

DOCTOR HAD 80,000 PATIENTS

The "Threepenny" Doctor of Hackney, London — Boasts That He Has the Largest Practice in the World.

London Daily News: Dr. Jelly, known in Hackney and district as "the threepenny doctor," was recently the subject of criticism by jurors at Hackney Coroner's court. There were two inquests in which the doctor was concerned.

The first related to the death of Millicent Mills, the 7-year-old child of parents living in Overbury street, Clapton Park. The mother stated that the child had had bronchitis, and was attended by Dr. Jelly. She got better, but about a month ago had a cough, and witness took her to the Children's Hospital in Hackney road. Later she called in Dr. Jelly. The child got worse, and she went to Dr. Jelly's house, but could get no reply at the door.

Witness then called in Dr. Carnegie, and the child improved, but died later. She went to Dr. Jelly, and told him of the death and asked for a certificate, but Dr. Jelly refused one. Dr. Carnegie ascribed death to bronchial pneumonia. Dr. Jelly asked the coroner if he could make a personal explanation.

On being given permission Dr. Jelly said he had thousands of three-penny and sixpenny cases, and he could not keep someone at the door to answer questions.

A Juror—We read notices that you are a rich man. Don't you think you could afford to have someone? Dr. Jelly—It is open for me to spend my money as I like.

The Juror—You ought not to allow a person to go in such distress and not get an answer.

Dr. Jelly—Excuse me, the law allows me to do as I like in the matter. It is not a matter of sentiment.

Question of Humanity.

A Juror—What about the laws of humanity?

The Doctor—It is a matter of the law of the land, and that is all right.

A Juror—If you are attending a patient for two or three weeks, surely you ought to take an interest in it.

Dr. Jelly—I am interested, but it is not a case of need. I have had 80,000 patients this year. I am not at the back and call of everyone. I have the biggest practice in the world. They will come after me. There was no occasion for an inquest at all. They called in another doctor. Had they not done that I would have given a certificate.

A Juror—I think you ought to have given a certificate.

THE LEGES OF THE KING IN BRITISH INDIA; A GREAT VARIETY

"All the native chiefs have gone away in the best possible humor and profuse in expressions of loyalty and personal satisfaction." Thus Lord Lytton, writing to his friend, Sir James Stephen on the break up of the first Imperial Durbar. If that was true in 1877, when the Indian princes left Delhi taking little besides a medal and a sash, and as a rule, may be reasonably certain that their successors of 1911 are in still better humor. At this moment, having played their part in a far greater "tamasha," they are striking their tent in the rapidly dissolving Durbar city, and going home with more vivid memories and, it may be, with hopes of pleasant personal relations, pleasant than have sometimes existed, with their Suzerain's representative in the new Delhi that is to be.

It is said that of the old Indian prince not seldom went to Delhi in fear and trembling. The emperor who had hidden danger in the smile who sent him for the mere sake of his homage and the pleasure of his company. He had an eye, they say on those mysterious treasures upon which even the modern monarchs of the British rule has at least changed all that. The modern Indian prince goes to Delhi, if not with eagerness, at least with enjoyment and an agreeable sense of security. The cost, of course, is crushing for some of them. It may not be very serious for the chiefs of big states in central or western India—for Gwalior or Jaipur or Baroda. But for a minor chief, or one who has to transport his camp or retinue from the far borders of Persia or China, it must always be a serious matter. However, there they are.

AN OPEN LETTER

FROM A WELL-KNOWN CLERGYMAN, SHOWING HOW INDIGESTION CAN BE CURED.

Rev. T. A. Drury, Beamsville, Ont., writes as follows: "For eighteen years I have been increasingly impressed with the wonderful effects for good wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years I had suffered almost constantly with chronic dyspepsia of the most stubborn type, attended by different other troubles which invariably followed, or accompanied it as its result, prominent among which were kidney trouble, and piles. Against this complication of disease I waged a vigorous warfare for several months, using many different remedies, none of which gave permanent relief. In my discouragement I was about to discontinue treatment altogether when I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the use of which, though under very unfavorable circumstances, soon revived my drooping courage. The medicine struck at the root of my weakness and the different troubles of which dyspepsia was the prime cause relaxed, let go, and disappeared. In one month I increased fifteen pounds in weight, and received a new lease of life. Only six boxes of pills produced this wonderful change in my health, which was miraculously permanent.

Later my sister became so reduced by anæmia that she was under the care of our family doctor that she could scarcely walk. In this dangerous extremity Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were resorted to and in a brief space of time restored her to perfect health. Being a minister of the Gospel many test cases have come under my notice. In all of which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have fully sustained their world-wide reputation. This is why I can conscientiously recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as being superior to anything known to me in the treatment of the many diseases for which they are recommended.

Dr. Jelly—Not if they called in another medical man. I carry out my practice according to the law, and by the law I will abide.

The coroner said that the doctor carried on his practice in accordance with the law and perhaps that was the reason why they had those unfortunate scenes at the inquest. The doctor was not governed by sentiments about humanity.

Dr. Jelly—Thousands flock to me. If they do not want me they need not come to me.

The jury returned a verdict of "Natural death."

In the second inquest, respecting a 6-months-old child named Greenwood, whose parents lived in Clarence road, Hackney, it was stated that the parents sent for Dr. Jelly, who saw the child, but later, when asked to come again, he explained that he had just come from another case, and had been practically up all night. However, he did come round to see deceased again.

Several jurymen thought the doctor could have made an effort to see the child even in the night.

Biggest in the World.

Dr. Jelly—Since I have been here the death rate has been lower. I do all the work myself. The argument I put forward in defence of my work is that if the public does not appreciate they would not come near me.

Why, at Poplar, where I have been five weeks, the roadway is crammed and hundreds of people are waiting.

The Coroner—Well, doctor, the fees are lower than some.

Dr. Jelly—Exactly so. That is what has been saying. They are not money-making considerations come into it. I do my best, and I am proud that my efforts are so well appreciated. I know some people who will come and wait outside the door for two or three hours.

A Juror—You have no right to mislead the people to think that you can give your time to them.

Dr. Jelly—I do not mislead them. I cannot give them all the attention.

The jury returned a verdict that death was due to bronchitis.

A Juror—We think the doctor ought to be censured "for not finishing his job."

Dr. Jelly (smiling)—I give you this notice, that I carry on my practice as the law says I shall. I shall do as I like, in future, in consequence of my practice being the biggest in the world. I absolutely decline under any circumstances whatever to attend any urgent cases.

The coroner pointed out that the censure should not be persisted in, as there was no evidence of a legal offence, and the jury agreed with this view.

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are, returning to every quarter of the Indian Empire. Sixty-three ruling chiefs went to the Lytton Durbar in 1877; in the Durbar camp of 1903 there were 121. This month for the Georgian celebration there have been over 130.

About one-third of the whole area of India is composed of native states, and is, therefore, under a species of home rule. Together they comprise over 80,000 square miles, with a population of about 70,000,000. In number the states are nearly 700, and in size they range from Hyderabad, which is as large as Great Britain, to little territories much smaller than that of a dual landlord in this country. You do not, however, estimate the importance of the Indian chief by the extent of his territory, which may be half desert. A safer criterion is the number of guns in his salute. In the whole long list of those potentates paid homage last Tuesday, in the Durbar arena there are only eight who are entitled to a salute of 21 guns outside of their own dominions. These are the Nizam of Hyderabad, Maharajahs of Mysore, Baroda, Travancore, Jaipur, the Maharaja of Udaipur, the Maharajah of Nepal, who is the nearest of all to being an independent sovereign, and the Maharajah Sindia of Gwalior, whose salute has just been raised to 21 guns. Several others are accorded 19 guns, and among these is that interesting woman ruler, the Begum of Bhopal, who was in London this year and has been decorated at Delhi with the Order of the Crown of India.

Alike in standing, in lineage, and in personal habits the princes present an extraordinary variety. Some belong in great part to the old, the comparatively recent past, others claim a descent which reaches back through the heroic ages and takes us into the region of mythology. But, almost without exception, we may say they owe their continued or restored existence to the British power. Not a few secured their kingdoms in the chaos of the eighteenth century when the Moghul Empire was crumbling to pieces, and these may be counted among the luckiest, since they came to the top just in time to receive from the East India Company the salutary order to cease from war and make their subjects happy. A good many of them, as we know, obeyed the double injunction with reluctance or not at all, but that was long ago.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, first of the Moslem chiefs, rules over the largest territory. He is a very young man, having succeeded to the "gadi" less than six months ago. His state is kingly, but, like his father, he adopts a personal simplicity that marks him out in any Indian assembly. Even at the Durbar he wore a plain frock coat, the Star of India his only adornment. But the Nizam is a creature of yesterday by comparison with some of his Hindu neighbors in Southern India, or, still more, the brilliant and chivalric houses of Rajputana. These all passed through terrific and continuous storms in the centuries before the advent of British India, and for the most part saved themselves from extinction by alliance with the great Moghul. One alone, the Maharaja of Udaipur, head of the premier clan, kept his Rajput blood untainted, so it is said. The Maharaja was under the visit Delhi for the Curzon Durbar, but a timely family trouble deferred his arrival until three days after the state entry, while a less convenient time for the most part of the state ceremonies. No such difficulty, of course, arose this month, and all questions of precedence were solved by the appointment of the Maharaja to a post of high honor near the King's person.

The Maharajahs of Mysore and Travancore stand at the head of the Hindu houses of Southern India, and both maintain a strict orthodoxy which

so far kept them from crossing the sea. Both states enjoy a high reputation for good administration, and in each there is a representative assembly, though with only deliberative and advisory functions. Mysore will always have a peculiarly interesting place among the Indian States because of the distinctive character of its relations with the British Government. Conquered in the eighteenth century by the powerful Mahometan soldier of fortune Hyder Ali, it was restored to its Hindu rulers by Lord Wellesley; taken over later on account of misgovernment, its restoration was promised in 1863 by Lord Salisbury, and carried out by Lord Ripon thirty years ago.

Everyone has heard of the Gakwar of Baroda, his experiments in administration among his two million subjects and the forthcoming alliance between his house and the Maharajahs Sindia of Gwalior—who, by the by, though an energetic ruler of a more or less modern type, does not conform to the western idea of monogamy. Everyone, too, has heard of the Punjab Princes, who exemplify many

stages of development, from the venerable Rajah of Nabha, who embodies the orthodox Sikh ideal, to the Maharajah of Patiala, who heads an eleven of Indian cricketers on an English tour.

Modern changes are, in many ways, making things difficult for the Indian princes—equally difficult whether they keep within their own borders or seek outlets for their energies in Europe. Lord Curzon kept a vigilant eye upon them, and by means of a circular letter forbade their leaving their territories for the purpose of visiting the viceroys. For that circular Lord Curzon has been severely handled, and one thinks, not at all unjustly. But none the less its motive is quite easily justified in saying that it was to exercise a fascination over the Indian prince of the newer fashion, to whom, as a recent official writer urged, the India now taking shape is not at all the India of the past, and if it does not become so, the fact will be brought home to the paramount power that even princes do not live by pageantry and loyalty alone.

Dr. Clifford's Optimistic Review Of the Events of 1911

Celebrated Baptist Leader Sees Cause for Rejoicing—Democratic Progress in Great Britain—Deplores Foreign Policy.

According to long-established custom, Dr. Clifford delivered in Westminster Park Chapel, London, his annual review of the preceding year. The building was crowded in every part, and the doctor, who in spite of his seventy-five years spoke for nearly two hours without any trace of fatigue, received a magnificent welcome on coming. The cheering, in spite of Mr. Walter S. Stroud, As will be seen from the address, Dr. Clifford is still an incorrigible optimist, and the wide and encyclopaedic survey of the world's life during 1911 was marked by an intense passion for high and arduous causes, and by the consuming devotion for humanity which have characterized his fifty-four years' ministry.

Dr. Clifford prefaced his address by saying that in all the years through which he had been permitted to deliver these annual addresses he did not remember one in which I have felt so acutely the difficulty of reading the writing in the book of the world's life as I do of the pages just finished.

In any year the task was embarrassing, but it was never so great as this. The year 1911 was marked by an intense passion for high and arduous causes, and by the consuming devotion for humanity which have characterized his fifty-four years' ministry.

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hidden in spring. "She was afraid to do violence to that personality. She tried to surround it with warmth and light and the nourishment of her own example, so that its own true self might grow up in grace and strength. . . . She drove them back upon their own being to find companionship and resource there. They were "treasures given to her to guard and protect, not to twist and mould into a mere image of herself."

And with it and through it all the work, the work "During this year when she worked with the Women's Industrial Council her one thought was to find out the truth about industrial conditions. No drudgery was too great or unpleasant for her. In all weathers she trudged up and down mean streets winning the confidence of the people. . . . going out when the world was sleeping to see the women unprotected by factory legislation laboring in the dead hours of the night, entering public houses so that she might come into touch with some of the women of the Mount. . . . Behind the bars, searching along labyrinthine stairs and passages for someone who she had heard was in distress. . . . The writer to her about what was to come. "That would be but waste of time," she said. "I am ready; let us speak of what has gone past. God has been very good to me in giving me a much needed rest. The day is ending and I go to Him for rest and shelter at the close."

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