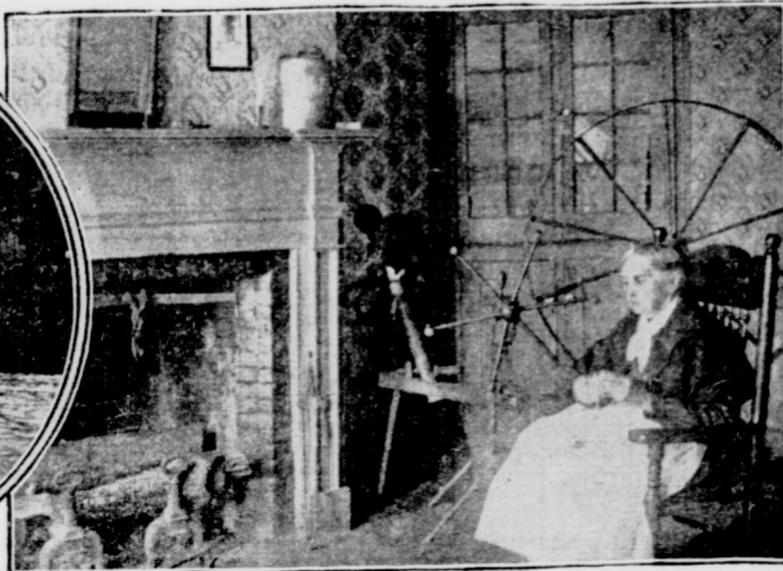




INSANE PATIENTS SWIMMING.



SPINNING WHEEL AND INSANE PATIENT WHO OPERATES IT.



BOAT SAILED BY INSANE PATIENTS.

## EXPERIMENT IN OUTDOOR LIFE FOR THE INSANE.

*It Has Worked Well in the Vicinity of Rochester Under Director of the State Hospitals—Patients Profit by It.*

Rochester, Oct. 31.—An experiment which may mark an era in the modern treatment of the insane has been successfully carried out by the director of the State Hospital for the Insane in this city during the last six months and its results have been such as to attract the attention of alienists throughout the whole country. Its object is the cure, or at least betterment, of acute cases by means of outdoor living and occupation. The experiment was suggested by Dr. Frederick Peterson, president of the State Commission in Lunacy, and is now being followed by Dr. Eugene H. Howard, director of the Rochester State Hospital. Dr. Howard, in his report, will recommend the continuation of the summer cottage plan, as he calls it, and it is considered probable that the State Commission will recommend the purchase of sixty acres of available land on the shore of Lake Ontario for the construction of a permanent open air sanatorium.

Two reasons worked toward the initiation of the idea. One was the overcrowded condition of the State Hospital itself; the other was the desire to put to the proof the benefits claimed for the outdoor system of treatment by many eminent psychopaths of Europe, and especially of Holland, where the method has been in use for several years. As regards the crowded condition of the Rochester hospital, and that also of all the other State institutions, the cause for it is found in the yearly increase in the number of the insane in this State. It may not be generally known, but this constant swelling of the ranks of these unfortunates averages six hundred cases a year, and hospital enlargement is the cry of every annual report submitted to the State commission. The Rochester hospital has gradually increased in size until now it embraces four or five large buildings, and still requires more space. The modern idea of insane therapeutics requires segregation of the different types of the disease. The chronic cases are kept in one portion of the hospital, the acute cases in another, and the "disturbed," or more violent cases, in still another. Much depends upon suggestion in the handling of the insane, and the reason for this separation is easily apparent. With this general view of conditions and theories, the satisfaction with which the success of this latest experiment has been greeted can be understood.

Dr. Peterson's suggestion was immediately carried out by Dr. Howard. There was some difficulty experienced in obtaining a lease of satisfactory land, the farmers in the neighborhood being chary of allowing an insanity camp so near their homes. At last, however, a beautiful piece of farm land was obtained in the town of Webster, about fifteen miles northeast of Rochester. Although the property is much more extensive, only six acres were leased. These included a fine old fashioned homestead, with a dozen broad fireplaces; good barns, an excellent garden, and, best of all, a long, undulating frontage on Lake Ontario and a gently sloping, sandy beach for bathing and boating.

As soon as the lease was executed and possession given Dr. Howard sent down a corps of hospital attachés, with several patients, to make preparations for the inmates. This accomplished, the selection of the patients began. No one was forced to go. Invitations were extended with tact and caution. The response was lively, and soon about thirty had expressed a desire to accept. These were taken down, and for the remainder of the summer this number was maintained, as it just comfortably filled up the accommodations. The patients were received in parties of three or four, in charge of a nurse. Some stayed only a few days; others for a week. In a few cases the patients were brought back almost immediately, the period of each one's stay being governed by a close observation of the effects the change was producing.

"Speaking generally," said Dr. Howard, "the good results were highly gratifying. For example, there was one patient, a woman, who had been afflicted with melancholia, and was con-

sidered an almost chronic case. She was taken to the farm only after long persuasion, and remained there for several weeks. She is now at home, living with her husband, attending to her household duties, completely cured. That is an extreme example, but there were many others where the benefit of the outdoor treatment was emphatically shown."

The only patients received at the farm were those afflicted with mildly acute forms of mental disease. No restrictions were placed upon their conduct, except that they were told where the boundaries of the estate ended, and were requested not to pass beyond. They were like children, and with few exceptions obeyed their attendants implicitly. Some of them had never been on trolley cars before, and shivered and hesitated as one often sees a dog do under similar circumstances. Some had never seen the lake, and one woman said after gazing at it in rapt attention for a long time: "Who would have thought they could have put all that water there and kept it from running out?"

The patients' time was kept as busily occupied as possible. Some were set to making gardens; other brought up the wood from the beach and from the woods for the fires; others helped pitch the hay and thrash grain. The rule, however, was pretty closely adhered to: The patients were allowed to do, whenever possible, what they seemed best able or pleased to do. The same system was observed in arranging the pastimes and sports. Baseball, sailing, fishing and bathing were the most popular and were enjoyed to the utmost. Long walks in the sunshine across country, gentle exercise upon the broad lawns, made the day's pass pleasantly for the women. When the time came for the patients to return and give place to others, there were many regrets heard, and in some instances the objection was so forcible that the patient was allowed to remain a little longer. The cases of violence or infraction of the rules were surprisingly infrequent, when one remembers that the patients were not restricted further than by word of mouth. In only two instances did the outbreak cause apprehension, and in these no harm was done. One consisted in a patient escaping from the house and disappearing. Later she was found in the village of Webster, four or five miles distant, asking for directions to a relative's home. The other instance was that of a woman who eluded her nurses and walked all the way to Rochester, a distance of fifteen miles. She explained she had forgotten something, and had to return to get it.

In all, up to October 1, 72 men and 128 women

had been cared for at the farm. It was first intended to close up the farm at the beginning of the fall, but the pleasant weather conditions and the evident delight of the patients in their open air life, and above all the beneficent results obtained by the change, made it advisable to keep the system in operation at least until the snow begins to fly, and perhaps even through the winter.

The novelty of the experiment and its great potential value to psychopaths the world over have aroused a great deal of interest in the farm among the experts. It is the first experiment ever made in this State, and, so far as is known, in the whole country, and the visitors who came to inspect the farm in full operation were many. Among them were Dr. Adolph Meyer, director of the Pathological Institute of the New-York State hospitals; Dr. Peterson, president of the State Commission in Lunacy; W. L. Parkhurst, also of the State Commission, and Mary Vida Clarke, acting secretary of the New-York State Board of Charities and Correction.

Dr. Howard is now preparing a report for the State Commission. In this report he will review the summer work, and recommend strongly the purchase of sixty additional acres and the erection of a permanent outdoor cottage sanatorium. It is understood that the State Commission is almost unanimous in its support of such a plan. If the necessary appropriations can be obtained Dr. Howard intends next spring to construct a pier into the lake for a steamer landing, and transport the patients by water to and from Charlotte and other nearby lake ports.

### FEEDING, NOT CATCHING, FISH.

Joseph Jefferson has stocked the lake on his Louisiana farm with bass and other game fish. "Not long ago," says the comedian, "I came upon a stranger fishing in my lake. I did not learn until afterward that the trespasser had been there all the afternoon without a bite. Stepping to his side, I politely invited his attention to the fact that he was fishing in a private preserve, in violation of the law.

"The stranger smiled sadly. 'You are mistaken, sir,' he replied. 'I'm not catching your fish; I'm feeding them!'"

### WOMANHOOD MUST WASH.

George Herbert Palmer, professor of philosophy in Harvard University, is optimistic in regard to the college woman. He does not believe that the higher education is going to harm the true woman, and says that it does not speak well for a woman if she cannot stand a college training. His opinion on the subject has been asked so many times that he decided to settle the matter once for all, and the last time he was asked the usual question he replied briefly and to the point, "I have no use for womanhood that won't wash."



INSANE PATIENTS ON THE FARM LAWN.

## NOVEMBER'S BIRD LIFE.

*Season's Movements Among Feathered Denizens of Wood and Field.*

By C. William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology, New-York Zoological Society.

As the whirling winds of winter's edge strip the trees bare of their last leaves the leaden sky of the eleventh month seems to push its cold face closer to earth. Who can tell when the northern sparrows first arrive? A whirl of brown leaves scatters in front of us; some fall back to earth; others rise and lodge in the thick briars—sombre little, white throated and free sparrows! These brown coated, low voiced birds attract our attention the more that the great host of brilliant warblers has now passed, just as our hearts warm toward the humble polypody fronds, passing them by unnoticed when flowers are abundant, but which now hold up their bright greenness amid all the cold.

But all the migrants have not left us yet by any means, and we had better leave our boreal visitors until midwinter's blasts show us these hardiest of the hardy at their best.

We know little of the ways of the gaunt herons on their southward journey, but day after day in our Zoological Park we may see great blues, little greens and the beautiful black crowned night herons, as they stop in their flight to rest for a time, and to watch their caged brethren and envy them their abundant pails of fish. Was ever a heron sated? What Tantalus-like crime must they ever expiate by their insatiable appetites?

The cold draws all the birds of a species together. Dark hordes of clacking grackles pass by, scores of red winged blackbirds and cowbirds mingle amicably together, both of dark hue, but of such unlike matrimonial habits. A single male redwing may assume the cares of a harem of three, four or five females, each of which rears her brown streaked offspring in her own particular nest, while the valiant guardian keeps faithful watch over his small colony among the reeds and cattails.

Little thought or care does Mother Cowbird waste on her offspring. No home life is hers—merely a stealthy approach to the nest of some unsuspecting yellow warbler or other small bird, a hastily deposited egg, and the unnatural parent goes on her way, chuckling her delight at having shouldered all her household cares upon another. Her young may be hatched and carefully reared by the patient little warbler mother, or the egg may spoil in the deserted nest, or be left in the cold beneath another nest bottom built over it; little cares the cowbird parent.

The ospreys or fish hawks seem to circle southward in pairs or trios, but some clear, cold day the sky will seem alive with hawks of other kinds. It is a strange fact that these birds, which have the power to rise so high that they fairly disappear from our sight, choose the trend of terrestrial valleys whenever possible in directing their aerial routes. Even the series of New-Jersey hills, flattered by the name of the Orange Mountains, seem to balk many hawks which elect to change their direction and fly to the right or left toward certain gaps or passes. Through these a raptorial stream pours in such numbers during the period of migration that a person with a foreknowledge of their path in former years may lie in wait and watch scores upon scores of these birds pass close overhead within a few hours, while a short distance to the right or left one may watch all day without seeing a single hawk. The whims of migrating birds are beyond our ken.

Sometimes out in the broad fields one's eyes will be drawn accidentally upward, and a great flight of hawks will be seen—a compact flock of intercircling forms, perhaps two or three hundred in all, the whole number gradually passing from view in a southerly direction, now and then sending down a shrill cry. It is a beautiful sight, not very often seen near the city.

Even as late as this, when the water begins to freeze in the tiny cups of the pitcher plants, and the frost brings into being a new kind of foliage on glass and stone, a few insect eaters of the summer woods will linger on. A belated red eyed vireo may be chased by a snowbird, and when we approach a flock of birds taking