

DR. ALFRED WORCESTER

REMINISCENCES
OF
ALFRED WORCESTER
1938

DR. ALFRED WORCESTER

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I

My Early Education

The first school I attended was in our partially finished attic. I then must have been too young for even a kindergarten. "Aunt" Mary Westall was the teacher. She afterwards was the mother of the Reverend John Daboll. Her successor was Miss Helen D. White who for many years afterwards was the matron of the girl's boarding house for the new Church School. Besides my older brothers and sisters there were also in this attic school some other scholars from the neighborhood. There were many New Church families in Waltham then and many more such children than there are now. At Sunday School which was held in our north parlor there were many of these older children. When the Chapel was built the west end of it, separated by large sliding doors, was built to accommodate the boy scholars. When it was opened in September, 1860, I supposed that of course I should be one of the pupils there. But then came one of the greatest disappointments of my life. When not only my brothers and sisters but also several girls who had come from other towns and were staying at our house started off for the opening of the new school I started with them but was hauled back. Such is life. At first I was considered too young as not I am too old for doing what I want to do. It was small comfort when I was told that I might go to the girl's boarding house every day for lessons from Miss White whom I never liked. With no schoolmates that was dreary business for me. But by the next year Miss Eleanor Little was employed by the New Church School for a primary class. Miss Little was admirable both as a teacher and friend. That class was held in a former carpenter's shop back of the girl's boarding house. It was called the Chemistry because in the afternoon the older scholars came there for their chemical experiments. Now I had schoolmates. And by the next year some of us were transferred to the Chapel School and had our knuckles rapped occasionally by the Master, Edwin A. Gibens. Sometimes instead of that penalty I was sent into the Chapel to sit with the girls. That was not then for me nor has it ever been since a real punishment. Some of the girls teased me and others whom I especially liked I teased. I remember with special gratitude one big girl for when I stuck a pin into her fat thigh she did not give me away. When asked why she screamed she said, "Oh, it was nothing". She was afterwards the wife of a Harvard professor and now long since had doubtless won the halo which in my memory or her she has always worn.

I do not remember that I ever learned much in this early schooling, but as I don't remember when I could not read I must have been taught that very early. I never have learned to spell, common words least of all, nor have I ever fully mastered the multiplication table. I remember when I first learned to write, dear old "Aunt" Margy taught me that, and I am often reminded of her first lesson. She taught me to round the top of my capital As, instead of pointing them as I disobediently do now. She herself was well rounded in those early years but became thin and pointed when she gave up one kind of food after another because of what she called her dyspepsia. But later when she found that she could eat wedding cake with impunity she gave up her starvation diet and regained to some extent her former lovely roundness. She was a saint. She did everything for us boys: trimmed our hair, sewed on our buttons, darned our stockings, and even lent to us her own underwear when our own gave out. But that is another story, reserved for my chapter on my most mortifying experiences.

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When the school moved into the new schoolhouse in 1864, I had several teachers whom I remember more or less gratefully, among them Miss Lizzie Marston, whom I liked, and Mrs. Dickinson, who like me. I suppose I did learn something there but I was a bad boy. I was too often in a fight or in some other scrape, and so I was ignominiously taken out of school and put in the charge of my Uncle Joseph. He was a real teacher. He taught me that the loop of the figure 9 must be on the left instead of the right as I persisted in writing it. He drilled me in Colburn's Mental Arithmetic, which I still think one of the best schoolbooks ever written. He gave a new geography with pictures in it, and my first lesson in drawing. He did much more for me: He taught me how to study by requiring my full attention for short periods interspersed with equal periods of relaxation. But what was of far more importance, eh gave me my first glimpse of the beauty of Truth. Until then I had fairly earned the reputation of being a first class liar. Whatever my other disqualifications may have been I never could have been rightly accused of a defective imagination and by that time I had already become famous for outlandish stories. For example, I had one solemnly told my grandfather that my father had been struck by lightning. When Grandmother Clark's house burned down in 1863 and Connie Smith's cat was missing I declared that I had seen her jump out of the window with her tail on fire. For some of these whoppers I had been whipped, shamed, or shut in closets, but all to no purpose. The master to the school had once thanked me out by my ears and before the whole school had called me an incorrigible liar. This was not called for as what I had just told him happened to be the truth. For some of these punishments not for many years afterwards could I understand the reason. Mine was not like the case of a school fellow, who, when asked it he ever told the truth saucily answered that sometimes he did when a lie would not fit. In fact my imaginations were so vivid that I often could not distinguish them from actual occurrences. I was ten years old when uncle Joseph awakened my consciousness to the difference between fact and fancy. But it was a hard lesson to learn and it has been one of my botherations throughout life. I have never been able to tell the same story twice in the same words.

During these early years of the school, boys were well fitted for college. But when my father took charge of the school in 1868 it was at low ebb. As a result I was not well prepared for college. Father was excellent as an original teacher of geometry and was a good Latin scholar. After my time father renewed his Greek and became a superb teacher of that language. Miss Parmenter, his first assistant, was also a good Latin teacher. But for Greek I had only very poor teaching. In the year 1872-73 with my future brother in law, Edward Wellington, I trudged down into the village every day for Greek lessons from A.J. Lathrop who after failure as the high school master had established a private school for dunces. These lessons were a perfect farce, with the result that when I tried to enter Harvard in 1873 I made a miserable failure. Father had written that I was offering myself for examination against his judgment. The examinations in those days were mostly oral. And when my turn came, after hearing the glib translations by boys from Exeter and the Boston Latin School I could not stutter out even what I knew.

Hoping that nevertheless I would gain admission with conditions only in Greek, I waited for my turn with President Eliot. Very kindly and doubtless referring to my father's letter he advised me to spend another year in preparation. That disappointment was almost equal to not having been allowed to go to school thirteen years before. But as I afterwards told

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President Lowell of the class of '77 it was fortunate for me that I was not allowed to enter that notorious class, the only one that had no Class Day, because of its quarrels. During the following year under the too kindly teaching of my cousin James Like, I managed to get enough knowledge of Greek to enter Harvard in 1874.

When I think of my early years my recollections of our recesses are ore vivid than of the hours spent in school. Thus while I don't remember anything Mr. Gibbens ever taught me I can still almost see his round face and form, his spectacles and reddish side whiskers as he played prisoner's base with the older boys. In baseball to put a runner out, instead of throwing the ball to the base ahead of him, it was then necessary to hit the runner with the ball, to "plunk" him, as it was called. And as if it were yesterday I still rejoice over the extra hard plunk Mr. Gibbens once got from the Chicago boy, who afterwards married my sister. So heartily did Mr. Gibbens play that not so very seldom recesses were doubled or even trebled. He lived with his charming family and some of the older boys on the old Hardy farm a mile away where husking bees and other country parties were sometimes given for the whole school. On such occasions as in all our sports Mr. Gibbens was as charming as during school hours he was severe. But he was always respected by all and also beloved by most of his scholars. Especially was this so when he returned, pale and thin after his Typhoid Fever. In the course of that disease which was nearly fatal, he had been so delirious that several of his neighbors, including my father, had furious struggles to keep him in bed. And this brings back to me the memory of one of my shameful lies told in self-defense. Mr. Gibbens called me to his desk, asked if I had thrown stones at his kind neighbor's coach dogs as they were following the farm wagon. "Not at the dogs, Sir, but merely at the opposite stone wall, just to frighten them." I cannot forget his scorn and worse yet the shouts of laughter from my schoolmates, this kind of lie and others, which were even stouter denials, belong in the recital of my mortifications. Cowardice rather than over vivid imagination prompted them. And especially distasteful is the memory of those where I got by without detection and punishment.

It was a great loss to the School when Mr. Gibbens left it, for a private school of his own in New York. Of his successor Mr. Chace, I have less to say. Nobody like him. However, as a teacher he must have been fairly good, for in his time the boys from the School somehow got into Harvard. But during Chace's Mastership the School ran down in every way. For this slump Uncle John Worcester, who was then the superintendent of the School, afterwards used to take the blame. It may possibly have been partly his. He was a saintly man, adored by many and more distantly admired by others of us from our lower levels. Ho, if only he had played ball! In his presence I was a prig, always pretending to be much better than I was. Naturally that prevented close companionship. Yet after all he was a kind and dear Uncle, much dearer and kinder than I deserved.

Miss Mary L. Parmenter, who had charge of the older girls, and also taught some of the older boys, from the beginning of the School until her death from Typhoid Fever in 1873, was one of the best if not the very best teacher I have ever known. Without her help, and that of Miss Fanny Partello for intermediate classes, my father would have had a harder time even than he did have in reviving the school. So deep was its slump by 1868 that the Institute would have closed its doors had not Father undertaken to manage it with the privilege of paying any deficits. What else could he do? Six or more of his own children

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were then scholars in the School to which many thousands of the family's money had already been given for it's up building. Moreover, it was the very center of the New Church Colony he had been fostering for nearly twenty years. Miss Parmenter was not a Swedenborgian, but as on weekends she used to go back to Wayland to do the next week's cooking and the last week's mending for her mother and farmer brothers, her absence from Chapel was overlooked. So far as I know it was never claimed that she was even 'interested in the doctrines." She fitted me in Latin for college. Before those last two years under her teaching I must have been wretchedly taught for she had to begin with my ignorance of grammar. Never would she accept a translation from one who could not parse every Latin word. Slipshod work in her estimation was simply intolerable, and her success was marvelous in making the scholar realize her aversion to such performance. Her marvelous experience as a public school teacher made it easy for her to keep absolute. She could somehow infuse into her scholars the ambition for perfect work, and this she did by neither blame nor praise but simply by silent expression of her satisfaction. That was worth striving for.

That I have not yet brought into my picture any of my schoolmates is not because glimpses of them have not been flitting into my vision while writing these pages. A slow moving pen is but a poor substitute for a movie camera that could be focused on one's memory. With such an accessory the first pictures I would throw on the screen would be of schoolfellows who went to war; of James Lowell who told us that the red stripes on his blue trousers meant that he now belonged to the artillery, and then of James Hawley, always a dude, who made the girls laugh when they saw a hand mirror in the knapsack he was displaying. But I was then too young to have stamped on my memory such distinct pictures of the girls as came later. Although, as I have lately been able to verify from her own lips, I remember from when I was only nine just how Lillian Thorpe was dressed the first day she came to school, it was not until in my middle teens that I fell seriously in love. Then in rapid succession came a series of such affairs, and with them some mortifying accidents. Having heard that it was quite "au fait" to kiss a girl after escorting her home, and fearing there would be too many spectators at her doorway, I began kissing Alice Sears soon after leaving the School House dancing party. Not knowing just when to stop, I kept it up till we reached her boarding house. Unfortunately it was heard by other couples in the procession and we never heard the last of it. But that was mild in comparison with our next misfortune, when the evening party was at the Worcester home. It was then raining furiously, which gave me the chance to use my new umbrella. On our way back to the girls' boarding house, wishing to escape companion couples, we branched off to go behind the Schoolhouse. Unfortunately we had forgotten the deep ditch that had just been dug for the steam pipes to the Chapel. The stones taken out of it were on the near side and on the opposite side of the ditch was piled yellow loam. While straddling the ditch, and throwing down my umbrella in order to help the girl to cross, I was horrified to have her jump across the dimly showing stones but not the ditch, into which she disappeared. Reaching down to her up stretched hands, I hauled her up out of the ditch and on to the pile of muddy loam. She could not get up on her feet, as both of her legs were tangled in the wreckage of my umbrella through which she had jumped. After getting that off, and getting her into the back door, for the find servant girls helped to get the mud off her party dress, I sorrowfully left without even saying a farewell. Perhaps the course of true love never does run smoothly. At any rate that was

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the last time she seemed to want me as an escort, and she did not even invite me to her wedding some years later.

Lu Edgerly was a different sort of girl, almost a tomboy who “had never been kissed yet, nor met the boy who could do it”. This rumor fanned my flame. My plans were deeply laid. Yes, I could have a birthday party up on Little Prospect, and my sisters could chaperone it. Had Mother been at home a dozen of her best china plates would not have been packed in the basket with the cake and strawberries. After the supper “Copenhagen” was to be played, for which the rope ring was mysteriously on hand. If a girl’s hand had been slapped by the boy inside the ring and she could not duck under the rope before she was caught, a kiss was the forfeit. When I slapped Lu’s hand she, realizing that immediate escape was impossible dashed off down the hill, and then dodging me, up she ran like the deer that she was. She jumped over a rock that I too close behind her did not see. Stumbling over it I dove headfirst into the basket of Mother’s dishes, smashing seven of the twelve. After a minute or so of not knowing where I was, when I managed to get my feet under me, I kissed that girl before she realized I had not been killed. Her angry look seemed to say, “Well, Sir, that will be the last time.” And it was.

But I must not weary possible future readers with more of my misfortunes. Those already related will perhaps suffice as admonitions for my grandnieces who are now in their teens.

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II

The Mill Pond

Few if any now living can remember the old gristmill that gave our millpond its name. Nor can I remember the mill when it was in operation. For although I was born in the little house nearby, I was only six months old when my parents left it for the big house. Grandfather Ruggles had built for us on what is now called Worcester Lane. But from them and from my older brothers and sisters I heard so much about it that I can almost believe I saw the farmers bringing their loads of corn to the mill and then carting off the meal. I also can almost see the great bonfire of the bones the farmers had brought to the heap on the pond shore. I wish that those who so vividly described the bonfire had told me what it all was for. Surely it was not merely to rid the farmers of their old cattle skeletons. It must rather have been for the bone ashes. What, I wonder, were they used for? The lye for soap making came from the wood ashes of the farmhouse fireplaces. Could it have been that the Miller, Cousin Jonas Clark, bought the bones of the farmers, paying back to them their share of the ashes, as he did their share on the corn meal? And was this phosphate of lime used as a fertilizer?

Of course the water in the millpond was not enough to last long when the gate was opened for turning the big wooden water wheel. But in Clark's meadow there was another large supply of water, kept in reserve by the dam, then as now, under the roadway. And a mile farther back on the stream, soon after it leaves Hardy's Pond, there was another dam with its flashboards. By the successive lowering of the flashboards of these dams our little millpond could be kept full except in the dry seasons.

When I first really remember the old mill, now nearly four score years ago, it was a two story, gambrel roofed, reddish, old building with its gable end towards the pond. From the cartway on top of the dam a few wooden steps led up to the large doors of the mill's second story. That evidently was where the farmers unloaded their corn. To us small boys from the Chapel School it was a very mysterious place, where our bigger schoolfellows dissected cats under Uncle Joseph's instruction. He had learned this natural science in the old Holden Chapel under Jeffries Wyman.

After his departure for California, the mysterious aura of the mill loft was dispelled by the use of it as an undressing room for us boys who were learning to dive and swim in the mill pond. That, as I need not say, was before the new schoolhouse and the dormitories were built overlooking the pond.

In the dimly lighted, lower story of the mill, we could see the old undershot water wheel and the heavy timber machinery, but not the millstones. They had already found their resting places as doorsteps for the old Clark house, where I doubt not they still can be seen.

When the new schoolhouse was built great changes were made in the old mill. The huge water wheel gave place to a modern turbine, which was to turn not only the lathes in George Shedd's machine shop, but also the ventilating fan in the faraway basement of the School House. For a short while the turbine could keep the long rope circulating through its

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underground canal. But soon a steam engine had to be installed for this purpose. Or was this sufficient. Water and then ice in the canal box proved too much even for the engine. The fan refused to revolve. And the "plenum system" of heating the schoolhouse had to give way to one hot air furnace after another in addition to the original steam heated stacks. But not so soon was the idea given up of using the old mill as a central heating plant. High-pressure steam was to be generated there not only for the schoolhouse but also for the rebuilt chapel. That was only another costly failure. And with it ended the use of the mill for outside purposes. How it came into my father's possession I know not. Would that it had not! But the turbine and the big boiler and steam engine offered far more power than was needed for George Shedd's little shop. And the roof could easily be raised to make out of the old mill left a shop for many costly machines and for a squad of machinists. Soon it was all a humming. First one kind and then others of patented but useless contraptions were produced there. Thousands of dollars were thus wasted before absolute failure became inevitable. That was in the panic years of the seventies. Even the costly machines could not be sold. And before long the hastily built upper story of the mill began to succumb to the weather. And so the leaky old building had to be pulled down. To escape it's falling down. Finally its ruins were carted off to the dumps. Even the site of the old gristmill is now marked only by the remains of the sluiceway. But the well-built dam will need only occasional repairs to ensure the continuance of the dear old millpond. What pleasure it has given to successive generation of Piety Corner children, with their rafts and boats in summer, their skates and sled in winter, and best of all as an ideal swimming hole for the boys! And yet there have been narrow escapes from tragedy in its deep waters. For the pond is fed by a free flowing spring, not far from its western bank, as well as by the brook that comes from Hardy's Pond. This spring, protected from inflowing pond water by a brick domed structure, for many years supplied the schoolhouse and dormitories with at least part of the water needed, and at any rate with all they got. A pipe from the spring led its water to the old mill whence by a hydraulic ram it was forced up to the cistern on Chapel Hill. When Waltham established a water supply system its pipes were so connected that the Chapel Hill cistern could be kept full. For some years its wasteful overflow which made fine coasting in winter and lovely green slopes in summer passed unnoticed by the authorities. Then came the end of the partnership between the City Water and that from the millpond spring.

Bathers in the millpond were always astonished by the currents of cold water coming from this spring. Many cramps have so resulted. No great danger came from this. But in winter this spring water, much warmer than that from the brook, often dangerously weakens the ice on parts of the pond. Much greater is the danger because this thinning of the ice is hidden from view. Twice at least groups of skaters have broken through and only by the heroic efforts of rescuers have their lives been saved. But, as full accounts of these accidents have been published and no doubt still exist in the annals of the school, there is no need of more than this reiterated warning from the only survivor of the Chapel School's earliest years.

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Teaching

Teaching school used to be a common way of earning a college education. In fact, not so very far back of my time winter vacations were made purposely long so that students might find employment as teachers in the district schools. Such especially was the custom for students in the professions of law, medicine, and theology. Thus, the teaching interruptions of my studentship were not unlike my grand father's and like his were profitable in more ways than one. I now believe he was right in his belief that teaching is a very valuable part of one's education, or in other words that one learns more in teaching than in being taught.

The New Church School, where for the first half year of 1875-76 I was the substitute principal, had been brought up by my father into excellent condition. Seven years earlier, when he took charge no novice could have succeeded. The spirit of the School which is of most importance had become very different. There were no longer scholars who had been sent there because unmanageable at home, none who having begun life viciously needed reformation. Fortunately for me the teachers and house matrons knew exactly what my father would like to have done. Moreover, it was to my no small advantage that I had known the School from the beginning and had only so recently left it. But with all these advantages there is no denying that the size of the job was disproportionate to my abilities. Even had there been no bothersome details of business management or worrisome questions from the matrons, the teaching load would have been more than enough. I ought not to have undertaken so much teaching. Father had taught classes for every hour of the forenoon and afternoon sessions. I undertook to do the same with the result that none of it was as well done, as it ought to have been. In fact I was too often hiding behind my grandfather's advice "not to prepare for the lessons, but to let your scholars see how to go to work to translate a new passage of Latin, or to solve a mathematical problem new to you" that theory may have been workable in the district schools sixty years earlier, but it did not do sixty years later. Perhaps it was because my scholars were so much brighter than I, or less fatigued, or what I now believe more probable, because those scholars had had better preliminary teaching than I had had. At any rate both then and since whatever effective teaching I may have done has been in what I was fully prepared on. Especially has this been true in public speaking, whether from the pulpit, college desk, or assembly floor. It was Edward Everett Hale who taught me this, in his admirable little book "How to do it". The gist of his advice was to think out beforehand what you should say to Queen Victoria if she asked you to tea. And, in spite of the paradox, I am convinced that the best impromptu speeches are those that have been well prepared.

The teachers in the New Church School were all of the most helpful assistants and two of them also helped me to keep up with college courses. Miss Partello was an excellent teacher of French, and so was Miss Theodora Howells or German. She was a cousin of W.D. Howells, the author, who at the time was living in Cambridge. He was very cordial to me and so was his wife. But I, in return served them ill, for at Emma Guild's request I introduced her to them. Sometime afterwards Mrs. Guild herself told me, as an illustration of Mrs. Howell's "foolishness" of this incident. When Mrs. Guild and Mr. Howells were chatting in his study his little daughter entered but ignored Mrs. Guild's salutation. "Speak to Mrs. Guild," her father said. "I won't" said the child. "Why not?" asked her father. "Because every time she comes here she makes my mother cry," I have not yet got over my

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astonishment at Mrs. Guild's telling that story. But it reveals her character, her color blindness to the finer shades of what makes life worth living. And it also makes her own end in an insane asylum seem to have been foreshadowed.

Mrs. Guild's two little daughters, Rosalie and Lily, were in the New Church School at that time and for two or three years more until their mother took them with her to Europe. She had determined to be an artist and was taking lessons in drawing. Having heard of the remarkable painting that was being done on the interior walls of Trinity Church, she requisitioned my services as escort. Theodore Clark was the supervising architect, and I had occasionally been calling on him there since the excavation for it began. From him I heard of the magnificent painting that was being done high up on the four walls of the top where after the staging came down it never more could be seen to advantage. LaFarge was the artist in charge of the whole. Reserving for himself one of the four signs of the Evangelists, he gave to Frank Millet, and two other artists whose names I cannot now recall, cart blanche for painting the other signs. There was a great rivalry. I venture to say that Mrs. Guild was the only woman who ever saw those paintings in the perfection possible only from somewhere near their own level. To reach the artist it was necessary to climb in succession three long ladders from skeleton stagings. In seeming oblivion of the workmen and chance visitors, up and up she went, introduced herself to the artists and apparently succeeded in captivating them. Then she descended those ladders as gracefully as if it were merely her daily stunt.

Doubtless this half-year of teaching gave me more confidence for such employment, although I ought to confess that there was never any lack of that ingredient in my composition. I never experienced "stage fright". Which reminds me of one of Father McCarthy's stories of a young priest assisting his bishop on some special occasion when every body supposed that sermon would be delivered by the Bishop, but he suddenly ordered the young priest to do the preaching, who begging for mercy pleaded that he was unprepared. To which the Bishop sternly replied, "In qua hora dabitur vobis quid dicere." So up he went into the pulpit, blushed, stammered, coughed, and finally left in perfect despair. As he re entered the Chancel he said to the Bishop, "Where's your dabitur voids now?" In this and in many other of father McCarthy's stories it was almost evident that he himself was the young priest, but this he would never admit. Many of his stories were of studentship in the seminary of Saint Sulpice, where he had been educated. Now he had become famous for his eloquence, but that does not disprove earlier timidity in public speaking.

From Grandfather Worcester, whom I have been quoting in these pages, I learned many a lesson for which I have been ever since grateful. Towards my approaching graduation from college he told me he had always noticed that the men who went right to work after leaving college, without taking any vacation, were the ones who were sure to succeed. He probably knew about Father's financial straits. But what could I do? Of course there was no way open for entering the Medical School as some of my classmates were about to do three months later. The only thing I could think of was to offer a course of lectures in botany. I had taken all the courses given at Harvard in that subject. In answer to my advertisement perhaps a half dozen ladies entered for the course. One of them was Miss Mary Whitney, the professor of astronomy at Vassar College. She was one of the most brilliant intellects

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Waltham ever produced. She knew nothing of botany, she said, and yet had always wanted to study it. It was no joke for me to keep ahead of her. Another in the class was Mrs. Elizabeth Stone, a member of the School committee, and a former teacher. I worked hard and had to for these lectures, and I thus earned a few dollars. But my profit could not be reckoned in money alone, for a few weeks later when a vacancy occurred in the sub-mastership of the Waltham high School, Mrs. Stone was my strong backer for the position. Grandfather had died that August. So he did not have this additional proof of his theory about not taking post graduation vacations.

My purpose in taking this sub-mastership was thus to accumulate money for the Medical School course. The salary was \$1000 a year, but when the first installment was paid me it was at the rate of only \$900. When I claimed that a mistake had been made, the secretary of the School Committee, E.W. Lane, suavely replied that they always docked the pay of a new teacher until he made good. When I threatened to appeal, he promised that the next payment would be at the full rate. This was only the beginning of my rows with him. But he always won at the polls in spite, or perhaps because, of my published opinions of his unfitness. With my first quarter's salary, after proudly insisting upon paying Mother something for my board, I bought three shares of Union Pacific R.R. stock at about \$71 a share. A few weeks later I sold it at a few dollars advance. Then I naively asked a stockbroker friend what to buy that would surely rise in value. He gave me a lesson that I have never forgotten. It was after he had asked my motive and had been told of my eagerness to be a doctor. "Do you suppose," he said, "if I knew what stock are sure to rise that I should be working here year after year? I do not own a single share of stock. I put my savings into the savings banks. And this is my advice to you, never again, as you hope to be a good physician, buy a share of stock or make any other investment of your savings where you will be looking to see its changing values instead of keeping your whole attention upon your patients." I have ever since followed his advice. But my investment of salary for these two teaching years was better than in the savings banks, it was in helping to keep the family purse from sheer emptiness.

I like most of my work in the High School. One of the teachers, Miss M.E. Wellington, I had known for years. Her brother, Edward was to be my brother in law, and she to be a beloved lifelong friend. Two other women were excellent teachers, I doubt not, but not congenial enough for me now to recall their names. But the Master, C.W. Parmenter, was the poorest specimen of humanity I ever had to work with. Jealous, suspicious, and sly he was, yet so suave and polite that he stayed on in Waltham as long as he liked and afterwards equally long as the Master of one of Boston's High Schools. He was a martinet par excellence. All of the School had seats in his room and went down by classes for recitations in the rooms below. The teachers were responsible for the perfect order of the marching pupils who were coming to their respective rooms. Parmenter would stand at the top of the stairway watching to detect even whispering. But he never could make out why my classes kept such perfect order on their way to my room, without my keeping watch over them. They simply kept this agreement with me. I would not watch, and they would keep perfect order until in my room with the door shut they could talk and move about just as they pleased for the first few minutes. But they really did not care for this liberty.

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One of the classes assigned to me was that of general history. The book prescribed for the courses began with the statement that the human race originated on this earth, 4,000 B.C. in the Garden of Eden. On the opposite page was the picture of the genealogical tree of the descendants of Adam and Eve. When I protested my unwillingness to teach such stuff, I was told by the School Committee that this was the book they wished to have used. Advising the class never to look into the book, I taught by lectures and required written examinations. One of the committee, a good enough grocer, after listening to my college fitting class in Greek said that he had heard worse. He held the text upside down, and he did not know the difference between Alpha and Omega or that they were letters in the Greek alphabet. Another of the Committee, a promising young Irish doctor, disputed case endings with my class in Caesar. The scholars were right. But I ought not to cavil at the Town School Committee or sixty years ago. Probably they were as liberal and as scholarly as the average and, though they afterwards blocked me from further physical examinations of the school children when I reported having found among them several cases of advanced phthisis, yet they were kind enough during my second year to allow me the use of the High School for afternoon lectures. These were free to public school teachers, and open to the public on payment of a small fee. I offered three afternoon courses of twenty lectures each on Botany, Chemistry, and Physiology. I worked hard in preparation. For each lecture I printed the syllabus on the hectograph and enough of them for the audience which average over thirty. Not many fees came in, but of some of the subscribers I was very proud, especially of Dr. B.F. D. Adams and his family. Miss E.J. Himn came with them when she was visiting in Waltham. My main object, however, was not for immediate but for future fees from such lectures. At about this time I was engaged with others in the attempt to revive interest in educational lectures, such as had been very popular in the old Rumford Institute, and I had been impressed with the large fees obtained from such lectures.

It had now become quite plain that I never could get into medicine by way of public school teaching even if in addition I might get more private tutoring. I had had a few weeks of that in the fall of 1878, when a baffled young woman, Anne Bridge, appealed for my helping tutoring Herbert Lyman. She had found two Lyman boys too much for her. And it probably was lucky for me that Arthur, his elder brother, began going into Boston every day to the Noble School. For I found one tutee quite enough. And a more charming able, and yet obstinately lazy boy than Herbert Lyman was in those years would be difficult to imagine. To persuasion, threatening, and scathing sarcasm he was sweetly invulnerable. Perhaps it was my despair that finally appealed to him. For one day he said, "Well, how much do you want me to learn?" I told him to set his own lesson. That was my rashness. For instead of the one page of Andres and Stoddard's Prosody, upon which I had prepared myself, he rattled off without the slightest mistake nine pages. He must have been given grim pleasure by my dependence upon the book. But so he was too much of a gentleman to notice my discomfort. And for the sixty years since then our friendship has been unruffled. His Mother, Mrs. A.T. Lyman, was one of the most charmingly imperious women I have ever known. This was my first acquaintance with her. When she asked me where I had my luncheons and learned that I brought them from home and after the High School session ate them in the woods, she insisted upon my having at least some hot soup every day before my tutoring began. Her "Jessie", of whom more later, attended to this. Although my hopes of securing lecture engagements in the lyceums never materialized, perhaps partly because such lyceums were the disappearing, yet it was as a lecturer upon natural science

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in Boston private schools, that I finally found my way open into the Medical School. But there was first to be another intermediate year.

My two years of teaching in the High School gave me a much wider acquaintance with Waltham than having been born and schooled in Piety Corner would have afforded. It was during those years that my tongue loosened at town Meetings, and that in consequence appointments came for me on various committees. More valuable still were the lasting friendships formed with my scholars and their families.

Of several special friendships of those years, for which I have even been most grateful, more will be told in another chapter. But something must here be told of the special friends of my teaching years. As I write their reminiscences I look across my den to the likeness of Phillips Brooks, Great Bishop, greater preacher, greatens man." It is the portrait of the grandest man I have ever seen. I first met him when I was in college. A notice on the elms in the Yard said that he would speak in Holden Chapel that evening. Perhaps a dozen other students went there to hear him. Sitting at the end of the laboratory bench (for such purpose was the Chapel used then) and swinging a leg carelessly, he took out his pocket Testament and read a verse. Then he began by saying that when he read that verse that morning he found himself wishing that when he was in college someone had tried to explain to him the meaning of it for us now a days. Then there poured forth from that man such an impassioned plea for self-consecration as never had I heard or imagined. After his benediction he spoke with each of us, first asking our names. When I gave mine, he fairly beamed, asking if I were any relative of his dear old Latin School classmate, Joe Worcester, and then he began telling me of the wonderful work my Uncle was doing in San Francisco. He made me promise to call on him. I don't know just why I did not do so. But I did not see him again until, in my first year as a teacher, I heard him preach in Christ church his wonderful sermon on "The Candle of the Lord." At that service I noticed Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill. His daughter, E.J.H. was with him, she tells me, but I am sorry that can't remember her there. After the service, I could not escape being introduced to the great preacher who at once asked why I had not kept my promise to call upon him. "I really want you to come, he said. Again I promised, and before long made the first of a series of calls at his Clarendon Street home. Strange as it may seem it was not from Phillips Brooks that I received any encouragement for joining the Episcopal Church. In fact his advice was quite to the contrary. My increasing dependence upon the Episcopal Church came about from a lovely friendship with Hannah Lincoln. She had come to Waltham with her mother and sisters after her father's death, in the mid eighteen sixties. They were New Church people. Soon after their arrival the mother died and the children separated. Several of them, including Hannah and the one brother, George, went to Detroit. The oldest sister, Mary, stayed here and married G.G. Frost. After some years Hannah returned to Waltham and was living with the Frosts when our old time acquaintance ripened into an intimate friendship. For several past years she had been engaged to marry a young doctor in Detroit, whom she still loved with un-diminished devotion, but his letters were growing less frequent. She had been studying singing under masters who were most encouraging. Now an ominous hoarseness was preventing her from accepting public engagements and even from teaching. Her sister, Mrs. Frost, was wasting away with the tuberculosis to which finally all of the family succumbed. Other complications there were in her environment which would have swamped any ordinary woman, but not Hannah Lincoln! How could she retain her

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composure and cheerfulness? When I asked this question she quietly answered that her help all sufficient came to her through her religion, not through her theological belief, but through the religious observances of the Church and especially that of the Holy Communion. That simple avowal of a woman tremendously over burdened made a deep impression upon me. I began keeping Lent.

Another friendship of those teaching years (1878-80) which has enriched my life was with Rev. Edward C. Guild. Mrs. Guild had left him, to study art abroad, and had taken with her their young daughters. He was living in the little studio he had built in the pine grove of the parsonage which he had sublet. It has ever since been humiliating to me to have been so slow in recognizing the unconscionable selfishness of Mrs. Guild and the almost super human self effacement of her husband. His devotion to her, even after at her request he had submitted to a divorce, knew no limits. Every dollar of his inheritance and earnings was hers. At her beck and call he would go to Europe, perhaps to supervise the bronze casting of what she had modeled in clay, or perhaps only to wait in some other city for her summons. He might not even see her. And yet near the close of his life he told me that his one greatest regret was that he had not been able to do more for Mrs. Guild.

The little studio where he was living during my teaching years was not far from the High School and in fact almost on my road towards home. It was there that I first learned to appreciate afternoon tea, and also how to make it. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm for this plan and that for joyous ventures in the realm of literature. He was then preparing a course of "Lowell Lectures" on English poetry. He delighted in reading aloud whatever he found of special loveliness to little groups of young folks, or even more in planning imaginary excursions in Devonshire or the Lake country. To these groups he would bring books by the artful, descriptive of the scenery or the history of these regions. Just as soon as he succeeded in thus awakening real literary zeal he would follow the lead with more and more reading matter. Always in these "conversations" he knew far more than anyone else and yet he could always draw out for mothers all that they knew. He was thus a great teacher, but as a preacher he was not so great. His church committee asked to preach "less spiritual" sermons. One of that committee, hearing of my slant towards the Episcopal Church said to me, "Surely you don't believe that Christ died do you?" When I admitted that such had always been my belief he looked somewhat mystified and lit another cigar. I never told Mr. Guild of this incident, and yet he would have laughed heartily at this specimen of his pastoral efficiency, for he was one of those rare folks who seem to enjoy most of all the jokes that are at their own expense.

By asking my readers to go again to college with me for the year 1880-81, I must take them back to a summer course at Harvard in 1877. This was Professor Goodale's, at the Botanic Gardens. Every morning there was a lecture followed by laboratory work, and after a noon hour for luncheon, an afternoon conference upon the work of the day. Two of my bench companions, working with magnifying glasses on the daily puzzles, were Miss Susan Minns and Miss Catherine Inness Ireland, or "102" as her friends call her from her initials. They were both much better botanists than I ever became and always helpful. But it was at our luncheons, brought from home, that we had most in common. I was of course flattered by their interest in my hopes for a medical education, little foreseeing that my way to it would be smoothed out for me by these new found friends. And I do not now remember just when

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it was that Miss Ireland asked me to give in her school for girls a bi-weekly lecture on Chemistry. I think I must have resigned the High School sub-mastership before Miss Ireland's offer came. The pay she offered me was small, less than \$3.00 a week but it was an opening well worth having. And besides I was to have the use of her schoolrooms for a short course of lectures I was proposing for teachers upon methods of making chemistry interesting to children. This was presumptuous but it brought another school, Miss Wesselhoeft's, where my lecture fees were more than twice as large as the first in Miss Ireland's school. Again, after a year there was another doubling of my fees. But I am getting too far ahead of the year 1880-81. By good rights I ought to have spent that year in the Medical School, in the study of anatomy and physiology. As for chemistry, the third subject of the first year in the Medical School, what I had previously done in College would satisfy all requirements for that. In all these first year studies it was then possible by registering with a doctor as his student and bringing in his recommendation, to take the final examinations. Dr. J. T. G. Nichols of Cambridge, my classmate's cousin, kindly consented to let me register as his student. That, of course, was a farce, at least as far as ever reciting to him went. But it was the beginning of a valued friendship. The anatomy could be gained from books, by postponing required dissections until the next year. But the physiology was being taught by lectures, and for that I must depend on borrowed notebooks. To save my time, of which I then had none to spare, my mother and eldest sister copied for me these notebooks of my college classmates who had taken the course two years earlier.

I passed these examinations and also some others at the end of that year. For I took the four full college courses, and also presented a thesis, as required for the master's Degree, which was given me at Commencement. Had it been noticed either at the medical School or College that I was taking two years of courses in one year of time. I don't know what would have been done to me. But that was not all. I was also serving that year as Professor C.L. Jackson's Assistant Laboratory Instructor. This was for four full afternoons a week. The pay for it offset my fees for tuition. Very fortunately for me my brother, then of the junior class, could give me the half of his room suite, which was left vacant by the illness of his chum.

From this schedule of my work for the year 1880-81 it can easily be imagined that I must have been kept pretty busy. Of course only parts of it could have been well done. And as I remember only indistinctly much of what I was doing it can be taken for granted that I was spread out too thin. One of the courses, that of Comparative Anatomy, was under an inspiring teacher, Professor William James. He was always a great favorite in whatever he taught. And more than most of Harvard's brilliant teachers, he made his students think. But as his courses were always largely attended I had no opportunity of personal acquaintance with him. Another of my courses was in Cryptogamic Botany under Professor W.G. Farlow. I have spoken of him in my story of college courses. In this advanced course there was only one other student, Trelease, who became a noted professor in St. Louis. Farlow gave us keys to his laboratory in Boylston Hall. My notebooks show that I was at least a careful worker. But the moulds and fungi and parasites were not what I was really after. I had heard of Pasteur's revelations regarding the germ origin of certain diseases, and I wanted instruction in bacteriology. Farlow was the only man in New England who could give me any help, and what he could do he was willing to do, but that was little. Moreover, in the winter and early spring he would be away, studying his beloved algae in

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Bermuda. Well, all his specimens of bacteria would be at my disposal, and so, too, in the College Library would be all that had ever been published on bacteriology. And on his return he would examine me on the subject.

In some way I became acquainted (by correspondence) with Sternberg, who afterwards was U.S. Surgeon General. He wanted me to enter his laboratory as an assistant. That was not the road I wanted to travel. It would be too long a detour from medical practice. But I had become more and more interested in the germ theory of disease and in the possibility of disease prevention. And I went to our State Board of Health asking if they could not give me employment as a bacteriological student. Their answer was to the effect that any studies I should make of pollution of drinking waters they would like to have me offer for their consideration, but they could promise no remuneration. That seemed to close the doorway which I was hoping would lead me into the profession of medicine. I had gone as far in bacteriology as was possible without a laboratory. Not for several years to come would the Health Boards spend a dollar for bacteriological research. And in fact the only reference to the germ origin of disease that I heard during my Medical School course was from Professor Cheever, who in speaking of malignant carbuncles said that a Frenchman (Pasteur) claimed to have discovered the cause of the disease to be bacteria, and that those who wished to believe so might, but for his part he did not.

The most valuable course I ever had in Harvard University was given on Embryology by Professor E.L. Mark. He had had his training under the foremost German Biologists and had at least persuaded the Faculty to let him give a laboratory course to beginners, on the plan of the research courses, in natural science. That is, instead of telling his students what to see through their microscopes he would have them tell him what they saw. Had it not been for this kind of teaching under E.L. Mark, I never should have profited by similar instructions in Dresden under Hesse. Not was it only by virtue of this new method of teaching and learning that I rate so highly Dr. Mark's course in Embryology. Of equal if not of even greater value has been the habit acquired in this course of thinking embryologically, that is of keeping in mind the embryological development of the different tissues and organs of the body. Dr. Mark is now one of the two emeritus professors who by seniority preceded me in the Faculty processions. And at the Tercentenary when I was telling him how great has been my indebtedness for his teaching what I said was heartily seconded by another of his students, now an emeritus professor of pathology.

After all these dry details of work the reader may wearily ask if there were not diversions during that year when I was both a student and a teacher. Well, I certainly had little time for balls of late parties. And yet curiously enough in that year, and in the two following, came my only acquaintance with the theater. Miss Ireland was very proficient in this valuable kind of culture. And she could make a fellow really believe he was doing her a favor as an escort in accepting her invitations to see Booth or Salvini or Irving and Miss Terry, or Joe Jefferson and Lord Dundreary. And then her not chocolate after the theater suppers, how easy it all was then to accept such hospitality as a matter of course.

It was during this year that Miss Susan Minns, who was always one of Miss Ireland's intimate friends, wrote to me that she and her brother would like to give a scholarship to the Harvard Medical School for my use. It is not easy even now nor was it possible then to

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find words for my gratitude. The door was open at last. And no prospects could have been fairer that were mine for entering the second year's class of the Harvard Medical School in the fall of 1881.

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IV

Harvard College

As I have been a student or a professor in Harvard University for nineteen years of my life, at least a quarter part of my reminiscences may well be devoted to those years. As I have already said I entered college on crutches. That as I look back upon it was a blessing although at the time well disguised. Although from earliest boyhood I had always wanted to be a physician, my most cherished expectancy of college life was that of being a good baseball player. But now only with great difficulty could I make my way from where I lived, at 19 Oxford Street, to the college Yard. Our family fortunes were then very slim so it was a great help to have my room give me by Mr. Charles H. Moore who was in some debt to my father of having free summer rent in one of the School's boarding houses. He was at this time an instructor of drawing in the College and on low salary. In years previous he had been a successful landscape painter, receiving high prices for his pictures. But he had become a Ruskinite and would nevermore paint for the market. His lovely wife was already an invalid with the tuberculosis that was soon to end her life. They had one charming little daughter. It was a delightful home for me and not too far from College Commons in Memorial hall, where I was one of those who took the first meal ever served there. I managed to climb the long flights of stairs up into the attic of the Lawrence Scientific School for drawing lessons under Mr. Moore, But in the spring the Moore's went off to Europe, where working with Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Moore copied so beautifully old Venetian paintings that most his work was bought by Mr. Ruskin for the Oxford Fine Arts Museum. Some of Mr. Ruskin's work Mr. Moore brought back for the beginning of Harvard's fine Arts collection. Mrs. Moore was one of my dearest friends. After Mr. Moore's remarriage I lost intimate acquaintance with him and his charming daughter Bessie. This I have always regretted.

During my entrance examinations a little note was handed me by a proctor inviting me to luncheon at the Palmers'. George H. Palmer was then as assistant professor of Philosophy. Mrs. Palmer had been an intimate friend of my parents before I could remember and she knew all about us. I shall never forget the welcome she gave me. As one of the examinations I most dreaded was to come that afternoon at four o'clock I wanted to look over the books I had brought with me. But that she would not allow. Instead I must go up to her spare room, take off my shoes and have a nap. She would wake me in plenty of time and tell me what to do. This she did! I was to wash my face in cold water and take with me three pencils which she said had been used several times at entrance examinations and had never failed to win. She said I afterwards might cut on the pencil my class year, following several such class numbers already on the pencils. I have one of them still. That was the beginning of one of the most charming and helpful friendships I have had. Their home was always open for me, and all through my college course from Mrs. Palmer and also from the Professor I was learning more than from my college courses. Mrs. Palmer was the most outspoken woman imaginable. She was fearless in her criticism, never flattering but insisting that her commendation must always be gratefully received. As the confidante of successive classes of Harvard students her influence upon hundreds of them has made them forever her debtors. However indirectly she might have heard of a student's drunkenness or more serious debauchery she would send him such an invitation

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to call as could not refuse. Her welcome would be, "Oh yes, Mr. Blank, I sent for you because I heard that you spent the night in Boston after that drunken party last week. Is that true?" After his full confession, she would ask him of his past, present and future indebtedness to womankind. And then she would beg him to let her keep watch over him by coming often to see her. This is no imaginary pen portrait of Ellen Wellman Palmer. It is what her husband told me once of a recent occurrence. This interview of perhaps only five minutes would make him one of her boys, forever after. I cannot help relating here, in her memory, one of my own experiences of her penetrating criticism. After I had been telling smugly of a call I had lately made on a favorite cousin whose husband was somewhat woodenly, she suddenly asked me how many times I have given her consolatory kisses. Probably I stumbled over the count. That came her question if I really believed I had made it easier for that dear cousin to put up with her wooden husband. Vainly dodging, I said, "But you always let me kiss you when I come and go." Then came her squelcher: "Yes, but if you kissed me in the way I believe you did your cousin, I should box your ears."

Mrs. Palmer, like Mrs. Moore, was slowly wilting under her Tuberculosis infection. She died the year after I was graduated, but during that last year I saw more than ever of her. She made a short visit to my parents, thus renewing the old time intimacy. During that summer Professor Palmer was in England, studying Kant's philosophy under John Caird of the Oxford Faculty. His absence puzzled me. He explained it in this way: Knowing that his wife's departure from this world was imminent, he had decided upon this preliminary separation as a sort of preparation for it: and she had urged him to carry out the long desired plan. Their letters to each other would also mean much to them. She was here on his return and for a few months afterwards.

After Professor Palmer's "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer", his second wife, appeared, when my father was asked if he had read it his cool reply was that he had not yet seen the Life of his first wife. A half-century later the aged professor's tribute to her was perhaps none the worse for its long delay. For seven years after her death Professor Palmer lived in College rooms whence he could see the gravestone over her temporary tomb. One of these rooms was furnished with what had been hers. On the bureau were her toilet articles, and even a tray of her hairpins. From under the bureau peeped her bedroom slippers. All this seemed uncanny enough, but it was nothing to what followed. Ellen Wellman had wanted her body to be buried in her Brookline family lot. But, as the Professor told us, he could not bear to have it so far away and so had secured for its temporary entombment in the long closed burying ground nearby. But when Alice Freeman consented to make a new home for him he complied with Ellen Wellman's wishes. This, as he said, gave him the chance for another view of her corpse, which had disintegrated less than he expected. And yet Palmer was not so insensitively sentimental as these stories might imply. He was warm hearted. There was no limit to what he would do for his friends. His servants adored him and well they might for they were always treated like daughters. When one of them, and old Irishwoman, was dying of a stomach cancer that absolutely prevented further feeding, Palmer told me that he was doing it and also putting her to sleep. When I asked the old servant about it she said, "Oh, the dear man things I swallow his beef tea, but when he is not watching it goes into this towel, and as for her going to sleep when he stroked her head, her explanation, was, "I just give a little snore to prevent his getting too tired." She had made a greater sacrifice for him: he had refused to leave Cambridge that hot summer, because this woman

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depended so much) as he fondly imagined) upon his daily visits to her in the hospital. But knowing how much he was missing his old home midst the Boxford Pines she declared that she herself wanted to be taken there far from her kind priest and her sisters. She had her way.

But it is now high time to turn from Professor Palmer's personal to his wonderful intellectual qualifications. He was the best-educated man I have ever intimately known. After his graduation from College in 1864 and then from the Andover Theological School he spent several years at German Universities, studying philosophy. At Harvard he at first was an instructor in Greek of which he was a past master. By my college time he had been transferred to the department of philosophy, but he was also giving readings in Homer to large audiences, with only the Greek text before him. His semi metrical translations, which were afterwards published, were marvelous, for both their accuracy and poetical feeling. I never took his or any other course in philosophy, and only once did I ever have him for a tutor. That was when I returned to college after substituting as Master of the New Church School. He had promised to prepare me for the midyear examination in logic, but put it off till the Saturday before. By noon I was exhausted, and by night I thought my head would burst from his hammering. Then I was told not to think of it again till the examination, in which to my astonishment, I received a high mark. Although that was the only formal lesson I ever had from Professor Palmer, I have always been very grateful for his planting in me the love of English poetry. His reading of it was superb. And his: "Life and Poems of George Herbert" for whom he was named, is a monumental proof of his scholarship.

When I returned to Harvard as a professor, in 1925 our former friendship became closer than ever. Every morning after Chapel I walked back with him to his home. In his last illness, after I had been told by his nurses that he was no longer conscious he surprised us by his old time cordial greeting. At the memorial services for him in the Wellesley College chapel it fell to me to carry the urn holding his ashes to its final place beside the ashes of Alice Freeman Palmer, behind her beautiful bas-relief portrait.

After his second marriage Professor Palmer lived in what had been the home of dear old Peabo, as we irreverently called our college preacher, Dr. Andrew P. Peabody. He was a saint. Largely because of his warm friendship for my Grandfather, he was also my dear friend. So he also was of hundreds of other Harvard students. We laughed at his oddities but loved him all the more. At morning chapel we could not hear much of what he said, but when he stopped turning the Bible's pages and put on his spectacles we knew he was about to pray: when one thumb hooked into the armpit of his vest and his voice sank to a whisper we were aware of his holy fervor. But when he reached for his other armpit we began scuttling out, which never failed to bring his loud Amen. In those years attendance at Prayers was a college requirement. Sixty cuts was their early allowance. Any excess brought the student a summons from the office of the Secretary, old Harris, where either he or his thin and angular old maid daughter, Carrie, gave the first of "private; warning. Seven more cuts brought a "public warning". Although in darkest winter there was an hour concession from the regular 6:45 time for Prayers, I found it all too easy to exhaust my allowance of cuts. But as the bell ringing lasted a full five minutes, one could stay in bed till it began and yet in overcoat and boots get to the Chapel not too late.

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Mr. Peabody's face was very homely but it was also beautiful with its radiance. Not so much from what he said as from what he was, there could be no doubt of his surcharge of spirituality. And he could share his own consciousness of heaven's nearness with those in need of consolation. At the funeral of a classmate who had suicided I remember his saying. "Although temporary clouds prevented our young friend's consciousness of our Heavenly Father's love, we may be perfectly sure that such clouds never obstruct His loving watchfulness over all of us". And again, at the funeral of a dear old friend whose release had come only after a long and wasting illness, dear Dr. Peabody in a single sentence preached a sermon. It was this " Seldom are we called upon to lay away from sight so little of one we love."

He was simply wonderful in bringing sinners to repentance. And then in pleading to save them from expulsion. For this mercifulness he was sometimes chided by irate colleagues in the Faculty, one of whom told me this story. A foolish student had written an abominable letter to a country girl with whom he had become more or less entangled while both were working in a summer hotel. Her angry parents having intercepted the letter sent it to President Eliot who, before recommending to the Faculty the boy's expulsion, turned over the unsavory mess to Dr. Peabody. The boy was given the letter to read and answer if he had written it. After his acknowledgement, Dr. Peabody taking it with the tongs, burned it in the fire. He then said that he himself had not read it but judging from appearances the author was now repentant for having written it, and the only question was how he felt prepared to make his repentance known. The boy said he would beg the justly angry parents for their pardon. "Yes," said Dr. Peabody, "what is manifestly necessary; and what more do you propose to do?" Well, he would beg pardon from President Eliot for having besmirched Harvard's honor. "Yes, said the old doctor to the boy now in tears, "and do you not think you also should beg God's forgiveness?"

When I was in college the professors all seemed venerable. But fifty years afterwards when I joined the Faculty the old members had gone and their successors seemed altogether too young. Certainly in those earlier years some of the professors were more picturesque as well as eccentric. Most so of all was the old Greek, Evangelimus Apostolides Sopocles. With his piercing black eyes, his shaggy head and flowing beard he well matched his sonorous name. In his room on the top floor of Holworthy he kept chickens, not only for pets but also for his larder. Like everyone else, he was fond of Mrs. Palmer. Once when he called there she found him unwilling to doff his cloak, under which as she discovered he had a live chicken. Very few students dared take his courses. If he like them he gave them 100%, if he didn't, they got only passing rank.

Old Joseph Lovering, the professor of physics, was the "one fish ball" victim of Professor Lane's imperishable song. He surely was an oddity. Dry is no name for his humor. Once when lecturing on optics he gave us an exhibition of the magic lantern, the forerunner of the cinema. The screen was an old, dirty and crumpled sheet. His first title for one of his pictures was Paul on Mars' Hill, and then after peering at it over his spectacles, he said, "No, it is John the Baptist in the wilderness, eating locusts and wild honey." And again, in his lecture on static electricity he made old Jones, the college bell ringer, keep turning the crank in spite of his evident timidity to continue. "One more turn, Mr. Jones," he kept saying till the spark flew straight for Jones's big nose. As we yelled in glee, the old

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professor solemnly bade us be more respectful, “to the old machine, which was presented to Harvard by Benjamin Franklin.” For Jones, who was still rubbing his nose, there was not a word of sympathy.

There were some “snap;” courses in those days. One of them was under Professor Goodale. He was a popular lecturer. The onyx textbook for the course was Gray’s Elementary Botany. It one really read that he might easily get a passing mark. One of my future classmates in the Medical School who had failed to pass in Botany was asked by the professor if he had studied the textbook and, if so, what was its title? Unable to tell even that, the student blithely said, “Well, it had a sort of green cover.”

One of my other courses, which was decidedly not a “snap” was in Organic Chemistry. The professor was Henry B. Hill, my future brother-in-law. He had already won international fame for his discoveries in what was then almost a new field for chemical exploration. He was such a rapid lecturer that it was not easy to take notes, nor was there any textbook available. Some, in fact almost all of the class rebelled. Their request that he should speak slower only increased his tempo. And their insulting suggestion that he should like Professor Goodale give out a syllabus for each lecture accelerated his temper. If our families had not been cordial neighbors, and even if I had not been so kindly welcomed in his home, I hope I am right in believing that I should not have joined this insurrection. At any rate, while the others in protest stopped, I went on with my note taking. Little good did it do me for my notebooks were stolen before “cramming” time came. The final examination paper was a terror. For an hour or two I sat sweating in utter despair. Then, regardless of the questions that I could not answer, I wrote at top speed in answer to questions that might have been asked. And I got better than a passing mark, thanks to Professor Hill’s kindness, as I still more than half believe, in spite of is subsequent disclaimers.

Of the required courses, and there were many of them then, I have almost no memory. But sometimes I look at the red-penciled comments of “Ass’ Hill on my returned themes. The first crack I got from him was for what I though was a thrilling account of one of my narrow escapes. His comment was, “this sounds like a tale told for the tenth time by someone never interested in it.” And yet in spite of such snubbing I have always been grateful for what I learned from Professor Adams Sherman Hill, even if I do occasionally split infinitives.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton was another professor who won the lasting gratitude of those who took his course in Fine Arts, despite William (Piggy) Everett’s advice upon electives, “even if Raphael offered the course, I should advise you Freshmen not to waste your time in it.” Professor Norton was a superb pessimist, to whom all modernism was abhorrent. But he was also a perfect old school gentleman, kindly and gracious always. Charles H. Moore (of whom I have already written) was first Norton’s assistant and then his successor. They have the founders of the splendid Fine Arts Museum, now one of Harvard’s glories.

I have always been sorry that I had no courses or intimate acquaintance with several others of those famous professors who will forever shine sicut stellae. But it was something often to have seen walking in the Yard Lowell and Longfellow, Child, and Benny Pierce and occasionally Emerson and Whittier. And still more of good fortune it was to sit near them

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and to hear them talk at Harvard Dinners. It was at one of these that I heard the first Harvard speech of the younger Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had recently electrified the country by pleading at some Veteran's celebration for burying the hatchet. He was introduced as Harvard's newfound orator. I have never forgotten his saying that it is not for the intellectual nourishment, which we here receive that Harvard men may well be most grateful but rather for having had the privilege of breathing in the aroma of chivalry that forever clings to these venerable walls. And I remember at a smaller dinner, given by the editors of the "Advocate: hearing James Russell Lowell ask the loquacious Elder Holmes, "if Socrates should reappear would you listen to his questions or would you keep asking yours?' To which the old doctor shot back, "I would rather listen to his answers to a new boy's questions than to any Socrates himself might ask."

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V

College Vacations

Among the delightful memories of my college years are those of days and weeks spent elsewhere. I soon found proof of the old adage that a Harvard student's social importance increases with the square of his distance from Harvard Square. Now that all the girls go to college I doubt if Harvard students find such rapturous listeners to their shop worn takes as we used to find for ours. But before I describe my first visit in Nova Scotia I want to take my readers with me on a New Hampshire hike.

Cousin Theodore Clark though in my father's generation, was really not quite ten years my senior. He was a kind cousin to us Worcester children, helpful always from the era of waterwheels and windmills to that of dancing parties and excursions. As we grew older the difference between our ages of course grew less. But I was still his subordinate until after we went over Mt. Washington.

Uncle Luther and Aunt Selina, Theodore's parents, were staying in a hotel at Intervale so he made that his headquarters, while I made mine at Uncle John's home on the side of Bartlett Mountain. Our expedition was planned in this wise: on the first day Theodore and I were to walk the twenty miles to the Glen House, where by noon of the following day, on the arrival of the stage, we were to be joined by Uncle John, his two sons and their companion, Wm. C. Lane. Then we six were to walk up the winding carriage road to the summit. Everything so far went as planned. We ate our picnic supper on the rocks and sat together late into the night, watching a remarkably fine display of August meteors. Then Theodore and I went to bed in the hotel. Uncle John and the boys were to start at dawn down the old bridle path to Crawford's which we did not do that day. This was a bad mistake, for it was a beautiful day, and we had no right to count on a continuance of the fine weather we had been having. Which of us was the bigger fool I can't at this late date be sure, but fools we were to join a party of even bigger fools, two men and two women from New York, for a side excursion to see if any snow was left in Tuckerman's Ravine. The guide in their employ evidently believed they would soon get enough of it and be glad to return to the hotel. But somehow those bedraggled women insisted upon going on and on. However, when we could look down into the Ravine the New Yorkers decided to eat their luncheon there while Theodore and I clambered down into the Ravine where we had our baths. I never quite forgave Theodore for his screams of laughter when I, against his advice, ventured too near the soft white spray of the waterfalls, which knocked me down. I really thought it was a shower bath of stones. By mid afternoon we had made the hard climb up from the Ravine and were helping the New Yorkers to get through or over the dwarf spruce trees on "Bigelow's Lawn". It was no joke for any of us. The guide insisted that it was the shortest way to reach the hotel and that we must keep going or we should have to spend the night on the rocks. The guide dragged forward first one of the exhausted men and then the other, while Theodore and I dragged the women forwards. By careful balancing on the tussocks of the stunted trees, which are packed close together, it is not so very difficult to cross that plateau shoulder of Mt. Washington. But to drag men or wailing women who would no longer even try to keep on top of the trees, that was quite a different matter. I have always been glad that we never again met those folks. We left the Summit Hotel the next morning. Our

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longer stay had exhausted our funds. In spite of the storm and the urgent warnings of the hotel people we started off on the old bridle path to Crawford's. We paid no heed to the warnings that even in good weather it was all too easy either to miss the faint trail markings on the ledges, or to miss one's footing on the edge of precipices. Fales pride kept us from admitting temporary poverty. The storm grew fiercer. The thunder was so terrific and so continuous that often we had to crouch down on the wet rocks. When we lost the trail one would stay put while the other circled round to find it. Sometimes, when in the dense clouds we thought we might be near a precipice, between the thunder peals we would throw stones to listen for sounds that might or might not return to us. We reached the Crawford House by early afternoon. The storm was nearly over. Covered with mud I took my bath in the pool in front of the hotel to the great amusement of the crowded piazzas. I was hungry, and I wanted to pawn my watch for food. No, Theodore would not borrow or share my borrowings. Our stagecoach fares we could have promised to pay on arrival at Intervale, but so heavy had been the rainfall that no teams could either go or come through the Notch. Then it was that I became insubordinate. The hotel clerk would not listen to my offering any security for a dollar dinner, which I ate alone. Then we started on the long twenty-mile tramp over stick mud roads. It was very dark before we had made half the distance, and thankful we were when overtaken by a teamster who kindly let us mount his partly loaded cart, which brought us back to Intervale. Not words suffice for the kindness or our welcome there. And after a few days rest I was ready for another excursion. But the following week I played that last baseball game in which I broke my leg. According to my experience, long hikes are more easily taken away from home. And short as the distance now seems, in these motor years, between Harvard Square and Piety Corner, I can remember walking it only once. Or can I find excuse in my flopping foot, for that did not prevent hiking and dancing or even running races.

Weekends were as regularly spent at home as weekdays were in Cambridge. Therefore the story of at least half of my social life and recreations belongs in this chapter on College Vacations. Besides cousins and other old friends there were also attractive newcomers to call upon in those years. Some of them I shall try to show on the screen. Emma C. Guild, the wife of our new Unitarian clergyman, shall come first. As I now remember my first sight of her, at a neighbor's house warming where she was the life of the party, I still do not see any portents of the fascinatingly dangerous character she afterwards displayed. She was tall and slender, graceful very; and beautiful? I really cannot say, except that her profusion of golden hair certainly was so when she artlessly let it fall to the floor for the delectation of privileged callers towards midnight. Well, for a year or two I was Mrs. Guild's slave; by no means her only one nor were her slaves all of my sex. Some very discerning women were also fascinated; leaving her for the moment, I wish I could bring forth Lily Stone for my reader's admiration. Her husband, Henry Stone, after graduating at Harvard came to Waltham to learn the machinist's trade. He mastered it, and then rose to masterships in railroad management till he became one of America's foremost men. Then he was killed by the fireworks he was sending off for his children's joy. But to return to his charming wife, demure and gentle and lovely she was, and yet more high spirited than Mrs. Guild imagined. The two were apparently great friends. One late afternoon, lingering at the cottage gate Lily Stone was forced to ask Emma Guild to come in for supper. "But you have never wanted me to meet your husband." "Well, I do so not," said Mrs. Stone, somewhat defiantly. Henry Stone, tired with his long day's work had grown almost taciturn, and

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dependent upon his after supper nap. Sometimes, 'tis true, he and Lily would take a stroll before their early bedtime. But with Mrs. Guild for a guest Henry was charmingly voluble. And the hours flew by way past the machinist's regular bedtime before there was any move of their guest towards her departure. But when she did start Henry gallantly sprang forward as her escort. Till the door shut behind them Lily had been expecting to be asked to go along with them. Henry came back, not in the fifteen minutes that would have been sufficient, but two hours later. He never did it again! I did not hear of this before the Centennial Ball, when after the minuet Mrs. Guild and I kept on dancing together. I forgot all other engagements. My most serious default was in disregarding Lily Stone's request that I should dance with a Miss somebody or other who was her guest.

After this long prelude to my first Nova Scotia vacation it is high time to take the steamer for Halifax. It sailed from Portland, which gave me the chance of calling on the Hill family. But that call of mine had been absolutely forgotten by one of that family by the time I was admitted to the circle. There would be nothing of particular interest to others in what one remembers of his first sea voyage although such memories are far more distinct than those of subsequent ocean crossings. Nor will I insert here my first impressions of the city of Halifax, where I stayed only till the next morning's train on my way to Digby. My hurry to get there was largely due to my small amount of money which was made still smaller by the Canadian discounts. Except for invitations to any of my parents' family for visits in Digby to the Ranmonds and in St. John to the Cushings, such a trip as I was making would have been impossible. And even my traveling expenses must have been squeezed out of the family purse, only at the sacrifice of much else that would have been welcome. But my parents were worried lest the strain of my sophomore year (with half of it overweighed by having taken Father's school work) had been too heavy for me. And I guess they were right in believing I needed reinvigoration.

Both the families I was to visit had made our home theirs on different occasions when their children were attending the New Church School. And a few years before my mother had escorted Selina Raymond as far as St. John where Alvin Raymond met his daughter. This gave Mother the chance of visiting with Mrs. Andre Cushing who had become one of our friendliest friends. When I first visited the Raymond family Selina had married and gone. Her father was then a ship or rather a schooner builder. More cordial and pious folks would be hard to find. But Digby was slow and stupid. Croquet was the only excitement there. There were no summer visitors. It was nothing of a wrench to leave those kind people when the time came to take the steamer across the Bay of Fundy for St. John.

Dr. André Cushing met me on the wharf, as he had written that he would do, in answer to my question if it would be convenient for them to have me come for a few days visit. He had also written that they hoped my visit would be for weeks instead of days. And so it was, in spite of Mother's letters to the effect that she was growing ashamed to send any more letters to a son who evidently did not know enough not to abuse hospitality. But dear Mother did not know what a blissful time her son was having in the quiet peaceful home. Mrs. Cushing had died the year before. Her daughter, Rebecca, I remembered as one of our old school girls. But who was this other daughter, Lue who met us at the door? I could not make out. She took me to my room, made me promise to have all I possessed ready for the laundry. Her brothers, one of whom had also been one of our old scholars, might come

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home for a day or two, and a few weeks hence several of her girl friends might come. Otherwise, we should have to get along as best we could without special enliveliment.

The following days were much alike. Often Lue and I would start off with lunch basket and books for the spruces and hemlocks on the shore of Sand Cove. While she was knitting after lunch and I supposed to be reading aloud, sleep would overpower me. When evenings brought young neighbors in for music and dancing it was Lue who always played the piano. Anyone could see that one of these neighbors, George Dunn, was in love with Lue Cushing who was trying in every way to avoid being left alone with him. And yet he was a noble fellow, a Technology graduate, of her own age and now an expert lumber man or forester. One evening two sisters called, one Mrs. Fiske, young and golden haired, was in widow's weeds. I was pushed forward to entertain them. Why? Still more mysterious was it when once we had been talking about her mother to hear Lue say that her death had not been hard to bear. Harvard and especially with the Medical School to which I was looking forward. She had been for several years a pupil in a girl's school in Cambridge, but about even that she was reticent. Once when I was telling about a ludicrous incident at our Centennial Ball she burst out with unaccustomed laughter. She herself had seen what I was describing! But she had not meant to tell me that she was the Miss somebody or other, Lily Stone's guest, whom I had so shamefully deserted. And Lily Stone was to be one of the Boston girls that soon would be coming to St. John. Well, when at last I pulled up stakes it was high time I did. But I had gained a loving, life long friend. Of that I was perfectly certain.

Very soon after Lily Stone's return from her St. John visit I called upon her. After asking about the others she reminded me that I had not even mentioned Lue, and asked if I did not want to hear more of her history. If I did, she was commissioned to tell it. Here it is. Lue Cushing had been engaged to a St. John neighbor during his years at Harvard College and Medical School. This engagement, known only to the families and most intimate friends, was to be made public at a ball given in their honor. Lue's fiancé, now a doctor, had given her a pearl necklace, which he naturally expected she would wear at this Ball. But, as her mother did not want her to wear full dress, Lue had decided to reserve for some other occasion her first wearing of the pearls. When told of this, Dr. Fiske lost his temper, told her that if she was going to follow her mother's wish rather than his it was well to it so understood, and that what she wore at the Ball would decide their future. Lue did not see him again until at the Ball when looking furiously at her, he turned on his heel and left her. Lue's brothers were for murdering him, but she insisted that all the blame was hers. All she wanted was to be taken home. The young doctor made love fast and furiously to a young golden haired girl. Their marriage invitations were out when he wrote to Lue that if she would give him any hope even of future friendship he would run off to Europe and thus save from disaster the girl he had crazily promised to marry. Lue did not answer the letter. Shortly after his marriage Dr. Fiske suicided. It was his widow I had seen in St. John.

Letters, simple chatty letters from St. John did not mean much until the following June, when on my return from a week at Rockport for getting in shape for the impending finals, I found first a letter from Lue Cushing saying she was coming to Boston, particularly to see me. Next was a note from Boston, disappointed not to find on her arrival any word from me. Then, worst of all, a note that she had tucked under my door, asking if she were fated not to

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find me. I started at once for the home of her friends. The excited maid said, "Oh, Sir, she has only just gone, St. John is burning down." It was hardly a mile, over Beacon Hill, to the Eastern railroad station, and I had eight or ten minutes for it. I reached the station in time to see the train in the distance. Letters soon revealed the reasons for Lue's coming to Boston. She was favorable considering George Dunn's urgent suit, and she wanted to be sure that this would not be leaving me in the lurch. It was the over conscientiousness of one who had suffered awfully. For never had the least thought of claiming more than her friendship entered my head. And this of course, I told her. But the story does not end here. We kept track of each other. Her new home in the Aroostock, her babies as they came, I knew all about. After I became a physician I began having occasional professional care for the family, of the children, and then of the grandsons who are now beginning to bring to see us their wives and children. George Dun is still living and still sorrowing. When Lue died a few years ago he telegraphed asking me to conduct her funeral service at the Mt. Auburn Cremation Chapel. He said it was what she would best like. And I did the best I could.

My university course suffered another teaching interruption, this time for two years. And the vacation now to be described came in the summer of 1879, between two years of public school teaching. I had got into my head that some experience in roughing it was necessary for a man's development. From both my parents I inherited a love of the sea. They were born and their childhood spent much nearer the salt water than is Piety Corner, but this distance did not prevent them from frequent excursions to the shores of Boston harbor. Indeed, from the top of our Prospect Hill one could see the white sails on the dark blue Eastern horizon. Short trips I had had on steamboats, and I had a week once on a small sloop in Narragansett Bay, watching the yacht races for the America's Cup. But of the real ocean and real sailors I knew nothing. It was not easy to find the chance either as a paying or as a working passenger on any sailing vessels. But after many trials I found a schooner captain willing to take me if I brought my own mattress and bedding. He could not tell what the cost would be for it could not be foreseen how long the voyage would take. Here was delightful uncertainty. Could I be sure of getting back inside two months. "Why no." "The voyage up to the Bay Chaleur and back ought not to take more'n a month, but you can't never most always tell." The schooner 'Edmund' was brand new, loaded with corn for Halifax, whence in ballast she was to go into the Bay Chaleur for a load of grindstones for new haven. At noon, on the fourth of July, we sailed out of Boston Harbor. Before sunset we had passed Cape Ann, but there soon came a furious thunderstorm. Rightly deciding that this was the prelude to a Northeaster, which might land him on the George's' bank and certainly would do so if later he had to 'lay to', the Captain headed his vessel back to the lee of Cape Ann where we anchored in sight of "Rockend", our family summer home. That was a stormy year. After we had sighted Nova Scotia we had to 'lay to' in another storm, and it was a week before we sailed into Halifax harbor.

When I had been in that city three years before not a soul did I know there. On this visit, with letters of introduction from former Haligonians to their friends and relations, I was in clover. When I called on the Frasers nothing would do but to go back with Mr. Fraser to the schooner for my kit, and then to stay with them till my voyage should be resumed. Mrs. Fraser was surrounded by relatives and devoted friends in the city. Their only son had lately married against their will and was not estranged. This misfortune made them more ready to adopt me. Without attempting to set forth the rounds of calls we made, one call in

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particular deserves full recording. On that morning, as usual, Mrs. Fraser was having me for driver of her staid horse and comfortable landau. We turned into a shaded parkway heading up to a large old house. Mrs. Fraser, after telling me that it was a sort of private home for old ladies, of which she was one of the managers, introduced me to a fat old woman who evidently did not appreciate a young man's attempts to start conversation. Mrs. Fraser soon came to my rescue, and as we were leaving, asked me if I had ever seen Queen Victoria. "If not," she continued, "you have today seen her half sister." And then she told me this story: When Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, was Commander of the British forces in Canada, early in the last century, he became infatuated with his adjutant's daughter. The woman I had just seen was their daughter, who all her life was supported by the Crown. There was another child of this illegitimate union, a boy who had run away from his Halifax guardians, had become a sailor, and, although once returning to see his sister, had finally disappeared. A half century later when I was reading the life of J. Fenimore Cooper, I came across evident references to this lost sailor. Whereupon I wrote to the author what I had heard and whom I had seen in Halifax in 1879. He wrote back very kindly, "Doubtless you have the right solution." But when I met King Edward VII, I forgot to ask after the health of the illegitimate Aunt. If ever again I meet Wally's present husband (who was only a little boy in kilts when I last saw him) I shall try to remember my acquaintance with his ancient relatives.

From the hospitality of Halifax to that of the Schooner Edmund was quite a contrast. Again, as when Leaving Boston, too much bad liquor had been drunk during the week in port. Fortunately we got into the harbor of Little Canso before a severe Northeaster hit us. And again we were lucky to get inside the breakwater at the grindstone quarries in Chaleur Bay just before another storm. While loading there I could find no companionship. There was only poverty, drunkenness, and degradation, amidst which the few decent families lived in perhaps necessarily selfish isolation. The manager of the quarries did once ask me to a meal, but during it spoke never a word.

On the Sunday morning when we sailed to out the Bay no prospects could have seemed fairer. The fresh southwest wind was just what you wanted. Fortunately our captain was not caught napping; the glass was falling rapidly, he said, as he sent the crew aloft to furl topsails. Not content with that, the main and foresail were soon hauled down for double reefing. The only apparent reason for these precautions was a copper ski in the North, which was growing darker. For a few minutes there was a dead calm. Then the 'Norther' broke with a sudden fury that would have dismayed us had it not been for the precautions taken, it would have capsized us had it not been for our load of grindstones. As it was the schooner heeled over far enough to frighten more than myself before she got enough headway to mind her helm to head up into the gale. It was high noon and yet so dark one could barely see the bow as it rose up out of the boiling white ocean. Whether it rained or snowed no mortal could say, for the salt spray came over us in sheets. With the wheel hard down and lashed, all hands managed to furl the mainsail. Then all of us crouched in the cabin for the next 36 hours, while the schooner drifted to leeward. This was the 'Lord's Day gale' that wrecked the Cape Ann fishing fleet on the Northern shore of Prince Edward Island. 110 vessels were lost in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, less than 200 miles from where we were drifting.

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The Edmund came through undamaged, but so much off her course that we did not stop for provisions as intended, but sailed out into the Atlantic hoping within a few days to reach New Haven. Vain were such hopes. We were blown off our course by several more storms, which kept us 21 more days at sea. Short allowance of drinking water, no more potatoes, only salt port or beef to eat with new bake, half baked bread that was out fare for a fort night. Well, it was roughing it all right, and the fare corresponded perfectly with the foul language that was inescapable. I have ever since been skeptical of the reputed advantages of seeing and hearing the worst there is in this world, which after all contains so much of what is beautiful and admirable. One of the foulest mouthed or our crew was the red bearded mate. He could swear longer without repeating phrases than any one else aboard the Edmund. Once when he came near death I thought that he had reformed, but when he caught his breath his profanity became as continuous as his respirations. It was a foggy day, and we were making up for our drift way of the day before in our efforts to make a landfall and so get a point of departure before venturing across the gulf of Maine, that is the stretch of ocean between Cape Sable and Cape Cod. On that day the mate and the Negro-Indian were painting the bowsprit and I was at the wheel. When the Negro yelled, "Man overboard!" I almost instinctively and most fortunately hauled the wheel over to hard-a-let. The Captain, springing up from his nap in the cabin, began throwing overboard any loose stuff that would float. "The mate can't swim," he said, "and what shall I say to his wife and houseful of children?" While the rest of us were looking astern for the drowning man, he was dragging himself forward, from under the vessel, by the broken foot rope which he had clutched when it gave way beneath him. This would have been impossible had not the vessel lost her headway. As his dripping head appeared, his face pale to greenness, the Negro, thinking it was the mate's ghost, began to scream anew. When finally the mate's breath returned to him, his curses extended not only to the blacksmith who forged the bolt that broke, but also to the man's ancestry, posterity, neighbors, and fellow countrymen.

During the daylight for a week or so we tried to get a sight of the Nova Scotia coast that stretches 400 miles or so from East to West. With not even a sextant aboard the Captain was dependent for his position upon dead reckoning from his last landfall. But after repeated drifting in Northern storms, dead reckoning is practically worthless; and when our last sight of land was an angry ledge uncovered only in the white froth after the waves broke over it the Captain did not know within a hundred miles our whereabouts. And yet except for his superb seamanship the Edmund would not have escaped those breakers. It was late one afternoon when we had been sailing north all day with a fresh Northwest wind and all sails set. The Captain was determined to get a sight of land. I was the one who happened first to see the yellow green of the wave crests dead ahead. Ready about, hard lee, and we were on the other tack. The wind had been freshening and heavily loaded as the schooner was, she was as obedient to helm s the finest yacht. "Lucky escape that was," I said, but the Captain was more uneasy than I had ever seen him. Finally he said, "We are not out of it yet, those breakers were on the shore, but we must have come in between outlying ledges." Right he was, for soon came again the cry of 'breakers ahead.' This time it was the ledge, already mentioned as the last view we had of Nova Scotia. That night we began sailing West, and after narrowly missing the 'Georges' we reached Caped Cod and finally New haven with only a broken topmast as damages. At the Post Office there were no letters. So long overdue were we that all had been returned to their writers or sent

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to the Dead Letter office. This two months voyage cost less than ten dollars. It would have been my last experience in roughing it if two years later I had not undertaken a trip to Nova Scotia with my brother Arthur. Three summers I took the dear boy on such trips when he was thought to be convalescing from attacks of his manic depressive insanity. Sometimes the sea, which he loved, seemed better than any other environment for him. The first of these sailing voyages was only to Annapolis royal in an old packet schooner. The foulness of that cabin and its bedbugs cured me of roughing it. The Raymonds' had moved to Bridgetown and were building parlor organs instead of schooners. But they were just as hospitable and pious. Every person at the table was supposed to repeat a verse from the Bible before each meal. Arthur stood up to nobly for several days. Then he struck, saying his stock of verses was exhausted and he preferred life in the forecabin with the sailors. In after years he made many long sailing voyages, sometimes before the mast and again as part owner of the vessel and the captain's friend. But my subsequent voyages were on the less romantic steamers. One of these, with Arthur, was from Boston to Montreal, with a change of steamer at both Charlottetown and Quebec.

Our longest and best vacation together was in the summer of 1882. By steamer to Halifax and then by stage to Chester, and the comfortable homelike accommodations at Lovett's Hotel where we stayed for a month or more. I have always held that a change of people is as necessary as change of climate for a perfect vacation. On the ocean side of Nova Scotia one gets both. If the thermometer reaches 75 the natives call it a hot day. The nights are always cool. But the calm even temperament of the people is in still more welcome contrast to our hurried hustling ways of living. When the Nova Scotian answers your request for his opinion as to whether it will rain or not his, "I don't think," is the absolute truth; he don't. But perhaps none of those old Nova Scotians are left. At any rate it was a great disappointment, some for years ago, when I wanted to show off the old Chester's glories, to find modern hotels and country club palaces and golf links, instead of the old crumbling houses and tangled orchards and smelly fish wharves.

There were not, I believe, more than a dozen visitors in Chester the summer Arthur and I were there, and very soon we knew them all. But our greatest friends we found among the residents. Chief of them was Father McCarthy, the Roman Catholic priest. He was a charmer. And I have lots to tell about him. Capt. Mills became more particularly Arthur's boon companion. We hired of him a small sailboat. And there was a doctor who occasionally took me with him on his long drives into the backcountry. At the Lovett House we had for companions a Naval officer's wife, her two boys, and her sister. Fortunately I have forgotten their names. But we shall have to call that sister something. Let it be Miss Cincinnati, for that is where she came from. Now we are ready for a typical day. Shall we go fishing with Capt. Mills, or over to Father McCarthy's for a few games of tennis and then off with him for a swim. If we adopt the latter plan, just as like as not some Indian or half breed will come for the priest who then must saddle his horse and ride perhaps twenty miles, to shrive some old squaw on her deathbed. On the way he will make some missionary calls, and not till the next morning will he be back in Chester. By another evening he will be playing cards or dancing with us at Lovett's. Miss Cincinnati is teaching him to waltz. If the next day is too foggy for boating, then we can go off with shotguns after the crows or (I am sorry to say) gulls. If the next day's weather is sure to be fine, we will all go down the Bay to Mount Ashpotorgan (I don't know how to spell it) from the top of which a

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grand view of the ocean is promised. But when a few of us, Father McCarthy, the two Worcesters, and Miss Cincinnati reach the top, lo and behold, instead of any clearing there are only tall spruce and fir trees. "Well, let each take a tree and see from its top what we came to see." Never was a more foolish plan proposed. By squirming up between the dead branches one could get up among the green branches, which effectually prevented seeing anything. But when Miss Cincinnati began to descend there was such trouble as can hardly be imagined. For even had there been a movie camera focused on her would it be allowable to put her plight on the screen. As it must be remembered, this was the era of long skirts, when exposing even female ankles was taboo. So near sighted was she that without her eyeglasses she was helpless, and those glasses she soon lost. Then her hair came down and wound itself round the branches of the tree. Worst of all she could not make her skirts follow her legs as she pushed them down between the dead branches. No wonder that losing all self-control she became hysterical. Then it became absolutely necessary for us to untangle her. Father McCarthy took charge from above, I from below. While he unwound her hair from the branches, I pulled down one foot after another with scant regard for the tearing of skirts. She was afterwards too mad even to thank us. Never since that summer have I heard of Miss Cincinnati. But our friendship for Father McCarthy and his for us has been lifelong. On subsequent visits to Nova Scotia I have always hunted him up. This at first was not easy, for after that summer at Chester he was transferred to a parish of poor fisher fold, far removed from the danger of summer visitors. Then came his promotion to a large Halifax parish, and soon afterward to the episcopate. When I went to Nova Scotia to rescue dear Arthur after his paralytic shock, Father McCarthy, to my great joy, was on the train from Yarmouth to Huntsport. He was then a bishop, and it was thirty years after our summer together at Chester, but he had kept us fondly in his memory. He sent his love and blessing to Arthur, and would have gone on with me to see him except for his engagements. After another ten years we had another meeting, which was to be our last. I had always wanted him to meet my wife. Several times he had meant to visit us, but always something unforeseen prevented. And even our correspondence had become infrequent. On our last visit to the Maritime Provinces we made a detour to see father McCarthy, if that were possible. At the he front door of the rather tawdry "Archepiscopal Palace" in Halifax, when I asked of the grim doorkeeper if Father McCarthy was at home I was told that 'His Grace' was not in. When I explained that we were going that afternoon to Chester and we were hoping that he might also be going there, we were austere informed that His Grace had made his annual visitation there some months aground would not be going there again for some months more. I left a note telling His Grace that were he could also go. When we reached Lovett's Hotel, now a much more imposing structure, we were told that the Archbishop had just been there inquiring for us. He had not looked for me in the smoking car and as he had never seen my wife he of course had not recognized her. But where was he now to be found? Wherever we went the answer was, "No, the Archbishop is not here." Finally we called at the Retreat of the Faculty of the Washington Catholic College. The gatekeeper insisted that no woman was ever allowed even to approach the building, where on its piazza we could see a group of priests. It was not far away, and, joy? Father McCarthy recognized me, came running down to greet us, captured Mrs. Worcester, introduced us to the high and mighty professors, who were extremely cordial to the Archbishop's guests. He kept protesting against my reminders of old Chester days, and yet laughing with the same old gust.

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VI

Harvard Classmates

My recollections of classmates might easily fill a volume. I have always been glad that the class of 1878 was small enough for me to have had some acquaintance with all my classmates. Classes both before and after were somewhat larger. And yet our class was not quite double that of my grandfather's class (1880) sixty years earlier, while now, sixty years later, the classes are five or six times larger, each one of them numbering more than the whole college numbered in my time.

For this as well as for other good reasons I am very thankful for having been born when I was. As our class sat together in Chapel and often also in other required courses we soon learned to know each other at least by sight. Our seats were assigned alphabetically and we naturally made our first acquaintances likewise. Friendships came later, and often where least expected. Some say that the friendships made in college are the most valuable acquisitions of those years. If so, a close second in the list of values is the opportunity a college course affords of self-comparison with others of like age but of very different upbringing. And next to that I would not put the value of enforced companionship with those one does not like. Among such classmates to my great surprise I have found some who later have become dear friends, just as I have found some former friends to be no longer likeable. But in these reminiscences I shall speak only of those I hope to meet in the Great Beyond.

The classmate I most dearly loved was Edgar Hamilton Nichols, facile princeps. The beauty of his face and form and character left nothing to be desired. So easily came his marks of 100 that perhaps because he hated to be considered a 'did' he was almost ashamed of them... Even 'Benny' Pierce gave him that topmost rank in celestial mathematics. As adept in the water or on the ice, so he also was in helping his mother with her housekeeping. And withal never was there a heartier lover of fun. Laughing when breath failed us. And somehow when together we always encountered the ridiculous. Many such incidents I might and some I must relate. After hearing an eloquent speech at a Phi Beta dinner we afterwards came across the speaker at the railroad station. But who was the venerable old fellow? Having decided to find this out, we told him how much we had enjoyed his speech and wanted to know his name. Evidently mistaking our ignorance for an insult he roared at us "A. Bronson Alcott!"

Our encounter with another distinguished creature was even more embarrassing. While visiting at Edgar's home we accepted a supper invitation at Mrs. Hobson's cottage on Old Orchard Beach. Arriving there rather early we were told to take a swim, for which no bathing suits would be necessary. We could just dash out of the house and back again without meeting anyone. But on our return from a long swim we met a somewhat scantily clad old woman just as she was wading into the ocean. What could we do? Noticing a dory hauled up on the bench not far away, we began our splashing sprint for its shelter. The angry old woman chase us, and because of the shallower water that she galloped in, she overtook us just as we reached the dory, in which she had left her wraps. Tableau vivant.

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We did not ask her name nor she ours. But at supper we were introduced to her, the high and might Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A few years after our graduation, Nichols nearly lost his life from a septic operation. I was then for a time his night nurse. A braver and less complaining patient I have never seen. When his end came, some years later, it was sudden and painless. To him it was given to die in his prime, and yet to leave this world bereft.

Another high scholar of our class was Ernest Upton Waters who met his tragic end a few weeks before he would have been our commencement orator. He was one of my most intimate friends. As he had to earn a considerable part of his college expenses, as a meat carver at Commons, or as a private tutor it was a wonder he came so near being at the very top. In those years a student assigned for a commencement part was excusable from his last 'forensics' provided that before a certain date he handed in a copy of his proposed oration. This he failed to do, although working at it day and night through the spring vacation. I had been copying for him his first draft. But even that was not yet finished and he had reached his limit. I went with him to the College Dean to beg for a few days grace. "Do you plead sickness of my mind," was his answer. "Well," said the Dean, "That kind of excuse cannot be accepted." This was a crushing blow for the poor fellow. That night he became delirious, and a fortnight later died in an insane asylum.

When I was sent for by the Dean for an account of what proceeded Water's collapse, I reminded him of what he himself had said. To President Eliot I also gave the facts. Then, to my astonishment, came the President's public report of the case, in which the tragic death of Waters was ascribed to his over exercise on the river. I did not know that he had been anything of the kind. For the next quarter century I took care never to meet President Eliot, but when I could not help so doing we immediately became the best of friends. And, as I afterwards learned, Water had been rowing over violently some weeks before his collapse. And I also had come to realize that his mental breakdown began long before his interview with the Dean. His inheritance was unfortunate. His parents were estranged. After his death it became necessary to have an administrator for his estate, and then to sell his small effects. His mother and sister especially wanted his manuscripts, poems and his drawings, some of which were very lovely. Hearing of this, Professor Norton authorized me to buy them and as he was about sailing for Europe he gave me a check duly signed and made payable to my order, but with the amount left for me to write in. That was just like Norton. But the old Boston Bank when I presented the check did not like either the looks of it or my explanations. That was for me *unmauvais quatre d'heure*. But finally my story was believed, and the sisters got what they wanted. As I pass by Mr. Auburn Cemetery I always look through the fence to see the marble shaft (purposely broken, short of its due height), which marks Waters' grave.

Henry Sylvester Nash joined the class in our sophomore year. He was thin, homely, and threadbare, yet almost from the start he became our hero. At his Memorial Hall table our first scholar, who prides himself on his freedom from 'religious superstitions' suggested as the reason for the greater piety of Athenian men and of Christian women the opposite sex of their respective divinities. Nash immediately rose from his seat and quietly said that he could not help feeling what had just been said was disrespectful to his Lord and Master,

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and he therefore must ask that the remark be withdrawn or else that he be excused for leaving. The remark was at once and handsomely withdrawn. The two classmates became good friends. And at the end of the year Nash won the highest rank. I did not see very much of him in college or in his first years at the Episcopal Theological School. But, fortunately for me, he began his ministerial work in Waltham as an assistant in Christ Church. I was then a schoolteacher and we had much in common. My parents also became fond of him and he of them. But when having finished his schooling he first appeared in clerical garb there was a certain unusual tension at our supper table. But the thin ice soon gave way mid shouts of laughter. When Nash told us how thankful he was at having passed the last examinations he should ever have, my Father asked him if he did not think it would be more becoming in 'in one of the cloth' to remember our real 'finals.'

Harry Nash was a great scholar and nevertheless a great preacher. Not by eloquence but rather by almost rudely simple phrases he could appeal to consciences however smugly barricaded. For example, at a mission service, after the hymn "O that I could read my title clear to mansions in the skies", Nash asked me, "Would you really rather have such a title as that or the tile of a house here on the river bank?" For the last years of his life he worked to the very last of his body's ability. I had the privilege of staying with him in the last days. At the very last he asked, "Will it be much longer?" He was terribly tired. When I answered, "No, it is almost over, is there anything that you want?" His children were suffering from having nothing to do. I am sure that it was in recognition of this that he whispered to me, "Tell them to sing for me a hymn." This they did, and before the hymn was finished he had drawn his last weary breath.

In these sketches of my most intimate classmate, it may seem that I myself was a high scholar. Not so. I was barely in the first half. And it was only just good luck that so many of the first scholars were my friends, for otherwise I should never have been elected into the Phi Beta Kappa. Their kind excuse for it was that had I not been away, school teaching for half of the sophomore year, I might have won high rank. But I have never felt very comfortable about it, for such elections rob the next of rank who might otherwise get what they have rightly earned. And in fact such favoritism is no longer allowable.

Harvard has never had such large and powerful 'societies' as other colleges have. And in my time classes were pretty evenly divided between society and non-society men. I do not know that I should have been elected into any of the societies even if I had not been so poor of purse, so out of athletic, and also out of college in the half year when such elections are most common. But of this I am certain, that I never want any such election. The only election that I ever did want came to me, that of life membership in the class committee, of which I am now the only survivor, that is of those first elected.

In thinking of classmates who have gone on ahead, there are many charming fellows whose full-length portraits would embellish any history of the class. I shall give just a few snap shots.

George H. Browne will always come into mind when remembering Nichols, his partner in founding their school. He also was a high scholar. At times he was overflowing with fun and good cheer, at other he was pitifully depressed. His is largely the credit for keeping

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skating in fashion long before rinks and artificial ice were invented. My snap shot of him is in one of Harvard's old time torchlight processions. The drum corps (of 100 drummers, no one having ever performed before) has gone by, so has the nightgown brigade, and now comes '78. When a foul mouthed mucker among the bystanders launches some disparaging remarks just watch Browne as he swings his torch, a Kerosene can lamp, smash against the mucker's ugly face. Then watch Browne as he angrily accuse the mucker of having ruined the torch.

When our class entered, Harvard athletics were at low ebb. To general surprise our freshmen teams and crew won over Yale. This was in large measure due to the extraordinary force and skill of our captains, Thayer and Bancroft, who were soon chosen as University captains. Fred Thayer was to go on for several more years winning in baseball and so was 'Foxy' Bancroft on the river. Thayer was certainly the most popular fellow in the class and probably also in the whole college. Let's get a snapshot of him. It is his first varsity game against Yale. He leads off at bat. The Yale pitcher, evidently afraid of giving him a fair ball, gives him instead first base on called balls. While Thayer is trotting down to first the catcher throws a practice ball to second, which the second baseman muffs, but while he is recovering the ball Thayer passes first, scoots for second, slides and makes it. There he sits apparently oblivious of the general pandemonium. Perhaps my younger brother can recall what one of my effervescent classmates kept yelling for the next few minutes.

On our freshman ball nine Johnny Holmes was the catcher. To prevent loss of front teeth from foul tips, catchers used to clench between their teeth big chunks of India rubber. Soon Fred Thayer's invention of the wire facemask would come into general use. But in our snapshot of Johnny Holmes this rubber mouthful seems to add to his fierce determination. At any rate he caught more foul tips than had ever been heard of before. This alone would have won for him the fond distinction in which he was severely held by his classmates. But he had still other claims. He was always either in scrapes or convalescing from them, always either flush of money or (with allowance exhausted) desperately working to catch up with his classes and to pay his debts. In neither of these activities did he ever fail. He came from Cincinnati, where one of his closest friends was Bill Taft who went to Yale. But he was so popular also at Harvard that we elected him an honorary member of '78. Even when President or Chief Justice he always answered class notices. On one occasion I had the privilege of his company for several hours between his formal college engagements of forenoon and evening. Johnny Holmes had died some years before, but his old chum held him in fond memory.

Lewis Hancock from Texas was Holmes's Harvard chum so I shall snapshot them together, after one of their occasional mixtures of too much alcohol with too little noonday meal in Boston. For fear of meeting professors or proctors in the horse cars they had taken a train for Cambridge, which either did not stop there or, if it did, failed to rouse them from their after noon naps. ? At any rate when they awoke they were in Fitchburg, forty miles from Cambridge. Having decided to go back in style, they hired a horse and buggy. But the horse balked. Now is the time for our movie camera. Hancock is gently urging the obstinate horse, when Johnny snatches the whip and lays it on so artistically that (as is afterwards averred by both) a welt was raised directly from the horse's left ear to the right

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side of his tail. Quick now, camera! For the scoffing crowd has to leap aside as the startled horse plunges forward. Away they go and as they turn the next corner only one of the four wheels is on the ground, and (as Johnny Holmes was willing to take oath) that wheel was on a bull pup.

It would be manifestly unfair in any college reminiscences to dwell upon the scrapes of one's classmates without mention of the writer's own. So I might as well acknowledge that I was never an 'intemperate abstainer' from whatever is drinkable. Moreover, my student years were prior to prohibitory experiments. Saloons were all kinds of beverages were purchasable lined Harvard Square. They afforded convenient meeting places for committees or editorial boards, as well as for purely social groups. Wine or beer was freely offered by our professors at the entertainments they gave us. I remember Professor Farlow's astonishment when entertaining his small class of cryptogrammic botany students, to find that Ernest Waters neither smoked tobacco nor drank lager beer. Timidly offering to him crackers and cheese, Farlow hoped Waters had no scruples against either. This was all so quaintly said by one of the world's most famous botanists that peals of laughter followed, none louder than came from Waters.

There was little excessive drinking in these ordinary meetings, but at class dinners and on Commencement Day there was plenty of it. Customs and habits and standards undergo tremendous changes. Thus, in my Grandfather's time at Commencement Harvard College provided on Cambridge Common free rum for the populace. In my time President Eliot was begging us to leave spirituous liquors out of the class punches. This request was ignored. Each Class had inherited the recipe for its punch from some preceding class, which was to have no more meetings. Great secrecy and rivalry resulted between classes regarding their punches. At Commencement it was dangerous conviviality to visit in turn many headquarters of the classes, as I once found out to my shame for two of my classmates, Brown and ever faithful Henry Wood, had to lead me off the field. As I remember very little about it, I have had to accept their account of my escapade. I can only hope that if I made my usual visit to the lass of '55 it was early in my circuit. For those venerable men (among them Robert Treat Paine, Cousin James Reed, Phillips Brooks, Edwin Abbot et al) had adopted me on the ground of my having been born on their class day. And they had given up rum from their punch. I hope I made no comments on their mixture of claret and ice water. In fairness, to myself, it should be put in the record that this was a very hot day, that I had been out all night and had had no breakfast. At our class meeting that noon, before any luncheon was served, there was the punch, one small glass of which and it was all up with me. Afterwards, acknowledging my mortification in a letter to the chairman of the 'Parietal Committee' I suggested that the request be made to all class secretaries that on future Commencements food be served before the punch. Whether or not it was from my suggestion, at any rate such immediately became the custom. During the National Prohibition era, Commencements were as dry as Sahara. Nor have they since the repeal ever recovered their old time jollity. There was something in old time beer parties, and punchbowl gatherings that modern cocktails have not replaced. But when I remember some of our class dinners in earlier years I cannot escape the conviction the gains in drinking customs outweigh the losses. Drunkenness was then not uncommon among the students. Now it is almost never seen. And even if that is partly because it is nowadays

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more concealed, even so, that in itself is a distinct moral improvement. For what has to be hidden is on its way to actual disappearance.

The necessity for utmost frugality saves a student from many temptations that beset his richer classmates. And I do not know which to credit more for my escape from ruin, my lameness or my lean purse. It was no detriment that I had to do my own housework, entirely at the Moore's the first year and afterwards partly so in college rooms.

I had drawn at the bursar's office 'Hollis 22". But for my sophomore year, I sublet the room to classmates. For my last two years of college that dear room was my home. Its two windows, with their deep seats, looked out upon the 'Class Day Tree'. It was a large, square, bare floored room with a small closet, a small grate for coals in place of the huge old fireplace, long since bricked up. I brought from home all the furniture except the carpet which the salesman (who know how his fellow townsmen were pinched) rightly prophesied would serve later in our Waltham home. That carpet was a necessity and my only questioned extravagance was an eight-dollar 'Lazar' hearthrug. My defense was that it was the cheapest in the store, and that it would save the carpet. The room rent was \$60.00, the tuition fee \$150.00, and board at Commons between \$4.00 and \$5.00 a week. Books and fuel, and kerosene for my 'German Student' lamp cut heavily into my funds. But my expenses in none of my college years exceeded \$500.00. As I was there two years after I was twenty one and as my inheritance from Grandfather Ruggles sufficed for only one of these years, I considered that I owed my father for one year of college after I had attained my majority and his freedom from responsibility for my further support.

Although our college accommodations would have seemed luxurious to our earliest predecessors, yet in some respects we were no better off than the students a century earlier. For example, in default of any water supply in old Hollis, we had to go for it to the pump in the Yard or, after a further journey, to the basement of Holworthy where there was a sink as well as other toilet facilities. As the entries were unheated, the stairways in winter were icy generally and perilous enough for a fellow without his pail of water from the pump. For those who could afford such service there were choremen available. But such richer students were more likely to apply for rooms in newer buildings, where living conditions were not so primitive. Of my classmate next door, Harry A. Wood, I am prevented by my own restrictions from telling about his kindness. For he still is near at hand, and helpful as always. Across the hallway and in the corner room of the second floor, North entry of Hollis lived Mr. Harding, our genial proctor. He never bothered us, however much noise we made and he was the last man I should have wanted to disturb as I once did. This was the way of it. At some convivial I must have had a glass too much of some delectable drink. But that I was not drunk my story will show. For when I searched my pocket without finding my latchkey I was not in the least dismayed. My plans took no time at all to form. The first step was immediately taken: it was to wake Mr. Harding and tell him just how he could help me get into my room. He seemed at first incredulous and reluctant but soon surrendered to my eloquent plea. Our windows were not too far apart, and there was on the walls of Hollis between the windows, a brick projection designed for beauty rather than for traffic. All that I asked of Mr. Harding was to let me hand on to him with my left hand, while, clinging to whatever my right hand could reach. I should toe my way along the brick ridge until I could get hold of my own windowsill. Then he could let go I could raise the sash and climb in. The

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plan worked to perfection. Lighting my lamp and calling out to my kind proctor that I had found the key in the other pocket of my trousers, I sank into my one comfortable chair in perfect peace. I may even have slept for just a bit. But when I made ready for bed I found that after all my door was not, and had not been locked. In my joy over this discovery, I could not help again waking Mr. Harding to tell him. This somehow seemed to exhaust his patience, for he suggested that I should shut up and go to bed, which I did. He never forgot that episode. And in fact, without his memory of it, I should have sometimes wondered if it was not all a dream. Especially would this doubt have arisen when in later years I have looked up at those windows and the narrow brick ledge, at most two inches wide, which once served as my bridge.

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VII

Enforced Vacations

My narrow escape from appendicitis was only one of my escapes from serious danger. In the summer of 1874 during a baseball match, my last game, I broke the extensor muscles in my left leg. Not only the muscles but the nerves and blood vessels were also ruptured and my leg turned blue and black. Although packed in ice for some days amputation was feared to be necessary. However six weeks afterwards I was able to enter college on crutches, but I never recovered the ability to lift my toes from the ground. Ever since then I have had to walk by tilting the pelvis to lift the flopping foot. The next autumn instead of returning to college I had to substitute for my father, during his typhoid fever, as principal of what was then the New Church School in Piety Corner. It was no easy job, and besides that I had to keep up with my college classes. One November day I ran a mile race with the boys who were fitting for college. I had not taken any vigorous exercise for over a year, but in spite of my flopping foot I could run and I was bound to beat them, which I did. But the second wind I was hoping for never came. When I managed to get back into my schoolroom I noticed my stiffening hands turning blue. Calling another teacher to take my place I started on the long journey homewards. It was really not more than an eighth of a mile but as my legs were stiffening and growing more numb it seemed as interminable distance. With great difficulty I succeeded in opening the front door and staggering into the hallway. By that time I was coughing up froth and panting furiously. A hand basin was soon half full with the pink froth. My mother sitting beside me on the sofa was holding my wobbling head. Then I swooned, but I heard my mother say, "He is gone." Then came the most wonderful experience of my life. Distinctly but as if through the wrong end of an opera glass I saw my body resting in my mother's arms. I myself was far away but in perfect peace. Never since that day have I been confused as to the difference between my body and myself. Gradually I re-entered it and the suffering was over. I remember hearing the doctor say it was congestion of the lungs. Since then I have learned to know how rarely one recovers from such acute pulmonary edema. The trouble was with the overtaxed heart, which on many occasions since then has threatened to stop working.

The next narrow escape from death came in 1882 from dissecting room poisoning and consequent erysipelas. For a week I was too delirious to know much of what was going on. That really was a dreadful experience. Intolerable thirst, and for a considerable time my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. Of course I could not tell them. But once in my agony, while no one was standing by, I reached out to drink from a basin of disinfectant solution. Then came a furious nosebleed which I have since thought saved me. At any rate, my consciousness then returned and I felt my face resting against my father's neck. I was again his little child and in his loving arms. I lost all my hair at that time and months after when I went back to the medical school and my classmates asked, "where in Hell have you been?" My only reply was that I had been there.

Many years afterwards came another narrow escape from a failing heart (1916). Knowing that I was in sore need of general physical overhauling I had made an appointment for it with my friend, Dr. Roger I. Lee at the Massachusetts General Hospital. The night before, there came a hard forceps delivery for one of my obstetric patients. After my bath and

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breakfast I started with my automobile for Boston. In the deep slushy snow I had to change a tire that went flat. And changing tires twenty years ago was not such a simple job as it is now. When I reached the hospital I was glad enough to throw myself down on the sofa in the doctors' waiting room. When I waked Dr. Lee and several others were examining me. They told me that I must go at once to bed in the hospital and that they would send for Mrs. Worcester. I protested that I would go to bed only after I had gone home and told her and turning over my patients to some other doctor. I even refused Dr. Lee's kind offer to take me home. A day or two afterwards I went to the Robert B. Brigham Hospital where there were Waltham nurses. There, under the diagnosis of acute Desquamating erythema I grew sicker and sicker. Dr. Rollin T. Woodyatt, one of my dearest friends from his babyhood, came on from Chicago to see me. He insisted upon x-ray examination of my teeth, which disclosed several abscesses. On my return from the x-ray room in moving me from the stretcher to my bed I fell senseless to the floor. That morning the nurse had called for help because I had fainted when she lifted my head to change the pillow. The doctors had laughed at her. But when she screamed again for them while I was on the floor I remember hearing her saying indignantly to the doctors, "Now he's dead, you will believe me." It was several hours before they dared lift me from the floor and meantime Mrs. Worcester had been summoned to come as quick as ever she could. This time not my head hair but all of my beard came out by the roots. Convalescence was slow and it was many months before I could resume my practice. Even then it was difficult to escape the constant watchfulness, which really was no longer necessary. I do not know that I should ever have succeeded in escaping it had I not volunteered for surgical service in the World War. The surgeon general replied that I was the oldest doctor who had applied. I was then sixty-three, eight years over the limit in this country, although in England the limit for army surgeons was seventy years. But the surgeon general said they were glad of my example and would call me for any service that seemed fitting. Soon came the offer for Major's commission in the army and service in Switzerland in connection with the Red Cross. That story has been told elsewhere.

Accidents I have often had from runaway horses and later from automobile collisions. But the most serious accident came in 1934 when I fell on the rocks at Rockport and broke two of my vertebrae. That damage, however, was not discovered until two months afterwards, when I came under the surgical care of Dr. Seth M. Fitchet. Since then I have had to wear iron corsets. But I count myself very fortunate to have survived the accident. For the first few days after it some of the five doctors who had been called did not expect me to recover and for one day I myself shared that expectancy. My life was saved by Dr. Baker's hypodermic infections of digitalis.

I have always been glad of these experiences, hard as they were. It has seemed to me that I could better understand and sympathize with my patients. And one of the precious results of such experience has been that it not only has taken away from me the fear of death but also has replaced it with pleasurable anticipations. When near to death I have seen such beautiful colors and have heard such grand music as I have never heard from the organ. I have yet to hear the grand and last Amen, but I am perfectly sure that it will be glorious.

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VIII

The Harvard Medical School

In the autumn of 1881 when I really began my medical student ship the regular course was for three years, with a fourth year as an elective. The School was then housed in an old brick building on North Grove St., where Professor Webster murdered Dr. Parkman nearly forty years earlier. In the basement of the building the janitor, Jim Skillings, lived with his wife and children. On the west side of the building was a lean to shed with skylights. This was the dissecting room, which ordinarily would be used only by first year students. But owing to the sensational investigation of the State pauper asylums by the notorious Governor Butler, there had been a great outcry against the further use of paupers' bodies for anatomical studies. This had occasioned a shortage of material and consequent delay for students in making their required dissections. Except for this blockage I should have had to do my dissecting with first year men and thus have missed the close comradeship of Leonard Wood and Oscar Pfeifer, my new classmates.

The dissecting room in those years was a more horrible place than medical students nowadays can imagine. There was no embalming then. Nor were the 'body snatchers' always successful in getting bodies very recently buried. The stench of that room was so penetrating that a complete change of clothing was absolutely necessary before mingling with people possessed of any sensitiveness. How then could I manage to do my dissecting and yet go to the private schools to lecture four times a week? By doing the dissecting at night was the only answer. And this could be arranged for with Jim Skillings, the janitor.

I was again living at the old home in Piety Corner, where we children were always especially welcome when in need, sickness, or any other diversity. But it was necessary also to have some room in the City for daytime use. Henry A. Wood, now a fourth year medical student kindly took me in, for a small share of his room rent. The teaching for that year was mainly by lectures, generally solid but substantially what could as well be found in textbooks. Dr. R.H. Fitz's course in pathology was an exception. He really taught his students to observe and to describe what they observed in specimens of diseased organs or tissues put before them. But as yet there was no instruction in microscopic pathology. Professor Dwight was also a stimulating teacher, with his new 'frozen sections.' I had missed hearing Liver Wendell Holmes' inimitable lectures on Anatomy, but I could get their flavor when the rumor circulated that some special topics would be discussed by the Autocrat. On such occasions the old amphitheater would be packed with students of all classes as well as old graduates. His audience was never disappointed. But his wit was not so spontaneous as he would like to have it appear. Moreover, as evidence of its polish, there was always a double or second pun or other witticism to look for when laughing over the first. For example, when speaking of the rounded cushion stump of the soldier's amputate thigh he said, "How can the surgeon fail to acknowledge there's a divinity that shaper our ends." And then, bowing to the surgeons on the front seats, he added, "rough hew then ass we may."

It was somewhat strange that till the last the old professor continued to repeat year after year jokes that, to put it mildly were too coarse for his students; notebooks. And yet there

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was no mistaking his genuine reverence for our Creator and also for what is finest in man and woman.

Although some of the lectures were rambling and dull enough, yet there were also some that were models of clarity. Professor Cheever's lectures in surgery and Professor Wood's in Medical chemistry stand out conspicuously in my memory as great examples of the didactic lecture. And it now in looking back at those years I do not distinguish between lectures properly belonging in the second year and those of the third year, it is because being unable to attend what I should (because of my own forenoon lectures in the girls' schools) I used to slip into the lectures or conferences belonging by rights only to other classes. Except for that habit, I should have missed entirely not only Oliver Wendell Holmes but also Calvin Ellis, the master diagnostician and Henry J. Biggelow the grand surgeon. This would have been a grievous loss, such as only the few of us not living who heard and saw those giants can realize.

By working night in the dissecting room, or rather until just in time to catch the 11:30 train for Waltham, I had just finished the required dissections of the would body, first on one part and then of another while one's comrades in the squad made corresponding shifts, when I was overwhelmed as I have already told in my chapter on Enforced Vacations.

In those years, long before the Roetotgen rays revealed the bones previously hidden within the flesh. It was almost an imperative necessity that every surgeon should have a skeleton in his closet. Otherwise, when treating injured bones he would have no way of refreshing his memory of their normal shape and structure. But as properly cleaned and mounted skeletons cost a good deal of money, the only way for impecunious medical students to get them was either to clean or hire someone else to clean the bones left after the dissections had been completed. There were two ways of cleaning these bones. One, the framer's boy way, which Jonas Clark adopted, was to leave the bag of bones in a running brook or in an anthill for perhaps months. Another way, which I adopted, was to hire Jim Skillings, the janitor to boil the bag of bones surreptitiously. Where he did this night boiling I never knew. But under his instructions I hid my bag of bones in the closet in Professor Bowditch's laboratory. In some way, never explained, instead of being taken away that night, these stinking bones were left for the justly indignant professor of physiology to discover. I do not know how long this was after their concealment. Nor was it ever explained why Jim Skillings forgot to take them as he had agreed to do. Perhaps he was waiting for me to remind him the next time I came in. But that, as little imagined, was not to be for several months. I do not know the day of the month it was when I gave up to a severe infection. But it was on Ash Wednesday. For it was at Trinity Church that I first realized I was a sick man. When Phillips Brooks went down from the pulpit I thought it strange, for I had not heard his sermon although standing opposite as usual and leaning against the fluted column. What I did for the rest of that day I do not know. I doubtless should have gone home, had I not waited for darkness to hide that bag of bones. I was very conscious of an ugly and painful swelling under my jaw, and on account of that I left the Medical School I called on the Interns at the Mass General Hospital. One of them, Ally Wakefield, a dear fellow I knew well, said the swelling must be lanced. Whipping a knife out of his pocket case, which of course had never been sterilized, he soon found my condition more serious than was expected. I must go right to bed in the hospital, he insisted, but I was obdurate. And with face poulticed and

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head bandaged I managed to get home. I remember deciding upon hiring a hack when the train reached Waltham, but there were no hacks at the station. And it surely was a long mile walk, and a long night, and a long sickness that lay ahead of me. My one fearful worry was about those bones. I tried to explain my danger of expulsion if detected but I was too delirious to make myself understood. Even by Henry Wood who came out to help. In my delirium I was put on trial by the Medical Faculty. Jim Skillings declared he knew nothing about the matter. My attempts to explain were scouted. "Did I not know that I had endangered the health and perhaps the lives of the whole physiological department, and could I presume ever to be allowed to practice medicine after disclosing such disregard of sanitation?" With such accusations ringing in my ears, no wonder I was in utter despair. And even after my convalescence was assured I by no means was so. When in the late spring, In May I think it was, I made my next visit to the Medical School I found on the bulletin Board this notice. "Whoever recently left a bag of bones in Professor Bowditch's laboratory is directed to call at the Dean's Office." As this notice was dated way back in February, it seemed needless to heed it, especially as Jim Skillings begged me to let the matter rest. He had already had enough bother about it, he said.

Again my mother and sister came to my aid in copying for me my classmates' notes of lectures I had missed hearing. With this help I succeeded in cramming for the finals and passing them. I had had barely five months in the Medical School, but I was not a full-fledged third year student. I had not however yet recovered health and strength enough for summer courses or for anything more than a real vacation. My teaching work in the girls' schools had been taken for me by a classmate, Bob Greenleaf. But I was to retake it in the fall.

The third year in the Medical School was to prove as I had expected more interesting than the earlier years. For students now came into direct relation with the living, for which all previous work upon the dead was merely preparatory. Of course from the very beginning of our medical studies we had been occasionally seeing patients in the clinics and also in the hospital beds, as we walked the wards in the train of the Staff Doctors. And even while in college we had occasionally tested our nerves to see if we should faint when watching from the high seats of the amphitheater the bloody work of the surgeons. My father had been able to stand steady in watching such operations at the Massachusetts General hospital even before ether was used there. But he could not stand the stench and horrors of the dissecting room, whereas just the opposite was true of Uncle John. But this watching the work of others, be it surgical or medical, is very different from undertaking it oneself. In earlier times young doctors learned the art of practice as apprentices to masters of it. And to a certain extent such was the custom in my student days, and so it is today where hospital internship has become a universal requirement in medical education. But practically I had very little of such instruction during my studentship. I should have had many more chances for beginning practice under the oversight of my teachers, had I taken the elective fourth year, very probably. And certainly I should have had such opportunities had I taken an internship in the general hospitals. Therefore it would be very ungracious of me to disparage the School where I spent so little of my time. During the first year as I have said, I was in attendance for only five or the nine months session, and as I shall soon explain, for only six of the nine months of the third year. As this sums up, I took only about 1/3 third of what the School offered. Moreover, during these eleven months I was giving

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four lectures each week in the girls' schools. As I look back my only wonder is that I have the Harvard Medical School to thank for so much of what has been of most value to me in my practice. It was no small advantage to have sat at the feet of such great teachers as Fitz and Elliot and Maurice Richardson and Fred Shattuck. Others there were like cousin Tom Rotch, very kind but saying a lot about very little. Some like good old Reynolds were very entertaining and sometimes instructive. But by far the best of this third year was, as I have already initiated, in the few opportunities afforded for personal responsibility in the treatment of patients, perhaps in the clinics, perhaps in their impoverished homes. One such history must suffice for illustration. Obstetric students were assigned in turn to attend childbirth cases where no fees could be afforded. My first case was that of a misshapen girl, a rag picker by trade, illegitimately pregnant, homeless, and yet befriended by a family consisting of husband and wife, both rag pickers and two little children all living in one small room. It was mid winter. During the girl's labor, which lasted several days, the man out of delicacy and hospitality slept in a coal cellar, although there were two makeshift beds in this kitchen home. When the baby was born, it had small chance of survival, for which the poor mother was not sorry. How could she be? But I somehow could not bear to let that baby die for lack of nourishment even if its mother had none to give. And so I went to the Infants' Hospital Tom Rotch and a Dr. Haven had started on Blossom St., where Annie Bush was the matron, to ask if I might bring the baby there. With her assent I went back for it to the kitchen home. It was bitterly cold that night. But I held the baby inside my Ulster and so kept it from the freezing cold, but when I reached the hospital it was dead, Annie Bush was kind enough to break all rules and let the little corpse stay there for the autopsy I was insistent upon having to make sure the baby had not died from suffocation. That was proved and also that from its birth there had been no hope of its living longer than it had. The poor rag picker and her kind friends were thankful all was over and no undertakers to pay.

I had applied for and had been assigned to service, as house officer in the Boston Lying in Hospital after this third year's session should have ended in June. This service was then for periods of four months, two as Junior and then two as Senior House Officer, as house physicians then were called. To my consternation I was sent for by Dr. W.L. Richardson (Billy) towards the last of March and told I must take the service then or never, as death of his father and the other for some equally sufficient reason. At most I could have only two days, instead of two months, and that, too, without any immediate prospect of having a Junior's assistant. As I have published an account of the conditions in that hospital during my service there, in these reminiscences I shall recount only my more personal experiences.

Again I had to turn over my classes in Miss Ireland's and Miss Wesselhoeft's Schools to a substitute teacher. My work in these schools as I look back at it brightens the whole picture. Among the alert, responsive faces of those scholars I can still distinguish some particularly beautiful, some radiant with happiness, some over thoughtful and conscientious. Probably these memories are tinged with what happened afterwards in their lives; certainly this was true in two cases where fatal accidents occurred. It was not only in class work that I knew Miss Ireland's girls. She and I evolved a scheme for keeping watch over the physical development of the girls. We started a small gymnasium, with apparatus for posture correcting and for all sorts of measuring the size and strength of

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muscles and lung capacity. This was an innovation in girls' schools, but a sort of copy of what Dudley Sargent was doing at Harvard. But we went further. Miss Ireland announced her decision not to promote girls who failed to make physical as well as intellectual progress. This amounted to not letting such girls continue in the School. The first test of her convictions could not have been more embarrassing, at least to me. For it was one of Dr. Cheevers' daughters who not only failed to improve but even to hold her own. Dr. Cheever was my professor of surgery. I merely one of his medical students. His reply to Miss Ireland was to this effect: that he had not noticed his daughter's failing health and was grateful to her School for having called it to his attention. That letter was an immense relief to us.

At about this time I sent to the 'Popular Science Monthly' an article advocating similar measures in all schools. In it I no doubt credited Dr. Sargent with having begun such physiological measuring at Harvard. At any rate he soon asked me to call at his rather sumptuous rooms on Beacon Hill. After complimenting me as the writer of the "the first public approval of his methods' he said that he had been asked by Cornell University to nominate a professor of physical education, that the salary the first year would be \$2500.00 and that he wanted to nominate me. When I stumbled out my thanks for his flattering consideration of my abilities, he added in lower tones that he should expect to be paid one half of my first year's salary for having nominated me. I have ever since regretted having simply said that I would consider it. My only excuse for this politeness it that I was partially stunned.

The toughest experiences of my life came in the spring of 1883. The Lying in Hospital was a ghastly place. And it was grievously wrong to the patients to put upon me so heavy a responsibility for their escape from the deadly sepsis of their environment. My two days service under a senior house officer barely sufficed for learning my way around the two old tenement houses, which had been made into a hospital. Most of the patients were septic, some of them hopelessly so. The treatment then in vogue was barbarously ineffective. To have kept on admitting new patients as was done for several weeks longer, was simply criminal. It was then as it is not a baffling mystery why Dr. W.L. Richardson so contemptuously disregarded what the must have known of the communicability of puerperal fever. The only answer I have ever been able to imagine is that, having so often boasted that the hospital (which had several times been closed on account of sepsis) had never been closed during his own terms of visiting service, he was willing to risk more patients rather than his record. Why then did he leave the hospital in charge of a medical student who knew nothing about such infections having had only three fourths of the one-year's course of instruction then given in the School of Obstetrics? Was it form fear of carrying the infection away with them that no previous house officers could be found willing to go back there for service in this emergency? This supposition is borne out by the way the hospital was shunned by other physicians of the staff, and even by Richardson himself who never touched a patient on his hurried rounds of the wards. He merely looked at them and gave his orders. Occasionally he stopped long enough to blame me for what was happening, sometimes speaking before the patients and nurses of my "damned foolishness," and sometimes leaving the inference that the deaths of mothers or babies were my fault. I can remember no instance of any instruction or of any encouragement from him during that frightful period. At last came the order to take in no more patients

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until after the hospital, as fast as rooms were emptied, could be renovated. By that time I was a wreck. Not for weeks had I had a decent night's sleep for I was on 24 hour duty and it was a rule that the house officer on night duty should leave his room door open so that the nurses could have easy access. And, after on fright for having given the wrong order when only half awake, I kept the morphine bottle under my pillow, to count out from it what the nurse might properly give. Had I also kept the wine and spirits in my room I might possible have also prevented their abuse. As may be inferred from this, the nurses were not all dependable. Not one of them had ever graduated from a training school. But there was enough good material among them to make later a fair beginning of a school.

When the order arrive to close the doors of the hospital there came with it the announcement that for the next two months I should be demoted to junior service under a classmate, Cogswell, who was to have two months as senior. This was a staggering blow. It did not seem bearable. Cogswell would know no more that I knew a month before, and yet, I should have to work under his orders. It made it no easier to have him promise not to interfere with my running of the hospital (a promise he faithfully kept) for I knew his good-natured laziness. The injustice of it was what rankled. In my distress I went home to ask my father if I would to be justified in resigning. Father and Mother were out in the peony garden when I told my story and cried like a small child. Father would not give direct advice, he merely asked if resigning would not seem like admitting more than I believed was my fault for the necessity of closing the hospital, and, as a still more searching question, if I felt that the patients still in the hospital would not suffer some loss from my desertion. That settled it, and thankful as I should have been for a night's rest in the dear old home, back I went to the stench and turmoil of the hospital.

The work or course grew lighter as the patients gradually left, some of them dead, most of them woefully weakened by their fight against the pestilence, and a very few who had miraculously escaped infection. As the wards emptied they were painted and refurnished. But alas, when after a few weeks, new patients were admitted, the very first one immediately became septic.

During the hospital's closure, and also during my demoted service as junior, I had enough leisure to read classmates' notes upon lectures I had missed hearing. But I was so poorly prepared for the finals that I hardly expected to pass them. To my surprise I did so. And, as an illustration of the worth of them as tests of knowledge or ability, my mark in Surgery (of which I knew nothing) overtopped Pfeiffer's mark by as much as his mark in Obstetrics topped mine. Whereas he had won a surgical internship in the Mass. General Hospital and had been doing fine work there while I had been at the Lying In.

I had expected to take the fourth year elective course and supposed that I was so registered. I therefore was surprised to hear from classmates that my name was listed among those who were to be given their degrees of M.D. the next day at Commencement. It must be a mistake, I felt sure, for I had not taken all the courses required, but I went out to Harvard on the chance, and was handed my degree by the President. It was many years afterwards before I dared to say out loud that my degree was given to me for eleven months work in the Medical School. But such was the fact and I was thus graduated in the same year with my college classmates who had taken the fur year course in the medical School

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and also an extra year of hospital internship. In view of their superior education I have pretended to self-congratulation that I have not had to forget half so much as have they of what is obsolete.

Buy the first of July, when Cogswell went and a fine fellow Daniels, came as junior, the hospital was in good order. The sunshine and corrosive sublimate had triumphed over the insidious germs that caused such havoc. But before describing my self-imposed summer tasks it is not unfair to tell more about Cogswell. He was never straightforward but always kindly and jocular. The patients like his jollyng. So did the nurses. And he did his work fairly well although always behindhand. As an illustration of how little dependence could be put on his work of sense of duty, once when I asked him if I might have the next evening off, as I had been invited to the theater he said, "Oh, certainly, I shall be here on the job." Well, off I went to escort Miss Ireland, who had the tickets for 'Othello'. Salvini and Booth were to play respectively as the Moor of Venice and Iago. Our seats were far front in the Parquet. To my consternation one of the Venetian gentlemen on the stage, (who in spite of wig and bear resembled Cogswell) Looked directly at me, yes, and gave that long, drawn out wink which was one of Cogswell's unique characteristics. The next morning he casually remarked, "Gee, when Othello was dying his face turned so black it frightened me, but after the curtain fell and he lay there motionless I sure thought he was dead." It was another instance of his luck, in getting by, that there had been no calls for doctors that evening, either for our own patients or for those in the poor quarters of the city who were being attended by medical students.

But such luck, together with unreliability does not last a doctor long. And it is not a surprise to find against Chas. H. Cogswell's name in the Directory of the Massachusetts Medical society 'Deprived of membership, for delinquency of annual dues.' I looked in the Directory to find the date of his death. It is not given.

The records of the Lying In Hospital had been kept during its dozen years in cheaply bound books. Some of them were already falling apart. But their lack of usefulness was principally due to their lack of indexing and to the absence of diagnoses. If information were wanted on any subject connected with the hospital's history, the wonderful matron, Mrs. Higgins, could generally supply it. And if the question concerned any particular complications she could generally name the patient who had had similar trouble and then make a good guess as to the year and volume of the records where further particulars could be found. To supply the needed index and the lack of diagnoses was a bigger job than I foresaw. Some of the handwriting was bad, some of the ink had faded, and worse yet some of the clinical records had been so poorly written that it often took hours, where minutes ought to have been enough for the proper indexing of the case. Nor was it a simple task to decide upon the criteria for making the different diagnoses, and having so decided, to make permanent record of the same, for the guidance of future house officers, both in the compiling of their own and in the use of these records. It was a hard summer's job, and I counted myself very fortunate in having finished it before my hospital service ended. To my surprise Dr. Richardson in his report of that year gave me special commendation, and in subsequent years he always was very friendly. I have many times wondered if because I neither whined nor kicked he never realized that I felt he had given me a raw deal. I may have been mistaken, but I never trusted him, and some twenty years later when a

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professorship in the Medical School was offered to me, President Eliot asked if it was true that I had said I would not take the professorship while Dr. W.L. Richardson continued as Dean of the School, and, if so, what were my reasons? I could only answer that I had said it and for the reason that I never felt I could trust him. Whereupon President Eliot said, "I understand what you mean, but you need have no fear of him. One of his traits is his quickness to get up on the band wagon." This professorship 'died-a-borning', and by the time I became a real professor Billy Richardson was out of the running.

My interest in the training of nurses began when Dr. Richardson told me that I was responsible for the nursing service at the Lying In Hospital and that it was up to me to fire the nurses for any disobedience. The relations between the nurses and some of my predecessors had been demoralizing, to put it mildly. One of my classmates who had had service there warned me against the high temper of Miss M., one of the head nurses. His complaint was that while giving a sponge bath to a patient she had suddenly slapped his face with the dripping sponge. Long afterwards when we knew each other well I asked her if his story were true. "Yes." She said, "but it was not for anything he did nor said just then, but for familiarities attempted previously which the patients had seen." No comments are needed. From the very first I made myself very unpopular with those nurses. When they came into my office and seated themselves I at once stood up. Instead of directly correcting or criticizing them, or even arguing with them, I made my complaints to Mrs. Higgins, thus promoting her from the position of housekeeper to that of matron in fact as well as in name. Then began a real row. The nurses presented their ultimatum, signed by all, to the effect that in as much as I had shown myself unwilling to discuss our differences, they would henceforth report to me only by writing. That, as I believe, was the beginning of the now universal practice of having all medical orders written as well as all nursing reports. At any rate, from the Lying In the practice soon spread to other Boston Hospitals. My first written order was for the nurses to assemble for a weekly lecture. In spite of Dr. Richardson's scoffing I kept at this kind of teaching, that is, of explaining to the nurses the principles underlying their practices. I gave them examinations, and I corrected their clinical reports. In all these innovations I had hearty support from Mrs. Higgins. She was a wonderful woman in spite of her native habit of dropping her "h's". She was a well-trained and accomplished midwife, a masterful housekeeper and accountant, and withal equally endowed with kindness and common sense. We became great friends. In after years she came out here occasionally and was very much liked by all. When she died I had to have someone else appointed as her executor, as I was soon to leave the country in the Red Cross Service.

Towards the end of my term at the Lying In the nursing service there compared favorably with that in other hospitals where there were regular training schools. At the Boston City Hospital where I occasionally called, Henry Wood introduced me to Miss Linda Richards who was starting the training school there just as before she had done at the Massachusetts General where Anna Maxwell was now in charge, who, by the way, had asked me for private lessons in anatomy, which I was too busy to give. She was wonderfully adept in overcoming her lack of early education. Her first acquaintance with hospitals was as a young girl when she was employed at the New England Hospital for Women and Children as a doorkeeper. It was there that her brightness won for her admission to the training school. She afterwards, at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York became one of

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the leaders of the nursing profession. As goes without saying, she was entitled to all honor on her successful climb up, but she was always a pretender. For example, when I first knew her, she could not write a polite note, but she knew enough to have in her secret employ one who could, and Miss Maxwell's notes were greatly admired.

She had taken into her school at the Massachusetts General a sister of the housekeeper, a pleasing, well-educated girl who unfortunately was also a cataleptic. I had seen her when, motionless, for day after day, in apparently perfect suspended animation, her eyelids if opened would stay open even if her eyeballs were tickled with a feather. Her legs and arms would stay in whatever position one placed them. Well, one day at the Lying In Mrs. Higgins came to me in a great state of mind saying she had admitted as a nurse that Miss Cataleptic whom Miss Maxwell had been obliged to discharge. I said that we could do nothing about it, and that perhaps she would never have another fit. But one morning several of the nurses came tumbling downstairs from their dormitory in the attic crying out that Miss C. was dead. They said afterwards that I went up the stairs provokingly slow. Then, to their amazement, I banished them. I talked to the apparently lifeless girl very plainly. I told her that instead of sending her off in the ambulance to some other hospital I was going to keep her and try to cure her of these attacks, which I believed were partially her own fault. I told her that no one should come into the dormitory for the rest of the day, that she would not be put on exhibition as she had been at the Massachusetts General, and, finally, that I wanted her to get up, dress, and come to me in my office. I gave orders accordingly. A few hours later Miss C. came to the office. When I asked her what she came for, she said that in a dream she had heard someone tell her to do so. She became an excellent nurse and I never heard of her having more attacks.

Obstetrical nursing had outgrown traditions of inferiority to other kinds of nursing. The old fashioned 'monthly nurse' was often good at housework, but as opinionated as she was ignorant. The less education they had the more likely would be their implicit obedience was what I was told when I began giving the Lying In nurses lectures. Before that time no graduate of nursing schools ever thought of taking a post graduated course in Obstetrical nursing. The Lying In Hospital nurses after a certain number of months had been given certificates of competence without ever having heard a lecture, read a book, or had even the semblance of an examination. In fact, besides Miss Nightingale's famous 'Notes' there were no books for them to read. My 'Monthly Nursing', which was practically the lectures given in the Lying In Hospital, and published three years later, if not the first, was one of the earliest of textbooks on Obstetrical Nursing.

The effect upon the nurses of this attempt at systematic instruction exceeded all anticipations. They began asking for more. The School had begun. When the time for my leaving was near at hand a note came to me signed by all the nurses asking me to give them my last evening. They had arranged a dinner and some sort of entertainment. And they gave me, with their good wishes, a beautiful umbrella. I still have its ivory handle with my name well marked upon it. Several times the rest of it has been renewed, but I am still as proud of it as I was when bringing it home that last night of August in 1883.

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IX

Tuberculosis

Although tuberculosis has seemed to be disappearing during my lifetime, it still is the largest cause of death in this country. Probably it is as prevalent as ever, but under modern treatment of the disease there is far greater prospect of cure, which accounts for the lessened mortality. This first sick call I remember having made was upon Ruth Green, our former nurse girl. I was then just short of six years old. The cottage where she lived was perhaps a half-mile away. I always in passing it think of that thin, pale face. She was dying of 'consumption.' So at about that time was cousin Mary Carter, for whom Father made a 'water bed.' I remember his working at it in the big room where I was supposed to be asleep in my 'trundle bed.' Do small boys have trundle beds nowadays, I wonder? Waterbeds, no doubt, have gone out of existence. And yet they were a great comfort to bodies so wasted that the bones were almost if not quite breaking through the skin. The waterbed was a bed shaped box with a rubber sheet cover over the water, so firmly cemented to the box rims as to be watertight. Our waterbed was moved about for one dying patient after another. Clumsy contraptions such beds were, but I doubt of any of the modern beds are more comfortable. It is curious that the infectiousness of tuberculosis was not recognized long before it was. For it was not unusual to have a whole family in succession perish from the disease, perhaps within a few years. I suppose the infection was not suspected because its ravages were generally so long hidden. I can think of two neighboring large families who all died of consumption during my boyhood. And in going back of my time to my Grandfather Worcester's family, I find that in the few following years after he took in for the winter his poor older brother, with his sick wife (who by spring died of consumption) my grandmother and Aunt Elizabeth died of the same disease. Three young women cousins, who often were visitors in that house, Sarah and Cornelia Hobart and Mary Carter, soon followed Aunt Elizabeth, dying of consumption in their early prime. That seems to have been the end of the infection in our family for forty years or more.

Mother was a 'neighbor night watcher. Her children were will used to her absence at breakfast time and to her coming back either with the glad tidings that a child is born, or the sad news of some neighbor's death. As soon as I could be trusted to drive any of the horses it was often my good luck to drive off with Mother to some farm or downtown home. On her neighbor watching trips, perhaps once or more a week in turn with other volunteers, for several months where one or more of the stricken family were slowly dying of consumption. These victims might be of all ages. One was a boy playmate of mine. Others whom I remember were young men and women in the prime of or less frequently old folks, because there were fewer of them. In all these early memories I can find no suspicion that the disease was due to an infection. Those already infected were considered 'predisposed; to consumption. When their coughs persisted, it was because o their sensitiveness to cold or dampness or night air.

In the Medical School the use of the stethoscope and methods of palpation and percussion were taught my by Fred Shattuck. At his first lesson, in the Good Samaritan home, he told of his wise old teacher who insisted that doctors before touching their patients should always ask for a basin of hot water to warm their hands. It was my first lesson in the old art

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of practice. But when it came to my turn, as the last of the section, to examine a very sick consumptive girl, instead of percussing her sunken chest to elicit its flat or cavernous sounds, I asked her if she were not very tired. And after her feeble "yes," I only pretended to examine her. I carried some flowers and an orange to her the next day. That was her last. For learning the different sounds of the lungs and heart which disease causes I was not unwilling to examine patients less near their life's ending. Many of them I felt thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Since those years the X-ray pictures and the electrocardiograms have given us more reliable data than our ears gave us.

The special hospitals for the tuberculosis were only homes for the dying. There was not pretence of any hope for the recovery of those admitted. In fact their hopelessness was a requisite for their admission. As yet there was not the faintest hint of the infectiousness of the disease. But it was also well known that some consumptive patients made miraculous recoveries. Uncle Luther Clark, one of the earliest of Massachusetts's doctors to adopt homeopathy, was supposed to have lost one lung by the disease. In his last sickness, when I was his doctor, I found he had two good lungs. Generally where these miraculous escapes from death occurred it was in those who fled from city to outdoor life. And it was being more widely believed that special climates favored it not recovery, at least delay in the progress of the disease. Cousin George Richmond, after his pulmonary hemorrhages had to go to Florida for the winters, while Dr. Fan. Adams went to Minnesota, and later to Colorado, and Dr. Trudeau to the Adirondacks.

Perhaps it was because of less drugging and more fresh air for consumptives, but more probably because of factors not even yet apparent, that the mortality ratio from tuberculosis had been diminishing for several decades before Koch's discovery of the germ origin of the disease. And still more mysterious is it that after this discovery the death rate from tuberculosis in comparison with that from all other causes stopped decreasing. Hopeful progress towards the elimination of tuberculosis was thus delayed until, amid our disappointment regarding special antidotes and cures, modern sanatorium treatment was evolved.

My own hopefulness for the cure of consumptives began when Vin Bowditch, on his return from visits to the German sanatoriums, told us of their marvelous results. He and Bob Lovett were all afire for the establishment here of a sanatorium. They hit upon Sharon as the place for it. But they dared not begin until they could raise much more money than they had in hand, about \$30,000, as I remember it. In their discouragement I took them over Waltham's new almshouse to show how much could at that time be built for what they had. Dear Vin As long as he lived said that Waltham started their Sharon establishment, which was a great success. It was then proved that by proper sanatorium treatment, that is, by rest, food, fresh air, and sunshine, incipient tuberculosis can almost always be cured, and that's more often than not, moderately advanced cases can be arrested.

Without attempting to tell my story in chronological sequence, I must reveal one of the greatest of my disappointments. Disregarding what I had learned from Vin Bowditch about the efficacy of sanatorium treatment, I clung to the hope of finding for tuberculosis as effective antidotes as Behring's antitoxin is for diphtheria. I had not even taken a peep at Detweiler's sanatorium, where Vin Bowditch had learned so much, but when within a few

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miles of it, at Frankfort, I had gone, instead, to the Bruning establishment to find more about the manufacture of tuberculin and how I could get it in the United States. I had seen the beneficial results from its use in the wards of the Charité Hospital in Berlin which had been set apart for Koch's patients. In Dresden, where I had been working under Hesse on the diphtheria bacilli, I had come across my classmate, Holden, (whose botany book had a green cover) who insisted upon serving as my guide. He certainly knew where the choicest Salvator beer could be found. He was living there with his wife and children. Knowing that above everything I wanted to get into Koch's wards in Berlin, Holden insisted upon going there with me. And without his help I never should have attained my objective, for Koch had become so angry at the treatment he had had from the newspapers that he would allow no visitors. But one of his colleagues in the Faculty was an American dentist, to whom Holden had paid slews of money in the not remote past. At the dentist's office, where I was introduced in most extravagant terms, Holden casually let fall that it would be a great favor if the dentist would introduce the distinguished Dr. Worcester to the dentist's distinguished colleague, Professor Koch. The dentist's embarrassment was as evident as were his doubts if it were possible. But he would try. The best chance lay in a series of calls, where I should be introduced to various associates of Koch. Off we went. Holden had lived in Germany long enough to acquire fluency without the impediment of grammar. It so happened that there was in session at that time a National Congress of Doctors. To this we must go. The hall was crowded. But nothing fazed Holden. Brushing aside all in our way, he marshaled me down to the platform where I was welcomed as a distinguished visitor from America. Our last call and the most important was upon professor Brieger, who had made for Koch, as he had for Behring, the chemical investigation of toxins and antitoxins. He was very friendly, took me at once into the Charité wards, introduced me to the doctors in charge, and gave orders that I should be shown everything about the use of tuberculin. I could come and go as often as I pleased through Koch's private doorway. I did not see Koch, who, if reports were true, was in hiding with an actress who had captivated him. But day after day I saw and examined Koch's patients and their records. And I became convinced of the curative value of tuberculin. That conviction I have never lost.

Before this trip to Germany in 1894, I had been treating tuberculosis patients in the Waltham Hospital by the Carasso method, which can for short be called the peppermint cure, for the inhalation of vapors including that of essence or oil of peppermint was an essential part of the treatment. For a while I believed our results justified the continued use of the method. But I became somewhat skeptical when it was insisted upon by Boston specialist that equally good results might be expected without the peppermint from the sanatorium treatment my patients were having.

After my return from Germany I at once began giving tuberculin to my patients. The gist of this treatment is the immunization of patients to tuberculin, which is the poison exuded by the bacilli. This immunity is produced by the gradual increase of the dosage. Great care is necessary in the employment of this method as an overdose may kill the patient. Several times, by the mistakes of the nurses we narrowly escaped disasters. Had I been thinking of my record's favorable showing, I should not have adopted this treatment in several cases of advanced tuberculosis, and yet in two of just such cases where I did give the Koch treatment, the patients are still living after more than forty years of usefulness. While in the midst of this kind of work I had the sorry luck to hear of the presence in this country of Dr.

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Edwin Klebs, the discoverer of the diphtheria bacillus. I also heard that he and an Asheville, N.C. doctor were manufacturing a new kind of tuberculin, which they called antiphthisin, safer to use and even more efficacious. It cost more, and I had to beg from my friends the thousands of dollars I paid those two scoundrels for their worthless stuff. But in my indignations my pen is going too fast. Let me go back a bit to when I wrote to Klebs asking him to visit Boston and make our home his. This was after I heard he was in Philadelphia but must go back to Asheville for the celebration of his wedding day, October 19th, which was the same as ours. According to arrangement we met the Professor and his wife at the South Station. "No, we have no checks for our baggage, but a good friend of ours in Jersey City promised to put it on the train for us." Well, there is no need of trying to tell what we did with that pair. They afterwards wrote that their Jersey City friend, for fear they would lose their baggage if they took it to Boston, had stowed it safely in the cellar of his saloon. Klebs had been a professor of pathology in towards a dozen different medical schools. Koch was making a lot of money from tuberculin, but Klebs was making nothing for having discovered the diphtheria bacillus. Behring had all the profit from the sale of its antitoxin. It was easy to sympathize with the poor old professor. Having heard that Dr. Councilman had been helped by Klebs when in Zurich, Mrs. Councilman died, I asked him to join me in entertaining my visitor. He agreed and arranged for an exhibition of Klebs's marvelous skill in making an autopsy. I told some of the company not to laugh at his clothes, as that would hurt my feelings, for not a stitch had he on that was not borrowed from me/ the same night have been said by Mrs. Worcester of what Fran Klebs was wearing. Dr. councilman warned me of Klebs's unreliability. "Too bad he's so poor after all he's done," councilman stuttered, "we ought to start a subscription for a monument for him and put him under it." I ought then to have stopped buying antiphthisin. But there were my patients whose faith in its efficacy was pathetic. What could I say to them? Among them was my cousin Charles Pomeroy Worcester, one of the very finest of men. As chemist for the State Board of health he had been exposed to laboratory infection from the tubercular bacilli, and his disease was progressing rapidly. He was spending the winter in the Adirondacks and depending upon the antiphthisin I was sending to him. Again, I am heard in my story, which I must interrupt to tell of my appointment in 1995 as one of the trustees of the Massachusetts Hospital for consumptives. Before this hospital began I made a trip of inspection of other hospitals. In Alabama I found Arnold Klebs, the son of the old professor, carrying on a marvelous sanatorium at Citronelle. He was not using antiphthisin, and yet he was too loyal a son to tell me what he must have known of the fraud. But when I went to Trudeas's sanatorium at Saranac Lake I was shown by Dr. Baldwin proof of the absolute worthlessness of antiphthisin. Then, after a long sleigh ride across the mountains to Keene Valley, I had to tell Charles the facts. He was such a gallant fellow, so perfectly unselfish, that instead of taking his own disappointment to heart he was thinking only of mine, and that, too, when I had to take from him his last ray or hope. Until that day he had supposed that he was recovering. His last few weeks a few months later were full of suffering borne without complaint.

The Waltham hospital after patient endurance of peppermint fragrance and of the crowding by my tuberculosis patients had been obliged to turn us out or rather to give notice that, unless enough money could be raised for building a special ward for the purpose, no more tuberculosis patients would be admitted.

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In other attempts to raise money as for building the hospital and the Training School for Nurses I succeeded. But in this attempt I failed. At one time my hopes were high. A rich widow who heard of the need came to look over the ground. She talked with several of my patients who would have to be sent back to their poor homes. Then she asked me, and was told, what a new ward would cost and also how large an endowment would be needed for the permanent support of the work. Then she said I should soon hear from her. The next day her attorney called me on the phone to say he had been consulted by one of his clients about giving something to the Waltham hospital and he wanted to let me know that this client just now had over a million dollars which she did not know what to do with. He also said that she would be more likely to give largely than a small amount. The next day when Her letter came my knees actually shook. She said she hoped god would aid my noble work for the sick and poor, and that she took pleasure in sending her contribution. Her cheque was for twenty dollars. I was checkmated: I had to acknowledge having been misled by Carasso, and then by Klebs, and to have been convinced that only in a hospital would it be safe to continue the Koch tuberculin treatment. And now I was to have to further hospital facilities.

It was during these years of rising and falling hope of finding some quick and sure way of curing tuberculosis patients that I was watching Vin Bowditch's successes at Sharon and deciding upon following his lead, so far as I could persuade my colleagues on the State Commission too so. When that Commission first met, to be sworn in by Governor Greenhalge who had appointed us. I remember feeling an instinctive dislike for Dr. Carolin. As I afterwards learned he had been a favorite neighbor of Ben Butler, the worse governor Massachusetts ever had until the Curley-Hurley era. Carolin had been one of butler's appointees on the unsavory Tewksbury Almshouse Board lately legislated out of existence. He was evidently a four flusher (whatever that means) and a disagreeable one at that. Of the three other trustees, the chairman, John C. Hammond of Northampton, was a tricky politician, suave and of superiority pretensions. Calvin Coolidge was a junior in his office and an apt imitator of Hammond's pretended Puritanism. Another of the trustees was Fred Percy of Brookline, a doctor not at all proud of his homeopathy, a Yale man, hearty in all his ways. The remaining trustee, Esleek of Holyoke, was an inoffensive paper manufacturer and a great admirer of Hammond's supposed superiority.

This commission had been created by the Legislature for the erection of a State hospital for consumptives to die in. That was the real purpose, but of course not stated. We soon found that the sponsors of the Act expected the hospital to be built it not in Boston at any rate in its immediate vicinity, for the convenience of the politicians and the doctors and medical students. I found myself the only one on the Board who believed in the curability of consumption even in its incipiency. My colleagues knew nothing of the German sanatoria nor much of Dr. Bowditch's success at Sharon. They were thinking only of another "Dr. Cullis's Home" to be supported by the State instead of by Faith, hope and Charity.

While the selection of site was under discussion Bob Greenleaf, one of Boston's younger doctors, and since college days an intimate friend of mine, urged me to look at a hill in Rutland, which he had lately seen when riding by on his bicycle. I soon went there and was likewise charmed with the location. In the town of Rutland then there was also an old fashioned inn, famous for its fare, and as another attraction there was a jolly Irish

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blacksmith, Peter O'Connor who as livery man, used to meet the trains and tell us about everybody and everything in the town. With one after another I went there until all agreed upon Rutland as the place for the first State Sanatorium in this or in any other country of the world for the cure of tuberculosis.

In buying the land for the Sanatorium, which was generally only the pastures and woodlots of the farms, we had all sorts of experiences. I remember one old farmer who saddled his shaggy furred horse and in a snowstorm took me on a hike around his far. In making our bargains we were under instructions to get options and receipts for whatever amount of gold was wanted in partial payment. Only once did we meet with such obduracy that we had to get special act of the Legislature for the taking of that farm by eminent domain. But a more disagreeable experience awaited me for having bought from a good old farmer and his wife the option on as much of their backland as we needed for the filter basin of the Sanatorium's sewage. This was necessary because the site selected was within the Metropolitan Water Supply area. The old couple was perfectly satisfied with the bargain, but was prompted by bad advisors not to fulfill their promises. This gave me a bad half-day in the County Court where their attorney, who was notorious for his bulldozing, browbeating tactics, showered upon me such a torrent of invective as I never met with before nor since. I looked in vain for help from the Judge and the district attorney who had been assigned to my defense. By the time of the noon recess I was a wreck, but I was cheered up by a message from the Judge to the effect that he was sorry he could not ask me to lunch with him at the Club. When Court reopened it was evident that my waspish prosecutor had lunched more abundantly than wisely. He could not seem to remember where he was. When he 'rested; and my attorney rose, the Judge declined to hear a word in my defense. He instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the State, which of course exonerated me.

The Trustees decided to ask several architects for plans, each Trustee nominating one. My nominee was Wm. Atlinson who had planned the Waltham Hospital. Carolin's nominee was W.C. Chase. The final choice lay between these two and Chase won. The general layout of his plan was better than Atlinson's, and he was willing enough to adopt suggestions for its improvement. My engineer brother having pointed out that Chase's flat roofs would not carry the load of the usual winter's snow, furnished proper plans. My father also bettered Chase's plan by suggesting that, instead of a long, straight corridor with wards at right angles, the corridor be curved to conform with the contour of the hill and with the wards radiating from it. But by no modification of the site selected was it possible to save the finest patch of high bush blueberries I ever saw.

With plans accepted and contractor's bids coming in, no storms seemed to be brewing, and yet, there was something ominous in the calm. On several occasions when I entered our office those there stopped talking and in such confusion that it was perfectly evident I was not in their confidence. Finally, I demanded an explanation, whereupon Carolin dramatically jumped up, hauled out from behind my desk a roll of blueprints, and began screaming out his accusations that I had been secretly conspiring with Atkinson and others to discredit his friend, architect Chase. After he stopped for breath, I told them that I knew nothing about the blueprints, that I had not hidden them, that while Mr. Atkinson had several times called by appointment it was merely to save his longer trip to my Waltham office for medical advice, and finally that they must send for him and ask if my statements

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were true, or I should leave the office never again to meet with them, or to have with any of them any further intercourse whatever. They tried to smooth it over, but I was inexorable. They had to send for Atkinson, whose office was just round the corner. When he came in he was asked what the blueprints were. "What I submitted in the competition," he answered, and then he said he had never seen them since, had never talked with me about Chase's plans and work or heard from me anything about it, and that his calls upon me were solely for my medical advice. Then my colleagues, Carolin most vociferously of all, began to apologize for having mistrusted me. I was too hurt and angry to be anything more than barely civil about accepting their apologies and in fact I never again felt quite the same towards any of them. But as for Carolin, after curtly refusing his invitation to a 'harmony dinner where such viands and wines as I might never have tasted would be served.' I simply could not have anything more to do with him. His term of office was soon to expire, and if he should be reappointed I made up my mind to resign. Roger Wolcott was then governor. One day he called me on the phone to ask if I had been correctly reported as intending to resign if Carolin were reappointed. I could say only "yes," but that I had had no idea my intention would be reported to him. When he asked my reasons I told him of Carolin's accusations and also of his invitation to a harmony dinner. I also said I might be able to forgive hostility but not the offer of chocolate creams. "I understand," said the Governor and in place of Carolin he appointed a real man, W.E. Parkhurst.

As the sanatorium drew near to completion the organization of its administration became our chief concern. We were required, as I believe by the Legislature, to give the homeopaths an equal share in its management. At any rate Percy and I had no difficulty in proceeding on this basis, and our colleagues were perfectly willing to adopt our recommendations as to the personnel. The visiting physicians would of course be the most important factors in forming the character and reputation of the Sanatorium, and of next importance would be the Medical Superintendent and the Matron.

Percy's nominee for the visiting homeopath was a Dr. Clapp, who did very well, for as no medicines are needed in modern sanatorium methods there can be no objections to homeopathic pills. My nominee was of course Vincent Y. Bowditch. With much difficulty he was persuaded to accept. It was for him a heavy draft upon his limited stock of strength, and, as an interference with his private practice, a sacrifice of income, for the State salaries was very moderate. When he finally surrendered to what was urged upon him as his public duty, he threw himself into it with all the ardor he and his family have always shown. It is not too much to say that he was by far the most important factor in the immediate success of the Rutland Sanatorium. And yet, as I shall tell later on, he was displaced by a scheming, insinuating doctor who was generally disliked before and afterwards hated by his professional brothers. One of these, old John C. Blake, won wide applause because, when Dr. Otis came into the electric car and sat beside him, he jumped up and left the car with, "Damn you, I won't ride in the same car with you after the way you treated Vin Bowditch."

Percy nominated for Medical superintendent W.J. Marclay, who proved a great success, both as an administrator and as a doctor who with the interns ably seconded Bowditch. Twenty years afterwards when Marclay, who had also made a great success of private practice and public service in Minnesota, came to my relief in Switzerland, it was like a repetition of our work together in Rutland. I had decided to spend Red Cross money in the

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future there in the Sanatorium treatment of all tuberculosis patients belonging to the United States or any of our Allies, instead of doling out to such patients enough for them to continue living in boarding houses or with private families as they were doing and thus endangering the Swiss population. There were several hundreds of such patients. The Sanatoria of that country internationally famous, were on the verge of financial ruin. The way was clear, but it was only one of my undertakings. I kept begging for a medical assistant. After many weeks the Paris headquarters asked if I would be satisfied with W.J. Marclay, who, as it developed, had been kicking his heels in Paris for weeks if not months looking for a job. He at once took the whole load off my shoulders, and staying there after I left, he finished it in good shape.

But we must go back to the organization of the Rutland San as it soon began to be called. It was for me to nominate the Matron, and I persuaded Miss Mary E. Thrasher to leave the Matron ship of the Elliot Hospital in Keene and come to Rutland. She was a graduate of the Waltham training school. When I first knew her she was a 'finisher' in the Watch Factory, and, as I believe, one of the few women ever given such responsible employment there. She had become a nervous wreck in making watches go right. I persuaded her to make nursing her profession. She was smart and capable, and much liked by her patients and their families. When old Dr. Twitchell asked if I could nominate a matron who could redeem the Keene Hospitals reputation I recommended Miss Thrasher without hesitation. She had made a great success there before I persuaded her to undertake the Rutland job. In the early years at the head of the woman force at the 'San' Miss Thrasher seemed to be just the right sort. In after years I could not believe the rumors about her borrowing money of her nurses, and about mysterious absences. And when finally Dr. Arthur T. Capot, who as sole Commissioner had replaced the old Board, asked me as her friend to take Miss Thrasher off his hands I could not believe he was justified without specific charges, in turning her out. However, Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, who wanted a resident woman superintendent of the new Robert B. Brigham Hospital, was glad to take Miss Thrasher. This for her was a promotion, and for some years she again seemed to be just the one for the place. The Dr. Goldthwait wanted her immediate removal and again without specific charges. Thence forward, the stray reports of her, or her occasional money borrowings, grew stranger until an Insane Asylum where she was an inmate asked us for information about her. A few weeks ago came the notice of her funeral. It is still all a mystery.

After the work at the Rutland Sanatorium was well under way, I had no more worry about such patients as came under my care if their disease was only incipient. But for advanced cases it was and still is a great problem what to do with them. As I have said before, some of these advanced cases do make surprising recoveries. One of this class was Cora Phillips. When I sent her up to Rutland Dr. Bowditch rather indignantly asked me if I thought it fair to send such a patient after having voted for the restriction of the Sanatorium to the care of only incipient cases. At my begging for forgiveness and charity, she was given a month's trial and then another until her marvelous improvement won for her regular status. Within a year Miss Thrasher had given her some light work if not something more. This went on with more work and responsibility given her until Cora Phillips was the Housekeeper of the Sanatorium. After a full quarter century of hard work she retired full of honors and good health.

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When my term of service as a trustee expired I declined reappointment. There seemed to be little for the trustees to do. Had I suspected that Dr. Otis would so far squirm his way into the affections of the trustees as to give him Dr. Bowditch's place to rattle around in, I should have stayed where I could have fought them to some purpose. As it was, all I could do was to appear at a hearing given by the Council where I took full advantage of the opportunity to tell what I thought of the stupidity and indecency of my former associates. It did no good except easing my overloaded spleen. For them it was only one doctor as good as another and only fair that another should not get the salary Bowditch had been having. But I was never sure that there were not other and well concealed inducements for the change. And was the tongue-lashing I gave them laid up against me? Not at all. It was not long before they were asking me to a reunion. Fortunately I have never set eyes on any of them since that hearing.

After leaving the State Commission which had established the Rutland Sanatorium, and again, after turning over to Dr. Marclay the Red Cross care of the tuberculosis in Switzerland, I did not suppose that I should ever again be occupied with the hospitalization of such patients. I had not kept abreast with medical progress in this direction. When I was again at the Charité, only six years after my visit to Koch's wards, I did not even ask if the tuberculin treatment was being continued there. But in Switzerland, before Dr. Marclay came as my assistant, I was plunged into the study of rival systems of Sanatorium treatment. The trend towards lung surgery was just beginning. But the most important progress had been in the greater use of sunlight, and of artificial ultra violet rays. From the pioneer in this use of the sun, Dr. Bernhardt at St. Moritz, and from his brilliant follower, Dr. Bollier, at Leysin, I heard of marvelous cures, and I saw their dark tanned patients.

But I was destined later to more worry about tuberculosis. For when I went to Harvard in 1925 I found among the students several cases of this disease, which made my old heart ache. One in particular I cannot even yet remember without sadness. He was an honor graduate of the college and in his last year of the Law School. When he came to the Stillman Infirmary with pneumonia he was so sick his parents and his fiancée were sent for. Instead of the usual rapid recovery, in his case the fever and cough dragged on. When it became plain that his chance was slim of recovery from tuberculosis, his fiancée decided to give up her school teaching that she might stay as near him as possible. We kept her on at the Infirmary as day nurse for him until the time for our summer closing. Then with her father's consent they were married. Her father was a physician in good practice. He could support them, he said, but he could not bear to separate them. Not long afterwards this kind father dropped dead on a golf course. The couple then was stranded. The sick boy was admitted to the Loomis Sanatorium in the Catskills, and his wife was given secretarial employment there for his support. That autumn he seemed to be a trifle more than holding his own. Her letters were cheerful. And on Jan. 16th came a letter from him saying he was improving so fast he would soon be up and about. He had misdated his letter, for he died from a terrific hemorrhage the day before its date.

Sad as such cases are, there are cases still sadder arising from an exaggerated fear of infection. I was once called to the McLean Hospital to meet an expected patient and the Judge who would examine her. She did not want to be legally committed to the Asylum nor would she apply for admission as a voluntary patient. She and her husband were both in

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tears. When he described her terror of germs he gave as an instance her shirking protest when in the railroad cars he had taken his valise up in his lap. To the Judge she explained, "How could I after that let him come near me? Just think of the germs on that care floor." Such cases of monomania seem to be the inevitable result of telling the public about the germs of disease and the reasonable precautions against inspiring or swallowing them. Against such exaggerated fears it often seem futile to cite the facts that nurses and doctors who work all day long in the sanatoria for the tuberculosis do not contract the disease.

When we wanted the Town of Rutland to welcome the establishment there of the State Sanatorium, a public meeting was called where I was delegated to answer questions. One of the first asked me was as to the danger to the town's fold "of catching consumption." In explaining how sunlight kills the bacilli if exposed to it even for a few minutes, I spoke of the cruelty to tuberculosis patients of treating them as if they had cholera or leprosy. I told of a young woman patient of mine in the Waltham Hospital whose sister having heard of it had just returned from Europe. When she came to the door of the sick room, my patient sprang forward to greet her but was met with, "Don't come near me, don't kiss me!" When I came to this part of my story I added, "Now I should not have had the least hesitancy about kissing that girl." Then it was that Peter O'Connor in the gallery shouted out, "and no doubt but what you did kiss her, doctor!"

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X

Religion

When one changes his religious fellowship from one group to another it is only fair for him to give his reasons for so doing. In a paper once written for the Worcester Family Association I have given an account for the successive changes of my grandfathers from Catholics, Roman and then Anglican, to Separatists, Trinitarian Congregationalists, Unitarians, and finally Swedenborgian. Some of these changes were tragic. The first Worcester to come to this country, William, because of his Puritanism, was driven out of his vicarage by Archbishop Laud. Great Grandfather Noah lost his New Hampshire parish because of his Unitarianism. And Grandfather Thomas could not find a school to teach because of his Swedenborgianism. Such intolerance of course justified if it did not necessitate the formation of separate sects and denominations, not because of religious differences but because of different theological beliefs. Thus, Noah Worcester's piety, humility, and truly Christian character was not in question either by his Trinitarian associates in New Hampshire or by his Swedenborgian sons in Massachusetts. His exemplary religious life was held in equal esteem by all three of these different sects. But only in the neighborhood of Boston could he find church fellowship, for only there were Unitarian Societies. And his two Swedenborgian sons, Thomas and Samuel, had to start a new religious society because in those then existing they could not find fellowship.

It is difficult nowadays even to imagine the theological fervor of a century ago. And only the few who are interested in ancient history can remember what reasons there were for the separation of Christians into the different denominations now existing. This apparent indifference to theology, which seemed so shocking to our elders, did not necessarily mean religious indifference. That it might mean that, must, however, be conceded.

It was my great good fortune to have been born, of Swedenborgian parents, in Piety Corner, so named because of then notable piety of Deacon Jonathan Sanderson, third, who always had the peas shelled and the potatoes peeled before the Sabbath began. (This was told me by his great granddaughter, my great Aunt Lydia Hobart,) I was taught by my mother, as I suppose, to say my prayers, the Lord's Prayer first, then "Now I lamie down to sleep" and then "I will both lamie down in peace and sleep." What lamie meant I did not discover for some years. And this dying 'before I wake' idea never tickled my fancy, nor did this having one's soul taken. But in comparison with the experiences divulged by others, my religious education was fairly uneventful. There were, to be sure, some mortifying episodes. At morning 'reading' for never were these exercises called prayers) we all knelt down on the floor while Father with reverent slowness repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then came breakfast. My place was next to Father's both at 'reading' and at mealtimes. This kept me well within his reach. Once when Uncle Edward Ruggles was staying with us he stood, instead of kneeling at prayer time. The next morning I did the same. But Father catching me by the slack of my breeches yanked me down on my knees. This was humiliating. And so it was on a Fourth of July morning when I failed to get up from my knees after the prayer ended. I had been out all night with my older brothers, which except for this mishap would never have been known by my parents.

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At the 'meetings; on Sundays, in Grandmother Clark's parlor my place was on a cricket by Father's knee side. But as I was only five years old when we moved into the Chapel it is not strange that I remember less of the services before that time than I do of the inspection visits we made after 'meetings' to the cellar hole and then to the slowly rising stone walls of the Chapel. I remember particularly the plank by which we could walk up into the vestibule before the front steps were laid. This I remember because Father slipped from it, and broke some of his ribs. In the first or old Chapel, for it burned down ten years later. Mother and her children sat in pews at right angles to the nave. It was a conspicuous position for small boys. But I like to believe Aunt Lydia was not mistaken in telling my mother that 'Alfred always listened attentively to his Father's preaching.' No special credit was deserved for that. No child would have done otherwise, for Father's sermons were always short and interesting even if at times somewhat above a child's comprehension. Grandfather's sermons, on the other hand, were always long and uninteresting, with never a reference to the beauty of nature or even to passing events. As I look back at the New Church, as it was during my childhood, it had not outgrown its adult characteristics of having been born grown up. As it began, so it continued serving the needs especially of those who, having found deficiencies in other Churches, were hungry and thirsty for doctrinal instruction.

Our elders seemed to think that normal kids would also have an appetite for such nourishment. As a perfect example of adult food, I wish I could find a little, squarish, and thin black catechism that I believe Father compiled for young children. It began, as does the Gospel of St. John, with "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." I suppose there followed on the page the New Church understanding of these wonderful words. That I do not remember. But that is should be thought children would naturally absorb Swedenborg's explanation of what for ages has puzzled theologians shows both sublime faith in the truth of the doctrines and also an immense over estimation of a small boy's comprehension. Evidently it was not then supposed possible that children could fail to recognize instinctively as truth what their parents so firmly believed. They seemed to believe that children could keep awake while listening to the reading of the obscure language of Swedenborg's books.

And yet the teaching in the Sunday School class I was in was exquisitely suited to a small boy's soul. It was in November 1860 that a dear little nine year old cousin, Kay Clark, died. Aunt Harriet Clark was my Sunday School teacher. She told us in simple words of Katy's death, of her change from this world where there is much that is hard to bear for a world not far away, but to us invisible, where in surroundings ever bright and fair little Katy would be very happy. There was something more told us about the flowers never withering where Katy was. The impression made upon me that day that Katy was in luck has not lessened with the passing years. But I never could understand how my dear New Church relatives could overcome their sorrow when their loved ones died. I now suppose that my resentment against what seemed to me in their triumph over grief to be unnatural and unfeeling was really due to the frailty of my Aunt Harriet's version of Swedenborg's description of heaven has lingered in my memory like a beautiful dream, and while it was very comforting as regards little Katy whom I never knew very well, when it came to the deaths of 'Judgy' (a little brother, Winfred) in 1866 and of 'Bit Sissy' (Miriam) in 1870, I was too overwhelmed with grief to get any such comfort as good New Church people were

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supposed to get from Swedenborg's visions. In fact, Mother was also not one of those who on such occasions could restrain their tears. And for her there were more comfort in Grandfather's voice, broken as it was by his emotion at Bit Sissy's funeral than in all his insistence upon her new happiness.

I do not know just when it was and thus how old I was then doubts first assailed my soul as to the verity of Swedenborg's revelations. I have always believed that he himself full believed that he had actually visited both heaven and hell, and that his account of what he there saw and heard and told to angels and devils was the absolute truth. Nor have I ever doubted that he believed himself to be God's inspired servant for the revelation of Divine Truth. Such was the belief of my Grandfather, whom I both loved and revered, and of Father and my uncles. Why then my boyish doubts? Well, Father always said, "Read what Swedenborg wrote and accept what appeals to your reason as true." And Grandfather used to say, "Read and read Swedenborg, and you will find yourself coming into a state of spiritual receptiveness of the Truth."

It was not until I had lived 'three score years and then' that I spent a whole summer reading all the volumes of Swedenborg's works that I could find or borrow. I found them interesting. But I fear I had become too hardened by age to experience such spiritual receptiveness as Grandfather expected for me. And as for the results of following my Father's advice, to accept what appealed to my reason, the question arose very early in my life what to do with portions of the 'Writings', which not only did not appeal to my reason as true but on the contrary seemed palpably false. For example, even if it be granted that Swedenborg visited heaven, and there explained to the angels the true doctrine of the Lord, for all of which there is no disproof available, what then can we say about his statement regarding former inhabitants of the Moon? The alternatives are no atmosphere and thus of no possibility of life on the Moon, or to adjudge Swedenborg mistaken in his belief that he had seen and talked with the spirits of the Moon's former inhabitants. And if we accept this last alternative, how can we be perfectly sure that Swedenborg was not liable to be also mistaken in his other revelations? This uncertainty regarding his visions is not in itself of much importance, and yet in my skeptical soul it led to questioning the infallibility of his "Correspondences," that is, his revelation of the hidden or 'interior' meaning of the Bible. Were such 'Correspondences' more reliable than Uncle John's (additional) correspondences of the Plants and Animals mentioned in the Bible? And must we accept Swedenborg's revision of the Canon with its exclusion of the Epistles?

Such doubts and questionings probably would not have prevented my growing up into a New Churchman. They were of small importance compared with Swedenborg's grand conceptions of Divine Providence and Divine Love and Wisdom, as given in his so named treatises. But then came the question of what need was there for a separate organization in the Church Universal of those who fully believed and those who only partially believed that the last Judgment as foretold in the Holy Scriptures had really occurred, and that Swedenborg's revelations actually were Christ's second coming.

Swedenborg himself remained until his death a faithful member of the Swedish Lutheran Church, and it is questionable if he envisaged any such organization as either the "General convention" or the 'Academy.'" Granted that some organization was necessary for the

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publication and dissemination of the 'Writings'; and granted, too, that a separate section was needed in the early years when the 'taint' of Swedenborgianism served to ostracize the believers in his doctrines, what need was there now, I asked, when the New light was found to be spreading wide in the old churches? But this doubt as to the need or use of a separate denomination would not have justified the grief and disappointment that my leaving the New Church caused my parents, more especially my Father, who wrote to me that my leaving was proof of his failure as Father, teacher, and preacher. He asked me to wait before taking any decisive step, and to consider it if it were not reasonable to heed his conviction that I would be making a fearful mistake to leave the New Church. I promised to wait, and I did so for several years. None of the objections and criticisms so far given would have justified my leaving. And had the New Church organization in its prime sixty years ago been as liberal as it is now in its weakness, I doubt if I should have left it. More probably I should have followed the advice of Phillips Brooks and Father and stayed where I was born.

As I have said in another Chapter, I began keeping Lent in 1879. Until then I had not been aware of any answer to my prayers, nor of any real connection between my customary religious observances and the necessity I felt of surmounting the lower animal life I had been carelessly leading. I had only slim hope of ever climbing up into the higher, purer life. But with little expectation of finding much help it seemed only fair to make a try of what the Episcopal Church offered. I had wandered round a bit, into Roman Catholic and various other churches as well as Salvation Army Meetings without finding the least help. Well, If I was going to make a real trial of Lent keeping, it should be no half way business.

At first, there was ridicule to contend with. If I would take no coffee nor cream nor butter nor sugar, then "would it not be all the holier to make my supper on bread crusts?" "All right." I said, and thanked them. Dear Mother took no part in all this, but her tears, lest I should injure my health, were far harder to bear. As for Church going, I went to all the weekday services within reach. Parson Fales afterwards said I was the only one who had not missed any of his Lenten Services. Phillips Brooks could have said the same. And so, partly, could the Fathers at the Church of the Advent. But no one could have made any estimate of the prayers I repeated. I found it to be true, as I had heard or read, that the real meaning of the prayer is not always felt until it has been said over and over again, times without number. Was this discovery like Grandfather's 'spiritual receptiveness' that came to him after hours of reading Swedenborg?

As the weeks went by I was surprised to find myself, or rather my feelings and thoughts in higher air, above the fogs and mists and dust storms. On Hold Thursday evening when Phillips Brooks asked all who wanted to follow the Master to take the Sacrament in remembrance of Him I could not do otherwise. And that was a turning point in my life. Easter brought perfect peace. My Lent keeping since then has been only a joyful commemoration of that first discovery of what the old church rituals and observances can do for a fellow. Once having taken the Communion I could never afterwards refuse or decline invitations to "do this in remembrance of Me." Had such invitations then been forgiven in our Piety Corner Chapel as are given there now, I should gladly have stayed. But only a year or so earlier one of the faithful and pious matrons of the New Church School, who for years had been a regular attendant at the Chapel services, asked if she might be admitted to the Society's Communion service. Her request was refused. She had been

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confirmed in the Methodist Church, and she could see no reason for renouncing it. To her un-theological thinking, her confirmation was her mature acceptance of her baptism, which had made her a member of the Christian church. But the rule then was that only those who had been both baptized and confirmed in the New Church could be admitted to the Lord's Supper. Shortly after Miss Dodge's request was refused I was present in the Boston Church when on Convention Sunday Grandfather Worcester conducted the Communion service. As was generally expected, it was to be his last appearance in the Chancel. I wanted to take the Sacrament, but, knowing that my so doing would not be approved by those I most revered, I let the bread and wine pass by un-tasted. It was then that I first felt outside of the New Church.

Phillips Brooks was claimed by all denominations. "He is really a Unitarian" or what he preaches is really New Church doctrine," such were the claims made on all sides, according to the restricted beliefs or claimants who could not conceive of the comprehensiveness, the catholicity, of his religion.

As to his indebtedness to Swedenborg, it was not unlike that of Ralph Waldo Emerson. I remember his saying that he owed much to him. And he urged me not to surrender my birthright in the New Church Organization, where I would be needed, but to come to Trinity church for the communion services as often and as regularly as I felt moved to do so. This of course was not displeasing to Father and perhaps prompted him to attend some service at Trinity to discover if possible what there was there to seduce his son from the Light and the Truth to be found only in the New Church. But instead of finding attractions, he was shocked beyond measure at the irreverent rapidity of the prayers and at the "subterranean rumbling of the congregation's responses." When I told Mr. Brooks of this, his comment was that no man could say the Lord's Prayer so rapidly as to prevent wandering of his thought. And regarding the close communion rule he said that in a recent conference with his classmate Jimmy Reed he had told him that while all of his Bowdoin St. society would be welcome at the Communion Service in Trinity Church, "if I should group to your church asking to partake of the holy Supper I should not be allowed to do so." I do not remember if I was told what Cousin James had to say. My father was not far from right in warning me that what I was proposing to do was joining Phillips Brooks' church, not the Episcopal. To make sure that it was not when under the force of his personality, I rather suddenly decided to ask for confirmation during the year when he was slowly traveling round this globe. It was just as I was beginning my service at the Lying In Hospital, in which I could only too plainly foresee that I should need all possible help from on high. To me this confirmation was only my acceptance of the baptism I had received at Grandfather's hands. He always in such services used the words given by our Lord Jesus, and always used throughout the Christian Church, "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy spirit." I do not know when it was that these words were replaced in the New Church by "in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." I have always been glad that I was baptized in such way as is accounted valid, even by the Roan Catholics, when pronounced by anyone during the baptism with water.

As I told my father, what I wanted was to stand up and be counted as a regular member of the Church Universal into which I had been baptized. I should have liked to join that day all of the sects and denominations in Christendom. My preference for the Episcopal Church

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was not because of its ritualism (which I have always been too much of a Quaker and Puritan to really enjoy) but because of its breadth in including such widely differing groups and societies.

When it came to answering criticism of the Creed, as to how I could possibly believe this and say that my indifference to theological differences must have seemed appalling. I had, however, read considerably in Church history, and I had been interested in that fourth century group which maintained the belief Swedenborg centuries afterwards adopted, that in our Lord Jesus Christ there not only dwelt "the fullness of the Godhead," but that He Himself was God. I had also read with great interest the Unitarian arguments of great grandfather Noah against the Trinitarian's tri-theism. But I never could get "hept up" over theological disputes. In fact, it seemed to me then as it seems to me now absurd to suppose it possible to define Almighty God. The Jews would not even name the One and Only god. How much the world owes to them for his conception, and to Jesus for His revelation of his Father's fatherliness! When it came to the discussion of the Trinity, that is, of three Persons in One God, I could not help noticing that there was no disagreement about the status, or separate personality, of the Holy Spirit. All agreed that by this term is meant the indwelling of god in us as in all of His creation. There was no dualism in speaking or thinking of the Father and His Holy Spirit. Disagreement began only when speaking of the status in the godhead of the Son. "How can you honestly repeat the Apostles' Creed?" asked Mr. Guild. "Surely you cannot believe that Jesus of Nazareth was and is God?" While Uncle Joseph, in answer to my question if he found any objection to the beautiful Easter Collect feared that my praying through Jesus Christ "would dim my conception of Him as our true and only God."

Reconciliation of these apparently directly opposite beliefs would seem to be impossible. And yet in a long talk with Mr. Guild here in my den and late into the night he said that never had it entered his imagination that in the other world he should see the Father of us all except in the Person of Jesus Christ. This acceptance of Jesus through Whom alone can teach us. And is there any essential difference between this belief of Mr. Guild's and that of Mr. Brooks? If there is, I still fail to see it.

If it is only in Jesus Christ that we can ever, whether in this or in the spiritual world see God, why then not think and speak of Him as God? Again, if we accept Jesus Christ as the only perfect Manifestation of Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, is it dividing God into two separate Persons to worship that perfect Manifestation of Him? Or, if it be only through the Son that we can feel our Father's nearness, is it any derogation of either the Father or the Son for us to pray to Almighty God "through Jesus Christ our Lord?" Finally, is not this the way our Lord himself told His followers to pray, to ask the Father in His name?

These questions, and in fact these reminiscences, will probably seem very tedious to younger generations just as to my elders my doubts and questions must have revealed an immature mentality. To recall them now only shows that I have not yet grown up.

When the Saint-Gaudens statue of Phillips Brooks was placed near Trinity Church there was a great deal of severe criticism of it, or rather of the shadowy figure of the Christ immediately behind the statue. Both the artist's conception and execution were

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condemned. The artist was responsible for the idea, but not for the workmanship, for the work was completed after his death. I always like the statue and especially its representation of the Christ unseen but standing by the great preacher. Mr. Brooks said towards the end of his life that he had grown more and more conscious of our Lord's continuous nearness. That was what we all felt about him. I suppose there are thousands still living who like myself count his friendship as one of the greatest blessings God has given. And all who so feel must yearn to pass on to those who never saw or heard him as much as we possibly can of the help he gave and was to us. His loyalty to his Master kept cropping up often unexpectedly, as if in his subconscious mind it was predominant, and always eager for expression. Thus, in his chance conversation, in his after dinner responses, or in his sermons there was always the uplift of attention towards what Jesus Christ did for us and would now have us do for Him. This constant reference to what God would have us do made Phillips Brooks at once the most humble of men and the most fearlessly independent of all human authoritativeness. The Book of Common Prayer was for him all right if he did not happen upon any of its uncorrected blunders. Once when I told him if I were dying and he came to give me the Sacrament, using the Visitation of the Sick service as given in the Prayer Book, that when he asked me if I believed in "the resurrection of the flesh" I should say, "No, I don't." "That isn't in the Prayer Book," he said. When I insisted that it was, and he had found it to be so, he slammed the book down, saying, "It has no business to be there." It is not there now.

In further discussion of the phrase 'resurrection of the body' in the apostles' Creed, Mr. Brooks insisted that no one who accepted St. Paul's explanation in the 15th chapter of his First epistle to the Corinthians, could possibly believe in the resurrection of the natural body; and furthermore, that the Apostles, in their summary of Christian doctrines which we call the Creed, could not have given us more perfectly the true foundations for our faith.

East as it was in those years, when we and Mr. Brooks nearby to explain away our doubts and questionings, yet not so was there ever for me anything like the cock sure faith of those who, when theological questions arise can always take refuge in what Swedenborg had to say on the subject. But it would be far from the truth if in telling of these questioning years I should leave the impression that I had any real religious difficulties, any such 'spiritual wrestling's', as have been described by others. My doubts and questionings were not regarding faith's foundations, but only about the words used in expressing that faith. I felt that there was not essential difference between the faith of Uncle Joseph and that of Mr. Guild, but only between their phraseologies. Mr. Guild, as I have before reported, could never imagine any appearance of god except as revealed by Jesus, that is, as manifest in Him. Uncle Joseph, following Swedenborg, insisted Jesus was God. That, however, need not be accepted as saying God was Jesus. Some estuary may be entirely of the ocean and all that we shall ever see of it, and yet not itself the whole ocean. Why then should we cavil at those who pointing to the estuary call it the ocean? Let us then save our criticism for those who say that the ocean is the estuary.

As I sought for possible clearer meanings of some of the Bible verses, I found help by comparing the Greek and Latin with the German, French, and English versions. And it has ever since been a comfort, when up against the obscurity of some reported saying of our Lord to remember how many chances there are for mistranslations, to say nothing of the

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even greater chances of mistakes of tradition. One can but envy the woman, who, in declining the revised version of the New Testament declared that she would continue to depend upon the actual words used by our Savior.

After my confirmation in Trinity Church there was a welcome cessation of religious discussions. My work was so engrossing that church going seemed of minor importance. When I came back to the old home in Waltham where I was to live for four more years, until the year after our marriage when we moved into our present home, it meant little that I should go to Christ Church or into Trinity for the Monthly Communion. I seldom during these years saw Phillips Brooks. He heard of my confirmation when he was in India or some other far country, and he wrote most kindly as he also did after hearing of our marriage engagement. And there were occasional other letters, one of which to me is in Allen's life of the great preacher. After he became Bishop I bothered him even less often with requests for advice. The last time I saw him was here in Waltham, on a Sunday afternoon when Christ Church parishioners were greeting him at the rectory. He looked so thin and tired that I was startled. He seemed to want to talk, and as we edged away from others present I asked if he had heard how the negroes behaved themselves on Christmas day in Hampton after General Armstrong's recent death. He had not heard, but he knew when the General was first stricken the year before how he wanted to leave his sick room in Boston for fear that the negroes in his absence would revert to their former Christmas orgies. When I told him that then, and now again after the General's death, the negroes had prayer meetings and observed Sabbath Day decorum, his face fairly beamed with delight, as he said, and is it not always so as it was with our Lord Jesus, that it is in a man's death that his influence flames up into such brightness as has not been seen before." It was less than a fortnight afterwards that I stood in Copley Square, when with the trumpets leading the dense crowd sang "O Lord, our help in ages past" and then repeated the Lord's Prayer, while his body was brought out from Trinity Church on the shoulders of the Harvard Crew. Thence the body was borne past the tolling college bell to where I saw it lowered into his Mt. Auburn grave.

Fortunately for those of us who depended so much upon Phillips Brooks' preaching his executors for several years kept publishing additional volumes of his sermons. Again and again we have read these. Always we seem to see him and hear his voice. Never in any memory of him do we fail to feel his uplifting influence.

The Rev. Thomas Fales was a dear little old fashioned man, the rector of Christ Church in Waltham for near half a century. He had been there before I was born. Mother had the idea that he was an adroit proselyter. This was because Annie Elder, Mrs. Fales' niece had left the New Church to join the Episcopal. But to show how far he was from that I must tell how after I had been going regularly to the Communion service in Christ Church for several years the old parson rather timidly asked if I had ever thought of asking for confirmation. I was already a member of his Vestry. When I told him that I had been confirmed in Trinity several years before he was both pleased and surprised. One of the hardest church jobs I ever had was to tell the good man that in the opinions of the Vestry it was time to have a younger rector. His preaching was extemporaneous with any ending to it. But his successor, an Englishman, Cunningham by name, while very energetic and doing a lot of good work among the poor, was too much of a boss. I had either to leave the Vestry where we quarreled or else not go the next day to the communion. I asked Bishop Brooks which to

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do. He was surprised at my question. "Leave the Vestry," he said. After Cunningham we had Hubert Wells, a fakir, who nevertheless built the new church plant, or rather did the most towards raising the money for it. He was one of the worst men I have ever known, and after leaving Waltham he was deposed from the ministry. Then came Francis Webster, which practically brings us down to present time. During these changes that I have briefly listed or rather in the earlier years, it was a great comfort to have Harry Nash building up a parish over in Chestnut Hill, not too far away for at least our monthly Communion service. With him it was always like being at home. But after Bishop Brooks' death I remember no serious discussion of religious questions except with my father. I seldom heard him preach but every Sunday night for many years I spent several hours with him and always borrowed his sermon. There was never any argumentation to disturb the lovely relation between us. He was always interested in my work and I in his. I was always thankful for his help and delighted when he asked for mine. He lived for nineteen years after Mother's death and he sorely missed the comfort and the encouragement of her appreciation.

It was fourteen years more, after Father's death, before I was again talking with and working with ministers. During my ten years as a professor at Harvard I took my turn with others of the Faculty in conducting morning prayers, which meant preaching for seven or eight of the fifteen minutes allowed for prayers. Generally there were visiting preachers who afterwards held office hours in old Wadsworth House, on the floor below my offices. I found among these visitors some to love and revere, none more so than Bishop Brent and Charles Edward Park. But only a few students attended morning prayers and still fewer availed themselves of the opportunity to talk over their difficulties with the visiting preachers. In my work as a health officer I found tremendous need for more effective religion among the students. And on the suggestion of rev. Fred C. Lawrence, then a sort of students' chaplain without official appointment, I asked the clergy of Cambridge to come to our assistance. They all came, Rabbis, Roman and Anglican Priests, and Protestant ministers of all sorts. They agreed to meet newcoming students as friends, and then introduce to each other in the group those who by birth or education or even by predilection appeared more naturally to belong to another denomination. In this group all of the medical officers sat as equal members with the clergy. Such harmony as we had was in itself inspiring. As Chairman of the group it became my privilege to speak at different services in many of the Cambridge Churches, and as a greater privilege to gain dear friendships among the priests, rabbis, and ministers. Again I found myself wishing I could belong to all the churches and even the synagogues. That this was not from shallowness of faith, as at times in my life I have somewhat feared, I had comforting assurance from my absolute inability to feel any comradeship with the charming agnostic member of the group or with the 'humanitarian' visiting preacher. And what I really did and do believe was expressed for me better than I could do for myself by President Lowell who from the first had heartily backed up my efforts in organizing the group. At one of our luncheons, after I had pointed out to him who were the priests, the rabbis, the doctors, and various clergymen, President Lowell, after thanking them for their greatly appreciated services, said, "the longer I live the greater seems to me the importance of religious growth in comparison with that of the mind or of the body. Now you gentleman, as I understand, are all following different paths towards the same goal. Each of you believes his path is the best. If he does not so believe he is a misfit. But we who in a measure are outside, from our neutral viewpoint are more impressed with the identity of the goal you are all seeking

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than we are with the differences between your pathways. And we also seem to see the tremendous advantage that would come from the extension of such hearty cooperation as we have here.”

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XI

The Care of the Patient

Even as a small boy I wanted to be a doctor. I do not remember ever wanting to be anything else. How much of this early and lifelong predilection for taking care of the sick I owe to my mother I do not know, but her diary records of my childish curiosity about medical matters confirm my memory of her encouragement. As a volunteer neighbor nurse she was very proficient in the old time art of nursing and from her I learned many ways of making my patients comfortable.

My first experience in this line was as a night watcher with a schoolfellow sick with Typhoid Fever. That was when I was about seventeen, and before there were any trained nurses in this country. I had no need of my mother's final instruction that if sleepy I should go out into the fresh air for a few minutes, as all night long I was on the jump because of my patient's involuntaries. In the morning, when I went home feeling like a hero back from war, Mother told me to take my bath and breakfast, go to school and forget all about it. The loss of a night's sleep for another's sake, she said, never hurt anybody. It was not a bad lesson for one destined to lose many a night's sleep. Even now when neither doorbell nor telephone rings for me at night, I never go to bed without arranging my clothes so that I can jump into them. Many a time I have finished dressing in my buggy or automobile, and several times, had I been a few minutes late a life would have been lost.

In my various books and addresses upon nurses and nursing I have told about visits to great training schools and great nurses. As I have always insisted, the responsibility for the care of the patient belongs to the doctor. It cannot be shifted to the shoulders of his assistants because he is as responsible for their service as the captain of a ship is for that of his crew. The doctor therefore is responsible for the proper training of his nurses. This, I believe, is self-evident. But in the opinion of the leaders of American nurses it is a heresy that has involved their hostility to methods of training, which I am mistakenly supposed to have originated, whereas, in point of fact, the methods of the Waltham Training School for Nurses are only copies of what Theodor Fliedner originated and Florence Nightingale approved. The main cause of this hostility has been Waltham's insistence that the training of nurses for the care of patients in their homes should be given to them in such homes and also during their pupilage instead of after their graduation from the hospitals. So strong has been this hostility that Waltham graduates, irrespective of their distinguished service, have been refused registration in New York and some other states unless and until the Waltham School should in this respect surrender its ideals and principles for the future training of its pupils. The absurdity of such a requirement equals its injustice. But after fifty years of struggling against such domination the Waltham School has given up trying to meet the constantly increasing requirements for State registration. Henceforth the School will offer training only in home nursing, for graduates of the hospital schools, or in lack of such pupils, to attendant nurses. The immediate cause of this change, however, was the financial inability of the Waltham Hospital to pay any share of the School's expense. But as the full story of these finally insurmountable obstacles has been lately written by Miss Annette Fiske in her History of the School, I need to say no more about it. But this much of a prelude is necessary for my readers' understanding of what follows.

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In 1903 on my return from California I made a short stop in Chicago in order to discuss with the Faculty of the Rush medical School the establishment of a new nurses' training school in connection with the Presbyterian hospital. It was at this time, I believe, that this medical school was being absorbed by Chicago University. I was asked to consider the offer of a professorship that would include the superintendency of the Presbyterian hospital and the directorship of a school of nursing that would be affiliated with the university. I had scant time for a meeting with the Faculty, as urgent summons had reached me for speedy return to the bedside of my brother-in-law, Henry B. Hill, who lived only a few hours after our arrival.

At Robert Winsor's request I gave up all idea of going back to Chicago because of a similar offer from Harvard University. Winsor had obtained President Eliot's hearty interest in the establishment of a professorship for me in the Medical School that would include the directorship of a proposed Harvard School of Nursing. The half million dollars for the endowment of the professorship and nursing school had been promised by still unnamed donors who evidently had not foreseen the approaching financial depression. At any rate, the endowment never materialized, but my request for two years of preparation for the position was granted with a \$5,000 yearly salary. Then, as President Eliot wrote me, the only question was what should be the title of my professorship. I proposed The care of the Patient. This met with his approval, but soon he wrote that this title had been disapproved by the medical faculty, on the ground that it would be a reflection upon their teaching. I contended that professors of this and that disease ought not to object to having a colleague who would teach not the medical treatment but the care of all kinds of patients. The medical faculty in Berlin, I said, had such a colleague. But President Eliot believed that if we insisted the Harvard faculty would tender their resignations. So my professorship was never announced. Twenty years later the same faculty cordially assented to my proposal that this same name should be given to a lectureship in the Harvard Medical School, in which it was my privilege to give four successive lectures on The Care of the Patient.

It was a great disappointment to President Eliot as well as to myself that the proposal failed for a Harvard School of Nursing. He had long been acquainted with the Waltham methods of training nurses and had pleaded forcibly for the larger endowment of the Waltham School. He knew all about the hostility to it of the American leaders of nursing. When to his suggestion that I might take the title of professor of nursing, I made the objection that this would madden the nursing leaders. He said, "All the better, we want nothing to do with them," this was after I had asked one of these leaders, Miss Lavinia Dock, if she would consider accepting the superintendency of the proposed Harvard School of Nursing, under my general direction. Her reply was a scathing refusal. In her estimation I was in no way fitted for such a directorship, my chief disqualification evidently being my gender. By a curious coincidence as I was planning this chapter of my Reminiscences I received a letter from the assistant of Miss Adelaide E. Nutting, asking in her behalf if some copies of my correspondence with President Eliot about the proposed Harvard School of Nursing might be deposited in the library named for her at Teachers College in Columbia University. Miss Nutting had no idea how the papers came into her possession. In giving my assent to her request I suggested that possibly they came from her former associate, Miss Lavinia Dock, who might have failed to return them to me together with her refusal. But now, to my

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astonishment, I find my files empty of all that relates to this subject. I expected to find President Eliot's letters and also copies of my long reports to him of my investigations in this country and Europe of training schools and hospitals. Or can I find any trace of my plans for a nursing school under the joint control of Harvard and Simmons Colleges, which had been approved by both corporations. I must have loaned this material to someone of whom I now have no recollection. I only hope these papers in the Nutting Library will induce future students of teaching methods to study the training schools on the other side of the Atlantic. Inferior as may be the technical and intellectual standards of the Deaconess Schools, yet in the loving motherly devotion inculcated in their pupils these schools I found to be far ahead of our American training schools.

When an International congress of Nurses was being held in Berlin, where for some months I had been making an intensive study of the care of the patient in the various hospitals, my offer to serve as a guide to our American Training School superintendents was accepted by only a very few. They had been told that it would be a waste of their time to visit any of the German training schools. But when they made an early morning visit to the great Moabite Hospital and saw how a couple of pupil night nurses gave breakfast to a half hundred patients, who within the hour preceding had been made ready for it, I was fully satisfied by their astonished appreciation of such marvelous efficiency. I had pleasure also in telling them that the superintendent and teacher of these pupil nurses was only a man, a former a former military surgeon. On another morning when this same group went with me to a Feier Aband Haus they agreed that never before had they seen such beautiful care being taken of dying patients. I do not believe that any of these American Teachers of Nursing thought it worthwhile to visit Kaiserswerth where Florence Nightingale was trained and where she was still remembered at the time of my first visit there in the early nineties. It was passing strange to me that German priority and excellence in modern nursing had been so completely ignored in this country. But this was more that a third of a century ago.

In my study of the German hospitals I had the great advantage of an official introduction. President Eliot's request for help from our Ambassador had secured for me a cordial reception at the Cultus Ministerium which had charge of all charitable and educational institutions in Prussia. The only drawback there was when in stumbling Deutsch I hoped to find that the Minister could repeat English. "KeiWort," he replied. But the member of his staff detailed as my escort took pity on my limited knowledge of his language and always spoke plainly and slowly. In visiting the Deaconess Institutions I had the aid of my German Fraulein who was giving me daily lessons. She could speak no English, but by repeating slowly what others swished out at me, she made me understand at least a part of what was said. At any rate she could make the Deaconesses understand what I was after. Naturally enough I could not have her trailing along when visiting officials. But it was in such visits that I had to learn how to make myself understood. As a proof of this proficiency, I must tell of a Sunday evening party at the home of the Court Preacher. We had somehow met his daughters, who spoke English perfectly, but when they greeted us in their own home it was with the caution that in their honored father's presence we might not risk his displeasure by a single word of English. Supposing we had been invited to a simple family supper, I consoled myself with the hope that my wife who spoke German would be near me to interpret as need rose. Imagine then my consternation in finding a large company, and in being seated at the Court preacher's right with my wife in the dim distance. But worse was

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to come. After the super the court Preacher rose and told the company that the purpose of the gathering was to hear from the distinguished American professor what he was snooping around for in their hospitals and Deaconess Schools. At least this is about what I had understood when he asked me to respond. I spoke for what seemed to me an hour. Like the Irishman who on his first bicycle mount could not stop, so I rambled on. The company at first solemnly listening began to smile and then broke into good-natured laughter. I could not stop until I fortunately remembered mark Twain's advice upon speaking German, :To save all the verbs till towards the end and then let 'em loose." It worked. After we got out of the house my wife said that if I had spoken even one sentence correctly she could have better endured the ordeal.

In the summer of that year, when Miss MacLeod and Miss DeVeber joined us, we visited the School of La source in Lausanne. For many years we had been studying the reports of that school, where nurses had all of their training in dispensary and home service. I little thought then that fourteen years after our visit I should have one of their nurses working for me in Berne, where besides other Red Cross patients she would also be taking care of myself in the flu epidemic. She had learned the art of nursing, as every art must be learned, by imitating masters of it, not in doing the same thing for twenty different patients, but in doing twenty things for the same patient. But the La source pupil nurses while thus learning the art were also receiving the daily instruction in the science and principles of nursing from their great teacher, Dr. Charles Krafft.

From Switzerland we went back into Germany, to the great hospitals in Munich and then to that most lovely and efficient Deaconess Institution in Neuendettelsau. We went there because I had found in Philadelphia at the "Omen's Hospital" the nearest American approach to the characteristic motherly nursing of Germany. The principal of that training school told me where she was trained, and gave me full directions for finding the tiny village. Its hospital was perhaps half as large as my own house, the crèche was half as large as the hospital, and the various homes for the aged and for the chronic and crippled patients were also of like proportions. Yet in this miniature institution nurses were being trained for great Matron-ships in all parts of the world. The school at Kaiserswerth, where we soon went, is in a village not much larger. Its hospital is still diminutive, yet there it was there that Florence Nightingale received such training as fitted her for the Matron-ship at Scutari, where the hospital corridors if put end to end would be four miles long. But neither she nor graduates of Neuendettelsau would be eligible for registration as nurses in America unless the schools where they were trained agreed to give their future pupil nurses two consecutive years in hospitals, of a least one hundred beds, before allowing them any private home nursing even under constant teaching supervision. In England and Scotland Miss MacLeod and I were renewing our acquaintance with the Great Britain matrons and their training schools. I fear that I have already wearied my readers with these nursing details, but one of my hospital inspection visits was so out of the common run that I must describe it.

As I have elsewhere related, when we were visiting the Aberdeens at their Highland home I was presented to King Edward at the railroad station of Ballater. This royal favor was doubtless due to a reminder from Lord Aberdeen of my service in the starting of the Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada. However that me by, the King interrupted his journey

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to Balmoral for this presentation. On our walk outside the station he asked me if I would like to make an inspection for him of the tuberculosis sanatorium at Nordrach-on-Dee. He said he had for some years been promising to make this visit and that he would really be obliged if I would make it for him and then let him know what I thought of it. Little did I suspect what was in store for me. Imagine my surprise at the flags flying, the bands playing and the school children lining the roads at the barouche whirled me from the station to the sanatorium, where the patients were all on dress parade. For Nordrach-on-Dee it was a Royal visitation but for me almost a humiliation. I never felt so much out of place. The climax came at luncheon in the chief doctor's home where his tired wife finally burst into tears at the naughty behavior of her swarm of children. I tried to comfort her by telling her that I was brought up in a large family where as children we always acted like the deuce when company came, and that I did not at all mind the baby's wetting in my lap, and that I had seen many sanatoria, but none better, as I should have the pleasure in reporting to His Majesty.

Fortunately for us, we were very soon to sail back to America, for, after the Court Circular reported my presentation to the King and our walk together, invitations came pouring in from all over the Kingdom. At Glasgow within half an hour of registering at a hotel the Lord may or (only that is not his right title) called to insist upon our being his guests, or, if not, that we should make use of his barouche and servants. It was high time for us to get out of Great Britain. Our clothes were travel worn as I told Lord Aberdeen, whereupon he said I must instead wear his Prince Albert coat and silk hat for my presentation to the King. "No," I said, "he would know the clothes were yours, and if he did not, I should." "Oh, well," replied my host, "You Americans can wear anything of nothing and get by, go as you please." Which I did, but I have not forgotten the withering stares of the company at the Ballater Station while we were waiting for the arrival of the royal train, not the cordiality of the same company afterwards.

During this visit abroad, especially in Germany, I learned a great deal about the care of the patient. The German nurses are trained to teach their patients to do all that they can for themselves. They are encouraged to help each other. It was surprising to find how such procedure not only lightens the hospital's nursing load but also increases the patient's happiness. Dear Dr. Fernald, who had introduced this system in caring for feeble-minded children, urged me to study it in Bielefeld where he had first seen it in operation. In that colony of mercy, as it is rightly named, I found everyone busy according to his ability in mutual helpfulness, perhaps only by working for the economic interests of the institution, or as would be the case in any well ordered family for the support of their home.

The economic advantage of this system, in only less perfection than at Bielefeld, is to be seen throughout Germany. At least this was so when Germany was Germany. A still greater advantage is its therapeutic value. This is being more and more widely recognized in this country where schools are multiplying for teaching occupational therapy. But the greatest advantage of all, which is not yet appreciated here, is the patient's relief from his own misery that comes from relieving the misery of others. As a lovely illustration of this principle, Miss Pringel, when matron of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, found it wonderfully helpful to a ward full of unhappy men to give each of them for several hours of

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the day the care of an unhappy, ailing child. The nurses had no further trouble from disgruntled men if only they might have these visits from the bairns.

Of less importance and yet of great interest is the pains taken in the German hospitals for the relief as well as for the treatment of their patients by all sorts of ingenious apparatus. Some of this had been copied here. In return the Germans have been quick to copy any of our inventions that seemed valuable. Twice I have had the satisfaction of seeing my own thus copied. The first was my long handled, fenestrated holder for gauze sponges which was advertised by the German instrument makers soon after it came into use in this country. The second invention that they copied was of greater value. This is the story of it. In order to obviate the wetness of gauze dressings after their sterilization by boiling or steaming. I planned a sterilizer in which such material could be heated above the condensation point of steam before admitting it. Several hundred dollars was needed for building such a sterilizer. Edmund Dwight said he would give the money for two of them if one could be installed at Mass General Hospital, of which he was the treasurer. That was done and a full description of the invention was published in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. The Waltham Hospital sterilizer was in constant use for about twenty-five years. The one at the mass. General did not last so long. Within a year of two it blew up and out through the walls of the building. I never heard if its fragments were found. That might have been the excuse for the slow introduction of my invention in this country, but I suspect the real cause was the preference of doctors and nurses for wet dressings and gauze sponges, as evidence of their sterilization. They evidently distrusted the greater efficacy for this purpose of high-pressure super heated steam. In fact for several years after the introduction of sterilizers built after my pattern I not seldom saw surgeons before using the dry and perfectly sterilized sponges dipping them in hot water which had had forty chances of losing whatever sterility it only might have had. But in Germany, within a few months of the published account of it, my sterilizer was being extensively manufactured. Not, however, with its inventor's name, for never in Germany is such credit given to foreigners. As a striking illustration of this characteristic, soon after the germicidal activity of formaldehyde was discovered in the laboratories of Dartmouth Colleges (in Hanover, N.H.) I was told by German bacteriologists that this discovery was made in their Hanover, and I could not convince them that they were mistaken.

No greater contrast can be imagined than what I found between methods of taking care of the patient in this country and the European methods I have been describing. If I could transfer to the written page my memory pictures, first of the cleanliness and orderliness of the great city hospitals of Berlin, and then, second, of the filthiness and degradation of the City and county Hospital of San Francisco in 1903, dream and a horrible nightmare. I refrain from detailing the hospitals in various cities of California, for in them the patients although defrauded were generally fairly well care for. It was only in San Francisco that I made visits of inspection at all of the hospitals, as I did in Berlin. So badly were the patients treated in California's largest public hospital that I soon found myself in hot water for telling about it. First came an invitation for the Woman's Club which included lady visitors to the hospital and then soon another came from a group of doctors which included the medical and surgical staffs of this hospital. At both of these luncheons I was called to account for slandering the City, and at both I told what I had seen and heard. Here is the summary of it. In the combined toilet and bathroom of one of the wards, the sewage on the

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floor is so deep that the plank bridges float in it. The same dark closet at the opposite end of the ward is used for piles of patients' clothes and also for the storage of bread loaves on top of the dirty clothing.

The Matron's excuse for the abominable inefficiency of the nurses is that she has nothing to say about the selection of probationers, many of whom are the discarded mistresses of the supervisors (i.e. the Aldermen) or of other political bosses. That if she discharges them for gross immorality (i.e. if found in drunken sleep in bed with male patients) she always gives them their diplomas, certifying their graduation from the training school of which she is the superintendent.

Worst of all, I told them, that I found in one of the wards a man apparently dying of amoebic dysentery, without having had the specific remedy for this disease, because the bacteriologist has no communication with the attending physician, who belonged to another school, and also because he does not want to cut off the supply of amoebae from his own medical students.

It is superfluous to add that I left the City with the ill will of almost everybody. But that hospital was soon afterwards rebuilt both materially and morally. This was thirty-five years ago. Nearly as long before similar conditions at the Bellevue Hospital in New York had been rectified by the introduction of training school nurses in place of women sentenced in the police courts to serve as nurses there or else go to prison. Twenty years further backwards Florence Nightingale reported her failure to find a single moral woman among the nurses in the London hospitals.

Such fearful history is needed for due comprehension of what marvelous improvement has been made in the hospital care of patients since Fliedner revived the old art of nursing at Kaiserswerth a century ago. Perhaps it was inevitable in the transfer of Fliedner's teaching to this country, by way of British Schools, that much of the nursing art should have been lost. But this was not merely an accidental misfortune. Its sufficient cause is to be found in the parallel subordination of medical art to medical science which during the past half century has been taking place with marvelous rapidity. Still another cause for the sacrifice of the art is the conformity of nursing to the spirit of this machine age. Just as in the Ford factories each man has his special work to do only while he trains automobiles in process of manufacture is slowly passing him, so in the modern hospital each pupil nurse has only her own special service to perform on the rows of patients she passes by. This sort of efficiency of course prevents the nurse from taking any motherly interest in her patients however nearly they have come to the helplessness of babyhood.

However, I must not forget that generalizations are often misleading. It would be very unfair for one who has seen American training schools from their beginning, and many of their graduates who have attained excellence unsurpassed not to give honorable mention to such exceptions. Among such was Linda Richards. One of my greatest satisfactions was the gathering from her letters that material for her autobiography. The gaps in the material available she filled by additional letters in answer to my question. Owing to her limited early education these letters needed considerable editing. Vivid as were her descriptions, they were very short of punctuation and capitals. But fortunately one of my patients undertook

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the task of rewriting the wonderful story. In such beautiful language was it written that at the Linda Richards Memorial exercises one of the notable leaders of American Nursing, who had never seen her, and evidently not her letters, praised her extraordinary literary power. Linda Richards not only was the first nurse to receive an American Diploma but she also was far in the lead in the number of famous training schools she started. She was a valiant pioneer, and always faithful to the ideals of nursing which she assimilated from those of her great teachers, Susan Dimock and Florence Nightingales, ideals, sad to say, as rare now-a-days as old fashioned bonnets. But of course bonnets may again come into fashion and the old ideals may return of nursing as an art for which equal training of mind and hand and heart is requisite. Intelligence and technical skill, however great, without motherliness, are not enough, and for each of these qualifications on the perfect nurse teaching is equally necessary.

Were this the only chapter of my Reminiscences, future readers might well wonder if I always wore nurses' uniform, so close may seem to have been my association with them. Another future wonder would likely be why a doctor should busy himself with what concerns another profession. If such questions arise, the reader must turn back these pages to the statement of my creed, namely, that doctors are responsible for the training of their patient's nurses. Nursing is not such a separate profession as it is commonly held to be both by the nurses in their fluttering flights of feminine freedom and also by the doctors in their escape from all worry about what kind of care their patients were receiving.

During my long life I have seen great changes in the attitude of my own profession towards trained nursing. The early training schools met with stubborn opposition from the surgical and medical staffs of the large hospitals. That was in the 1870's. In the next decade, when new hospitals were springing up on all sides, the advantages of having training schools had become so apparent that the doctors were very willing to help in their establishment and management. It was not only their interest in the hospital's budget that prompted such furthering of the training schools by the doctors. Having seen the enormous improvement in hospital nursing they wanted such nurses also for their private patients. As a result of this medical interest in the training schools the pupil nurses of that era had better chances than their successors of learning how to work well with the doctors in the care of their patients. Then came the unfortunate separation between the two professions. The nurses, or rather the officers of their organizations no longer cared for medical assistance in planning the education of pupil nurses, and in consequence the doctors very naturally no longer felt a responsibility for the training of their future assistants. Then they began to growl out their dissatisfaction with the graduates of the training schools. They soon found that the only way to get such nursing as was wanted was for each to train his own special staff of graduate nurses. This movement, which is still advancing, is not to the permanent advantage of the nursing profession.

This shifting of the doctors; responsibility for the care of their patients coincided with the great extension of specialties in the practice of medicine and the consequent disappearance of general practitioners and family doctors.

In looking back at the various changes that have come about in the care of patients it is not easy to see which were the primary causes of unfortunate results. When man of our best

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educated doctors calmly avow that they are interested only in their patients' diseases, and the large majority of nurses from the great training schools will undertake family nursing only as a last resort, common folks can hardly be expected to appreciate the advance of medical science.

At the beginning and end of our lives, as also in the helplessness of our sicknesses, we are dependent upon the devotion of those having the care of us. NO amount of their scientific qualifications can ever compensate for their lack of such devotion. Without doubt many doctors and nurses fail not in the possession of this needed devotion but in the ability to bring it into action. That is because they have not been properly trained in the arts of medical practice and of nursing. Many of them entered their schools with the expectant hope of learning there how to use their hearts in the relief of human helplessness. But they were not taught that "The Care of the Patient depends upon caring for him."

Having known great masters of the art of medical practice, and nurses forever famous for their high ideals of the nursing art, it seems to me, now in my old age, but a poor return for their friendship that I have not awakened more interest among my younger colleagues in the furtherance of these arts. For it is upon the harmonious cooperation of those proficient in them that the perfect care of the patient depends.

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XII

Reminiscences of a Country Doctor

One of the privileges of the family doctor is his acquaintance with all kinds of folks, not only with his patients but also with their families and friends. Moreover, he has fine chances for seeing people as they really are, not as they may have camouflaged themselves for their visitors. Little need has he for stage imitations of human tragedies, but in reality comedies are more common than tragedies, and more common than either is the ordinary flow of life, which is easily forgotten.

In looking back over a half century of medical practice I seem to see, as if again enacted, all kinds of human happenings, some of which seem far enough out of the ordinary to be worth the telling. At any rate in such stories it is possible to catch glimpse of interesting people. Here then are some of them.

Charles Francis Adams, the grandson of President John Quincy Adams, was certainly a fine old sport. One cold winter day he came into my office drenched with sweat, pale and trembling. No, he said, he would not lie down nor would he take any stimulant. All he wanted was a little rest. He had been having a scrimmage with a Kentucky mare, which he had just left to cool off in a nearby stable. Soon he was off and again in the saddle. As he rode past my office a trolley car came along. The mare promptly jumped a fence but was soon made to jump back again into the road. I afterwards heard that he had been begged never to ride that mare. She had been too much even for professional jockeys. But that day she found her master and became the favorite of the old Calvary colonel.

When Mr. Adams reached his seventieth birthday he asked me if he might continue chopping down trees. I told him I could decide that only after examining him when chopping. That, he said. Would be only at Bret of day, All right, I answered, and it was agreed that I should find him in the woods at seven the next morning. That was the day of a furious northeast snowstorm. Only on horseback could I have made the seven-mile trip, as the roads had not been broken out. Following the sound of his axe I was in time to see a big tree crash down. As he sat on it with his chest bared to the storm I made a more than usually deliberate examination of his heart. Then I told him he need not discontinue such exercise. As I was mounting my horse he called me back and asked me if I supposed there were two such other damn fools in all America! "No sir," I said, and bade him good day.

It was once my good fortune to dine with the Adams family when the Bryces were visiting them at Birnam Wood. When Lady Bryce complained of the unseasonable New England weather I ventured that it could not compete with the vagaries of weather in old England. When asked for specifications, I told her I had trudged through surrey snow in July. She was too polite to call me a liar, but she at once asked her husband if he had ever heard of such a thing. I shall never forget my cross examination by Lord Bryce, not the skepticism that blazed from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. "Just where and when did you see snow in surrey?" He asked me. "At Reigate, Sir, in July 1888 when the snow was so deep it made hard walking and the snow lasted on to Catton Tower where we were visiting and the snow lasted on the ground there for nearly a week.: then after a searching look at me he

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deliberately said that he was Surrey born and bred, and had lived there all his life but never had he seen snow there in summer nor heard of it. Thereupon I mumbled out my pleasure in being able to tell one, who had told us so much we did not know about our own country, something that he had never known about his. But for what seemed an age the silence that followed was audible. Poor Mr. Adams was evidently sharing his doctor's plight. Some months later, however, he gleefully read to me a letter received from Lord Bryce which said that after his return to England he had looked up the weather records and to his surprise had found "your friend doctor was right about snow in Surrey in July, 1888, but that was the only time it had so happened in the centuries since English weather had been recorded."

At that dinner, when the vagaries of dialect promised to be a less controversial subject, I told how after a public meeting in Ottawa I had been claimed by an auditor as a fellow countryman from Wiltshire, because of my pronunciation. I also told of my answer to the claim that if it were valid my Wiltshire accent must have lasted through nine generations in New England. To my surprise, Lord Bryce declared that he believed the Wiltshire man was right in his claim, as he himself often in this country had been reminded of the different English country dialects. After that the dinner party became more enjoyable.

Once when summoned by Charles Francis Adams I found Brooks Adams also there. They told me their brother Henry was sick in Washington, that his doctors insisted he was too ill to be brought North, and that if this were so then all of them would be killed by the heat of the approaching summer, for of course they would have to stay much of the time with him. At their request I started for Washington to find out if I could whether it would be dangerous to move their brother to a cooler climate. As the consultation the following morning I found Henry Adams coped up in a crib cot with slat sides, from which he wanted to get out. There were several doctors there, one of them a permanent resident, and as many nurses. They said their patient had had a shock several weeks previously that he was deranged, partially paralyzed and difficult to manage. I found little in his condition to warrant either their objections to his removal or the generous amount of soporific drugs which the records showed he was having. As we were going down stairs for our consultation the colored butler whispered to me, "They are all living here on terrapin and drinking up his champagne." Perhaps it was this revelation that stiffened my insistence that it would be perfectly safe to move the patient North. When the disagreement of the doctors was reported to his brothers they accepted my advice in spite of the protests of the Washingtonians. A few days later Henry Adams came to Lincoln. Spurning the assistance of the doctor and nurses who came with him, he jauntily left them in the private care and refusing the ambulance I had provided he climbed into my automobile. He at once asked me to take care that never again should he have to see any one of those doctors and nurses. Except for slight lameness, which he ascribed to rheumatism, he was apparently a well man. Before another fortnight he could take long walks in the Lincoln woods. His right hand was perhaps a trifle weak, yet he could sign his cheques. Most certainly there was no failure of his extraordinary mentality.

During the following summer although there was small need of it I nevertheless was glad then and have been thankful ever since that Henry Adams insisted upon my making him frequent visits. It was like having a daily lesson from a great teacher. He lent me a copy of his privately printed "Education," on my promise not to lend it to others. That led me to

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reading his marvelously interesting histories as well as his "Chartres and Mt. St. Michael." I wish we had a phonographic record of his comments on the past and present, and even more do I wish we had it of his prophecies. The first Balkan War had just begun. "This," he said, "will soon lead to a World War. It is what for a century all the chancelleries of Europe have been dreading and striving to postpone. Whatever settlement is made will leave things worse than before. There can never be a lasting peace between those different races on the Balkan Peninsula. Temporary peace can be had only while the stronger nations agree in smothering the war flames that have smoldered there since before recorded time. But such agreement probably will never again be possible, certainly not until after a World War, which now will come very soon.": and what then,": I asked, "surely this country will not be involved?" "Yes," he answered, "in every future war between the great nations of Europe the whole world will take part. The war will last until the nations are bled white. The conditions all round will be worse than ever. "And what then?" I asked. "Another war, and so on forever," was his gloomy prediction.

Those who knew the facts about the rapid recovery of Henry Adams were not a little surprised a few years ago by the explanation of it offered by one of his wife's nieces. After stating that his life was despaired of by all his physicians, she declared that his miraculous recovery was due to the intercession of the Virgin Mary, because of his devout description of her supremacy at Chartres. Had this been published during his lifetime and that of his brothers, I can imagine nothing more entertaining that would have been their reaction.

I have written much of my inspiring friendship with Phillips Brooks, and memories of his keep coming to my mind. On one occasion, when I objected to the claim sometimes made that the Episcopal Church is the one and only true church, he told how he and McVickar, lately lounging on the steamer's deck after watching three brother clergymen "one an evangelical, another a rotund Georgian, and the third a robed and girdled priest", had congratulated each other that they belonged to a church big enough to include such different types. This was his only answer to my objection, yet satisfying then and since. "Have you seen how I am being criticized for preaching the other day at the ordination of a Congregational minister?" He once asked me, and then he said, "In answer to my critics I have asked them to point out what rubric I have violated in so doing.

A charming young Scotchman on his travels was once consigned to my guidance for the few days he was to spend in this neighborhood. What he most wanted, he said, was to see a good horse race and to hear Phillips Brooks preach. Not such different entertainments after all, as he afterwards remarked. He thought the rapidity of the service at Trinity was sacrilegious, and to my consternation, he so told Mr. Brooks when I introduced him. The great preacher was immensely amused. "What church do you attend in Edinburgh?" he asked him and when answered he said, "why, I have lately preached there while you were going around the world." "Yes," said the Scotchman, "that's why I came to hear you today. I had heard of your rapidity," As they argued, Mr. Brooks said, "I defy you to say the Lord's Prayer so fast that your thoughts meantime do not wander, no one can."

After beginning my own life's work I seldom found time for going to Trinity Church, but one, before returning from a vacation I did go there to the morning service. As I stood in my old place, leaning back against the pillar, opposite the pulpit, I felt his particular attention. It

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was his way of looking at his congregation and yet not seeing anyone. Before beginning his sermon, he said that although he was very seldom inclined to preach to any one class, on that morning he wanted to speak particularly to the medical profession. And then came his great sermon on "St. Luke, the beloved physician." Towards the end of it, to my surprise and grief, there came an attack upon the vivisectionists. I at once wrote to him protesting that not the vivisectionists, who generally are gentle and humane, but those physicians who are more interested in the diseases of their patients than in the patients themselves are like those clergymen who are more interested in theology than in their parishioners. I should not now tell of my presumption, were it not his immediate reply that the correlative which I proposed was the right one and that he would make that change, but that somewhere he should have to criticize the vivisectionists. After his death when the sermon was published unchanged, I sent his letter to his brother, who replied that in preparing the sermons for publication they had decided to make no changes. But in Allen's Life of Phillips Brooks the story is told and the letter given. His wonderful letters were unlike the letters of most men, which reveal the character on the one addressed rather than that of the writer. So, too, were his after dinner talks which happy as they always were yet never failed to lift us up, unexpectedly, to higher planes of thought and feeling. As he reverently said of himself, he was always conscious of his master's nearness. Others when seriously minded have revealed to us this sense of this nearness. But Phillips Brooks made this plain to us also in his joyousness.

My acquaintance with General Armstrong, which began in 1892, came about in this wise. One of the volunteer teachers in his Hampton School, Miss Alice M. Bacon, had started the time Dixie hospital with its training school for nurses. This was the first nursing school for colored women. Now that there are many such schools it seems strange that this first school should have encountered opposition among people who had long depended upon their old mammies. But General Armstrong knew better. During his previous illness, he had been cared for by the nurse who was in charge of the Dixie hospital. From her he had heard all about her young colored nurses and also about the Waltham School where she was trained. That was why he asked me to report to him what more could be done for the proper establishment of the training school at the Dixie. When I told him that the pupil nurses there were sleeping on mattresses in the hospital corridor and that they had not even a bathroom, he asked me to get plans for a suitable home for them. The estimated cost of such addition to the hospital was twenty five hundred dollars. "I will give it myself," he said. Afterwards I heard that he had only just then received as his whole inheritance this amount of money. Crippled as he was by partial paralysis, he nevertheless insisted upon making the rounds with, climbing the stairs into the various shops. His story of the marvelous early years of the School was thrilling, but far more so was the sight of the man himself among his adoring students.

As the Civil War ended before I was ten years old, my memory of it cannot be worth much. But that in those years I used to tease the furloughed soldiers for their stories was once brought home to me when as a college student I again met one of Robert Gould Shaw's Captains. While recovering from his wounds he had spent the summer in Piety Corner, where he drilled a company of the home guard. At our second meeting Captain Appleton, in answer to my questions about Shaw's death on the ramparts of Fort Wagner said, "why, you are the same importunate questioner I used to know as a boy" but finding that I had heard

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from other survivors the story of that assault, he told me how after having been wounded at Shaw's side he had crawled in under a canon, and how after the terrific firing ceased he had rolled himself down into the moat among the wounded and dead. Later that night he was rescued by his Negro soldiers. It was in that trench that Shaw's body was "buried with his niggers." Which his parents proudly considered his most fitting grave.

In the early years of my practice, I had the privilege of knowing many Civil war officers. Some of them had never fully recovered from the casualties of war. When Norwood P. Hallowell was dying, and I was lifting him to ease his breathing, he said, "Be careful please of my old wounded shoulder." That was why he had only one strong hand when "Dickens" would occasionally run away with him. This horse, as I afterwards found was not always easy mouthed. I do not know on what horse he rode up Beacon Hill, at the head of the few survivors of his colored regiment, when the Shaw monument was dedicated. But no rider ever had reason for greater pride than had he that day, especially as they passed the Somerset Club where cheers greeted them instead of the hisses that came from those balconies when he led his colored troops on their way to war. Sweeter still must have been the 'spirituals', which floated in through his windows when he was nearing his eternal rest. Certainly none who later heard from those negroes "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" will ever forget the beloved Colonel's funeral.

William H. Forbes was another of our civil War heroes sans peur et sans reproche. I was one of the physicians privileged to stand by him during his last days and nights, when frequent throat spraying was his only comfort. His wife would not leave him nor would she sleep unless he first pretended to be asleep then the colonel would open his mouth for the spray. It was torture for him to swallow, and once when I offered him some liquid nourishment he whispered, "What's the use?" "For you," I answered, "a few more days of suffering, but for her a reprieve. Immediately he drained the cup. Mrs. Forbes' heroism matched her husband's. During his last hours, when he was totally unconscious of his apparent agony, she sat by him steadily smiling, "lest," she said, "he may again look at me." Ralph Waldo Emerson would then have been more than ever proud of his daughter Edith.

Just as in my grandfather's memory what he had heard from the soldiers of the Revolution outlasted his more intimate acquaintance with the men and events of the Civil War, so now in my memory all I heard at first and from veterans of that war outlasts what my colleagues and comrades have told me of later wars. Thus I can almost hear again the old painter, Charles A. Poole, tell how the Kearsarge sank the Alabama off Cherbourg. He was only a fireman but at the time not on duty below. So, hiding under a lifeboat on the upper deck, he saw the privateer steam out of the harbor and begin her circling. Whether her guns were outranged or poorly served he did not know. At any rate her shots feel short, while those of the Kearsarge splashed nearer and nearer her. Finally "a shell struck the Alabama amidships and when it exploded it made a hole in her you could drive your horse and buggy into." All this of course can be read in any history of great sea fights, but ever since that old fireman's vivid description I have seemed to see that hole and the sinking ship and the rescue of her commander by the English yacht.

Among the Waltham boys who after the Civil War could sometimes be persuaded to tell what they saw and did were two fast friends, W.R. Wills and Jason Wright. The latter was

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wounded at Fair Oaks, during McClellan's masterly change of base. He was left on the field. That night Wills, determined to go back for him persuaded first the Federal and then the confederate pickets to let him pass. Finding Wright absolutely helpless he carried him 'pig-back' the long two miles back into our lines, where his life was saved but only with permanently paralyzed legs. Wills would never admit there was anything extraordinary in that. Wright and the rest of us thought otherwise.

Another of our boys, Walter S. Viles, was one of the men who on enlisting dated their birthdays backwards. He was not yet sixteen when he enlisted at the beginning of the War. Again and again he was wounded. At Gettysburg when his regiment was about to meet Longstreet's onrush at the peach orchard Walter's colonel called him out from the ranks with "Viless, if you are hit this time I'll send you back to your Mother for keeps." His comrades cheered. Soon afterwards Walter fell and after the surgeons had done with him one of his thighs had gone. But in all these past years never has any complaint been heard from him. So vividly had he pictured the battlefield for me by pointing out among our hills and valleys the resemblances and similar inter-distances, that when I visited Gettysburg I had no need of a guide.

William Roberts had entered the engineer corps of the Navy several years before the Civil War, when the age limit for enlistments was twenty-one. He was not yet eighteen. When asked his age he faltered out "twenty-one, sir." The old commodore looking at him sternly asked, "Will you solemnly swear that you are not one day older?" "Yes, Sir," said Roberts, eagerly and promptly. However much he then exaggerated his age his stories afterwards were told always in exactly the same words. Through his eyes I could seem to see Farragut lashed in the rigging of his ship in the battle of Mobile Bay. But these reminiscences must stop with his story of President Grant's visit to the Centennial of the Concord fight. The General had had his luncheon at Judge Hoar's where probably he had been given a glass or two of old Madeira but certainly nothing stronger. William Roberts, who was then a colonel on the governor's staff, had been detailed as aide to the General while in Lexington. Meeting the cavalcade at the town boundary Roberts rode up to the barouche, saluted and asked for orders. The poor General, as we all saw, was blue and shivering. He was wearing only a thin overcoat more fit for the cherry blossoms of Washington than for the biting wind and snow flurries that greeted him in Massachusetts. He told Roberts that he was terribly cold. "All right, Sir," his aide said, "I'll find warmth for you." The coachman was told to follow and they soon were at Colonel Tower's hospitable home where the General followed his host's shadow through to the pantry. When the old Bourbon was handed him he filled his tumbler to the brim, held it up steadily saying, "Here's to the cold town of Concord." Then he drank the very last drop of it.

One of the most interesting men I ever met was General William J. Palmer in Colorado Springs. From his Glen Eyrie he pointed to the mountain promontory whence he first beheld the mesa, now the city. The plain, he said, was then black with buffalo as far as he could see. At the time of my visit he was intent upon the problem of what sunk the Maine. Believing as he did that the Spanish were in no wise responsible for the disaster, which nevertheless was the exciting cause of our war with Spain, General Palmer had gathered facts tending to substantiate his theory that the ship was destroyed not by a mine but by the explosion of her forward magazine. This, he believed, was brought about by the

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treachery of the Cuban Junta and the holders of their bonds in order to prevent the acceptance by this country of Spain's compliance with our demands. Among the facts upon which his belief was founded, he told me these (1) that an hour or two before the explosion occurred a report of an attack upon the ship had been cabled to the London Times; (2) that in the days preceding there had been a mysterious rise in the price of the Cuban bonds; and (3) that just before the first of the two explosions a launch belonging to the New York newspaper that was urging United States intervention in behalf of the insurgents had withdrawn from alongside the Maine. It was his theory that a torpedo had been placed alongside, with no more serious purpose than creating a scare, which by the concussion it produced, caused the explosion of the ship's magazine and the awful loss of life.

Regarding the somewhat unsatisfactory report of the Naval investigation into the cause of the disaster I strangely enough was able to give General Palmer some further information. It so happened that on a coastwise steamer I had met the former captain of the Merritt, the salvaging vessel that with her crew of expert divers had been sent to Havana to aid the naval investigation. According to this captain's story, his divers really found out very little. They were afraid of the tangled mass of jagged iron in the black muddy water. Therefore when dressing on board the wrecking tug they used to talk over both what little they had actually found and also what the Naval commission really wanted to have testified. In order to expedite their job they agreed to give answers which would satisfy their questioners and to soft pedal whatever of their findings might be disappointing. For example, when one of the divers came up with the report that the door of the ship's after-magazine was open and that the corpse of a man was standing in the passage to the magazine. What should he testify, he asked. He was advised to say nothing about the open door, for that would disclose a serious lack of discipline on the ship, but to bring up that corpse without saying just where he found it. This he did, but it was not in uniform nor were there any attempts at identification.

General Palmer wanted all this corroborated by affidavits from the divers, which I secured for him, although it was not easy at first to find and then to persuade them to tell their stories and swear before a notary to their truth. The General's purpose was to show this country and also other nations how terrible wrong it was to have fought a war because of mistaken suspicions. He believed that by such a confession the cause of universal peace would be furthered. But when he was ready to publish his story he was persuaded not to do so, on the ground that the honor of his country would thus be besmirched. There would also be a probably political overturn, which would involve 'free silver'.

When in after years the ship was raised the Spaniards were refused permission to take part in the examination and as the wreckage was towed out to sea and sunk no further investigation will ever be possible. The official verdict was that the ship was destroyed by a mine, with the implication of Spanish responsibility for it. But with the revelations of national lying about the World War, General Palmer does not seem to have been over skeptical in his refusal to accept the verdict of the United States Naval Board after their secret investigations of the Maine catastrophe. It is not irrelevant to remind our readers that his own great service during the Civil War was in the secret service of the union, and that he had also won distinction as an engineer.

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As is now fairly well known, our war with Spain for the liberation of Cuba was brought about in no small degree by false propaganda. Another example of it was told to me by Edwin F. Atkins, as honorable a man as ever lived in spite of the outrageous slander of Senator Proctor, who was one of the promoters of our war with Spain. He told the Senate of the terrible oppression on the Cubans he had actually seen on the Atkins sugar plantations at Cienfuegos. When Mr. Atkins published his denial that Proctor had even been within many miles of these plantations, the Senator in a vitriolic attack told the Senate that Atkins in Massachusetts was well known as a liar, and for this he gave as his authority Senator Lodge, who had been always supposed to be one of Atkins' friends. Mr. Atkins of course went at once to Washington, and asked Lodge to come to his hotel. Some excuse came back, but in answer to a still more urgent summons Lodge came. He begged forgiveness and promised to clear up the 'misunderstanding'. Mr. Atkins made no public statement of the affair, but as the story spread the number of his friends and that of Lodge's opponents increase proportionally.

Mr. Atkins for many years had spent his winters in Cuba. None better than he knew the worthlessness and treachery of the insurgents. When one of their leaders, Maceo, was killed in a skirmish the newspaper report was that he had been murdered while in a Spanish hospital. The Spanish Marquis who was in command was well known by Mr. Atkins. He gave him this account of the affair. Maceo, at the head of a reconnoitering troop, met at the crossroad the leaders of a Spanish column. There was a short skirmish. When the Marquis reached the crossroad several of the insurgents were being buried. The next morning a soldier brought in a ring that had been taken from one of the corpses. Finding that it was Maceo's, the Marquis sent back to have the body exhumed and brought to his headquarters where it was buried with full military honors. When this report reached Florida it was changed into the murder story. Some years later a reporter of the Hearst papers whom Mr. Atkins met by chance boasted of having been largely instrumental in bringing about our war with Spain. He said that when the report of Maceo's death reached the Florida offices of the Cuban Junta they were in despair. Their 'George Washington' was dead. Then it was that this enterprising reporter concocted the murder story and inserted it in the envelope in place of the true report. When other reporters came for news the falsified report was shown to them. Soon it was on the wires and published throughout the world.