

second floor were the roulette wheels and faro layouts, while the third seemed limited to more immoral interests—yet that den was the true City Hall of Chicago, and Clevenger had touched the hand of royalty. It was King Mike McDonald whose nod had made him Special Pathologist to the Cook County Insane Asylum, and had Mike turned away from him, all the recommendations of the physicians in Chicago would have availed him nothing. His natural doubts vanished, however, when he entered the Asylum as Pathologist. The materials for original study were so vast, every one of the seven hundred patients presented so many interesting problems. He was surprised to find that no records of cases had been kept, so he secured large blankbooks and wrote up the histories from all available data. Day and night he was on the go—diagnosing new cases, re-examining old ones, making post-mortems, cutting with his microtome, he filled scientific periodicals with his contributions.

It was not long before he heard that the milk given to the patients in the dement wards frequently caused fatal epidemics. Examining the milk he found it of low specific gravity and of acid reaction, but he found no suspicion of cream. Examining further, he learned that out in the yard were expensive kennels where King Mike kept his hunting dogs, and the attendant skimmed the cream from the milk cans to give to the dogs.

Clevenger's struggles with the politician managers of the Asylum make most distressing reading. His efforts even to have the cases classified according to the diseased types which he had worked out was met with an absolute refusal. His applications for necessary drugs were not complied with, although the same week it is stated that \$1,500 was spent on whisky, wine and cigars and charged up as sundry drugs. These served to provide entertainment for the Saturday night frolics of the gangsters and their women. The expensive Turkish and Russian baths which had been built "for the patients" became the regulation places for the politicians to sleep off their debauches. Politics ruled the asylum, while science was the despised outcast; the meanest attendant there knew that his job was more secure there than the physician's. The dope bottle was frequently dosed out to patients to keep them quiet, directly against the doctor's instructions. Mechanics had keys to the female wards and visited them at all hours of the night.

Clevenger's efforts at reform very soon lost him his position, and even exposed him to a great deal of danger. Plots were laid for him by calling him to unfrequented parts of the city, but he was astute enough to send a private detective in his place who exposed these. On one occasion he was shot at, while in his study, the bullet burying itself in one of the books of his library.