multiple spontaneous ecchymosis, with the family history of bleeders (in males), will determine the diagnosis.

Acute Infections. Acute infections of the hip arise primarily or secondarily to the acute infections elsewhere; such as pneumonia, typhoid, the exanthemata, teeth and tonsils and autoinfection. They start as a synovial infection or an acute epiphysitis breaking through into the joint.

By the sudden onset an acute infection can be diagnosed, but as with acute infections outside the joint, the exact location of the seat of infection cannot be made out until thickening can be felt, and this, at times, especially in a fat child, is very difficult. In the very young, also, the evidence afforded by pain may be very deceptive, as they usually cry out and resist any palpation or movement to any part of the leg. Clinically to get joint thickening is of prime importance. The roentgenogram will show a distended capsule with the femoral head pushed out from the acetabulum to a slight degree.

The importance of the early recognition of these acute joint infections cannot be overestimated, as when over distended the capsule will rupture, producing a dislocation, or when the infection starts as an epiphysitis, without very early operative interference, the head will become detached and destroyed.

Chronic Infections. The chronic infections of the hip-joint, other than tuberculosis, may, as in the acute infections, be secondary to any of the acute infections, but occasioned by a much attenuated germ. The clinical picture may be identical to that of tuberculosis, and it is at times most difficult to differentiate the tuberculous and non-tuberculous infections.

Given a case of chronic hip-joint infection following soon after an infection elsewhere, or a child with carious teeth, or with a history of repeated attacks of tonsillitis, a non-tuberculous origin of the infection is very probable; but even so, the most careful observation should be made of the case before making a positive diagnosis.

The white count may not be increased.

In tuberculous infection of the hip the majority of cases will give a history of "intermittent limp," which is rare in the non-tuberculous cases, and to the writer's mind this history of onset is of the greatest importance.

The Von Pirquet reaction, while of little im-

portance if positive, when negative is of great importance in ruling out tuberculosis as the etiological factor.

The roentgenological study of the chronic non-tuberculous infections in the early cases is generally negative, but may show some distention of the capsule.

This is also true of the very early tuberculous cases; but in these cases the roentgenogram will later show the "general increased radiability" of the head and neck, which is characteristic of the tuberculosis, and which is not seen in the non-tuberculous infections.

It is, therefore, at times a matter of the greatest difficulty to differentiate between the tuberculous and non-tuberculous infection of this joint, and impossible until the case has been thoroughly studied.

A most careful history should be obtained.

A most complete physical examination should be made.

A roentgenogram should be taken in every case of suspected bone or joint disease; and every laboratory method at our disposal should be used before making a positive diagnosis.

It is not with the idea of complicating the diagnosis of hip-joint diseases that this great variety of conditions is mentioned, but to point out the fact that all the aforementioned affections may refer their initial symptoms to this joint, and that it is at times most difficult to differentiate them.

At the same time, the writer desires to emphasize the extreme importance of early differentiation whenever possible.

DR. JACQUES BELHOMME—PRINCE OF PROFITEERS.

By J. W. COURTNEY, M.D., BOSTON.

DURING the recent world war the view was frequently emitted by certain non-combatant philosophers, comfortably ensconced in their favorite arm-chairs a hundred leagues and more behind the firing lines, that the outstanding product of the greatest shambles known to history would be the purification and ennoblement of all humanity.

Since the signing of the armistice, practically everything in the attitude of man toward man and nation toward nation gives the lie direct to such fatuous and jejune vaticination.

Among honest men existence was never more drab or sorry than at present, for this is the harvest season of the most fearsome and contemptible of all human vultures—the profiteer.

This undesirable citizen by no means dates his existence from the recent war. Manifestly, his prototype was known to Moses, for in Leviticus xxv: 14, the latter speaks as follows: “And if thou sell ought unto thy neighbor, or buyest ought of thy neighbor’s hand, ye shall not oppress one another.”

Profiteers have flourished in every period of great public distress—the result of war (international or internecine), plague, earthquake or crop failure—since the beginning of time. It was to them that Cicero’s plaintive reproach, “O, cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum est; virtus post nummos,” was addressed.

Representatives of every stratum of society are found in their loathsome ranks. Taine, in his *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, tells us that it was cupidity as well as hunger which drove the revolutionary French peasantry to forcible seizure of storehouses and granaries, and instances cases where the precious contents of these repositories were generously disposed of by the same *sans-culottes* to their affamished brethren at a modest profit of one hundred per cent. In this connection it is not without interest to note that the attention of the infamous Constituent Assembly of revolutionary France was but indifferently occupied with the case of one Gerdret, accused of having furnished to the army boots with cardboard soles, on the afternoon of the fateful twentieth of November, 1792, when Roland burst in upon it with the newly discovered private papers of Louis XVI, a find which served to send that monarch to the guillotine.

Of all the profiteering band which the present writer has come upon in his miscellaneous reading, no other figure is quite as interesting as that of *Doctor* Jacques Belhomme. It appears that in 1787 this philanthropic alienist, with a keen eye to favorable environing conditions, established a comfortable “Retreat” on the vine-covered highland of the rue de Charonne in the suburbs of Paris. The success of the establishment was quickly assured. Within less than two years it counted forty-six inmates, of which number but nine were “voluntaries.” Among the latter was a cer-

tain *abbé* who suffered from the fixed idea that he was a famous actor and wore himself out trying to declaim tragedies in their entirety, without any stop for breath.

When the Revolution broke out, Dr. Belhomme—a liberal, like many other physicians—was named captain in the company, Popincourt, and had the happy inspiration to offer to his section the “Retreat,” the purpose being to shelter there, for a consideration, and under pretext of arthritides to be nursed and quartan fevers to be cured, rich suspects to whom the prospect of a sojourn in a vulgar prison was eminently distasteful. The doctor was on excellent terms with several powerful men of the new régime, his proposition was accepted, and there soon began to arrive at the “Retreat,” from all the jails of Paris, prisoners with swollen incomes who, although hated aristocrats, managed by force of *pourboires* (!) to procure this favor.

It was indeed a favor, as one may judge by the fact that, while the agents of the public accuser recruited daily their guillotine fodder from the jails of Sainte-Pélagie, the Madelonnettes or l’Abbaye, it was a matter of comment that, through grant of a very special privilege, not a single soul who found refuge with Dr. Belhomme was hailed before the tribunal. Furthermore, it was well known that although the revolutionary air of other parts of Paris was peculiarly mephitic for aristocrats, that which circulated about the grounds of the spacious, vine-covered “Retreat” in the rue de Charonne was, for them, salubrious beyond words. There the cerberus on guard was as tame as a house-cat, the bars at the windows pleasantly inconspicuous and not overlaid with unsightly padlocks. One was permitted to saunter at will about the grounds, and there were no restrictions with respect to visitors. In brief, the “Retreat” soon became for the poor hounded suspects among the aristocracy a coveted oasis which Death, ever stalking elsewhere, never approached—a sort of enchanted isle of an Arabian Nights tale. Incidentally, it was whispered about that Belhomme had obtained for his house “a tacit protection” very lucrative for everybody concerned. There were those who had the temerity to assert that there was a personal “arrangement” between the doctor and no less a person than the public accuser, the redoubtable Fouquier-Tinville, by which the latter was

pledged not to annoy the doctor's house guests.

It is not remarkable, under the circumstances, that Belhomme was soon almost at his wits' ends to find lodgment for an ever-increasing clientèle. The fact that he enjoyed the able concurrence of a self-appointed band of runners, among whom one Vilain (!), who, for a paltry five or six thousand pounds, made admission practically certain, surely did not serve to relieve his embarrassment. But he was eminently obliging and resourceful and, if one were not averse to somewhat exiguous quarters, there was always available a corner in the garret at four hundred pounds a month or a cosy little sleeping apartment for three at five hundred. In the end, however, it became necessary for the doctor to rent a neighboring hotel—The Chabanais—which vast gardens separated from the "Retreat."

Life at Dr. Belhomme's was very gay. In the evening a long file of carriages was drawn up before his door. Within there was gaming, laughter and music; and not the least note of liveliness was that contributed by the prettiest actress of the Théâtre-Français, Mlle. Lange, and by her chum, Mlle. Mézerai, neither of whom could bring herself to take the Red Terror seriously enough to repulse the attentions of opulent adorers.

It is true that the gay company of "voluntaries" were at times exposed to annoying contact with the "certified" patients (maniac-depressives and demented, disturbed by the hurly-burly of the household) whom Dr. Belhomme, despite his understanding with the reigning powers, was unable to evacuate. But, after all, where life is at stake, one quickly grows tolerant of petty vexations, and it must have been most comforting to the "voluntaries" to feel that their own heads were not only not cracked but still firmly attached to their shoulders, while those of friends and relatives were daily dropping into the gathering-baskets of the guillotine, to be paraded later on pikes by frenzied viragos through the streets of Paris.

As a business man, Dr. Belhomme was noteworthy straightforward and clean-cut. He wasted no words in making it crystal-clear to his "patients" that his sole concern was a purely medical one—the preservation of life. His fees were on an ascending scale, payable monthly; and at the end of each month it was compulsory for everybody in the "Retreat" to

liquidate. Incidentally, it was prudent to bargain for the next month's respite from the scaffold, for the unfortunate who could not hope to pay was immediately transferred to the Conciergerie, St. Pélagie, or some other prison not under the protection of the public accuser.

Let it not be inferred from the doctor's business methods that his manner toward his patients was voluntarily harsh or hateful in any way. On the contrary, he tolerated their antic frolicsomeness with paternal good nature. Indeed, he did not conceal from them his weakness in allowing himself to harbor a strong attachment for them, and it was always with the chill of death in his heart that he announced to those whose resources were at an end that he found himself under the dire necessity of sending them to the guillotine. It is related that he compelled, with such fatherly tenderness, the charming duchess Béatrice-Yvonne de Choiseul, who could not pay his "fees" and was unrightfully usurping the place of a solvent client, to listen to reason, that they parted the best of friends, the duchess going to the Conciergerie and thence, in a few days, to the scaffold.

The one thing Belhomme could not tolerate in his clients was ingratitude. "Really," said the duchess du Châtelet to him one day, in the somewhat affected manner of the *grande dame* of the *ancienne cour*, "really, Monsieur de Belhomme, you are unreasonable and, to my keen regret, I cannot satisfy you."

"Tut, my plump one," replied the jovial doctor, "be a good girl, I'll make you a rebate of twenty-five per cent." But, even at this figure, the duchess was unable to continue to pay her "pension." She was compelled to quit the establishment, and a few days later died on the gallows. This catastrophe scattered consternation in the "Retreat" Belhomme. The doctor himself was visibly affected by it and remarked, by way of pointing an example, that "her ladyship perished the victim of ill-advised economy."

In order that he might not overlook any available funds in his protégées' possession, he employed the services of a *citizeness*, variously called Chabade and Chabanne, whose principal duty was to levy taxes. That this factotum had a busy time of it may be judged from the fact that the sums paid by the individual guests monthly to the doctor in person—sums

which varied in amount from four hundred to a thousand and more pounds—secured for them absolutely nothing beyond four sheltering walls. Everything else—hair dressing, heating, laundry-work, furniture, coffee, cream, sugar, . . . etc., was extra,—the last-named commodity holding all records for altitude on the part of prices.

When the citizeness was not occupied with these ordinary levies, she busied herself with certain gleanings—*surprises* the resourceful doctor called them. The ingenious notion was his own. These surprises took the form of *Collections for the Section, Offerings to the Patriots, Subscriptions to the Saltpetre Fund*, . . . etc. Their object was to make sure that no last pieces of gold should lose weight by attrition in the purses of the guests.

The common table of the "Retreat" was notoriously bad. There were no fixed hours for service. Luncheon might be at two in the afternoon or six in the evening, so it came to be the custom to form a bread-line at the dining-room door and make a frantic rush for the tables directly the door was thrown open. Each table of thirty covers had food for eight persons only. Naturally, it was a case of "the devil take the hindmost." One could, to be sure, have meals sent in from the outside, but the argus-eyed citizeness was ever on the alert, and upon every importation of this sort there was levied a customs duty, either in money or in kind—fruit, a cutlet, or a bottle of wine—and it was of these preliminary levies in kind that their hodge-podge of a *table d'hôte* was composed.

Small wonder that Belhomme's speculation—the "Retreat"—was fruitful and the dividends "important." Small wonder, also, that he hoped that the Revolution would go on forever. But such was not to be his happy fortune. The Popincourt section conceived the troublesome idea of sending to his peaceful institution two penniless prisoners in the philanthropic hope that the poor devils might live on the crumbs fallen from the tables of the rich. There were no crumbs. Belhomme lamented the fact and sought to extricate himself from the dilemma by taking up a collection from his protégées in favor of the intruders. This expedient yielded next to nothing in the way of practical results. The intruders became noisily exigent. The doctor exhorted them

to resignation, reminding them that even the most exalted of the nobility under his care were content with the ordinary rations. The intruders were inexorable and embodied all the rancor of their outraged sensibilities in a denunciation of the citizen Belhomme, which was forthwith despatched to their section, and which charged him with "exercising vexations, exactions and extortions, demanding from the rich exorbitant sums, paid in advance, and treating inhumanely the poor *sans-culottes* less favored by fortune."

In consequence of this denunciation, in which the inhumane treatment of the poor *sans-culottes* is so touchingly stressed, Belhomme was placed under arrest and charged with extortion and incivism. By a sort of poetic justice he was, in course of time, interned temporarily in a rival *maison de santé*, where an indelicate confrère administered to him heroic doses of his own medicine. Thence, by a verdict of the criminal tribunal, he passed to the galleys to "do a stretch" of six years.

After the doctor's enforced departure the "Retreat" was "courageously administered," so the archives tell us, by Mme. Belhomme, for, it appears, there was a Mme. Belhomme. However, with the advent of the 9th Thermidor, her duties could not have been onerous, since, after that auspicious date, the only remaining inmates were a few demented interned before the Revolution.

Belhomme returned to his institution in the Spring of 1798, after serving four years of his sentence. The original Mme. Belhomme was not there to welcome him. Whether she had meantime died, or whether she had passed out of his life through the medium of the divorce court, is a matter which will probably never be determined. We do know, however, that the worthy man, then sixty-one years of age, lost no time in entering into marriage contract number two—the new spouse being but twenty—and that in happy union with this new directress he carried on the "Retreat" for a further period of twenty-six years, at the end of which time he died. By the most singular combination of circumstances imaginable his relict remained in absolute ignorance of both his own shady character and that of his institution during thirty years of her widowhood. And when the truth was finally laid bare to her through the published *Souvenirs*

of one of the hated aristocrats who had found asylum with the doctor during the Red Reign, she indignantly characterized the revelations as a tissue of falsehoods. Thus was virtue ever rewarded.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND THE PHYSICIAN.

BY J. DANFORTH TAYLOR, M.D., EAST BOSTON, MASS.

SIR OLIVER LODGE, an eminent English physicist, has recently delivered lectures in this country upon the subject of "Discarnate Intelligences, Telepathy (thought transference without the use of the senses), and the Reality of Psychic Force."

Many physicians of a skeptical nature will laugh at the idea and pass it by with little or no thought as to the consequences. It is most essential, however, that medical men should realize the import of such influences and use their utmost power to combat such theories.

In England, where the whole country has been stirred up by the teachings of Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Conan Doyle, and others, a great wave of mediums and fakirs has overflowed the island, reaping a rich harvest from the unwary and credulous.

After one gets a message from a departed loved one and has had mental troubles relieved, the next step is to seek the same measures for the relief of bodily ailments. Here lies a danger that may invade the province of medicine.

Several years ago, the author of this article pointed out, in a paper entitled "Emotional Religion and Mental Impairment," the danger of brain lesion under extreme emotional stress.

The same danger to the people exists today as a result of indiscriminate experiment and investigation in "spiritualistic" fields.

The craze for "psychism" is liable to spread through all ranks of society, the result being an accentuation of the increase in morbidity, in neurasthenia, and in downright insanity.

The freak religions tend to become medicinal. They are offered for their healing properties, and persons accepting them and not dying of the first ailment suffered, give them the credit for working a miracle. A Biblical text is often used as the basis of authority for the founding of a healing cult, such as the eleventh and

twelfth verses of the nineteenth of Acts: "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul; so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."

Sir Oliver Lodge has been justly criticized as being incapable of good scientific work along those lines because of his lack of training in biology and psychology, and partly through temperamental reasons, whereby his bias unconsciously lowers his critical standard, so that he is continually giving the benefit of the doubt to mediumistic phenomena and omitting to take obvious precautions against fallacies.

Scientific belief should depend solely on the weight of evidence and not on the controversial usefulness of some hypothesis. Before a super-normal explanation is invoked, it is a good rule of philosophy to exhaust the possibilities of the normal, and so coincidences, as an explanation, can be excluded only when the chances against any particular combination are almost infinite.

Scientific proof also demands the possibility of the repetition of the observations under conditions which are understood or can be controlled in order that verification of the facts may take place.

Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond," is an example where his bias has unconsciously lowered his critical standard; the work being full of such defects. His simple trustfulness is also shown in his report on the work of the medium, Eusapia Palladino.

The record of "Mrs. Brittain," Sir Oliver's latest medium, is worth studying. She made claims of "clairvoyance" in 1910, in England, advertising her marvelous powers of thought transference. One of the English police, disguised as a farmer, paid her a visit. She not only made a number of incorrect guesses about his circumstances, but her so-called "clairvoyant" powers failed absolutely to recognize his connection with the police. She was arrested and convicted for fortune telling.

The things which scientists call untrustworthy observations, Sir Oliver calls facts. The same applies to Conan Doyle, who is most dogmatic in his statements.

Is it not a waste of time to make observations so long as the conditions are such that fallacies cannot be excluded? To accept conditions of a so-called "medium," to submit to inferior