

## ANNUAL ADDRESS.\*

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No doubt many of you will be disposed to have an alienist interview the committee who selected a layman to talk to this convention of physicians. Amateurs cannot instruct and never should give advice. My knowledge of the healing art is as superficial as a millionaire's conception of true charity and my views as unreliable as the scales of the Sugar Trust. Men are lame in any line of action upon which they never think and which they never practice. The critic disdains to practise what he preaches and he seldom thinks—that is why criticism is the easiest of all trades. It requires less capital than a political insurgent. One ounce of doubtful fact mixed with a pound of venom and a gallon of prejudice can paint black the fairest and most colossal reputation.

The army of fault finders travel with light baggage, they build no arsenals, they have no commissary, their ammunition is of the phantom sort that requires no wagon trains. Even the philosopher and critic of East Aurora, with all his rhetoric and all the paper bullets his phrase factory can make, has made no impress upon the citadel of professional rectitude that the labor and sacrifice of honest doctors have built. Dr. Norman Barnesby has just issued his book "Medical Chaos and Crime." It is a night mare, a horror, as crimson with slaughter as the deadly bend at Spottsylvania. It is an assault upon public confidence, it robs suffering mortals of the faith so necessary to every curative system. It places every physician under suspicion in the public mind. The incidents mentioned may be true. Anything is possible where laws are lax and diplomas are obtainable by correspondence for \$25, as they have been during the past twenty-five years. It is easy to fill a book with cases of malpractice. Ignorance and stupidity kill more people than a Mexican army, but every doctor is not a butcher, and it is a serious thing to place a noble profession under

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indictment because a few promote chaos and crime. As well declare all bankers are thieves because a few should be in jail, or all preachers fools because one now and then proves weak and foolish like other men. The doctor, the priest, and the philosopher have ever been the target of the cynic. Satire, however, can never destroy the world's reverence for the good doctor. There are plenty who are too ready to cut, too willing to physic. There are still Dr. Sangrados, with their black bottle with its shot-gun mixture, fakirs with their leeches, purges, and quackery, but thank God there are thousands of earnest, self-sacrificing efficient doctors to whom altars of gratitude have been reared in the thousand homes where they have ministered. McLaren's Dr. Maclure was a penti-costal character. All who have touched the rural life of our country have known unselfish doctors who might have been the prototype of the immortal Scotch doctor. Many American communities have been enriched by doctors as useful in their way as was Balzac's country doctor who raised the French peasant from buckwheat to rye, from rye to white bread, from degradation to self-reliance and manhood. We will not accept Bernard Shaw, Elbert Hubbard, or even Dr. Barnesby as our medical guides.

For many wrongs, blunders, and fatalities of crude, inefficient, ignorant practitioners, the more legitimate and competent physician is often a moral "particeps criminis."

An exaggerated conception of professional etiquette too often induces a doctor to stand by a professional brother to the point of perjury. A false idea of loyalty covers the mistakes, accidents, and blunders of incompetency. A conference is often little less than a conspiracy to protect a doctor from punishment for criminal negligence or ignorance. This is not courtesy, it is crime. We owe more to the community, to our fellow men, than we do to etiquette. No physician can be infallible. Not since the Savior made the blind to see and the lame to walk has any mortal been able to cure at will, but surgery is not a guess, medicine is not an experiment; both are sciences interwoven and interdependent. Knowledge of anatomy, of "materia medica" of disposition, temperament, and human nature are fundamental. Conscience is also a prime attribute in the genuine physician. Possessing these elements does not exempt from the duty of exposing imposture. A wall full of diplomas or high-sounding names should not protect

or shield the charlatan. There should be no close season for the quack and the skilled conscientious physician should be the first to go gunning for that sort of criminal. All the machinery of government is utilized to run down the petty thief and swindler, but those who violate the sacred confidence of the home and trifle with the lives of loved ones, go free and unmolested. These pretenders rely upon the silent lip of professional etiquette, and upon those periodicals which for pay spread their web of false and delusive promises before a weak, ignorant, and trusting invalidism. Many advertising agencies, like many individuals, believe with the Spanish proverb that "money never smells." No side of man is so exposed to fraud as where his physical ailments are concerned. To the great mass disease is still a mystery. The ordinary individual when ill calls the doctor. He hopes that he has selected the right man, he trusts that he will fare better than the biblical Asa who called a physician, but how can he know, he wants a doctor whom he can trust, who is worthy of confidence, as all should be. The healing art is the most important to human happiness of all professions. The doctor's relations with the family are more sacred than those of the priest. Every family secret, every home confidence must be his. In grasp of a doctor's ability even present civilized man is still a child. Man is the only animal who is superstitious. Our ancestors were guided in medicine and in religion by superstition. Often the priest combined the two trades and usually was as much of a quack in the one as in the other. The race has traveled a long way from these dark ages, but man has not left all his superstition behind. He has either changed his liquor or is of different mind than Calvin and Luther and their age as he is not pestered with material devils that required ink bottles and other missiles to drive away.

Upon the face of modern man there falls a more radiant ray of progress than has ever lighted a past age, but he still believes there is to be found a universal panacea that will dissolve all the ills of the body. He still hopes to find in some new vinegar bitters or peruna, a draught from the true fountain of youth; he still is willing to accept limburger cheese as a cure for cancer. The lingering trace of far-off ancestral superstitions is shown in the faith that the laying on of anointed hands and the pleading of earnest prayer can restore exhausted organs and reknit broken bodies. Hopeful

but unthinking man still believes that there will yet be found an elixir of life as potent as that which Bulwer's Margrave distilled and then wasted on the desert hill of Australia. I glory in the faith and hope of the optimistic man of the twentieth century, but I cannot bank upon his judgment when I see the mighty fortunes his credulity has built in the marts of quackery. Our schools and colleges are now releasing their myriads of graduates, school taxes are Pikes Peak high all over the land. In government, in finance, in industry, in a hundred fields of achievement our people are supreme. Every night a hundred million eyes turn to the glowing planets, stars, and worlds in the skies, and yet some men still believe that bodily health has to do with mystery and miracle and not with the law, science, and skill and knowledge.

In spite of the world's accumulated wisdom, experience and warning the fakir still wears purple and the quack drives the best make of automobile. Human credulity is a mine that is never worked out. To the schemer it is a perennial Golconda. The promoter who offers miraculous cures or 100 per cent investments never lacks customers. Franklin said "the family of fools is ancient." We can add that it is still very large as well as old. Common sense is man's most reliable capital. With it he is rich, without it he is an insolvent in the courts of fortune. Many who are sane upon most relations of life give their common sense an opiate or send it upon a vacation when they touch upon questions of health, speculation, or the invisible world. Nearly every stairway in the business part of our cities carries the names of fortune tellers, palm readers, and cure-all doctors. They promise to cure every ill from love to piles without knife, calomel, or publicity. Their guarantee is not unlike the prayers of a Mohammedan priest I saw on Mount Moriah, Jerusalem, who offered three grades of prayers, "the ordinary," "the strong," and "the sure fetch," the one used, to be determined by your donation, whether a copper, a silver, or a gold coin. The prosperity of these knights of humbug and ladies of imposture is almost an impeachment of modern intelligence. Should Euripides return he could repeat what he said 2300 years ago that "against human stupidity even the gods are helpless."

Man must love to be humbugged or he would not be an easy victim; that he is, is proof that some of us have not gotten beyond the childhood stage and need a guardian.

I do not love monopoly, either medical or any other kind. I believe in man being free, but I also believe that the strong should protect the weak, that no charlatan should be allowed to exploit the credulous; the fool is as much the care of the law as the wise. The doctor who knows is under a moral obligation to protect those who do not know.

It is as much his duty to expose and drive out the ignorant and incompetent practitioner as it is to refuse fellowship with any other assassin. The man who will operate without knowledge or skill should be classed with the burglar; his main purpose is money, but he will kill if he must. Professional dignity is no legitimate retreat from responsibility to the community. Cities should deny harbor to all kinds of imposture, morals and health are as much entitled to protection as property. Newspapers should decline all advertisements that promise the impossible. The press is improving in this respect—many papers now decline most seductive financial offers to print announcements of quacks, spirit healers, and fraudulent remedies. Grand juries might do a service by warning those who still carry thinly-veiled offers of criminal and swindling operations and speculations.

“Caveat emptor” (let the buyer beware) is doubtful honesty in a merchandise trade. In the matter of health it is a criminal doctrine.

When my rural mind thinks “physician” it is the all-round doctor that fills my view. You are all “M. D.,” but you are specialists as well, versed in all branches, you are experts in one and that the most unselfish. This is an age of specialization. Men are not expected to know everything. You are not the sort of specialist Governor Shafroth has in mind these days, as he worries over State finances, trying to make an all-covering garment out of half of the tax cloth of gold he thinks he needs. There forms a mental prayer that some of Colorado’s rich men would make their will and call a specialist. There is no tax more easy or welcome than an inheritance tax; to make such a tax operative there is no one so well equipped as a wide-awake patriotic specialist. That, however, is not your province. You deal not with the rich. Opulence runs away from the mentally unfit, they have no purse to give those who care for them. Hope of princely fees, split or otherwise, do not inspire you. Humanity must have a large place

in the ideals of those who devote their lives and ability to the insane. Your mission is to ease the condition of God's most unfortunate children. Brains darkened with a blot, intellects clouded with visions and hallucinations demand the highest skill.

I can visit a prison without emotion, but an asylum grips the heart and touches the deepest sympathy. A criminal is confined on account of deliberate willful conduct, while the insane are stricken of God.

Lombroso insists that insanity and genius are of the same family. Greatness springs from abnormal brains, brains that are largely developed in one direction at the expense of other qualities. It is the unbalanced intellect that scintillates and startles. The ordinary, even-poised brain is the fountain of mediocrity; they do the plowing and planting, they hew the wood, draw the water and keep the world from starving and then pass into oblivion. Sane people with normal brains do the world's work, but their individuality leaves no mark on the historic page; mental abnormality is the flame that blazes from the intellectual beacons of human annals. The lobes of my brain are symmetrical and even, therefore normal, and I can do only the ordinary and commonplace. One lunatic in politics, religion, finance, or literature, can create more excitement, more commotion, fill more pages in a newspaper than an army of even-poised useful workers. According to the estimate of much quoted psychologists, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Watts, John Brown, all the sons of glory, were crazy. I am sure that you are sorry that I have none of the traits. There is a popular idea that those who associate with the insane in time take on their peculiarities. If this be true and also true that genius and insanity are close allied, you could by a sort of left-handed logic prove that you were all touched with genius, but it would be what Longfellow calls "the divine insanity of noble minds."

Civilization offers no trophy nobler than the advance in the treatment of the insane. In more superstitious days insanity was considered a diabolical and not a natural malady. To drive out the devils the lash, the fagot, all kinds of torture were justifiable and commended. In the ages of brutality the demented were the most unfortunate of all. The very gates of heaven must have rocked with the sobs of angels as they wept over man's inhumanity

to their unbalanced brother. In our own America, before the building of our great asylums, there were thousands of families afflicted with insane members, many of whom were confined, chained, and treated like wild beasts. Those whom God had cursed, man abused. There never was a "fall of man"—he started a brute and could not fall. From primitive animal conditions humanity has been a constant growth and evolution. From primal, groveling brutehood man has emerged, standing upright in the image of his Maker. No trait marks the divine attributes more clearly than the improved treatment of the insane. The asylums of other days were chambers of horror. The halls of Eblis, with their procession of the lost, were cheerful in comparison. To-day the asylum is a harbor of mercy. Force has given way to kindness. The stone-pillared dungeon has been abolished. Chains and straight jackets have been relegated to the junk pile, out-door freedom, work, and gentleness are elements in modern treatment. Asylums are places of study, entertainment and cure as well as of detention. Kindness is a better medicine than cruelty. Prison life in Colorado is being infused by the same spirit. Men are being trusted and through that trust are being made worthy of trust. We are coming to a higher and nobler conception of human nature, and through its workings many of the devils of mind and conscience will be driven out to return no more. The benedictions of John Howard and Wilberforce and Charles Reade's Dr. Sampson must be upon the unselfish workers who are transforming our asylums and prisons. Progress has no better credentials than these reforms. I believe in modern achievement and in modern doctors; progression is the law. If ill I would rather be treated by a 1911 graduate than by the most famous of the doctors of antiquity. Green, crude, and inexperienced, they know more of the cause of disease and the art of healing than the founders of the profession.

Aesculapius, Hippocrates, and Galen could not get a diploma to practice in Colorado, and if they did practice they would be jailed for mal practice if not manslaughter. Ideals may not have changed, but science and research have during the past generation revolutionized methods. There is still blundering, but there is also much that is exact and certain.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was joking and had no intent to arm

the skeptic when he said: "If all the medicines in the world were thrown into the sea, it would be better for the human family, and worse for the fishes." When he was sick his mouth opened as readily to the dope of other doctors as a bird in the nest opens to the worm the mother bird brings. In the face of modern medical knowledge, the very ghost of Sir Alfred Cooper must blush when it recalls his dictum that "medicine is a science founded on conjecture and improved by murder." We do not kill people by bleeding, as Washington was killed. Had the surgeons of the Civil War the knowledge and aids that are now at our command, the lives of 200,000 soldiers could have been saved. The ridicule and suspicion of the past may have been justified, but to-day it can be applied only to individuals, not to the profession. Because some careless surgeon sews up a sponge or an instrument inside of his patient abdominal operations are not to be condemned. Last week a doctor of Atlantic City was sued for \$35,000 damage for having left a pair of forceps in the abdomen of a patient upon whom he had performed an abdominal operation. Her husband is a clergyman, but the fact that the forceps were silver and that the doctor did not add them to his bill did not satisfy him. This unpleasant or criminal incident does not mitigate against the wonderful abdominal work that is now being done.

Many doctors have fads and hobbies, and in their enthusiasm are apt to make symptoms bend to their fads. Appendicitis is an old disease with a new name. Flaxseed poultice and olive oil cured as many as the knife and it made no mistakes, but an ill-smelling poultice was not artistic. An old woman could apply the remedy as well as a surgeon. A few articles in medical journals made the elimination of the appendix a widespread fad. To-day a woman has an attack of colic; she lies down and calls for a fashionable doctor to come and relieve her of her appendix.

With the laymen there is a growing sentiment that fees and fashion have more to do with this operation than necessity. A close season or the limiting of each doctor to a certain number of cases as a hunter is limited in the amount of game he may kill in a season might be well. The true surgeon must dare to operate, but he should have the discretion to make the knife the ultimate and not the initial means of relief—the judgment should be stronger than the desire to cut. Blunders occur, but against every

mistake a thousand victories may be cited. Wisdom never marched with as confident tread as to-day. The research and sacrifice of unselfish, devoted, and courageous men have widened the intellectual horizon and in the increase of knowledge no branch has achieved as much as sanitation, anatomy, and the pathology of disease. It was the telescope that first placed creeds and theologies afloat upon the sea of doubt, and now it is the microscope and science that have fixed material things upon the solid table of truth. So marvelous have been the discoveries in bacteriology that we dare not say that the secret of human life itself may not some day be revealed by the investigation of God-like science. Mystery no longer halts and appals. The crucible, the microscope, and chemistry are fast limiting the boundaries of the unknown. Soon it may disappear, as the Great American desert flitted and faded and finally vanished from the geographic maps of America. Ignorance, however, still fights. Liza H. Badger, secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society, is quoted by the *New York Sun* as saying that "Pasteur is not only a murderer but a charlatan and plagiarist and we can prove it." The *Petit Journal* of Paris invited its readers to send in lists of the twelve greatest Frenchmen. Pasteur's name, like Abou Ben Adam, headed the list. I stand with that estimate and not with Liza, I love dogs, but I love babies more. The lazy and the sloven also laugh at the germ theory; they believe in bugs they can see, but not in the bugs invisible; to believe they must clean up, and that is trouble—they feel that science is an intruder—their indolence responds to the sentiment:

"That I was a babboon  
And you an ape,  
Did no difference make  
Until Darwin spake."

In spite of the ignorant, the lazy, and the dirty, the doctors of the world will carry on the fight against contagion. Through annihilation of the mosquito in Cuba and Panama, yellow fever has been mastered. By destroying the rats and other sanitary measures, oriental plagues have been halted on our shores and San Francisco made the healthiest city in the world. The serums of science have relieved thousands of American homes from the agonies of stricken children. The doctors are now inspiring a new health crusade, the sanitary battle cry is "swat the fly." We

love Uncle Toby for his kindness, but we do not agree when he captured an annoying fly, opened the window and said: "Go poor devil the world is wide enough for thee and me." Today the world is not wide enough for man and fly.

There is no sanctified profession. The way we do our work and not our trade ennobles. Money may be the Aladdin lamp of power, but it is service that brings true happiness. No man does more for his fellow man than the doctor. There are as many consecrated lives in the medical profession as in the ministry. It is what is done for others that marks the man. Neither wealth or beauty confers greatness. The two hundred thousand dollar jewelled crown placed upon the head of the woman at Pasadena did not make her a queen.

With passing years and experience doctors grow wiser and simpler in their treatment. Man's anatomy may be complex, but a disorder may yield quicker to a simple than to a compound remedy; a sensible diet, pure air, pure water, exercise, temperance—these are the doctor's competitors, these are the prescriptions they most often give, but seldom are they heeded. When I feel heavy and below par I try to coax my doctor to play golf with me; that puts red blood into old bodies; it is more potent than Brown Sequard "extracts" as a deterrent of old age. When I get to heaven, I intend asking St. Peter for a mansion next to the golf links.

I have many friends among the doctors, but golf, a clear conscience, and a pure democracy keeps me so healthy that I feel like apologizing when I meet a doctor. Dr. Work is such a fine fellow and has such an attractive sanitarium that I am almost sorry that I am not a little crazy so I could patronize him and his institution. A good doctor is the friend of man; when he enters my home I receive him as my friend; he becomes my father confessor. If he be not as wise as I would regard him, I do not want him to confess it. I give him my full confidence, and I want him to have full confidence in himself. If you have faith in your doctor and in his remedies he can feed you bread pills and you will soon take up your bed and walk and it may be the faith rather than the medicine that cures.

Self-confidence is an important element in a doctor. Others lean upon him. Faith in self will beget faith. "He cures most in

whom most are confident " is as true to-day as when Galen uttered it. Modesty is a beautiful trait in a young girl, but in a mature man it is affectation. The doctor who does not believe in himself would better go into some other business. The pronoun "I" is the master key of success. The Savior used it with frequency and power.

I may not believe in a doctor's trust, but I believe in trusting my doctor, and I am not offended when a doctor tells me why he is worthy of trust; cheap theology may be risky, but cheap doctoring is a tragedy. A quack is a compound grafter, he steals both the money, and the health of his victim. The leaders of the profession are in a way responsible for the quack.

People do not send for a doctor they have not heard of; they patronize those whose names they see and hear. The young doctor will do well to buy his first office and home outfit on credit if he can, and of many stores, creditors remember and patronize those who owe them. A modest, cash-paying customer does not come under the eye of the proprietor and is soon forgotten.

It is neither good sense nor business sagacity for trained physicians to give the quack a monopoly of advertising. The press is a mighty vehicle of power and it is legitimate for honest people to use it. The talent of the skilled physician is as much out of place as any other talent when hid under a bushel. If legitimate professions would advertise they could rely upon the press to help them drive out the quacks. It is only fair to buyer and seller that those having ability and merchandise to sell should make it known. Publicity of the good drives evil into retirement. There is such a thing as being too reserved. Modesty in business is like doing business upon a back street. There can be a false conception of dignity. Dignity is often the mask of ignorance. In this age of electricity, automobiles, and flying machines dignity is apt to get run over. It is about the cheapest trait in human conduct. In assigning the parts of a play on the stage the poorest actor is usually given the dignified parts.

Under the windows of this hotel Bishop Warren's Trinity Church is ablaze with electric signs that would be the pride of a theater. The Lord's business is not ashamed to advertise. A paid card in a newspaper may be unethical, but when a reporter gives a column write-up of a skillful and delicate operation, the operator

does not protest, but buys six copies of the paper, five of which he sends to friends, and the other he pastes in his scrap book.

The assistant at an operation feels slighted and hurt if the case is mentioned in the papers and his name is omitted. There must be a great difference between an advertisement and a news item, but many are so stupid that they do not discern it.

In my day I note a radical change in the treatment of each other by doctors of different schools. It was not so long ago that one school would not confer with another. Each thought the other should be debarred from practice if not sent to jail. To-day the millenium dawn must be breaking; doctors are tolerant of each other and a moderate amount of harmony and friendship prevails. Bigotry and prejudice are fading. Preachers change pulpits. In Denver I have seen rabbi and priest, Methodist, Unitarian, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Congregational preachers in the same pulpit and participating in the same religious service. Religion may be growing, but the walls of creed are melting and crumbling.

I do not study closely the systems from which my medical friends draw their diplomas; all schools have their virtues and their peculiarities. I try to have no personal prejudice and to see the good in all. I was raised on mercury; blue mass was as common a remedy in my boyhood community as quinine is in a malaria-infested zone in the south. The influence of early training lives long, but I can conceive of conditions that might make me a patron of different schools. For instance, last winter, when I marked time for four months in an alleged contest for the Senate, it was the soothing and forgiving treatment of the Christian Scientists that I needed. Prayer only can cure the perfidy and disappointments of politics. When afflicted with a moderate novel-reading, scold-the-family, kick-the-cat degree of invalidism the homeopathic philosophy and pills of power seem to meet the demand, but when there is a genuine Madero riot and insurrection in my interior department, I 'phone for the old-style calomel doctor and I want him quick. Can you guess the alma mater of Dr. Black, of Cleveland, who last winter testified that in a professional way he had kissed a thousand women, mostly old. To cheer was a part of his treatment; many patients need a hand pressure for a lullaby more than a physic.

The more I study the work of those who are devoted to the healing art the more certain am I that they have achieved more that is noble and beneficent than any other branch of the human family. In the estimate of the statesman, who has to do with war, government, and finance, the banker comes first. In the scales of humanity and of service, the physician outweighs the man of gold. The banker has a heart, but it is often atrophied. Like the vermiform appendix it has forgotten its original function. The banker may be respectable; he may even be generous, but the custodian of other people's funds must ever be on his guard. There is a world-wide conspiracy of those who have no money to take it away from those who do have it. It takes an alert, a selfish, almost a hard man to be a safe banker. There may be liberal, sympathetic, all-around good fellows who are bankers. When you find that kind dine with them, drink with them, travel with them, play with them, but put your money in some other bank.

In the final estimate of human character it will not be financial cunning that counts the most. Those who discover a new remedy or develop a new grass or a new food do more than he who finds a new star or the magnate who gathers a billion in gold. Medicine and surgery have been progressive. The discovery of anesthetics, of bacteriology, of antiseptics, of a hundred different remedies and methods of cure have placed the world under great debt to the medical fraternity. The banker creates nothing, invents nothing. There is nothing new in banking. Venice had a better banking system than we have. Lorenzo was an expert in the art of usury as is our own Morgan, and he practised it as magnificently. A constantly improving medical efficiency will make a revision of the Carlile mortality tables necessary. The average span of life has been lengthened. Some Malthusian philosopher may claim that the saving power of the skilled physician will deteriorate the race. They perpetuate the unfit. Civilization demands quality, humanity pleads for all. Civilization is not concerned with the weak; its creed is "the survival of the fittest." Doctors are the apostles of humanity, the more helpless the greater their efforts to save. With the increasing ability to prolong life, to master plague and epidemics and contagion, and the coming of universal peace, there will soon result a congested world. Some day a crowding race will develop the science of eugenics,

when the unfit and degenerate will be forbidden to multiply and the same care will be given to the breeding of men that is now given to the breeding of cattle, pigs, sheep, and horses. With that day will come a new race of Spartan manhood. In the last Colorado legislature a woman member proposed a law that would stop the perpetuation of the unfit; the male members voted the bill down, whether from motives of humanity or for personal reasons we do not know.

Medicine still has its freaks, its false prophets, and its errors, but every year there emerges certainties from the cloud of doubt to take their place with proven truth. There is a growing tendency to let nature take its course, to stand by the laws of God until better ones can be discovered.

And now, my doctor friends, I want you to forget this infliction by going up into our great hills. They are inspiring and they are silent—they make no speeches and read no papers. No convention is ever more welcome in Colorado than a convention of doctors. Upon our mountain tops you need no disinfectants; the water is as pure as that which flowed in the four rivers of Eden, and the air is the air the angels breathe. While here we hope you will be as free of care as Eve was of laundry bills.

Colorado is not heaven, but it is as near to it as you can get on this continent. We are modest and do not press our claims and will admit that heaven does surpass us in two things—it has better roads and more angels than Colorado.