

LAFAYETTE, Nov. 21, 1905.

To Whom it May Concern:—I am the son of Mrs. Nancy Tighe, who is now an inmate of the St. Anthony's Home, and I am 58 years old. My mother is one hundred and five years old, was born in Ireland. Our home is, or was, 413 S. 1st St., Lafayette. Mother is almost blind, and she has been cared for by the Sisters about four years—one year at the Old People's Home. My mother never drank any intoxicating drinks at all. She does not know what Duffy's Malt Whiskey is. She was imposed on in order to obtain the advertisement of Duffy's Malt Whiskey, being nearly blind was influenced to sign a false affidavit by Duffy's solicitor, which was published without our knowledge or consent. MICHAEL G. TIGHE.

Still Duffy's Malt Whiskey must be "ethical," for is it not advertised in reputable medical journals!!

Centenarian Feels Like a Girl.

A "companion piece" to the above is the picture and testimonial of Mrs. Louisa Cox of Harrington, Maine. This is still appearing in the newspapers, or was a month ago. Here is the testimonial as it appeared in the newspapers:

"HARRINGTON, ME., May 20, 1904.

"*Gentlemen:*—I am 105 years old. I am well, without a pain or ache. I sleep as well as I did when I was a girl. I use your whiskey and like it very much. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is the only medicine I use. I get water from the well, bring in wood, and do my housework. MRS. LOUISA COX."

The advertisement is accompanied with the usual extravagant claims and statement, but we have only space for one quotation. In this advertisement we are told that:

"There are 4,000 men and women in this country alone who have passed the hundred year mark, and nearly every one of them has publicly acknowledged that he or she owes health, strength, continued use of all the faculties, and extreme old age to Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, the great cure and preventive of disease, the true elixir of life."

Four thousand people in this country over 100 years old have publicly acknowledged that they use Duffy's Malt Whiskey!! Think of this statement and then realize that Duffy's Malt Whisky must be an "ethical" preparation, for is it not advertised in reputable medical journals?

We wrote to Dr. E. A. White, Columbus Falls, Maine, and asked him to investigate the case. Dr. White replies as follows:

COLUMBIA FALLS, ME., Nov. 11, 1905.

Dear Doctor:—In accordance with your request I went to the home of Mrs. Lovisa Cox (not Louisa as appears in the advertisement). She tells me she will be 107 the 12th of January, 1906. She says she never took Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey or any other whiskey in her life. Never took but very little medicine any way. Her daughter, Eliza A. Shaw, with whom the old lady lives verified the statement. You will notice a statement from her on the back of your enclosed letter. She knows about the advertisement which has appeared in the *Bangor Commercial*, a paper printed in Bangor, Maine. She has been interviewed a number of times about the matter and always denied it. Calls it a lie. The advertisement is in the *Bangor Commercial* now, same as the one you sent me. An article came out in the *Bangor News*, another paper printed in Bangor, Maine, denying the statement of the old lady's appearing in ad. of the *Commercial*. The old lady can neither read nor write, so if she made her cross (x) under any statement she would have no way of knowing really what it contained, thereby giving some unscrupulous person a chance to deceive her. I do not think this was even done. I do not charge you anything for my trouble; am only too glad to help you to unearth such frauds. Let me know if you need anything more. Yours, E. A. WHITE.

On the back of the letter to Dr. White is written with pencil the following:

This is to certify that I, Eliza A. Shaw, daughter of Mrs. Lovisa Cox, know that my mother never has taken Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, or any other whiskey for medicine.

Witness: SUSIE A. SHAW.

ELIZA A. SHAW.

A letter to the postmaster of Harrington, Maine, brought the following reply:

HARRINGTON, ME., Nov. 13, 1905.

Dear Sir:—Relative to enclosed ad. would say that party in question has never used liquor in any form and can secure her affidavit to that effect if you care to bear the expense. Party lives some four miles from town: it would be necessary to drive out in order to interview her. Yours, WM. N. DYER, P. M.

Those who want further information regarding the character of the Duffy testimonials should refer to the article in *Collier's Weekly*.

For the wonderful virtues of Duffy's Malt Whiskey, as a medicine, we respectfully refer to the advertisements appearing in the newspapers of the country.

The advertisement of Duffy's Malt Whiskey is appearing in some well-thought-of medical publications. Would it not be well for those physicians who are subscribing to and supporting such publications to write to the publishers regarding this insult to their intelligence? Of course, the cancellation of a few subscriptions does not compare with the amount received from a several hundred dollar advertising contract, and the publishers who have only the financial end in view will not be materially impressed at first. Still, every little counts, and if the profession will take up this matter it will surely have some effect.

Correspondence

Fees for Life Insurance Examinations.

SKIPPACK, PA., Nov. 29, 1905.

To the Editor:—In the light of and with the knowledge daily brought before us of "high financiering" as exemplified in the old-line life insurance companies of New York, with more to come, it would seem that any physician who makes an examination for a fee of three dollars or less is, to say the least, "easy." Some men have refused to examine an applicant for such a fee, only to be sarcastically informed by the agent that there were "others," not only waiting but anxious. Unfortunately he was telling the truth. We are cheap. Medical societies should take this matter up.

J. NEWTON HUNSBERGER.

The Burning of the Books.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24, 1905.

To the Editor:—No species of vandalism has ever aroused such universal execration as the wanton destruction of literature and records, whether accumulated for that purpose or captured with other acquisitions of victory. In modern times the easy production and multiplication of books has brought the dignity and presumptive value of the book to a low ebb; and, while the ancient tome had, from its very existence, a modicum of permanent value, the book of to-day may be valueless and a mere incumbrance, either because of its primary inherent worthlessness, or its worthlessness in a particular form, or on account of the enormous edition, or an edition made incomplete by abridgement, by faulty translation, by reproduction on poor paper, in bad print or with other defects. To the bibliophile any book within his horizon has a certain bibliographic, literary and commercial value, based on fluctuating interest and fluctuating supply and demand. To the student a book is valuable for the data or the literature which it contains. To the antiquarian and second-hand book dealer a book is worth just so much as he can get for it. To the paper maker all books are valued by the pound or ton.

In modern times the great public library has come to be a hopper, into which the private libraries of declining families, dissolving households and defunct societies naturally tend, and as a result the store rooms of the principal libraries are flooded with an unsorted mass of books, magazines and manuscripts. The value of these contributions is not great, yet each wagon load contains a few volumes desirable for exchange and one or two worth binding and preservation, and every few months a rare book is added to the archives of history.

We may almost condone the affront which is offered our regard for the book when the management of these great libraries stealthily and covertly disposes of carloads of material to the paper maker.

A now prominent scholar and author who, thirty years ago, published a masterful reflection of his instructor's theories and conceptions in a handsome book has, during the past twenty years, gradually bought up and consumed in his furnace and fireplace every obtainable copy. He has slowly raised its price from two cents a pound to twenty-eight dollars and a half a copy, and from taxing the capacity of his furnace with the annual consumption he now has scanty material for folded lamplighters on his mantelpiece. We may doubt whether the silent influence of the printed page, even of the full edition, was as subverting to public morals as the active bid of the increasing price is to systematic larceny from library shelves.

In spite of the aggravation to which the baited librarian and sometimes the unhappy author yield, it is painful for us to see the printed page consumed. We turn away from the bonfire and the paper mill with a pang and look on the ruffled books stripped of their covers with regret. Nevertheless there is a book which deserves this fate. It merits the worst form of destruction; its pernicious influence is more deadly than all the bacteria and contagion which its greasy covers and soiled pages can harbor. It deals death and gives complicity to the widespread destruction of adults, youths and infants. There are few epidemics that destroy as many as the endemic of this dirty book. If the boards of health are called