrificing women who in all ages forsook pleasure and comfort and even gave up life itself in order to minister to the suffering. If the family physician of old was a philantropist, doubly so was that indispensible person in every neighborhood who, sent for or not, invariably found herself at the bedside of every critical case in the surrounding country. Father was broken down with the long night vigils added to his daily task of providing the family needs. Mother was fading under the cares of looking after the other children, of keeping the household in order and the constant gnawing at her heart as she saw the sufferer gradually sinking, and it was then that the real angel of mercy came and took possession of the sick room. Out of her basket she produced bedside accessories that aided. In the kitchen, she prepared dainties that the most obstinate appetite would yield to. No hand could smooth the pillow like hers and when the turn had come and the delirium was gone, there remained in the mind of the suffering patient visions of the troubled look of the father, of

the lines on the mother's face and the choking effort she was constantly making to keep back the tears and the evidences of emotion, but when these memories fade away in the later convalescence, there always remains the recollection of a cheerful face, of a voice that was hopeful when others doubted, of one who could make the bitterest medicine taste sweet. It was the face of the gently nurse whose presence was a benediction and whose ministrations were as the breath of life itself. She, too, like the physician of old whose preparation was based upon experience alone, is rapidly passing. In her place has come the educated nurse of today. Begowned in the simple wrap that marks her profession, a raiment that commands respect where silks and laces are passed unnoticed, she comes into the sick room with all the qualities of heart that marked the nurse of old, but her hand guided by that certainty of action and precision of application that comes from an education and drill such as you have passed through during the past two years and which closes tonight in the presentation of the certificate which permits you to pursue your calling, a document doubly dear because for the first time recognized by the laws of the state. Its value is already enhanced by the fact that there will be no graduating class next year. Keeping pace with the demands of the times, your school has seen fit to add a year and stretch out over three years the course you have, by over taxing yourselves, covered in two. In it a repetition of the medical practice law. I was in almost the first three year medical class that graduated in the U.S. At that time, a two years course was compulsory, with optional three, and I choose the three. Soon it became compulsory three and optional four. Now it is compulsory four and optional five and the preliminary requirement have grown so that scarcely less than a high school or college graduate can enter. It will be so in your work. It has come to be recognized as a profession, none the less devotional or benevolent because its service is paid for.

Our mighty Government has recognized it in the creation of the grade of Contract Nurse of the U.S. Army. I was in the service when the Corps was organized. It would be taking too much time to recite a history of the development and growth of the Army nurse. Over in the public square of the neighboring city of Galesburg, stands one of the few statues of a woman to be found in this or any other state. It was erected by a patriotic body of women in honor of Mother Bickerdyke, one of the courageous pioneers who braved the terrors of the front to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers of the civil war. Her dress, devoid of any insignia of her calling, her face is sufficient to impress the visitor with the nobleness and unselfishness of her sacrifice and the respect shown it by soldier and civilian alike is the best guarantee of the appreciation of a grateful people. You look in vain in Galesburg for a statue or memorial of any of the gallant men who went from the city, many of whom attained high rank in the field; but there, crowned with a people's gratitude sits the figure of a woman whose memory overshadows them all. And she was a nurse! And Florence Nightingale was a nurse! And Aunt Lizzie Akin was a nurse! And you are nurses! What more honorable title could be attached to the name of woman except it be that of mother.

I say I witnessed the inauguration of the Nurses Corps. I did. The Medical Department of the U.S. Army has always recognized the need for nurses. The Medical Department itself grew from an unorganized and unrecognized body of camp followers who thrust their services upon the army. They had neither rank or pay but their services became so indispensable that recognition followed and with the recognition came the coveted army commission until today, the most perfect organization in the world is the Army Medical Corps. Its hospitals and records and laboratories are models the world over. It required men for nursing the sick and only a few years ago, these men were supplied by drawing upon each captain of the line from two to four men to be detailed to the regimental surgeon as nurses, and this became the basis of the Hospital Corps. It was soon learned that the captains found the Corps to be a splendid field into which to dump their undesirable

enlisted men and few of them sent their best. The result was that half the Corps men were in the guard house and the other half was of doubtful value. This led to the establishment of a specially enlisted Hospital Corps. At first, they were compelled to serve a year in the ranks as soldiers in order to become disciplined but this was abandoned in 1901, since which time men have been recruited solely with reference to their ability to care for the sick and wounded. They are paid more than an enlisted man and have many non-commissioned positions to insure higher rank and pay. The outbreak of fever in Cuba and the Southeran Concentration camps which cost the lives of more than 27,000 of the flower of the American volunteer army in 1898, showed how inadequate even this body was to cope with a general epidemic. Women came to the rescue again, as she did in the civil war and hundreds of nurses flocked to the scene and tendered their services. They were volunteers and some of them were not qualified for the arduous duties they were so willing to assume, but when it was all ended, the Government realized that something was missing. The subtle influence of woman had been in the camps and once withdrawn its absence was so noticeable that the Government began to devise means of reinforcing the medical department with a certain number of women nurses.

A chief nurse was appointed with the rank and pay of a first lieutenant or assistant surgeon. She began to recruit a sufficient force to supply a few of the general hospitals for the assignment of as many nurses as could be spared. How the enlisted men of the Hospital Corps did fight the innovation! They said the nurses were merely ornamental, that their duties would never consist of anything more than taking a few temperatures, recording a few bedside notes and the remainder of the time look pretty. Look pretty they did, but when the Corps men saw them flinch at nothing and perform with unerring precision work which it was supposed only men could do, they simply fell back and growled because the nurse drew forty dollars a month to the enlisted man's eighteen dollars. Their last stand was the Philippines. Of course no woman would be sent to the tropics - climate conditions were unfavorable, it was dangerous and there was not sufficient privacy in the bamboo town and they would be insulted by soldiers and natives alike. But they came, a few to the Division Hospital in Manila at first, then to the First and Second Reserve, to the Convalescent Hospital at Corragidor and then by transport loads to the Brigade Hospital down in the provinces.

I saw them on duty in wards where the surgeons were struggling with the newer diseases of the tropics whose very nomenclature was strange to Americans. I saw them in the Pest Camp at San Lazaro and Santa Mesa in the height of the cholera, bending over the army cot which we seized by thousands and issued alike to native and American. I was with them on the homeward bound transport when the dread epidemic broke out and we buried men at sea. I was with them through 25 days of quarantine, with those time expired American women, homeward bound after 3 years in the tropics and saw how philosophically they endured the hardship and monotony of quarantine aboard ship. They had saved their money and all looked forward to the many precious souvenirs they would bring home from Japan. Twelve days we lay in the harbor of the principal port of Japan almost against the shore. The beautiful city of Nagasaki lay before us. There were silks and embroideries in Nagasaki. There were carved ivory fans and the beautiful monogrammed tortoise shell combs and ornaments for which the city is famous, all to be had for a pittance, yet the privilege of a single purchase was denied them. I was with them when with a clean bill of health the transport again turned its prow homeward, and I saw them land at the Golden Gate to disperse to the various homes, and wherever I saw them, a deference was shown them such as we show you tonight, which is shown you here at home whether nursing in the homes of the rich or the hovels of the poor, a deference which the world not only owes you because you are women of character but because you have chosen for your life's work that high calling that has come to be inseparable from the noblest of professions and the meanest of trades.

Go, with a firm determination to maintain its dignity, to live up to its high standard, to earn that respect and recognition which the world shoes to every disinterested work in every field of charitable endeavor.

CHAPTER XIX

AGAIN IN EUROPE

In 1909, after seven years close and continuous application to duty, I decided to again visit Europe, at my own expense, of course. We had been experimenting with photo-therapy and had ten sun parlors of either ruby, violet, chrome or opal glass. There was little literature on the subject, and I thought something might be learned visiting the Finsen Light Institute in Copenhagen, Denmark.

I took the Mediterranean route and stopped off at Gibraltar and Genoa to visit Spanish and Italian Asylums. I could make myself understood in either language and was most courteosuly received everywhere. I knew my business and they certainly knew theirs and there quickly sprang up a complete understanding. From Naples, I proceeded north on the international railway stopping off enroute for two days to revisit the Eternal City after an interval of twenty years, then to Munich where I had an interesting interview with Kraepelin, the world's foremost psychiatrist and whose treatise on dementia praecox is in every institutional library and has been translated into twenty languages. Dr. Plaudt, his able assistant, a noted authority of spinal punctures showed me through the famous Psychiatrisches Klinikum and did a spinal puncture for my special benefit. The procedure was in its infancy, the spirocheta of syphilis having just been discovered. He showed me the extensive continuous baths, also a recent innovation and now universally employed.

From Munich, I ran up the Danube to make a surprise call upon my uncle Karl, a bachelor who pioneered in Nebraska and lived there 30 years but who was then in retirement with one of my cousins.

When I asked the station agent to direct me to my uncle's home, he said there had been a death in the family the previous week and I approached the house with many misgivings. It proved to have been my cousin's husband, a man of my age and owner of an extensive wax candle factory that had been in the family 97 years.

My coming sort of filled the vacant chair in the family circle and seemed almost providential. I never saw my rare old uncle again. He took a comfortable fortune with him to Germany and left a like amount in this country, with me as custodian. He was happy, a benediction to the household and a giver of a generous dowry to each niece on her wedding day and with his growing American income, everything pointed to a comfortable old age.

Then came the war and it was found that the first papers which he had taken out forty years before, although they established citizenship in Nebraska, did not constitute him a citizen of the United Stated and he must necessarily be classed with the alien enemy group. He could not secure passage to our country to claim his own, and I had the bank turn his entire American fortune over to the custodian of alien enemy property. He felt bitter toward me for doing this but subsequent events proved the wisdom of the move.

Every dollar of his European estate was swept away when the German mark was repudiated and, although none of the seized funds could be drawn, they were at least safe against deflation. In 1925, one of the nieces came over and drew the

maximum sum of ten thousand dollars allowed each claimant, and a recent law has authorized the custodian to pay eighty per cent of the balance in his hands.

My brothers and sisters were to have been the beneficiaries of the American estate but we not only surrendered it voluntarily but sent many food packages and remittances during the starvation period following the war.

Through a strange twist of fate my uncle, although classed as an alien enemy, was really helping us win the world war, for as interest came in during the time communication with Germany was shut off, we invested the surplus in liberty bonds and these were among the securities turned over to the custodian.

After a few days, I proceeded to Berlin where I met Dr. Zinchon and visited his famous psychiatric clinic. As he was conducting us through the wards and demonstrating the various psychoses, an attendant dressed in a white gown called out "Hello America!" It was Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, the eminent editor of the Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases whom I had met at several conferences at home. He told me that through our Department of State, he had been able to secure the privilege of working as a common attendant for one year, without salary. Association with Dr. Zinchon was considered so valuable that he had a waiting list of applicants from a dozen countries.

I prolonged my stay in Berlin an extra day in order to witness the martial parade in honor of King Edward of England who was making a tour of the European capitals. Emperor William of Germany was his nephew and the visit was presumed to be more than a diplomatic function. But behind it all was the shadow of the approaching conflict, an event which was postponed five years but which I believed would break out before I reached home. The guards on the side streets leading to Unter den Linden, mistaking me for an Englishman, permitted me to cross the line and I had an unobstructed view of the most gorgeous affair I ever witnessed. The crack regiments of the German army passed in review - the Uhlans, the Deahhead Hussars, the Jaggers - all in resplendent uniforms with helmets of polished brass or steel glistening in the sunlight. Bands of a hundred pieces alternated Die Wacht Am Rhein and Deutzchland Uber Alles with God Save the King and Brittania Rules the Waves. The martial spirit was in the air and every German had a chip on his shoulder. Upon my return, I gave the home papers my impressions and they were verified a few years later in the Welt Krieg, except that I could not forsee our entry into the conflict.

I visited two of the Prussian Asylums on the outskirts of Berlin. They were well conducted but everywhere I noted the militaristic spirit, the Prussianized efficency that made of a tender humane agency a precise machine with the consequent absence of the sympathetic human touch. For instance, the assistant physician who showed me through asked me, at the conclusion of my visit whether I cared to meet the "Herr Direktor" saying that he was upstairs and permission must be obtained before disturbing him. I replied in German that he could easily understand: "I am four thousand miles from home and the superintendent of an institution three times the size of yours and am making a comparative study of institutional methods. If one of your superintendents were to visit one of our state hospitals he would not have to be asked whether he wished to see the director nor would that dignitary feel other than complimented to meet a visitor from another continent, but since you might be ruffling the dignity of one who in my country would still consider himself a public servant, I must forego the pleasure of meeting your chief!" I thanked him for the courtesy and took a train back to the city.

In Copenhagen, I found quite a different spirit. I had applied to our secretary of state for a passport but was informed that none was needed, as the Danish minister at Washington would advise his home government of the purpose of my visit. When I called upon our minister, Maurice Francis Eggan, I was greeted with the statement that his office had been assured that every courtesy would be shown me at the institute.

Dr. Eggan was, with the possible exception of Dr. Hill at Berlin, our most polished and scholarly diplomatic representative abroad. I had read a number of his books and have now on my desk his "Recollections of a Happy Life", a most fascinating autobiography. He invited me to dinner, but not having a befitting wardrobe it was changed to luncheon and I spent a most pleasant hour with this cultured representative of our Government. He was even anxious that I stay over for presentation at court, a function that did not particularly appeal to me, although to many of our tourists this is the high spot of their visit abroad.

"Finsons Lys Institut" is the only one of its kind in the world. The founder had been dead several years but his brother-in-law was in charge and afforded me every opportunity of studying its operation. More than sixty patients were waiting in the anteroom for the daily clinic. They showed me every form of skin lesion, although lupus, in which the light is particularly efficacious, predominated. As lupus is not prevalent in the United States, and as the Finsen light has no bearing on mental trouble, my only profit consisted of seeing in operation a great discovery and an establishment that from an obscure beginning has won recognition all over the world. When I asked about radium, I was told that the Kingdom of Denmark owned about seven grains of the precious element but that it had been loaned to the Swedish government and was on its way to Stockholm aboard a battle ship.

In London, I visited Sir Joseph Sequeiras' radium institute in the London General Hospital and saw many cases under treatment.

The Bethehem Royal Asylum in Lambeth, across the Thames from Westminster, is the oldest institution of its kind in the world. It dates from the twelfth century and Shakespeare was a frequent visitor and is supposed to have drawn his inspiration for Hamlet, Lear and Macbeth from the characters confined there. Dr. Hyslop, the superintendent, was not only a noted psychologist but as a painter, his works were recognized by the royal academy. In his absence, I was met by Dr. Stoddart who was most courteous in showing me about.

My visit was marked by two rather unusual incidents. In trying to tell him where I was from, I mentioned Bartonville but said the nearby city was Peoria. Immediately he replied: "Ah, I know now. We had your report before our Board of Governors recently and were greatly interested in your photographs of the discarded restraint apparatus. We have a similar museum though not as extensive." We went to the attic and he showed me about every device employed through the dark ages. One of the modern things I saw was a perfect padded cell. The walls and even the floor were thickly cushioned and covered with leather. Around the walls of the council chamber were the coats of arms of various dignitaries who by royal decree had held the post governor. In the center, stood a large contribution box, and on a brass plate was inscribed: "Stranger, deposit here your alms to the glory of God and the benefit of poor Lunatik". It was preserved as a reminder of the days when the institution depended upon voluntary contributions instead of as at present in possession of a fabulous income from its extensive land holdings along Oxford Street and Picadilly, the very heart of London.

My second surprise was when I reached home and found that every institution in the country was reading "The Mind and its Disorders" by Stoddart, of Bethehem Royal Asylum, none other than my scholarly guide, who with his native modesty, had not even mentioned that he was the author of a "Best Seller."

I visited Westminster Abby, of course. It was almost twenty years to the day since I had been there and what impressed me most was that in those two decades, there had been just two burials; one, the heart of David Livingston, brought from Africa many years after his death; the other Sir Joseph Lister, whom I had followed through the wards of Kings College Hospital during my postgraduate course twenty years previously. The Unknown Soldier rests there, well deserving a place alongside England's Great.

CHAPTER XX

STATE ALIENIST - 1913-1917

My position at the head of the Peoria State Hospital was presumed to be purely professional and executive, not subject to the vicissitudes of politics, but when the independent movement was launched in 1912 with Theodore Roosevelt as the presidential nominee of the Progressive Party with millions of Republican dissenters following him, the doom of the Republican ticket of 1912 was sealed.

The Democratic nominees were swept into power in almost every state in the union including the congressional, legislative and county offices.

My activities in behalf of the Republican Party were too well known to afford me any protection against any aspirant belonging to the successful party, and although the newly elected governor, Edward F. Dunne, had visited our institution on several occasions and was outspoken in his advocacy of its manner of conduct, I knew that sooner or later such pressure would be brought to bear upon him that it would be very embarrassing for him to retain me. His party had been out of power sixteen years and his followers had a legitimate claim for recognition. This I did not gainsay, nor did I make the slightest effort to offset any of the arguments advanced by the various candidates for my position; in fact, I took one of them through the premises and showed him in detail the workings of the institution. He was the most eligible and worthy of all the candidates, and be it said to his credit, he withdrew his name from further consideration after a thorough survey of the field.

With the sole exception of the superintendent, the entire institutional force was under the protection of the civil service law and had little to fear on account of the radical change of the state government from one party to that of its opponent. The superintendency was purposely excluded in order to give the governor a free hand in the selection of executives whose views harmonized with those of his party. Against this, no argument could avail and I resigned myself to the certainty that my public career was approaching the end.

One door to its continuance was open, namely that of state alienist. The position was vacant at the time owing to the resignation of my talented friend and colleague, Dr. Frank Parsons Norbury. Although assured on every hand that I would retain my position at the head of the institution, my political judgment told me otherwise and I went to Springfield and told the governor I was certain that his party followers would eventually insist that my position be given one of their political complexion and that there was a vacancy on the board of administration which must be filled by a physician familiar with mental disorders.

The board of five members was bipartisan by law. Not more than three members could belong to any one political party and as there were already three of the dominant party, the other two, constituting the minority, must of necessity be Republicans. I told the governor that as a superintendent, I came with the legal definition of the qualifications required of the alienist of the board and that I could qualify even more decidedly as a Republican. He said, "If you will display half the energy as alienist I am told you have shown in politics I am sure your administration will be successful."

My appointment followed soon after and my official duties began in Springfield, on December 1, 1913. It was a distinct promotion but we left the institution with extreme regret. It had been our home so many years and was so completely equipped and furnished that we knew we could not find its equal outside. So we took quarters in Peoria's newest and best hotel, which we occupied four years, four very unsatisfactory years so far as personal comfort was concerned, but filled with interesting official duties that kept me in the main office at Springfield

or on the road inspecting the various institutions most of the time.

The president of the board was Fred J. Kern, a former member of congress and the editor of a fearless daily newspaper in Belleville. In clearness of vision, in downright integrity in matters pertaining to the public welfare, I have never met his superior. He owns one of the rarest libraries in the state and is known among bibliophiles the country over. As president of the board, he was the spokesman of the governor and we naturally would have deferred to him. This we found unnecessary, as he sought our opinions freely and was always tolerant of discussion. Gradually, as the field unfolded itself and he saw the possibilities of improving the service, he issued statewide orders that, while apparently revolutionary was plainly possible of execution and invariably having in mind the improvement of conditions surrounding the care of the insane. In this mammer, he established the eight hour day with one day off in seven throughout the service. Later, he issued his famous non-restraint order and made universal what had been sporadically attempted by various staff members but which had never been backed by official support. He was beset with arguments why this or that could not be done but he stood firmly by his convictions and these great advances are now so clearly established that even those who worked under the old regime and tolerated these abuses and argued against discarding them, now loudly proclaim the part they played in the abolition when in reality they obstructed the introduction of every measure that lessened the burden borne by the patient or added to the responsibility of the attendant. Our weekly board meetings were replete with interest. Some of us always had a report to read or suggestions to offer and our debates were spirited, though friendly.

There was a gruesome side to my work as state alienist that never existed before and does not now exist, although it would be a wise practice to pursue in this and every state in the Union. It all came about through the fact that Governor Dunne had served many years on the Superior Court bench and in the course of his judicial duties, had many times been compelled to sentence prisoners to death. He sent for me and said: "There is a prisoner in the Belleville jail who is to be executed next Friday. The community feels that the hanging should not take place. I want you to go down there and make a thorough examination and report to me any mental symptom that would warrant interference." I told him that the responsibility was altogether too great to impose upon any one person, especially since a jury of twelve men had reached a unanimous conclusion as to the man's guilt and the infliction of the death penalty. I asked permission to call at least two psychiatrists in consultation.

"An excellent idea and I want you to pursue a like course in the case of every condemned man. As a presiding judge, I feel sure that no prisoner is sent to his death innocently. There are so many loopholes in the law and the rights of the prisoner are so thoroughly safeguarded that such a thing would hardly occur. The state cannot appeal from a decision while the prisoner has numerous opportunities for a new trial, a Supreme Court review and a final plea to the Pardon Board, and to the Chief Executive of the state. With the closing of all these avenues, I would still feel conscience stricken were I to allow a man to go to his death if the slightest evidence of irresponsibility existed. You will have a free hand in the selection of associate counsel."

Accordingly, I chose one of the state hospital superintendents and Dr. H. Douglas Singer, the very able director of the state psychopathic institute. We met at the jail and spent most of the night interviewing and examining the condemned man. He was an unusually intelligent negro who was so competent that he was foreman of a crew in an oil mill in East St. Louis, having been called there from a similar position in Alabama. Down there, he was associated with an octoroon who

who followed him North. When she began going with other men, he shot her through the heart and surrendered to the authorities. He told us he could not live without her and when he saw that she was slipping away from him, he decided to kill her and accept the consequence. He said, "I know that the penalty is death and am resigned to my fate."

Dr. Singer applied every mental test and we could not find the slightest evidence upon which to base irresponsibility and reported to the governor accordingly. "You gentlemen have lifted a great burden off my mind and I shall let the law take its course," the governor said.

The decision was final and unanimous, but twenty-four hours before the execution, great big hearted Fred Kern, the governor's closest adviser, went to him and said: "Do you know they are building a pine board stockade around the jail yard right in the heart of my home town? The school children and town people flock there and the prisoners can hear the carpenters at work. This execution will cause gossip for two generations and will do more harm than twenty commutations." The governor, moved by this appeal, commuted the sentence to life imprisonment almost at the eleventh hour and the prisoner was on his way to the Southern penitentiary on the day the trap was to have been sprung. No doubt he is there yet, but as a life sentence in Illinois seldom exceeds twenty years, he may be at large and I am sure that I would not wish it otherwise.

Another case was that of Spencer the "Hammer Murderer" who professed sanity so strongly throughout his trial that he hoped his reckless disregard of his only defense would lead to the conclusion that he was not sane. His scheme was to frequent public dance halls and through his rather elegant manners and gracefulness on the floor, secure the confidence of some confiding patron and a "date" that would end in murder for the possession of a purse or piece of jewelry. His invariable weapon was a hammer and during his trial, he confessed thirty-two such murders. Some were fictitious but many of them were real but without the evidence necessary to convict. His final trial was for decoying the proprietress of a dancing academy into DuPage County where he said he had a class of pupils awaiting a teacher. He killed her and placed the body across a railroad track in order that a train might mangle it. The motorman saw it in time and it was clear that a murder had been committed. Her valise and jewelry were found in Spencer's room and his trial resulted in conviction. He was thirty-nine years old and had spent nineteen of those years in the penitentiary for various offenses. He had a dozen aliases and his slight foreign accent indicated that Spencer was an assumed name. I found that he spoke German fluently and conversed with him an hour in that language. He unbosomed himself freely, all the while saying, "It's no use; they will hang me for this murder which I did not commit and overlook thirty others of which I am guilty." We found him entirely sane and reported accordingly and the execution took place on the prescribed date. I passed through Wheaton that Friday and from the car window saw the temporary stockade within which he was hanged. Occasionally someone unfamiliar with this case charges that an insane man was executed, but the public may rest assured that justice did not err in this instance. There was method in everything he said and did and we as a commission have no regrets.

Still another case was that of an Italian who stabbed a fellow convict to death in the dining room of the Joliet penitentiary. The governor told us that the prisoner was afflicted with a foul disease and for us to determine its effect on his mentality. We found him in a sullen state of mind with an assumed ferocity and the dread disease was merely a confluence of comedones or black heads. He was duly executed and by a strange coincidence, I passed through Joliet that same day on the Rock Island road, which runs within a few hundred feet of the jail, and from the coach window we could see the same everlasting stockade which sheriffs

insisted on erecting rather than carry out the proceedings through a trap door of the second floor of the jail proper. I suppose that an emergency enclosure would accommodate more curiosity seekers and am glad that under the new law, electrocution can take place in only three institutions in the state.

The one case that left a doubt in my mind was that of a young man in the Chicago jail. He was to die for the murder of an eight year old girl. He said, "I don't know what it is all about, I found the body in the alley and carried it up the porch steps to the mother's door and told her the circumstances. I was arrested and convicted but am entirely innocent." We had told the governor and the prosecuting authorities that in no instance would we go into the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. Our sole mission was to determine his sanity or insanity. This man was absolutely sane and paid the penalty. There had been a number of child murders in Chicago and the public was aroused something like in London during the reign of "Jack the Ripper". The mother of the murdered child made a special plea that the governor allow the conviction to stand and it did, but I sometimes wonder if there might not have been a possibility that the statement of the prisoner was true. The state's attorney assured us that every phase of the story had been gone into thoroughly and guilt proved "beyond the peradventure of a possible doubt." The little girl's person had been violated and the trial developed that the prisoner was a member of a gang of perverts, but it was not our province to consider the evidence insofar as it might have a bearing on the mentality of the doomed man. We knew that we were dealing with an entirely rational and sane man and his execution followed within forty-eight hours, but as to his guilt - I wonder?

My conscience has never reproached me because of the decisions we reached in any of the cases, but occasionally an anxious face haunts me in the night and my only regret is that I was placed in an official position that demanded a report which, reversed, would have saved a man from the gallows. We were told at the outset, that all responsibility rested with the jury and the prosecuting authorities and since I was merely one of the disinterested examiners, I do not feel the hangman's curse.

I made periodical trips to the penitentiaries to examine prisoners in whom insanity had developed during their incarceration. I found that it had become a practice to feign insanity and get transferred to the Chester State Hospital, an institution built for the criminal insane. Down there, the ruse would be quickly detected and the prisoner returned to the penitentiary. This farce kept up until some of the men had been back and forth as many as five times. I told each man that he could gain nothing by going to an asylum for the insane - that there was hope that a sane prisoner might at some time be released but that there was no place in normal society for an insane criminal. After that, I had no more calls to the penitentiary to pass on sanity. When a case of real insanity developed, the symptoms were so pronounced as to make my visits superfluous. The warden and the prison physician and guards constituted a sufficient jury.

A prophecy fulfilled - It occurred many years after the termination of my term as state alienist.

I attended a conference of all officials of the welfare department held in the Joliet penitentiary and at its conclusion asked the warden, whom I knew intimately, if I could interview Loeb or Leopold.

"You can't see Leopold because he is in solitary for stealing twenty-three pork chops from the chuck wagon, but you can see Dicky; he is out in the yard somewhere and we will have him here in a moment." Pretty soon a young man stepped out of the elevator just like any casual caller. It was Richard Loeb, serving a ninety-nine year sentence to be followed by life imprisonment for the "perfect crime", the murder of young Bobby Franks.

I introduced myself without a handshake, feeling that such cordiality might be an infringement of prison rules. He seemed hesitant at first as if in doubt as to why he had been summoned. I told him I had the fullest confidence of the warden and we would converse in German. Numerous pencils and fountain pens protruded from his vest pocket and he said he was acting as teacher of a number of adult classes and found it very interesting. There was a perceptible prison pallor in his face and when I asked him his age, he said "twenty-seven, you know I was only eighteen!" He did not say what occurred when he was "only eighteen!"

Upon leaving, I said "Richard, don't misunderstand me. I am in no way connected with the prisons and would not arouse any false hope, but time softens public resentment, new governors will be elected and you may entertain the hope that you will be freed before the termination of your apparently endless sentence." He was! Three months later a fellow prisoner slashed him one-hundred and fifty-four times with a razor. He died the next day and his ashes were shipped to his grief-stricken mother, who died since.

Two legal executions with which I was not connected officially or otherwise tempted me to intercede. I am sure it would have availed nothing and would have been deemed an impertinence for one holding a responsible position under the governor to attempt to sway his judgment, especially since able counsel had made every effort in mitigation of the death sentence.

One was Van Dine, who with four others, was hanged for the notorious car barn murders in Chicago. There were no extenuating circumstances but he was in my regiment in the Philippines and I was tempted to tell the governor that in raiding insurrecto strongholds, the men were none too particular as to the legality of acquiring a bit of loot and I might have added that the blood of the Vikings flowed in his veins and gave him a heritage that anything gained by force was legitimate booty. His mother was a noted social service worker and if her plans were without avail, mine would have been equally fruitless.

The other was far more pathetic. It was that of a young Mexican who shot his sweetheart to death while she was talking to a man of whom he was jealous. His loneliness appealed to me and I went to a bank and secured a Mexican dollar and called on him in the Peoria jail. He was mingling with other prisoners and when they shouted his name, he came to the steel bars with a frightened look which quickly disappeared when I spoke to him in his native tongue and handed him the Mexican coin. Of course, I could offer him no hope but two days later came a thirty day reprieve from the governor and although the appeal was pending and I had nothing to do with securing it, his fellow prisoners believe to this day that my visit was instrumental in postponing the execution, which took place at the expiration of the stay. I might have gone to the governor with the plea that the boy was carrying out the law of the jungle, the Lev de los antigos - "If I can't have my girl, no one else can" and killed her without harming her escort. The Mexican counsel had interested himself in his behalf and I am certain that any such plea would have been futile, but why am I reviving these memories at this late day?

I have still more shocking prison occurrence to report, namely, the murder of the wife of the warden of the Joliet penitentiary in her apartment within the enclosure.

Early one morning, smoke was seen issuing from her room and when the guards reached it, the bed was ablaze and the woman burned almost beyond recognition. She was presumably bludgeoned to death with a heavy thermos bottle and the bed set afire to conceal evidence.

As is usual in these institutions, a trusty is detailed to care for the warden's apartment. In this case, it was a flashy mulatto serving a long sentence for panhandling and seducing white waitresses. He had worked in some of the finest

restaurants and was known to the underworld as Chicken Joe.

On the fatal morning, he brought in the breakfast tray as usual and was the last person seen leaving the room. Although he was out on the street exercising her favorite dog when the fire was discovered, he was promptly tried for murder and sentenced to death.

I dropped in after the funeral and was told that within two hours after the tragedy, the body was removed, the floor scrubbed, the remaining bedding burned and the room bare of furniture. Excitement was at fever heat and the convicts demanded a chance to lynch the prisoner, a gesture to win favor.

As the day of execution approached, Governor Dunne, thoroughly versed in criminal procedure, noted that no autopsy had been held, hence, no cranial injury established and that the victim frequently smoked in bed. There was just enough doubt in his mind to cause him to commute the sentence to life imprisonment, and he is down there in the southern penitentiary right now.

In the days of the wild west when vigilantes found that after hanging a man that had not committed a crime of which he was charged, they consoled themselves with the reflection that he had probably done enough to deserve hanging anyhow and so it may be that the jury was swayed by Joe's previous reputation, but still leaves us wondering whether the death penalty should be inflicted on purely circumstantial evidence.

And that reminds me of a recent incident where I felt grossly snubbed. I called at the tuberculosis sanitarium to cheer a sick friend. I asked a passing nurse the number of his room. She frowned and mumbled unintelligibly and pointed to the office door. In there, I found a nurse and a clerk bent over the desk posting case histories. Without raising their heads, they answered my questions almost inaudibly and I took my hat and speedily left the presence of such rudeness and inhospitality. As I made for the hall, a large sign faced me "Silent Hour" and I learned later that this rule is strictly enforced in order to afford the patients their afternoon siesta. Circumstantial evidence! I was the offender, not they.

But I made amends.

When the Works Progress Administration offered two heroic statues to be placed in front of the sanitarium free of charge demanding only that the material be paid for at the Indiana quarries, I assumed the entire cost and the statues, the work of indigent sculptors, will stand there forever observing the "Silent Hour."

A more cheerful feature of my work consisted of occasional visits to the asylum for the criminal insane, known as Chester State Hospital. Its real capacity was one-hundred beds but had been crowded to nearly two-hundred and it became necessary from time to time to sift out the aged and deteriorated for transfer to the regular state hospitals. It was not difficult, but the prejudice against the presence of this class of patients mingling with those who never committed a crime was as strong as at the time this institution was established more than forty years ago. However, we were exceedingly careful and selected only such as had shown over a lengthy period of observation that they could be cared for in our regular state hospitals. In no instance did a transfer result in violence or a criminal act and I do not recall that a single patient had to be returned to Chester. The argument in favor of segregating the criminally insane is just as forceful as when first broached and has been met by the addition of a modern cell house at Chester capable fo caring for four-hundred such cases.

Incidentally, my position brought me in contact with what would generally be considered an unpleasant duty but which to me, on account of my familiarity with the disease, opened an interesting field of inquiry, namely leprosy.

The presence of lepers in Illinois had been repeatedly charged and when a case was reported in a colony of Mexican laborers in Moline, I went there to investigate.

There were perhaps 50 families living in box cars and improvised shacks and among them was a plainly marked leper. He had the leaning countenance which marks the early stage of the disease before the nodules break down into open ulcers. He was about 40 years of age and his presence in the colony caused little or no concern. I arranged to quarter him and his devoted young wife in one of our vacant farm houses at Alton, but the citizens down there strenuously objected and we placed the couple in a small detached building in a remote part of the grounds of the East Moline State Hospital. Dr. Foley, of the institution, took the case in hand and prescribed an approved course of chaulmoogra oil treatment.

The faithful wife shared his isolation and always expressed her gratitude and appreciation on the occasion of my periodical visits. I was the only person with whom they came in contact who could speak their language and to whom they could make their wants known. Toward the fall of the year, Dr. Foley said there must be more heat in the building as the woman frequently repeated the word chilly. Upon interviewing her, I found it to be a question of diet and informed the doctor that what she wanted was Chili, or red pepper, an almost indispensable ingredient of Mexican food. This request was complied with and the patient was making excellent progress when acute Bright's Disease set in and he died. His wife went back among her people and was received without the slightest reference to the fact that she shared the home of a leper.

I saw another genuine case of leprosy in Highland Park. It is an aristocratic Chicago suburb and its officials are mostly millionaires who voluntarily serve the community and are deeply interested in its welfare. This leper was the sole occupant of their police station, as his arrest resulted in the wholesale pardon of all the prisoners and almost caused the village marshall to turn in his star. That official, however, remained true to his old political axion "Few die and none resigns" and he saw to it that daily rations were placed at the "prisoners" disposal about 10 feet from the rear door. The officials were quite unprepared to see me enter the building and at the freedom I displayed in handling the man and when I reported that the diagnosis was positive, the problem as to what disposition to make of the prisoner became an acute one. There was and is no provision for the care of lepers in Illinois. The solution came a few days later by the escape of the prisoner. He was not under lock and key and had no money, but I venture the assertion that he was not destitute when he left and very likely had in his inside pocket a ticket to his native Gudalajara, Felig Viage.

Ask Samuel Hastings, mayor!

There were two undisputed cases of leprosy in the Cook County hospital but Dr. Ormsby, the noted dermatologist, told me that the total number in Illinois was grossly exaggerated. A single leper would visit 8 or 10 skin specialists; each would report a separate case when in reality there was only one. I visited suspects in other parts of the state but found them merely victims of eczema, epitelioma or ordinary itch. The U.S. Government now conducts a splendid leprosorium in Louisiana and we need harbor no fear that the disease will become prevalent in this country.

Another outstanding incident of my term as state alienist was the advent of the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Law. It created consternation in the ranks of the medical profession as well as among the hospital and prison authorities compared to which the passage of the prohibition law was a mild event. Interested workers and officials instituted a hasty census of addicts and called a meeting in Chicago, which I attended. The leaders of the medical, legal and ecclesiastic world were present and Dr. Frank Billings, whom I always regarded as Chicago's first citizen, presided. I was there to tender the facilities of the state in meeting the terrifying situation that would confront the commonwealth the day the law became effective.

It was solemnly stated that 26,000 addicts would require immediate hospitalization in Illinois. I assured them of the fullest cooperation of the governor and of the heads of the institutions. "But where are your 26,000 beds"? said one speaker. "Where are your 26,000 patients"? I replied. "When you present the 26,000 patients, we will have the 26,000 beds even if we have to commandeer state armories and public halls."

The meeting adjourned in a pessimistic mood and we awaited the great on rush of addicts. The staffs of our state hospitals were instructed to accommodate all applicants even waiving court procedure. As the days passed, it was noted how greatly the picture was overdrawn. There was a perceptible increase of admissions to the state hsopitals but nothing approaching the predicted number. Some came with a fixed determination to rid themselves of a cursed habit, but many were vagrants and hoboes who availed themselves of the free board of the state institution and who promptly departed when compelled to remain in bed and do without the accustomed "shot".

Our approved line of treatment consisted of the instantaneous and absolute withdrawal of the drug and the liberal use of continuous baths and wet packs. The so-called Lambert treatment was discarded and these institutions where gradual withdrawal was practiced by successively diminishing doses, became immediately popular as word was passed from one addict to another. They not only recommended these particular institutions to their fellow addicts, but paid return visits themselves and there were instances where the same individual under varying aliases, was "cured" 4 or 5 times a month. Those who came with a sincere desire to reform went through the agonizing period of absolute withdrawal with fortitude and were completely rid of the habit on leaving.

Fred J. Kern, president of the board, with the approval of the governor, instructed the institution authorities to admit all comers and in order to soothe the feelings of the more refined, any sort of alias would be accepted. I recall in particular the case of a leading pharmacist in a down state county seat who had fallen a victim to the very drug he was licensed to dispense. Another was the case of a prominent photographer and his wife, both whom were confirmed addicts but eager to break themselves of the habit. All three were entered under assumed names and all returned to their homes and resumed their places in the community without anyone knowing that they had passed through the "Mill".

Some of the most abject creatures presented themselves and the methods some of them employed in the self-administration of the drug were beyond belief. There were instances where there were as many as 500 scars of punctures of the "Hollow needle" on the arms and legs of a single individual. When they could not obtain hypodermic syringes, they used glass pointed medicine droppers which caused sloughing of the parts and resultant unsightly cicatrizes. I had a collection of improvised appliances for hypodermic injection that would stagger belief. One chap, having no other means at hand and spurning the drug by mouth, cut deep gashes in his thighs and into these he would pour crystals.

One 16 year old girl of humble parentage won the dancing championship in a mining town. White slavers from St. Louis convinced her that she bring her talent to the big city. She went into vaudeville and in 2 years, she was not only a mental wreck but her arms and legs were to scarred that she could no longer appear on the stage. Through information obtained from her, I was able to put the Federal Narcotic Agents on the trail of an extensive ring of opium smugglers.

I knew of the case of a society lady who entered a private institution in order to overcome the habit. She was highly intellectual, but very cooperative, and in 6 weeks left the place completely cured. In settling her bill, she forgot her hand bag and the authorities on looking through it found that it contained a five year supply of morphine. When notified by telephone she replied, "Send me the bag and destroy its contents and forget that I ever existed." She stated she

had laid in the stock before the law became effective and fearing that she would be unable to secure the drug after that and having doubts about the permanency of the cure, determined to anticipate the future. She is a brilliant member of society, entirely free of the habit and I hope she will never encounter a copy of the limited circulation of this narrative.

When it was all over and a year's statistics were available, it was found that slightly more than 900 addicts entered the combined institutions of Illinois. And what was more surprising was that the fine old institution at Jacksonville, serving a large agrarian pupulation noted for its intellectual culture, had by far the largest number of admissions, while institutions at Peoria and Chicago, with large city clientels and extensive slums, contributed much less than their proportionate share. This may be partially explained on the theory that the refined and educated victims in the smaller towns, appreciating the help offered by the state and knowing that the drug could not be legally obtained, genuinely determined to rid themselves of the habit and availed themselves of the opportunity, while the professional "Dip" of the larger cities knew that through bootleggers, dope peddlers and quack doctors he could continue to indulge indefinitely.

With the election of Frank Lowden, agitation for dividing the state government into departments was renewed and the legislature of 1917 created the department of public welfare which supplanted the board of administration. I knew that my official tenure would terminate with the fiscal year, but had made no plans as to the future. A.L. Bowen, who for 12 years had been the secretary of the state charities commission, became superintendent of charities under the director of the department. During my entire term as alienist, he was my dependable consultant in all matters pertaining to human welfare but with the realization that my tenure as alienist must terminate with the fiscal year, I had the satisfaction of knowing that in his hands the rights of the insane would be zealously safe-guarded and that there would be no backward step.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ALTON STATE HOSPITAL

1917 - 1921

Just as my term as state alienist was to expire, I learned that Mr. Bowen was considering me as superintendent of the newly created state hospital at Alton. He sent for me and said I could have the old and thoroughly organized Jacksonville State Hospital where the duties would be lighter, but the director preferred that I go to Alton and get the new institution under way. "It was established by Governor Denees, partially completed during the administration of Governor Dunne and has come down to Governor Lowden almost ready for occupancy. It has cost a million dollars and the state should realize on its investment and can only do so by filling it with people it was designed to accommodate. It is war time and you will have no luxuries, but we feel that your previous activities in hospital construction and management make you about the most available man for the undertaking."

I did not hesitate a moment in choosing between the easy and the difficult task and on July 15, 1917, took charge at Alton. We promptly set up the equipment that had been in storage more than a year and on July 27th, received 50 male patients from the Jacksonville institution; another 50 came on August 9th, and

within 6 months, we had relieved the other institutions of 600 of their excess population. I knew from Mr. Bowen's remarks at that time he tendered me the position, that he would lend his hearty support and sustain me in any properly considered official act. This was a great comfort and more than once tided me over embarrassing situations.

Alton is a fine old river town intimately associated with every phase of the political history of Illinois. It has many wealthy, cultured and influential citizens and for a hundred years, has been the home of Shurtleff College and Monticello Seminary. To these people the presence of alot of insane patients was a new experience and a distinct annoyance. The liberal policy inaugurated during my long tenure at Peoria was continued at Alton, and if an occasional patient strolled away, the community became unnecessarily alarmed. This feeling finally resolved itself into an indignation meeting, which was attended by about 40 citizens, with Mr. Potter, president of Shurtleff College as spokesman.

The director of the department came down from Springfield and allowed each complainant to have his say. At the conclusion of the hearing, the director said that perhaps Dr. Zeller has a word to say. I told the audience that I had one word to utter and that was "guilty". "But what," I said, "are we guilty of?" "Nothing. Not a single individual has been harmed and no property damaged. You gentlemen sent lobbyist to Springfield to urge Alton as the site of this institution and you knew that its population would consist of abnormal minds and now that a million dollar plant has been erected, you seem to regard it as a circus tent that can be taken down and removed at will. I want to say to you and to the world that the liberal policy now in vogue in the Alton State Hospital will continue not only here but in all of the state hospitals in Illinois. Remember, I said, that the first martyr to the cause of abolition of human slavery lived and died right here in Alton. You murdered Elijah Lovejoy and threw him into an unmarked grave, but now you boast of no finer civic attraction than the magnificent monument that the state and the community erected in his honor 60 years later. It stands there on the bluff overlooking the city, proclaiming to the world the narrowness of the vision of 1837 and the breadth of view of 1897. His assassination did not stop the abolition movement, neither will a protest based on unjustified fear curtail the privileges which have been tardily granted the insane."

Mr. Bowen, the superintendent of charities, arose and stated that I had just about outlined the policy of the department and when the institution got into full running order, they would be proud of the manner of its conduct and would regret the hostility they had shown during its infancy while the world war was on and even normal society was disorganized. His prophecy proved true and before I left Alton, Mr. Potter and many of the petitioners expressed their regret at having tried to embarrass a great humane undertaking during its experimental stage.

On October 18, 1918, the 100th anniversary of the admission of Illinois into the Union was celebrated throughout the state. Governor Frank O. Lowden was in Alton that day and came out and in a very appropriate speech formally dedicated the institution.

Again, the unconcern of the public toward the interests of the insane was shown, for while we gave the affair extensive publicity and had two neighboring district schools present in a body, one in about seven people came out from Alton. Had there been no institution there and had the meeting been called in order to secure its location, 2,000 boosters would have attended to impress upon the Governor the advantages offered by "our fair city".

Our tract contained 1,000 acres and in addition to other crops, we grew 400 bushels of wheat each year. We exchanged our wheat at the mill at the rate of one barrel of flour for each 5 bushels and did not have to buy a loaf of bread throughout the war. Our dairy herd multiplied so that we were able to send 50 fresh heifers to the other institutions from time to time.

As the war progressed and hospitals for convalescents were called for, I urged upon the governor the advisability of turning our institutions over to the Federal Government for military use but he was wrongly advised that it was not feasible.

I was willing to surrender my position at any time if we would contribute to the welfare of the sick and wounded returning from the battle area. At one time, we were negotiating with the St. Louis authorities relative to taking over the 1,000 insane from their institution in order that it might be turned over to the disabled veterans but this, too, was ruled out.

From the moment war was declared-and even before-I tried in every way to enlist but I had passed the age limit of 55 by several years and was ruled ineligible. I tried the surgeon general of Canada and was informed that the maximum limit was 47 years. I was successful in securing admission to the U.S. Volunteer Medical Reserve Corps and 6 months after the Armistice, received a warrant from the surgeon general's office certifying to my membership in that body "as of November 9, 1918". In that manner, I was in the World War II days. I was from the beginning a consulting member of the draft board and our institution became an independent unit in the liberty loan drives and always subscribed its quota.

I urged every one of our eligible men to enlist and they did so, and two of our nurses served with the A.E.F. Dr. Seiwell, my fine assistant superintendent, went overseas and Dr. Pratt, who succeeded him, also entered the medical service and practically one hundred per cent of those who were of military age.

Dr. Kershaw was with me several months but was transferred to Chicago, and later enlisted. He served with me in the Philippines and in all my institutional life, I never had a more congenial and loyal assistant. Both he and Dr. Seiwell rose to high rank in the field of psychiatry after the war, and it is with a feeling of sorrow that I record the untimely death of both. Not only were two brilliant careers terminated, but the insane lost two of the most sympathetic and efficient caretakers that I have encountered in this field.

I feel that the war records of the heads of our state hospitals reflects no credit on the State of Illinois. All of the superintendents, except myself, were of military age but not one left his swivel chair and comfortable quarters to enter the medical corps to help a nation engaged in the most terrific struggle of recorded human history. With the exception of Dr. C.B. Caldwell, no assistant superintendent rushed to the colors, although all were offered leaves of absence with the assurance that their positions in the state service would be open upon their return. Dr. Caldwell, after the armistice, returned to his post at the Peoria State Hospital and later was made superintendent of the Lincoln State School and Colony where he died just as a brilliant career was opening.

In justice to the chiefs of staff, it must be said that some applied and were disqualified by reason of physical disability, but it is not on record that any superintendent made any great effort to enter the service. Men of the same relative standing in other pursuits and professions had to serve as enlisted men in the ranks while a commission awaited every member of the medical corps. Illinois sent 2,000 medical officers into the war but among them was not one superintendent and only one chief of staff of its state hospitals. Dr. H.M. Adler, state criminologist, was the sole exception. He became the state criminologist of California but his premature death cut short a brilliant career.

Drs. Krafft, bell and Pickard entered the medical corps of the regular army in the World War while on my staff at Peoria many years ago and are approaching the age of honorable retirement. I may have been instrumental in urging them to enter the wider field and the ambition and patriotism that led them from their comfortable berths in the state service to the exigencies of army life.

Dr. G.W. Brook, who served with me at Peoria, enlisted and at the end of the war located in Atlanta, Illinois where he quickly rose to a commanding position, terminated all too soon by death.

Dr. T.G. McLin, one of my faithful staff members at Peoria, served throughout the war and is at present at the head of a U.S. Veterans Hospital in Idaho where he is held in high esteem by the Veterans Bureau, as he was with me. Dr. E.Z. Levitin, after leaving our staff, established an extensive practice in Peoria, but closed his office and served throughout the war. Dr. C.E. Mayos, another of my Peoria staff members, served with the medical corps throughout the war and is now the assistant superintendent of the East Moline State Hospital. Dr. Mayos is a scholar, and his book "Poetry of the Insane" consisting of verses gathered from 50 asylums is unique in its field. Dr. W.H. Holmes, who served as intern with me at Peoria, gave up a promising practice to enter the army medical corps. He married our most charming supervisoress and is now a member of the faculty of Rush Medical College. The older of his two daughters was recently married to a promising young man and has my best wishes.

I printed and distributed an honor roll of those who entered the service from Alton, Peoria, and my native village; the latter I had cast in bronze and the tablet is attached to a large boulder in the village park.

Yet with all this recital of patriotism and sacrifice, there comes over me a feeling of utter disgust when I recall how some of the attaches of the department evaded the draft by setting up the claim that the service could not spare them. They drove from one institution to another ostensibly as inspectors but in reality to pad their expense accounts and collect seven cents a mile. In institutional parlance they were known as "race horses".

No buildings were under construction during the war, yet building inspectors hung out in the institutions for weeks assuming a domineering attitude and interfering with the local management. War economy was practiced by all except these barnacles who used the public service as a subterfuge to escape military duty. Governor Lowden had sheep grasing on the state house lawn, and Mrs. Lowden, from her window, could see them browsing on the grounds of the executive mansion. They set a fine example of self denial yet some of the subordinates were indulging in the wildest extravagance - war profiteers in fact. I would like to name them personally, but yellow ink doesn't show plainly on white paper.

The campaign of 1920 brought us new anxieties. Governor Lowden decided not to run again. The field being open, my old and true friend Len Small of Kankakee became a candidate. While I felt myself under deep obligations to Governor Lowden, I considered that I was released the moment he eliminated himself from the contest. Mr. Small was bitterly assailed during the campaign but his election followed in spite of the several hundred-thousand of his party associates who voted for his opponent. I knew him as a trustee of the Kankakee State Hospital, as a member of the state senate, and sat with him as a fellow delegate in the famous "deadlocked" convention of 1904.

I felt sure that I would be retained by Governor Small, but when I heard rumors that I could have the parent institution at Peoria, I realized more than ever that quality of loyalty to friends which has been one of his characteristics throughout his entire career. It was indeed a happy day when he called me to Springfield and jocularly asked me if I was homesick. The official order of transfer specified November 15th, as the date of assuming charge at Peoria. Someone in Alton asked me when I expected to leave for my new post and I answered, "On the first train that goes north on the 15th", and I was right there at the depot ahead of time.

CHAPTER XXII

HOME AGAIN

The train that bore me home on that mid November day seemed exasperatingly slow, although it was strictly on time. I bought my ticket to Pekin instead of Peoria because it was six miles nearer the institution. A conveyance met me there and in 20 minutes I was back at the desk I had relinquished just 8 years before.

That I did not sleep that night was not ude to exhiliration or any festivities pertaining to my return to the old post. Before leaving Alton, I promptly squelched a proposed farewell party and had written to Peoria that no demonstration was to attend my homecoming. I knew the hollowness and pretence of these affairs. Employees will shed crocodile tears at the departure of a superintendent while secretly rejoicing over his going and hopeful, through flattery of his successor and denunciation of the outgoing executive, that they might be advanced by favor when, merit alone considered, they were not deserving the positions they held at the time. I had seen gaudy loving cups, brazen period clocks and wrist watches and atrocious lamp stands proudly displayed by officials as testimonial gifts from their subordinates when down in their hearts they should have been ashamed to accept them, knowing full well that half who contributed to the fund with which they were purchased did so unwillingly. It is nothing less than extortion, and blackmail might even be the proper word. In declining these attentions, I was simply following the precedent of army life where an officer is checked out of one post and into another without the slightest ceremony.

An hour after my arrival, I started out with a supervising nurse to visit and inspect the wards and cottages. I asked the fellow from what school he graduated and he said that he had never entered a classroom. I asked him how he could be a supervising nurse without the possession of a diploma. He said that his title was that of supervisor and that the affix "nurse" had been dropped by the authorities. I showed him that the book of rules explicitly stated that supervisors must be qualified to care for the sick and be able to instruct nurses in the performance of their duties. He said this was no longer necessary and I realized that if it were, fellows like him would be down in the coal pit or hauling garbage.

Such desolation, neglect and deterioration! Why the institution that had been pointed out as a model had degenerated to the poorhouse class. As I continued my rounds through the night, I observed the lack of seating capacity and the next day had a census prepared which showed that, after counting every chair and bench, there were 700 more patients than seats. Hundreds of clothes boxes were empty, showing an equal number of patients without a change of clothing. The next day this was apparent when more than a hundred sat about on the floor and window sills wearing their night gowns or union suits or with bed sheets wrapped around their persons. Fifty per cent of the women were without shoes or stockings and the night supervisors who accompanied me assured me that this was all right because the dining room was down stairs and there was no need of shoes and stockings as the patients never left the building. When I told her that within 60 days every one of those patients would be going to meals fully dressed, she simply regarded it as an idle boast of one who did not know his business. She said I would find this a different class of patients from those I left at Alton, yet I pointed out to her dozens of women who for years had gone about the premises properly dressed during my former tenure. To me, it would have been a miserable night had I not realized that there was a field with possibilities as great as when we cleaned up the poorhouse population when this was the Asylum for the Incurable Insane.

It was all to do over again and the improvement began next morning. As I stopped at the desk of the night telephone operator, I noticed a nickle plated hypodermic syringe lying there and when I asked where it came from, she guessed that the male supervisor must have forgotten it. She seemed quite unembarrassed in stating that all the supervisors carried "hypos" and administered a "shot" whenever a patient became troublesome. And this is an institution that had won world wide fame as a pioneer in the abolition of mechanical and medicinal restraint! I mention it now to show how easily "sloth and human folly bring all your works to naught". But why go into particulars. It was the same in every department. In the hospitals for the sick, I had a count of bedsores made and it was found that 21 patients had sloughing ulcers ranging from the size of a silver coin to that of a pancake. I reassigned the staff and told the physician that if in 60 days there was a single bedsore, there would be another reassignment and probably release of some of the members. He took hold with enthusiasm and in three weeks announced with pride that the last bedsore had healed and that no new ones had developed. I am pleased to be able to say that this young physician now occupies an advanced position in the public service and often refers to the insight he obtained through this assignment. He says that he had always been told that bedsores could not be avoided in an asylum for the insane but now he looks upon them with the same horror I showed when I placed him in charge of the physically sick.

Our splendid training school which we organized in 1906 and which at one time had one of its graduates as Chief Nurse in 8 of the Illinois institutions, had been wholly discontinued for 5 years, and the school of occupational therapy that had once turned out work that had been shown in many county fairs no longer existed. Such patients as were skilled in needle work were monopolized by the attendants, who regarded it as perfectly legitimate to profit at the expense of the efforts of these unfortunates. Needless to say, this was promptly stopped and our training school is not only accredited but its standard has been raised to the requirement of a high school diploma and our graduates are eligible to the degree of Registered Nurses and almost without exception acquire it.

More than 100 patients work in our occupational center and there are numerous classes in the cottages with a chief occupational therapist and 9 competent instructors in charge. Everywhere day rooms have been artistically furnished with the output of the school and the Department supplied with a large stock for exhibition over the fair circuit.

It was apparent that no attention had been paid to quarters. Although hundreds of patients were sleeping on the floors of the crowded institutions in other parts of the State, there was room for hundreds of additional beds here. These were promptly installed and from time to time we were able to place at the disposal of the department enough beds to relieve the congestion elsewhere. There were 2,100 patients present in 1921 where today there are 2,700. And these additional 600 have been accommodated without the addition of a single new building, simply by intelligent use of the facilities at hand.

It is known that it costs a thousand dollars a bed to provide quarters for the insane and since we found additional room for 600, it can easily be appreciated that in 6 years we saved the state six hundred thousand dollars, all this without intruding upon the air space of a single patient or placing a bed in a day room, hallway or clothes room.

We increased our farm colony from a population of 40 to 100 by routing out tenants who occupied buildings admirably adapted to house working patients. All this must seem to the reader like self aggrandizement or depreciation of those who filled the interval during my 8 years absence, but it is merely written as a warning - as a reminder of how easily an advance may be lost.

I have so long and so constantly been alluded to by some of my colleagues as an agitator and institutional prevaricator, that I am shell proof, and if this pinches the toes of any of them, they are welcome to continue to spread their propaganda although down in their inner consciousness they know that every statement is true and that this institution is open to inspection every day and night throughout the year and that it would be impossible to conceal a single departure from the principles we not only advocate but which are in actual operation.

An executive, who upon assuming charge of an institution or department, diligently studies his new field of activity with the object of improving or advancing what has already been accomplished is to be commended. All progress in our world is based upon what our predecessors have done and all that the ablest mind can do is to carry an innovation a little farther. The small mind, incapable of evolving a new idea and jealous of those who preceded him must, in order to obscure his own inefficiency, necessarily discredit all previous efforts. A notable instance of this was the destruction during my absence of every vestige of our experiments in phototherapy. We had established ten sun parlors with opal, ruby, chrome or violet glass and the scientific world was eagerly watching the reaction of the patients to the various colors. Altogether we had 4,000 window panes of various hues with incandescent lamps to match. I had even gone to the Finsen Institute in Denmark at my own expense to get "light" on this subject. To find that during my 8 years absence all had been destroyed or removed, and for no possible reason except the visitors occasionally alluded to them as one of my innovations proves my contention that unless the higher authorities jealously guard the institutions similar acts of vandalism will occur and drag the service to the level from which it has but recently risen. Not a voice was raised against this desecration and the persons responsible instead of being summarily dismissed, were continued in positions where they could still further lower the standard of public care of "God's most unfortunate creatures."

In my long connection with the public service, I have been associated with some of the ablest minds of the day and my admiration of them has not been lessened by my inability to attain their ideals. They stand out as beacon lights for those who seek the light but only irritate the eyes of those who will not see. To the latter, as they contemplate those whose interests they have neglected, I commend the closing stanza of Markhams "Man with the Hoe".

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands.
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings-
With those who shaped him to the thing he is-
When this dumb Terror shall rise to grudge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?"

CHAPTER XXIII

SHARING THEIR LOT

The best way to secure inside information is to place yourself on the inside. Merely "walking the wards", as they call it in England, affords but a superficial knowledge of the actual condition under which the inmates live, and for that reason I determined, soon after assuming charge of the institution, to obtain at first hand information as to just what these conditions were.

With that purpose in mind, I informed the staff that I would spend three days and nights on the wards as inmate, sharing the lot of the patients in every particular, that no favors were to be shown me and no embarrassment be felt by the physician or the attendants because of my presence on the wards in the role of a newly admitted patient, the only exception being that my name be omitted from the ward register. I feared that such entry might lead to future complications and that someone looking over the record would conclude that any man crazy enough to undertake such a crazy move must indeed be crazy.

Accordingly, I entered the receiving cottage, was weighed, measured, stripped and examined for bruises, marks of identification or skin lesions. Then I was placed in the continuous bath, where I remained two hours and of all times, George Fitch, author of the famous Siwash stories and Rev. B.G. Carpenter, leading Universalist, came out to visit the institution and they sent them down to the ward to call on me, just when I didn't want visitors. Here I was, stark naked floating in tepid water, my head resting upon a canvas sling stretched across the end of the tub and a sheet forming a canopy to hide my nakedness.

I told Fitch that I had furnished him many a scoop for his news column but that he must respect the defenselessness of an unarmed man without a stitch of clothing on his person. And he did. Neither did Rev. Carpenter allude to it in his sermons but at many subsequent gathering of congenial spirits both recited with embellishment and good nature their impressions, yet I wonder if sometimes they felt that I belonged right there on that receiving ward.

At noon my meal was served in bed, a routine procedure. Before supper I was encased in a wet pack and at bedtime had myself transferred to the big supply ward where I slept in a dormitory with 150 bed fellows. I say slept, but in reality remained awake most of the night listening to utterances of disturbed patients or having my rest broken by the turning on of ceiling lights while a patient was being "specialed". Finally the ward became very still and I fell into a profound sleep from which I did not awaken until high noon. The reason was that this was a working ward and all the men went to outside tasks after breakfast and quiet prevailed. Of course, I went to the dining room with them and noted the heavy china, cups without saucers, warped bare table tops, ample food but not inviting because of elapsed time between the kitchen and serving room.

Next day I was transferred to a custodial ward where I spent the day with the patients, observing their behavior and that of the attendants. Whether my presence guided their conduct or not, I must say that they were most considerate, even in situations where loss of temper would result in any similar provocation on the outside.

I spent the next day in the tent colony for consumptives, 26 wall tents joined by canvas corridors. I slept in one of them and was favorably impressed with the care given these unfortunates.

Ward doctors made their rounds regularly but took no particular notice of me until the evening of the last day when I went to the congregate dining room serving 1,000 inmates each meal time. When I took my seat at one of the tables, I found before me an elaborate meal, out of all resemblance to the fare of the patients. Dr. Levitin of the staff said he could stand it no longer and had the meal sent over. He is now the leading neurologist of Peoria and editor of the local medical journal and often jokes about my foolhardy experiment but never makes light of its purpose.

After supper, I concluded that I was entitled to a night's rest in my own bed and ended my three days self-imposed immolation.

One thing I learned was the superficiality of merely looking at patients without a knowledge of how they live between visits. It was a rare experience, an eye-opener that shaped my attitude toward them through the subsequent 30 years

of guardianship of their lives and welfare. But it was not enough. I must learn the duties and tribulations of the attendants. The staff must also have first hand knowledge. Accordingly, we assigned every member an 8 hour tour of duty.

We had 21 cottages and had to draw on every member including nurses, stenographers, store keepers-in fact, all but the power house force and the information clerk. We split them up so that a working force remained at headquarters. Next day a like squad assumed the afternoon shift and finally a similar group went on night duty. I chose the night shift because I had seen the day force on duty hundreds of times. The standing order was that every night watch must call the telephone operator every hour as an assurance of wakefulness. It seems a short gap, yet I found myself dozing between calls, so I cheated. Instead of calling the operator, I had her call me each hour. I answered glibly that I was wide awake, although she had aroused me from a sound slumber. Of course she marked me vigilant on her night chart and kept my secret but after that I never bore down quite so hard on night watches who occasionally nodded in their chairs through the lonesome vigil.

Our experiences and observations were discussed for weeks at staff meetings and many improvements in the care of the patients and the demeanor of the attendants resulted. But the circle was not complete. I had noted on my rounds that a large portion of certain victuals was not consumed.

Years ago in showing Dr. Frank Billings through, I took him to the farm colony where 700 hogs were rooting in rich slop. I told him that our pork showed a huge profit but he said, "can you afford to feed hogs on bread, lima beans and other expensive left overs?"

Right then, we decided to assign the staff to an inspection of the dining rooms to determine just what prepared food was left over. Each reported in detail the next day and it was surprising that dishes that are considered delicacies did not appeal to the appetite of the patients. For instance, tapioca showed half or three quarters of each bowl uneaten. The same was true of macaroni and lima beans and boiled rice, all easy of mastication. All went into swill and was fed the hogs. Should the cost of the unconsumed food have been deducted from the value of the pork, out live stock account would probably have showed a loss. The result was a balanced ration eliminating the ingredients which did not appeal and substituting a diet that would be consumed. Just such procedure places one in position to remedy slights and omissions that would for years escape the notice of the casual ward inspector.

I know of an institution in which the superintendent, accompanied by an orderly (really a bodyguard), pompously paraded the long halls of the obsolete Kirkbride structure every Sunday morning and felicitated himself next day that he had personally "visited" every patient in the institution. They were sitting bolt upright in rows of chairs lined up against opposite walls, chairs which they occupy daily throughout the hear, the only variation being that on this occasion, they were dressed in Sunday clothes, garments they did not see again for a week. I have known individual patients to wear the identical suit of clothes 15 years. Why not, since they were worn only a few hours 52 times annually. It was the last stand of the paper collar and even these saving devices were worn on 6 or 7 consecutive Sundays. Maybe those samemen, dressed in wrinkled overalls, spent the rest of the week in strong canvas strait suits or strait jackets, their hands encased in sole leather mitts or muffs locked around the wrists with anklets of similar strength and a locked belt holding the entire body firmly to the seat.

Every attendant had a bunch of keys handing from his belt and the key board in the office on which they hung when off duty resembled a hardware store. The loss of a key was deemed sufficient cause for dismissal. Today, an attendant carrying an assortment of keys would be considered a burglar.

A shabbily dressed or carelessly groomed man on the outside does not shock the casual observer. He may be a laborer begrimed while engaged in his routine task or just a thoughtless fellow without pride in his personal appearance. Quite different with women. When they went about in ill fitting dresses, shoes untied, hair uncombed and a slouchy air in general, they deteriorated mentally, brazenly unconscious of the pitiful picture they presented, or if still possessed of a rudiment of refinement or womanly modesty, shunned the company of their fellow beings and became morose and drifted into a state of melancholia and indifference and wound up on a custodial ward to become life long charges upon the state.

The beauty parlor, ridiculed at first as a fad, has changed all this. They now go about with their self-respect restored and in costumes that do not differ from those worn by any ordinary group of women. Factory made dresses of correct design and pattern are now bought for little more than the bolt good cost and the sewing room of the institutions practically limits its activities to fitting, mending and getting out bed linen and ward furnishings.

Likewise, tonsorial attention has equally elevated the tone of the men. Time was when every male attendant was considered a barber. Seated on a stiff backed chair the patient was "scraped" once a week and given a semi-annual haircut. This we promptly corrected by installing barber chairs, setting aside a room as barber shop, equipping it with every convenience demanded by the state inspectors, and 4 licensed barbers constantly on duty - one for the bedridden men.

One day, I received a call from uptown saying they had one of our escaped patients in custody. I asked how they knew it was a patient and they proceeded to describe a character that would fit almost any vagrant. I told them the description would have to be more explicit before we would be justified in sending for him, but when they stated that he had a streak of dried lather down either side of his neck, I said "hold him until we come - that's our earmark. He's our man!"

Returning to the home institution after an absence of 8 years, I was struck by the almost complete departure from the code under which it had won recognition and public acclaim all over the country. True it had passed through the world war period and rigid ecomony was the order of the day, but that was no excuse for permitting 50 women to spend the entire day on the wards with bed sheets wrapped around their bodies in lieu of dresses, barefooted because of lack of shoes, and wide boards on the sides of the beds occupied by bedridden patients of the hospital wards - convenient substitute for restraint and imprisonment.

An intelligent patient complained that he might as well be in the cellar since he could see nothing to the right or left with only the ceiling visible. It did not occur to the attendants that with ordinary vigilance, the patient could be prevented from falling out of bed. In cases of extreme restlessness we would not hesitate to assign 3 attendants on eight hour shifts to guard against just such an occurrence. No hypnotics, no hollow needle!

One of the state hospitals, in its report for 1937, states with apparent pride "mechanical restraint is not employed except in a few surgical cases to prevent disturbance of the dressings." Wonder what attendants and bedside nurses are for? Isn't the human presence, the human touch, more humane, more efficacious than canvas and leather straps? Yet that superintendent is the most accomplished scholar in the state service. The period of maniacal fury is of short duration and speedily yields to the soothing presence of sympathetic nurses. We taught our help that the burden of care must be assumed by the attendant, not the patient.

A recent shipment of beds hip high was lauded as a great convenience to the nurses. No thought was given the strain on the patients in getting in or out of bed. Convenience of the attendant preceded the comfort of the patient! Why, more than 20 years ago we lowered the springs of the beds of our epileptic patients to within six inches off the floor. The attendants growled about having to stoop but we were thinking of the fractures incurred in falling off high beds.

The director of the department receives bundles of mail advertising "humane" restraint apparatus but, despite his strenuous opposition to the application of any form of mechanical restraint, it would appear that the manufacturers have a sure market in the quoted institution, and that brings me back to my repeated declaration that, left to the discretion of individual superintendents, restraint will again be applied although Illinois has officially banned it 23 years. There is no middle ground, either total abolition or unrestricted freedom to apply it.

The same report also states: "nearly one-fourth of our patients have the freedom of the grounds." Why not the remaining seventy-five per cent, with or without supervision of attendants? Merely taking a group of patients, shepherded in herd formation up one walk and down the other is considered lost motion. No individuality will develop from such routine procedure - just as an endless circle winding up no where.

Insanity is not increasing but the population of our state institutions is. It has reached a score of almost one in a hundred. Only a few years ago it was one in four hundred of the population. The increase is due to liberalization of our commitment laws, easier access to our institutions, greater confidence in the humane and scientific treatment given them, as well as the activities of our social service workers in bringing social misfits under state care and supervision. Were it not for the efforts of these same agencies to find homes and after-care for patients suitable for parole, the population of our state hospitals would be greatly increased.

Crime is not increasing but our prison population is. Only a few years ago we built new penitentiaries at Dwight and Joliet. Both are filled beyond capacity and the construction of a new one is in the offing. The reason for this increase lies in the more vigorous prosecution of law breakers and the tightening of our hitherto lax parole's system.

Dr. Kirkbride was the outstanding authority on asylum architecture, and the Kirkbride institution, though modernized, still carries on in Philadelphia. Unfortunately, his ideas were incorporated in the 22 asylums erected through the efforts of Dorothea Dix and many of them stand to this day as reminders of the fallacy of blindly following precedent. In a recent edition of the Welfare Bulletin, Mr. Bowen graphically describes the iron cages at the end of the long halls of the absolete asylum building at Dunning, now being razed to be replaced by modern cottages. How the old time institution managers doted on the Kirkbride interior - long hall, short hall, dining room and clothes room. There were no indoor toilets in those days and the "pail" system was universally employed. In 1820, there were two bath tubs in Boston and a statute prohibited bathing except on Saturday nights.

Talking to Dr. Hurd on the premises of the Buffalo State Hospital, I pointed to the massive tower ornamenting each end of the main building and remarked that their cost would build a sizeable modern infirmary. He said, "Yes, those towers cost $70,000 each 90 years ago and only a contractor could tell you what they would cost now, they are not only useless but their stability is questioned and they will be torn down."

The Kankakee State Hospital has a useless and not particularly ornamental stone tower that has been condemned as unstable. The East Moline State Hospital is a magnificent replica of a medieval castle but its powers and turrets are entirely useless. Governor Altgeld followed this style in all his public buildings but could be excused on the ground that he was born along the Castled Rhine and naturally treasured memories of the Vaterland.

What was true of our earlier architecture was equally true of the manner of conduct of our institutions. No one in this comparatively new country was deemed capable of managing an asylum for the insane. They must draw their talent from the eastern states, and did. Security was their only thought and the result was

that for two human generations every abomination that usage had established as necessary in caring for these unfortunates was continued. It carried down almost to the present day. Why, only a few years ago when 100 patients were being transferred to Peoria from another institution, the attendants were told as the train was nearing us "hurry and remove all restraint, those fellows down there don't tolerate it and will ridicule us." We got the 100 patients and they returned with two large chests filled with sole leather anklets, wristlets and strait jackets, and that superintendent was deemed one of the ablest in the country. He could thrill a woman's club audience or high school class with brilliant discourses on psychoanalysis but they never get to see the apparently heartless methods he tolerated in his institution.

Recently, two guards brought us four deteriorated convicts from the asylum for insane criminals by automobile, a drive of 300 miles. The prisoners were not only handcuffed to each other but chained to the car door. In case of an accident the guards would have some chance - the prisoners none - another instance of placing the safety of the custodian above that of the victim of the law.

They readily adjusted themselves to their new "freedom" and are here yet with the exception of one who walked out. Since his crime was nothing more than bigamy, we made little effort to apprehend him feeling that he probably found another wife and would be sufficiently punished by having to live with a woman who would marry such a chap.

It is contrary to Illinois law to chain a prisoner to the seat of a passenger coach but, as there were no automobiles in those days, I presume sheriffs feel that these modern conveyances are not included. It is a sound law. The prisoner may be on his way to the execution chamber but the court specified the manner of death, which did not include burning alive in case the train is wrecked.

When the Peoria State Hospital was opened in 1902 the trustees, instead of securing someone with progressive ideas, drew upon one of the older institutions for a manager and he brought with him a corps of "experienced help" and it required years of effort to overcome the traditions they left behind them. Not until an entire new force was trained did the inmates enjoy the privileges to which they are entitled.

The cottages were like club houses with open doors and windows but the first act of the management was to guard every door and window with iron grating at a cost of $7,000. Three years later, we removed every one of them and used them to fence our deer park. Even the office building in which no patient was ever housed was screened with iron bars. This, they said was to safeguard the superintendent against any patient who may have escaped the vigilance of the "guards". The outer walk of every building are defaced by the marks left after the removal of the iron frames of the grating and the interior of the beautiful cottages still show more than 100 rooms with peep holes covered with sliding lids. Since no door is ever locked, they have been allowed to remain as a rebuke to those who ordered their installation.

Illinois has not screened a single cottage for the insane in 20 years, but there are influences at work that would re-introduce all these discarded "safeguards" and only the firm stand of men like Mr. Bowen, our present director of public welfare, prevents return to the archaic.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE, 1931

Rather a mystifying title for an autobiographical chapter, but that is just what 1931 A.D. was for the boys of Peoria and the adjacent territory. And here is the explanation!

Illinois has embarked upon a twenty-five year program of acquiring game preserves, recreation centers and forest reserves and to appropriately mark with tablets, monuments, or statues, the places where its pioneers labored and endured in laying the foundation of our commonwealth. To enumerate them would tire the reader and to attempt to describe more than one of them in a brief chapter is out of the question.

The cradle of Illinois was that undefined southern segment affectionately alluded to as "Egypt". There, at Kaskaskia which was its first capitol, now wholly erased by erosion of the Mississippi. There, also on the shore of the Ohio, is Fort Massac, captured from the British by General George Rogers Clark during the American Revolution. Farther up is Fort Gage, which he also took thus wresting from British sovereignity the territory now constituting the great "Prairie State."

Fort Massac has also a sinister association for it was there that Aaron Burr plotted with fellow conspirators to overthrow the infant Republic and establish an empire with himself at the head and here he corrupted a young army lieutenant who became the pathetic figure around which that tragic drama, "A Man Without A Country" was written.

Fort Chartross, also state owned, was built by the French in the eighteenth century and designated the Gibralter of the Western Hemisphere. It was designed to fortify the Mississippi against invasion by England of the French colonies to the south, since added to our national domain through the Louisiana Purchase. But those were military achievements so necessary in establishing civil government but which must inevitably give way to pursuits of peace once the exigencies of war have passed.

Down there in Vandalia stands the second capitol built by the State and in front of it the statue of the Madonna of the Trails, one of which stands in each of the twelve states through which the National highway, established by Thomas Jefferson, to bind the East to the West passes.

Granite monuments and bronze tablets mark the twenty courthouses Abraham Lincoln visited in his circuit riding days and our "Lincoln Country", of which Peoria is a part, abounds in tributes to the Great Emancipator. About the time he came to Illinois, interest in schools became manifest. Illinois College at Jacksonville, Shurtloff at Alton and McKendree at Lebanon recently celebrated their first centennial. They are the oldest institutions of higher learning in the State and although more than fifty were established in that period, struggled along for years and went out of existence, the three still carry on.

One school that began under most promising auspices was Jubilee College, fifteen miles out from Peoria, established in 1835 by Rev. Philander Chase, founder of Kenyon College, Ohio, and first Episcopal bishop of Illinois. He acquired six sections of land and laid out a self-supporting community of which the school was the center. He visited London and was granted an audience with Queen Victoria and received from Her Majesty substantial aid in the interest of the Church of England. In 1839, he laid the corner stone of the stately college building that stands to this day a rare example of early nineteenth century architecture and construction. During a recent inspection with a leading contractor who successfully undertakes big jobs, he informed me that he would not attempt to replace the

building for less than tifty thousand dollars and then would have to wait one hundred years to have it reach its present mellow tone.

The school flourished for a time but the bishop died in 1852 and his nephew, Salmon P. Chase, later Lincoln's secretary of the treasury and chief justice of the U.S. and militant abolitionist, was delivering vitriolic speeches against human slavery and as Jubilee was largely patronized by the sons of southern slave holders and plantation owners, they withdrew their support and the school languished. Several times it was revived and at one time the Government sent sixty-four Indians there to be educated, but in 1911, it was wholly abandoned and the buildings allowed to fall into decay. The priceless library, many volumes dating back to the sixteenth century was looted until scarcely a fly leaf remains. The rare old furniture and equipment, eight freight carloads, was shipped into Indiana; tract after tract of the thirty-nine hundred acres was sold until only the ninety-six acres and the College buildings remained.

In 1931, the heirs of Bishop Chase sued for partition and distribution and the property was sold at the courthouse door, and I purchased it for the announced purpose of donating it to the Boy Scouts of America. There can scarcely be a more ideal spot for a camp for boys. Here they have limestone cliffs, level upland with giant oaks three hundred years old, fifty acres of fertile bottom land with numerous fresh water springs for bathing pools, room for baseball diamonds, tennis courts and cinder tracks and where individual garden plots can be allotted weekend campers.

The majestic sweep of the valley of the Kickapoo appealed to Bishop Chase a hundred years ago and it has lost none of its charm. It was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians and it is said that Chief Black Hawk came down from his Rock River village to induce the Kickapoo tribe to join him in his forages against the whites, and Capt. Abraham Lincoln camped near there when he led his troop of rangers to the scene of hostilities.

Replete with romance and hallowed by sacred memories, its influence on the youth cannot be other than inspirational and to this end, and in memory of Bishop Chase, the consecrated chapel was deeded to the Episcopal Church. As if to further add to its impressiveness, the court set aside the quaint old cemetery where rest the pioneers of the settlement, just such a setting as may have inspired "Gray's Elegy". The bishop's grave is there, marked by a marble facsimile of an Episcopal altar with an open bible, also of marble. As we wander about the hallowed ground, we come upon a little grave over which is a leaning slab with the tender epitaph:

Louise Withers
Beloved daughter of Rev. Chas. and
L.W. Dresser
Died on March 10, 1850
Aged 10 years, 8 days.
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Calm and serene in sweet repose
Our darling truly lies
No sorrow now her spirit knows
Her home is in the skies.

It might mean little to the casual visitor to that picturesque churchyard but it has a sentimental and historical significance that the bereaved parents could not have anticipated, for the Reverend Charles Dresser left his charge in Springfield in the forties to teach theology in Jubilee College. While in Springfield, he officiated at the marriage of a rising young lawyer and a Kentucky belle and when he left for his new field of activity, he sold his home to that same bridegroom. The home is now a state and national shrine, and its purchaser and

occupant was Abraham Lincoln.

Another tombstone of more than local interest is that of Captain Lewis Coolidge. Noting the date of his birth and death, 1763-1872, I wrote the War Department and received a copy of the record showing that "Lewis Coolidge served in Captain Honathan Whitney's Company, Osgood's Regiment, 2nd Massachusetts Militia, War of 1812". His honorable discharge entitled him to file on a quarter section of Government land and this brought him to Peoria. Feeling certain that Ex-President Coolidge would be interested, I wrote him and received the following reply, scarcely six months before his tragic and untimely death. The letterhead reads "Office of Calvin Coolidge, Northampton, Massachusetts" but was written in his ancestral Green Mountain home, where he sleeps beside his father and son.

Dr. George A. Zeller
Peoria State Hospital
Peoria, Illinois

Plymouth, Vt., Aug. 30, 1932

Dear Sir:

Please accept my thanks for your letter. The family of which you refer is undoubtedly descended from John Coolidge who settled in Watertown about 1630.

With kindest regards, I am

Yours very truly,

CALVIN COOLIDGE

The genealogy of the Coolidge family, contained in a handsome volume owned by Miss Elinor Coolidge of Peoria, a lineal descendant, verifies the statement.

Now you might wonder what prompted a person without a home of his own to purchase and deed this property free of incumbrance to the organization named. Well, anyone interested in the preservation of historic sites and who has been a sort of amateur collector all his life could only shudder at the thought that it might be converted into a dance hall, road house or chicken dinner resort, as one rumor had it, or that a syndicate proposed to set up a sawmill and convert those venerable oaks into bridge planks.

So - last minute confession - recalling that the motto of the Boy Scouts is "Do one good turn each day". I decided to do one good turn in a life time - and Camp Jubilee is the answer.

CHAPTER XXV

CAMP JUBILEE - THE DEDICATION

Sunday, October 18th, 1931, had been selected as the day for the presentation of the deed to Jubilee College, grounds and chapel. Providence smiled on the occasion and provided unusually bright and cheerful autumn weather. I knew there would be an immense concourse of visitors and went out in the forenoon and advised the scout masters to prepare ample parking space. This they thought they had done, but were overwhelmed when five thousand visitors appeared. Automobiles filled the grounds and lined the highways for a quarter of a mile in every direction.

Here was a ruin, a remnant of a noble institution that for fifty years had been neglected, yet so great was the interest that the world seemed to be "wearing a pathway to its door". Why, I went out with a party of prominent Peorians shortly

after acquiring it and they expressed the utmost astonishment at what they saw. The head of Peoria's largest bank said, "I have lived in Peoria fifty years and never knew this place existed". The leading criminal lawyer said, "I was born in Peoria, more than sixty years ago, and always knew of Jubilee and reproach myself that I never saw it until today". Others expressed equal surprise and admiration. It was evident that Jubilee, long ignored and forgotten, was coming into its own.

A temporary stand had been erected on the slope in front of the college building and several hundred camp chairs provided for elderly visitors and descendants of Bishop Chase. Dr. Frederick R. Hamilton, president of Bradley College, presided and Rev. W.L. Essex of St. Paul's Parish, offered a prayer replete with feeling and emotion, after which Mrs. Zeller, herself a devoted member of his church and a graduate of an Episcopalian seminary, stepped forward and said: "In memory of Rev. Philander Chase, first bishop of Illinois and Founder of this school I present, through you, to St. Paul's Parish of Peoria, a deed to Jubilee Chapel and the ground upon which it stands."

The Orpheus Club of Peoria sang appropriate songs and the presiding officer introduced Dr. W.A. Johnston a former instructor in the school, and his address was followed by the state representative of the Scouts. As he finished, my nephew's fifteen year old son, and a Scout, saluted and said : "On behalf of my great uncle, whose name I bear, and in memory of my great grandfather, I present, through you, to the Boy Scouts of America, a deed to Jubilee College and its remaining ninety-seven acres".

Then came "taps" for Jubilee College, taps - lights out - farewell! A Scout sounded the call and was echoed by three other buglers concealed in opposite directions and as the last notes floated across the valley, the crowd was moved with profound emotion. Many in tears - not only because a rare old institution of learning had passed out of existence, but tears of joy that it was now in hands that would continue it, as the founder intended, a place for the cultural development of boys.

I was not present. I had received so much publicity and so many words of approval that I felt I would be out of place there. Jubilee, and not the donor was to be the center of interest that day. When the bidding at the courthouse door far exceeded the value placed upon it by the appraisers, public spirited friends came forward and offered to make up the difference, but I had announced my intention to make it a personal and individual gift so I waived their kindly aid but will always treasure the support and encouragement they gave me in carrying the idea to a successful conclusion.

The exercise concluded with a pilgrimage to the adjoining church yard, where all stood in reverence beside the tomb of the bishop, upon the four sides of which are the following inscriptions:

BISHOP CHASE
AGE 77
THE RT. REV. PHILANDER CHASE D.D.
BORN IN CORNISH, N.H.
A GRADUATE OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE
ORDAINED DEACON
IN ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, N.Y. 1798
PRIEST IN ST. GEORGE'S 1799
WAS SUCCESSIVELY RECTOR OF CHRIST
CHURCH, POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. HARTFORD, CT.
ACTS XX, 22, 26, 27

THE FAMILY AND RELATIVES OF THE
DECEASED THE RT. REV. BISHOP AND
MANY OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY
HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT
HE WAS CONSECRATED BISHOP OF
THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH
IN ST. JAMES CHURCH PHIL
FEB. 11, 1819 HAD CHARGE OF THE
DIOCESE OF ILLINOIS 17 YEARS WAS
PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE HOUSE OF
BISHOPS 9 YEARS
DIED AT HIS RESIDENCE JUBILEE COLLEGE
SEPT. 20, 1852

"IN LABORS MORE ABUNDANT"

2nd COR.11-23

FOUNDER OF KENYON ON JUBILEE COLLEGES
JEHOVA JIREH

Letters of congratulation and appreciation from parts as distant as Virginia and Wyoming poured in, but space permits quoting only one, from President William F. Pierce, of Kenyon College:

"It is a true satisfaction to learn that lands of Jubilee College are to be rescued from ruin. During the many years that I have been in Gambier, I have cherished hopes and made tentative plans for visiting Jubilee but have never been able to accomplish it.

"Because of the respect and reverence in which we at Kenyon College held the memory of Philander Chase a journey to the environment in which his last years were spent seems very alluring.

"You have done a truly noble thing in saving the grave from desecration, the buildings from ruin and in putting the land once more to uses of which Philander Chase would have approved. I heartily congratulate you and assure you of my sympathy with the admiration for your purpose."

Murray M. Baker, present owner of Robins Nest Farm, a part of the original Jubilee tract which he has splendidly restored, rescued a printed catalogue of Jubilee of 1843 which I sent to Kenyon where they have a fire proof vault for the safekeeping of relics relating to Bishop Chase. Its receipt was gratefully acknowledged, but of all expressions of appreciation I received, none touched me more than the headlines of a Peoria paper on the day of sale:

"JUBILEE PURCHASED AND PRESENTED TO THE BOY SCOUTS

by a

GOOD SCOUT."

CHAPTER XXVI

JUBILEE COMES BACK

When I conveyed Jubilee to the Boy Scouts, I had the foresight to insert a clause stating that it could neither be sold nor mortgaged and that it would revert

to me in case the Scouts abandoned it as a camp site. It seemed a wholly unnecessary precaution but I had witnessed the desecration of the property during the years it stood idle or was occupied by exploiters who had not the slightest claim to ownership, and I did not want to witness a repetition of the vandalism that had stripped the place of almost all its former grandeur. Likewise, a clause in the deed to the church stated that it would revert in case of failure to hold religious services by an ordained minister for a period of two years. This seemed a needless provision but having seen the rare old chapel used as a granary and the dormitory converted into a pig pen and corn crib, it was considered wise to judge the future by the past. Neither the Scouts nor the Church, or the donor, entertained the slightest thought that these clauses would ever be enforced, but the depression continued, contributions to the Scout's fund were greatly reduced, the old problem of a sufficient water supply faced them and after two years of intermittent occupancy, they voluntarily and very graciously relinquished the property to me.

The church, in the meantime, had restored the chapel to a semblance of its former dignity and held services there four times each summer, but the devout churchmen who once constituted a flourishing congregation were nearly all resting beside the bishop in the adjoining church yard and it was found difficult to draw sufficient worshipers to fill even the limited capacity of the chapel. The vestry through the efforts of Murray M. Baker, owner of Robins Nest Farm, a part of the original Chase holdings and a public spirited man that stamps him as Peoria's foremost citizen, along with the generous cooperation of Reverend W.L. Essex, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Parish of Peoria, of which Jubilee was a mission, the chapel was also relinquished to me and again I found myself the owner of a priceless treasure but which I had no intention of selling or retaining. It must be preserved to the public. My first thought was my Alma Mater, the state university as an extension school, but the trustees wrote, "Your generous offer is appreciated beyond expression but our budget precludes the possibility of assuming any additional financial burden."

I tendered it to the State Historical Society but a grateful acknowledgement stated, "The value of the gift from a historical and sentimental standpoint cannot be overestimated but our finances are such that we could not give even the minimum of care such a treasure demands." The Peoria Park Board in declining the offer stated that the site was outside its jurisdiction and that only a local tax levy could support it. No township could afford to assume this burden.

Then I turned to the State and met with a response that would warm any heart. Robert H. Kingery, Director of the Department of Public Works, immediately wrote his hearty appreciation of the offer and carried the information to Governor Horner. Both Mr. Kingery and the governor are enthusiastic supporters of the policy of acquiring and preserving historic sites and recreation centers for the coming generations. The governor, after a thorough inspection of the site and informing himself of the history of the school declared: "When I retire from the governorship, I will look back upon the acquisition of Jubilee as the proudest event of my administration."

Six months were required in order to search the records and prepare the deeds. In the meantime, I rented it to the United States Government as a C.C.C. Camp site at one dollar a year and received four government checks for twenty-five cents each, the only revenue I ever received from Jubilee. The state would gladly have preserved them as souvenirs but the treasury demanded that they be cashed at once, so I turned them over to the Scouts.

CHAPTER XXVII

JUBILEE STATE PARK

Many people believed I was reimbursed for my expenditure in acquiring Jubilee. I was - a million times over. No price could be set upon a jewel so rare, but the state legislature and senate rewarded me beyond any monetary consideration by the following acknowledgment, neatly bound and attested with the great seal of the State of Illinois.

"SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION"

59th G.A. 1936

WHEREAS, Dr. George A. Zeller, as a crowning act to his many years of devoted and unselfish service to the welfare and cultural advancement of our State, has contributed to its people for their perpetual use and benefit, a 97 acre tract of land located in Peoria County upon which stand the century old buildings of Jubilee College, so closely interwoven with the early cultural and spiritual history of Illinois, and

WHEREAS, Dr. Zeller's generosity has made possible this out-of-doors shrine that the people of Illinois and their guests, during their hours of recreation, may enjoy the benefits of the same idyllic setting which inspired the great founder of this pioneer seat of learning; Bishop Philander Chase, and the young people of the long ago whom he gathered there.

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED by the Senate of the 59th General Assembly, the House of Representatives concurring herein, that we express our appreciation and highly commend this gracious and liberal act on the part of our fellow citizen, which makes possible the restoration and preservation of this historic site as a State Park and Memorial of unusual significance.

Thomas F. Donovan
President of the Senate

A.E. Eden
Secretary of the Senate

John P. Devine
Speaker of the House of Representatives

Harold J. Taylor
Clerk of the House of Representatives

It would seem that I am over-emphasizing the importance of Jubilee but this is more than a mere biography. Future students will want to know how the old school was rescued from a total extinction and how it was acquired by the State. Several excellent histories of the school have been written but none deals with its resurrection and this is my apology for dwelling upon it at such length.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CHASE CENTENNIAL

May 21st, 1935, marked the centennial of the consecration of Right Reverend Philander Chase as first bishop of Illinois and very appropriately the hierarchy of the state chose that date for a pilgrimage to Jubilee. The weather was mild and the skies clear. Upon a temporary stage at the foot of the oval lawn were seated three bishops, the president of Kenyon College and clergymen from 40 Episcopal parishes, while on the sloping hillside, 600 parishioners sat spell bound listening to the inspired addresses of the distinguished eccleasiastics.

I was present but viewed the pageant from the rear of the audience in conformity with my policy of avoiding any patronizing attitude. I had received so much publicity from the press during the various phases of the transfer of the property that it would have been unseemly to make myself conspicuous on an occasion of such solemnity. Neither did I participate in the banquet in the leading hotel, although Mrs. Zeller attended and was an honored guest at the speakers table.

After the centennial exercises at Jubilee, I received, among others, the following letters:

THE BISHOP OF OHIO
2241 PROSPECT AVENUE
CLEVELAND

My dear Dr. Zeller:

When I was in Peoria for the Centennial of Jubilee College and had the delightful experience of my first visit to Jubilee and to find to my joy how well preserved the buildings and property were, I had a great thrill. I wish I had had a chance to have a talk with you while I was there, but I seemed to be hurried around so much from one thing to another that I missed that pleasure.

Only later I learned that you had bought Jubilee College and the grounds in the hope of retaining them for the Church and then had offered them to the Boy Scouts and finally sold them to the State of Illinois for one dollar, as a memorial to Bishop Chase. I certainly would have said something about it in my address that afternoon, and I know that Dr. Peirce, who is so well acquainted with the history of Kenyon College and Jubilee College, would also have referred to it had he known about it.

Therefore, I am writing to you now in a kind of testimony of appreciation for what you have done. All your dream may not have come true, that often happens in life, but certainly your persistence and high vision have so impressed the state that Jubilee College is cared for. You have been a saint in this matter and deserve high credit. The Church is truly indebted to you for the way you have helped to maintain this old historic site. I pay my tribute to you in this matter and hope that sometime I may have an opportunity to talk over these matters which are so dear to you and some of us who are so interested in Jubilee College. God bless you in what you have done.

Cordially yours,

(signed) WARREN L. ROGERS

ROOMS OF THE PRESIDENT
KENYON COLLEGE
GAMBIER, OHIO

My dear Dr. Zeller:

It was a disappointment not to meet you on my recent visit to Peoria. During the afternoon and evening I was, of course, much occpuied but I made one or two inquiries for you and regretted that we did not come face to face. Your interest in Jubilee has appealed to me strongly and I realize that you must feel great satisfaction in the assumption of this responsibility by the State of Illinois. And yet there is something distinctly sad about the deserted site and the empty windows of Bishop Chase's beloved college.

Faithfully and cordially yours,

(signed) WILLIAM F. PEIRCE

CHAPTER XXIX

RETIREMENT

I have always been an active partisan and two of my governors were elected by the party I had vigorously opposed in hotly contested campaigns. That I was continued in office under those circumstances is far greater proof of their broad mindedness than of any particular talent I may have shown.

I was in my 77th year and had served more than half of Governor Horner's term when, through his director of Public Welfare, A.L. Bowen, I was notified of my retirement on half pay, with residential privilege in comfortable quarters within the institution. It was a step without precedent in Illinois and, strange to say, instead of arousing envy and criticism it seemed to meet with general approval.

In consequence, in March 1935, we moved into amply quarters in the nurses home and I set about assorting the mass of personal papers that had been neglected during my close attention to official duties. Our household goods and personal effects were stored in the attic, carefully crated. We believed them safe but found later that thieves had entered, broken upon the chests and stolen souvenirs and valuables that could not be replaced for two thousand dollars. Some, indeed, were priceless because they cannot be duplicated.

I am not a numismatist but had collected coins all my life. They were in my mother's knitted purse and contained Spanish doubloons - pieces of eight - one ounce of gold. There were British pounds sterling, German and French gold coins and in another bag, fifty Spanish milled dollars of the 18th century. All were stolen along with many pieces of antique embroidery more than a century old. I valued my mother's purse above all else. It was more than 100 years old of black linen thread with brass beads in tassels dangling from either end.

I had emphatically declined complimentary dinners when I came home from the war, when I returned from Alton and when I retired. I was just a bit suspicious when asked to attend a dinner in honor of Mr. Oglevee, my sister's husband, who is an Ingersoll enthusiast and would deliver an address. He did, but at its conclusion Frederick A. Stowe, the talented editor of the Peoria Journal

arose and read the following complimentary letters from six of the surviving governors under whom I had served. It was evident that he had anticipated the occasion several weeks. I told the sponsors I would not attend a mass meeting so the guests were limited to 17 of the outstanding citizens of the city. Here are the messages from the successive governors, in the order of their respective terms:

Dear Sir and Friend:

It gives me real and great pleasure to say that the long and useful service of our mutual friend, Dr. George A. Zeller, is in our humble opinion a wonderful thing, and both Mrs. Yates and I are delighted once again to unite with you in tendering our admiration.

(signed) RICHARD YATES, Governor of Illinois 1901-1905

By a strange coincidence, the funeral of Governor Yates is in progress as I write. He rests beside his father, the civil war governor of Illinois.

DENEEN, HEALY and LEE
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELERS
CHICAGO

My dear Dr. Zeller:

I have your good letter of the 12th instant. I thank you very much for the sentiments expressed therein and assure you they are highly appreciated.

Your letter recalled old days when we were struggling together for better things and a better order in the charities of the state.

It would have been a great pleasure to have attended the complimentary dinner extended to you and to have joined with others in extending to you hearty congratulations and all good wishes.

I take it for granted you are in Chicago occasionally. I wish you would call sometime. It would be a great pleasure to have a visit with you.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) CHARLES S. DENEEN
Governor of Illinois 1905-1913

LAW OFFICERS
DUNNE AND CORBOY
209 SOUTH LASALLE STREET
CHICAGO

Dear Mr. Stowe:

Dr. George A. Zeller, under my administration as Governor, served as Superintendent of the Peoria State Hospital. No more humane or efficient superintendent than Dr. Zeller ever served the State.

Dr. Zeller was mainly instrumental in abolishing iron bars from the doors and windows of that institution, replacing the same with such humane and kindly methods as induced the inmates to remain contentedly within the grounds of the institution without compulsion.

Wish Dr. Zeller for me a long continuance of his vigorous and humane life.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) EDWARD F. DUNNE
Governor of Illinois 1913-1917

TELEGRAM

Your letter received. I wish it were possible for me to attend the complimentary dinner given for Dr. Zeller. However, I am sailing on the 29th of the month for Europe and shall have to forego that pleasure. I should like more than I can say to be there in person and express my appreciation of the immense services Dr. Zeller has rendered his state. He was a bold and successful pioneer in the modern movement toward a scientific and a more humane treatment of the insane. I send him my warmest regards.

Very sincerely,

(signed) FRANK O. LOWDEN
Governor of Illinois 1917-1921

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK OF KANKAKEE

Dear Mr. Stowe:

I am in receipt of your recent favor advising me of the complimentary dinner being tendered Dr. George A. Zeller and appreciate the opportunity afforded me to add my congratulations and good wishes to those of his many friends.

I have known Dr. Zeller for a good many years through my connection with the Board of Trustees of the Eastern Illinois State Hospital and later as Governor. His long and honorable record as an expert in his profession and as an institution manager is one to which he can point with pride. It is my wish that the doctor may continue to enjoy good health and that the people of the State may benefit from his abundance of knowledge in the treatment of human ills.

Yours very truly,

(signed) LEN SMALL
Gorvernor of Illinois

A strange dispensation of Providence:

As I was transcribing this letter, news came of the death of Governor Small and I attended the funeral at Kankakee where 2,200 citizens paid tribute to the man, who through his paved roads system, "pulled Illinois out of the mud". Two of my governors dead within the past three months, both my juniors in years!

Louis Lincoln Emerson, Governor 1929-1933 was an invalid at the time and Mr. Stowe was unable to reach him but my relations with Governor Emerson were such that I can never forget his kindness.

TELEGRAM

Dear Mr. Stowe:

I hail the fine spirit of the personal friends of Dr. Zeller in attesting by your dinner tonight his great value. While a cold here has confined me to bed, I want you to know that I heartily join with you in the sentiment of the occasion. No physician in this state has rendered more valuable service to the state hospitals of Illinois than Dr. Zeller. He has served under eight governors including myself and each of them enthusiastically recognized his worth. It was my privilege to appoint him Emeritus Superintendent of Peoria State Hospital to honor the long and unselfish service of this great public official. Let others take example from him.

Please convey my hearty felicitations to all those present at the banquet and my affectionate regards to Dr. Zeller.

(signed) HENRY HORNER
Governor of Illinois 1933 to present

At the complimentary dinner, Eugene Brown recited, without a quaver, the following verses of his own composition. "Gene", as we all know him, is Peoria's most gifted poet and the reader will recognize in his lines genius not unlike that of James Whitcomb Riley:

"DOCTOR ZELLER"

What? You? Quit work? Well, I guess not
Just think of all the work we've got
That someone here just has to do,
Some person, just about like you.

Who's used his head in days gone by
Who doesn't have to 'cut and try'
But hits the nail right on the head,
You see, young people must be led.

By Generals who know the way,
Who always know just what to say,
And how to say it, with a snap
Such people fill a big, wide gap

Right out in front, we want your kind.
Peoria is glad to find
A character just like yourself
We sure won't put you on the shelf.

But things come up most ev'ry day
When just a word that you could say,
Would be the very thing we need,
And fortunate we are indeed.

A man who's been a real good scout
Can't sit around and just rust out.
We need your counsel, your advice
For you 'twill be no sacrifice'.

Advice just surges from your brain
Like foaming billows on the main,
You've followed paths of right so long,
Doc Zeller simply CAN'T GO WRONG.

And while we want to see you rest,
We want you close around the nest,
Where you can utter now and then
The words that help the best of men.

And render, as the days go by,
A service that will satisfy
The yearning of declining days,
And let us profit by your ways.

Then tapen off life's sweetest years
With deeds and smiles, instead of tears,
You'll crown your life with jewels rare,
A diadem of friends who care.

Who hold you in such high esteem,
Your age will be one long sweet dream,
Exhilarated, now and then,
By visits with your fellow men.

The men who mean the most to you,
The ones for whom you love to do
The things your training fits you for,
In politics, or peace, or war.

You've earned a rest, of course, that's true.
But rest was never meant for you
You've been there in the scrap so long,
Now take you out? Oh, no. That's wrong.

Just keep that head of yours at work
A general, not just a clerk
Take on some job that makes you GO
Like your old Grand Dad, don't you know?

We wouldn't have you life a pound,
But just so you can be around,
And whether you're at work or play,
We love you harder, ev'ry day.

The Peoria City Medical Society of which I was secretary for 7 years sent the following resolutions:

"Psychiatry has had its pioneers through the decades of the past century. These men and women have led the field in opening up pathways leading to rational, intelligent and humane methods of treatment of psychotic individuals. Illinois has had its quota of such persons, having given to the nation leaders in psychiatry whose basic education in the speciality was obtained in the state hospitals of Illinois. One man has continued in the service of his State through the many changes of administration and the continued progress of both general medicine and one of its specialties, psychiatry. Dr. George Anthony Zeller entered the service of the State of Illinois in 1889, at which time the institution at South Bartonville was called the Asylum for the Incurable Insane. There was interim following that appointment, when he was in the medical service of the U.S. Army, remaining on duty in the Philippine Island until his discharge from Federal Service. During the many years of his tenure as Superintendent of the Peoria State Hospital, many changes have occured in the realm of psychiatry, especially in the treatment of institutional cases.

The Doctor was the first advocate in Illinois of non-restraint, which method was rapidly adopted by many institutions throughout the country, as it was observed that such measures were a step forward in the treatment of psychotic patients. He has remained in the foreground as one of the Managing Officers anxious to keep abreast of all improvements in the institutional care of his patients, even going to Denmark to study the use of phototherapy, as practiced in that country. Upon his return, he developed its use in the newly erected hospitals, with beneficial results to definite types of patients.

One can continue to enumerate his activities in the State Service, not forgetting the work done by him during the period when he was Alienist of the State of Illinois. He has been a credit to the local Medical Society and its outstanding member in the field of psychiatry. As he has reached the years of leisure and rest, the State has graciously arranged for his voluntary retirement as Emeritus Superintendent of the Peoria State Hospital. He will reside in that institution as long as he has that wish, being thereby in a position to advise the succeeding authorities concerning the management of the Hospital, being able to do the same because of his many years of intensive labor and supervision, as head of the institution.

There are not many men who have a personality characterized by an inner attitude of humanitariansim towards their fellow beings. Dr. Zeller, through the years, demonstrated this very exceptional trait to the maximal degree, continuously treating all his contacts primarily from the humanitarian viewpoint, rather than from the cold blooded scientific angle. Such men are not born frequently, one finds them rarely during the span of a single lifetime."

Emil Z. Levitin

Walter H. Baer

George Michell

CHAPTER XXX

ZELLER MEMORIAL GRANGE

Spring Bay, Woodford County, Illinois, celebrated its centennial in 1936. It had shrunk from a thriving river port of a hundred years ago to a population of less than 100. It was the only wharf in the country and before the advent of the railroads, the entire back country was dependent upon it for supplies and for shipping the livestock and produce of the farms. Even in its populous days, it never had more than a one-room school house but now with only a remnant of its former population, it maintains a grade school and a community high school, with two teachers each.

Social contacts were limited, but in late years, the grange which had allowed its charter to lapse more than half a century revived and the few members held regular meetings in the old town hall, under adverse conditions. They hoped to make a down payment on a lot and eventually erect some sort of lodge room.

Feeling that such loyalty and perseverence deserved recognition, my brother's widow generously donated half a block of ground and I volunteered to erect a modest permanent home wherein the members could hold regular meetings, give entertainments and have all the comforts and conveniences of a rural club.

As the plans unfolded, I realized that the cost would far exceed what I originally contemplated. It seems that a Grange Hall must be of certain dimensions in order to carry out the ritual, which is a part of every session and I decided to meet the requirements. As it stands now, it has a stage and gallery with kitchen and dining room and playroom for the children in the basement. For the dedication, I wrote the master of the State Grange the following:

"In presenting this memorial hall to Spring Bay Grange No. 1863, I am discharging a debt of gratitude which every man owes his birthplace.

"In accepting the gift, the trustees do me a far greater favor that I confer on them.

"It is a family gift, a tribute to the memory of one who cast his lot with the residents of the village three generations ago, shared their hardships, gave to the sick the benefit of his rare skill as physician and contributed in many ways to the cultural and educational advancement of his widely distributed and devoted clientele.

"As early as 1868 he organized the Spring Bay Agricultural and Horticultural Society, fore-runner of the Patrons of Husbandry - The National Grange. He served many years as weather observer, without pay, and his official reports were highly prized by the government.

"He died in 1883 but his memory survives in this very organization.

"It must be that his spirit is present in this room, and to that spirit, I ask you to dedicate this hall in honor of Dr. John G. Zeller, my father."

The ceremony was largely attended and my wife was present - almost her last visit to the old home town. She was a member of the Garden Club of Peoria and had written many papers on historical subjects for the Peoria Woman's Club and Daughters of the American Revolution. For 20 years, she besieged the state authorities to take over and suitably mark Fort Creve Coeur, oldest settlement west of the Alleghenies. The beautiful park and the stately monument commemorating the valor of the Sieur de la Salle are tributes to her efforts. She was a member of the National Committee on Old Trails and was instrumental in having a statue of the "Madona of the Trail" erected in each state through which

the Old Trail, established by Thomas Jefferson, passes. As secretary of the Amateur Musical Club of Peoria, she brought many nationally known musicians and entertainers to the city, sometimes paying them large fees but always showing a profit to the club.

Failing health deprived her of further participation in her chosen activities and she passed away in painless sleep in October, 1937. Bishop Burgess of this diocese officiated at our wedding and the Right Reverend William L. Essex, his successor, conducted the funeral services in accordance with the beautiful ritual of the Episcopal Church of which she had always been a devoted member.

She is buried in Springdale Cemetery here in Peoria on a beautiful slope overlooking the Illinois River that flows past her home and mine.

"I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away,
For a dreamer lives forever
And a thinker dies in a day."

And so I feel in closing these memoirs that the hall at Spring Bay built in memory of my father is also a memorial to my gentile, refined and accomplished helpmate who shared my failures and successes for half a century.

And - strange coincidence - as I write, news is flashed to me that our old home in Spring Bay which our family occupied more than three quarters of a century and in which my youngest brother resided was wholly destroyed by fire. It was a real home and housed the assembled souvenirs of three generations.

My father, although not a lavish entertainer, frequently had distinguished callers. On a return visit to Peoria during the campaign of 1896, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in an interview, publicly stated "I recall no more pleasant incidents of my former residence here than my occasional journeys to Spring Bay to discuss with Dr. Zeller the German philosophers." Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, who was master in chancery, wrote the deed to our home, later served in Congress and became Vice-President of the United States, in a letter to the press, stated "Of all my acquaintenances in Woodford County, I value my association with Dr. Zeller among my most pleasant memories."

The entire village responded to the fire alarm and salvaged much of the furnishings, but the priceless heirlooms are an irreparable loss. More than ever am I compensated for giving the town a building that will not only serve a useful purpose but also serve as a family memorial.

THE END

ASYLUM LIGHT, June 29, 1938

Dr. George A. Zeller
Beloved Physician and Friend

FROM THE HUMANITARIAN

Seeing how the world suffered and bled,
He said:
"My life shall bring
Help to that suffering."
Seeing how the earth had need
Of sheer joy and beauty
Above all bitter creed
Of curel penitence and duty,
And how mankind
Thirsted and cried for joy it could not find,
His heart made quick reply,
"Men shall know happiness before I die!"

He who brings beauty to the lives of men
Needeth no tribute of recording pen.
His deeds are graven in a place apart,
On the enduring tablet of the human heart.

- Angela Morgan.

DEDICATION

This special issue of the Asylum Light is affectionately dedicated to the memory of our own Dr. George A. Zeller who in the dedication for his autobiography wrote:

"To the unfortunate, bereft of reason and unable intelligently to present their plight, this volume is affectionately dedicated by one who has always championed their cause.

'I have eaten your bread and salt
I have drunk your water and wine
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.'"

THE DEATH OF DR. GEORGE A. ZELLER

Early in the morning of June 29, 1938, death closed the brilliant career of Dr. George A. Zeller. The study of his life, written in his own inimitable style, is appearing in the regular issues of this bulletin.

Dr. Zeller was born in Spring Bay, Illinois, November 1858. Here he attended school, later studying at the University of Illinois, and then at St. Louis University where he received his medical degree. Postgraduate work was done at Rush Medical College, Chicago, and abroad in continental clinics.

He practiced medicine in Spring Bay and later in Peoria, until his appointment in 1898 by Governor Tanner, as superintendent of the Peoria State Hospital, then called the Illinois Asylum for the Incurable Insane. From that time until his death, with the exception of a few years in which he served in the U.S. Army in the Philippine Insurrection, he was in the welfare services of the State of Illinois.

On July 1st, tribute to his memory was pain in two impressive services, one service in the Peoria State Hospital and the other in the Winzeler Mortuary. Officiating clergymen were: Rev. S.J. Altpeter and Rev. Charles Abele.

Active pallbearers were: Dr. Charles Read, Dr. Paul Schroeder, Dr. Warren G. Murray, Dr. F.A. Causey, Dr. Walter H. Baer, Dr. Henry B. Knowles.

Honorary pallbearers named were: Governor Henry Horner, Former Governor Frank I. Lowden, Former Governor Charles S. Deneen, A.L. Bowen, Director Department of Public Welfare, Dr. H. Douglas Singer, State Alienist, Dr. George Mitchell, Dr. Emil Z. Levitin.

FROM THE SERVICE FOR DR. ZELLER

"We are gathered here this morning in a loving farewell service honoring Dr. George A. Zeller. In paying tribute to our friend, permit me to say that in the passing of Dr. Zeller, the world has lost not only a great man but an honorable gentleman. He had a singular personality. He had the rare privilege of seeing the consummation of his ideals and the successful operation of some of his ideas. Somehow God assigns to each man his particular field of activity and if in that sphere he is but faithful, success is assured as a divine blessing. Faithfulness in any calling is all that the Lord requires. In addition to this faithfulness, which reached into little things in the life of Dr. Zeller, he also possessed two other qualifications which have made him the great scientist on the one hand and a good friend on the other. And they were a brilliant mind and a humanitarian soul. The first marked him a pioneer in the world of medical science as far as the treatment of the mentally ill is concerned, and the latter placed him into the hearts of hundreds of sick and cured as a humanitarian. I do believe that this second qualification, the humanitarian scope in this otherwise rugged looking but often times frail body, has placed him in the hearts of hundreds of sick and cured as a good samaritan. With the aid of hydrotherapy, his solariums, the early adoption of the cottage plan of housing these unfortunates, and by applying music, and in a measure, art, and permitting more or less freedom among his patients for self-expression in painting and handicrafts, many men and women have been led back to a saner and happier life. And others, some present, others far distant, and others no more among the living; theirs is an undying gratitude to Dr. Zeller which words cannot express.

The great strain of official duties was somewhat relieved in Dr. Zeller's life by varied other interests. He was a student of history, particularly of our great State of Illinois, and I never forget the solemn dignity which he expressed in one of his many talks to groups that the graves of important men and women who had helped make the history of the State of Illinois had so long been neglected. That seemed to hurt him to the quick. He was also a lover of nature and could appreciate good art, tho he himself never laid claim to artistic ability.

Then, too, his generosity is known far and wide. Giving of old Jubilee College to the Boy Scouts of Peoria and later on to the state, thus making it a State Shrine, the memorializing of his father by a gift of a Grange Hall at

Spring Bay, and his unnumbered gifts to those whose plight he knew and understood have endeared him to hundreds of good people.

No better tribute could ever be written than the one which appeared in a recent issue of the Illinois State Journal, as an editorial. It is brief and to the point, and with your kind indulgence, I should like to read it to you!

'When Dr. George A. Zeller proposed abolition of mechanical restraints in institutions for the care of Illinois insane, he was pronounced a visionary and his recommendations were rejected. Later, when he had demonstrated that control of such patients was possible without resort to the methods which he condemned, he attained first rank among physicians and scientists in the field. Not every physician who shared Dr. Zeller's early views could successfully have made his case. He was a man of rare personality. He had no fear of the insane and his sympathetic interest was reciprocated by his patients. They respected and revered him. His character and his intense interest made it possible for him to pioneer in establishing more humane methods of control, where others had failed.'

It is good to know that Dr. Zeller's life, devoted to the service of Illinois and its unfortunates, gave to him a full measure of gratification: that he found satisfaction in his work and that he passed from the stage knowing his achievements were appreciated.

Illinois and the nation owe a great debt to Dr. George A. Zeller. He pointed the way to vastly improved methods in the care of the insane; he gave confidence to those who protested against cruel restraints and he awakened a public conscience which now insists upon the best possible treatment in public hospitals. He was an official who will ever be remembered - a great figure in the welfare service of the country.

And now may he rest in peace and the light eternal surround him!"

Rev. S.J. Altpeter.

A TRIBUTE!

"Every man, as he passes through life, forms an affection for some one place. It may be his home where he was born, with all of its memories of father, mother, brother and sister; it may be the place where he achieved fame and success; it may be the place where he worked with the greatest of pleasure, and where he found the best in life.

This hill, from which we bury Dr. Zeller today was to him, home, though he was not born on this site. He formed an affection for it because it was home. He loved it as we love our homes, because of its personal associations. He loved it because it was here that he achieved success, it was here that he worked out his ideals for the care and treatment of these patients, and it was here that he found the greatest pleasure in life. He had a varied career, as a soldier, teacher, as a scientist, and as a student, in all of which he excelled, but it was here in the care and treatment of these people that he found his greatest joy.

When it came time for Dr. Zeller to lay down his arms, it was my duty to discuss the matter with him. He realized that age had dulled his activities and that a younger man should take up the burden, and I told him that the Governor of the State wished him to remain here on an emeritus basis and to live here as he had lived for so many years. The first time I told him of this, evidently he did

not catch the real meaning at all, did not quite comprehend it, but on the second occasion when we talked this matter over, and I repeated again the wishes of the Governor and of the Department of Public Welfare, tears came into his eyes as he said to me "and I am to remain here on this hill as long as I live?", and I said "Doctor, that is what we mean." Dr. Zeller had been a stoic in his lifetime and had seldom shown emotion, but he showed his heart and his true spirit when he broke down. The realization that he could finish his life here on this hill which had been his home, the scene of his success, the scene of his most loved memories, overcame that stoical character that we all knew and understood, and that we all loved. He had the ruggedness of the mountains on the exterior but within him there beat the heart of a child, the sympathy of a true humanitarian, whom God had placed in a position to challenge superstition, ignorance and mysticism.

It was here that he challenged the world. And it is here that we might well erect a monument such as appears in many places throughout the world. If you would see a monument already present look about you. His monument is in the liberty that the patients enjoy in Illinois institutions and in many other institutions. A monument embodying this freedom is the kind of monument that I hope the State of Illinois will be able to erect on these grounds; a monument to a man, a monument to an achievement that extends throughout the whole universe wherever man and women suffer and are unfortunate, and wherever there is need, a monument to a man who was a friend and a challenger."

A.L. Bowen, Director
Department of Public Welfare

HOW SHALL WE HONOR THEM

How shall we honor them, our Deathless Dead?
With strew of laurel and the stately tread?
With blaze of banners brightening overhead?
Nay, not alone these cheaper praises bring:
They will not have this easy honoring.

How shall we honor them, our Deathless Dead?
How keep their mighty memories alive?
In him who feels their passion, they survive
Flatter their souls with deeds, and all is said!

- Author Unknown