

surprise found them turned into a biting, frothy pulp, covered with rosy bubbles. He gulped it down, and in a few minutes began to see things about him as he never had seen them before, and Other Things that he had never even dreamed of. Even when he woke up with a headache his dreams came back to him in alluring guise, and by the time he had got the dark-brown taste out of his mouth, he decided that the game was worth another trial, and hastened to pick a bigger gourdful of berries and set it to brew. Thus alcohol, the Great Magician, with the sting in his tail, was born, and adopted as Big Medicine.

The discovery of most of our standard drugs goes back beyond the dawn of history. We know no more when opium was first used than we know when, or where, wheat or maize was first used. History is either absolutely silent, or full of fairy tales to the effect that these blessings and curses alike were invented by some god-man, or even brought down bodily, like fire, from heaven. Certain it is that there was a full medicine chest of drugs before the doctor, or anything approaching him, was invented.

At last the doctor comes on the stage of history in the guise of that strange functionary, the *shaman*, or Medicine Man, part priest, part doctor, part astrologer-scientist, and the common ancestor of all three; which is one of the reasons why science, medicine, and religion "serap" so enthusiastically whenever they come together -- it's a family affair. Healing becomes a professional instead of amateur matter, and the seeking and finding of drugs proceeds apace. Plants and herbs,