

governor in appointing me, an old-time republican, was not taking that way of reminding me that it was not the proper thing to bolt your party's nomination. My second thought was, what a gracious Providence I had been the subject of, in having escaped from all the dire consequences that these long-haired men and short-haired women so eloquently predicted. I wondered that I had never heard of any of their wicked doings before I came to that convention. I therefore concluded that my entire ignorance of the question at issue, along with my lack of experience in parliamentary usages, warranted me in not attempting to take any part in the debate.

In addition to these facts, a tall 6½ foot democrat, from the Keystone state, got the floor, saying that Pattison, in appointing him, knew he would make a speech, which he did, adding a little to the volume of windy vaporings, without adding any to the edification of the convention or the object of its assembling.

The writer was engaged in conversation with a delegate from Oregon, without any thought of making a speech or even asking the privilege of the floor, when to his surprise, Governor Nelson, the presiding officer, sang out "the gentleman from Pennsylvania, J. B. Corey, has the floor." I must confess I never was more taken back. I arose to my feet intending to respectfully decline to make a speech, apologizing for my lack of knowledge of the question under consideration, when the thought flashed into my mind to ask the honorable gentlemen who had been occupying the attention of the convention for the latter part of two days to give us the name of one of these trusts, who composed it, where it had headquarters and whom it had injured in business etc. Had an anarchistic bomb been exploded in the hall it would scarcely have created a greater consternation than the asking for that information. The entire delegation of pops were on their feet at one and the same time, yelling at the top of their voices:

"What! a delegate to an anti-trust convention who has never heard or known of a trust!" The confusion became so great that Governor Nelson was compelled to adjourn the convention, it being noon hour, until 2 p. m., saying the gentleman from Pennsylvania would have the floor on the assembling of the convention. The governor called me to him as I was leaving for dinner, saying he hoped I would reply to some of the arguments that had been made. I said I had never given the question any consideration and was not an orator; that he had better secure some one more familiar with the subject. The governor insisted I should reply to the populist arguments. On the reassembling of the convention I began my address by asking the gentlemen and ladies who, before we adjourned so vociferously had

promised, to furnish me with the names of trusts and persons composing them and parties injured by them. Among those who had declared their willingness to furnish the desired information was the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who claimed he was entitled to the honor of having originated the call for the convention; presidential candidate of the populists, James A. Weaver; a dignified delegate of Illinois by the name of Lloyd, and a short-haired woman from some state, along with a savage looking westerner from Nevada and a tall, slim, long-haired fire-eater from the state of Mississippi. They all, with one accord, were on hand intent on getting the opportunity, as I thought, of furnishing the promised information; but instead of naming a single trust of their own personal knowledge, they started up such an uproar of yells, cat-calls and other disorderly acts that Governor Nelson in using the mallet, which had been made from the ship of Commodore Perry or Lawrence, that was sunk in the naval conflict with the English navy in 1812, broke the head off the mallet, which flew out into the audience, during the efforts of the chairman to secure me an orderly hearing. This exhibition of ill temper surprised me all the more, from the fact that I had only asked the anti-trust people to furnish us with the name of a single trust, the people composing it and its headquarters. Governor Nelson in pleading with them to give me a hearing said I seemed to be a mild-mannered man; he did not think I would indulge in any abusive language or personal epithets. The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly sprang up and said he was not going to be insulted in a convention that he himself had been the originator of. I replied: "You are very thin-skinned. You have for two days been hurling your anathemas upon the heads of every statesman the nation has ever produced, vilifying the living and the dead. You ought to be willing to stand a little of your own kind of logic."

I was allowed to proceed without further interruption. When I finished the editor of the Omaha Bee, who single-handed and alone had contended with the fiery orators for two days, and who was chairman of the committee, called for a vote on the question and the result was the anti-trust fanatics were beaten, after polling the convention, two to one.

Then Ignatius Donnelly and his followers bolted and held a rump convention. When I saw that Hon. Bourke Cockran and Wm. Bryan were delegates to the late convention I felt certain if Cockran got a chance he would let the wind out of the Bryan bubble. I was very much disappointed that Bryan's discretion prevented the American people from enjoying the fun; but I was amused and pleased to see Cockran's argument was on the same line of my impromptu reply to the same class of fanatics in 1893—

"that calling an aggregation of capital a combination; that nothing frightens the people as incomprehensible names; a noise they cannot see, that men can be put to intellectual flight by the terrifying noises of sound," as the San Francisco Call so tersely puts it. That is a correct estimate of Mr. Bryan as a tocsin, a drumhead, a gourd full of peas, making a noise inexpressive of thought. J. B. COREY.

WOMEN IN MEDICINE.

Fifty-five years ago there was no opportunity for a woman to study and graduate in medicine in this or any foreign country, and even twenty years ago a woman physician was next to a freak in her community, and contemptuously frowned upon by the profession. But last year fifty-six were graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. There is no reason why women should not be physicians but there are many and pressing reasons why they should practice medicine. While there are a few things in the profession that they might not be as well adapted to as men, they are quite as well adapted to even the exceptional duties referred to as men physicians are to many delicate duties they now perform for women without complaint. In a large majority of ailments to which humanity is subject, women physicians with equal intelligence and skill, are certainly the equals of men in professional usefulness and there are many complaints of their own sex that should especially command the services of women physicians.

The world has advanced with wonderful rapidity during the last half century in the recognition of the rights and capabilities of women. The first class to graduate in the world was composed of eight brave girls as follows: Anna M. Longshore, Susanna H. Ellis, Angenata A. Hunt, Hannah E. Longshore, Frances Mitchell, Ann Preston, Martha A. Swain and Phoebe M. Way. They faced a severe ordeal when they ventured out in the fifties, but all attained prominence, particularly Anna M. Longshore, who, in addition to earning a fortune in her profession, is today recognized as the leader in the higher education of popular physiology.

It is less than sixty years since married women in Pennsylvania had no right over even their own property acquired by either their own labor or inheritance. Today the only just complaint that women can make is against the yet prevalent custom of paying women less than men are paid for precisely the same service. Women are quite as refined now as when they were unknown in the great battles, and the whole tendency of the age is towards the only manly course of giving women fair play all round.

Crockerism represents a machine with a self-confident engineer at the throttle.