

THE DELUSION OF JOHN IRWIN

BY... HOWARD FIELDING

CHARLES W. HOOKE

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This was our final decision. But circumstances intervened. While up town in the latter part of the afternoon, getting facts for a religious special, I ran across Theodore Bellows, who is beginning to be quite well known as a philanthropist. Bellows was in Yale when Irwin was there, and I thought he might be interested in the case. I therefore described to him the singular hallucination that had taken possession of John's mind.

"What he needs," said Bellows, "is a first rate specialist. Bland is a good man—an excellent man in general practice—but in these advanced days and when dealing with obscure mental phenomena a specialist is absolutely essential. We will engage Dr. Wilton Rockey."

"Mother of Moses!" said I. "Rockey charges \$1,000 a minute. If poor Irwin comes out of his madness to find a bill from Rockey waiting for him, he will go back into it again as a mere measure of relief."

"I will defray the charges," replied Bellows. "He will be more moderate with me, as I am able to be of service to him in various ways. You need not mention that, however, in case you should write this up for your paper."

I was greatly pleased to know that Irwin would have the care of such a man as Rockey. Dr. Bland also expressed satisfaction when I mentioned the matter to him upon returning home.

"We can't have too much advice in this case," he said. "It is extremely unusual. John has been crazy as a fiddler's elbow all day long. Hear him!"

"In heaven's name," moaned Irwin, "I must, I must, I must have some money."

Dr. Rockey came in about 8 o'clock with Bellows. John had been quieter for the last hour, and Bland had expressed his fear that Rockey would not see him under the most favorable circumstances, but just before the eminent specialist arrived John began to add his sevens and fours and ones louder than ever.

The great physician looked pleased. I am told that he always assumes that



With the thermometer sticking out of his mouth, he continued pacing the floor.

expression when a case presents unusual features. He proceeded to put John through the tests for paresis, paranoia, dipsomania and other forms of demoralization, and all the time poor Irwin was calling for money at the top of his voice.

"What he needs," said Dr. Rockey, "is regular, systematic hospital treatment. We ought to have him in our sanitarium at Flatbush tomorrow morning. As to the precise nature of his malady, I should not care to speak at this time. The only pronounced symptom is this delusion of the need of money, but that might appear in many forms of insanity. Do you concur, Dr. Bland?"

Dr. Bland concurred, and thus it happened that he and Irwin, with Mr. Bellows and myself, rode over to Flatbush next morning in a hired carriage which cost the philanthropist \$16. I presume his own equipage must have been busy elsewhere.

Irwin behaved very well except for his unending additions, punctuated with the same old cry, "I must, I must have some money."

During the next three weeks I was a regular visitor to the sanitarium, where John's case excited the greatest interest. Neither care nor expense was spared, and yet there was not the slightest change in the patient's condition.

I was returning disheartened from one of these visits when at the New York end of the big bridge I was accosted by a bronzed and weather-beaten man who had to tell me three things that he was Barney Harney before I would believe him.

"I thought you were in Porto Rico drawing pictures for The Globe," said I.

"The Globe sent me down there," replied the artist, "and then wired me that the hurricane was exciting little interest in America, and so I'd better come home. I wired back for money to buy a return ticket and didn't get it, so I worked my way up in the stock-hold of a steamer. I tell you, Frank, there's destitution in Porto Rico, but not nearly so much as when I was there. I lived on the bark of trees and a barrel of rainwater for three days. However, they fed me well on the steamer, only I was so blamed seazick that I couldn't eat anything. But never mind my troubles. What's this I hear about John Irwin?"

"I'd go over and see him this minute," said Barney, "if I had the car fare, but I haven't. I'll raise a dollar somehow between now and tomorrow forenoon, and if there's anything I can do for John—"

"Bellows and I are going over at 10

YOUR SENSE OF DUTY

CULTIVATE IT TO THE EXTREME LIMIT OF YOUR ABILITY.

It is the noblest, most manly and at the same time most womanly of qualities—The Real Basis of Education and Success.

Teachers and parents are asked to consider the statement that a sense of duty is the foundation of real education and the basis of success. Whatever has been achieved of real importance in the world has been based upon a sense of duty. Religion itself is founded upon duty, and its main teachings deal with questions of duty—the duty of men and women toward each other and toward their Creator.

Children's minds will be strengthened, their work made easier and their ambition stimulated if they can be made to feel toward duty that it is not repulsive, but that it offers an opportunity for achievement, an opportunity for every individual to prove his worth and that he deserves to succeed. If duty can be strongly developed in the mind of a young child, the effect will remain through life and make that child's existence useful.

Parents should impress upon their children—and young people should impress upon themselves—the fact that a sense of duty is the noblest, most manly and at the same time most womanly of qualities.

The average small boy thinks that there is something "soft" about a dutiful boy. He should be taught that what made Washington a fighter and Lincoln great among his fellows was nothing else than a sense of duty to their country.

What makes a fireman brave is a sense of duty. A sense of duty is at the foundation of every effort made to provide for children, to meet the obligations of life honestly.

The German philosopher Fichte, as admirable a moral character as the world has known, exemplifies as perfectly as any the beauty of a life inspired by a sense of duty, and it is a life which may be well studied by those engaged in shaping the character of the young.

The very keynote of his philosophical system was based on duty. "Unser Welt ist das vernünftige Material unserer Pflicht," said he.

"This idea—that our world is the material incarnation of our duty—the taught, and that is more, he practiced what he preached.

One preacher who practices his preachings thoroughly is worth many of the other kind, no matter how poor the others. And Fichte practiced his preachings. When he was poor and a young tutor, he set a good example to every teacher. As a tutor he made his living, but he knew that his duty to the child entrusted to him was the principal thing. He knew also that every child is really formed in character and morals by the influence of his parents.

Fichte kept a journal devoted to the attitude of his employers toward their child—his pupil. Every week he told them the mistakes they had made and held them accountable for spoiling the child through flattery, too much kindness, ill judged severity or in whatever way. Strange to say, the parents actually put up with this for two whole years, so great was their admiration for the young tutor's moral character.

Duty well ingrained in the soul will keep a man on the right path, in easy times and in hard times. Fichte is quoted here because no man better than he proves the power of a sense of duty. In small things duty guided him, and it guided him at the end.

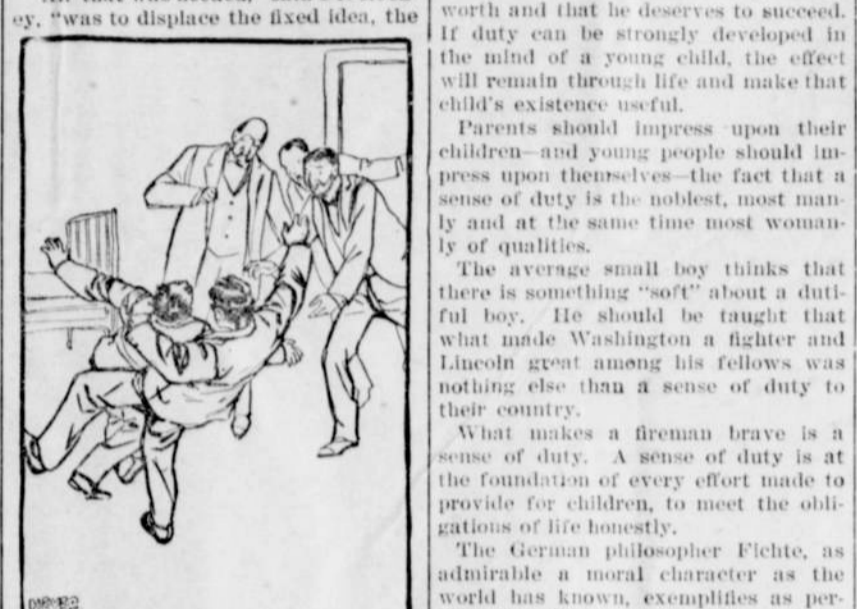
He was just past the half century of his age and had been gloriously successful. He had been called to the chair of philosophy at Berlin, and no teacher of truth had ever been more loved or more admired. On a certain day he was to lecture, and he had a certain "duty" for his subject. His country was at war and threatened with invasion and absolute annihilation of her liberties.

Fichte, who had talked much of the little duties of life, talked on this day of man's duty to his country. The sound of drums calling for conscripts frequently interrupted his lecture. He told the listening young man that each man's duty is to lend his individual strength to his country in time of danger. It was a marvelous address, and it ended well.

For at the close he said to his great crowd of admiring students: "This course of lectures will be suspended until the end of the campaign. We shall resume them in a free country or die in the attempt to recover her freedom."

Fichte left his lecture platform to exclaim as a simple soldier, and, needless to say, his students followed his example in crowds. That was at the beginning of the campaign of 1813, but the example is good enough to last until now. A year later, aged fifty-two, he died. He caught the fever while raring for those afflicted, among others for his own wife, who had gone with the army as nurse.

Make duty a strong part of your child's or your pupil's moral education. A sense of duty impels men to struggle on and do their best even in the face of failure; a sense of duty impels the successful man to be good in use of his success. The hideous, empty, selfish lives of the self-indulgent class are based upon utter lack of the sense of duty. In the education of a child moral teachings should come first; in a child's mental equipment moral qualities should be first considered. By example, precept, argument and through history impress upon your children the fact that without a sense of duty they are unworthy of the opportunities that life offers to men in this world.—New York Journal.



Both men fell to the floor.

Irwin was just tucking away the \$13 in his waistcoat pocket. Behind John's back Moran was making frantic signs to Bellows, who did not comprehend them.

"I always pay a debt when I have the money," said Irwin. "Sometimes I have thought myself hasty, while others, probably, have cursed my slowness. It happens one to be absolutely penniless and by the limitation of his earnings postpones his day of freedom from all debt. However, I have \$16 in the safe. Let me see—seven and seven and seven—Barney, old man, my head hurts. Hold me!"

His face, that had been pale, had suddenly reddened to a degree that was painful to witness. He turned half round and fell into Moran's arms. So weakened was the artist by fear of what he saw impending that he could not sustain the shock. Both men fell to the floor, with Irwin's head upon the artist's knee.

"This is a most singular development of the case," said Dr. Rockey, stooping over Irwin. "The man is dead!"

Moran, who had been so weak a moment before, suddenly lifted the body without apparent effort and laid it upon the bed. Then he turned to me and addressed me in a voice that was much like Irwin's when the strange delusion had been upon him.

"For \$13," he said, "I could have bought the brightest man I ever met, and I didn't have the money!"

The Old Lady and the Incubator.

An old lady visiting an exhibition went to see some incubators which were on show and, complaining of the expense of keeping fowls, said that if they were cheaper she would buy an egg hatching machine. After she had asked various questions the gentleman in attendance proceeded to show her the drawers in which were deposited the eggs in different stages. On these the old lady looked in astonishment.

"What are those?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Do you use eggs?" "Certainly," was the attendant's astonished answer. "Well," said she, "I consider it a perfect swindle to pick the pockets of honest, hardworking folks by selling them those frauds! Why, anybody can hatch chickens with eggs! I can do it myself!"—London Globe.

Marvelous Medicine.

A patent medicine vendor in a country village was dilating to a crowd upon the wonderful efficiency of his iron litters.

"Why," said he, "Steve Jenkins had only taken the litters one week when he was shoved into the prison for murder, and what does Steve do but open a vein in his arm and take iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, with which he pried the doors open and let himself out. Fact!"

Lucky.

"No use of talkin'," said Mr. Ernest Pinkley, "dat brother of mine is a mighty lucky man. He allus has money."

"But you must remember that he is much more industrious than you are. He isn't at all afraid of work."

"Dat's jes' de point. He were lucky in bein' born industrious."—Washington Star.

His Early Promise.

"Does my boy," inquired the parent, "seem to have a natural bent in any one direction?"

"Yes, sir," said the teacher; "he gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets the other boys to do all his work for him."—Chicago Tribune.

Versatile.

Mrs. Jones—Your husband, I hear, is quite versatile.

Mrs. Brown—Synthe—Versatile is no name for it. Why, he can actually stay out late every night in the week and not give the same excuse twice.—Philadelphia Record.

A Double Impediment.

A little Toga boy was introduced by his father to a lame man, who also has an impediment in his speech. "Say, pop," whispered the boy, "dat man stutters at both ends, doesn't he?"—Philadelphia Record.

He Told Her.

Teacher—Johnny Stokes, how many make a million?

Johnny—Very few on dis earth, mum.

DOWN IN A SALT MINE.

An Occasion When One's Dignity Must Be Set Aside.

It is only the s'bet among travelers who find their way to Berchtesgaden, in Bavaria, not very far from Salzburg, writes a correspondent of the London Tatler. If you drive in a carriage from thence by road, you are stopped midway at a customs house and find yourself leaving Austria. Berchtesgaden is beautifully situated, and it has two noteworthy attractions, one of them the Koenigssee, thought by many the most beautiful lake in the world, and the other the salt mines. A visit to the salt mines gives one an exciting hour. Many tourists take tickets at the top, but many of the fair sex are deterred from using them when they see the costume they are required to wear for the visit. In other words, they have to abandon skirts and adopt a special "rig out." One may frequently observe that ladies, torn between what they consider modesty and curiosity, go two or three times to the mines before they screw up their courage sufficiently to don the attire and pay the visit.

The necessity for women to abandon the usual garment arises from the fact that a portion of the mine can only be visited through the medium of a kind of slide. This slide is, however, the best thing in the whole visit. It is a great deal better than tobogganing, and, as one is in the dark and with only a candle fastened to one's dress, it is not a little exciting.

The strangest incident in the trip is that of the illumination of what is called "the salt lake." You are rowed across this lake in almost absolute darkness, the illumination being provided by a number of miners' lamps round the lake, and the journey has a very considerable weirdness. The next best experience in the trip is the final ride into daylight on the trucks. This is a journey through absolute darkness for a very considerable way until finally one sees a little gleam of light in the distance. Altogether, as I have said, between the toboggan slide, the car ride and the boat journey across the salt lake the visitor to the Berchtesgaden salt mine has plenty for his money. But, curiously enough, he sees very little salt. At any rate, the prepared salt that one uses on one's breakfast table is not at all in evidence.

Postal Statistics.

The number of pieces of matter of all kinds mailed increased from 500,000 in 1790 to 7,424,390,329 in 1901.

The first year's issue of postal cards, 1873, numbered 31,004,000, while in 1901 659,614,800 were issued.

In 1865 money orders to the amount of \$1,360,122 were issued, while in 1901 the total amounted to \$274,546,907.

In 1853, the year in which stamped envelopes were first issued, 5,000,000 were used, while in 1901 the total was 722,830,000.

The registry system was started in 1855, and in that year the registered pieces numbered 629,322. In 1901 they numbered 20,814,501.

From June 30, 1847, to June 30, 1851, 4,002,200 postage stamps were issued, while in the single year 1901 4,329,273,026 stamps were used by the people of the United States.

In 1789 there were only seventy-five postoffices established, the length of the post routes being 2,275 miles and the gross revenue of the department being only \$7,510. The expenditures were \$7,569.

There were in 1901 76,594 postoffices in operation, 511,808 miles of post routes, 462,146,059 miles of mail service performed. The gross revenues of the department were \$111,631,193, the expenditures \$115,029,607.

Dexterity in Handling Marionettes.

"The ingenuity of some of the handlers of marionettes," said a showman, "is incredible. I know a man who conducts a marionette theater wherein an orchestra of eight pieces plays under marionette leadership while in the boxes a dozen marionette spectators laugh and applaud and on the stage a marionette drama briskly enacts itself. The conductor of all this stands exposed to the waist at the back of the stage, and apparently he is motionless, though really each finger of both hands and the majority of the toes of both feet are working with unexampled rapidity, for each marionette is connected by a string with a conductor or the operator, and a string or strings sometimes has as many as ten or fifteen branches, joined to the marionette's face, body, arms, legs, etc., so that it may dance, smile, wave its arms and do a number of other lifelike things. One of these figures, indeed, is connected by thirty-two strings to the operator. It is bewildering to think of the number of strings there must be altogether, and really it is impossible to conceive of the dexterity and the thought required in the artistic manipulation of a band of marionettes."—Philadelphia Record.

Tricks of Physicians.

"The best thing a physician or surgeon can do is to go off about six months every two or three years and give patients a chance to miss him. When they come back and resume practice, they will flock back to him in swarms, provided, of course, he has established a reputation and gained their complete confidence." So says a leading and eminently successful surgeon.

"I was a physician living in a city of 56,000 inhabitants, with a practice of \$20,000 a year, of which he collects \$12,000. 'The most successful practitioners in my town,' he says, 'are two young men who spent a year each in Vienna and Paris, apparently studying the latest methods and cures. All that they know they learned right in New York, but the mere fact of their having taken a course or two in Europe, or having pretended to, has given them a vogue which no one who has never been abroad can appreciate. A foreign reputation is worth \$10,000 a year to a five thousand dollar doctor.'—Detroit Free Press.

Russians Take Very Little Exercise.

What exercise Russians take is usually more of a gentle promenade than anything else. They will stroll up and down the principal street in the town or in some small public square or garden for hours quite contentedly.

Thus, in spite of the unique opportunity for skating which their latitude affords them, it is rare to find any Russian who can skate well. If you do find two or three good skaters, you will probably learn on inquiry that they are Englishmen or Germans. I was, however, surprised to find most of the Englishmen who are in the country on duty as I was, for the purpose of learning the language anything but pleased or contented with the life they are obliged to lead.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Medieval Megaphone.

A curiosity of great antiquity is still to be seen within St. Andrew's church at Willoughton, near Gainsborough, says an English magazine. This is a quaint speaking trumpet with an obscure early history, dating back to the times of the Knights Templars. In shape it resembles a French horn and is more than five feet long, having a bell at the end of the jointed tube. It was formerly six feet in length, but is now telescoped at the joints, where the metal has apparently decayed. Tradition declares it was formerly sounded from the tower to summon aid in case of need, as, when blown at a height, the weird, deep notes the trumpet produced could be heard a great distance away in bygone days. It is believed that this curious instrument has often been used to call together the villagers, thus dispensing with the usual bell, and to give additional power and strength to the choir, being then probably used by the chief singer, as the trumpet intensifies vocal sound to a marked degree.

Unreturned.

Mrs. Meekins—What a nice lady Mrs. Selden is!

Mrs. Pratt—Is she? I never met her.

Mrs. Meekins—Perfect! I told her today I was ashamed of myself because I never had returned her call, and she said, very politely, you know, that I needn't worry myself; that I could keep it as long as I pleased.—Boston Transcript.

Diplomatic.

"There is one thing I like about your husband—he never hurries you when getting ready for a walk."

"Very little credit is due to him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that I am not likely to be ready in time I simply hide his hat or his gloves out of the way until I have finished dressing."

Asked and Answered.

Female Lawyer—How old are you?

Female Witness—You know as well as I do that I'm just a week younger than you are; but, if necessary—

Female Lawyer (thrusting)—Never mind; it isn't necessary.—Chicago News.

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Two Hospitals Said Diabetes.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

People either cured or recovering from the above diseases are in every ward in this city. Mrs. C. Matheson, proprietor of the Clifton Hotel, 302 Powell street, is one of them, and makes this statement:

302 Powell St., San Francisco, Nov. 21, 1902.
For two years I suffered greatly from diabetes. Finally I had to go to one of the hospitals, going to one of this city's very best. Three physicians here confirmed my case as diabetes, and put me under treatment and strict diet, getting favorable results. One was a warm friend and another is a Berkeley attorney who had Bright's Disease and is now perfectly restored. I thank publicly, but feel that this thing ought to be known.

Mrs. C. C. MATHESON.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance. Price \$1 for Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for the Diabetes Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 429 Montgomery street, San Francisco, sole importers. Free of charge for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.

"The mortality among babies during the three months of life is something frightful. The cause of this mortality is due to the seven serious ailments.

The cause is apparent. With baby's teeth breaking, the constant opening in the skull closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at the same time, the baby has some material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is scurvy, weakness, indigestion, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that sweep terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 300,000. In 1901, of the vast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry and in sleep draw his feet to his chest, another medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more food material. Sweetman's Teething Food, which does it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

254 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902.
Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of cases. It cures the most impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile ill health and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Baby's teeth, during the eruptive system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. In cases of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the most prominent physicians of the West have been fatal without it. It can be had so quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the world that it is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.
Dear Sirs—I have been using your teething food in two cases and in both it was successful. One was a very serious case, so serious that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased weeping and commenced eating. In ten days it was as fat as this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours,

L. M. FROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It cures the itching of the gums, soothes the pain, and is the safest plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms to begin to appear. It cures the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come in without any further trouble or distress of any kind. It is an auxiliary to your regular diet and easily taken. For 20 cents (removal for six weeks), sent postpaid in receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

HOW THE INDIANS VOTE.

They Are Very Deliberate and Then Have a Simple Method.

The Chickasaw Indians cast their vote differently from the white man. They meet the day before the election, and none but Chickasaws by blood is allowed to vote. No white man or intermarried citizens have the right of suffrage. They go off to themselves and have a powwow. They decide for whom they will vote after considering the matter for twenty-four hours.

The polling place is quite unlike that of the white man. There is a great sheet of paper, white, yellow or brown as the case may be, about three feet square. Upon this sheet of paper are a vast number of cross lines, regularly ruled off with a pencil. Then down one side of the sheet of paper are placed the names of all candidates for office, beginning with the candidates for governor and running on down to precinct officers. At the top of the sheet are the names of the precincts that will be required for the names of the voters. The judges of election sit by and pass on those entitled to vote, and there is a certainty that no illegal votes are cast.

The Indian is thoroughly deliberate. He takes his time when it comes to voting. He proceeds to the polling place, looks carefully over the poll sheet, and if he is ready to cast his ballot he calls out his name and the clerk records it on the sheet. Then the clerk reads off the names of the candidates for governor. The voter deliberates awhile, calls out the name of the candidate for whom he desires to vote, his vote is recorded, and the names of the candidates for the next office are called out, and so on through the list, till all the offices represented are voted for.

Thus it is that every voter knows exactly how every other voter has cast his ballot, and there are no remarks, no suggestions and no quarrels over differences of opinion.

Asked and Answered.

Female Lawyer—How old are you?

Female Witness—You know as well as I do that I'm just a week younger than you are; but, if necessary—

Female Lawyer (thrusting)—Never mind; it isn't necessary.—Chicago News.