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Terse and Terrible Texts

From the press of the International Publishing Company, of Ann Arbor, Mich., comes an interesting little brochure entitled "The Maladies of Christmas." It is by Dr. Maggie Boyle, a prominent woman physician of Detroit, and consists of 27 instructive chapters. The work is a monumental one, and will undoubtedly take its place among the magnum opuses (or is it opi?) of medicine. Each chapter is an exhaustive masterpiece.

But the most interesting feature of the entire volume, perhaps, is a small card intended to be posted upon the wall of the family dining room. The words upon this card, which is elegantly emblazoned with holly and mistletoe in colors, are as follows:

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

What to Do When Bobby's Gizzard Proves Unequal to the Strain

For safety's sake it is better to begin work before the deadly poisons have begun to act. While Bobby is yet busy brushing up the crumbs of the fruitcake, select a large goblet and into it pour half a drachm of powdered glass and a teaspoonful of carbolic acid. Mix these substances as well as you can, and then, with an eye-dropper, drop half a minim of caustic potash into the goblet. After the effervescence has ceased, boil the mixture over a gas jet and spread it upon a marble slab.

As soon as Bobby has finished his feast and before the butternut shells have begun to cause him distress, stretch him out upon an ironing-board and force half a pound of the mixture aforesaid down his throat. Then buck and gag him and roll him as you would a drowning man. At his first audible cry of protest duck his head into a bucket of kerosene and stand him before the stove. After the fire has burned out, roll him again. Then give him three quinine pills and a hypodermic injection of para-amidophenal hydrochlorate. Be particular that the chlorate is of the proper specific gravity, else it will throw him into fits.

After he has taken 12 full breaths plunge him in a woolen blanket and put him to bed. By these means you may often save his life without the aid or consent of a physician.

Dr. Boyle's book is sold for \$3, and may be had of any coroner or funeral director.

According to a recent cablegram, the Britons of dear old London were wriggling some time ago upon the horns of a sharp and ticklish dilemma. The heathen Chinees was the parent of their woe, and loudly they demanded his blood. A year ago they thought the Geary exclusion act an evidence of American savagery. But that was before the slant-eyed Celestial had set foot in

London. Six months ago one of the Son of Heaven's vassals opened a laundry in Soho. And now the Londoners shriek fiercely "The Chinese must go!"

Ah Chang was the name of the ochre-faced washerman who offered to renovate the Londoners' linen. If he had confined his efforts to this useful task they would have hailed him as a welcome settler, for the Thames' fog is rough on collars; but instead of doing so Ah opened an annex to his laundry, and in this annex he placed a five-pound can of "dope," a dozen assorted pipes, a set of loaded dice and a fan-fan layout.

When the sporting fraternity of the British capital heard of this Ah's place began to be crowded, and before long the "dope" and the dice combined to engender a riot. On six successive nights the festive Celestial formed the storm-center of a "rough-house" demonstration, and finally, after he had issued a proclamation setting the entire British Empire at defiance, the London gendarmes closed in upon him and bore him away to the gaol. After he had served a 10-day sentence for keeping a disorderly house he was placed upon a P. & O. steamer and headed eastward. And now he is

Somewher's east of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst.

And meanwhile the Britons have decided that the Geary Act is a wise and beneficent bit of legislation.

To a man up a tree it would seem that in a city like Baltimore, wherein the fairest of all earth's daughters are conceded to dwell, the genus bachelor should be represented by but a mere handful of specimens. Baltimore men, like their brothers of other towns, are susceptible to the charms of bright eyes and ruby lips, and according to all of the mighty tomes of the poets and philosophers their unusual temptations should lead them rapidly to the matrimonial gallows. But whether it is because frequent temptation breeds resisting power or because of some more indefinite and subtle reason, it nevertheless remains a fact that Baltimore is a town of happy and contented bachelors.

At the head of them, as a sort of worshipful master, stands the first among all of the city's people. This united gentleman is Mr. Thomas Gordon Hayes, the Mayor of Baltimore, and a right royal advocate of single blessedness. For a quarter of a century he has turned a blind eye upon blue eyes and golden locks, and now, with the half century milestone behind him, he is a living example of the contentments of peaceful bachelorhood.

Another conspicuous unmarried Baltimorean is Maj. Richard M. Venable, a gallant soldier, an able statesman, a distinguished lawyer and a famous post-prandial orator. Major Venable is the Chauncey Depew of Maryland, and in addition he is the Joseph Choate, and, in some ways, the Theodore Roosevelt. In keeping up his reputation in all of these diverse fields of effort the Major's time has been fully occupied, and for this reason, perhaps, he has failed to pay his debt to Cupid.

A third distinguished Baltimore bachelor is Marshal of police Samuel L. Hamilton. Marshal Hamilton, though a man of bruff and bluff exterior, is at heart the soul of geniality and loving kindness, and to most of his friends it is an unutterable wonder that he has never taken

unto himself a wife. As far as is known he has failed to offer an explanation of the problem. This leaves his friends upon the ragged edge of speculation.