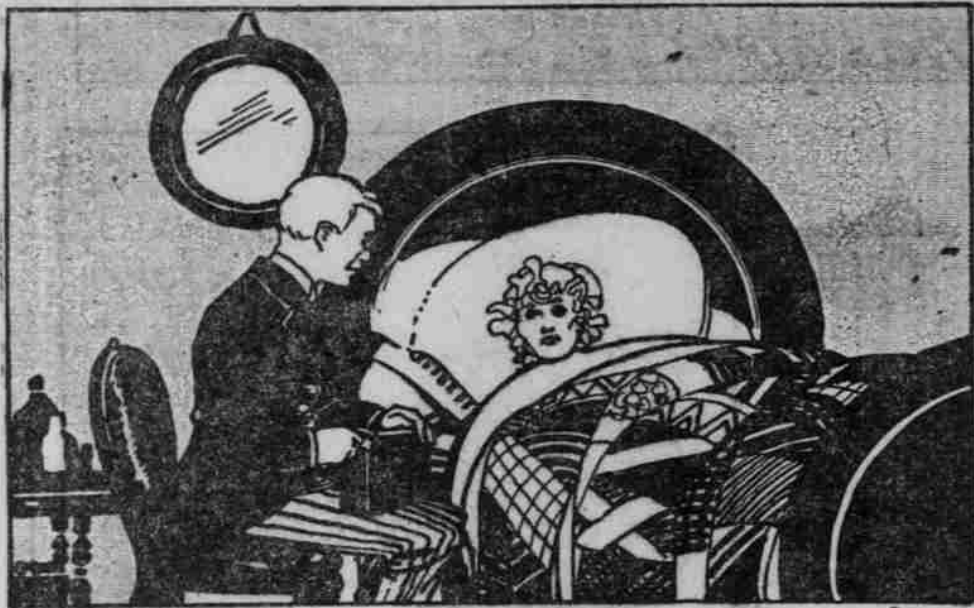


HOBBY OF PRESIDENT'S PHYSICIAN IS CURING INCURABLES

Charles E. Sawyer, a Little Country Doctor, Finds Himself a Brigadier General in Washington, Equipped Beyond His Fondest Hopes for Carrying on His Life Work



"On the bed was a little wisp of a woman who had lain there for three years." Another of Dr. Sawyer's incurables who was cured.

BY WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY.

"MY life work," said Brigadier-General Charles E. Sawyer, "has been a search for the curable incurables."

This sprightly little man, physician to President Harding, nucleus about which is to be built the welfare department of the United States government, looked out owlishly through thick glasses and ripples of humor ran up and down his face.

"Curable incurables," he continued, "sounds like a contradictory term, but for practical purposes it is not. There are people everywhere who are incurable under ordinary circumstances, but who, under highly specialized treatment, get well."

"I remember my first case well. I was a young doctor and felt complimented when I was called 15 miles into the country to see one of these shut-ins. I opened a gate in a high picket fence and saw a little log cabin of one room and a lean-to. When I went in my first impression was of immaculate whitewashed walls. The floor was as clean as a varnished dinner table. The stove was polished until it threw back my reflection."

"On the bed was a little wisp of a woman who had lain there for three years, her legs being useless, the result of a railroad accident. But her spirit directed a half-witted girl in the maintenance of a spotless home. Here, I said, is a flame worth feeding. I took the little woman back to the town with me, hired a room for her, nursed her, cured her. Three years later she drove up to my house in a new buggy, came in and forced \$300 on me, money for which I had much need. She had obtained a pension with back pay from a husband who had deserted her."

"I well remember another woman, young, she was only 23, who had been bedridden for four years. Her teeth had fallen out and her nails had come off. She lived in a darkened room. Yet she had much ahead of her if she could be saved. I had the satisfaction of curing her and seeing her develop into one of the kindergarten pioneers of her time and lead a long life of usefulness."

"These women were curable incurables. I operate an institution near Marion which devotes itself entirely to this sort of cases."

"Where," I asked, "did you get the idea of this specialty?"

"That is a story all by itself," he said. "I have long subscribed to the belief that every man's life runs in the channels of fate because of some infinitesimal happenings which set this way or that. My selection of incurable curables as a life work was due to one of these small incidents."

"I was standing on a bridge over the Grand river at Grand Rapids, Mich., one day, watching two fishermen. Each was baiting his hook and throwing it into the stream. One was catching minnows. It was minnows he wanted. He was baiting for minnows. The other was catching trout. He was baiting for trout. He wanted trout. Each of these men specialized. Why should a doctor not specialize? I would fish for curable incurables. I began right away and I have houses full of them on my hands ever since."

"Tell me of the other small incidents," I said, "that have affected your career."

"The first of them," he went on, "happened when I was still in knickerbockers. A carpenter by the name of Jacobs and my father were making some repairs to our house. The carpenter passed the end of a long board and my father who was on a ladder and together they slipped it into the place it was to occupy."

"Does it fit?" asked Jacobs.

"It fits well enough to do," my father replied. "Call it on."

"Does it fit?" Jacobs insisted, and he came up the ladder to see. It did not. He took it down, squared up the end, made it fit exactly. I always remembered this incident. I watched Jacobs after that for many years. He was always working on newel posts, stairways and such particular jobs. He got more money than the other carpenters. He worked when they were laid off. I would follow Jacobs. I would make things fit."

"Then there is the third event in my life, a very small event indeed, which led me to accomplish my greatest success. I was getting well along by this time. I had gone to Chicago to see my son, who was then a grown man. We went to see a show. It happened to be a light opera known as 'The Mayor of Tokio.' There was a Yankee in it with a penchant for advertising the thing he had for sale and who fell in love with the maid of the orient. He sang a song to her. There was a refrain in it which ran: 'I love you because you're different.'"

"I went away with that phrase running in my head. I was still going when I woke up. It went on for weeks. Nothing seemed able to stop it."

"Mr. Harding and I had been planning a trip to Honolulu for a long time. It was at about this time that we decided we would take it. Out in Los Angeles there was a doctor, a youngster whom I had taken off the street and educated. He had made a great success. I told Mr. Harding that I would start two weeks ahead

of him; that I would visit this friend in Los Angeles; that we would meet later in San Francisco and sail."

"I love you because you're different," ran in my head all the way to the coast. People stick to the beaten path, I said to myself, that it is little wonder that one should be loved for being different. All hospitals, institutions for the incapacitated are very much alike. Why should one not be created that is different? I will build this one that I have been planning different from all others."

"I worked all the time I was in Los Angeles on those plans. I became so absorbed that I canceled the trip to Honolulu, and neither Mr. Harding nor I went. I built the institution that was different, and in it I cured 25 per cent more patients than did the conventional hospital. A snatch of a song in a light opera did it."

I found that I was being fairly borne along by the enthusiasm of this small man. Already I realized he was making his peculiar impression on Washington. With each succeeding administration it seems there is sure to develop some particular figure that finds for itself some special niche in the affections of the people. Vice-President Marshall, with his quaint Hoosier philosophy, was the member of the Wilson administration who won a sentimental esteem from a whole people. In the time of Taft there was Archie Butt, his military aide, who was dearly beloved, the greatest peacock of his generation, the man who unflinchingly yielded his place in the boats when the Titanic was sinking and went smiling to his death. Under Harding, I forecast, Brigadier-General Sawyer, but yesterday a country doctor out in Marion, Mo., to drop up and park himself in the sunny lot where personal affection sheds its glow."

The doctor, I should guess, weighs about 100 pounds. He is not particularly delicate looking. He is merely small and slim. He is that way by nature. There is but one smaller man in Washington public life, and that man is Ambassador Augusto Cochrane del Alencar, the accredited diplomatic representative to this country from Brazil. The Brazilian's coat is so diminutive that when his post was advanced from that of minister to ambassador there was not room enough on it for the gold braid arbitrarily prescribed, and a very delicate situation developed."

Having reached the age of 61 and having always managed to get along in muffin, Dr. Sawyer felt a bit restrained when he got into the toga of a brigadier-general and at first he missed, not from intent, a good many of the snatches that came at him in khaki along the curb. Even yet he does not boast of any particular swag in his soldier's clothes, but he is at home in them. He goes about as much as anybody in official life and in as big an automobile and if the folks in Marion could see him they would be mighty proud."

General Sawyer has been assigned spacious offices in the corner of the state war and navy building that is nearest the White House, just across the street, and there, surrounded by his staff, he is studying the establishment of the department of welfare. All day long people come to see him, and if you ask for an interview you are likely to be set down for an hour three days ahead. But the visit will be worth your while."

I asked the general to reveal for me that eternal miracle of the evolution of an individual from the gloom of obscurity to the spotlight of national public interest, to tell me where he started and what incidents led to his making."

He said that his father was a farmer living within 20 miles of Marion, right there in the heart of Ohio where his whole life has been spent. But the elder Sawyer went away to the civil war when his son was but 3 or 4 years old and when he came back the family went to dwell in Nevada. O. (pronounced by the doctor with a long a). There they engaged in the horse business, buying these animals and selling them on various markets. This necessitated the maintenance of stables and here the youngster labored, feeding and currying



Dr. Sawyer feels a bit restrained in his brigadier-general's uniform and he unintentionally misses some of the salutes snapped at him.

the animals and otherwise ministering to their well being.

But the mother of young Sawyer was ambitious for his advancement and, through her efforts, he eventually attained the distinction of becoming a clerk in the village shoe store. There he labored for years and there he came to know Dr. W. F. White, who was to be his preceptor, guide and friend. Under Dr. White he studied for three years before he went away to a homeopathic school in Cleveland, from which he was graduated, and where he took subsequent courses in orthopedic surgery, which he chose as a specialty.

"I had two boy friends," said the general, "who lived in the country. Near their house was a brook which ran through a forge and took a plunge over a cliff. Its water created quite a roar in doing so and the youthful imagination easily saw the cataract as another Niagara."

"We used to ask other boys to come

out from town. We would blindfold them and lead them out on a log that had been thrown across the stream below the falls. As we led them out we would describe the torments rushing below. As a matter of fact there was a perfectly safe and soft landing should anybody tumble. "We would tell the visiting boys that the log was shaky and that they were sure to fall and they invariably did. Then again, we would tell them that the way was secure, that it was but a little distance to the ground, that they had but to walk ahead to safety. And these boys always came undisturbed across. So did I learn the lesson of the value of confidence."

"While I was studying medicine I did many odd jobs to keep myself in expense money. One of these was to act as caller for a local hotel. I went down to the trains with the bus from this hotel and told the arriving throngs of the advantages of making it their headquarters while in town. "But one day I missed my train

and got into trouble. Out of my savings I had bought myself a beef heart from the butcher. I went to my room and dissected that heart. I became absorbed in it, spent hours demonstrating to myself the mysteries of the operation of its different chambers and the valves that divided them. An alarm had been sent out for me as among the missing before my father finally found me, lost in this first hard study."

"I hold that one of the greatest good fortunes that can come to any individual is that he should come to study the minute detail of any one of the thousands of things that are around him."

"There once came to me at my sanatorium a young woman who was very unhappy with her lot as teacher of a country school. She wanted me to give her an opportunity to become a trained nurse that she might abandon the career she had been follow-



"I love you because you're different." This refrain of a song furnished Dr. Sawyer with another inspiration.



President Harding and his physician snapped on the White House grounds.

ing. I was interested in her case, because I have always felt that the world was full of tragedies of people wrongly placed."

"I asked this country school teacher to tell me of her tasks. She said that there was nothing to life but a mile-long trip down a dusty road between two rail fences twice a day and the intervening hours in teaching the same monotonous lessons over and over again."

"I said to this young woman that she was not temperamentally fitted to become a nurse. A nurse must be self-sacrificing, must think only of her patient. She, on the contrary, thought of herself and not of her tasks. She thought of the distinction of the nurse's uniform when she would wear it and not of the service she might render in it. It was the wrong spirit for this exacting calling. "On the other hand, she might become a good teacher if she would but

open her eyes. She was intellectually stone blind. I, the doctor, would prescribe for her. I would cure her if she would follow my directions."

"She should return to her school. But she should promise me that she would do as I said for one hour each day for a week. She should go into one of these commonplace fence corners on her way home from school and she should remain there for one hour each day. She should arouse her faculties to observe what there was of interest in that one fence corner. She should watch the bee industriously delving into the flower, extracting from it those peculiar elements that constitute the honey of commerce, storing that honey and bearing the harvest away. She should take note of the procession of ants that would its way with military precision under the command of its constituted authority, demonstrating the establishment of a community life that is an ambitious competitor to that of man. She should watch the ragweed as it shudders to shake from its leaves the dust that has settled on them from the wagon that has just passed. She should come to know that this ragweed always occurs in family groups, a little community here, another there and another yonder, but never alone. She should examine the place of this plant upon which she has sat and see how it has already begun to repair the wounds she has inflicted upon it. She should open her mind to these and a multitude of other happenings in her one fence corner. She should study them for an hour each day for a week and return to me."

"This she did. She pronounced the monotony of her existence gone. She became a teacher of many times her original value and a woman for whose life unhappiness was banished forever."

"There are innumerable people in the world who may be helped in ways that are beyond measure. I remember attending a banquet once given to a very distinguished group of medical men. It was an occasion of imposing proportions. One of the entertainers, a sweet-voiced singer, was of such unusual appearance as to arouse my curiosity, so I asked about him. I found that he was a Chilean Indian by birth. He had grown up in the obscurity of that faraway community. He was poor, almost without education. He regarded himself as very fortunate when he became roustabout on a freighter that touched at his native ports. It was a hard life aboard ship, for he was the most lowly member of the crew and the worse of the tasks fell to him."

"This vessel, threading the endless spaces of the world, finally came to port at Liverpool. For some reason it could not enter the harbor, but must remain outside through the night. The Chilean Indian was sent aloft, where, through the night, he was to observe and sing out the necessary calls for the guidance of those below. This he did and, while his voice floated out on the stillness, an ear far away on shore heard and a critic marveled at the wondrous sweetness of that voice."

"So to the poor Indian, 7000 miles away from his home, in the darkness of night on the top of a ship's mast, came opportunity, for the ear that heard provided training for his voice. "To me the Indian, the schoolteacher, the little woman of the whitewashed walls were curable incurables. I have been baiting my hook for this sort of people for a long time and catching them. The opportunity that the president has given me in working toward the creation of a welfare department is but the same task many times multiplied. It is my fondest dream come true."

GREAT DISTINCTION OF TRANS-ATLANTIC CLIPPER RECORD AWARDED RED JACKET

Nothing Faster in Sailing Annals Known Than Attested Time of 13 Days 1 Hour and 25 Minutes From Sandy Hook Lightship to Liverpool Pier Head.

BANGOR, Me.—Much testimony has been offered of late to show that the New York clipper ship Dreadnought never made the run credited to her by some writers—nine days and 17 hours from Sandy Hook Lightship to Daunt's rock, Queenstown, but there is little need of evidence or argument on that question, for few who know much of ships and the sea have ever believed that the famous clipper sailed that fast.

While they are at it, however, the sea sharks might as well tell who did make the transatlantic, or New York-Liverpool, record, if Captain Samuels didn't. Downeasters are inclined to award the great distinction to the clipper Red Jacket, built at Rockland, Me., in the 50s. The Red Jacket has a well-attested record of 13 days 1 hour and 25 minutes from Sandy Hook Lightship to Liverpool pier head, and it is not recalled that anything faster has been claimed for a sailing vessel.

It is related that the Collins line steamer, which left New York a day or two after the Red Jacket arrived in Liverpool, one Sunday afternoon and brought the news that the Yankee clipper was just astern. Those were sporting days in the clipper service, and there was as much interest in the performances of fast ships as there now is in any other time records, big money often being wagered on sailing contests.

Multitudes Cheer Racer.

When the news spread along the Liverpool harbor front the people rushed in thousands to the docks and every pier was black with spectators awaiting the advent of the new sea racer. Outside the port tugs had offered to tow the clipper, but the ship was going so fast that they couldn't keep the hawsers taut, and so had to give it up. The Red Jacket swept into the Mersey with everything drawing, presenting a spectacle that brought cheers from the assembled multitudes. Then, as tugs came alongside to dock her, the ship's master gave all hands a thrill they had least expected—he ignored the tugs, and, throwing the Red Jacket up into the wind, actually backed her along the pier, while the crew took in sail with a celerity that seemed like magic to the spectators.

The Red Jacket was a ship of about 2500 tons, old measurement; had a very long floor, like a Penobscot river lumberman's barge, and could carry a tremendous spread and also point high. She carried as figurehead the image of the Indian chief, Red Jacket, artistically carved from a log of pumpkin pine. She prospered finely in the clipper service, was later sold to English account and sailed in the Australian trade, and at last accounts, after some years of carrying lumber from the St. Lawrence to the United Kingdom, was dismantled and used as a coal bulk at Malta.

In some records the Dreadnought is credited with a run of 13 days and eight hours from New York to Liverpool, and it is well authenticated that she ran from Honolulu to New Bedford, 13,470 miles in 52 days. She was built at Newburyport, Mass., in 1853 by William Currier and James T. Townsend to the order of Governor E. D. Morgan, Captain Samuels of Brooklyn, her first master, and others. Her fame was as wide as the sea and she soon acquired the name of a racer—"the wild ship of the Atlantic," sailors used to call her. She carried on her foremast a fiery red cross by which she was easily identified at sea. She was 200 feet between perpendiculars, 217 feet on deck, 40 feet beam, 26 feet depth of hold; gross tonnage, 1413; net, 1227. Strictly speaking she was only a half clipper, but her unusual beam gave her the ability to stand up under a press of sail that would send a full clipper plowing under. She was lost on July 4, 1869, while on a voyage from Liverpool to San Francisco, being piled up on Cape Penas, to the northeastward of Tierra del Fuego. At that time she was commanded by Captain Mayhew.

Records Are Cited.

The ship Andrew Jackson of Boston sailed from New York to San Francisco in 30 days and four hours; the

Northern Light from Boston home from San Francisco in 76 days and eight hours; the North Wind of New York from England to Port Phillip head, Australia, 15,500 miles, in 74 days; the Young America of New York from Liverpool to San Francisco, 13,500 miles in 94 days; the Euterpe of Rockland, Maine, from New York to Calcutta, 15,500 miles, in 78 days; the Richard Busted of Boston, from Sidney, N. S. W., to Calcutta, 5800 miles in 12 days; and the bark Ocean Telegraph of Boston, home from Callao, 9970 miles, in 53 days.

In 1851 the Sovereign of the Seas sailed from New York to San Francisco in 102 days, 14 days of which she spent lying off Valparaiso, she having been partially dismantled in a gale. After discharging at San Francisco she sailed to Honolulu, and from that port ran to New York in 58 days without starting a tack. In 59 consecutive days she made 3300 miles. From New York she sailed for Liverpool, was decalmed on the Banks of Newfoundland, and when she got a chance ran from the Banks to the Mersey in five and one-half days, the whole passage being made in 13 days and 19 hours. Among her best single day's runs are recorded 419 and 437 miles, on a passage from New York to San Francisco.

The Natchez, another famous clipper, once made the run from Canton to New York in 76 days. The Samuel Russell of Boston in 1854 made 318 miles in one day, homeward bound from Whampoa. In 20 consecutive days she covered 6722 miles, or nearly half the distance from New York to China. In 1852-3 the Flying Dutchman of New York went to San Francisco, discharged, loaded and got back to New York a round voyage of 27,230 miles, in 101 days, wharf to wharf. She ran from the Golden Gate to the Horn, 6380 miles, in 35 days. In 1853 the Trade Wind of New York ran home from San Francisco in 75 days.

The Lightning of Boston in 1854 crossed to Liverpool in less than 14 days, and after being sold for English account and rigged as a bark, she

sailed from Melbourne to Liverpool, 12,130 miles, in 64 days. The Comet of New York sailed from Liverpool to Hongkong, 12,040 miles, in 84 days; the Mary Whitledge of Baltimore, from Cape Henry to Liverpool, 3480 miles, in 12 days and seven hours; and the bark Dawn of New York from Buenos Aires to Sandy Hook, 6010 miles, in 38 days. The Nabob of Boston ran from New York to Hongkong in 73 days. It is related of that voyage that the Nabob carried away 73 stuns, and that when all her stuns' booms had gone by the board the old man began using long boat oars.

Flying Cloud, an earlier racer than any of those named, is credited with a day's run of 433½ miles, this record having been made on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, covering 13,610 miles in 89 days and 18 hours.

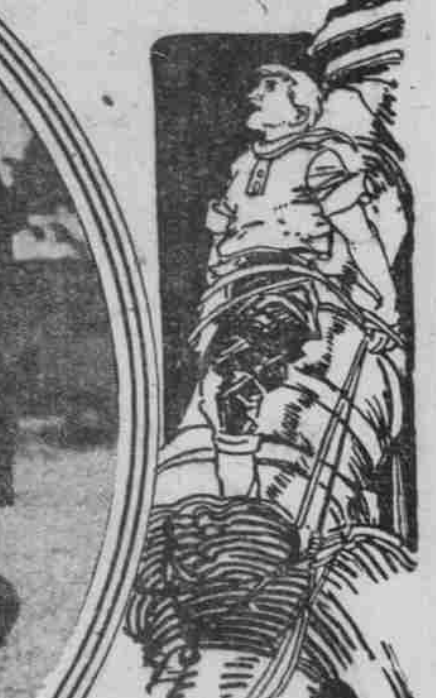
Among fast passages of comparatively recent times, by rather full-built American ships, is that of the S. D. Carleton of Rockport, Maine, in 1892, from New York to San Francisco in 102 days, 14 days of which she spent lying off Valparaiso, she having been partially dismantled in a gale. After discharging at San Francisco she sailed to Honolulu, and from that port ran to New York in 58 days without starting a tack. In 59 consecutive days she made 3300 miles. From New York she sailed for Liverpool, was decalmed on the Banks of Newfoundland, and when she got a chance ran from the Banks to the Mersey in five and one-half days, the whole passage being made in 13 days and 19 hours. Among her best single day's runs are recorded 419 and 437 miles, on a passage from New York to San Francisco.

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"The Chilean Indian was sent aloft, where he was to observe and sing out the necessary calls for the guidance of those below." The marvelous sweetness of his voice attracted attention and he became a famous singer.