

# A THEORETIC MEDDLER

He Needed a Lesson, and He Received It

By F. A. MITCHEL

Professor Van Winkle, an authority on brain diseases, had a theory that the greatest liberty should be granted to insane patients. The professor claimed that shutting up a patient aggravated the disease. It happened that the college in which Van Winkle lectured was located in the same town with the state lunatic asylum, and, as was natural, considering his specialty, his opinions on the treatment of the insane confined there had great weight with the townspeople, from whom they were reflected upon the board of directors of the asylum.

Dr. Swinbourne, the superintendent, not only had the confidence of the staff of doctors and nurses—indeed, all the employees—but was very much beloved by them, and they were always in terror lest some visitor to the institution witnessing a necessary severity should, with the aid of Professor Van Winkle, cause the doctor to be reprimanded and that he would resign. Finally this very thing happened. A mother saw her son put in a strait-jacket. She complained to Van Winkle. The professor "talked." The directors fulminated a law against unnecessary severity and recommended the use of patients, so far as possible, for whatever work about the institution they were fitted. When these orders were received by Dr. Swinbourne he handed in his resignation.

While the matter was pending the directors invited the professor, who had made all the trouble, to go to the asylum, make an inspection pertaining especially to the treatment of patients and report.

During the professor's visit he was given every facility for the performance of his work, the staff were not disposed to regard his presence there favorably. He had been there about half an hour when he was shown to a padded room wherein was confined a man who showed no signs of mental or any other disease. The professor asked him why he was there.

"I can't understand," replied the patient, "why I am detained here. The management might better avail themselves of my services and save some of the money they have been wasting. I was for years chef in one of the largest hotels in America and could do all the cooking required here. Instead of that I am being driven really insane by being confined alone with no occupation."

Nothing could have conformed more nearly to the professor's theory.

"Why don't you give the man a chance?" he asked of the attendant who was conducting him.

"He has been under surveillance, professor," was the reply, "and we have about concluded to grant his request. What do you think about it? If you say the word we will put him in the kitchen at once."

"I will assume the responsibility of your doing so," replied the inspector. The patient was at once let out of confinement and went below while the professor continued his inspection.

There was great relief felt by the staff when the great mental experimenter finished his work and was ready to depart. While standing in the hall waiting for his carriage to drive up to the door the patient he had released from the padded room in the white apparel of a cook stepped up to him and whispered in his ear that if he would come to the kitchen he would show him something he should see. The professor went with him to the kitchen. They had no sooner entered than the patient locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"I don't propose," he said, "that any of these villains who have kept me a prisoner shall interfere with my showing you what miserable rotten stuff they have been feeding us. If I gave them a chance they would come in here and on pretense that I show signs of relapse take me back to that mad room. Mad room! That's what it is—a room in which to make some people mad. Come here!"

Now, the locking of the door was in itself not especially grateful to Professor Van Winkle, but when he saw the chef getting excited he felt a cold chill run down his back. He went with the latter to the enormous range, capable of cooking meals for a couple of hundred persons. There was a hot fire within, and the noon meal was being prepared. On the range a large cauldron of soup was boiling.

"How many cooks do you suppose they had here when I came in?" the patient asked excitedly. "There were ten cooks, and each cook had an assistant. Besides these fifty cooks and assistant cooks, there were twenty scullions. Just think of it—a hundred cooks and scullions to get the meals for not over 150 persons, and the people of the state taxed to pay 'em! I seized this"—taking up a cleaver—"and drove 'em all out."

Professor Van Winkle had a theory as to the management of lunatics when they became dangerous. It was to humor them. The chef was growing more and more excited, and the professor thought it high time to invent some way of getting out.

"What door did you drive them through?" he asked.

"That one," said the chef, pointing to a door opposite the one through which they had entered.

"Let us go and find them," said Van Winkle, starting for the door. But when he reached it his heart sank within him. It was locked. Turning, he saw the chef holding up the key, laughing and dancing.

"You didn't think I would let 'em come back, did you? Not I. Suppose the whole lot of 'em should come down on me armed with carving knives. I'd have to cut their heads off with the cleaver." And he brought it down fiercely on a huge block used for cutting meat on.

The professor looked at the windows with a view to bolting through one of them. The sashes were all down and before he could get one of them up the maniac could split his skull with the cleaver.

"If I ever get out of here alive," said the caged man to himself, "I'll stick to my studies and let others work out my conclusions in practice. I've had enough of this. This fellow is mad as a March hare."

"Come here!" thundered the chef, "and see what kind of meat this devil Swinbourne feeds us on."

Van Winkle obeyed, and the man, opening the door of one of the ovens, pulled out a pan containing a large roast of sizzling beef.

"Smell it!" cried the chef.

Van Winkle, not daring to disobey, bent over the roast.

"Closer!"

Van Winkle bent lower. The maniac put his hand on the other's head and rubbed his nose on the beef. When he permitted his victim to arise, a red spot appeared on the top of the professor's nose.

"You've come here to make an inspection and you've got to do it. You can't smell anything unless you poke your nose into it. What do you think it is?"

"Roast beef. It smells very bad," stammered the terrified scientist.

"Roast beef! Why, man, that's not roast beef; it's unicorn."

"Certainly it is."

"And it's rotten."

"Very rotten."

"Not fit to eat."

"Indeed it's not."

"What'll I do with it?"

"Throw it away."

"No; I'll burn it to a cinder." And showing the meat back into the oven, he shut the door with a bang.

"Do you know, professor, what kind of meat I believe in feeding insane persons on?"

"No."

"Human meat. There's something in human meat to nourish humans. Why not? The waste is replenished by the same tissue that is lost. These crazy persons suffer from a want of brain food. What's so good for the brain as the brain. If I could give all these sufferers in this asylum one dinner of brain food I could cure 'em."

"Suppose," said the professor, trembling—"suppose we go out and get some brain food for them."

"Go out? Why should we go out when we've got it right here? You, who have done so much for brain sufferers will certainly do one thing more."

"What?" faltered the professor, knowing well what the man meant.

"Give your brain to the cause. It would be worth a dozen common brains. Its theories would be taken in to the system as well as the organic matter. Like cures like. Come, lay your head down on that block. I'll take it off with this cleaver and boil it in that cauldron."

The professor, white as a sheet and trembling at the knees, looked about for an avenue of escape.

"Down on the block!" roared the maniac. "It's nothing more than many eminent men and women among our British ancestors have done. Think of Anne Boleyn, the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, Lady Jane Gray, Charles I. and hundreds of others. They gave their heads for no cause; you will give yours for mental sufferers."

The maniac seized the professor by the arm, at the same time raising the cleaver. Van Winkle could stand the strain no longer. He raised a cry that reverberated throughout the building. Persons were heard trying to open the doors. Then one of the windows was thrown up, and an attendant jumped into the room, followed by others. They reached the maniac in time to save the professor, took the cleaver from the former and led him away struggling. Six strong men were engaged in the removal.

Van Winkle on reaching home, as soon as he had recovered from the shock he had received, wrote out a statement to the directors of the state asylum for the insane in which he admitted that there were cases of insanity needing rigorous treatment and that the experienced persons in charge of them were the best judges of when to apply such treatment. The superintendent's resignation was withdrawn.

The brain theorist did not again visit the institution for two years, when Dr. Swinbourne had retired. In the new superintendent Professor Van Winkle met with a surprise. He was none other than the maniac chef who had so nearly chopped the inspector's head off. The superintendent smiled.

"Professor," he said, "we were obliged to eliminate your interference with Dr. Swinbourne's management or lose the doctor. When you came on your tour of inspection I was then a physician on the staff, but you had never seen me and I concluded to play the part of an untried patient. I meant no harm. Your scientific deductions are valuable, but we must be the judges as to testing them."

Professor Van Winkle never told the story as to how he had been duped and eliminated.

# Farm and Garden

## DOES YOUR SOIL NEED LIME?

Best Way to Find Out Is to Make Test by Means of Clover.

Lime, considered as the source of the element calcium, is one of the ten absolutely essential plant foods. As such it is required in only small amounts, and it is probable that nearly all soils contain enough to satisfy the direct needs of the plant, says a circular of the Purdue university, Indiana, agricultural experiment station.

The one best way to tell whether or not the soil needs lime is to try it and see, and the place to try it is on the clover crop. A good plan is to apply ground limestone at the rate of two tons per acre and harrow in before sowing wheat, and in the spring sow clover as usual. The clover may fail because of shortage of plant food or bad physical condition of the soil even on the limed land, so it is best to use a light application of manure in connection with the lime on a part of the limed strip. In case there is a stand of clover on both limed and unlimed land, the two areas should be harvested and weighed separately to determine whether or not the lime has made sufficient gain to justify its use.



CLOVER HEAPS AT TENNESSEE EXPERIMENT STATION. Larger heap shows clover grown on limed soil; smaller, clover grown on unlimed soil.

Acids turn blue litmus paper red, and this test has been recommended for soil acidity, but we do not regard it as entirely satisfactory. However, for the information of those who may wish to try it, we give the following directions: Place a strip of blue litmus paper between two wider strips of filter paper, break open a moist clod, place one end of the strips of paper in the fracture and press the clod firmly together. In about ten minutes remove the litmus paper and pin it up to dry by the end which was left out of the soil. A change to pink or red which lasts after the paper is dry indicates acid. Do not handle the end of the paper used for testing or allow anything to touch it. Repeat the test with different samples, and if doubtful test the subsoil, which is generally more acid than the surface soil. Blue litmus paper and filter paper can be bought at any drug store.

As soon as possible after the small grain is harvested turn the stock into the fields to glean the waste grain and clean up the fence rows. A part of the money the land has produced still remains in the field after the grain has been harvested and removed. Animals can make available cash out of the waste crops.

There is no month in the year when manure cannot be hauled and scattered on the fields to advantage. It is better on the land than in the stables and lots.

With the Feathered Folk.

Lack of grit, overfeeding and idleness cause liver trouble.

When alfalfa or clover hay is stored in the barn it will be easy to gather a quantity of the leaves that shatter off, and these are prime feed for all classes of poultry.

Dry feed has no place in the duck diet. Four parts wheat bran, one part cornmeal and enough low grade flour added to bind the mass without making it pasty, about 5 per cent sharp grit moistened with just enough water to be crumbly, is a good ration. After the first few days a little soaked beef scrap may be added, though not necessary if the feed is moistened with milk.

Scaly legs in fowls are caused by a mite which finds its way under the scale and causes the legs to become diseased, rough and painful. These mites cannot survive grease or oil. The remedy is the application of either. Kerosene will have the effect of destroying the natural color of the legs. The use of lard, meat fryings or vaseline will do the work.—Kansas Farmer.

## "SPEAK OUT! SPEAK OUT!"

Democratic Stomachs Revolt Against Wilson-Marshall Misch.

"Speak out! Speak out!" is the almost desperate cry of the New York World, the newspaper chiefly responsible for the nomination of Woodrow Wilson in 1912, as it was for the nomination of Alton B. Parker in 1904. Day after day, it seems, the World has been waiting with ears to the windward for some point, some virile, vital expression from its latest presidential jack out of the box on questions of the hour, some solid positive utterance by the candidate, which it could grab and lay about with as a campaign shillelah. It has waited in vain. Rounded periods of droary drivel, pedagogical commonplaces that might have come out of a third reader and which had about as much relation to issues of the campaign as "It is a sin to steal a pin" has to Metropolitan opera, have been fed to curious crowds and to editors waiting with whetted pens for red hot meteors of inspiration.

Disappointment and disgust are not confined to the World office. "We asked you for bread and you gave us a stone" is paraphrased in Democratic sentiment by "We asked you for meat and you gave us mush." Nauseated with Wilson they turned to Marshall only to find him as aperient of vacuous platitudes as his coadjutor.

It's a hopeless appeal. As well try to seize the elusive tail of a greased pig at a county fair as expect to get anything definite out of Wilson. He was definite enough when he said in his "History of the American People" that "the Chinese are more to be desired as workmen, if not as citizens," than "the coarse crowd crowding in at eastern ports"—that is, immigrants from Europe. He was definite enough in saying in the same book that congress had "dealt very harshly" in passing the law excluding Chinese from the United States. He was definite enough in denouncing immigrants from Poland, Hungary and Italy.

Evidently Wilson can speak out if he wants to, and the inference is that he is afraid to. On the issue of a navy powerful enough to defend the interests and uphold the honor of the United States he is silent for fear of offending the Democratic majority in congress opposed to strengthening the navy. On the tariff he is, to quote an old comparison, "neither a man, nor a mouse, nor a long tailed rat," but more like one of those ancient Egyptian mummies carved on the mummy cases, with heads looking contrarily.

On one point he is definite—he wants to be president, and he doesn't care much how he gets there. He is willing to slosh through a sea of bosh to the White House, and now that he has the nomination he counts upon the world and the rest of the whangdoodles to follow, whether they like his style or not.

Perhaps they will, notwithstanding grimaces of disgust and protesting cries to speak out.

But the people—they want a man for president.

## "PLAYING THE GAME."

Truly, President Taft Does Not Follow System Politically.

That is a criticism often heard of President Taft. It is the professional politician usually who voices it, but often it is repeated by those who are accustomed to take their estimates of public men and their political opinions from others.

Playing the game has been the occupation of time serving politicians from time immemorial. Men who regard politics as a game like to see it played deftly. Other men without fixed ideas on the subject parrot the criticism passed by the experts.

Playing the game in politics necessarily has deceit as its fundamental principle.

The public man who sees developing an issue that might prove embarrassing to him personally, and who manages, by guile, to divert public attention to another, a lesser, but a perfectly safe, issue, plays the game.

The public man who makes public protestations of his enmity toward swollen wealth and then holds secret conferences with the representatives of that wealth, plays the game.

The public man who preaches one code of political morality and practices another plays the game.

The public man who utters sounding but empty phrases, no matter how delightful his diction or how superb his eloquence, plays the game.

The public man who makes promises impossible of fulfillment plays the game.

The public man who puts the acquirement of public favor above ideals of public service plays the game.

Truly, President Taft does not know how to play the game.

He has been reared in an atmosphere of service rather than politics, as we have come to know politics. The thing that has always concerned him is the doing of an act, not the spectacular staging of it, nor the exploitation of it, nor, on the contrary, the concealment of it.

To serve has always been his ideal, not merely to acquire the appearance of serving.

It has been impossible for him to look upon public service as a game. The public's business, as he regards it, is serious business.

There is reason for the belief that the American people as a whole share with him this view. The growing intelligence of the nation is rejecting the idea that the selection of their public servants is merely a sporting proposition.

## BEAUTIFY PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Mayflower Descendants to Raise \$500,000 For Memorial.

According to plans submitted at the sixth congress of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants, Plymouth, Mass., will in the near future undergo great changes along historical lines.

Plans are under way to raise by subscription the sum of \$500,000 for the purpose of maintaining a perpetual memorial to the pilgrim band which landed here in 1620.

It is the opinion of the majority of the members that a more fitting memorial than a shaft would be the improvement of the property in the vicinity of Plymouth rock, which has long been an object of criticism by summer visitors from all over the country.

The idea, if carried out, will be to secure all of the available property surrounding the rock and tear down all objectionable buildings, thus giving a clear and unobstructed view of the harbor from Coles hill.

Another plan suggested is to do away with all the ground between the rock and the shore, allowing the tide to flood the rock.

## PROFESSORS WORK IN MILLS.

Vacation Spent Laboring in Steel Plants to Get Experience.

In the big mills of Pittsburgh twenty-nine college professors from twenty-five different schools in nineteen states are ending the summer vacations they forfeited that they might don overalls and get into the actual works of great industrial plants here just for the experience. For this they have been paid on an average 20 cents an hour, or about \$40 a month, and have worked in the hottest summer known at the plants.

Most of them have been living in the mechanics' boarding houses. All have carried dinner pails or have eaten at the factory dining halls in the thirty minutes allowed for lunch.

The Westinghouse company found ten college instructors on its payroll and placed them in a class under the direction of Professor George B. Thomas of Colorado university. This class has had lectures nearly every night after the day's work.

## AMENDMENTS TO BOROUGH ORDINANCES.

Ordinance to amend Section 2 of Ordinance No. 10 of the Borough of Honesdale. Be it enacted, etc., That section 2 of Ordinance No. 10 entitled Exhibitions, approved the 18th day of February 1907 which reads as follows:

Sec. 2. The price for a license provided for in the first section of this ordinance shall be as follows: For a circus or menagerie, the sum of twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars for each and every day the same shall be opened. For every other exhibition, or amusement, provided for in the first section of this ordinance, the sum of five (\$5.00) dollars for each day the same shall be opened. Provided, that a license shall be issued for a longer period than one day, at the following rates: License for one day three (\$3.00) dollars; and two (\$2.00) dollars for each succeeding additional day not exceeding one week. License for more than one week and not exceeding one month, fifteen dollars; and for each succeeding additional month, two (\$2.00) dollars; provided, that this ordinance shall not apply to exhibitions given under the auspices and for the benefit of any local, charitable, religious, educational, social or Borough improvement association, be amended so as to read as follows:

The price for a license provided for in the first section of this ordinance shall be as follows:

For a circus or a menagerie, the sum of twenty-five (\$25) dollars for each and every day the same shall be opened. For every other exhibition, entertainment or amusement for which an admission fee shall be charged and provided for in the first section of this ordinance, the sum of \$5.00 for each day the same shall be opened. Provided, that a license shall be issued for a longer period than one day at the following rates: License for two days shall be \$3.00 for each day, and for each succeeding additional day not exceeding one week \$1.00 a day. License for more than one week and not exceeding one month \$15 and for each succeeding additional month \$5.00 provided that this ordinance shall not apply to exhibitions given under the auspices and for the benefit of any local, charitable, religious, educational or Borough Improvement Association.

An Ordinance to amend Ordinance No. 24 of the Ordinance of the Borough of Honesdale, approved February 18, 1907, by adding thereto Section No. 3 as follows:

No person shall be permitted within the Borough to hawk, peddle or vend upon the public highways, streets, lanes, alleys or roads of the Borough of Honesdale, any fish, fruit, vegetables or any kind of goods, wares or merchandise without having first obtained from the Burgess or in his absence from the Borough Treasurer, a license so to do. The price of such license is hereby fixed at \$10 for the first day and \$5 for each succeeding additional day. Provided that this ordinance shall not apply to persons selling goods of their own production or manufacture.

THE FOREGOING ORDINANCES were on the 5th day of September, 1912, separately ordained and enacted, adopted and passed by the Town Council of the Borough of Honesdale, in Council assembled, as the ordinances of said borough, to go into effect and operation from and after the publication thereof according to law.

MARTIN CAUFIELD, President.

Town Council of the Borough of Honesdale.

JOHN ERK, Secretary.

Town Council of the Borough of Honesdale.

Approved Sept. 5, 1912.

CHAS. A. McCARTY, Burgess.

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