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came. He was strong as a bull, had been arrested on the street and had taken the policeman's club away from him before being conquered. This had induced the magistrate to send him to the Psychopathic Ward for examination.

On the day he learned that he was listed for Ward's Island he grew worse, shouting, singing and whistling, entering the rooms and teasing the mental wrecks in bed, and becoming so offensive that he was several times led to the Booby Hatch for punishment, always, however, to be taken back when he had aroused the more violent inmates there to an uproar. Only the little Chief Mate could quiet him; but at seven in the evening she went off duty and the head night nurse had charge. We had all turned in, waiting for him to subside so that we could go to sleep; but he grew noisier as the evening progressed. Then I heard, between his shouts and whoops, the voice of the night nurse saying to an orderly: "Put him in the Annex for the night."

"I can't do it alone," came the answer.

"Get help, and when he quiets down give him a cold shower."

A cold shower, he it known to those who have not tried it, is the much misunderstood "water cure" of the Philippines, and is an excellent sedative for nerves, but something of a punishment to anyone not accustomed to it. I now was interested, but not in his nerves. I heard footsteps from the Annex, and a terse command to the boy to "get up," followed by his loud protest. Then there were sounds of a struggle, followed by a derisive whoop of victory from the boy. Then more footsteps, then more shouts, screams and oaths from the boy. He was now thoroughly insane; and it was not until a third reinforcement arrived from the Annex that I could tell by the sounds that he was being dragged—not slid—back to the Booby Hatch. Hospital etiquette forbade my getting up to witness his Waterloo, but the uproar of sounds from beyond the door told me that the lunatics in the Annex had joined him in his mood. In half an hour the barkings ceased, and I heard the splash of the shower bath, and the grievous screams of the boy; then came his whimpering plaint as he was led back to bed, then silence, and I rolled over to sleep, happier than I had been since I had held hands with the Chief Mate. To such depths of hateful malevolence can a spoiled child bring a sick man. In the morning a patient who roomed near the Annex told me that it had taken five orderlies, including the giant, to drag that animated pork past his door. He was a good boy all next day; he was asleep, on the reading room floor.

MEANWHILE I gained strength daily, taking longer walks in the runway and cold showers every morning. This brought a curious comment from a kind old fellow patient who noticed it.

"You know," he said, "that this is the Observation Room of the Psychopathic Ward, don't you? Well, everything we do is observed by the nurses, and an entry made in the books. If we argue, quarrel, or do anything unusual, it counts against us, and if they think we are in any way crazy they'll ship us off to some place where we'll never get out. Don't take any more cold baths."

I was half inclined to follow his advice; for the Psychopathic Ward, compared to what I had heard about asylums, was a very pleasant place. It had been a haven of refuge to me, a place to come to and die in, surrounded by sympathetic girls and men, who had shown me more kindness than I had ever received from strangers. But I had graduated physically beyond the need and appreciation of this kindness; the sight and sounds of my fellow patients now irritated me. The chief annoyances of my life since I began writing, have been noisy boys, barking dogs, prac-

tising musicians and soloists, and effeminate men. Excepting the dogs, whose place was filled by the lunatics in the Annex, I had all these annoyances around me—close to me, and I could not escape them. The ward became crowded about this time and I now had a room mate, a talkative young man whose vocabulary was large. There was much conversation in the evening before "lights out," but my share was included in the two words: "Shut up." Yet in spite of this mental friction my health and my nerves steadily improved. But I still thought I was insane, and was nearly floored one day when one of the doctors told me I was to be discharged.

"Why," I gasped, "am I all right—all right in my head?"

"Nothing wrong with you, but nerves," he said. "You're the sanest man we ever had here."

"But what ailed me?" I asked, remembering the conviction of the years.

"The letter W, and what follows it."

"Women?"

"Women never bother you. You're too ugly."

"Work?"

"Work never hurt anyone. Whiskey and worry are your trouble. Cut them both out, for one will produce the other."

AND so I was sane, and the haunting horror of the long years was gone from me. I needed the rest of the day and a night of sleep to assimilate the gladness of it. My burden was lifted and the whole world was changed. I had never been insane, and never would be; for I had passed the acid test of sanity; I had endured for two weeks the society of madmen, had suffered in concentrated form every nuisance and annoyance that had broken me down, and had steadily recovered my health and steadied my nerves against the down pull. Why? Because I had received bodily care and sympathy—almost unknown to me in the outer world—and nothing to drink. I resolved to continue the treatment.

But my next experience in the outer world told me that sympathy could not be had for the mere need of it. My first act on leaving the hospital gate was to enter the nearest saloon and buy a drink of good whiskey, which, to the pained amazement of the bartender, I poured into the cuspidor.

"Where'd you come from?" he asked.

"The Psychopathic Ward," I answered.

"How'd you get out?"

"The gate."

"Well," he said, as he took the bottle out of my reach and wiped the bar, "you can always go back."

The drink habit has had several explanations. Jack London lays it to availability and suggestion. He is but partly right. It has been called a strong man's weakness and a weak man's vice. This is a contradiction in terms, for a strong man cannot be weak and a weak man cannot be vicious. It needs weakness to be weak, and strength to be vicious. In my judgment it is a sickness, or the symptom of a sickness—in my own case, the latter. It is a sickness as contagious to temperamental people as any germ disease, and is curable by the same general treatment—medicine and hygiene.

**Here's to Her**

Woman chasteneth whom she loveth.

In the grammar of Life woman is the subject, man the object, and Love the verb.

Never tell a woman you're unworthy of her; she knows it.

The way of a maid with a man usually is just a little different with each maid.

Woman makes man guess at her, and sometimes she is slow to forgive him if he guesses wrong.



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