[THE] VETERINARIAN.

[CO]MPLAINT AGAINST QUACKS IN THE PROFESSION.

The "Horse Doctor" of Twenty-five Years Ago—Skillful Practitioners of New York City—Their Yearly Incomes—Veterinary Colleges—Horse Hospitals.

While land was cheap and is cheap people were accustomed, and are now in fact, to regard the death of stock as a matter of little consequence. There was then, say twenty-five years ago, from which time the profession dates its substantial progress, little demand in this country for well educated veterinarians. He was then, perhaps he is now in a good many places, the "horse doctor," or worse still, the "cow doctor," a big fellow with a rough voice and shaggy overcoat, who smelled of his patients, spit tobacco juice and "cussed" like a herd driver. Twenty-five years ago in this city there were, according to Dr. Alexander F. Liautard, the dean of the American Veterinary college in West Fifty-fourth street, only three well educated veterinary surgeons. Now there are between fifty and sixty skillful practitioners here whose names appear in the business directory. But the names in the directory do not give an idea of the real number of men practicing here. And quacks still flourish, not alone in this city, but all over the country.

It does not pay a skillful veterinarian to follow his profession in a country town, and hundreds of towns, villages and hamlets throughout the land rejoice in their "horse and cow doctors." Many of them are men of good common sense and can pull their patients through, but the large cities, where stock is valuable, can't exactly be proud of veterinarians of a class that humanitarians protest against. An animal cannot tell its troubles, cannot sue for damages; but if it could, would it not resent the offices of a "doctor" who can scarcely write his own name? Yet, on good authority, it may be said that there are such men in the profession. It is said that out of 6,000 or 8,000 veterinary surgeons in the country only 1,000 are educated.

THE ODIUM OF QUACKS.

The profession has long had to bear the odium of quacks with much cost to itself. Two years ago the societies showed the legislature the necessity of passing an act for regulating the practice of veterinary surgery. It was provided that all veterinarians who had practiced three years prior to the passage of the act should be allowed to continue in practice on filing with the county clerk a certificate to that effect.

Professor Law employs from fourteen to sixteen surgeons in the services of the bureau of which he is the head. The lowest salary he pays is $1,200 a year, and that to a recent graduate; while one of his most capable assistants gets $10 a day and expenses. "Look at my 'Rogues' Gallery,'" said a well known veterinary surgeon the other day, pointing to the pictures of the graduates of his college. "All of those 280 fellows, except half a dozen, are doing well, making from $1,400 to $8,000 a year." Professor Liautard is an enthusiast in the future of his profession. "In ten years," said he, with a shrug of his shoulders, "the American veterinarian will eclipse the world." Why should not the professor be right? He came here twenty-five years ago from France. Then, in this city, there were only three properly educated veterinarians, and now there are between fifty and sixty. There are now two colleges, several well equipped hospitals, veterinary societies and veterinary journalism firmly established. Besides that, the profession is respected by the medical fraternity. One of the colleges here is sadly overcrowded, and has sent out an appeal for a building fund. The hospitals are always full and are obliged to turn away patients at times. The value of stock has greatly increased. The domestic animals of the United States now represent an aggregate wealth of upward of $2,500,000,000.

There are about six veterinary colleges in this country, and four of them, like most American institutions, owe their success to their own efforts. The European colleges are subsidized by their governments. Yet France is said to have only three colleges, Germany no more than this country, and England even less. But governmental assistance enables even Roumania to give students a five years' course; France four, Portugal five, Russia four, Sweden four, Holland four, Germany three and one-half and England three. The course required here is only two years, and short years at that. Germany requires about forty hours of recitations and lectures a week for the first year, and nearly sixty hours the second year.

HOSPITALS FOR HORSES.

The hospital system has made good progress here of late years, but it is as yet crude and inadequate, according to the opinion of a well known veterinarian who is connected with a hospital of good standing. There are not enough hospitals here and the best managed ones are generally overrun. One hospital was opened five years ago with accommodations for six horses. Now it can take care of thirty horses and a large number of dogs. Twenty thousand dollars were taken in at that place last year. The colleges also have hospitals.

The horses are comfortably stalled in the hospitals, some of them having box stalls. The other day a reporter saw one horse taking electric shocks for spinal trouble with as much equanimity as a human being. The sling is an interesting appliance. It is used to support a horse that has lamed or strained itself, or is not strong enough to stand all the time. The sling is large enough to give a horse a good imitation of a hammock swing, and it is rather interesting to see a dozen horses in their stalls lazily enjoying the support of their slings. An ingenious machine is used for securing horses that are to be operated on. It looks like a small "thrashing" machine. The horse is fastened to a part of the machine which looks like a let down leaf of a dining table. The assistants turn a crank and the leaf with the horse fastened to it slides up to its place on top of the table and there the horse is high and dry and ready to be operated on by men who understand their business.—New York Tribune.

Two Sizes of Envelopes.

Always keep two sizes of letter envelopes on your desk, one small enough to slip easily into the other. An editor always prefers your self directed and stamped envelope to stamps put in loose or stuck to your letter of manuscript. A regard shown for his comfort will conduce to a regard for your manuscript. Have your manuscript weighed before closing the envelope, and put in an envelope with the stamps affixed which are requisite for its return.

If your manuscript is valuable and cannot easily be reproduced, register it when you mail it. Ten cents' worth of registry fee is better than ten dollars' worth of trouble in making a second copy of a manuscript which was lost in the mails, nine times out of ten through your own carelessness.

[illegible] record of your manuscripts, and [illegible] all your business letters, noting [illegible]

THE "BOOM" WRITER.

The Line Along Which He Works—Fertile in "Schemes"—Methods.

A late aspirant for honors in the newspaper world is the "boom writer." He enters a town, and with his quick eye and acute mind readily comprehends the line along which he must work. He is fertile in resources, "schemes," he says. He talks with some of the leading men, and expresses his surprise that a town so happily situated, with so many natural advantages, has not become more widely known. There is no earthly reason, he says, why Boomville should not become a metropolis. Thousands of people in the crowded states along the Atlantic coast are searching the papers eagerly for a western town of promise in which to invest their hoards of wealth. The money burns to be invested. All that is needed is to let these greedy people know about Boomville and its wonderful resources.

Having interested his hearers, the boom writer now makes a contract with the proprietor of the daily Gossip or the weekly Tell Tale for a certain amount of space in each issue.

Soon the quiet, slow going citizen sees in his morning paper columns of burning, prophetic words—graphic pictures of Boomville's prosperity and rich surroundings. He opens his eyes in amazement to think he has lived in Boomville so long and has never grasped these startling truths. Alliteration runs mad in the columns of a paper which, but a few days ago, was content to chronicle the local gossip of the unassuming town. Poetry, patriotism, figurative language, columns of figures are crowded in a confused mass. The boom writer knows how to make figures lie.

Enthusiasm is contagious. The citizens of Boomville grow interested. Real estate offices open in every vacant room, and trades in lots become the chief business of the day. All these are duly chronicled in the glowing words of the boom writer, who begins now to reap his harvest. He sells copies of each issue of the paper in bundles of hundreds to the enterprising citizens, who mail them to friends and acquaintances in older towns. A subscription list is made for the purpose sending over the land these graphic accounts of the new metropolis. The boom writer unfolds one scheme after another, as the excitement increases, and his pocketbook grows corpulent.

When his quick eye sees that the enthusiasm begins to waver, the boom writer remembers that he is engaged to write up the next town, and away he goes gayly, leaving Boomville to sink slowly back into a quiet life, but not the same life, for the boom writer has so aroused the faith of the Boomvillians in the future prosperity of their city that years of dull times cannot wholly destroy their confidence.—C. L. Stonaker in The Writer.

A Case of Monomania.

The difficulty in distinguishing an insane from a sane man, particularly if it be a case of monomania, is oftentimes very great, as the following incident will show: A few years ago a physician whose entire life, almost, and practice had been spent in an atmosphere of insanity, and who is considered the best authority extant on such matters, called at the St. Louis insane asylum for the purpose of looking through it, relying on a physician of his acquaintance who was located there to show him about. Near the gate he met a gentleman who was very sedate, courteous and intellectual. Of him he inquired of his friend, only to learn that he was absent at the time. Supposing his companion to be a medical attache of the place, from certain terms and theories peculiar to the medical fraternity, which the latter advanced, he engaged him in conversation. The man was very rational and displayed a thorough knowledge of the classics and of science and art as well, upon which he talked at length and very entertainingly.

Finally he volunteered to show the visitor through the institution, and as he did so he made a minute diagnosis of each case which was presented. The visitor was charmed until suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the keeper and assistants, who unceremoniously seized his edifying conductor, manacled him and led him to a cell, despite his violent resistance. This would have been quite natural under the circumstances with even a sane man, and the expert was undeceived still, until his former entertainer shrieked back to him: "They're going to crown me emperor of Germany, and I scorn the crown! Save me, save me!" The expert's medical friend appeared on the scene a little later and congratulated the visitor on his narrow escape, informing him, to his astonishment, that this was the most violent subject under their charge; that he had escaped his cell for the third time, and that in the former instances he had brutally beaten his keepers. This demonstrates the inability of even the most experienced judge to decide infallibly as to the condition of a man's mind.—Dr. Max Starkloff in Globe-Democrat.

Prices Received by Authors.

These are some of the prices that authors have received for works now famous: Goldsmith, £20 for "The Traveller," £60 for "The Vicar of Wakefield" and £100 for "The Deserted Village;" Fielding, £1,000 for "Amelia" and £2,200 for "Tom Jones;" Dr. Johnson, £125 for "Rasselas;" Macaulay, £20,000 for the "History of England;" Boswell, £1,000 for the "Life of Johnson;" Dryden, £1,200 for his translation of Virgil; George Eliot, £2,000 for "Romola," and never less than £1,600 for any novel, it is said; Walter Scott, £700 for the first Waverleys and large sums for later ones, with £8,000 for "Woodstock" and £18,000 for the "Life of Napoleon;" Zola, $80 for his first story and $30,000 for "L'Assommoir;" Wilkie Collins, £5,000 for "Armadale;" Milton, £15 for "Paradise Lost;" Byron, £3,000 for "Don Juan" and £4,000 for "Childe Harold;" Moore, 3,000 guineas for "Lalla Rookh" and £15,000 for "Irish Melodies;" Campbell, £20 for "Pleasures of Hope;" Burns, £20 for the first edition of his works and £700 for the last; Poe, $30 for "The Raven;" Longfellow, $4,000 ($20 a line) for the "Hanging of the Crane," the highest price ever paid for a poem; Whittier, $500 for the copyright of his works, which he afterward bought back for $1,200; Tennyson, $12 a line for "Revenge."—New York Sun.

Where to Draw the Line.

The talk of society must of necessity be somewhat insincere. For politeness is the seneschal of society. He will not open the door for us unless our speech be silvern, and indeed we have no right to go to the house of a friend unless we are prepared to be agreeable. The world has grown full of dissimulation and compliment, therefore it is difficult to be always polite and always truthful. Yet so clear is the moral sense on this point that no character in society is so suspected and detested as is the arrant flatterer. The line is quickly drawn between the necessary and unnecessary dissimulation. We are committing no deadly sin, however, if we refrain from looking bored when we are bored; we are not "deceivers ever" if we refrain from telling disagreeable truths. We must learn tact—know where to draw the line.—M. E. W. Sherwood.

EVERYDAY PETTINESS.

VARIOUS WAYS IN WHICH TIME SEEMS TO BE WASTED.

Precious Hours Lost in Discussing Questions of Inferior Importance—Little Excuse for Gossipy Gabble—Callers Who Bore Us—Ignorant People.

I have been trying to enumerate at least a part of the ways in which life slips into insignificance; for until we know the new we shall not find the remedy. Gossip unquestionably takes a high place in the list of mental and moral worth. By gossip I do not mean the vulgar racking of a neighbor's character or qualifications with delight at the sport of backbiting. This sort of business I rank no higher than cock fighting and bull baiting. Whoever engages in it is either too coarse to comprehend the values of time, or is nauseated by each indulgence until cured or ruined. The confirmed backbiter is so thoroughly diseased that she or he may be ranked with phthisical patients—not to be cured or not worth the curing.

But gossip is something a great deal more general than backbiting. It is the application of the mind to questions of positively inferior importance to the exclusion of matters of permanent value. Of course it is not easy from your standpoint to judge of what I should be conversing. A man is quite sure to despise questions of woman's dress—perhaps of dress altogether. But with us it involves art, and develops the peculiarly feminine capacity of appreciating fitness in form and color. But clearly there is a vast deal of intellectual waste on small topics. This is somewhat excusable at parties, when the mind is stupefied, often, in its abnormal desire to please or shine; when we are compelled to converse with those whose intellectual tastes we know nothing of. Perhaps it is for this reason that it has come to be held as ill breeding to introduce any topic of weight. Can not society move with a higher grade conversation? The effect at present is to send sensible people home with a feeling of distress and loss, while the vapid are made to consider that vapidity has value.

LITTLE EXCUSE FOR GABBLE.

In our home life and general social relations there is far less excuse for gossipy gabble. Those who are unable to converse except on trash should be classed with the ash barrel scavenger and denied the privilege of controlling any portion of our time. We are privileged by nature to exclude the gossip from any household familiarity. With these scavengers I class the bores who lack all valuation of the time of other people, persons who do not gossip, but in reality do nothing, and compel you to do the same. An honest person, man or woman, should have the days apportioned with great nicety to occupancy and use. For the unexpected and unforeseeable interruptions one may allow justly an hour a day. For probable interruptions another hour. To avoid the loss of two or three more hours requires both tact and decision. It is perfectly right to require all callers to report themselves, and to reply to many of them "not at home," or an equivalent.

There is no substantial reason why our callers should not only send in a card, but should also add the object of the call and specify the amount of time desired. This, placed on a card, will cause the applicant little time and trouble, and will save the recipient vast loss. Is all the social obligation on the side of the visited? I think not. I believe no one has a right to ask one minute of our time without apology and explanation. My time is my money. One hour is worth a cash value. Whoever takes it from me takes from my income as well as my comfort. This it is not righteous to demand nor right for me to allow. There are claims of friendship. These are compatible with work. True friends will not rob each other. There is compensation in such cases.

WITH IGNORANT PEOPLE.

I am not so confident what reward or compensation there may be for our necessary dealings with ignorant people; and as a rule this includes all the help we can employ. The narrowness of their vision makes it impossible for them to see or feel with us, and if we get on with them at all we must come down to their level and talk from their standpoint. This may not be altogether injurious; for we are likely to get too far away from the masses, and lose all communicating power. More than that, the highest mental life is too strictly a brain life. It is an invaluable power to be able to drop down at times into a more physical and simple life, provided our doing so does not involve sensuous degradation. That danger is constantly near, and must be carefully guarded against.

Too close familiarity with the grosser sort is overwhelmingly fatal. But we may go so far as to be kindly and friendly, and help to lift to a higher plane. But nothing is more difficult than honestly to secure the real friendship of people morally and intellectually our inferiors. The largest generosity and most kindly treatment will not make a firm friend of one who cannot understand you. And as a rule the ignorant can never understand the cultured. They may understand the more ignorant, but can use no mental measure greater than that possessed by themselves.—Mary E. Spencer in Globe-Democrat.

An Organ of Paper.

A very original musical instrument has recently been constructed at Milan—an organ whose pipes, instead of being of metal, are of paper pulp. Its history is quite curious. Father Giovanni Crispi Rigghizo, having learned that the parish dell' Incoronata, at Milan, was destitute of music for the offices, conceived the idea of devising a cheap material that would permit of constructing organs under such conditions that the most unpretending communities could purchase one of these instruments. This monk, who had passed his life in poverty, was confronted by a lack of money, and, notwithstanding his efforts to carry out his undertaking, was beginning to despair of success, when he had the fortune to meet an artisan, Luigi Columbo, who understood the construction of the instrument, and was good enough to aid him in carrying out his design.

They both went resolutely to work, and, finally, in June, 1886, finished the instrument in question. Unfortunately, by reason of lack of funds, they could not exceed twenty-two registers, forty-four pedals and 1,400 pipes. The final result, however, is extremely interesting, since it is generally agreed that the instrument possesses great power, and a sweetness of tone not found in organs hitherto constructed.—La Science en Famille.

Mere Force of Habit.

Distinguished Foreigner—I think the voices of American girls very sweet, but they would be still more musical if conversation were carried on in a lower tone.

Chicago Belle—We make a good deal of noise, but you must remember our favorite amusement is concert going, and one gets in the habit of loud talking trying to make one's voice heard above the music, you know.—Omaha World.

AFTER THE EXAMINATIONS.

What a Lady Principal Thinks of "Cramming" Methods in Our Schools.

A lady, who is principal of one of the largest and finest of our public schools, and whose mental and physical qualifications are far above the average, said: "Am I glad the examinations are over? Glad? Why, it is like letting one out of prison—like lifting a ton's weight from me. It is to me a terrible ordeal. These examinations of the school are really examinations of me. My pupils' standing is my standing. I am judged by it. Sometimes when I think that all are well prepared some of them may fail me. I worry and fret (to myself and within myself) more than any one knows. I labor and strain—sometimes it is almost agony—to prepare them. I heartily denounce the forcing, cramming process. It is wicked and wrong and unreasonable, and very often defeats itself. I cannot help what I have to do, and to go through these examinations these children must be forced and strained. I can see plainly, and so can any intelligent person, that the children suffer in health and in mind. It is cruel, it is unjust, it is very unprofitable.

"Many—I say many, and I know what I say and mean it—very many children memorize lessons and can repeat them like a parrot; they tug, struggle, push and pass their examinations simply because they are shoved or hoisted through by machine like methods. They can glibly repeat many things that they study, of the sense and practical application of which they are utterly ignorant. Girls, of course, are naturally more prone to spells of exhaustion and fainting, but the frequency of such instances is not an ordinary but extraordinary feature. I have instances in mind of girls who, realizing that they had but a short period to go to school, and because of the poverty of their parents they must soon begin to earn their bread, with commendable ambition and diligence labored with all their might to advance as fast as possible; labored harder than some others who learned easier; labored beyond their strength until they were stricken down from sheer brain and body exhaustion. One of these I had cautioned repeatedly, and even urged her to take a rest for awhile.

"She was near graduation, and felt that unless she could pass examinations then she would never have another chance. She studied hard and learned slowly and with difficulty, but was persistent and determined. She was an unusually amiable, sweet tempered, quiet girl, whom everybody loved. I had noticed her growing pale and thin, and knew that she was straining all of her mental and physical powers in the contest for success. One day, in the class room during recitation, the book slipped from her hands, she pressed her fingers against her temples, and exclaiming in a mournful voice that I shall never forget: 'Oh, Miss ——, my head, my head!' sank down in a faint. She was taken home and brain fever set in, and on the very day of the closing exercises of that term she was buried. She was undoubtedly the victim of brain overwork. This was an extreme case, but I assure you that I have seen many instances of girls injured for life from the same cause."—New York Star.

Career of a Danseuse.

"I began my dancing career at the age of 7 as one of the pupils, or 'rats,' as they are called, and went on laboring until I was 16. At this age the primary education of an 'out' pupil is generally terminated, the neophyte being then sufficiently advanced to go up for examination.

"At this stage the 'rats' venture on the quadrilles, but have to pass through another examination for the new grade. Even when fairly launched, aspirants have still to practice two hours at home daily. In addition to this come the rehearsals, the work done before the public, the morning lessons, etc.

"What pay do we get at the Paris opera for such hard work? The tariff varies with the grade of the dancer. The 'out' pupils, or 'rats,' are paid at the rate of forty cents for each appearance; the demoiselles de quadrille, $20 to $40 a month; the coryphees, $50 to $60; the sujets, $60 to $120; the dancers in the first rank, $120 to $300; and the 'stars,' $5,000 to $6,000 a year.

"Advancement comes very slowly. It is considered a great thing to move up as I did from the second to the first quadrille. The next step upward is to the envied position of premiere coryphee, possessing the superb emoluments of $720 a year. Finally, after years and years of patient study, the dancing girl attains the summit of her ambition, and rises into a petit sujet, which gives her an individuality before the footlights. It took me fifteen years to reach this giddy height of glory and pay, the latter being $1,000 per annum.

"Stars seldom rise from the ranks. The Elssiers and Taglionis form a class apart.

"Some of the women who appear today in spectacular pieces are 48 and 50 years of age. Such women are retained solely by reason of the excellence of their proportions. The brawny or the otherwise objectionable figurant is nearly always some new comer not yet developed or broken."—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Food for Nervous Patients.

Dr. Clouston in the annual report of the Edinburgh Royal asylum answers the query of Henry R. Johnson, of St. Louis, as to the use of milk and eggs in the cases of nervous patients. He gives to such patients as many as a dozen eggs, and as much as six or seven pints of milk a day. When this form of treatment is associated with plenty of walking exercise in the open air, a great increase of weight often takes place. "The greater my experience becomes," writes Dr. Clouston, "I tend more to substitute milk for stimulants. I don't undervalue the latter in suitable cases; but in the very acute cases, both in depression and maniacal exaltation, where the disordered working of the brain tends rapidly to exhaust the strength, I rely more and more on milk and eggs made into liquid custards. One such case this year got eight pints of milk and sixteen eggs every day for three months, and under this treatment recovered. I question whether he would have done so under any other.

"He was almost dead on admission, actually delirious, absolutely sleepless, and very nearly pulseless. It was a hand to hand fight between the acute disease in his brain and his general vitality. If his stomach could not have digested and his body assimilated enough suitable nourishment, or if he could not have been taken out freely into the open air, he must have died. But today he is fulfilling the duties of his position as well as he ever did in his life. All acute mental diseases, like most nervous diseases, tend to thinness of body, and therefore all foods, and all treatments that fatten, are good. To my assistants, and nurses, and patients I preach the gospel of fatness as the great antidote to the exhausting tendencies of the disease we have to treat, and it would be well if all people of nervous constitution would obey this gospel."—Herald of Health.

The One Thing Desirable.

Rev. Dr. Hauton (after morning service)—Good morning, my dear Mrs. De Twillingham. We have had rather a small congregation this morning.

Mrs. De Twillingham—Yes, Dr. Hauton, but I thought it was very select. [illegible]

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

DAILY AND WEEKLY

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