

Dominion Medical Monthly

And Ontario Medical Journal

Vol. XXXVIII.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1912.

No. 4

Original Articles

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

By A. C. E.

About four a.m. on a Monday, Beverley Wentworth, M.D., awakened from a troubled sleep.

He placed his right hand over his heart to quiet its aching—its tumultuous beating.

Worry seized hold of him—another attack of the blues.

To-day the landlord would call for his rent; to-day the furniture man for his monthly payment; the grocer, the baker, the milk dealer, the coal collector, the butcher, probably the tailor, probably others with minor accounts.

He had had a respite—a feeling of relief when Saturday noon came; no chance of duns for a whole day and a half.

Restless, anxious, now turning to the prone, in a minute to the right, then supine, now to the left, this way and that way he rolled, soon awakening his wife.

“What is the matter, dear? You’re so restless.”

“Debts! Debts! Debts!”

“Never mind, dear; we’ll get them paid somehow.”

“Yes,” he groaned, “if I could only think so; if people would only pay me what they owe me. If the Government would only abolish the charge system of doing business and everybody had to pay spot cash for everything obtained, for all goods purchased. I don’t want to be rich; I only want to be out of debt. It is awful to be always hovering on the brink of bankruptcy; going to bed worrying of debts; awakening worrying of debts. If there was any let up to it—a month, three months, a year; but it is always the same—the same for ten years. People don’t consider us doctors.