

dawned and the Alexandrian library was only "in the good time coming." It must always be remembered that some original thinkers are ahead of their age in recondite discovery, and it ill becomes limited and lazy intellects to throw ridicule, sarcasm and cutting irony at the heads of those who are thirsting for and should receive posthumous if not antehumous fame and immortality.

The graphic description given of the life and death conflict between a molecule of alcohol and a molecule of nerve tissue would make the fortune of a modern novelist or of a transcendental and fleshly poet. The alcohol monad seizes—speaking after the manner of ordinary mortals—the nerve unit by the throat. The unit is plucky and takes as its motto: "No surrender." The assailant is as pertinacious as a bulldog and as aggressive as a Canada thistle. The defender of the citadel of life fortifies every part with engineering skill, which commands our admiration. The assaults and repulsions, the mining and countermining, the fight above, below around and promiscuously of the besieger and beleaguered with victory at all times on the side of alcohol, show so much one-sidedness that we wonder the nerve molecule does not at once surrender to its death-dealing antagonist and give up the ghost if promised a decent burial and a monument "sacred to the memory" of the vanquished. It is said facts do not warrant this *magus* to pass off for history these flights of imagination, but what have facts to do with the matter? In those primitive days visions, dreams and fancies held full sway over men's mind. That period of romance has passed away. *Esto perpetua*. At the same time it is an interesting study to see in these records the psychological workings of our revered brethren at this early epoch in the history of our race. This one illustration shows how apt they were to theorize on insufficient data. They could perform clever acts of jugglery with figures, tables and general statistics, and seemed to know that, deftly handled, nothing lied like figures. In this connection it was interesting to notice the manifestation of a sort of "unconscious cerebration" in the compiling of the *per capita* cost of patients to the State. Efforts were made in many directions to show a small outlay and by this sign to prove economy and efficiency. It seemed to be lost sight of that *cure, comfort and reasonable expenditure*, in which there was no useless waste were the means to accomplish the best work and that should have been the ideal sought for in all conditions of asylum life. Cheap and miserly might sound well to the penurious taxpayer, but in the end it was