

THREE WEEKS

IN THE

Kew Lunatic Asylum

BY

DR. PAUL WARD FARMER

(AN EX-PATIENT).

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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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MELBOURNE:

JOHN J. HALLIGAN, ALFRED PLACE, COLLINS ST.

1900.

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*To the  
Insane and Suffering of Victoria  
this feeble effort is  
Dedicated,  
With the earnest hope that  
it may do them good.*

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## Three Weeks in the Kew Lunatic Asylum.

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IN writing my experiences, combined with a few theories, I have only one idea in view—namely, the desire to, if possible, ameliorate suffering and point out rocks upon which others may be split up. At the present time, when so much that is untrue is written and spoken, one is forced to rely almost entirely upon his own personal observations in drawing conclusions, so that must be my excuse for bringing the *ego* so much into evidence ; and it will be interesting to show how a man in the present day—and in this history simply repeats itself—may get into trouble through marking out a course for himself and keeping to it, even if that course be a little heterodox. It must be evident to every observer that fashion plays an important part in every walk of life, even in disease, but it may not be so evident that much that would be good to the world is lost because we often have not the courage to announce our opinions to other people in the face of opposition, lest we be regarded as abnormalities and held up to our fellows as objects for ridicule by the powers that be.

On the morning of the 23rd September, 1899, I drove up to my house in Collins-street in my carriage at noon, and noticed that the blinds were down. A friend of mine handed the coachman a piece of paper with an address on it, and immediately jumped in on one side and shut the door, while his groom jumped in on the other side, and did likewise, and on the carriage moved. This proceeding seemed unusual, and I at once asked my friend for an explanation. He said : “ You would not take a holiday, and now we shall see whose will is the stronger, yours or mine. We are going to take you to Kew.”

I said, “ Surely you do not mean that,” and saw at a glance that resistance was useless, as he weighed some 15 stone, and his groom about 12 stone.

On the road out he said, “ I did think of sending you away with your nurse.” I at once jumped at the straw, and replied, “ Do, for goodness sake ; it will mean utter ruin to place me in a lunatic asylum, and you will regret this step.” I asked him what my wife thought of such a procedure, and he said the poor woman scarcely knows what to think.

He then said something about my bad family history, and how sad the whole thing was, but promised at last that I should

only be detained till Monday ; and here he made a mistake, because he did not release me on Monday, and I naturally did not believe anything he told me afterwards.

On arriving at Kew the papers were produced, and even then I could not believe that it was anything more than a sham business to frighten and compel me to submit to the wills of other people whose judgment I did not consider superior to my own. However, I soon found myself locked in amongst a lot of other poor fellows, and still could hardly believe that what was going on was a reality.

On leaving me I begged my friend to call upon my nurse and ask her to come out and see me, as I knew my wife had been talked over, and it was useless to appeal to her at that stage. This wish, like every other, was misconstrued, and came back to me from my wife in different form a few days after ; *e.g.*, she told me "the last person you asked for was your nurse, so you did not want to see me."

While waiting in the yard one man, a Jew, came up and said, "You are a 'Yid,'" which I believe means a Jew. I said, "You are wrong," rather sharply, I fear, for he departed promptly. We afterwards became great friends, and he always called me Beaconsfield. During this time the attendants were arranging as to my place of abode, and when they returned I asked them where I was to be put, and begged to be placed by myself. They said, "We shall give you the best place we have." Here, as all through, I was struck by the kindness of the officers, and indeed shall never forget it.

I was then taken up to a long ward, with cells off it, and was shown my room, but I replied : "I shall not sleep here to-night, because I am not mad. My friends will come for me later on. They have shut me up for a few hours because they think I am going to address a meeting to-night, which I do not intend now to do." I then had dinner, and, after being accustomed to having everything daintily served, did not care for the rough way of eating. However, this did not worry me, and I tried to content myself as well as possible, and, I hope, succeeded. I forget how I passed the afternoon, but after tea the Deputy Medical Officer came around, and I told him that my friends could not surely mean to leave me there all night, to which he replied : "Your papers are all in order, and we cannot discharge you for a week by the law, unless we get a judge's order." I then turned out my pockets at his request, and he took away some of my things ; *e.g.*, a knife, hypodermic syringe, and certain other things which might be dangerous in the hands of a lunatic. I did not like this, but submitted to discipline. He allowed me my watch and chain as a great favour. This afterwards became a troublesome subject for argument, as I shall relate further on.

At eight o'clock I was told to go to bed, and then realised that I was undoubtedly booked for that night, but still hoped that some friend would come along and take me to my home; but, when the lights were turned down and I was locked in, that hope vanished, and I was left to reflect and toss about. At intervals during the night the door was unlocked and a bull's-eye lamp shot into the cell by the watchman, who asked me if I were all right, and after a time I gave up answering, when he concluded that I was asleep. Next morning the Deputy Medical Officer said, with a knowing air, "You slept well the latter part of the night." Being a lunatic, consequently a nonentity, I did not argue the point, but thought of our crude methods of arriving at conclusions as to when a patient slept.

At an early hour, I believe about seven, my door was unlocked, and I was told to come along for a bath. The weather was rather cold, and as I had been accustomed to a warm bath and cold shower for some time, because I did not get warm after the cold bath, I felt that the cold bath would be severe. However, I quickly told myself that conditions had altered, and that I must adapt myself to the altered state and maintain discipline, so I walked off with my towel and had a bath. The bath was a shower one, and I did not feel happy being exposed to the gaze of a number of fellow-patients and warders. However, this was soon got over, and then I had to put on my button boots. As button-hooks were not supplied I had to make a piece of string do duty, and this struck me again as an example of the many things which one could do without if necessity demanded. The Inspector was to see me during the morning, so that I was most anxious to appear as like myself as possible, because an unshaven beard or any other little departure from one's ordinary neat method of dressing would, I knew, be regarded, if the wish were father to the thought, as a bad sign. At last my luggage arrived, and how my hopes sank as I saw my large travelling bag with crowds of clothes and changes of underclothing. I insisted, however, upon wearing the clothes in which I came—namely, frock coat, button boots and silk hat, and it certainly seemed a bit incongruous amongst those poor fellows, some of whom were not too well cared for by their friends, and others had apparently been forgotten altogether. I felt determined to maintain my self-respect, and stuck to this mode of dress for some days.

On Saturday night, wishing to remunerate those about me for doing little things, I gave the warder a sovereign to change for me; but on Sunday morning this was returned, and when the Deputy Medical Officer came around he took charge of all the money I had. Another irksome searching process; but I was determined to submit to any and every indignity calmly, as I knew that to



lose one's temper would be fatal, and destroy all hopes of getting out.

Later in the morning the Inspector came and examined me, in company with the Deputy Medical Officer. I asked him why I was there, and hoped he would release me. I said: "I have no hallucinations, no delusions or illusions; am not dangerous or violent; and my business affairs are in order. Why do you detain me?" I said my wife is ill, and I wish to get home. We had a long talk, and he remarked that I seemed very well up in the terms.

The Deputy Medical Officer informed him how I had worked very hard for nearly twenty years, sitting up half the night, and so on, and had finally gone up for two degrees together. But I said work is a relative quantity, and one man can stand more than another. Then the Inspector said: "How do you account for Dr. ——— sending you in; he is a careful man?" I said he wanted to know my theory. I would not tell him and made him angry, and his anger deranged his judgment. He then asked me about my theory, and I said that as I was a lunatic I had better not discuss it, and, moreover, Professor ——— had advised me not to be in too great a hurry about it, so I preferred to wait and get more facts. I also told him among other things that I had been setting myself hard tasks in self-control, as I considered this the highest possible form of human development. He appeared to agree with this view.

Then he asked me if I were comfortable. I replied that I always tried to adapt myself to altered conditions, to which he replied that was what Herbert Spencer said. Indeed, one's reasoning power helped wonderfully to keep one calm. He left me in an unsatisfactory state of mind as regards a release, after asking me if I took morphia or cocaine or alcohol, or whether I had any monetary troubles, to which I replied in the negative.

So much for the interview to which I had looked forward, and from which I had expected so much. It was hard to settle down to read or, in fact, do anything, and all this day (Sunday) I lay about and reflected upon my altered condition in the space of a very short time. One day a sane man, respected by a fair number of people, and the next a lunatic whose every utterance was received with doubt. However, late in the afternoon I was delighted to see an old medical friend and teacher walk in with a junior medical officer, and enjoyed a talk with somebody I had known. I implored him to get me out, and he left promising that he would see what could be done. I was told afterwards that he said it was a great mistake to have put me in Kew, but that it would be a still greater one to take me out. The junior medical officer with him asked me about declining to practise. I said there are many things connected with practice at the present day which are

wrong, and it was these methods to which I referred on speaking of practice. I told my friend that I was not mad, and that this was no place for me, and he appeared to concur. I said I suppose the authorities must keep me here for a while in order to white-wash the doctors who sent me in. Nothing more of consequence happened this day.

On the following day (Monday, 25th September) I again interviewed the Deputy Medical Officer on his rounds, and asked about my release. He, as usual, advised me to write to the Inspector. By-the-way, this system of putting one off from one to another is a peculiarity of the place, and so each in his turn refers you to a senior. For instance, the warder refers you to the senior warder, who in turn refers you to the Deputy Medical Officer, who says, "Well, I cannot help it, but write to the Medical Superintendent." This makes it difficult to get information.

On the morning of this day I was told my wife wished to see me, so I was escorted up to a room for that purpose—a large room, with very little to make one feel at home, and with the idea that possibly someone was watching or listening. Naturally I did not feel very kindly disposed towards her, and at once took her to task for having given me into the hands of the Philistines. She, too, had been misinformed about things which I had said; i.e., the meaning of words as uttered by me had been twisted round by others so that they bore quite a different interpretation, and so the interview was not as happy a one as it might have been, thanks to kind but injudicious friends. I asked her how long the present farce was to be kept up, but got very little satisfaction.

In the afternoon my chief friend came out to see me, and brought my overcoat, pipe and cigarettes. He said to the Deputy Medical Officer, who accompanied him: "Why, this man is all right now!" and asked me about all my financial engagements, which I told him in every case but one, and as this date was in my letter-book at home there was no necessity for me to remember it. Indeed, I knew too vividly that my rent, interest and life premiums were about due, and felt only too keenly that owing to my absence and the fact that nobody manages one's business as well as one's self, these payments might not be met, and that my solvent estate, owing to mismanagement, might easily be made insolvent, and so bring me into disgrace. I believe my friend thought he would be able to get me out about this time, but he afterwards told me that the doctor said: "Oh, you do not know what may develop." He naturally bowed to the decision of a medical expert, and dropped the matter; but, I feel sure, not willingly or without some feelings of compunction.

I distributed the cigarettes among my poor, suffering brothers, and cigarette smoking became most fashionable for a day or so, until supplies ran out. In the evenings we

had concerts among ourselves, and I must say that I never dwelt with a better-conducted lot of men as a whole. About this time the Deputy Medical Officer began to worry me about leaving my watch and chain about. "You know," he said, "they will put it down the sink or smash it." I informed him that there was no cause for anxiety, and insisted upon leaving everything about, with the result that nothing of mine was ever injured or taken. I feel sure that lots of people are made to thieve by the suggestion of it.

My great trouble was that each patient took too much care of what one had. For instance, it was my custom to leave my songs on the piano downstairs after singing. On one or two occasions I went to find them, and they were not there. Then some patient would come forward and say: "Oh, I was afraid they would tear them, doctor, so I planted them." I always said, "That was not necessary." However, it was pleasant to feel that they felt kindly towards one. It seems to me that it is best not to hold one's worldly possessions with too firm a grasp, as if you offer and share what you have with other people the desire to possess it goes, and there is no necessity for people to steal from you.

In the afternoons we used to play tennis on a very nice court, and it was a great treat to see one's friends coming to look one up, for, in spite of the extreme kindness which one received on all sides, I did not feel very happy being locked away from all my friends, and particularly felt keenly the separation from my family and the discomfort of not knowing what was being done. At my request, the Master-in-Lunacy came out to talk about my affairs, and very kind and considerate he was. We discussed the different business matters, and again I was at a loss when the disposal of my effects was talked of, as I could not think that I would be detained for long, and there was no pressing necessity to realise, and so I began to wonder what was going to happen and whether I was there, like many other poor fellows, for all time.

I believe it was on Tuesday morning that the Medical Agent came out with my books, and got me to post them up and instruct him as to accounts owing to me. This I did, and it struck me at the time as a strange procedure that a lunatic should be entrusted with business transactions, because, if able to conduct any transaction, I take it that I should have been allowed to transact all, and there should have been no necessity for the interference of the Master-in-Lunacy.

All along I begged that my horses should be kept, and was told that my wishes in this respect would be respected, but they were not, as was afterwards shown.

The Medical Agent assured me that he was certain I would only be at Kew for the week, but again I was misled. I was after-

wards told that when the agent arrived home from his interview there was a message telling him not to worry me with business matters. Of course, it was recognised that an error had been made, and that to allow me to be consulted at such a time was a distinct official error. However, the questionable worry of doing my books and seeing someone I knew was a respite from the continual worry of feeling that I was unjustly locked up as a lunatic when there was not a sign or symptom of insanity as ordinarily meant about me.

It is strange to note how things come about. A few days before being taken to Kew I asked a friend—a member of Parliament—for an order to visit Kew, and also the gaols, so that I might inspect and examine the lunatics and prisoners; and now I had the opportunity of gratifying my wish, and made as good use of it as was possible, but as I had neither pencil nor paper the facts are produced from memory, and are rather imperfect. However, here is the first case:—The first man I met in the yard on being received was a Jew, and a very good fellow he turned out. He was, I presume, rather a trouble to his people by his original ways of conducting himself, but I should not by any means regard him as of unsound mind. He had been on the stage, and possessed some ability as a reciter, and he used to entertain us occasionally in this way, but he was most amusing when “taking off” the Medical Inspector examining a new case. Something after the following (our Jewish friend as the doctor):—

Doctor, to new patient (somebody was selected for the new patient).—Hear sounds?

New Patient.—Yes.

Doctor.—Now, rattle those keys, Mr. ———. (This was to a supposed head warder who accompanied the Inspector, and the rattling of the keys was supposed to be part of the examination.)

Doctor.—Do you ever sleep?

New Patient.—No.

Doctor.—See things?

New Patient.—Yes.

Doctor.—Very bad case (with a shake of head). Put out your tongue.

The doctor then addressed the head warder, and ordered him to place the patient in a certain ward. In this way he used to keep us from thinking too continuously of our imprisonment.

We are usually told that Jews are tricky and deceitful, but this man was one of the most willing and hard-working in the establishment, because he was treated kindly and not oppressed, except by being kept at Kew, which he really did not object to. In fact, I was informed that he was in the habit of going out periodically and after a time returning. When he wished to get out he would give up the funny business, lose his

usual hilarious tone and stand by himself with head down-cast. Then his friends came and took him out for a while, but he always turned up smiling, and was glad to get back. One could not help reflecting upon this man's case, and wondering whether oppression had made the Jews as a class cunning. I believe that when people adopt unfair means to obtain a point they have generally been badly treated, and have had to resort to questionable methods.

Case II.—A man I had seen in Melbourne, and I believe a case in which insanity was feigned. This was a pathetic case, and I believe one in which he was the odd man out. His wife I have seen in Melbourne in company with another man, and it is probable that the supposed insane man (for I doubt his insanity) had centred the whole of his affections on her, and had given her everything money would buy. Then after a time the lady changed, as they not infrequently do, and transferred her affections to another man; the poor husband would no doubt then become aggrieved at her conduct and cause trouble, and then, of course, would require to be put away. Possibly he might have certain ideas, quite truthful; but these would be represented as delusions to the doctors signing him up, and he would be packed away to Kew, well out of the way. Add to this a natural peculiarity of manner, or an individuality, because people must not differ from the majority in these days, and the picture is complete. Then he feels indignant at his wife's treatment, is angry with her when she comes to see him, probably accuses her of immorality, in which he may be quite right, but this is a very grave sign in the eyes of the Asylum authorities (I suppose because immorality never occurs in Melbourne), and he is marked down as very bad. He may persuade his friends to take him out on probation, but he is again troublesome outside, because the lady likes a free hand. What an inducement to a woman who has a regard for another man to do wrong. I very much fear that this is not an isolated case. The poor man after a time feels disgusted with everything, and either assumes a delusion or copies somebody else in what is considered an insane act, and so he goes on, and after a time is quite forgotten and relegated to a living death.

In the meantime she lives on his estate, and probably supports a male friend, and this in our enlightened days. What would have cured this man in the early stages, and probably might now? The restoration of this woman's society and affection (if he care for her, and I believe he did once), which is his by right. But everything tends to keep them apart, and so the thing goes on from bad to worse. She, poor woman, is not happy either, and in her quiet moments no doubt suffers acutely, and yet if these people could have been talked to separately and brought together,

how different things might have been. I believe this man could pay for treatment, and such a case should be taken in hand separately by a physician with a strong will and time to reason with him.

The idea of herding men of all grades together is wicked, and I wonder that the system is tolerated by the public. There are two courses open in a case like this: Ascertain from the patient what he is longing for; and often it is a sexual desire. Then either gratify this, if it can be accomplished—*i.e.*, if it be his wife, who for some reason denies him his marital rights—or, if this be not possible, simply insist upon his developing his will power and overcoming his desire.

There is no doubt whatever that unsatisfied sexual desire plays an important part in mental disease, as it does in all other diseases, and Dr. Balls-Headley was quite right when he stated that a large number of women's diseases was due to unsatisfied sexual desire; but it also applies to men, as I shall prove later on, and is one of the results of our lack of self-control.

Case III.—Here is a musician, once a prominent figure in Melbourne. Poor fellow! What a transformation. I hardly recognised him, with face bandaged up. For some reason he has become dirty in his habits, and this, no doubt, has caused the warders to deal a little harshly with him. They told me that he never played the piano now, but simply strummed. He looked the picture of neglect, and somehow his misery appealed to me, so I was determined to see what could be done.

Accordingly, I got him to come to the piano and play my accompaniments. The first day he did not get on very well, because he had been persuaded, I suppose, that he could not play; but after a day or two I managed to counteract this impression which he had got into his head, and he played very nicely, simply because I assured him that he could. Then, after a time, whenever he was at the piano the warder would call him away. No doubt his dirty habits had made the poor man an object to be despised, but probably if his sad history had been gone into there would be quite sufficient to make him careless about himself, for when we come to analyse our actions the bulk of us perform them for some sort of approval from somebody we respect; but if nobody encourage us there is no incentive to do what is expected of us. He brightened up wonderfully, and I am sure that by continual supervision I could pilot this man back to his old normal condition; but he seldom saw anybody he knew, and I know that his wife could never get to see him, although she frequently wished to. On talking to me one day, he said: "You know, when my wife and I married, we promised to keep absolutely to each other, which is a very unusual thing in the present day."

This set me thinking, and I again began to look for causes and

wonder whether there might not be some sexual misunderstanding here, too. It may be that the man had been fighting overwhelming odds, but I feel sure that something could be done if one could get at the whole truth of the case and isolate him. I believe the warders can say whether a man is fit to see visitors or not, and it might quite easily happen that such a man would be more troublesome after a visit from his wife, and that her visit would be considered injurious. Such being the case, he is rarely seen. This man had some sores on him, and it appeared to me that he was never so happy as when his wounds were being dressed by a warder or fellow-patient. I suppose the fact of being touched gently soothed the poor fellow, and might we here not have an explanation of his dirty habits, the idea being that he would be tenderly washed, for really the warders were surprisingly forbearing under the most trying circumstances.

I have often been struck in practice with a class of patient who has very little wrong with him, but comes for sympathy, and thus it is that the sympathetic man gets the practice. We all crave for love and sometimes we think we are not receiving it; then we try to obtain what is akin or first cousin to love, namely, sympathy, and so it is with these poor fellows.

He took a fancy to my pipe and I at once gave it to him, but he was not allowed to keep it by the others, who took it from him, washed it, and brought it to me, saying, "He will break it, doctor;" so it was washed again and another patient got it. I hoped that by showing him a lot of attention one might set the example and he might become popular, but it is easy to understand that dirty habits are more likely than anything to repel people, especially when we do not get back to primary causes. This is a very sad case, as he has a wife and family. It was thought that his disease was communicable. To show how little I thought of such a theory I smoked the pipe after him, to everybody's surprise, and have not developed any skin disease.

Case IV.—Here is another case. Again probably some little domestic squabble. He is certainly peculiar in his manner at times, but I doubt whether he should have ever been put in a lunatic asylum, and I am certain that he should not be there with a crowd of others. On talking to this gentleman, I find that he and his wife decided not to have children, because they could not afford it, with the usual unhappy result. The woman does not bear her burden by performing her natural functions, and nature exacts her penalty by making her uncertain, possibly unreasonable; she is easily put out, and the man does not get the sympathy he craves for, and seeks it elsewhere. Then a nerve storm follows, with the result that something has to go snap, and the woman is persuaded, or by this time does not want to be persuaded, that her husband is mad, and in her jealousy gives her

consent to a course of treatment which she will live to regret ; but she does not always admit this, and gets some consolation for the loss of her husband and comforts in the sympathy of what are too often false friends, who will persuade her that she is a heroine, and so the thing goes on ; and yet how different it might have been if that couple had little ones, which always act as a strong connecting link between husband and wife ; and it is highly probable that if Nature had been allowed to take her course such a catastrophe would never have come to pass ; but we defy her and she punishes us.

Case V.—Here is an unfortunate medical man, remarkably quiet and sadly neglected by his friends. He knew me again, but was not inclined to discuss old times. From enquiries I found that his friends seldom asked for him, and I suppose the poor fellow has settled down there for the rest of his days. Probably here some charming lady has played with the man's affections, and thrown him over after getting tired ; and I only regret that one could not get him to talk openly about things. Why he should be kept locked up I do not know, as he certainly would not hurt a fly—but probably his relatives are ashamed of him.

Case VI.—This man refuses to eat, and is fed with a stomach tube. The chances are that if he were left alone he would eat his food, but the regulations decree that if a patient refuse food for twenty-four hours he is placed on his back and fed. He was very quiet, and although I assured him that I wished to befriend him, he did not become communicative. Perhaps if this man were tried with a little moral suasion he might have eaten, but the Medical Officer has not time for this. Here there must be some cause operating, and why not try to get at it ? My experience in practice is that people who decline to eat openly will frequently do so secretly, and I very much doubt whether he would die from want of food. But, you see, it is the rule to feed them artificially after twenty-four hours' refusal, and such an argument in the eyes of a government official is unanswerable.

Case VII.—Here is a well-known cricketer, whom we once treated as a hero ; but, alas ! like everything else, times have changed, and he is almost forgotten. He stands about, and is very reserved. Probably he has been badly treated, or thinks he has been, by some person or persons, and is one of the many disappointed men. Surely such a man as this might be tended by somebody more closely related to him, and give him his only chance of being restored to health. If he have gone mad in the cause of cricket, then the cricketers should see that he gets a few of life's comforts and look him up occasionally, for although that man may appear indifferent to attentions he is not so.

Case VIII.—Here is a case—a young man from Yorkshire, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age of nice appearance and of gentlemanly bearing. The history he gave me was this : He fell



in love with a young woman in his own county beneath him in station, and did not like to tell his people about it. He thought her a very fine character, and was surprised at this in the face of her social surroundings. However, sooner than offend his people by gratifying his strongest earthly wish, he came out to Melbourne. He is not well, and consults a surgeon for sympathy and moral support, and the surgeon recommends a surgical operation. He is sent to a private hospital, is operated upon, but does not get better. A physician is called in. He is treated for a time—I do not know how long. He does not get on with his nurse, and altogether feels dismal and depressed. Finally he comes to the conclusion that he has nothing to live for, throws himself off a staircase, fractures his skull, and in due course is sent to Kew. How easily all this might have been prevented. I said, "Well, you are a fool, and the best thing you can do is to get back as soon as possible to your home, and marry the girl if she is fond of you. You have to choose and live with your wife and not your people, and probably this woman is just as good as you are, or if not you must lift her."

Some little time after leaving the Asylum I was at a private hospital, and a physician called to see another patient. He asked me how I was. I replied, "Quite well." He then asked me about patients at Kew. I said, "There are several sent there by you; but one in particular—a countryman of your own—should be sent back to marry the girl he is in love with in Yorkshire, and it is wrong to keep him locked up." I was delighted to hear a few weeks after that this man had been sent back to England.

This gentleman and I used frequently to discuss the inconsistencies of Asylum life. For instance, he would say: "I am here because they fear I may take my life outside, and yet if I wished I could easily do it with the knives or forks;" and he was quite right. This, indeed, is only another instance of our many medical incongruities so apparent to any thoughtful patient.

We all agreed that the methods for taking life were many if there were the wish. Then he would say: "You know, the best way to get out of here is not to appear anxious to leave," and there was a lot of truth in this, but I never disguised the fact that I wished to get away. However, after a time I found that if I wished for a thing particularly the best way to bring about my desire was to ask for the opposite to what I wished, and I then usually obtained it. Human nature is very peculiar in this respect. For instance, one day when I was tired and lying down, one of the warders came in and awoke me to sing. Probably if I had wished to sing they would not have cared for it, for frequently when one would want them to play an accompaniment nobody would do it, and it was most interesting to watch this conflict of wills going

on, and the only treatment for such a state is to exercise forbearance consistently, as indeed one had to do, for in such a place it was necessary to have the good word of everybody in order to get out; and to thoroughly control one's actions and words under all kinds of trying conditions was no easy task. For instance, I knew that if inclined to be thoughtful and lie about, it might be regarded as a sign of melancholia; and if inclined to be happy and cheerful, as a sign of excitability, and in discussing this point with the warders they quite agreed with me. However, these good fellows treated me with a kindness and consideration which I shall never forget, and materially helped in bringing about my comparatively short stay there.

Case IX.—Here is another case. A man simply put there for epilepsy. He gets periodic attacks and somebody outside thought that something might develop, and so the poor man is locked away from his wife, of whom he appeared to be very fond. He, too, found that it was much easier to get in than out. So much for a few individual cases.

I used to wonder why my wife did not come oftener to see me, and was not told that her visits were thought undesirable for me at this time, so that I concluded that she did not want to come.

On the Wednesday evening (27th September) a ball was held as usual for the patients, and surprise was expressed by the attendant when I elected to go. The men were arranged on one side of the room and the women on the other, and I must say that on entering I was struck by the number of intelligent faces, and could not help thinking, as I had thought before, of the wickedness of keeping some 4500 people locked up in this fashion. This loss of available energy to the State is a very serious matter, and one which will have to be reckoned with. Then, in addition to these, there are the attendants, who, I am sure, are not happy, for I questioned some of them on this point, and they all admitted that they did not like the work. The ball was very nicely conducted, and towards the close of the evening coffee and eatables were served out. I had not danced for some time, but determined to do so on this occasion, and it was most enjoyable. One man was rather prominent, so I questioned the attendants as to the nature of his disease, and was told that he had a delusion to the effect that he was a connection of a certain celebrity. "Indeed," I replied, "he is not at all unlike the statues one sees of that man, and he might quite well be speaking the truth." Then there was a poor little deformed woman, I was told, about thirty-five years of age, who carried a doll, and exemplified in a striking degree the womanly instinct to possess a child. Then I saw a pinched, pale-faced little woman, with whom I had a dance. Her story was a pathetic one. It appears some two years before she had puer-

peral fever. Her husband had put her into Kew, and there she remains, although quite sound in mind as far as I could see.

She informed me that she had told her husband that she had been fond of another man in England and had not quite got over it, and he, instead of helping her for speaking the truth, had, I suppose, in vulgar parlance, turned rusty, possibly glad of an excuse. In any case, if there were any trouble the law courts should have been the place to test the matter, and she should not have been separated from her children to pine away and perhaps die prematurely.

I could not question many, and next day the Deputy Medical Officer told me that these women were uncertain and might slap me in the face; of course they would if one approached them with the thought in one's head that they might. However, it would be quite impossible for these poor creatures to be shut away from all their friends in this fashion without developing some peculiarity in manner, and then there is this imitative process going on, so that if a man or woman is inclined to follow in his or her own track to begin with, he or she at last succumbs quite unconsciously and follows therest. About ten o'clock we were taken back to our cells or rooms and locked up for the night.

I believe it was on Thursday afternoon that I had my first interview with the Superintendent, which, I had hoped, was to produce so much, but my hopes were again shattered, as after a long talk he said: "I am not going to decide in a hurry, Farmer, and I must keep you under observation for a time, so you must just settle down." I could not get anything definite from him as to how long. During this interview he said: "Your instructions have been so unusual of late that your nurse has declined to carry them out, and you were going to do some large surgical operations."

"Oh!" I replied, "I know what you refer to," and proceeded to tell him how on one occasion, not long ago, a case of mine was suffering from intestinal obstruction and I could not get a passage through her. I was talking to one of our best gynecological surgeons (Dr. O'Sullivan) about it, and he suggested that I should wash out the stomach with warm water, then pour an ounce of sulphate of magnesium (Epsom salts) dissolved in six ounces of water into the stomach and leave it there. I did this, but my nurse objected very strongly to it, and I could never get my stomach tube again, so that I knew that she was displeased, although the patient recovered. I said to him: "I suppose you would not allow your subordinates, say a warder, to overrule you in carrying out your work?" As a matter of fact they were doing every day in the Asylum what I did outside. Regarding the operation—one day I cut down in a cancer case with the object of removing a piece of intestine, but found the disease involving the abdominal wall, and, of course, desisted. This operation was new at the

time, but had been done by others. However, I suppose my nurse had not heard of it. I said to the Superintendent : "It is absurd to suggest that I am a reckless operator, for no surgeon has a keener desire to save life or worries so much over a death as I, and do you know that I have never lost a case after a surgical operation yet, although I have done some very large work?"

However, my reasoning was useless, and I now began to think it was better to leave my case in the hands of a Higher Power since my fellow-men seemed so unjust or so stupid—I did not know which.

Of course, after I was removed from my house, ladies called and talked, and I suppose wept, etc., etc. My friends would come out and describe to me all sorts of absurd peculiarities in my manner of late. One of my medical friends took me to task rather for thinking that Melbourne was immoral. I told him I would be glad to think this a delusion on my part. At this interview the Superintendent suggested that any clothes sent to me should be addressed under cover to him, so as to avoid publicity. I replied that this was absurd, as everybody in Melbourne who knew me had by this time heard that I was at Kew. If they had thought of this before sending me to Kew, instead of rushing me off as they did, it would have been more to the point.

They would say : "This will be a good rest for you, Farmer ; you know you have worked too hard."

A nice way to give a man rest—practically ruining his prospects from a worldly point of view, and if I had not possessed unusual will power, I should never have come out again ; but I was determined to upset their silly, puerile theories.

The Deputy Medical Officer would often on his rounds ask me to diagnose cases, but I kept away from this, as I knew that if one dared to suggest anything original he would make a note of it, and I wished, above all for my family's sake, to get out again.

I was talking to this gentleman one day, and one of the patients announced to him that he was a Mohammedan, at which the doctor smiled. I said, "May not a man be a Mohammedan and still be sane?" and he replied, "Not in Victoria, Farmer."

This same patient had a game by which he stood to win thousands and could not lose anything. I believe he used to, vulgarly speaking, "have them on toast," for I strongly suspect he did not believe what he was saying, but liked to fool them, and I could not help thinking of our land-boomers and comparing them—but they are not in asylums. I at last got hold of him and begged him to stop these pranks, and he did ; and I was told that for some time after I left he had improved greatly, but he will probably lapse from lack of somebody to keep him up to the mark ; and, really, where no hope of release is held out there is not much inducement for him to hold himself together.

On another occasion I was talking to the Deputy Medical Officer, when the same patient came along with the *Argus*, and read out a notice calling for applications for my position at the Women's Hospital. This was one of the few occasions on which I lost my temper, and I had a feeling at the time that it was a put-up affair between the patient, who was a medical man, and the Deputy Medical Officer to see if I would get angry. Possibly a test of insanity—in fact, by this time I had been so misrepresented and tricked that I hardly knew what to think or whom to believe, and it hurt me to read of my practice—built up by years of hard work—going to pieces from no fault of my own.

There was considerable method in this gentleman's madness. He was great on compressed air, and one day there was an amused audience listening to him in a rather patronising fashion.

I told the warder that there was a good deal of truth in what he said, and that compressed air was of use. Then the warder replied: "Don't you tell the doctor so, or you will not get out."

On another occasion this same patient said, "Wounds of the heart could be sewn up." This produced great merriment, but as a matter of fact the heart has been repaired in this fashion, and after leaving Kew I read of two or three cases.

This man is supposed to be going in for general paralysis of the insane, and probably if he stay there long enough he will develop it. For, in the first place, he knows something of the signs and symptoms, and, secondly, he will hear from somebody that he is a general paralytic, and, thirdly, has plenty of time to think about his ailments. This question of suggestion is a far greater factor in the profession of medicine than we have any idea of.

For instance, it is, or was, a very common thing for medical students to imagine that they had each disease as they studied it. However, I shall have more to say later on about this.

I asked the warder how he diagnosed general paralysis. He said, "The tremulous tongue is the most important sign." The fact is, that many of our diseases are simply names, and the sooner this is recognised the better. We have all heard of paralysed people suddenly getting up from a bed where they have lain for years and walking.

Here is another case. A grown-up man who used to "no savee," and all he would do was to poke out his tongue and say, "Bridget, little baby naked." I used to tell him he was a humbug, but this heathen Chineese business caused him to be fed and attended to by his brother patients in a manner that was pleasing to behold. This was a case of a child having been neglected, and this neglect of parents to educate their children is undoubtedly the cause of much imbecility.

The steps of Drs. M'Cleary and Fishbourne in this direction are

deserving of all praise. A child is born with a deformed head and it is at once concluded that it cannot be educated, which, in many cases, is an erroneous conclusion, and it is our duty to care for every child so as to fit it for the struggle of life. It is now admitted that the weight of the brain, or the size of the brain, has no great bearing on the intellectual capacity of the individual. I believe that the idiots now do a considerable amount of useful work, thanks to the gentlemen aforesaid.

In reference to meals. There were, I think, three tables in our ward, and at our table there were six, *i.e.*, five beside myself. It was a little rough, but one could not complain of this. What I did not like was to see Lunatic Asylum in blue letters upon every cup and plate, so that we were never able to get away from the fact that we were lunatics.

I was most careful to obey discipline in every way, but as we did not sit down together we did not get up together, and one day I got up as soon as finished and, I suppose, before the others. The Deputy Medical Officer was not in a good humour, and as he could not find any other fault, gave me a lecture upon my bad manners in getting up before some of the rest, which I thought extremely unjust, but said nothing.

One incident amused me greatly. A table companion, the first day I was there said: "You know, Farmer, these — lunatics gobble up everything, and you will have to look after yourself." The next meal I nearly laughed outright to see his lordship take almost the whole of the butter and jam at one helping. There are plenty outside like him. Then I felt inclined to "grab," but desisted and persuaded myself that dry bread was just as nice as bread and butter. However, there was one poor fellow who used to come in late and when everything was cleared out in the shape of butter and jam. I suggested to the warder the advisability of dividing the butter up into six parts, but he said that they wished it to be as much like home as possible. Nevertheless, he did this eventually, and I took care to see that our late friend had his share put on his plate. The coffee was a tasteless fluid, resembling the usual decoction only in colour, and the vegetables were of a very coarse, rough nature. I suppose in all Government institutions the things must be weighed out.

One morning I thought I would try to bounce my way out, and had a strong argument with the Deputy Medical Officer and head warder about the iniquity of keeping me there. As usual, he referred me to the Superintendent. After they had gone, an elderly warder, who was very good to me, came along with some sago. I said: "I will not eat anything more in this place, so you had better discharge me." And, for a time, thought of carrying out my threat, but a barrister friend said, "They will let you alone for twenty-four hours and then feed

you by force," so I saw the absurdity of trying to carry out my threat.

Then I was told by some visitor from outside that I was extravagant. This arose entirely through my desire, at all times, to remunerate people for services rendered; for instance, whenever a medical man rendered me or my family a service it was my custom to send him a present, as he would not accept a fee, and I often made my nurses presents for helping to pull a bad case through.

Then, in connection with my cases, it was my custom to get any instrument or appliance that was necessary for their benefit, quite regardless of cost.

These little things, however, considered with other trifles helped to form a picture which the learned people regarded as sure signs of insanity. However, I fear that I shall always give presents if I wish, and it would be better for us if everybody were afflicted with a similar disease.

On Sunday, 1st October, I looked forward to seeing visitors, and was glad to be remembered by an old patient and friend, who, on seeing me, expressed indignation at my imprisonment and wanted to get a lawyer at once to set me free, but I said: "No. I have no belief in law, and if we start it will only prolong matters; let us wait and see what they mean to do." So he reluctantly agreed, saying that he would see if he could get me away for a sea trip with him. I sang him a song, and we had a smoke together. He suggested the sea trip to my friends, but it did not come to pass.

I was in the exercise yard one morning, and, as I turned my head, saw a heavy man fall. He had apparently been pushed by another patient, but I did not see him in the act. On examining this man it was discovered that his leg was broken, and he was put up in splints. I always kept away from surgical work, as I did not wish to advance any theory with which the medical men might disagree, even when invited.

The man who was supposed to have knocked the other one down was of uncertain temper, and I always kept a keen watch upon him. He told me that a fair lady had jilted him, and this made him reckless, so he took to drink, and, I suppose, becoming troublesome to his friends, they locked him up away from everybody—an excellent way of aggravating his mental condition.

Another little incident is worthy of note here. One morning I was going towards the bath, and heard a rather noisy quarrel going on between an attendant and a patient. The patient exclaimed, "I will rip you up with this knife." The warder walked him away to his cell, and shut him up. In a very short time we heard a crash of glass, and he was brought from his cell with his hand all cut. He had thrust it through a window. The

warder bound it up, and he went about his work. Some little time after I approached him and said, "Look here, I quite know that it is very trying to be locked up here, but don't lose your temper like you did this morning; you know, we are friends in distress." The poor old fellow promised me he would not, and so far as I know he did not while I was there. He would follow one round, and always seemed delighted to do anything for me. I think he used to offer to clean my boots, but I usually preferred to do this myself, as I did not see why these men should work for me.

In relating the above incident, I do not wish for a moment to reflect upon the conduct of the warders, and the only wonder to me is that they keep their tempers, and are as forbearing as they are, for the constant action of the mind of a man who thinks himself wrongly imprisoned—as they do in many cases, and with good cause, too—upon those about him must try the tempers of the attendants very much. An attendant who had been 30 years in the Asylum, and who was the personification of kindness, told me that on getting home at night the strain upon him during the day had often been so great as to make him feel inclined to strike his children and break up the chairs in his house.

This poor old patient had been nearly 30 years in the Asylum, and I suppose has been almost forgotten by his friends. He was formerly a bank manager. Undoubtedly in both these cases, if the causation of trouble had been looked into, and they had been taken in a kindly fashion by their friends, the locking up in Kew would have been quite unnecessary; but we are so ready to shift responsibility on to other people's shoulders.

Here is another case.—A quiet, well-behaved medical man who has been there some twenty years, and is now a comparatively young man. I am sure he would be a useful member of society, but he washes up dishes and wastes his valuable life in sundry other ways.

Here is another case of a bank clerk, as sane in every respect as possible. He says, "You know, I am tired of asking to be taken out, so shall not do so again."

On visiting a patient one day I was much struck by a book he was reading—"The Other Man's Wife." From what I could gather of this case it seemed particularly appropriate, for I strongly suspect this man was in the way outside.

Taken as a whole, it seemed to me that sexual desire played a very large part in the matter, for some of the worst cases would expose themselves, and others would give indications that this matter worried them, and I firmly believe that if this desire were regulated, as it can and should be, there would be very little of what is known as insanity. One man was not allowed to go to concerts because he persisted in kissing the lady accompanying the singers. Could anything tell us more plainly what is on his



mind? But we aggravate his case by shutting him away from all female society, and causing him to become peculiar or altered in his manner from lack of the sympathy to which he has been accustomed. Why not take this man and reason with him and try to get his will-power to work, so that this desire may be controlled? It is positively cruel to torture people in this way, when every book and newspaper he reads is suggestive of sensuality.

One day I noticed a case here which struck me most forcibly, and that was the desire of one man to embrace another. I fear this is a crime not unknown outside from something I saw on visiting a patient in Bourke-street a little while ago. The idea of such a thing to a sane man is, of course, revolting, and I devoutly hope is not common in our midst; but, going ahead as we are, there is a real danger of it becoming so, in conjunction with other kinds of moral perversion. Said a supposed sane man to me in town some time ago, "I have experienced every sensual delight." This contained a lot, and set me thinking, and if such a thing be performed we deserve to suffer the keenest possible punishment from Nature.

In the evenings I used to talk to the warders, who, by-the way, did not by any means conform to the Factories Act, but seemed to go on for hours at a stretch beyond the time arranged by Parliament. I suppose because they were servants of the Crown; such are the inconsistencies of the law. I would say, "You surely are not happy at this work, and would feel more satisfied on a nice little farm," to which they invariably replied, "Yes;" but they did their work with a devotion and consideration and patience gratifying to see, and I shall never forget how they all apparently worked to get me out of my sad fix. Thus about ten days passed by, and, in spite of kind attentions on all sides, I began to feel pretty wretched, and wondered how long it was going to last. It was not difficult to adapt oneself, but I did not lose sight of the fact that I had a wife and family. Speaking about suggestion, I found that when my tobacco ran out I could quite comfortably do without, and I noticed, too, that smoking strong black tobacco, which outside would have made me feel ill, could be smoked without discomfort, when I persuaded myself that it would *not* upset me.

What I did not get over was having my bath in public, and the fact that the closets were open, and usually very dirty. These two matters worried me more than anything else, and it must worry other men accustomed to delicacy in the same way, for it is not pleasant to do all things before an audience.

One morning when lying on the green I said to myself, "I wonder whether I can get a temperature voluntarily?" and when the Deputy Medical Officer came around it came to pass in some way that he took my temperature. I believe I asked him. It

was above normal, and I was ordered to bed. This surprised me a little, but I shall always think that my will had something to do with making the mercury rise. There were, of course, a given set of emotional conditions at work, and if I had the same set I believe I could do it again. There is no doubt whatever that we frequently get temperatures when very little is the matter, and there was very little wrong here except a feeling of keen grief that one could be so cruelly treated in a civilised country.

I remained in bed until the morning I was removed—about ten days—and have before me the chart supposed to be that of a man suffering from influenza—utter nonsense. But we have to give things a name, and the thermometer, like many other appliances in modern medicine, is relied upon too much. During this time they persisted in dosing me with medicine, and I was visited by the doctor, who was extremely kind, twice daily. But it was not influenza, and all I wanted was sympathy from the proper quarter, and when I heard that I was going to be removed from Kew my temperature considerably went down and stayed there. I only regret that I had not a thermometer to see whether I could influence it at will again, as it would have been interesting. However, the facts are as I have related them, and I verily believe that it is possible to in some measure even get a temperature by suggestion.

On the Sunday morning, 8th October, 1899, I received a visit, to which I had been looking forward, from the two doctors who sent me in, accompanied by the Inspector and the Superintendent. The Inspector remarked, "You do not seem glad to see us." And I must say I did not feel too affable, because the conditions were hardly conducive to cheerfulness with temperature of 103, etc. Then one of the men who sent me in, and of whom they all seemed afraid, gave the Superintendent to understand that he need not stay, and he and, I believe, the Inspector departed for a time. This same little man examined my chest, for I had a cough, and as there was a history of tubercle in my family, my younger sister having died of it, it was feared that I might be suffering from, or about to suffer from, consumption. However, contrary to expectation, my chest was pronounced sound. He said: "What is your theory?" I told him we should have to regulate our Marriage Laws. And he said: "Is that all?" Then he gave me a lecture about beating my wife. I said: "Well, I have no recollection of having done such a thing, but I am a lunatic, and of course my word goes for nothing." Then the other little physician who had "signed me in" chipped in, and gave me a lecture upon my evil ways, at which I felt amused, but said nothing. I asked this gentleman how long I was to be left there, and he said: "Well, you know, Farmer, I don't know much about insanity, and you are now in the hands of the Medical Super-

intendent." This struck me as being extremely cool, as, if he were too ignorant of the subject to sign me out, surely he had no right to sign me in, and I began to wonder whether there was such a thing as justice in the world.

Thus the interview passed, and I got very little satisfaction. It was not surprising that they formed rather a grave view of my case, and thought me not as good-tempered as usual on this occasion, or "changed." I now realised, as I had thought all along, that my wife was the one to move most in the matter, and it was a good thing for me that she did begin to exert herself, otherwise I might have been there still; and given a wife who is indifferent or fearful of her husband, or pretends to be so, and the man may remain there. This is a very grave defect in our Lunacy Laws.

One unfortunate gentleman in there is considered to be dangerous because he had carried a pistol in his coat pocket, and so had frightened his wife and friends. He assured me he never did, and I firmly believe him.

I believe it was at the Sunday's interview that one of the medical men said: "It is a question of expense moving you from here, and there is no money for a private place." At this I felt indignant, and said the idea is preposterous, for if I had no effects my pocket has always been open to other people, and surely somebody would lend me a little in such a case; but my estate, if properly managed, is not only solvent, but there should be enough money to keep me and my wife and family for some time. These absurd speeches were quite enough to turn the head of any man. I afterwards found that nearly £300 could have been borrowed on my life assurance policies alone from bonuses; and there were plenty of other ways of getting money. I remarked that it was most essential that I should get better soon, in order to again earn money, and that I would not get better there. I pointed out to them at this interview, too, that the sooner I was out the less people would think of my trouble, but if left there for long everybody would shun me as a madman.

My wife afterwards told me that it was fully arranged to take me out of Kew on the following day (Monday, the 9th), but it was Saturday before I left. There is so much red-tape nonsense, and she was afraid to worry the Superintendent lest he might get angry and change his mind, as, like all other men in power, he liked to have his own way; but I do not wish to accuse him of harshness or unkindness, and he was only following out his usual routine practice.

What I suffered during this week I am not keen to recall, as there was the uncertainty of not knowing what was going to happen, and when my wife came on the Friday, and I was told that on the following day I was going to leave, I thanked God as

I had never done before ; but this week had its bright sides. One striking feature was the universal kindness I received from every patient. They were never tired of doing things. One would come in and make my bed, another would do something else, and they one and all did their best to alleviate my suffering. The attendants, too, were most attentive and considerate. One day I nearly got a man into serious trouble. I had become so tired of lying in bed, and was too busy with my thoughts of how to get released to settle to read, so I got up on my own account and sat in the dining-hall, or long ward. The doctor heard of this, and in due course the warder received a formal communication, calling upon him for an explanation for allowing a patient with a temperature to get up without instructions. He said, "I fear I shall have a mark against my name for this ; I have always had a clean record."

This worried me, and when the doctor came round I said, "You must not punish the warder for an offence for which I am entirely responsible ; punish me, I am the guilty party, but please do not annoy him ;" and so the matter dropped, and he was not fined, as he at first expected. Of course, discipline has to be maintained in these large institutions.

When I had been at the Asylum for a few days the Deputy Medical Officer asked me if I would like to come up to the office and look over my papers, as I seemed to rather doubt their right to detain me, and on reading them I hardly knew whether to laugh outright or dance with rage. I did not note every particular, but in one of the papers the medical man had stated as a sign of insanity something to this effect : "He asks me and my family to go to England with him next week. Says that all medical men are rogues."

The first passage was easily explained, and was the result of a statement made jocularly to him in my diningroom one day. I said : "I am going to London next week ; you had better come, and bring your wife and family." And I believe that in order to test his patriotic spirit I did say : "Supposing there were too many doctors, and we found it was necessary for some of us to adopt another calling, would you be willing to give up your practice for your country's sake ?" I believe I had also said that some of our medical friends did not live up to the higher ideals of their profession, but appeared to regard it purely as a money-making affair. Thus you see how every statement was twisted round.

Then a lot of capital was made out of the statement that I would hold a meeting in the Athenæum Hall to lecture on the "Decay of Nations." Surely any man might do such a thing and not be insane. This arose entirely through my discussing the matter of a cure for some of our grave diseases with a friend of mine, who suggested this course.

However, on this point I had decided that it would not be wise to hold even a semi-public meeting, but would be better to get a few representative professional and level-headed laymen at my house, so that the matter might be discussed impartially. Medical men, you know, are often prejudiced, and especially if a young man dare to advance a new theory; in fact, some time before I had written a short paper, and was told that the University men thought it very good, but that I was too young a man to write such a paper. Now I was desirous that any theory I might advance should be openly and fairly received, as I felt that if it were not quite orthodox they might put me in a lunatic asylum—which they did—and so I declined to discuss it except with a representative committee; and this made my more intimate medical friends angry. What a sad thing it is that we do not trust our fellow-men, and the distrust unfortunately is usually caused by gossiping friends, who are so careful to tell us what people say to our detriment.

Then another statement among causes of insanity was: "He thinks all his medical friends are against him." Of course they all loved me for abusing at every opportunity their shameful electioneering methods. As a matter of fact, several of my colleagues had treated me unjustly, and I had good reasons for considering them inimical; but I knew then, as I know now, that I am not without friends in my own profession. Then followed a shameful falsehood to the following effect, "He hands me a large book of French statistics, and expects me to go through them all in a few hours." This arose in the following way. A couple of days before my committal to Kew I was at the office of the Government Statist, and Mr. Fenton and I had been going into a few of the statistics for different countries. I said, "Could you lend me some French statistics?" He lent me a yellow book of Paris statistics. I had not read any French for some time, and thought it would save time to get Dr. —, who is reputed a linguist, to look them up for me. My object was to prove that immorality had something to do with causation of disease and crime. So taking him the book I said: "Will you look up the birth-rate, death-rate, causation of death, crime-rate and insanity-rate of Paris for the last ten years?" We had hunted these up in English in a few minutes, and surely it was not unreasonable to assume that a brilliant linguist could at all events do the same thing in French in an evening. These mis-statements will show how easy it is to misunderstand a man if there be a biased mind at work.

Then somebody told me that somebody else said that I was mad on morality, simply because I said what appeared to be true, and, judging from what Archbishop Carr said a little time after, is not utterly false.

After my release I was having lunch with my chief friend, and

he said this little doctor, of the statistic episode, described to him how I would, before going to Kew, be just about to do things and then not do them. Now, is this a sign of insanity? I take it that every man of character often is about to do things which his higher will controls, and he desists; and this, in my opinion, is not a sign of a weak, but a strong will. In Euclid it is very common, after following up a wrong track of reasoning, to say, "But this is absurd." And some of us think aloud, because not afraid of the world's opinion.

It reminds one very much of the quack advertisement describing all the symptoms a medicine is good for, and giving every sensation which a person experiences in the best of health. But, again, it is easy to find signs of disease if you first decide that a man has it.

Another little incident will tend to show how unreliable and changeable is human nature. A friend of mine visited me one day, and, after I had been sent back to the ward, the Superintendent said: "It is very hard that Farmer should be herded together with all classes, and I do wish I could do something to make his lot less hard," etc., etc.

When I became ill, what troubled me most was the lights being put out, and having to remain in darkness and awake for so long. My friend got to hear this, and, going out to the Superintendent, said: "You said the other day that you would be glad to do anything to relieve Farmer that you could, and he complains of want of light at night." The Superintendent was not in a good humour, I suppose, and said: "I cannot make any distinction for him; he must be content and conform to rules." My friend hurriedly left, saying: "I would not have bothered you, only that you expressed a wish to do what you could at our last interview."

We were usually put to bed at 8 o'clock, and the lights were out shortly after. I had abundance of time for reflection, and when things were darkest always felt that somehow all would come out right in the end; and one used to argue, even if these little people here armed with brief authority do their worst, they can only worry me to death; but I did not at all feel like dying.

Then, sometimes, I would feel angry at the indignity of being locked up and dominated by men undoubtedly my inferiors mentally, but I would ask myself what does it matter what my fellow-men think of me, since their good or bad opinion is of no consequence, and the despised man of to-day is the hero of to-morrow, and if you do what you think to be right you will get all you deserve in this world. I cannot tell you what a comfort it was to fall back upon this simple belief that I would be taken care of; but, of course, liberty is always sweet. Then, sometimes, I would say to myself, "But even if you were away from here, you still have a controlling power in the shape of a conscience dominating

your actions;" but this is not the same as being controlled without any appeal to one's reasoning power, and although a certain amount of check is good, it is not desirable that a man should be treated like a child.

On the 14th October I got up from my bed of sickness, and, after saying good-bye to my fellow-patients and warders, was conducted to the office. Here the Deputy Medical Officer gave me my temperature chart, and I left in the company of my future attendant for a private hospital in great state, namely, a waggonette drawn by a pair of chestnut horses. It was a wet morning, and in this respect the weather conditions coincided with my entrance to Kew for it was a dull, wet day when I went there.

"Liberty is sweet," was the phrase of the Head Warder, and I now realised this to the fullest extent, and was glad to be able to breathe the air of partial freedom again, for I was still under the control of an attendant. You see, mine was such a violent case, and this was deemed necessary. However, he happened to be an elderly man, who had spent thirty years in the asylums, and was pensioned off according to custom, although fit both mentally and physically to do his work. What an amount of money we squander in pensions in this fashion. Regarding his qualities for the post, all I can say is that I could not possibly have improved upon the Superintendent's choice, as he performed a disagreeable duty in the kindest fashion, and we became fast friends, and I hope will continue so.

I determined on leaving Kew to take the earliest opportunity of doing something for the poor sufferers with whom I had been associated for the last three weeks, and trust this little effort may have that effect. Once more I did not know what my position was, as to whether discharged on probation or not, but was thankful for small mercies, and glad to arrive at a civilian's home again, and felt that I was on the borderland of civilisation. It was a most comfortable home to which I was sent, but here again there was the annoyance of, firstly, having my attendant sleeping in the same room; and secondly, being locked in at night, both of which precautions were quite unnecessary, as I had no idea of escaping. However, this passed, as I knew that he was acting under instructions. Then my friends began to look me up after a few days, and I wanted to ask them to meals, as I used to in the olden times, but this little game was soon stopped, as instructions came from the Superintendent that I was to be limited to two visitors a day of ten minutes each, and that the same visitor was not to see me more than once or twice in the same week—I forget which. Sometimes I would not have a visitor for days, and then more than two would come on the same day, and this led to a little trouble.

My attendant carried out all instructions to the letter, but we

went to bed at ten instead of eight, and I had to get up at 7 or 7.30, willing or unwilling, and often wished he would let me sleep all day so that I might forget the business as much as possible. After breakfast I was taken for a walk by my *aide-de-camp*, and it was interesting here to note the peculiarities of frail human nature in this way. My good friend had his times of contrariness, or feeling out of sorts, and I would be walking along when he would say, "A little faster, doctor." Then, after a time, he would say, "You are walking too fast". This used to get on my nerves a little. However, I knew that I was on my trial, and so put my own will out of the case and did exactly as I was told.

On one occasion I said, "You have a good report to make to the doctor, have you not?" He replied, "You looked a little 'sulky' this morning." Can anybody imagine how hard it was to keep steady or know what was best to be done.

The Superintendent very kindly came over from the Asylum to see me, and on the first occasion I said, "What is my form of insanity, doctor?" He said, "Dr. — says it is a form of 'excessive cerebration.'" However, I did not argue the point. After a few days one of my medical friends who had signed me in came to see me, and again told me that now I was in the Superintendent's hands his duty ended as he did not know much about insanity. He said, "I asked your wife about your striking her, and she says you never have done so;" so that is cleared up.

Thus you see I was again wrongly condemned, as this fact had been brought forward to prove that I was dangerous, when there was no truth in it whatever; and thus we have an example of the fashion in which many unfortunate men have been sent to gaol for crimes never committed by them.

He said, "You will not get another chance, and if you are again sent to Kew will not get out." I resented this speech and thought it cruel.

Before leaving I said, "Surely, I may see my wife and children," and he said he did not see any objection to that course. I said, "Who should be near a man when he is ill but his wife?" He promised to send her down, so the next day—or two days after—I was delighted to see my wife and two children coming from the railway station. I had not seen my bairns for a month, and it was a happy re-union; but my attendant was always with me, and this spoilt my pleasure to a certain extent.

On interviewing my wife she said she was afraid of me. This speech made me angry, and I said, "Mad or not mad, this farce must cease, and I will not stand it any longer, and, what is more, shall institute proceedings if the thing do not soon come to an end."



However, fortunately for me, she kept her counsel in this matter. Next day, the other medical man who had signed me to Kew came out, and, smarting under the interview with my wife the previous day, I was rather upset, and I think I had had enough to make me so. He took good care to inform my wife on his return to Melbourne that I was "very emotional and not fit to be released," which was another bad feature of my case.

Then the Medical Superintendent again visited me, and I asked the nature of my disease. He said: "You have been suffering from mental inflation for some time." This struck me as another new disease. The next time I asked it was "mental elation," but the last time on being questioned he said: "I have asked a lot of your colleagues and fellow-students about you, Farmer, and they all say that since you came to Collins-street you have been very 'hoity-toity.'" This was the best of all, and I really began to wonder whether I was perhaps on a stage taking part in some burlesque.

This conclusion by my fellow-students I suppose was explainable on the ground that I had worked eighteen hours a day while they had worked perhaps four or six, and, as they had not got into as good a position as I, they had become a little jealous; and so this petty life drags on. Regarding the justice of this last charge, I do not think my manner at any time was rude or overbearing, but I unhesitatingly condemned anything of which I disapproved, and am afraid shall do so to the end of the chapter. For instance, my utterances in connection with the Hospital election system were always decided and, no doubt, gave offence, but they were absolutely true and sound, as they must all admit.

Because a man will not conform to the customs of a system which everybody knows to be a disgrace to the profession—indeed, I doubt whether one's coachman would stoop to some of the practices—surely he should not be made an outcast of, especially when in vindicating his principle he himself is the sufferer. Thus the annoyance persisted, and I do not think I should have been a very odd man if I had become excited under the circumstances; but this, of course, would have been fatal and I should have been instantly put back in Kew as a dangerous lunatic. It required a strong effort indeed to preserve one's equanimity under all these trying burdens.

Then I saw by the papers that my horses and carriage were being advertised for sale, likewise my house to be let, and when my wife told me that they had sold my brougham and pair and harness for a little more than half their value I again expressed myself strongly, for I was now admitted to be convalescent and might soon require my horses; but for some reason the wish was that I should not resume work in Collins-street. I would say to

one of my medical friends, "When am I to get away from this Kew business and be a free man again?" He would say: "Well, if you will say what you intend doing it might help matters, and if you announce that you will go to another country I am sure your discharge will be granted."

I said: "I cannot possibly decide upon anything until I know how my money affairs stand, and the point is—Am I sane or insane? If sane, you must release me unconditionally; if insane, then you must keep me in custody. The idea of dictating my course of life is absurd. I have a wife and two children to keep, and it will be hard enough to get a practice together again without being checked in this way."

I afterwards saw from a document that the Kew doctors stated that I would never be able to do a Collins-street practice again, but I do not know why. Surely even if I were insane, which I never was, that is not a crime for which one should leave his country.

On another occasion the Medical Superintendent, when visiting me, referring again to my operating, said, "I hardly know how to define your operation; I should call it guttectomy. I asked him if he had read the latest edition of Jacobson's "Operative Surgery;" but he could not do this, because he has not the time, and his work must consist largely of routine office duties; but he nevertheless will give an opinion on any subject which may come under his notice, and perhaps against a man who has a greater knowledge of the subject than he; but the man has been labelled mad, so that anything he may say is discounted or laughed at.

At last, after four weeks here, and when I was really contemplating taking strong measures for my release, the Superintendent of Kew appeared, and I am sure was glad to tell me that I would leave my present place of abode with my wife and children at the end of the week; but he said: "Although you have the Kew chain off, you will still have the Kew collar on—that is, you will be one of my boys on probation—and I am sure Mrs. Farmer prefers it this way," which was not quite true. However, I suppose he thought she would. It gave me great pleasure to notice that he brought down a load of female patients in his waggonette, with a nurse, which struck me as a very kind action. It was a charming Sunday morning. I have it on good authority that this good fellow does not like the work, and this does not surprise me, as he must see a lot of the iniquities of the present system.

On one occasion my wife came to see me, and told me that my father was not expected to live, and he wished me to come to him. She said: "I telephoned to the Superintendent; but he will not let you go." So I spoke out my mind freely. The lady

who conducted the private hospital said something, and I said, "Now, do tell the doctor that my wife's visits upset me, and must be discontinued," but I do not think she did. Of course, everybody obeys the doctor.

Naturally the fact that my father was lying ill and asking for me did not improve my peace of mind, and it annoyed me to think that I was willing and able to go, and yet in this, as in everything else, was crossed. Then, again, another thing used to disturb my mental calm, and that was the fact that I would be told half that was going on by one friend, and when another friend came down I would question him, and often the stories would not piece together; then I would infer that an untruth had been told, and consequently would accept everything else told me with doubt and distrust; and this sign of "suspicion" is another grave one; but you see how a very clear-headed sane man might with some reason be proved suspicious if his friends regarded him as of weak intellect and thought it better to suppress things. What a dreadful thing is this want of faith in one another and how harmful to our peace of mind; in fact, it makes life a most unhappy business altogether.

The trouble with me was that I could pretty well tell what was going on, and knew that they were bungling over little matters which one could have straightened up in no time. Well, in spite of all doubts and suspicions, I was glad to see my wife arrive at the private hospital with a waggonette full of luggage and two dear, little sunny faces on a delightful, bright, sunny morning, and, as I was eager to grasp at any straw, regarded this as a good omen.

My good friends at the hospital, who had all been as kind and considerate as possible, put my luggage in, and off we went for a trip to the hills, but again there was the Kew sword dangling over my head, and I did not even now know whether somebody might not be watching me to see that I did not perform some insane act. However, we spent a most pleasant month, but I had to get money from the Master-in-Lunacy, and the cheques were quite enough to make me feel that I was still a Kew patient, as they bore the signature of Mr. Webb, and Master-in-Lunacy underneath. Not only that, but everybody else knew. Of course, one does not bother much about this, and I always have objected to trying to conceal anything, because it cannot be done, and is not worth bothering about.

The trouble in all cases is not what has happened, but what is said to have happened. It was encouraging to receive at this stage letters from the Master-in-Lunacy saying what he was doing in connection with my business affairs, and it is interesting to note how this kind gentleman does unpleasant duties in the most agreeable fashion. The people of this district wanted me to com-

mence practice, but I could not act, as I had no idea when I was to be released, and to a man who has always decided for himself this was particularly annoying.

Then we got to three months since the day of my arrest, and as I had been told that three months had been spoken of as the time I wrote to the Superintendent asking him to release me, as my wife was not well, and it was necessary to be settled, to which he replied that I had better rusticate a little longer, and in order to be released it would be necessary to present myself at Kew for examination ; but I had quite enough unpleasant recollections of Kew, and was not anxious for another visit, and did not feel too happy at the receipt of such news.

However, we decided to come back to Melbourne, and saw the Master-in-Lunacy, who said, "The Superintendent does not care to release you, so you had better get an outside certificate," which I at once did, and after two days I received a note of discharge to our great relief, as my wife was beginning to feel as disturbed as I about it.

On interviewing the Master in Lunacy the day after my release, he told me how it had got about that the day before this was granted I had been seen going to two patients in Carlton. I said, "Who told you?" and he said, "Oh, I will not tell you, but it was a medical source." It struck me that they might now, at all events, leave a poor fellow creature alone, for they had broken up my practice and deprived me of many things that I prized; but it is useless to dwell upon such trivialities, and it is only the reflection of our poor, weak human nature in the nineteenth century.

Thus closed the most eventful year of my life, with three months of pretty acute suffering, and if I had not stuck manfully to my guns I should not have been here to tell the story, but condemned to a life of punishment, as so many have been, and it is surprising how one's nearest and dearest will sometimes hurt him unintentionally. If one did not regard these little lapses as results of our over-civilisation, or, in a word, as pathological, it would be hard to forgive those who had got us into such trouble. However, everything happens for some good purpose, and this, I feel sure, was no exception to the rule.

New let us briefly pass over the circumstances which led up to my committal to Kew.

In the first place, great stress has always been laid upon my family history because my sister died in an asylum and my brother is in one. What are the facts? My mother died when we were children ; my eldest sister was eight years, I was six years, my brother was four years and my younger sister was fourteen days old. A sister between the last two died from "teething," I suppose. My father kept the home together for a while, with the help of a good housekeeper, but eventually it was broken up and we were scat-

tered about with different friends ; then we were brought together again.

After a time, my elder sister, who was a girl of some spirit became a little unmanageable, and my father, being a widower, had no means of controlling her. She used to escape from home, so, after being found one day miles from home, she was put in the Ararat Asylum. I was then only a boy about eighteen, but did not feel happy about it and took her out on probation myself ; but there was no mother to look after her, and she was sent back to Ararat to pine away and die, as many other poor people have done from sheer, often unintentional, neglect of their friends. I remember she was always treasuring up eggs, and have no doubt that had she been married to the man of her choice, who was thought to be beneath her, she would have been not only a useful, but a bright and happy member of society ; but we are such an enlightened people that Nature's dictates are quite too commonplace to follow. However, there will come a time, and that before long, when some thought will have to be given to her wishes, and although I should be very sorry to get back to a savage-like way of living, I feel sure that we are over-civilised in some respects, but barbarians in other.

In reference to my brother, his education was neglected, and he was not up to the standard of a boy, and later a man, in his station. My father could not manage him, and so he, too, was sent to an asylum. A medical friend said to me one day, "Bob has probably just missed being a genius." His head was a little deformed, and it was supposed that this was due to the bones uniting too early ; and it was suggested that had these bones not united in this fashion he would have had a large head, consequently a large brain, and therefore would have been a clever man. But his head was small and mis-shapen, and therefore it was thought that he could never develop mentally.

What dreadful harm these theories of ours bring about. For instance, a child is born with what we think is a deformity of the head. The friends call the doctor's attention to it. He looks grave, measures it, and says you must be careful ; and at once sows the seeds of doubt in the parents' minds, and so from his suggestion the child is not taught. He or she grows up, and, being a little behind other children of the same age in learning or worldly cunning, is regarded as abnormal, or imbecile, or simple ; and in the present day will probably get into a Lunatic Asylum unless very fortunate.

There is no doubt that if we would only take our responsibilities on our shoulders, and try to train every case to be of some use, instead of pushing the responsibility on to the State, a considerable amount of available energy could be utilised which is now wasted ; and it is gratifying to know that something is being done in this matter by philanthropic medical men.

You see it is the suggestion which does harm, and this, too, plays a very large part in connection with what is called "heredity." Take a patient with a cough. The father or mother has died from consumption, and in the present day everybody talks of his and her family's ailments, so that the doctor of course gets to hear of it and discusses the dangers with his patient; perhaps tells him he has a patch at the apex of one lung. He concludes that he has consumption; has been told that it is an incurable disease; throws up the sponge and gradually pines away. We have no idea of the great part suggestion plays, not only in medicine, but in every walk of life, and we should, one and all, try to make people develop their will power and throw off many ailments of a trivial nature too often absurdly magnified by the nervous physician into a serious case. The trouble, of course, arises through our thinking too much of our petty ills through not having sufficient healthy occupation to employ our minds and bodies. Thus I start with a bad family history. Then one has not as much money as others in the same station; he prefers to buy books even at the risk of his dress appearing shabby. He commences his medical course without any means; he does not go out because he cannot spend as others, and does not like sponging on fellow-students, so keeps to himself, and is regarded as a little bit odd; perhaps he is made a butt of, but that does not worry him, because he has his goal ahead, and is determined to get there by any fair means if possible. Later he marries as a medical student because he has a "faith" that all will go well if he work honestly, even though he has not a large banker's account.

A fellow-student once said to me: "I suppose you are afraid to go out much lest the knowledge you are always cramming into your head may fall out." I said: "Yes." And he thought I was quite serious, and repeated it to the others as a great joke. However, it afforded him amusement and certainly did not hurt me. Then time goes on and your determination to keep to a marked-out course again makes you peculiar or eccentric in the eyes of your fellows, and in doing this one sometimes gets in other people's way, and, no matter how absolutely just, he makes enemies, because he gets position or goods which they want. This jealousy is an interesting business, and one sees it poking its vile head out in all sorts of unexpected places. Of course it is another evil result of our present mode of living and want of Christianity.

Then from leading a life of moderation you are enabled to do more work than the average man, and if others cannot do it they start the suggestion that you will break down; *e.g.*, I happened to be busy at some mental work a little time ago and could not attend a patient. The medical man who did attend informed my patient that he was sure I would have a serious breakdown in health from overwork some day. The suggestion catches on, and

if the subject happen to be of weak will he is at last forced by his friends to his bed or into an asylum. They do not seem to recognise that people are not all alike, and that the quantity of work people can stand without going to pieces is purely relative.

In my case a theory had been formulated, and it was concluded that I must go mad.

Then one gets a large practice; is successful with his work; thinks it quite enough to occupy his mind, and is enthusiastic perhaps to a degree not understood by his colleagues. He sits up all night with his cases if he think it necessary, and this is thought to be a rather silly thing, and again the report goes abroad that he must collapse mentally. No man can stand it. Then I go up for examination for higher degrees, as I consider it my duty to have them, seeing that I am doing senior work; but do not pass. In connection with these examinations, I remember one day remarking to a University man in a joke that I was going in for General Paralysis of the Insane. I said, "You see how my hands tremble and my face twitches." It struck me after that it was a silly joke because all these matters are remembered. But even this had a purpose apparently.

After my examinations a well-known surgeon remarked: "Farmer must have been mad to attempt the two degrees." I do not suppose he meant the speech to be taken literally, but, repeated by a man or woman anticipating or possibly desiring such a consummation, it weighs, and the suggestion "catches on."

Then the Hospital elections came on, in which I had a considerable amount of discussion with my fellow-practitioners, and annoyed some of my closest friends because I refused to hang about the polling-booth and ask for votes, or to buy votes or to vote for myself. Of course, I was defeated, but did not expect anything else, and merely wanted to vindicate a principle. I had still been reading hard and following up all the trains of thought in connection with pathology, bacteriology, medicine, surgery, insanity, &c., and was disappointed in many instances at the theories regarding causation of disease.

Then I began to look for something original, and two cases I had conclusively pointed out to me that our methods were not satisfactory.

One was a man. He had been to several surgeons, and came to me complaining of pain in the region of the vermiform appendix. I cut down, and was surprised to find so little trouble, which was not at all in proportion to the urgency of his symptoms. The appendix was removed, and he improved wonderfully—in fact, pronounced himself well.

However, some three months after he came to me with a pain in some other part of the abdomen, and I questioned him as to his mode of living, and found out that he wanted to get married to a

certain young woman, but had to keep some members of his family. What this man wanted was what is usually styled love from this woman. As he cannot get this, he comes to me for the next thing to it, namely, sympathy and advice. I told him there was nothing in the way of disease there, and to get married, when he would be well, his present discontent having been set right.

Another case about the same time. A boy had acute pain in the same region, and, although the surgical interference was not great, he got better, and I hear is now very well. He had been suffering for a considerable time from this abdominal pain, and in both these cases the mind had more to do with the cures than the surgical operation.

Then I began to think and go into my cases, and suddenly it struck me that I had discovered something which, if put forward in a proper fashion, might do a lot of good, and it was my enthusiasm in this matter that got me into trouble, for, on asking one medical man about a committee to whom I might propound my views, he said, "So-and-so is not to be trusted," etc., etc., and then on the advice of a lay friend, I thought of getting a mixed committee together, *i.e.*, some medical men and some representative citizens, as I wished to have a fair hearing and knew that any new theory would be opposed by my medical brethren, if they could not see things as I did.

Then I called upon a University professor and teacher of my own, whose industry and attention to duty have always impressed me strongly. He wished to know what the theory was, but I told him that I preferred to wait and discuss the matter at my own house, when I should have all the facts. I fear he did not like this, because it showed want of faith in him or his judgment. I talked to him about seven years of plenty and seven years of famine, and said that I feared we were not very happy at the present time on account of our want of foresight and moral control. Hitherto I had implicitly done as he had told me, and, no doubt, he felt vexed because I now dared to think for myself. However, this gentleman, after I left him, took a cab down to Collins-street, and said I was dangerous, and must be locked up; but I was by this time "signed up."

I believe this idea took its origin in the following way:—"I had often said that the sacrifice of a few lives was nothing in the building up of a nation, meaning that my own earthly comfort was nothing to saving lives and building up the nation, and even if it cost me my life that would be nothing if my fellow-men were to reap any gain." This was twisted about, I suppose quite unintentionally, to mean that several lives of patients would have to be sacrificed in carrying out my theory.

Then my interviews with the gentleman who signed me up were amusing. The first time I saw him was in consequence of



receiving a note from him, type-written, asking me to see him about my theory, as he would like to publish my views in the *Intercolonial Medical Journal*. Then he came over to my house and asked me what I thought of the Hospital elections, to which I replied that I was quite indifferent about them, and I believe he said, "You consider them too trifling to bother about?" I said, "Yes." Then he showed me a letter a medical man had written, which we agreed was difficult to understand. Then he touched upon the morality of Victoria, and I said, in answer to a question about "incest," that I believed it did occur occasionally in country districts, but knew nothing about it. I said that I feared there was a good deal of immorality in Melbourne at present. Then touching upon my theory he said, "Have you written it out?" I said, "No." But he said it would take a great mind to discuss a large theory without notes. I replied that I was willing to make statements first, which could be proved or disproved by the ordinary methods of observation and inquiry, and that all I wanted was a fair and impartial hearing.

How he got his facts for committing me I can never understand, but probably these had come from others. I believe it was on this day that I took him over the book of French statistics which figured in my papers at Kew.

Then after I was pronounced a lunatic every little thing was brought up. For instance, two or three patients of mine complained of the pain produced by transfusion under the breast, at the time the fashion among surgeons. So I said, "Oh, I will try it on myself and see if it does hurt." This was considered a very queer procedure, and I was told that I might get an abscess or something else, although I am not by any means the first surgeon who has punished himself for his patients.

You can see from the foregoing how easily a man may be wrongly put away in an asylum or even in a gaol, and I venture to assert that if every case in these places were gone into, there would be a surprising amount of injustice discovered.

It is surely wrong that a man's wife can put him away and keep him there if so inclined, especially as the woman of the present day is too often quite irresponsible at times, and does things one moment which she would gladly cancel the next, if it were not that her self-love prevented her.

In reference to asylums I verily believe that :—

Firstly.—A large proportion of the patients are quite sane, and would be judged so by any reasonable man or body of men, but are very often there to whitewash some outside person or persons, or because they are a nuisance or a drag on their families, who are orthodox people, and they are heterodox, or because they have

been sent in by some great physician, who never can make a mistake—*O tempora, O mores!*

Secondly.—Another group, quite glad to remain where they are and avoid working outside, assume signs and symptoms of insanity.

Thirdly.—Another group assume signs and symptoms of insanity because they have been badly used by the world outside.

Fourthly.—Another group, although complying with the ordinary signs and symptoms of brain disease, could be cured if proper treatment were adopted.

In nearly every case I believe some kind of work could be done, but we prefer to keep them a drag on the State; and we have all these asylums and their officers, and they, like our gaols, must be kept filled and the officers employed, in much the same way that diseases must be found for doctors, and wars to maintain large armies. "The supply creates the demand."

In reference to my own case, I have no ill-feeling towards anybody; in fact, am now glad that circumstances afforded me such an excellent opportunity of observing for myself. I believe that the whole affair was the result of a mistake. The saddest feature of the whole business was the manner in which my children suffered, and this is an aspect which we all ought to regard before punishing a parent.

Are the people in Kew very different from those outside at the present time? I think not. For if one pass through town he sees people rushing about newspaper offices devouring supposed facts too often not based upon truth, and drawing inferences therefrom. These people know all about the war, although possibly quite ignorant of the geography of Africa, and they talk and disseminate all sorts of wrong impressions which the cable notices on the following day contradict. But they have served their purpose by affording temporary gratification to a section of people who live on what is called excitement; but excitement is closely allied to passion, and passion is one of the manifestations of insanity, and there the thing goes on, so that we outside are not so very different from the unfortunate people whom we punish by depriving of their liberty.

If we were to question the masses of people whom we see daily rushing about, all very busy they will tell you, I wonder what percentage could tell you the object of all the fuss. Too often I fear their movements are quite purposeless. They persuade themselves by some extraordinary process of reasoning that they are doing something towards building up the Empire, but they are not.

Speaking of newspapers. Some time ago I took a letter to one of our leading papers. It was not inserted, and on enquiring from one of the men on the staff the reason why, he said, "Your

letter was truthful but not expedient." This paper takes up several lines daily in informing its readers that it speaks the truth. And so the farce proceeds. We gather our supposed facts from the papers and draw inferences from these facts, and too often they are not true, but are what a certain section of the people for their own selfish ends wish us to think are true. But in addition to this conscious perversion of the truth, we have unconscious fallibility (if I may use the expression). For instance, a medical friend of mine had been to call upon a sick colleague. He told me of it and said : " Dr. ——— is going to the Falls of Niagara for a trip." As this gentleman had been kind to me and my family I sent him a walking-stick with a note saying that I hoped he would find it useful in climbing the Niagara Falls. On meeting him some time after, he said : " Who told you I was going to the Falls ?" I told him, when he said : " Well, he must have imagined it, for I never had any idea of going to the Falls, and certainly never told him."

This is only an example of what goes on hourly in our midst, and the mistakes made will be in direct proportion to the excitability of the people.

The truth can never be wrong for the majority, my newspaper friend to the contrary ; and the sooner this is recognised the better. Indeed it is the lack of truth which is destroying our peace of mind.

Again, just look at the cables of to-day ; the incapability of the people entrusted with transmitting the news, or those receiving it, is striking, for we rarely get a correct message as to casualties, and as a result numbers of people suffer unnecessary suspense and pain. All part of the bustle, excitement and purposelessness of our actions. Again it will not do.

I take it that we have chosen good men in whom we have every confidence to defend us, and, such being the case, we should proceed quietly and steadily with our work, and wait until we are called upon to assist if necessary, and not allow an outside trouble to affect us and throw all our machinery out of gear ; and the greater the strain the calmer should we become, so that clear thought, which means sound judgment, should direct our actions. But is not the war the outcome of quarrels among ourselves ? Of course it is. We fight among ourselves—indeed, I did hear the other day that one brother had been trying to put another in gaol—and then attack our neighbours. But we usually consider that happiness is not possible without peace, and although we all wish for happiness, we are never satisfied except when attacking somebody else. Oh, the inconsistencies of man. We were never sent here to fight one another. Of that I feel sure.

As a matter of fact, it is just as hard to steer one's little ship clear of rocks outside of the Kew Lunatic Asylum as it was in it,

because as a class we have not the one interest at heart—namely, thought and consideration for our fellow-man; but are all struggling for our own ends, and yet are consistently opposing our own interest by not considering the majority. “No selfish man or woman can possibly be happy.” I spoke just now of our want of confidence in those above us, but does anybody trust his neighbour nowadays? I think not.

Here is an example:—A man comes into your consulting room; you give a certificate saying that he requires rest. After a few days the patient brings a letter saying that the Board for which he works would like to know the cause of illness. As a matter of fact I had not decided at the first visit. But, apart from that, it ought to be quite sufficient for a physician to say a man requires rest from work, and there should not be any question about it.

Here, again, the want of faith is brought about by physicians standing up in courts and talking nonsense, which the average layman can see through, or giving certificates for a fee. So that we who are the guardians of people’s health and happiness are no longer trusted as we should be. Another factor, too, is this, that when people are not sufficiently occupied they have more time to meddle with matters which should be left to those who are admitted to know best.

We are pickling a nice lot of rods for our own backs—or those of our children—and shall some day feel their strokes.

It is interesting to note how easily a man can be put into an asylum. His wife may be ill—and nearly every woman is in that state nowadays, or thinks she is—as a consequence she is irritable and unreasonable. She perhaps worries her husband, who in turn gets irritable and cannot or is not allowed to sleep. Then he “changes” in his manner; perhaps is a little unreasonable himself and absents himself from home. The busy female friend (?) of the wife now arrives on the scene, and she fans the wife’s jealousy. Then the nerve-storm before described comes on. All sorts of things are said and done; the physician is called in by the wife, who tells him of the husband’s peculiarities of late. He meets the husband, and by this time has made up his mind that the husband is mad, or, possibly for selfish reasons, chooses to think so. He treats the husband in a patronising fashion, different to his usual custom, which enrages the unfortunate husband and gives this wise physician plenty of “facts as observed by myself” to go on. This physician calls upon another physician, a friend of his, and describes the facts, with considerable retouching, especially if the individual be a prominent man and the affair is creating a sensation. I do not say that he intentionally exaggerates, but he is excited, and so his tongue runs away. The second physician calls upon the patient, who thinks it strange, and is reticent. No facts

are observed by the second doctor indicating insanity, except the patient's reticence; but he has heard enough, and the patient has perhaps annoyed him, so that his judgment is in abeyance, and the man is duly signed up and sent to a lunatic asylum.

He will now be made insane by the manner in which he has been tricked and cheated, and if he openly rebel will remain there for all time, or if, under all the strain, he maintain his mental equilibrium, he may still remain there, unless his wife wants badly to have him out. So that practically this man is put away upon the word of his wife, who may be a little off the normal line herself from jealousy or some other cause, too often the result of interfering friends.

I shall now run through a few of my own illnesses during my term of insanity. A friend of mine remarked the other day, "Farmer, I thought you had too much will power to get influenza." I replied I never had it.

"Well," he said, "I am glad to hear it, because I thought you were too strong a man for that."

As I told you before, it was sympathy that I was craving for and did not want to shake off my trouble, as I wished to get away from Kew.

After leaving Kew I progressed favourably in health, until again worried about my family not coming to see me as often as desired, because my good little wife was forbidden by the doctor, when I developed attacks of what my attendant called "asthma," and it quite agreed with all the symptoms and signs of that disease.

Then, later, I developed a pretty acute pain in the region of the liver, with throbbing, and regretted that I had no thermometer to take my temperature, and was not anxious to make a fuss lest a surgeon might be called in to operate, and although I did not fear this operation, it was my one desire to keep well and get released.

Then, again, sometimes after my wife's visits—indeed, nearly always—I was upset because it annoyed me to know that she was transacting business with all sorts of people, as I think that this is not a woman's *role* in life, and it had always been my desire to keep her out of business concerns. It was sometimes hard to conceal this, and I used to get uneasy lest they would stop her visits altogether, as even now I did not hesitate to express disapproval in one's usual fashion.

Well, sometimes I would get an acute attack of vomiting after such interviews, and was jaundiced. Now, acute pain and throbbing in the neighbourhood of liver, and jaundice and vomiting, and in addition a temperature, would have meant possibly surgical interference. My good friend at Kew sent down a brother practitioner to see me, but by the time he came I had gr

the above enemies in subjection, and was thus saved an illness which at this time would have delayed my release.

I did suffer from bodily ailments, but did not want medicine, as I knew that if back in my old position surrounded by my family I should soon get well, but the discontent and longing for something in the way of sympathy from those near and dear to me caused me to have asthma, jaundice, pain in my side and vomiting, and in all probability a temperature (which I could not take).

Nearly all our bodily ailments can be traced to such a cause, and while such is the case, why not treat the cause either by persuading ourselves that we must conquer this feeling of discontent, or, if the desire be reasonable and right and such a one as our consciences approve of, gratifying it? And here it is that the true physician should come in and give us moral courage and support, but somehow in the present day he so seldom can get at the absolute truth that his advice is often useless, or he unfortunately gives advice which is of advantage to himself primarily and to his patient secondarily. My cough was a source of considerable anxiety to those about me.

At this time influenza was raging, and it, like so many of our diseases of the present day, presented many phases, but the physician must give a name to things. Indeed, the patient usually insists upon it, and if it be the fashion to have influenza, of course everybody gets it, except those who through superior will power, or through being too much occupied with their work, have not time to think about illness.

It is interesting to note that there is very little typhoid this year. Why? Because everybody almost has had his disease, which is influenza, and is not due for another bout of illness yet; and we too often encourage people in these foolish notions; some of us in a perfectly conscientious fashion, because we believe in all we read, and others because money is our god, and we must make large incomes and encourage people to remain sick, because they like it. And nowadays it is often more necessary, from a selfish point of view, to please people than cure them, and if you say their ailment is a slight one they do not like it, but prefer the gloomy individual, who, by giving a grave outlook in each and every case—in sporting parlance, stands on velvet—because if the patient recover he has made a great cure, and if he die he has diagnosed the case accurately, which another better type of practitioner has made light of, often purely in his patient's interest, and at the danger of being considered a fossil or fool, or both; but they say, "We like Doctor So-and-so because he tells us the worst." Yes, and panders to the whims of his patients.

A short time ago a young man consulted me with a slight cough and wheeze on his chest. He had led a really good life, and was

about to be married, but, being conscientious, he consulted me lest he might not be well enough to marry. I, after an examination, cheered him up, and begged him to get married, telling him at the same time that there was nothing to worry about in his chest, and assuring him that the comfort and sympathy of his future partner would soon lift him out of his despondent condition. However, he goes to an up-to-date specialist, who, after examining him, tells him he is in consumption, with the result that he very soon spits up blood and does not sleep, has a racking cough and cannot eat, loses weight, has night sweats and is packed off to the country, and will in all probability die of consumption from nothing more than "suggestion."

Bother such practitioners. They kill more people than a foreign invasion would, but we are told "how advanced we are and how things are discovered now which were not known before." As a matter of fact, they never existed until medical men put the ideas into the heads of people.

I have had all the symptoms above stated, and had I been an idle man should no doubt have often consulted a specialist, and might have been frightened to death many times. However, I have escaped. Of course, the ubiquitous tubercle bacillus was also found in the sputum of the above case. The man above will read all about consumption, and will develop every symptom.

Again, take the case of a lady who has been confined. She may be the wife of an influential and well-known man. After three or four days the nurse discovers a temperature; then the specialist is called in. He discovers something septic! Delightfully vague. The good general practitioner who has confined her is alarmed. He transmits his fears quite unintentionally to the patient, who now knows all the moves on the board, and often goes from bad to worse, and dies from sheer fright; whereas if left alone to nature she would have got well.

I have often had the greatest fights to keep a patient alive when my nurse has thoroughly decided that he or she must die; and the moment my back has been turned, by thought or sometimes word, has given the patient to understand that it is impossible to live. Here one is fighting not one will but several. We have no idea what part suggestion plays not only in medicine but in every walk of life, and I should think that, if we could get accurate statistics, the number of people annually frightened to death would be considerable—because we know so much.

"Oh, the dear old days  
And the simple ways."

The dear old practitioner who plodded along and helped wee babies into the world was a good type, and we shall have to get back to something like him. We have progressed too fast, and

much that has been built up will have to be pulled down, because many of our theories are not beneficial to mankind in general. I take it that the true physician is one whose sole desire is to help people by supporting them, and giving them moral courage to face the ills which flesh is heir to, not to frighten them with all sorts of theories, which too often will not bear analysis.

Take as an example the remedy for septicæmia—antistreptococcic serum. This is used for a time, and then the trusting physician is told by the bacteriologist that in all probability the streptococci are not the cause at all, but the staphylococci and several other poor little things with long names. Such inexactness as this will never do, and points to our gross inaccuracy in a matter which even to an intelligent layman is hard to understand. But again, I say we must have a sensation, and every practitioner has his own little bag of tricks to show the patient's friends.

There is another reason why certain of these individuals adopt the grave outlook, and that is because it is so pleasing to their vanity to find something which another practitioner has not been able to find. Again, this mean self-love and victory at the expense of another practitioner, perhaps a much better man in reality.

Regarding epidemics, how interesting it is to watch their progress. A disease starts possibly in England. The symptoms, thanks to our ready means of communication, are sent out here perhaps by cable. Everybody reads them; then, after a reasonable time, because somebody must bring it, a person on a ship or in Melbourne gets it, and very soon everybody follows the leader, simply because we are always thinking of our bodily ailments and sensations, and are not fully and healthily employed. If it arrive here very soon the air has carried it.

We are imitators to a degree, even to the extent of taking our own lives; for instance, how often do we find several people copying one person in this. Take again the case of appendicitis. A surgeon discovers that there is a certain spot where pain should be felt if this disease be present. The patient goes to several surgeons, who cannot find reasons for his anomalous abdominal symptoms. Then he goes to a man who devours everything that is written greedily; he points to the spot with his finger and says: "There is your pain," with which the patient concurs; and I believe this causes a determination of blood to the part, and, if he be handled, he will get congestion of this part, and in time there is an exudation of blood cells and the patient is said to have an abscess, for which we operate, and he is persuaded he is cured. Here the proper treatment would have been to have gone into the history, found out what was worrying him and get his mind off



the disease, and the man will not only think he is better, but will be better.

Now, since suggestion plays such an important part, it is surely our duty to suggest what we know to be best not only for ourselves, but also for the future benefit of our dear country; and the first thing for us to insist upon is to get those women who can to bear children, and to place as far as possible all those other unfortunate people who cannot, through some physical defect, in the way of doing so—*i.e.*, correct the defects produced by our over-civilisation.

Large families mean busy and happy mothers and industrious fathers, who will not only spend enough energy for the support of their families, but will probably do a little more, and this is an asset to the country in which they live.

Small families too often mean over-indulgence to father, mother and children, with all the instability connected therewith, and general decadence, which we are now experiencing, because this desire to have more pleasure or money grows with feeding, until we hardly know where we are, and are never satisfied.

The objection to having children at the present day is a growing evil, and hardly a day passes that one does not have an argument with a patient about it; and, unfortunately, medical men too often pamper women, and tell them that they cannot carry a child on account of a displacement, or that they are too delicate; and that abominable curette is brought into requisition, to be followed by a real illness in the shape of diseased ovaries and tubes, which in time are removed, often resulting in a great alteration to the woman's mental and moral condition and the complete destruction of a once happy home. Better to have a dozen children than a delicate wife continually on the growl about something. Here again Nature punishes us for our sins, because in such a case the man and woman both know that they are doing wrong, and it is a sin in the truest sense.

It is so easy to persuade ourselves that a woman will not carry a child to full term if there be a large fee, because money is our god; and here one cannot help regretting that the doctor ever fixes a fee. It would be better for him if it were possible to be supported by the State, and quite independent of fees; and, indeed, the same might be said of the church, for too often the clergyman would like to speak his mind, but on reflection it occurs to him that in doing so one of his parishioners might be annoyed, and as this gentleman contributes largely to his stipend, he has to curb his tongue, to the detriment of the community at large and to his own dishonour. Again Mammon rules.

I do not know, but should think that the idea of a clergyman, or doctor, or lawyer being a money-making machine is quite a modern one.

These gentlemen, I take it, existed in the past for adjusting and regulating people's mental and bodily conditions, and were the highest and most respected in the land; but if we pander to people's vices, then we are the most despicable, because we all know the evil effects of such practices.

Indeed, this greed for money is lowering the tone of the professions more than any cause, and while every man who works has a right to expect that he will be supported by his fellow-men the accumulation of money should not be his sole aim.

Now, what is the cause of most of our present trouble? The answer is the fact that women have got out of their sphere, and are dominating men and ruling, or trying to rule, the world; and a nice mess they are making of it, because, no matter what may be said to the contrary, women as business people or leaders are not a success, because she will get her way regardless of everybody else; and I firmly believe that many of the littlenesses in man are traceable to her influence.

In business she firstly craves consideration because she is a woman; and, starting with this advantage and concession granted by the man, takes every opportunity of bettering her position in her business transaction, and systematically lies or practises deception of any description. Indeed, the business woman is a dreadful monstrosity, and does much to frighten many of our best men from entering into the married state.

Her place, of course, should be at home with her family, but she prefers to be "free," and so she does not marry, often because she prefers variety and to break up other happy homes, or if married she bosses her husband and leads him a dance, perhaps make him jealous by accepting attentions from other men. There may not be any sinful action, but simply a disregard for the feelings of her husband, at whom she laughs and calls a silly old fellow for being jealous; and yet if he were not jealous she would not be satisfied, because her vanity would not be partially appeased.

The unfortunate man, perhaps, hears another man quoted as against himself, at which he "performs," and as the family is usually under the wing of his wife, who is always with them, they side with her, and the poor fellow is simply a nobody in the home, which is entirely kept up by his own hard work. Thus he is disgusted. He seeks company outside, takes to drink and neglects his business, because the object for which he was working—namely, the support of his wife and family—has been removed, and he has been rather badly treated. Mind you, I do not excuse a man for such a course, but he is deserving of some consideration. Eventually he gets into bad circumstances, and is turned out or asked to shift for himself. The woman is then regarded as a heroine, and has to take a shop or engage in some business for herself and daughters, which brings them into the notoriety which

they have been seeking for, and enables them to try their charms upon the different species of man—and nice sport it is. She boasts of her conquests, and is envied by her less attractive female friends, which is another phase of what we call vanity. All this is the result of evolution—the growing discontent of women—fed by the unwholesome novel of the present day, which she greedily imbibes, and which suggests to her the utter impossibility of any love affair running on without a break, or any marriage being a happy one without the electrical business so disastrous to the peace of mind of a man at all nicely adjusted. They must have admiration, and will get it at any price; it is a pathological state, the result of suggestion and want of healthy occupation. And yet to look and talk with a woman of this nature she appears to be an ill-used, charming, sweet, kind, good-natured person. How different to the ideal one imagines and does sometimes see—namely, the quiet, peaceful mother with her large family and devotion to her husband's every thought and wish.

The man mentioned in the foregoing has by this time become an outcast, and perhaps will get into a lunatic asylum or gaol, or if he stay at home will have a very rough time.

Not long ago a young woman was abusing her father to me, but I said: "Your father is a man of very high principle." "Oh, yes, he is that, but he is a wretch." I said: "Why?" She replied: "He had no right to bring a lot of children into the world he could not support." But I replied: "You are all well and happy and your father has probably become poor through striving to keep you children in a pure atmosphere, perhaps against great odds." I know that this good man had considerable trouble with his wife in order to insist upon her bearing children in Nature's way. And I believe that it is probable that if he had been left to quietly pursue the even tenor of his way that he would have been a successful man, but discontented women interfere very materially with the tempers of men and undoubtedly unfit them for thinking clearly and sometimes make the most just man unjust.

Only a short time ago, talking to a woman in the country who wanted to get to the city to live, I asked her why? She said: "It was so dull." But I replied: "You have your husband and family, and surely that is enough for you?" She likes the excitement of seeing people bustling about. She prefers to live in lodgings, because a house is a nuisance to keep up, and she cannot live far out because she "loves" the theatres, and so on *ad nauseam*. In every case of this kind the comfort of others is quite a secondary matter. And why do men not marry? Because nearly every trusting man has been deceived at some time or other, and is afraid to take on the contract; or he reads of the matrimonial squabbles in our law courts, or he sees the numerous

couples in our midst who pull their own ways, or possibly he has read of some man being kept in an asylum for his lady's pleasure ; and now that every woman must dress better, live better, keep a larger house and cannot hear of starting life without a servant or staff of such, he often has not the means.

But every male should take a wife, keep her and rear a family ; and at the present time this is just as necessary, or more so, than rushing off to war. It is interesting here to note man's inconsistency. He will go off with all the noise and gush to fight for his country, but he will not deprive himself of any comforts or stifle desires for his country's good when at home. What we require here at present is to struggle persistently and steadily with our own weak natures, and, if possible, progress slowly and surely without reverses.

We often hear of a woman sticking to her husband when in trouble, for which she is praised, but too often it is her want of head or heart that has got him into this fix. However, it is useless to blame anybody in particular, as it is all the result of a process or disease due to an unhealthy imagination, which has been running on for some time ; and what we, as true men, have to do is to be patient, strong and very kind to women, and get them to have perfect faith in us, for, of course, there is the objectionable man who struts about Collins-street, smokes expensive cigars, goes to the races, backs horses and lives at his club. He cannot afford to keep a wife, but prefers to destroy the happiness of a comfortable home by leading the wife astray, or ruins a chaste woman, or pushes one already ruined further down the ladder. This creature will tell you that he pays his way, but he does not, and possibly some unfortunate hard-working man is bearing patiently a burden which is not his, while the first-named gentleman !—save the mark —is strutting about his club, and looks with contempt upon his victim because he has to work, or possibly holds him up as a fool to the ridicule of his club friends. But you must not think that these patient sufferers will not have a reward, or imagine that they are blind to all that is going on. They know more than we suppose, but their manliness restrains their tongues.

And here the man about town is not happy, nor can he persuade himself that he is, because the Power above who gets at us through our own consciences hits very hard at times, and the unfortunate woman in such a case suffers, too, and this, too, often again reacts upon the patient, industrious husband, who, if lower in the social scale, because he has not command of money, is higher in the spiritual scale than his friend at the club who laughs at him. How many women find out perhaps too late that they have sadly injured a really good man by a little want of thought. No, we are reverting to the barbaric custom of the female going forth to engage in the chase and fight the battles of life, leaving

the male at home to take care of the house. This cannot go on; if it do for a while longer we shall all be engaged in hand-to-hand warfare, for the nervous disturbances will get greater and greater, and women and men will become more and more excitable, unreasonable, unjust and untruthful, so that we shall not respect law or order or other people's rights, and I believe solely because women will not bear their children as Nature dictates; and if I had anything to do with granting earthly rewards I would see that the bearers of large families were looked after.

The present stage seems most opportune for bringing forward a few ideas which have been running through my mind lately.

There is absolutely no doubt that we are at present anything but contented, and I fear that our want of morality or absence of self-control is a considerable, if not the chief, factor in our trouble. Some time ago I had been working at pathology, and had read that sarcoma of the ovaries was a rare disease. Then in my work at the Women's Hospital and elsewhere I saw eight cases in a very short space of time. This worried me greatly, for the trouble was that it seemed to be carrying off our young women considerably under forty years—indeed, some not more than twenty years old. We had already experienced the ravages of that other malignant disease, namely, carcinoma or cancer; but here it was usual to see women over forty the victims, and it was not quite so striking a picture as that of seeing young women carried off by an incurable disease.

Well, I at once saw that either the fact that it was a rare disease was an erroneous impression or that it was very much on the increase, and I fear that the latter is the correct inference to draw.

Then I began to look for a cause, and, after considerable thought, formulated certain theories, which seemed of such benefit to us all that I became very enthusiastic and felt like a man who, having climbed a great hill at considerable discomfort, had seen something interesting ahead, and was eager to get everybody else to come and look, but still wished to have the thing fairly judged, as I was afraid, if the matter were laid before a few of one's colleagues, the theory might be thrust aside if a little heterodox, or, which is worse, if it happened to be considered an undesirable theory, *i.e.*, one interfering with our ordinary human desires of the present day. Well, on discussing it with a friend, a public meeting was suggested as the most desirable channel for giving the idea a fair show, and it had occurred to me that a lecture on the "Decay of Nations," to a semi-public meeting comprised of representative citizens, would be a good idea. This suggestion was a large factor in getting me into the trouble which I have described.

To proceed with the theory. I was impressed by the pale faces of these women, and, indeed, this applies to most women of the

present day, and at once asked : " What has become of the blood ? It must be somewhere, because their faces do flush sometimes."

Now, to begin with, I doubt very much whether menstruation is a normal function, and I have a strong suspicion that it has been brought about by our over-civilisation. It is a subject upon which I have never been able to get any satisfactory information, and I have no knowledge of its occurrence in what we are pleased to call the lower animals, and if the lower mammalia do not menstruate, why should woman ? I believe it is Nature's way of pointing out to us as strongly as possible that the female is now fit to bear children or perpetuate the race. Then you will say, " But how dreadful it would be for girls of the tender age of twelve or fourteen to bear children ?" Well, I believe this can be regulated, and it is largely brought about by parents and friends, who continually draw the child's attention to the matter. For instance, girls discuss the matter with one another, and their mothers watch them for this discharge to come on, and if it do not come on after a reasonable time the child is perhaps taken to the doctor by the over-anxious mother. As a matter of fact, some girls remain perfectly healthy up to nearly twenty years of age without it ; and if some can, why not all ?

What is the explanation ? The girl's attention is directed to these parts by her mother, girl friends or the doctor. Possibly she is examined if a little late in becoming " unwell." Then there is a determination of blood to the generative organs by the mental effect on the girl or by the examination. The organs become congested, and there is an escape of blood, which it is usual to have once a month. The girl follows the fashion even in this, and is then said to be a normal, healthy girl. I feel sure that many of what we call normal functions are really abnormal, and that many of what are called diseases are normal conditions ; but this is such an age for discovering things. Take, for instance, the case of post-nasal growths. Operations for this affection were so rife a little while ago that one specialist suggested in a joke the advisability of insisting upon every child being operated upon, and having them removed, and it is probable that these bodies are quite normal ; but we must have our nine days' wonder in surgery and medicine, as in all other walks of life in the present day. Assuming that blood is necessary for our existence, it seems to me that any discharge of it is undesirable, and one cannot but regard it as an abnormal function.

We are told that climate has such a lot to do with influencing the menstrual flow, and that in warmer climates it comes on earlier. May this not be the result of our suggestion, and too close attention to this function, or to the fact that women on going out to these parts do not work, and, lying about, have more time to think of it ? Then, again, women are often scarce, and they are influenced

in these ways to wish to marry earlier. I believe that if girls were left alone by mothers and friends that this flow would not come on so early, and I think that in all cases when it does come on it is an indication that the girl should be married. In fact, I believe that it should never be regarded as a normal condition. Once married, it should never be seen, and here Nature points out to us this fact by the woman ceasing to menstruate while she is carrying and suckling, at the end of which time she is supposed to be again ready for bearing children. Now what a boon it would be to females to have this objectionable function banished, and if they would carry their little burdens I feel sure that it might be.

Now mark what happens. When the girl arrives at a marriageable age she obeys Nature's dictates and has desires for union with the opposite sex; if she does not, then there is something wrong with her organisation.

Rudyard Kipling says, "Man must go with a woman." But oftener than is usually supposed "woman must go with a man." But it is considered immodest to admit this, and she lies and says she does not care for the act.

The art of deceit in woman by continual coaching has become a very fine one, and she succeeds admirably in deceiving a good number of people. This desire causes the flow of blood to the generative organs. If she is married at this time and does her duty by bearing children, and has a reasonably large family, she will probably pass through life a happy woman because healthy, and will bring peace and comfort to her husband in his efforts to earn the necessaries of life for his wife and children. If, on the other hand, she does not marry then and abstain from sexual indulgence, she goes on for a time; perhaps the discharge from the congested generative organs escapes for a while in a fairly satisfactory state, but oftener the blood remains in the neighbourhood of the ovaries and tubes or womb. Then mark what follows—we firstly get the congested ovaries, so often seen and which give women such pain; later there is an exudation of blood serum, and we get what is called cystic ovaries, or we may get an abscess—and here let me point out that it is not decided quite satisfactorily as to whether germs are necessary for the formation of an abscess or not—or we may get tubercular disease, or cancer (carcinoma), or sarcoma, or cedematous myomata, seen in women usually between thirty and forty who have not married.

Now, I am going to launch a large theory, and that is that simple inflammation, cysts, abscesses, tubercular deposits, cancer, sarcoma or large cedematous myomata are all much the same in nature, and that they are all products from the blood (*i.e.*, serum fibrin or cells), and that the cells seen in these different diseased products are nothing more than altered blood cells; and I want my

colleagues to examine this theory fairly. I believe that suggestion alone has marked off these into different diseases, because in the present day when physicians are manufactured at such a rate theories are continually being manufactured also, and too often they are not thoroughly looked into, but are blindly followed. In this, as in all other things, we have run wild, and nothing is any good unless complicated or difficult to understand.

Before leaving this subject, just ask yourselves where could these cancer cells come from but the blood.

To prove what suggestion has to do with things, I will relate a case as I heard it. A gentleman consulted a specialist in Collins-street for a growth in his throat; he removed a piece of it and had it examined microscopically by a capable pathologist, who pronounced it malignant, *i. e.*, cancerous. The patient was told of this and naturally thought his days were numbered, and if he had allowed his mind to be ruled he would have pined away and died of cancer in the throat. However, he consulted another specialist, who assured him it was an innocent growth, and whom he believed, with the result that it was removed and he was cured.

If he had believed the first doctor, the cell infilliation would have gone on and invaded the parts, but he did not believe him and is alive to-day. In this case nobody was to blame, because the difference between, for instance, irritated epithelium and epithelioma (cancer) is so small that I believe suggestion does everything. For instance, take the man, a smoker, who gets a sore lip. He goes to the young surgeon, who says, "You have a sore there, and may develop a cancer." The man's mind dwells upon it. There is a determination of blood to the part and exudation of cells. Then everybody he meets talks to him about it, and recommends his own pet surgeon, until the man gets no peace until the knife has been brought into requisition. And why is all this? Because we think so much of our ailments.

Now let me get back a little. Some time ago I was at the Government Statist's office looking up a few things, and a gentleman who had been working with Mr. Coghlan, of Sydney, showed me some figures in reference to malignant disease in women. He pointed out the increase, and I said, "Now, if you will produce the birth rate you will see that as the disease rate has gone up the birth rate has come down," or I should put it the other way about. This was shown to be the case, and it is not a coincidence but cause and effect, and so surely as women neglect or refuse to carry out the duties imposed upon them by Nature, so surely will she punish us, and there is absolutely no doubt that the bulk of the misery in our midst—and there is plenty—is simply due to our refusal to do what we know through our consciences to be right, but what too often public opinion votes too hard or difficult to carry out.



Now, what is going to happen with the birth-rate not increasing as it should be and disease rife amongst us? I take it that population is necessary in order to maintain a sound nation, but we seem to be content to live in the present and totally disregard the future; and yet we call ourselves a patriotic race, when we have very little national or patriotic spirit in our midst. It must be altered, and surely the history of France, so often before our eyes, should serve as an object lesson of our dreadful folly.

But not only is there this loss of people through our absurd over-civilisation; but the human beings who do struggle into existence, usually under great protest, must deteriorate mentally, morally and physically, and with disease so rife it would be reasonable to assume that if the present state of things continue we shall be swept away altogether.

It will not do, and there is no doubt whatever that in the present war we are greatly handicapped by the fact that the Boers have lived quietly and naturally, which enables them to stand more hardship and offer such a stubborn resistance, and as we are following France in other matters, so we are in that of temperament, and the once cool Britisher will in time, in all probability, become excitable, and not as responsible as he once was.

I repeat, scarcely a day passes that one does not have an argument with a patient about bearing children, but she says, "I cannot stand all the pain and misery of it. The sickness is so bad," &c. (Speaking of this a lady some little time ago said, "I am never sick during pregnancy." Why? Simply because she has too much will power to follow the fashion.) She has been schooled into this idea by some lady friend, who prefers to shirk her natural duties. There is prevention of conception and tinkering after the woman has conceived, and all the hideous business which too often breaks up a happy home and causes the husband to lose the respect he has for his wife, and to regard her as a machine for gratifying his low instincts.

Then watch the train of events. She, as the result of this, becomes irritable, hysterical, perhaps unreasonable, and drives him away to seek sympathy elsewhere—at the hotel or club. They each pull their own way, and finally drink is resorted to by one or both, and they find their way to the court, to the lunatic asylum, to the gaol, or, perhaps, the gallows. Thus a couple starting out under the most favourable conditions comes hopelessly to grief.

Take the other side. The woman has her dear, little children; the husband arrives home after his day's work to a little circle of happy, beaming faces, and all are anxious to help him. He forgets the anxieties of his business or work, and next morning goes forth to work again, not in order to gratify his own selfish desires, but to earn food and necessities for his family. Then they grow

up, and the father and mother find that they are surrounded by strong hands, willing and glad to look after them. I suppose one of the causes of lack of veneration or want of respect for the old here is due to the fact that small families are apt to bring this about by being made selfish through getting too many worldly comforts and wanting more, or trying to eclipse somebody else who is a little higher in the social scale. In the struggle the poor old people are too often forgotten, and because they have some deformity, often the result of a battle on their children's behalf, they are kept in the background, or possibly are not on speaking terms with their children; and yet the fathers will tell you that they must educate their children and bring them up well, so can only have two or three, which often means to educate them above their station and receive in return the grossest ingratitude for their pains. How often one hears, "I cannot afford to bring up a large family," or "My wife is delicate." What has made her so? There is usually an answer. It is a significant fact that large families often do flourish remarkably.

A few days ago I was riding on a tram with a friend who had been looking about for a small farm. In the course of conversation he remarked, "You know there are only the two of us and our little girl; it is a pity we have not a family to work a place with us." He had married rather late and had seen the mistake, for undoubtedly children nicely and properly brought up must be lacking in something if they will allow their parents to be in want. But, as a rule, in the case of large families the parents are able to provide for themselves and have a little over for their children, because there has probably not been the dissension and family quarrels so often brought about by our refusal to obey Nature's laws.

But, again, apart from our own selfish considerations, what is to become of our country if we go on as at present? We shall become bankrupt, because we shall not be able to develop our resources and industries, and there will come a time when we shall bitterly regret our self-indulgence; but it may then be too late. What should we think of a farmer who took his seed wheat and threw it into the sea or down a shaft, or after allowing the seed to grow for a time on his farm, destroyed it? I fear we should call him insane and lock him up, and yet we are daily doing our best to break the neck of our country by pandering to our vices and doing things which any man who thinks knows to be wrong.

I tell you that every bit of energy has to be conserved, that every life is an asset to the State and must be preserved if possible, no matter how young or how old. Indeed, how often have we seen a baby appear to keep a couple from drifting apart while it was alive, but after its death disaster to the home setting in? And so with old people, you will see the confirmed old invalid,

who never gets out of her bed, exercising an influence for good merely by her existence in the house, and keeping a family together which becomes demoralised as soon as the mother is dead. They are instructive pictures and striking object lessons. Too often we hear, "Oh, he or she is a drag on the family, and is of no use;" but I tell you that these despised elderly people are of use.

I sometimes think that many elderly people die of sheer heart-ache or disappointment. We move at such a rate, and are so inclined to kick away the ladder that has helped us up; and it is not the cancer or other disease they are said to acquire which kills them, but the craving for sympathy which they want, but too often do not get, from their children or others whom they have befriended. Then, again, in the case of younger people, it is not the disease which kills, but they are tired of things in general, and have possibly been deceived in some way. More people die of what we call *broken hearts* than is ever dreamt of.

No, we must take care of the young and old, and if everybody would take a true pleasure in seeing his fellow-man not only as happy as himself, but if possible a little bit happier, what a difference there would be, and I am sure that the greatest pleasure in life is in seeing after other people's happiness and comfort.

In connection with old people, it is often a repudiation of debts, for you will see the young man, who has been helped by his father to a great extent, calmly turn his back upon him when there is no more money, or give him to understand that he is a drag upon him, or a disgrace to his "lordly" son. Such a one I would punish; but no, he will be punished, never fear.

We are told that three-score years and ten is the age to which man attains, but I do not see why people should die so early if we were to live reasonably, and no doubt here suggestion has a lot to do with the killing off of our elders. It is just probable, too, that the year as described above is not the same as the year of the present day, because everything is continually changing, and names for duration of time have probably changed also.

But why are so many of our young people dying? Simply because they have no desire to live. Too often they have been deceived by their fellows, and find life a weary business. And what makes the privilege of living a questionable one in the present day? The answer is the utter lack of truth, and, consequently, want of faith in each other, which prevails, and the desire to get to the top at any cost, at anybody else's expense, and in any way so long as the world does not see through our little tricks. But it is so absurd to suppose that concealment is possible for an indefinite time even from our fellows, and is very much on the principle of the ostrich sticking its head in the sand and imagining that its body is concealed.

The woman of the present day, too, is nomadic. Of course she is, and must be on the move, because she is unsettled, and does not know what she wants. It would be absurd again to abuse her for this, as it is purely the result of evolution ; but the unfortunate part is that too often she unsettles a staid, industrious man by making him roam about with her, and the State loses his services as a factor in building it up.

Then, again, look at this city of Melbourne, and think of the number of men of my own type, *e.g.*, lawyers, doctors, brokers, agents of all descriptions, who are nothing more than parasites. We do not produce anything, and the number is out of all proportion to the requirements of the colony. Many of us are not sufficiently busy, and have consequently more time to hatch the vices which are not seen or heard of in country districts, but will gradually find their way as the disinclination for work spreads to these places.

It is interesting to note how professional men and other city people so often resort to farming as a recreation, and here is the natural instinct asserting itself. I know you will say it is the desire for change, but I do not believe it. But Nature again points out the necessity for expending energy by insisting upon our taking exercise in order to be healthy. I am now using the everyday argument adopted by most people. This, again, is nothing more than pointing out in the strongest fashion the necessity for expending energy ; but, again, we go for a walk or a ride ; it never occurs to us that we might do some useful work, and amuse ourselves at the same time.

A few weeks ago we could not get a servant, and my wife was rather distressed about it. I noticed my little ones displaying considerable intelligence, and expending energy in the playroom in order to amuse themselves, and at once asked myself—Why can they not help while we are without a servant ? For instance, make beds, sweep their room, etc., with the result that it was suggested, and they readily did it, and were pleased to be of use, and so it is with plenty of older people, who would like to be of service, but hardly know how to proceed.

Another striking feature is our general selfishness ; for instance, a person is running for a tram with a heavy bag, the weight of which he has underrated, and consequently he has been retarded. The conductor does not see him, but half-a-dozen passengers do ; but they will not bother to stop the tram. Why ? Because it is too much trouble, or because by delaying the tram it might make the people a minute late for business. It does not occur to them that this unfortunate person might miss his train up country, and so be kept in the city for hours.

And why this hurry ? Simply to accumulate more money than others, in order to more fully gratify our every wish and desire,

and so produce a weak, unreliable and unmanly race of people with no moral control.

No, we simply grab for ourselves, and it is so absurd to suppose that such conduct can lead to the formation of a stable nation, the great essential of which is unity. What should we think of a cricketing team in which each man plays for himself, and disregards the averages of the other ten men, or tries to spoil them in order to come out on top himself?

Some little time ago a politician, in addressing a constituency, said, "Australia for the whites." I would say, "Australia for the whites, blacks or yellows," and cannot see why because custom or climatic conditions have altered people's complexions they should be different to us. I hope that the spirit of Federation going on now between adjoining colonies may go on until the world is federated and we are all one people, dwelling together in brotherly love. There is plenty of room for everybody, and it is a sad thing to read of human beings killing one another. We are told that it is necessary, but I doubt it.

Again, what is one of the great troubles of the present age? The lack of truth, which in its turn brings want of faith in one another, and, what is still worse, in a still higher Power, who is always directing us through our consciences. But we think it better to disregard this; it is a nuisance to be corrected and set right, and so easy to go our own way. But I tell you that power to rule is a very grave charge and one not easily well carried out, because man in the present day is so apt to abuse his power and be overruled by his own selfish desires, unless he give a very attentive and ready ear to the voice of his conscience.

Now, one of the strongest desires is the sexual one (indeed, we were taught that it is only second in strength to that of the preservation of life), but at the present day we are simply placing it before the preservation of life, while we are nullifying, as far as possible, the object for which it was created, namely, the perpetuation of the race.

It is absurd to raise a common animal instinct to such an apotheosis, and is, I fear, another result of our over-civilisation in one direction, which really means the gratification, to the fullest extent, of every present earthly desire, quite regardless of all consequences as to our future state or happiness; while, in other directions, we are barbarians in the extreme, because we have no sort of self-control, which is generally believed to be one of the highest forms of development.

We eat in order to live, and do not live to eat, and in the same manner we should use the sexual appetite—not to gratify our morally perverted desire, but solely for the purpose of producing a healthy and prolific race, and for no other purpose. It was never introduced for any other reason.

If this be done a high sense of well-being and peace of mind will take its place. We shall have to work for our offspring, and shall become a happy, contented and good race of people in the truest sense of the word; and nobody will deny it. I often think of that passage which is gabbled over by us so often but seldom analysed, namely—"We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts, and there is *no health* in us." There can be no happiness without Christianity in its highest sense, which causes us to sink our own wishes and desires as much as possible for the benefit of others.

I could prolong this discussion indefinitely, but must now draw to a close, and in doing so shall again point out, firstly, that population has always been considered necessary to develop the resources of a country, and, secondly, that it is necessary that the people of a country should do some kind of useful work in order to maintain their own families. Man has, however, decided that the first statement is probably not correct, and has taken the reins out of the Creator's hands by interfering in a matter which is *ultra vires*, and in doing this is bringing upon us all kinds of disease, with disinclination to work. When man can

"Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,  
Correct old Time and regulate the sun" (*Pope*)

he may dictate in such matters, but until then he had better not go beyond his last, but take his proper place in the social scale. Discontent is the disease of the present day, and it is a desperate one, which will require a desperate remedy. Hence my reason for speaking out.

There is no doubt in my mind about the remedy. It is to see that every woman has as far as possible a husband who will support her under all difficulties and trials, and a family of children. Without the latter she cannot be a normal, healthy woman; and with discontented women we shall have plenty of lunatics, criminals, and unhealthy people, as they have all originated from the one source, namely, internal discontent, on which follow excitement, then passion, then crimes, wars, etc. Because if people fight among themselves they must carry the quarrels outside, and so it is that men go to war.

A month ago I was visiting a male patient very much under petticoat government. Standing at the foot of the bed with arms akimbo the wife proceeded to tell me how he wanted to smoke and she would not let him, and then related how two men she knew had gone off to the war simply to get away from their wives. I could not help smiling and thought that if I were bounced in this fashion I should feel inclined to do likewise. There are many instances of this kind, but there is no doubt whatever that

if people are happily married there is no desire to separate, because his wife and family are his first care.

There is another point. Some time ago several gentlemen, whose word I can rely upon, said, "You know man is polygamous." "Well then," I said, "if man is polygamous, woman has every right to be polyandrous." It strikes one as a calm procedure to see a much-injured (?) man suing for divorce if his wife have made a slip, whereas he may have sinned numbers of times. Then it is surely wrong that one man who is poor should be imprisoned for bigamy, while another who has money may have two or three wives if he please. Of course, so long as divorce is possible, so long will people take advantage of it in order to gratify some passing desire, and one cannot help regretting that such a separation is possible, as I feel sure that real happiness cannot be a consequence of such a procedure. I really believe that every man starts out upon his married career with the purest intentions, and if the woman give him the full measure of her sympathy, and is not always thinking of some other man whom she might have married, or longing to be friendly with some man in a higher worldly position than her husband, she need have no fear about being supported; but if she do not stick to her husband through thick and thin, and regard him as her king, she must not be surprised if he is not all that he ought to be. Once married she should not have a thought for any other man, but must devote herself to him with all her will. I believe if this were the rule there would be very little trouble, because the unseen psychical link is a firm one, and once a man feels that he has a true woman to support, he has a very strong incentive for work and does not care what he sacrifices for her comfort and the comfort and happiness of his children, and if a man work hard he will be healthy if contented. But he cannot be otherwise than contented if his wife do her duty well and faithfully. This contentment will bring peace to those about him with progressive prosperity.

If, on the other hand, there be anything wrong with his domestic arrangements, and little quarrels are frequent, he will start out from home in a temper ready to fight and to induce others to fight; and so from small quarrels we get larger ones, and I am strongly of opinion that the cause for our present general world-wide disturbance can be traced to the instability or want of control in individuals and families.

But you will say we have always had wars. That may be; but, all the same, they may not be necessary, and it does seem an anomalous state of things for one generation to smash down what the previous one has built up; and if we are really progressive this should not be. But we should move on steadily and surely. I am a strong believer in peace, and think that kindness will accomplish more than brute force, and it would seem that Great Britain

could do a lot to bring about peace when this war is finished, which I hope may be soon.

I feel sure that our good Queen would rejoice over such a consummation, and it might be the means of granting this sovereign lady a longer term of life to rule over us as she has done in the past so well.

Regarding the wonderful strides we are said to have made in the past century, it is open to doubt as to whether the progress has been real or imaginary in many cases. The discovery of anæsthesia was regarded as a great boon at the time ; but may not it have tended to make people think too much of pain, and so lessened their moral courage, and caused the surgeon to undertake enormous operations, the advantages of which are doubtful in many cases ; or possibly the necessity for such a remedy was a sign that casualties were more frequent and operations more necessary, owing to our unsatisfactory social conditions. We have now, of course, become used to it, and it would be hard to cut it off at once ; but I do think that the physician could judiciously and gradually get people back to a healthy mental and physical condition if he were patient and firm. But we must not treat effects, but causes, and if we can regulate our marriage laws, and live according to the dictates of Nature, instead of thrusting her aside, we shall become a contented, peaceful, progressive and prosperous race of people.

To exist as we are doing at present and thrive on our neighbour's downfall or extinction can hardly be desirable, and certainly cannot last, as it is a fictitious prosperity ; and when one reads the newspapers with their lists of crimes of all descriptions, and thinks over the thousands of poor fellow-men locked up in our gaols and asylums, happiness, I take it, is impossible. Then examine the faces of our fellow-men and women, and note how pale and drawn they are from suffering ; and note also the numbers of people in old clothes whom we despise, and we lift our frock coats or silk dresses in passing them, lest we become contaminated by their touch ; and yet these very same dirty, despised people may be the salt of the earth if their correct histories could be obtained. One of our best judges once called attention to the fact that some of our citizens, dressed in purple and fine linen, rode in their carriages and splashed the mud on those whom they had ruined in obtaining their position or maintaining it in society. The picture is a sad, sad one, and quite impossible from a permanent point of view.

Then we have the war and rumours of war, and at night if one be awake he is thinking of the good fellows whom he sat with in class, or attended as patients, or met in some other way, or has seen in town—their faces are missed. But, again, each man who has gone has broken some tie and left somebody near and dear to long for him, and this increases the individual and collective misery



Surely all this could be stopped in our enlightened, civilised days, for as a rule the things about which we fight are trifling, and I doubt whether anything is worth fighting over. We should realise that our earthly goods are simply lent to us, and should not hold them with too tenacious a grasp; if we do somebody will want to take them from us. This fact came home to me very strikingly when in a few minutes two of my fellow-practitioners made me out to be insane and practically took away all my earthly possessions. We are simply stewards, and should use our wealth in order to make others happy as far as we possibly can, and in doing this we shall become happy ourselves.

Disease is simply the expression of suffering, whether the disease be cancer, consumption, crime or insanity. We usually put it the other way about. Suffering again comes from some discontent, and this is the cause which has to be got at and treated, and it is useless to attempt to treat the disease, or signs, or symptoms of disease without any regard to its causation. And remember that it is possible to kill people in other ways besides those noticed by the unobservant, so that it is in the highest degree necessary that we should regulate our social conditions, and make it possible for us to live as truthful men and women and not as shams or scaremongers.

With truth will come faith, love in its purest sense, and a feeling of well-being and peace of mind which passeth all understanding.

Without truth we shall go on doubting, worrying, fighting, and drag out a miserable individual and collective existence which in time will surely bring us to ruin.

We are not happy, and must get at the cause before attempting the cure, and if in the adjustment some little temporary sacrifice is necessary let us face it like men, and prove ourselves patriotic citizens in the purest and highest sense of the word. One thing is certain, and that is that we cannot have progress and prosperity without individual and collective peace, and I am positive that we are now beginning to see that this is desirable for one and all of us.

It would seem that towards the close of each century we have an ebullition in the shape of a large war. Surely with all our civilisation we might alter this, for war does seem one of the relics of barbarity, and let us pray that this may be the last.

Finally, remember that the greatest battles of life are not fought and won on the battlefield.