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tered from the wind, and made a famous place for exercise. Still, in my slippers and scant apparel I needed to walk fast and far to keep my blood circulating. However, I got partial relief one day. I stood for a moment at the entrance to this runway, and saw coming toward me from the main building a patient whom I had noticed a few days back walking up and down the ward, wild of eye and holding conversation with himself. Then I had seen him led to the Annex, and I suppose that from there he had gone to a ward in the main building for special treatment of some organic trouble. With an orderly at each side of him he came along quietly enough until they led him into the runway; then he broke loose with a torrent of profanity, and struggled furiously. Sane or insane, he knew he was being taken to the Booby Hatch, and resented it. But it did him no good—harm, rather, for he lost one slipper. They had given him the preliminary push ahead to make him stiffen his knees, then canted him back for a long slide; but the floor was rough, and he would not slide; so, his progress down the runway was a succession of jumps, in one of which he lost the slipper. I secured it and finding it new, thick-soled and warm, donned it, leaving my own in its place. From that time on one foot was warm, the other cold; but I was impartial, and changed slippers occasionally. And, as I walked and pondered on the incident there came to my mind the swift transit of the prayerful man into the Annex, and I knew now why they kept that fiber mat so shiny and smooth. It was not only to give exercise to the "nuts" but to make it easy to slide them along.

THE Psychopathic ward is a clearing house between the various police courts and the asylums. Patients came in singly at all hours of the day and night, and went out in bunches, to Central Islip, Ward's Island, or elsewhere. In less than a week I was the patriarch of the ward; all who had entered before me had gone to some asylum except one, a quiet, elderly man who went home in the care of his wife. I do not know what trouble of mind brought him there; perhaps it was like my own, for during my stay he and I were the only ones to be released. I will say in passing that I had not yet discovered what my mental trouble really was, even though I had studied up the various "phobias and manias, and tested myself for the symptoms: I had them all.

No man is a judge of his own mental condition, though he may judge the mental condition of others. On the day when the very effeminate person was scolding "mother," a heavy-set, middle-aged German, with a serious, intelligent face, watched him awhile, then, catching my eye, smiled and tapped his forehead. "He could not speak English, but the world-known gesture indicated his belief that the effeminate person was insane. Yet, this man, after sitting around in the chairs that day and part of the next, apparently much interested in his surroundings, suddenly sprang to his feet and went berserk, roaring out inarticulate words in German. The Chief Mate was at lunch, but as it was a clear case for the Booby Hatch, the nurse in charge signaled to the only orderly on duty at the time, a powerfully built young fellow named Sullivan. I give his real name, for I like to give such a man credit and publicity. It was he who had taken my dimensions when going to bed on the first day. He was of Danish blood, I was told, in spite of his name, and he had the smooth, pink face and clear, steady gray eyes of an intelligent boy. He took the lunatic by the arm, and met resistance; then, so quickly that I could not follow the maneuver, Sullivan was behind him, with his right arm pinioning the two arms of the other. The man was helpless; he

could not wrench his elbows, drawn near together at his back, free from Sullivan's grip. He bellowed like an angry bull, and swayed back and forth, dragging Sullivan around the floor. I have read that the formula of a maniac's strength is seven times the normal. If so, Sullivan exerted seven times his normal strength, for he mastered him. Not a word did he say, nor did he use his left arm, hanging limply at his side; but his face showed the strain he was under. The corners of his mouth drooped, and his smooth brow corrugated to tense, deep wrinkles. Back and forth they swung, the madman roaring at every breath; then he suddenly sank to the floor. Sullivan sank with him, rested a moment, and with hardly an apparent effort, stood erect, bringing that hundred and eighty pounds of German lunacy with him. Then the incoherent roaring was resumed, and it continued until the little Chief Mate arrived. She laid her hand on his shoulder, he quieted down, and Sullivan, bleeding from four fingernail gashes on the back of his left hand, that looked as though made by a Bengal tiger's claws, released him, and the Chief Mate led him to the Annex.

HATS off to Sullivan, with the physical strength of a maniac and the self-control and forbearance of a gentleman. He painted his wounds with iodine and resumed duty with nothing to say.

By this time I was thoroughly afraid of that Chief Mate. She faced me in the middle of the ward that day, smiled in my face, patted me on the chest, poked me in the ribs, and for a moment fooled me into the thought that she was affectionately caressing me. But she was not; she was going through my pockets, looking for matches, knives, toothpicks, or other implements by which I might do harm to myself or other "nuts."

Like the girls, the men nurses, or orderlies, seemed to have been selected for temperamental qualities, plus physical strength. Each one was intelligent, good natured and gentlemanly. One, a night man in the Annex, was the largest human being I have ever seen outside of a circus or a museum. He must have been six inches over six feet in height and about thirty inches across the shoulders; but he was so correctly proportioned that at a distance, standing alone, he seemed of ordinary size. It was only when close to him that one could realize his enormous displacement. In his white uniform he suggested a battleship; he moved slowly, but covered ground. And a few nights after Sullivan's battle there came a time when his strength was needed.

The defective boy I have spoken of had become a nuisance. He was about eighteen, and full grown, but had the innocent face of a nine-year-old child, and the warmhearted girl nurses made much of him. I often thought that what he really needed was, not the attention of alienists, but a rope-end four times a day, after meals and at bed time. I may have been prejudiced, but boys, especially noisy, singing, whistling boys like him, were always my dearest antipathy. This boy suffered from exaggerated Ego. He was the center of the universe, and the ward, the whole staff, and the patients were made for his amusement. He was never still a minute except when asleep; he shouted between mouthfuls at his meals; his special delight was in tormenting the weak, helpless and nervous old men who daily drifted in. He would enter the reading room and scatter the inmates to the outer ward. He would follow and drive them back. He would not listen to admonition, or requests that he be silent. He so got on my frazzled nerves that when I learned that he was going to Ward's Island I was nearly as pleased as I was at my own release when it

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