

# The Death Roll of the Panic



Clara Bloodgood, the Actress

**D**EATH roll of the panic! How little attention has been paid to the most startling, the most thoroughly alarming phase of the financial gale that recently swept over us, threatening more damage than it did, fortunately.

There were many fatalities in the storm; there was an actual death roll of the panic, as there is of every panic. In some cases over-taxed nature, refusing to respond to more exacting demands, simply quit and lay down the burden. Other exits from the trouble were more speedy and tragic, as they were made in the shape of self-murder. There were many suicides not sufficiently prominent to attract the attention of the world.

An astonishing increase in the mortality from heart disease marked the closing months of last year, especially in New York, the financial storm center. The increase there over the preceding year was nearly 30 per cent.

In the lull following the storm thoughtful men, viewing the wreckage, have shaken their heads and declared it all a solemn warning to the nation. "We must slacken our speed, we must stop running after wealth like mad men," they declare. Judging from the record of the last half year, we should.

## SOME OF THE PANIC VICTIMS

- Charles T. Barney, deposed president, Knickerbocker Trust Company, suicide.
- Professor L. M. Underwood, of Columbia University, suicide, after murderous attack on his wife.
- Mrs. Nicholas M. Smith, suicide, after killing husband.
- Mrs. S. T. Bondhus, worried herself into fatal illness.
- Howard Maxwell, bank president, suicide.
- Valentine Hyderdahl, dealer in china, suicide.
- George Fruitman, diamond polisher, suicide.
- Clara Bloodgood, actress, suicide.
- Worth Wallace, retired millionaire, suicide.
- Ernest T. Stedman, lawyer and real estate man, killed by train; supposed suicide.
- H. O. Havemeyer, head of the Sugar Trust, whose system, weakened by the stress of combat, was unable to withstand a sudden illness.

**M**ORE appalling still is the prophecy of physicians that the roll is not complete; that during this year many more will die as a result of the financial flurry—men and women whose constitutions have been weakened by mental and physical stress.

Nervous systems racked and torn beyond hope of repair; hearts dangerously weakened, energies sapped, ambitions crushed; death staring them grimly in the face!

Frenzied Finance—and Heart Failure! This is the story of the past; the awe-inspiring prophecy for the future.

When the recent report of Dr. W. E. Guilfoyle, registrar of the Bureau of Vital Statistics of New York city, showed an astonishing increase in the number of deaths from heart disease during the latter part of the year in Manhattan, scores of physicians came forward with warnings declaring the increase to be due to worries over difficulties in the money market. What they said, condensed into so many words, was this:

Worry weakens the heart. It lowers the resisting power of the body. Men worry over financial losses; they suffer from continual strain; the heart is weakened, there comes a loss, a great shock, and they succumb. Heart disease stares the financial men of the country in the face. And heart disease is the handmaiden of death! Suicide has ended the days of hundreds. But suicide may be averted. Heart disease, however, attacks the victim unawares; it weakens the life forces insidiously, then suddenly—snap! All is over.

## PACE IS QUICKENING

Speaking of this phase of the matter, Dr. Thomas Darlington, president of the Board of Health of New York, declared:

"Increase of heart disease is due to the stress and strain of modern life, and I have no doubt that the recent financial flurry has been a factor in some of the recent deaths. The pace at which men live has been steadily accelerated. Long hours, nerve tension, lack of outdoor exercise, neglect of recreation and amusement, constant hurry and effort, all these must be considered.

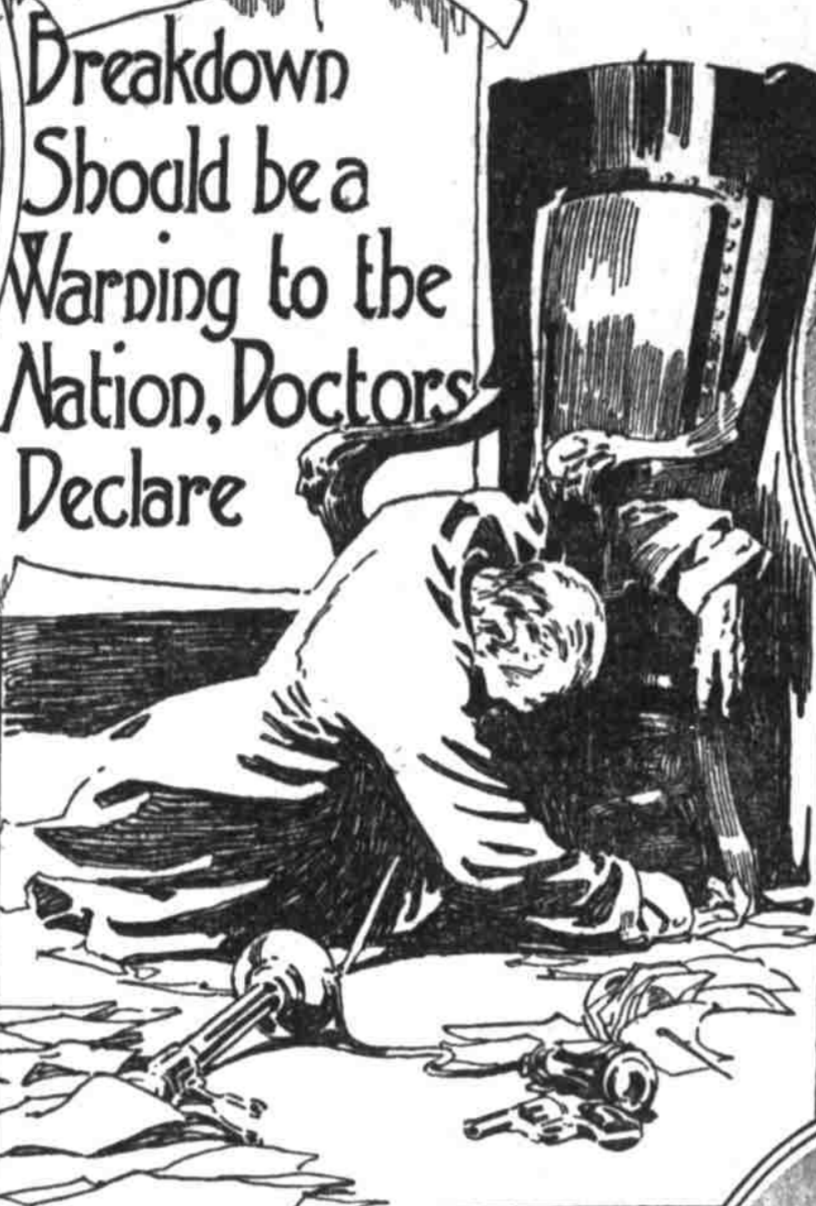
"It is time for Americans to adopt the simple life and to slow down, instead of constantly subjecting themselves to the effort to maintain high standards of living. The Englishman as he advances in years gradually retires from the activities of business, but the American does not seem so disposed, and when there comes a great strain upon the older men they are likely to succumb."

Most prominent of the men who succumbed on this account, according to Dr. Joseph Collins, a well-known neurologist, was Henry O. Havemeyer, said Dr. Collins: "Business stress and strain, due to financial disturbance or other depressed conditions, claims its toll by causing physical debilitation of those who are struggling against these adverse conditions. Men are worn out by the work and strain."

"When adversity arises and stress and strain prevail these young-old men find their vitality so depleted that or similar ailments as they did in former years. The recent death of Henry O. Havemeyer was a case exactly in point."

During the last six months the number of suicides has been astounding. Men of supposedly unimpeachable character have resorted to the poison bottle and the bullet to escape meeting the results of the storm. A conspicuous example was Charles T. Barney, formerly president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the failure of which precipitated ruin on New York banks.

Mr. Barney shot himself in the head on the morning of November 16. Before the Knickerbocker crash he had been director in no fewer than thirty-eight business



### Breakdown Should be a Warning to the Nation, Doctors Declare

enterprises. He was president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, Knickerbocker Safe Deposit Company, New York Loan Improvement Company, and vice president of the Century Realty Company, the New York Mortgage and Security Company and the Title Insurance Company.

Fall of the financier was brought about by his association with Charles W. Morse in the Morse banks, the National of North America and the New Amsterdam. When the Morse banks failed bankers turned their eyes to the Knickerbocker with suspicion. To one of the directors of the trust company, who taxed him, Mr. Barney admitted that he had a loan of more than \$300,000 from the National of North America and \$80,000 from the New Amsterdam.

A demand was made on Mr. Barney that he take up these loans. In despair he declared that he was unable to do so.

When the officers of the National Bank of Commerce, which cleared for the Knickerbocker, learned of this they gave notice that they could no longer clear for the Knickerbocker Trust. The directors of the Knickerbocker Trust thereupon asked for Mr. Barney's resignation, which was tendered on October 21. On October 22 the trust company closed its doors, after paying out \$5,000,000 to depositors.

## "RIVER OF SUICIDES"

And the panic was on! People fied in line before the New York banks waiting their turn to withdraw their money. Such excitement had rarely been seen in New York in recent years. And in the meanwhile not a few were going to the "river of the suicides." Hard pressed by creditors, Barney took the quickest means of escape from his troubles—death by his own hand.

Two days later, while men were still shuddering at the death of the unfortunate New York banker, came the news of the frightful tragedy in the home of Lucien Marcus Underwood, a professor of botany in Columbia University.

Professor Underwood was one of the most notable men in the world of botany. He was the author of a number of books and was an authority on American ferns.

During the financial upheaval he lost most of his investments. Although he brooded on the loss, he bore up bravely until he read of the death of Barney. Then his spirits sank. At noon, on November 16, as he sat at luncheon, his wife remarked that he was looking better.

"Yes, I feel somewhat relieved," he replied. During the meal his eyes rested upon a knife on the table—a long, sharp knife. While they were eating dessert the man reached slowly for the knife, grasped it, and with a cry jumped from the table.

Seizing the terrified wife he slashed the blade across her throat. Casting her to the floor, he jumped for his daughter, brandishing the knife in the air. The girl escaped, and the mad man, thinking he had killed his wife,



Ernest T. Stedman, Lawyer and Real Estate Man



Henry O. Havemeyer, a Victim of Breakdown

stabbed himself to death. The wife was not fatally injured.

Dramatic was the suicide of Clara Bloodgood, the famous actress, who killed herself in Baltimore, Md., on the night of December 5. She had suffered heavy losses during the panic. While the audience was pouring into the Academy of Music to see the production of "Truth," Clyde Fitch's new play, the actress placed a revolver in her mouth as she sat in her room at a hotel and shot herself. She died almost instantly.

Driven mad by fear that he would lose his investments, Major Frank McLaughlin, a politician and capitalist, of Santa Cruz, Cal., shot his daughter Agnes through the head. Then he called his friend, former Lieutenant Governor Jetter, on the telephone and told what he had done. When Jetter and a physician arrived McLaughlin lay on the floor gasping in the throes of death, an empty bottle in his hand. He had taken prussic acid.

On December 26 Ernest G. Stedman, who had lost \$1,000,000 during the panic, was run over by a north-bound subway train at the Fourteenth Street Station in New York city. Charles Rouff, motorman of the train and the only witness of the tragedy, declared that the man had deliberately thrown himself on the tracks.

Mr. Stedman was a well-known lawyer and carried on extensive operations in real estate. His friends said



Charles T. Barney, Deposed Trust Company President

In an interview, in which he advises Americans to slow down, he says:

"Every American has before his eyes the example of the well-known multi-millionaire, who worry themselves more about how to get rid of their money than others do to earn it. What is the use to them of their mountains of gold, which they have heaped up by dint of work and cunning, talent and vice, invention, enterprise, perseverance, speculation, exploitation and cruelty?"

"They are envied by fools, hated by millions, despised by dealers, admired by jackanapes. They have over-strung nerves; they know no simple, wholesome joy; their life is devoid of any real satisfaction; their predominant feeling is a thirst for gold which becomes all the more burning the more fully it is satisfied.

"The great danger of excessive money making consists in a man letting himself soon be carried away by it, to regard it as an object in itself. If one has come to money making for money making's sake, one is lost unto the world."

"It is too easy to forget that money in itself is merely a symbol. It represents the good things which can be procured with it. It has a value because these good things have value. It is incapable of affording the least satisfaction; it is a promissory note for satisfaction, but this promissory note is a meaningless so long as it is not presented in exchange for the satisfaction."

"Ask yourselves sometimes in the midst of your mad race whether you are running? Quo vadis? and why you kill yourselves in order to advance as quickly as possible? Stop of your own free will before you break down. Earn money in order to exchange it for joy. Replace your ideal of quantity with an ideal of quality. Great fewers records, but gain for your individual life instead of ambition, hope; instead of competition, love; instead of triumph, happiness."

## Girl Gardener in Man's Garb

LIVING near a small village near Norwich, England, is a young and pretty girl gardener who has adopted male attire for her work.

It is a large and beautiful garden over which the young lady reigns. She has men assistants and a neat little cottage to rest in when the day's labors are over.

Flowers and grapes are her specialty, and the following is her explanation for wearing male attire:

"It is almost impossible," she said, "to move about among flowers and plants in a skirt without breaking some of them down and without the skirt soon hanging in tatters. Besides, the feelings of a woman in skirts are never quite comfortable when she finds herself at the top of a ladder or a step."

"First," she continued, "I tried a skirt that reached to my knees and high leggings. But the costume was pronounced far from elegant. Nothing remained, therefore, but to give up skirts altogether. Needless to say, however, it is only while I am working in the garden that I wear trousers. As soon as my work is over and whenever I have to go beyond the garden boundaries, I get back into skirts."

"In my opinion, it is impossible for a woman in skirts to work in a garden. Skirts were invented at a time when women performed little manual labor, and, as must be the case, they could not be more unsuited to horticulture."

## Hair Doctoring for Women

"WOMAN'S hair has been called her crown of glory, and every self-respecting woman values her hair at far more than its weight in gold," says a recent writer.

"Women hair doctors would rank far above the ordinary man's barber," he says, "for there would be nothing derogatory in doing professionally what every woman does for herself more or less amateurishly; besides, the prevention of baldness is as legitimate and dignified a business as any other branch of hygiene and therapeutics."

"Hair, as things go in this world, is one of the parts of one's anatomy that the family physician isn't much good at. For one thing, he is generally not consulted till too late, and, for another, the preservation of the hair usually implies more manipulation than a busy doctor could give to it, even if such work were suitable for a barber."

This is just where the woman "hair doctor" would come in. This profession would offer "great opportunities for distinction and wealth," while calling for no departure from "woman's sphere." In the modern acceptance of those words, the "medical specialty" is actually recommended to college-bred women who are in doubt what to turn to—a delightfully humorous suggestion.

bis to disease. He is a fit subject for apoplexy and heart troubles.

Most certainly he is continually afflicted by physical discomforts. The sleeping-car berth is too cramped; it is a horrible nuisance to lace and tie his shoes; when he piles into the bathtub there isn't room for much water.

Then, the girl to whom the fat man is attempting to make love must have learned to think a great deal of him if she can suppress a snicker at his efforts to get on his knees gracefully. His very caresses, generally, are elephantine and clumsy.

Many a large citizen is preparing for that time, if it is uncomfortable; he occupies so much space in the street car that other passengers glower at him; builders of theaters never provide extra sized seats for him.

He must always be on or ahead of time, for undue haste is not compatible with bulk; he cannot run to catch the street car. When he is compelled to stand upon the platform, the other passengers there become sore at the extra crowding and make disagreeable and insinuating remarks.

Mr. Doel, of Chicago, is the only fat man actually thrown off a car platform, so far as there are records to show, but many are the times when an exasperated crowd would like to do just that thing.

## DREADS HOT WEATHER

And it isn't the fat man's fault at all. He doesn't want to present the lines and dimensions of a barrel. It is with the utmost pity that he regards the thin individual who says, "I am doing everything I can to get fat, but cannot." Especially is this pity pronounced in summer.

"If you are not an idiot, stay thin," he warns all his attenuated friends. For if there is one misery high above another, if there is an acme of physical suffering, it is found by the fat man in hot weather.

Nothing, perhaps, makes an extra stout maid or matron feel more entirely ridiculous than the behavior of a cab as she settles back on the cushions and the driver attempts to climb to his seat.

Backward goes the overweighted cab body, upward fly the shafts, threatening, apparently, to lift the horse off its feet—and passersby look and smile. That makes mad come.

Want of the future, when men and women are to be so much more corpulent than now? Many large cities are preparing for that time, if it would seem, by constructing subways instead of more elevated roads, but what of our apartment houses, rooms, our elevators and our theater seats? Will the long-suffering fat man rise up and demand the comforts that are due him?

# The Perils of Getting Fat



Blocking the Street-Car Platform



Inconvenient for Lovemaking



The Cabby's Problem

**I**N CHICAGO, the other day, August Doel, weighing considerably more than 200 pounds, was seriously injured on a street-car platform—because of his size.

Not being able to get in the car, he was compelled to stand on the platform. At one stop,

where a number of persons were trying to get on, while others were endeavoring to get off, Doel's bulk proved greatly in the way.

"Push him out of the way," called a would-be passenger, and the crowd on the platform surged forward, sending the fat man headlong to the

pavement. When picked up he was found to be badly injured.

Many are the perils of getting fat. There is little comfort for the person of much avoirdupois in this world—and doctors say there is a growing tendency to corpulency.

**W**HAT is doing it nobody can positively tell; but that something is doing it all physicians agree.

Men, especially, of the United States are putting on avoirdupois with the same abandon with which they are taking off their suspenders. The belt is the first aid to the corpulent.

Until a year or so ago, physical culture in its most vigorous form had the nation in its powerful grasp, and all the men who weren't hefting dumbbells were

pushing garden rollers.

Biceps and deltoids grew up like majorities where the election officers all belong to the party we don't belong to; chests swelled like the heads of successful candidates on the glorious day afterward; waists shrank like the expense accounts in sworn affidavits to the costs of the campaign.

Then they forgot it. Physical culture was a mighty good thing, you know; very healthy and sanitary and stimulating and all the rest of it. But a man can't be late at the office every morning for the sake of matu-

linal exercise, and he can't stay up every night half an hour after bedtime in order to do ground and lofty tumbling and tear the lining out of an India rubber chest expander.

The peaceful life for them, if they did have to die at the early age of 70 instead of 111.

Of course, the danger of carrying too much flesh, from the standpoint of the physician, is well known. The corpulent one rarely takes sufficient exercise, his breathing becomes inadequate, his heart grows weaker under increasing strain, other organs are lia-