

## **Diary of Dr. P. C. Kelly 1870-1939, Part VI**

### **History**

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Posted on : 2006/9/9 6:00:00

Soon after that I purchased an eighty acre tract of land with fair improvements on it right in the edge of the village of Alda and I repaired it and built a barn and lived there and practiced from the farm until in May 1904, when I sold the practice and the farm at an increase of eight hundred dollars. I sold to a Dr. W. A. Thomas from Illinois. He came there a week or two before I gave the practice up to him and he rode night and day with me as I was a busy man in the practice. After I had been gone a year he wrote me that he had lost all his practice and did not depend on a dollar from it.

I will now give my reasons for selling out such a fine business. Ever since my wife arrived in Nebraska she had not felt well, being very nervous and had fallen away so much. She got on my nerves very much by telling me every time I came in the house how badly she was feeling. I pitied her to the bottom of my heart but I found that her complaints irked me very much. Of course, I never said a word to her about it. But when I came in the door, I was sure to hear how she was feeling. I could not blame her for telling me for who else could she tell except me? I did all I could for her but it was during this time that our second daughter, Daisy, was born and she was as small as could possible be but seem healthy except she was very nervous. The folks I had bought the farm from had gone to Oregon in the Willamette Valley and wrote us how nice it was there. I had sent several nervous women there and they had gotten better. I asked her if we had not better sell out and go there too. We talked it over and she did not like to have me sell out my business on her account. I told her that I had heard her complain so much that I was so sorry for her that I would give up my business or anything else for her health. We finally agreed to sell and go to Oregon. We sold the farm as before stated to Dr. Thomas and prepared and had a public sale. We had a sale at the home and we put up a table and had a great feast for all that were at the sale. No scarcity of food at all. Our sale footed up a good sum.

I had Arthur Harris driving and caring for my horses of which I then had a barn full and drove them very hard. Arthur was a fine horseman and could get more driving out of the horses and have them looking sleek and fat than any other man living, I think. Arthur had been paralyzed from the hips down and I had a hard time to save his life. He finally recovered so that he could walk fairly well and I hired him to drive and work for me. We raised some fine hogs and had a cow and we lived fat and fine. After the sale was over, our good friends, A. B. Fraker family, invited us to go to their home one mile west of our place to stay while making preparations to start west. I left my family there and went to Omaha with intentions to buy an automobile for our trip. The reason I had thought of taking an automobile trip was that between the time I first went to Chicago to post graduate work and the time I was going to leave for Oregon, I had made a second trip to Chicago and had been invited to stay with old Doctor Brubaker for two weeks. While I was there, I saw a lot of fine looking automobiles and had gotten the fever. Old Dr. Brubaker had one, a white steamer, I think it was called. He said he would give me a ride in it before I went home. I thought the time would never roll round for him to take me about so anxious was I to ride in an automobile. Finally he told me one morning that he was going to take me out in the auto and we went down to his garage and he had to light a gasoline generator and burn it for a time to heat the water to make steam. I thought he never in the world

would get the thing ready to go. At last he announced that it was ready to go and we both climbed in and started the thing out. We drove out into Washington Park for he lived right at the edge of this large park. As we went along I noticed he kept turning one little wheel or other, usually saying, "Stop sir be God sir that was not right". Then turning another with the same expression every time. I said to myself the old fool will blow this thing up before he stops. I had not more than thought the remark that a loud report came after he had turned another little wheel and the water gage had blown out, as it was glass, and the steam just roared out. Brubaker yelled out, "WHAT A BLUNDER" and I hopped out and thought of tying my handkerchief in a knot over the escaping steam and then I asked the Doctor for his handkerchief and did the same. This stopped it fairly well and I told the Doctor now to beat it home. We barely got to the garage, but could not roll into it on its own power.

So I went to Omaha thinking I would buy one of the large touring cars any one of which would cost me at least four thousand dollars. I looked around and as I looked, I just thought how foolish I should be to buy a machine that was not as yet very reliable and then to start west with practically no roads in some parts of the country and knowing nothing at all of machinery myself. I just quietly gave myself a good cursing for the biggest fool ever born. I decided positively against the idea. Now I could have gone by train for 35 dollars each and half fare for the children but in the emaciated condition my wife was, I really was afraid to take her over the rockies so suddenly. I went to my old friend Henry Rose who had lived near Alda and who now lived in Omaha and asked him if he would run around a little with me that day and he was glad to go with me. I went by his advice to Lininger and Metcalf employment house and bought a nice new light spring wagon and then went to Carback Company and had them to put on a canopy top with heavy canvas and screens so that we could keep the flies out when the curtain was rolled up. It proved to be a neat job and I also had a cupboard made in the back end and then I went to the tent and awning company and bought a tent and folding cots and chairs and had a small tin cooking stove made and in fact fitted the whole thing out as completely as possible for the camping trip. I then went to the stockyards and tried to buy a suitable team for the wagon but failed to find one suitable so gave that up. I had also asked the Carback Co to print in black letters on the wagon canvas the words "MY AUTOMOBILE". Then I came back to Alda and to Mr. Fraker and when wife and I went to bed we got to talking about the trip. She started to cry and I found out that she did not look on the plan with favor. I had quite a long talk before I got her satisfied that it was not so bad. I told her that it was not an ordinary camp trip but an extraordinary one as I had spent or would spend six hundred dollars to make everything the best possible and that we were not going to be anything like tramps but that we had plenty of money and we intended to spend all we wanted or needed. The effect was good and I had her quieted but way down deep in my own heart I felt just a little leery of the whole plan but did not let her know of it. I went to this man Quisenberry and bought a fine big gentle mule team and gave two hundred and seventy five dollars for them. Then Fraker told me the harness I had brought from Omaha was not good enough and he helped me trade for a good set. Yet there was a lot of things to do to be ready for the actual start. We had been at Frakers for nearly, if not altogether, three weeks. One day when he and I were out around the hay lots doing something, I remarked to Fraker that I was all but ashamed that we had stayed so long with him as we had thought it would not take that length of time to get ready. I ventured to say, "Fraker, I would like to pay you for our board." He got red in the face and said "Doctor, I have tried to treat you and your family as well as I possible could and now you offer me this insult. If you feel that way about it, you had better get going." I felt terribly bad about it and Fraker saw that it hurt me and he said, "Oh H-1, let it go Doctor, I know you meant well any way." So we let it go.

At this point, I will insert the account I have already written of the start of the entire trip to Oregon When I arrived in Harrisburg, Oregon, and found my wife practically well, I did not want to leave there

as we had the Marion and Zack Mount Joy there who had been our neighbors in Nebraska. They insisted that I locate there and stay for a year or two at least. I began looking the situation over and found only one doctor in the town and he was a young man by name of Brown. This town had formerly had three doctors. This young Brown seemed to be forging ahead nicely but had not been there very long and he imagined that he was better established than he really was. I considered what I should do and decided that I did not particularly want to do this young fellow any harm by locating against him but still I wanted to be making something while I stayed there. I went to see Brown and asked him about it and he treated the proposition lightly and told me that he did not wish to go in with anyone in practice. For that was what I proposed to him. I then asked him if he would feel offended if I started and did what I could do alone. He replied certainly not but added that he had all the practice that amounted to anything cinched and that there would not be enough left to do any one any good. I told him that I knew he had a lot of the people for him but that as matters stood now I was most compelled to go to work. I had offered him the best and fairest proposition I could think of not to injury him. He said very lightly, go right ahead and do all you can. I told him that I would do so and started right in to getting an office and was having trouble getting what I wanted. I tried to get in with a dentist there and the dentist seemed to be a friend of Dr. Brown and renting from the Druggist Damon Smith who was very friendly with Brown would not work out and there seemed to be no other place for an office until a saloon keeper there in town told me he had the upstairs of the building that set right beside of Dr. Brown's office and that if I could use the front part of it by petitioning it off, I might use it. There was a very narrow alley back from the street that ran by Dr. Brown's office window and one had to pass right by it to go up the stairs to where my office would be. I took the place and petitioned it off into three rooms, a reception room and an examination room with a small room back of it for medicines. I fitted them up for practice and then went to work. As soon as I could get the opportunity I went to Portland and passed the Medical Examination Board and got my license to practice in Oregon, that being the third state I had gotten license for, namely West Virginia, Nebraska and Oregon. In Nebraska I did not have to pass examination as the state board accepted my W.Va. certificate.

My practice picked up very quickly and I had all that I wanted to do and more. It was not long until Dr. Brown began thinking differently as I had a continual stream of people coming up to my office and they were visible through the window in Brown's office. He began to realize the damage I was doing in his territory and was feeling terribly about it. Some of his friends advised him to draw the curtain on the window so that he could not see who was going up and down. I tried to treat him very courteously but he rather resented it and said things about me. I was not there quite a year when he sold his practice and moved away. I do not boast of this as I really felt sorry about the whole thing. made a lot of friends and I had money and as I always liked land so well, I finally bought 52 acres on an Island in the Willamette River. It was improved and had the finest apple orchard and peach orchard and many fine berries. I got my brother, A. B. Kelly, to take charge of the place and he trimmed the fruit trees and planted a hop field. It was the richest land I ever saw. Mrs. Kelley thought so much of it that she was often up there (a distance of five miles) picking peaches and doing things she liked. I had bought her a nice buggy horse and a nice rubber tired buggy and she took great pleasure in driving around the country. I had a large practice and I would constantly walk or drive twelve miles into the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada. I enjoyed hunting china pheasants and visiting some ranch people that I knew by name of Warner and Wassoms. I had many a nice time in that way.

There were two very unpleasant happenings while I was there which involved me in two fights. I will briefly relate each one. I fell that both were forced upon me and as I came out winner in both I suppose I can afford to tell of them. One day I was called to see in consultation with the other doctor, a Mrs. Davis who lived out two or three miles and who was the wife of a railroad engineer. I found the

wife very sick and carrying a temperature of 105 degrees and it was necessary to give her an anesthetic and do an operation. I gave the anesthetic for the doctor and after he was done, I carried the little woman myself into her bedroom and placed her comfortably as I could and went home. I made a hit with the family as it was always my nature to be very sympathetic and nice to my patients. I put down a charge of only five dollars for trip and anesthetic which was just about one-half enough. It ran on and on unto one day I sent Davis a statement and heard nothing from him until one Sunday morning I went down from my office to the Bennett Grocery Store. Mr. Bennett was a good friend of mine and he was quite a flashy man. I entered the store and here stood Davis at the counter and I said something about the bill and Davis flew mad and began cursing me and at the same time stuck out his hand, handing me five dollars. I took it before thinking and then immediately threw it away. To this day I don't know who struck the first blow but I know I was ready. The crowd said he struck me first. We then clinched and he got my head foul under his arm and gave me considerable pummeling. I finally got away from him and threw him on the flat of his back behind the counter. I grabbed him by the throat and was reaching up to get a can of fruit off the shelf to strike him with when three men grabbed hold of me and lifted me bodily off him and I did not get to strike him. We were then both on our feet with Mr. Bennett between us pushing us toward the door saying all the time to me "Doctor, I am your friend but we cannot have this fighting in here" and gently nudged me in the abdomen directing me to the door. Davis was following up and finally got very close to Bennett and I saw my opportunity. I hauled off and struck him square in one eye. Davis felt the blow so strongly that it whirled him completely around. They got me out of the store and I was washing my face at the pump when Mr. Sanders, the richest merchant in the town, came up and found out the straight of it. He said it was a shame that a man did not dare to try to collect for his just dues. Just then Davis came out and passed me very closely and I spoke as loudly as I could and said, "There goes Davis", calling him a very ugly name. He paid no attention but kept going.

After it was all over I went up to my office and a lot of my friends followed me up. Very soon a man came to my inner office door and said, "Doctor, Mr. Davis is out at the door and wants to see you." I said, "Yes, I would like to see that blankety blank individual" and they said, "He is not mad but wants to talk to you." I said, "Let him come in". When he appeared at the door, I was ready to go for him again. But he said, "Doctor, I want to get you to fix up my eye." It struck me funny and I said, "I have my own eye to fix up." This caused everyone to laugh and then he said, "Doctor Kelley, I came to apologize to you for what I did. I was drunk and did not realize just what I was doing. I went home and my mother-in-law and my wife would not let me in the house and gave me the very devil for doing what I did. They both said you were just grand when my wife needed you." I said, "Davis, I will grant your request and try to be forgiving but I do say this, if you ever cross my path again in that way, it will not be good for you." He said, "Well Doctor, there is one consultation and that is that you gave me a good thrashing." I have never seen that man from that day to this, which is over thirty years ago.

Mrs. Kelley did not like the idea of having such brawls and neither did I. But it seemed that there was nothing else for me to do. She begged me never to do it again and I promised that I would try my best, as I was heartily ashamed of it myself. She went to the pacific coast in April where I had hired her a nice little cottage for the season. That was at northwest Newport, Oregon, one hundred miles away. I stayed in the practice. Just a short while after I had promised to faithfully that I would not get into another brawl, I had the head of a German family whose name now I cannot recall, only that his first name was Charles. He stopped me on the street and asked me how much his bill was for treating his little boy? I told him I thought it was about so much, I do not now remember what I told him. In a few days he came up to pay me and I got the book to see the exact amount and it did not correspond with what I had told him, being more than what I guessed it. To my great surprise he

announced and remarked that I was just adding more to the bill. When I realized he was in dead earnest, I said to him, "Do not say that anymore Charlie" and all the time I was sitting at my desk I said to myself, I will not fight him and repeated to myself several times the same statement. I had no idea that I would touch him. He said it again and I do not yet know how or when I got to my feet. But the first thing I remember I had him by the throat and backed up in the corner, hitting him as best I could. I pommelled him all I could and jerked him forward. There was a chair near and I said sit down there or I will knock you down and he sat. After he sat down, I struck him a blow in the face and it was hard on my fist. I turned to pick up a chair which I intended to bring down over his head and he took advantage of the gesture and jumped and ran from the office and got entirely away. I remembered how faithfully I had promised never to get into another fight and now I had done it again. There had been no one in to see it and I determined never to tell it. I thought as good as thrashing as I had given him that he would never whimper so I stayed there until way late for dinner (I was boarding at the Hotel) and then leisurely walked over to the hotel and into the dining room where several people whom I knew talked with me. They never mentioned anything and, of course, I did not. I finished my dinner and started up the street to see a patient and feeling that I had put it over in good shape and that my wife never would know it. I had only walked two blocks when an old man, my friend, called for me to come across the street to where he sat in the yard. When I walked up to the fence or pailings and asked what he wanted of me, he said, "Doc, about that trouble you had down town, what about it?" I truthfully answered him and said, "Mr. Isom, I cannot remember any trouble I have had recently", so sure was I that the other fellow had not told about the fight that I thought no one knew of it. He raised his voice and said, "Now Doc, you need not act so D--m innocent, everybody knows it". He went on and said that the fellow went on up to Mr. Anderson's and tried to swear out a warrant for me and the Squire would not give it to him. This fact surprised me as Mr. Anderson and family were strong friends of the opposing Doctor Brown and I just thought he would have given the warrant to him but for some reason he denied it to him. I felt very blue about it having been spread all over but there was nothing to do, only make the best of it. I wrote my wife all about it and told her that I must have been temporarily out of my mind as I know I was declaring I would not fight him even as I arose to my feet but that I temporarily lost out as to what I was doing. Thank the Lord that was my last fight for many years. As I have before stated herein, it was considered a disgrace not to defend your name and character. I had taken the teachings too seriously and I felt duty bound to fight even though another man called me a liar and to go beyond that was sure to start something. As I look back on it now, I can see the foolishness of it all and could now stand to be called a lot of things that I would not stand for in those days. However, I have always tried to live up to that teaching and that is not to deliberately lie to injure anyone or to beat anyone out of his just dues in a settlement. I have repeatedly informed those with whom I settled and found sometimes that a mistake had been made in my favor.

As above stated, I had sent my family to Newport to stay in a nice cottage I had rented there for them right on the banks of the Pacific Ocean. They lived there from April to October and had the most pleasant outing we ever had as I went over there very often to see them and sometimes stayed several days. Our third daughter was born in the little cottage by the seaside. Her name is Helen Elizabeth Kelley. In October we went back to Harrisburg and as there were conditions that we did not just exactly like and I was still hungry for knowledge, we decided to close out there and go to New Orleans to the Poly Clinic School for graduate doctors. Before I left, of course, I tried to straighten out my business and collect all I could in before leaving. In the town lived an old 85 year old man and his wife, about the same age. This old man whose name was Couch was an old time Virginian and he and I picked up an acquaintance in the following way. He was mail carrier from the post office to the depot and had a push cart for carrying the mail. On the way to the depot, it was up grade and as I walked along one morning I thought the old man had to push quite vigorously at the point I was

passing him. I walked up and took hold of the handle and said "Grandpa, let me help you a little" and he thanked me and we got acquainted. His son-in-law, Dan McLain, was not friendly to me but was strong for the other doctor. However, the old man came to see me for medical treatment. At first just trivial complaints but finally he and his wife came down with pneumonia in a very severe form. I had both cases and the old lady was getting better but the old fellow would snore and sleep all the time. I could not get him awake to take medicine, only by the most strenuous means. When I went to examine him, I would try to wake him and when I got him partly aroused, he would say, "Oh Doctor, just give me something to make me sleep. I know you can't cure me so just let me sleep." If he told me this once, I believe he told me two dozen times at least for I went often to see them. One morning I went in and listened to his lungs and found resolution taking place in good shape and the temperature reduced which were both good symptoms. I shook the old man vigorously and shouted, "Mr. Couch, you are better this morning." He opened his eyes and said, "Am I?" I replied, "Sure you are and you are going to get well now." He said "I knowed you could cure me". I laughed heartily about it and surely enough the old man got well and also his wife. After that the old man thought I was just a little notch below God.

When I was getting ready to leave, of course, I had a bill against this old man and it had been considerable too. The old man was as faithful as a dog and would bring up two and a half dollars every little while and pay it. He would always say, "I will get it paid pretty soon". I told him to take his time as there was no hurry about it. But when I was going away, it was different so I sent him a statement to come in and pay. I heard the old man puffing up the steps and in he came and sat down and as soon as he caught his breath he said, "Doctor, I simply cannot pay all of this balance at once but if you will wait on me, I will pay as I have been paying until it is fully paid up". The tears actually welled up in his eyes and he said, "Doctor, it is bad enough that you are leaving us but it makes it worse when I cannot pay you every cent you have against me. I know neither my wife or I would have been here had it not been for the splendid care you gave us." My heart bled for the poor old man and I decided right there that his bill was paid in gratitude. I turned to my desk and wrote out a full receipt and then faced him and said, "Mr. Couch, I am going to do something good for you on one condition, will you agree?" Yes, I will agree to do anything for you as I know that you would not ask anything unreasonable of me", he replied. I answered, "certainly not but you must promise me and not only promise but act it out". He promised and I handed him the receipt in full and as soon as he could realize that he was out of debt to me, he actually cried and thanked me over and over for it. "Now all I ask of you is not to breathe this to a living soul" I said. Oh please let me tell it, I want to tell it all over the town", he said. I said, "No, you promised that you would do as I asked. My reasons are that if it is known that I gave you this, there are plenty of others that will expect the same and I cannot do it." He went out of the office I believe the happiest old man that I had ever seen. I felt that the joy I had brought to the old man was fully worth all I had given him. When I was at the Depot to get on the train I saw the old man coming up to me and I spoke to him and told him I was going on the train in a very few minutes and he said, "I know it and that is why I am here". I said, "Well the train is about to go and I must bid you goodbye". He said as I held his hand, "Now Doc, I think you ought to release me from my promise and let me tell what you did for me." I said, "Well, just wait till the train pulls out and then do as you like about it." He squeezed my hand vigorously and said, "It will be published all over". Such gratitude one seldom witnesses.

We boarded the Southern Pacific train at Harrisburg and went south through San Francisco. We landed there just as they were cleaning up after the great Earthquake of 1906, if I remember correctly. It was a bad sight to behold. We could barely get along the street, the wagons were so thick hauling the debris away. After a short wait, we boarded another train on the Southern Pacific road and went through Los Angeles and on to El Paso, Texas, and on through San Antonio and

Dallas. I feel sure this was where we took a train for Greenville, Texas, where we visited with some of my cousins, some Kelleys, and a Mr. George Hall who had married my cousin, Minnie Kelley. Mr. Hall was a lawyer and a good politician and I think he was county attorney or some public official. He had done well and had a lot of those black land farms. I was on the lookout for land in those days and was hardly ever without some land on hand, sometimes thousands of acres. I wanted to see his farms and he told me he was going to start out in a day or so to go to his farms of which he had several. So we started out driving a buggy and team and it took us about two days. I liked that rich looking land and told Mr. Hall that if I could find a favorable 80 acres, I would invest in it as that was about all the money I wanted to put in to an investment at that time. So he said he had heard of an 80 acre tract that was for sale and he had heard it was fine land. He said we could see it on this trip if I wished to do so. I said I would like to see it. We saw all his farms first then he drove me to this 80 acres and we found it to be good land. Mr. Hall just went wild over it as the saying goes. He pronounced it to be the best land he ever saw. There were fair improvements on the place and I asked him what they asked for the land per acre and he said Forty Dollars. He added that it was well worth it. As we drove away from the place I said, "Mr. Hall, do you know what I am going to buy this land for?" and he replied in the negative. I said, "I am going to buy it for thirty-five dollars". We were on our way to see the owner of the land who was a Widow Hinton who had a step-son and they were anxious to sell and divide up. He told me there was no use in going to see him if I was thinking I could buy it for that price. I said, "Well, as we are going through the town where she lives, let us stop and see what I can do". He then took me to the lady's house and when we entered, there was her grown daughter in bed with tuberculosis well advanced. When I saw the conditions, I gave up in my own mind trying to do anything. I felt so sorry for the young woman who was sick and it just dampened my enthusiasm as to dealing. However, the lady asked me what I thought of the land and I said it looked good to me. She asked, "Well, would you buy it?" I said I had thought of it but had just about decided not to try to buy it. "What do you ask for it per acre?" I asked. "Forty Dollars per acre", she replied. Then I said, we cannot deal for I would not give that much for it. "What would you give?" she asked. I answered straight out that I would give thirty-five per acre. She made a great to do and told me I was trying to steal the land. I said, "No, Mrs. Hinton, I have only made you an offer and you do not have to accept it if you do not wish to. Besides I have it all in cash for you and it is not always possible to get every dollar in cash. I advise you to sell it when you have a cash buyer as it might be quite a long time before another one drops in". She said, "Let me talk to my son". They held a short conversation in another room and she accepted the offer. I saw Hall's head drop when she said she would accept. I do not think we drew up any agreement at all. If we did, I do not remember of it now but before we left Mrs. Hinton said, "Mr. Hall, don't you think that Mr. Kelley should bear expenses of making out all the papers?" Mr. Hall spoke up quickly and said, "Yes, make him pay for the making of the papers". Then we left and started home and as we rode along together, I said, "You are a good fellow to take along to make a trade. You make me stand for making out papers that someone else should make out to me" in a good natured way. Mr. Hall said, "If you ever made a thousand dollars in one day, this is another day you made a clean thousand dollars and I felt that you should suffer a little." "Well you see I did just what I said I was going to do", I replied. He said, "Yes you did". I told him how I felt when I went in and saw the distressed girl in the bed and said I had just given up trying to deal with the lady but she started it and this is the way it ended. I closed the deal and several years later sold for nearly one hundred dollars per acre. Many years after that and after I had sold the land, I visited at Mr. Halls and one day I asked him just why he acted so funny the day I bought the land. He said "Well, I just as well confess that I wanted that land so bad I could taste it and I suppose that is why I did as I did".

We went from Greenville, Texas, to New Orleans by way of Shreveport and Alexandria La. I matriculated in the New Orleans Polyclinic Medical School (Post Graduate) with privileges of

attending lectures in Tulane University and Charity Hospital. We were there until about April and benefited greatly as it was the best place for clinical experience I have ever seen. During the time I was there I got acquainted with Dr. Bonnett of Pollock, La. He took a shine to me and wanted me to go partners with him and go to Alexandria, La, and fit out offices. He was a very gentlemanly fellow and as Alexandria was one of the coming cities in that part of the country, I finally agreed and we went there and fitted out fine offices and started in practice and really were doing very well. However, as the weather warmed up, it got most unbearable for me and I felt that I must get out of that climate. We did not know where to go as we had always said that we would not go back to Nebraska, this for no reason at all only sentimental. It was just the idea of returning so soon to where we left. I finally said that I thought it was foolish to think and act as we were doing. We decided to write to Mr. A. B. Fraker and ask him if he though he people would be pleased if I returned and located there. It will be remembered that Fraker's place was the last place we left in Nebraska when we departed for Oregon. I got an immediate reply and he said just pack up and come on as the people all want you to come. That settled it and we began to get ready to leave.

There was one thing that had to be done by me that was going (I was afraid) to be an unpleasant task and that was to notify my partner of the fact. One evening I braced myself for going to the office and tell him. Before I went, I sat down to the typewriter and wrote a nice letter exonerating Dr. Bonnett from any blame for my sudden departure. This I said to myself I will give to him if he treats me fairly, otherwise I will not. When we both got into the office, I said, "Dr. Bonnett, I am going to tell you something that may or may not please you very well" and he asked what it was. I told him in as short a way as possible that I was leaving and that it was no fault of his but the weather especially was to blame as I found it impossible to endure the heat and the mosquitoes. I said "I want you to express your feelings in the matter franky and I hope they will not be antagonistic as I think a great deal of you and wish to treat you fairly". He immediately stated that he was sorry as he had liked me very much and that he thought we would finally get all the business we desired. He further said, "However badly I wish you could stay with me, I would not lay one straw in your way to leave if you think you are bettering your condition." I thanked him kindly for the statement. I was afraid to come to the next question as I thought maybe he will spoil all this good talk by trying to cheat me out of my part of the office furnishings as that amounted to considerable money. I said, "Doctor, what shall I do about my part of the furnishings?" He said, "Well Doctor, I need them in here after you are gone and I suppose I had better buy them from you". This sounded good indeed but I figured the trouble would come when we considered the price he should pay me. I said "this all sounds good Doctor but how will we determine the value of this furniture?" He immediately answered that the furniture was new and had only barely been started to be used and that he thought just the amount we paid for it would be fair to me. I replied that it certainly would be and I also thank you for being so liberal with me. He returned, "I am only doing as I should wish to be done by". Now I had another bone to pick and that was the accounts that we had on the books as I was to have one-half of them and they were unpaid. "What will we do about the accounts?" I asked. He said, "Well the fair thing about that would be for us to go over the accounts and pick out the ones that I know will be paid and I pay you your half in full for them and the doubtful ones I will try to collect and send you your half". Nothing could be fairer than that I said and so we settled. Then I drew the letter out and said, "Doctor Bonnett, I wrote this letter or rather statement and signed it before I came to this office this evening with intention that if you treated me fairly, I would give it to you and if otherwise, I would withhold it. I now present it to you with this statement, you have treated me so fairly that all you have done has leaned the other way meaning you have gone a little beyond the fair mark and I sincerely thank you and I shall always remember you as an honest man and a good friend." I then handed him the letter and he read it. He said, "Doctor this is very thoughtful of you as I will be asked by many why you stayed so short a time with me". This ended, we prepared to start the next day or two to Nebraska.

## **APPENDIX**

The appendix to this story is for the purpose of relating some instances which could not be easily woven into the main part of the account but is deemed sufficiently interesting to be related as they will show many phases of the life of a country doctor, medically as well as in many other ways. Each little incident will be told separately with as appropriate a name as can be supplied.

### **A CASE OF PLEURA PNEUMONIA AND CONFINEMENT AT THE MOST ACUTE STAGE OF THE DISEASE**

While practicing in Harrisburg, Oregon, I was engaged for a confinement of a Mrs. John Kelso who lived with her family about five miles in the country and on an island in the Willamette River. The confinement was expected very soon and I kept close about home and the office so as to be immediately available should this or any other similar case need my attention. One day a little before the noon hour as I remember it now, the phone rang and when I answered it Mr. John Kelso's voice was heard and he asked me to make a trip to his house at once. So I said, "I suppose it is the confinement case." He replied, "No, it is not but my wife is screaming with pain and spitting up blood after coughing". I at once recognized symptoms of pleurisy and as she was expectorating blood made my diagnosis before I started from the office. On my drive to the farm I thought what in the world will we do if this confinement case comes on in the middle of the case? I arrived and found the lady in excruciating pain which called for an immediate hypodermic of morphine which I at once administered. There was no doubt about the diagnosis, it was pleura-pneumonia in a very severe form.

In a short time I had her eased and the chest strapped and medicines on the table for the treatment of the case and was preparing to go back to the office when the lady remarked to me that she was having pains in the back and lower abdomen. It dawned on me what might be happening and when I made the required examination, there was nothing more certain than the labor was in evidence and that I would not be permitted to leave the place until it was completed. I felt like breaking out in a run and never stopping until I was out of the reach of being called for it looked dangerous as the lady was of very frail build any way. However, I had to do the best I could even though I lost my patient. I braced her chest by pinning a tight binder around her so tight that it really interfered with breathing and to my great surprise she got along very well and the case was terminated in a shorter time than what I had expected it to terminate. I was surprised at the small inconvenience she had on account of pleurisy pains. After it was safe for me to leave I went home and then made regular trips same as any other pneumonia case. Mother and baby both did well and my pneumonia case had not a hitch and completely recovered. I was almost ashamed of my panicky feeling experienced at the bedside on my first realization the two cases had to be attended at the same time. It only taught me a good lesson and that was never to get panicky under the most trying circumstances and to always remember that situations, no matter how they look, are not usually as bad as they appear to be. I found that if one remembered this and started in to do the best that could be done under the circumstances.

### **ANOTHER CASE IN**

#### **KELSO FAMILY**

In the fall, near cold weather, Mr. Kelso moved into town and one day came to my office and said, "Doctor, will you please go up to my house, my boy is very sick?" I went immediately and found his eight or nine year old boy very sick and coming down with pneumonia. He carried a high fever and in

every way showed symptoms of a very severe attack. I informed Mr. Kelso of the situation and he seemed much distressed. Kelso, being an honest poor man said to me, "I do not doubt your ability to bring the boy out of this sickness after what you did for my wife but Doctor, that case cost me a lot as you well know and now if I have to pay another large bill, it will about ruin me". I remarked that I felt very sorry also that he should have two serious cases so close together but the fact remains that the boy must be the first thing in our minds and above all other things, get him back to health. I had the idea in my head that if a treatment was pushed to the limit (the one I used) one could abort pneumonia and have a short case of it. However, I felt that some little risk was required in doing this and especially without the aid of a splendid nurse. I told Kelso about what I had been thinking of and that we were not exactly justified in pushing this treatment to the limit without better nursing facilities. However, I said, "John, do you think you could follow exactly my instructions as to giving the medicine and if you can do this, I will try my best to make a short case out of this and also save the boy". He was eager to try it and promised me that he would follow to the letter my directions.

I directed specifically and wrote out the directions for him just as plainly as could be done. When certain things changed he should change the mode of administration of the medicine. Before leaving I said, "John read those directions carefully every once in a while during the night as you will have to stay up all night with the boy. I was a little later in the morning than I had hoped to arrive at Kelso's place. He met me at the door with a long face and I said "Is the boy worse?" and he nodded and afterwards said "Doctor, I cannot see much hope for the boy". I went in and sure enough it looked like death itself and I found the pulse almost nil and fever all gone. The boy could not hold his head up. I at once thought I knew the cause of all this but had no time to talk. immediately grabbed my bag and fished out my hypodermic syringe and a tablet of strychnine and hyped it into the boy's arm and waited results which was not long for I saw an improvement in the pulse and the boy soon revived and I knew that I had won. He had expectorated well mixed with the sputum was much blood. I made but two more trips to this case and the boy recovered completely. Before I left I said to him, "John Kelso, you almost killed your boy last night by not following my instructions but you won the battle all the same for us". I showed him where he gave the medicine after the stopping sign had appeared and he admitted I was right. That was a great lesson to me even after years and I must say that it was very valuable to me as I treated a lot of cases in the same manner but with a more efficient nurse.

## **MY FIRST TRIP TO TEXAS**

In 1898, I was taking my last course in medicine at the Barnes Medical College in St. Louis, Missouri. I roomed with a Texan by name of Jeff Parsons and he naturally had a lot of his native Texans of which I am sure I gave an account in the herein story. To better understand the story, I will say that just after the Civil War one of my father's brothers emigrated to Texas and raised a family there but died before any of the younger Kelleys ever saw him. He had left a family and they were all grown and of course first cousins to me. The father of this family was Frank Kelley. If I remember rightly his full name was Benjamin Franklin Kelley. At home it was a very frequent topic of conversation concerning the emigration of Frank Kelley to Texas and he never returned to his old home in W.Va. None of his relatives ever saw him after he left home except one or two of my cousins who went to visit him for a short time once.

I made great friends with the Texas boys and as the holidays came on I knew I could not go home to West Virginia as I should liked to have done. So one day, John Brown, a Texan came into my room and said he had a round trip ticket to Brownsville, Texas, and that he was not going home and had it on hand and wanted to sell it. He had secured a free pass and whatever money he could get out of it

was clearance money to him. I looked up the route and found that the road he had the ticket over would be through Greenville, Texas, and that town is not more than twenty or thirty miles from Commerce and there was where my Uncle Frank's home was. I asked Brown what he wanted for his ticket and he said eight dollars. I told him I would take it if I could use it to go to Greenville and return. We found that it could be used for my trip and I figured that if I went to Texas, I would be with my relatives and no board bill to pay and that if I stayed home I could not avoid spending that amount of money, besides the novelty of the trip and the pleasant visit with my relatives I bought the ticket. When the Texans found out that I was going to Texas they joked and joshed me about what would happen to me and among other things, they said, "Kelley you will never get out of Texas as someone will shoot you down there". Texas had always borne the reputation of having killers and shooters. So they thought to scare me out. I boarded the M. K. and T. Train and soon landed in Texas at Greenville and went into a restaurant to get something to eat. I suppose it was not just an up to date place for I had little to spend more than was absolutely necessary. I ordered a beef steak with brown gravy and while I was waiting for it, two men out into a scuffle and rolled one another all over the floor. I got out as soon as I could and went to the train and boarded the train for Commerce and landed in the darkest town I ever saw and inquired how to get to the hotel and finally registered and went to bed. In the morning I inquired of the hotel man if he knew where Uncle Frank lived. He replied, "he is dead again", which I thought a very rude expression in answer to my question. However, the old man whose name I think was Cook or Cooper, I do not know which now, treated me very nicely and gave me directions how to get there. There was no conveyance unless I hired a special team and as it was only three miles I concluded to walk out to the place.

The soil there is of a black gumbo nature and a little dampness made travel almost impossible. The roads were frozen just a little crust over the mud and I started out picking my way along the sides of the road and on grass as much as possible to avoid the mud. I came meeting a wagon drawn by horses and it took a man walking and punching the mud off the wheels before the horses could pull the wagon along. I thought this was a tough way of living as I had never seen a sight like that before. There were very high weeds along the road and as I neared a ravine that crossed the road I saw a house directly on the other side of the ravine and I was in the weeds picking my way as best I could when I came into the road and in sight of the house, I saw a man leveling a gun seemingly at me and another fellow calling to the gun man not to shoot yet until he comes out in better sight. He said "He is in the weed patch". At first I thought of what the boys had told me and wondered if it was about to come true when someone said something that made me know it was a dog they were trying to shoot and you can imagine my great relief. I found my uncle's family and had about a week's visit with them and returned to my school and study. When I told this story to the boys, they had great fun about it.

### **MY FIRST FRACTURE CASE**

Not long after I started practice at Looneyville, W.Va., I was called late one evening to go several miles in the country to see a young man who had broken his leg. Long before I arrived at the house I could hear the voice of the man crying and going on at a terrible rate. When I entered the house I found that this tibia-bone had been broken square off about the junction of the middle and lower thigh of the bone. I tell this story as I thought it very funny that a fellow should break his leg by running against a cow. For the enlightenment of those who may not know, in those days one could find the poorest horses and the poorest cows imaginable. The way this happened was that the young man was riding a very poor old horse and he was whipping him up to beyond what the horse was suppose to be able to endure. An old poor cow came into the road in front of the horse and her hip bones stuck out so far that the horse running close to her made his leg strike the hip bone of the cow and broke his leg. Some remarked that he had it coming to him, which might be true.

## A GOOD JOKE ON MYSELF

After I had attended my first medical course I went home to Looneyville where I had lived all my life except the few years I spent in Greenbrier County when I was a small boy. The Compton family lived, ever since I remembered anything, about a half mile from our home. They were good livers and considered to be in good circumstances financially but were somewhat odd in their ways and very superstitious, believing in warnings and tokens. There were two old maids in the family who could tell you every day what happened a year or ten or twenty years ago on that day and were nearly always saying "wan year ago today so and so happened" or ten years ago just as it suited. This was their peculiarity but they were the finest of people and the best of neighbors.

When I used to eat at their table, they would always have the whitest of linen and the nicest dishes and always had sweet and sour milk and tea and coffee on the table so that they could serve guests any kind of drink they wished. The regulation procedure was that after you had been served with food the girl at the foot of the table would ask "What will you have to drink milk, tea or coffee?" If you chose milk, the next question was "sweet or sour?" if you chose tea or coffee the next question was "cream or sugar?" and that ended it. I have given the information above to enable the reader to have some idea as to the kind of folks I was among. So now I will tell the joke on myself. In the family was at the time I speak of (the father and mother having died) only the two girls and their brother. As stated above, I had returned from my first medical course and was on my vacation from school. The brother took sick with typhoid fever and sent for Dr. Edgell, our old family physician and, of course, the neighbors would have to go in nights and sit up with the patient and give his medicine as was the custom of the day. Among the neighbors, of course, I was included and I spent a lot of time with the brother. The family took a liking to me and the girls told everyone they talked to that I was the very best kind of a nurse. I felt very proud of this statement. The brother was a man of about thirty-five or more and in those days, if a man or woman of that age developed typhoid fever, it was about time to bid him goodbye as they nearly all died. It was the case here the brother died.

In that country it was the custom for the neighbors to go in at night and stay up all night with the dead. I, of course, went and there were a lot of folks there and along in the night the girls came to me and said that the bees should be notified that their master was dead. They asked me if I would go out in among the hives and to each hive say in a low tone "your master is dead". I could not well refuse although I rebelled in my own mind and I finally agreed to do it as the bees were out in the backyard in a dark place. So I went out and crept up to every beehive and said in a low tone "Your master is dead". If anyone should have caught me at it, I know I would have fainted on the spot. I came out of there hoping and praying that no one has seen me or heard that I did such a fool thing. The matter rested for several days and I began to feel happy in the thought that it would never leak out. However, one day I was going somewhere and I met Will Douglas, a nephew of the girls, and a smile spread over his face and he said "Well I suppose you told the bees plenty the night of the wake!"

If ever I wanted to commit murder it was right then and if it had not been for the consequences of the law against that crime, I fear William Douglas would have needed to have a wake right away. That smile of his under the present circumstances I think was the worst thing I ever beheld. It really made me feel little in his sight and I would have given my hand to have beaten him into the ground on the spot. I knew if I fought him it would just do more to spread the scandal so I mellowed down a bit and said, "Will, I was always your friend and I will tell you just how this happened". I told him that under the circumstances I could not refuse the girls as they were in trouble and wanted this done and I just about had to do it for them. He gave one more of those damnable smiles and I thought again I must just go after him and murder him but got the better of myself and went on in my friendly way (not

feeling in the least any friendship for him) and tried to smooth it over and quiet it down so no more people would know of it. I finally asked him as a favor to a staunch friend (as I was) not to ever mention it to anyone. I told him, "If you do I will get something worse on you and spread it". He replied, "yes it could be possible" and grinned again. I finally fixed it as best I could but at that it got out on me and it took me a long, long time to live it down.

## **SOME STORIES OF ESPECIALLY DIFFICULT CASES IN MY PRACTICE AND RESULTS**

I should dislike it very much if any read and should think after reading the following accounts of my experiences in the following cases that I tell them in the spirit of braggadocio. The purpose of telling them at all is for a permanent record of the cases and a certain (I hope pardonable pride) of the results in most of the cases treated.

One winter afternoon I was called to a confinement case far out in the country and as usual the neighbor women were there to assist as much as they could. I do not now remember the name of the family for whom I was called nor more than one woman's name of all that were there. I was rather a stranger in that particular neighborhood but my name and practice was gradually spreading over the country so I got this call.

After the confinement was safely over, this lady, Mrs. Henry Arp said to me, "Doctor, my husband has been sick for a long time and it started with a severe case of pneumonia and he is not getting well but getting weaker all the time. I think we are going to send for you in a day or so." They only lived a half a mile from this place and I wondered why she did not ask me to go from there at once but they seemed to want their own way and I said nothing more. In a day or so after that I got word to make the call to see Mr. Arp and found him to be very ill and should have been convalescing from a severe attack of pneumonia but instead he was growing very weak and emaciated and could speak only in a whisper part of the time. He was cooped up in a seven by nine bedroom and only one window in it. I gave the medicine I thought ought to help him and went my way with promise to come often to see what I could do. I made a trip or two after that and saw my patient was failing. I sat down by his bedside and said to him "Henry, you are no better". And further I said to him, "What do you think about it?" He replied that he thought he was even worse. I said to him, "Henry, have you any confidence in me as a doctor?" He replied that he thought I was the most willing to try to help him of any doctor he had had before and so he had every confidence in me. I asked further, "Do you want to get well?" He replied that he had to get well on account of his three small children and his wife. Then I said "Will you put yourself fully in my hands and do whatever I say for you to do?" He replied that he would. Then I said, "I want you to get me a carpenter and a little lumber today and I am going to build a tent for you just south of the cedar groves out of the house and I am going to put you in it and treat you there instead of in this close room". He agreed and sent for the carpenter who came in half an hour.

When the carpenter arrived, I told him I wanted a slab floor ten by twelve on a close foundation and not too far above the ground. Then side it up three and a half feet above the floor, making a door to the side through the wood part then to get a rather lightweight tent the size of the building and stretch it out over the building making the slit part of the tent come over the sawed out doorway. Then I want you to sink a strong post at the southwest corner of the tent and set a stove in that corner and cut a pipe hole through and fix so there will be no danger of fire and put the pipe to the stove through the hole and up the post to which wire the pipe fast. That was all for the carpenter and he told me that it would be done by the next morning when I came. I told Mrs. Arp to put a bed and good spring and mattress and then a good featherbed and on top of that the best blankets she had and then have

nice warm light covers for him. For herself (as she was to be his nurse) I said put in a narrow bed or cot and then one stand table and two or three plain chairs. It was nice and sunshiny that day but when I went the next day to see him, it was six or eight inches of snow and the wind was blowing like blazes as the saying goes. I went into the room and said, "Well Henry, I have inspected our new home and find it as I wished. Would you like to go with me now?" He replied in a whisper, "Yes I do want to go." I first wrapped him in the bed clothes much same as you would wrap a long sack of grain. Then I went through the sitting room and into the kitchen and dining room and opened the door and inspected the route I wanted to go when taking him to the tent. Seeing that all was clear, I ordered that the tent door be opened the minute I arrived. Then I went and shouldered him up as I would have a sack of grain on my back and made a dart for the tent, the wind whistling terribly.

The tent door was opened at the proper moment and I darted in with my load. I put him on the bed and had considerable trouble getting him separated from the bedding but finally succeeded. I got him snugly in bed and began putting out what medicine I wished to leave and while I was busy at that he whispered and said, "Doctor, I feel so good in here". I replied and said, "Henry, here is where we are going to get well". He seemed so much encouraged. Being in the middle of a severe winter, the neighbors got up in arms and said I would kill the man from exposure but when they went into the tent and saw how cozy and warm and how much good fresh air was percolating through this tent and how well he was pleased with his change, the argument stopped right there. I remember some days after I had put Henry in the tent, I was going to see him and the drifts of snow were so high that my team got stuck in the drift and my driver and I were trying to get out when one of Henry's neighbors, one Claus Tagge drove up and asked me how Henry was getting along. I said he was doing very well and that I thought I could finally help him out. He said, "Yes, you will help him out to the graveyard". He said several not very complimentary things. However, Mr. Arp gradually and surely improved and finally got well and today, January 5, 1939, he is still doing his farm work and his family all grown. This is about thirty-one years ago. Mr. Arp looks as though he would live many years yet.

Not long after Mr. Arp got out and around, I was rather surprised one day when two men who lived far beyond the Arp place came to me and told me that they came to see me about a Mrs. Frahm who still lived several miles further from the Arp place. They said that Mrs. Frahm had pulmonary tuberculosis and had had many doctors who had all pronounced it a fatal and hopeless case. Then I said it does not seem that anything can be done for her and what is the use of my going to see her. They said it looked that way to them but they said Mr. Frahm insisted that I come to see his wife. I replied that I would go as that was the way I got my pay. So I went and it was far out of my usual territory. When I arrived I saw a little stooped over poor woman creeping around the house, three small children running around and a very large man (Mr. Carson Frahm) the husband. The feeble, distressed little woman was crying as though her heart would break. I tried as best I could to soothe and comfort her for my heart really did ache for her. Her face showed no hope left. I asked her why she worried so much and she replied that she supposed she had to die and leave her little children. I said "Well, maybe you don't have to die. I have not examined you yet". She said that of all the doctors they had, not one gave her the slightest hope. I said, "Well, you prepare and let me see what I think of it after having examined you." I prepared the dining room table as best I could and put her on it, she crying all the time. If I tell the truth, it looked hopeless. Her eyes sunken emaciated to the last degree. The lungs sounded as though there was not a sound place in them It was what we ordinarily speak of as a lob-lolly. It surely sounded hopeless and in my heart I truly believed there was no help for her. The thought came to me or rather the question, what shall I tell this poor mother? I reasoned that it would only take my decision on top of all the other unfavorable decisions to completely crush this good woman and she surely would proceed to die. I also reasoned that until life is actually extinct there are things to be done and often with good results. Above all I did not want

to tell her that she must die. I finally said in my mind I will lie to the woman but be square with her husband and make it as easy for the poor soul as I could for I had a real sympathy for the littlemother. She made the remark several times that she could not bear the thought of leaving her small children I helped her off the table and she dressed herself, crying all the time. I finally said to her "Mrs. Frahm, please stop crying so that I can talk abt your condition". She stopped long enough to give me a chance to say to her "You think you have to die do you?" "Oh yes, there is no hope for me at all", she replied. I said (looking her square in the eyes) "No, you do not have to die. In fact, there is absolutely no excuse for you to die". She bristled up and said, "Oh you cannot fool me, you are just trying to fool me and you cannot do it". I said in the kindest way possible, "Mrs. Frahm, you sent for me to try to help you, did you not?" She said, "Yes, but I know no one can help me". I said "Now if you are determined not to believe what I tell you, I had just as well go home and let you die as you seem so determined to do". She looked up at me with staring eyes and said, "Oh Doctor, if you think there is a chance for me, I will do any and everything you ask me to do". Now I said, "You are going to get well for I have your help now and I knew that you will get well. There is no excuse for you not getting well." I have never in all my life before or since saw hope and happiness feed into one's system as in this case. It seemed to me that her eyes opened to one third larger than normal and shone with happiness and delight. In my inner man or soul, I felt guilty and yet I could not blame myself for my actions for way down deep in my heart, I felt that there was a chance to save her but that belief was so weak in me that I hardly realized its presence so I felt that I had stumped a great falsehood to a trusting human being. She was so happy that I winked at her husband as I said, "I must go to my car for something". He followed me and stood at the car with me. I asked, "Did you believe it?" He said, "No Doctor". I said, "Now Mr. Frahm, every doctor has told your wife that she could not recover and while I think they told the truth, I figured that my unfavorable decision would all but take her life and so I decided to lie to her or at least I think I lied to her. You saw how happy it made her." He said, "Yes, that alone was sufficient cause for you to lie to her". I said, "Stop, I do not know that I was absolutely telling a lie as I have a faint hope that she can be helped". It was his time then to feel happy and asked me if I thought there was the slightest chance and I replied in the affirmative. He said, "Doctor, if you think there is a shadow of hope, I will fight with you to save her. I want her cured." Then I said "I will start and if I see that I am not doing any good then you can fire me or I will quit or some way to prevent my making a large bill on you". He agreed and I told him to build a tent same as in the Arp case just reported and told him I would be back tomorrow to put her in the tent. We left and next evening later I returned to put her to bed in the tent.

Mr. Frahm was tired out and had no stove up in the tent, the bed was not ready and several things that should have been done were yet undone. He said, "Doctor, we cannot put her out there tonight". I was very determined and said "She is going to be put out there before I leave" and it was after dark then. He said, "Oh, I am absolutely tired out and we cannot do it tonight". I said, "Mr. Frahm, I came to move her in tonight and if you are too tired to work, I will do the job, so take your choice". My driver (Arthur Harris) and I started in and built the fire in the stove and Mr. Frahm made up the bed as I directed and we moved in and went home. Next day I went back and when I went in I carried my plan further in the way of encouragement. I said, "Mrs. Frahm, I know it is too early for me to say you are better but you actually look better to me". She said, "I do feel easier". Then she pointed to a vessel which proved to be a lemon shaker to make lemonade or milk shake which would hold about a pint and it was full of sputum of the rottenest type and it was as full as would hold and she said "that is not all". She then showed me a four inch square paper box, one inch in height full of the same. I acted much surprised and said, "You do not mean to tell me that you raised all that from the lung last night?" She replied that it was very true. Then I said, "I am sure you are better for that is just what I want and what you need and that is to get all that poison out of your system and then you will get well". She told me that it was by far the largest quantity she had ever raised. I was strong in assuring

her that we were on the road to recovery. This I could see put wonderful hope and courage in her. I gave her my usual medical treatment and ordered her to live on milk and eggs. I further ordered her husband to go to the cow yard which was very near each day and milk a quart of milk and have her drink it warm from the cow. This treatment went over many months and the sputum gradually decreased and her weight gradually increased and she became hopeful and cheerful and finally you might have truthfully said she got fat and well.

Through all this treatment, over so many many weeks, Mr. Frahm never offered to pay me as much as a dime and I never as much as hinted that he do so. To this day I do not know why I never asked him for anything whatever on the bill but I did not and when I think of it, I do not believe I ever thought of doing such loose business. I now believe that it was my feeling for the little mother and that we were all so happy to see her improve that we thought nothing of money. However, there must be an end to everything and the last trip I made to see her, I realized she was well. I said, "Mr. Frahm, your wife is well" and he said "Yes Doctor, she is". He further said, "I suppose you want some money" and I replied, "Yes I do and in the last few days I have looked the account up on my books and I can tell you how much it is". He said, "Well alright, what is it?" I said "it figures up on my books to \$498.00, but I am charging you an even five hundred. His head dropped slightly and I asked if he thought it too much and reminded him of telling me not to spare time nor money to cure her and now his wife was well and I had charged that much. He said, "Doctor, I am not complaining in the least but my money is at Dannebreg Bank, seven miles from here and I would have to go there for it". "Alright", I said, "I have a new auto and we will just go and get it". He said, "alright, wait till I change into better clothes" and I did. We drove directly to the bank. Then we went in and to the desk he whispered to me that I should write the check, which I proceeded to do. Again he whispered in my ear "write it for two thousand dollar", which I did without question and he signed the check and I presented it at the window and got two thousand dollars.

We immediately started home and rode for at least one half mile not speaking a word when my curiosity got the best of me. I said, "Mr. Frahm, I cannot understand why you made me draw so much money". He replied that he knew I was president of the Alda State Bank in my hometown and he said, "You take five hundred and place fifteen hundred in your bank for me until I call for it". He and his family, on my advice, soon went south to New Mexico and established a home and after years of good health, Mrs. Frahm succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. These two cases made me a wide reputation.

After several years had passed I was in Dannebreg and someone called me by name and a middle-aged man standing at a distance said to me "Are you Doctor Kelley?" I replied that I was. He said, "I want to congratulate you on the cure of Mrs. Frahm and wish to say that no other man living could have done it".

*From the Library of Bob Sergent*