

Great Men in Sanitariums.

IF the private sanitariums, "rest cures," "exercise cures," "rum cures," and even lunatic asylums, within a radius of 1,000 miles of New York should all start telling tales at once there would be a general panic among the family skeletons of this city."

It was a young physician who was talking, and he knew whereof he spake, for he had been the rounds of the aforementioned places both before and since graduation.

"They come to these places at intervals," he went on, "the statesman and the politician, the artist and the banker. In time a big name from nearly every walk in life is upon the register, but is it ever made public? No! Not for a mint of money!

"I have seen in one sanitarium six men at a time who were leading lights in as many vocations, all millionaires or near-millionaires, and all familiar names in the richest churches, in the oldest business houses, as well as in the newspapers.

"And what do they come for, these men of brains, money, and reputation?"

The physician smiled as he asked himself the question.

"Just now it is for 'nervous breakdown'! Every few years the cause [?] changes and a certain malady becomes fashionable. It is 'neurasthenia' now, and that, you know, is a second cousin to the 'brain storm.'"

"But are they really crazy, those who go to insane asylums?" he was asked.

"For the time being, yes; and here is where publicity ends and rich man's privacy begins. It is 'nervous breakdown,' 'overwork,' 'strain of business cares,' or whatever his friends may fancy. But the cause, as a general rule, is found to be whisky. It is the high-ball craze or the cocktail mania, and sometimes to this a little 'dope' is added."

"But are they never really ill? Are not men of wealth as liable to legitimate diseases as any other?"

The physician shrugged his shoulders.

"A legitimate illness puts them in their own beds in their own homes and calls in the family doctor. It is not a cold or pneumonia, nor is it overwork that brings them here with their brains clouded and their legs unsteady. When they retire absolutely with 'nervous breakdown' you can gamble ten to one that it is the result of high living, a craving for

stimulants, and a total unfitness for publication.

"And the prices they pay!" He almost shivered as he spoke. "Why, sometimes in the insane asylums they have private cottages on the grounds, two constant attendants, and their carriages daily. One hundred, two hundred dollars a week is nothing to some of them!

"But the funniest thing," and here he smiled inordinately, "is the way they forget that they have ever seen us when they have left our care and are back in the sunshine of the millionaire district. I have put a straitjacket on a man in June to keep him from injuring himself and in July he has passed me in his carriage without a sign of recognition, unless it was the flush of color that I observed rise in his face as he averted his eyes and drove on rapidly."

An Acknowledgment.

IN THE NEW YORK TIMES last Sunday, in an article headed "Snap Shots at Members of Congress," a German accent was erroneously ascribed to Congressman Henry M. Goldfogle. Mr. Goldfogle was born in New York City, and speaks the English language clearly and distinctly and without the slightest trace of a German accent. THE TIMES regrets that such an error should have occurred.

Some people accept advice with almost as much grace as a tramp accepts a cake of soap.