

# A MODERN MARTYR

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After Philip Raymond, M. D., was graduated from the Medical school as a physician and surgeon, it took him but a few weeks to locate in a small suburb beyond Yonkers. A cottage with a neat little office, a cozy den, comfortable bedrooms and dining room and kitchen constituted his bachelor apartments. The house was just off the main business street of the village, and his swinging sign, brave in gold and black, could easily be seen by those who were passing along the thoroughfare. When he had spent all he dared of the small amount his education had left of his patrimony upon the furnishing of this little home, and had installed a capable Irish house-keeper, he felt at leisure to sit on the tiny porch with his book, behind the screen of the rambler rose, and watch for the messenger to ring the bell, ready to slip into the office and gravely receive the message himself if it were during office hours, or, if it were not, to listen while Bridget took the order and answered, "Och! tell the doctor when he comes in." If the book sometimes slipped to the floor and the possible patient was forgotten in the vision of a certain dainty figure with laughing eyes, who should one day be near him when the bachelor quarters should swell to larger proportions—well, that is another story. Certainly, the office bell did not often disturb his day-dreams.

The monotony of this life could not always last, it had to end one way or another. One day a group of laborers upon the trolley line watch was to link the little suburb with what was destined to be the great chain of Greater New York had reached a point within the doctor's range of vision, when a sudden commotion among them aroused him at his station on the porch. Then he saw that a man had fallen, and, as one pointed to the doctor's sign, several others lifted him and brought him toward the house. Dr. Raymond received them with his most dignified manner, heard their report that the foreman of the gang—for it was he who had fallen—had eaten no lunch and seemed to be in pain, that after they had returned to work he had suddenly clapped his hand to his right side and dropped to the ground; that he lived by himself, and had no relatives, so far as they knew.

While the doctor listened he was hurriedly using restoratives and thoroughly examining his patient. He was soon convinced that an acute attack of appendicitis had caused the loss of consciousness, and that an operation should be performed at once.

The delicate operation was performed with complete success and the patient put to bed in the doctor's own apartment, for he dared not risk a removal. It was one of those cases where the appendix showed no sign of obstruction. Indeed, there was an unusually healthy condition, which promised a safe and speedy recovery, especially as the patient was a strong man not over 30 years of age.

The patient recovered consciousness quite suddenly, just as the doctor was beginning to feel uneasy at the prolonged state of coma which did not show any signs of yielding to his efforts.

"Wal, I've sure got a fine berth this time," suddenly greeted the doctor's ears. He turned quickly to the bed in time to see his man preparing to rise. "No! no!" expostulated Dr. Raymond. "Wait a moment and I will explain." Then, as gently as possible, the doctor told the man what had occurred. "Appendicitis! Appendix to the dictionary, and didn't ye go through my pockets?" "My good man, I'm not a highway robber," said the doctor, beginning to fear that the patient's mind was unbalanced. "Wal, good Lord, I wish I ye had 'n' bin. I'd be better off now with all my appendixes and supplements, for tha' wa'n't nuthin' in my pockets that I'd miss of ye'd only stopped at them. Now, jess go look in the inside pocket to my coat, 'n' see what ye'll find." Dr. Raymond obeyed, and found a paper on which was written: "I have fits. Take off my coat and put me where it is cool and quiet. I'll come to in two or three hours."

"Ye see, Doc, I thought o' course they'd look in my pockets, ef I was took 'ith one o' my spells, to see where to take me or who my folks was. I ain't had one now for nigh on to five year, tho' mebbe I'd got sht of 'em. Anyhow, 'twouldn't do to tell the men—'twould queer me with 'em. But I'll be dummed ef I ever tho't of anybody euttin' me up. I've had 'em ever since I was a kid, 'n' they've done every-thing. Used to bleed me, 'n' onct my hair was all took off my head with stuff they put on—most o' the skin, so. They blistered my feet so't I couldn't walk; but nuthin' did no good, so they finally got to lettin' me alone 'n' I was beginnin' to git better, I

kinder out-growed 'em 'n' come back out to sort o' sit away from my reptilation. Thought mebbe change o' climate 'n' livin' out o' doors ud fix me."

It seemed best for both his patient and himself to avoid conversation for the rest of the night, so, making him comfortable and telling him to call if he wished anything, Dr. Raymond lay down on a couch in his den. There was little danger, for sleep would interfere with his duties as a nurse. The chagrin and mortification at his professional error was not his only trouble, though he realized what the result might be if the man wished to be disagreeable. Youth has strong confidence in itself, and he felt sure of being able, by starting anew elsewhere, to overcome any adverse criticism which might arise. But, alas! his finances would hardly bear the



"I'm Havin' a Vacation on Full Pay."

strain of entertaining the invalid, if he proved to be a guest instead of a paying patient, though no thought of this had entered Raymond's mind when he took the sufferer in as an act of common humanity, and so, if the small revenue his meager practice brought were cut off, and he must move and wait again, is it strange that the morning found him more haggard than his patient, who slept heavily until daylight?

As the doctor sat before his untasted breakfast, the Irish laborer brought a note from the superintendent, saying that Thomas Wheeler was a valuable man and the company would bear the expense of his illness and keep up his pay. The doctor was instructed to procure whatever help was needed to care for him properly. Raymond assured the man that the patient had passed a comfortable night, and that there was every reason to believe he would be out in two or three weeks' time. When the message and the good wishes of his fellow-laborers were repeated to Wheeler, he exclaimed: "Well, Doc, ye look ef ye was as much cut up 'bout this 's I be, tho' it's all in yer feelin's in your case. Now, I've been doin' a spell o' thinkin' over this here situation, 'n' I do know's it'll help matters any for me to kick. My appendix is gone—can't never have appendicitis now, for sure, that's one comfort. 'Twouldn't do me no good to tell folks that 'twan't your high-soundin' disease after all, jess a plain, common fit, 'n' no use o' me losin' my sequel, 'n' I kin see how it might give you a mighty lot o' trouble. I'm havin' a vacation on full pay 'n' you're bein' put to all the inconvenience. So let's shake on it, Doc, 'n' we'll call it

correct."

square. Mebbe it's helped ye t' git yer eye-teeth thro' a leetle further." So the little household, with the addition of the invalid and his nurse, moved smoothly on for two weeks, when the patient was pronounced able to leave for his own lodgings.

Five years later, Dr. Raymond had become one of the visiting physicians at a large city hospital, when one day he was hurriedly called into the operating room to assist the chief surgeon with a case of appendicitis. The patient was prepared for the operation when Dr. Raymond entered, and they silently fell into their places and watched the skillful work. Everything proceeded as usual until the culminating point of the task was reached, when it was found that there was no appendix to be removed. As the man was being taken to a ward, a sudden suspicion caused Dr. Raymond to look intently at his face, and he recognized his old friend, Thomas Wheeler. It was not his duty to visit that ward, and he found no opportunity to speak with Wheeler until a few days before he was discharged from the hospital. The nurse left the bedside as Raymond passed, and he took the opportunity to step quietly before the patient.

"Wal, Doc, is it you?" he said. "Twan't so strange ye made a mistake, boy as ye was, now, was it, when this here big gun went 'n' done th' same thing? 'N' I thought I had 'em fixed sure this time with a piece o' parchment sewed to my shirt; but I'll be dummed ef th' blamed sweat didn't blur the writin' so't they couldn't read it. I'll fix it some way tho' for next time."

Again an ambulance responded to a hurry call, and a patient was taken at once to the operating room. The examination of the head physician confirmed the report of the emergency doctor: An acute attack of appendicitis. Immediate operation necessary.

Dr. Raymond was summoned. Suddenly the nurse who was preparing the patient for the operating table exclaimed:

"Oh, doctor, please look at this!" The surgeon stooped over the prostrate man and found tattooed across his abdomen these words:

"Stop. Don't cut. Appendix removed twice."

Stepping to the man's head he found again his old patient, about to be for the third time a martyr.

### CORRECT.



Stopper—Is this an "intelligence" of fee?  
Office Boy—Well, I suppose so. Dis is a correspondence school.

### Candour.

Mr. Jawback—That boy gets his brains from me.  
Mrs. Jawback—Somebody got 'em from you, if you ever had any—that's a cert.

### Fine Art Exhibition.

A very creditable exhibition of oriental paintings, both modern and ancient examples, was held at the India Government School of Art in Calcutta recently.

### EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.



"I can't help admiring your beautiful costume, madam!"  
"And I your good taste, sir!"

# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

## CAREER LIKE A ROCKET



When a deputy sheriff, armed with a writ of attachment issued from the supreme court, the other day served copies of that paper upon John Brandt Walker, wizard of Wall street, and on other brokers with whom Walker has accounts, what may be the final chapter was written in the romantic story of Brandt Walker's kaleidoscopic advent, rise and crash "on the street." The attachment was issued on a \$23,500 claim of a brokerage firm which asserts a balance due on a series of wheat and stock deals. That Walker did not find it convenient to settle so comparatively trivial a bill is taken to mean that he has struck the bottom of the financial toboggan chute, and this idea is borne out by his recent sale of his expensive garage, stable and team of big-bred trotters at figures said to be far lower than the prices he paid in their purchase.

Only a year ago John Brandt Walker was the sensation of the stock brokers' world. His plunging methods—or lack of method—on the board of trade attracted the attention of veteran speculators who had seen scores of men tempt fortune by bold or bizarre campaigns. Walker's campaign was unique, in that it went farther than most others had dared, and also in that it was successful. A million dollars a month for 90 days was the measure of his winnings at the close of his big bear campaign, which closed only last December.

Walker is 40 years old, son of Edwin Walker, a famous Chicago railroad lawyer, and came to New York from the former city a few years ago with \$15,000. This he promptly lost, and he repeated the performance several times, as often as he could get enough cash or backing to make a new start.

## SHREWD WOMAN POLITICIAN



Mrs. Frank W. Dodson, who is seeking a second election to the office of county recorder of Polk county, Iowa, put to rout a bold band of jury fixers in Des Moines and completely revolutionized the drawing of jurors throughout the entire state. She is known as the shrewdest politician in Iowa.

Five years ago she was the wife of Attorney Frank W. Dodson, a candidate for district judge. To his wife he confided his hopes and ambitions. He also confided to her the little ins and outs of politics. Dodson died suddenly and his widow was left with a little son to support. Mrs. Dodson turned her attention to politics and ran for county recorder. The politicians fought her, but she went direct to the people with convincing arguments, laying bare the secrets of the corrupt ward heelers, and she won.

The Iowa statute at that time placed the drawing of jurors in the hands of the clerk, auditor and recorder, and Mrs. Dodson discovered that the drawing of jurors was a farce. She set to work to correct the abuse. She stirred up such a fuss as the state had never seen. Corporations which always had enough friends on the jury panel to protect their interests, saw that a revolution of the system was imminent, and got very busy. So did the political machines. Again did Mrs. Dodson go to the people. So great was her influence that the Civic League, which labored for pure government, joined in the movement. The contest reached the courts. Mrs. Dodson personally presented her side of the jury situation to the judges. The fight was bitter. She explained to the court that the jury boxes were tied with pieces of thin wire, whereas the law required that they should be securely sealed. The court ordered the boxes securely sealed and directed that no juror be drawn in secret. Then Mrs. Dodson went farther. She appealed to the legislature, and after days and days of indefatigable labor, opposed by the politicians at every step, she brought about the passage of a new jury law that put an end to the selection of the jury lists by election officers.

## WITH PERRY IN JAPAN



Chief Engineer Edward Dunham Robie, U. S. N., ranking as a rear admiral on the retired list, and who celebrated his golden wedding anniversary at Washington the other day, is an interesting figure in one of the most memorable naval expeditions that ever set out from this country. He is one of the five surviving officers of the 200 who accompanied Commodore M. C. Perry in the famous expedition which opened up Japan to the civilized world in 1852-1854, and thus did more toward the rapid advancement of that progressive nation to the first rank of powers and to cement its people in friendship to the people of the United States of America than all the rest of the world combined.

Admiral Robie was born in Burlington, Vt., September 11, 1831, and is a son of Jacob Carter and Louisa Dunham Robie. He was educated at the Binghamton academy, Binghamton, N. Y., where he won the scholarship prize, and was subsequently warranted an assistant engineer in the United States navy.

After an eventful life, rich in accomplishment and full of exciting incidents, he was retired for age September 11, 1893, with the rank of commodore, being the only one of his class to attain that rank; and in 1906, by act of congress, his rank was raised to that of rear admiral for his creditable record in the civil war.

## MINISTER TO PANAMA



Herbert C. Squiers, United States minister to Panama, who has just passed successfully through a critical interview with Secretary of State Root touching the diplomat's reported lack of political neutrality in the Panama election campaign, will return at once to his post. His report to the state department gave the secretary an excellent idea of the ruffled situation in Panama over the fight for the presidency, which is quite likely to result in serious outbreaks on election day, July 11.

Before being sent to Panama he was the first minister this country had at Havana, a post which he resigned in December, 1905. His previous diplomatic experience included service as secretary of the American embassy at Berlin in 1894 and secretary of legation at Peking in 1898. During the boxer troubles in the latter year he served as chief of staff to Sir Charles Macdonald, the British minister.

The diplomatic life appeals particularly to Squiers on account of its infinite variety and tinge of adventure. His has been an unusual career to end in such a service. Born in Canada in 1859, he was educated in a Minnesota military academy, a Maryland agricultural school and the United States Artillery school. He entered the army and served as a lieutenant in the western Indian wars, leaving the service to be detailed as teacher of military science in a New York college. He gave this up to get into active service once more in the Pine Ridge agency Indian trouble in 1891, and then gave up the army altogether and turned his attention toward politics.