A FEARLESS NEWSPAPER.

The Chicago

VOL. XXXIV. TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER

INFANTICIDE.

Dr. Hale's Letter of Introduction to the Young Girl Reporter.

It Would Land Her in a Very Respectable Institution Where the Job Could Be Done.

His Dose of Pills, Which Were to Be Taken as a Mere Technicality, or Rather as a Blind.

The Prescription Given by Dr. T. Heuchling, the German Scientist.

It Said One Thing, but Meant Another, and a Very Serious and Criminal Thing.

Some More Physicians Who Would Engage in Child Murder if They Had a Chance.

And Some of Whom the Decent People of Chicago May Well Feel Proud.

Action of the Chicago Medical Society—"The Times" Indorsed Again.

In yesterday's TIMES the girl-reporter gave the particulars of her visit to Dr. Hale of 69 East Twenty-second street. It will be remembered he said to her after agreeing to commit the abortion: "You see it is this way: When you go to this hospital you are expected to remain the full time. Should anything occur soon it would be indispensable to be able to state that you had taken medicines previous to going there, but had given them up because they had no effect. That would explain the event. It's a mere technicality you see, but this is an institution in which preachers and physicians both are interested and is run on very careful, conservative principles. Now, I will give you some pills to begin taking this very night; take two before going to bed and two in the morning; they will probably do no more than act as a purgative; it fills the bill, however, of having taken medicine to bring about the event you desire before going to the hospital. I will give you a note to the superintendent. He is a very considerate man and his wife is an excellent woman. They both know how to keep silent. Take this note and go there tomorrow. He will take you and I will call tomorrow or Monday."

THE TIMES presents herewith a picture of the bottle containing the pills, and also fac-similes of the letter and envelope which he gave the young lady introducing her to the "institution in which preachers and physicians both are interested." Dr. Hale will undoubtedly recognize his own handwriting and be proud of it. It is legible and neat. He will also undoubtedly recognize the pill-bottle and the pills which he described as a mere "technicality"—as though a dose of pills could ever be considered a technicality.

The doctor was very particular that the girl should tell that she had taken the pills, in order that the people in charge of the "institution in which preachers and physicians both are interested" should attribute the cause of the child-murder to the pellets and not to the instruments which he intended to use.

This Dr. Hale was quite shrewd—quite shrewd. He managed his part of the case, or thought he did, with consummate skill, but the best laid plans, as you have heard before, gang aft agley. He would call upon the unfortunate girl and say: "Ah, hem, let me see." Then to the nurse in attendance he would say: "Ah, hem, has this young woman taken any medicine?" The nurse would reply: "Yes, doctor. She tells me that somebody gave her pills. Here are some of them; I wouldn't let her take them." The doctor in an irritated tone would say: "What? You have taken them! Why, my dear young woman you have put yourself beyond my power, I am afraid. Yet I will do what I can for you. Nurse, go down and get me ——." And while the nurse was gone he would do what he could for her.

Is this a diagnosis of the doctor's case? THE TIMES thinks it is, and a good one.

Now as to the German scientist, Dr. T. Heuchling. He gave the girl a prescription, a fac-simile of which is given. The companion of the young girl tells this story of it. "When he gave her the ergot prescription he told her to take a tablespoonful—equal to four teaspoonfuls of it. He explained that he would put but one teaspoonful on the prescription so that the druggist would suspect nothing, but she was to take *four* teaspoonfuls." There is no need of telling any intelligent married man or woman or any druggist or physician what four teaspoonfuls of ergot would do for a woman in a delicate condition, particularly when the doses were to be repeated. It would kill the child and bring on a miscarriage. That's plain. It would not fail once in a hundred times. If it did fail the German scientist was ready to try something else for he had undertaken the contract of murdering the babe somehow or other.

THE GIRL REPORTER'S STORY.

Dr. H. M. Hobart Is One of the Men God Loves.

My pilgrimage of disgrace next took me to Center street, No. 402, the residence of Dr. H. M. Hobart, where I had a presentiment I should storm the castle in vain. In fact the presentiment was the outgrowth of a few observations while waiting of an indicative character, such as an *ecce homo* over the book-case, the *Missionary Herald*, with its leaves cut, and more than all by the certain way the doctor's children spoke to him. He looked very grave over my fragmentary recital.

"I will be perfectly frank with you," he said, "and try to advise you as nearly as possible, as I would my sisters. This is not the thing for you to do. It will probably ruin your health, for it is unnatural, and with a system as vigorous as yours would go very hard. I know to face life with this trial upon you is very hard, but it is far better for you to bear it. Wait the full time out, stay up here, or go where you are unknown, but do not run against God's laws as well as man's. Do not marry the man if you could not make a home. I know one home, happy now, that was founded in a forced marriage. That is rare. Don't think it will spare your parents for you to commit a crime. Conceal it from them the whole time, if possible, but keep yourself innocent, for that I believe you are. I could never face my profession or my family if I should do such a thing. But think and take my advice—other women have suffered without sinning. You can if you will."

The bare truth is I had been in genuine tears during half the talk. This man with the brotherly heart had shown me how far such a heart could reach to reclaim straying humanity. The sincerity of his voice makes me feel the condition I assumed, and—well, any woman would have cried.

In all of this painful, and to me at times humiliating, task I have been buoyed up by the belief that good would result from the exposures which my part in it would assist in bringing about, and I have had an abiding faith and a firm belief in the good side of humanity.

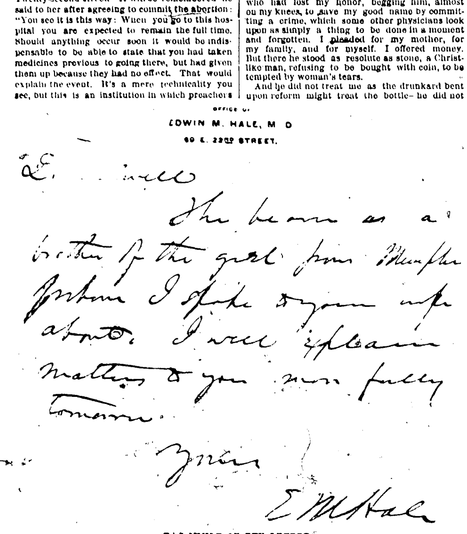
I have believed and I do—after all of it, thank God believe that there are women who can not be soiled, that there are men who can not be corrupted. And when I came across such men as Dr. Hobart I have felt my heart lighten and my spirits brighten under their influence.

Here was I, a poor creature, as he supposed, who had lost my honor, begging him, almost on my knees, to save my good name by committing a crime, which some other physicians look upon as simply a thing to be done in a moment and forgotten. I pleaded for my mother, for my family, and for myself. I offered money. But there he stood as resolute as stone, a Christ-like man, refusing to be bought with coin, to be tempted by woman's tears.

And he did not treat me as the drunkard bent upon reform might treat the bottle—he did not cast me from him in the fear that I might overcome by my story, my tears, and my money, his resolution. No. He was a firm man, unwavering, unswerving in his devotion to right, for right's sake.

He could stand there and advise me. And heaven knows how I blessed him for his advice. I almost imagined myself a woman who had in reality fallen. I believe I *realized* the condition of a woman who had fallen. The tears I could not hold back.

And my sisters and brothers of Chicago if—if I had been that night all that I had represented myself to be—if I had been indeed the mother of an illegitimate and unborn babe—if I had come into his presence with murder in my heart—his advice I am as certain as there is a God in heaven would have set me right. I would have taken it. I would never have called upon a murderous abortionist again.



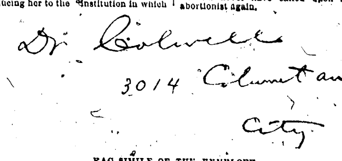
OFFICE OF
EDWIN M. HALE, M. D.
69 E. 22D STREET.

D[illegible]well

The bearer is a brother of the girl from Memphis whom I spoke to you about. I will explain matters to you more fully tomorrow.

Yours
E M Hale

FAC SIMILE OF THE LETTER.



Dr. Colwell
3014 Calumet av.
City

FAC SIMILE OF THE ENVELOPE.

Dr. Gwynne Starts the Tears Afresh in the Girl's Eyes.

A step across the street was all to find myself at the door of Dr. Evans. R. Gwynne. A bell push was answered by the doctor himself, who congratulated the weather and adjusted a blind to mellow the light before sitting down. A single broken sentence—for the previous interview had taken all the nerve from my tongue—sufficed.

"What makes you think that?" asked the doctor.

"I know it."

"Still I don't believe it," he answered. "You don't look a particle like it to me. I'm pretty sure it's all in your imagination. Many women get so nervous on that subject. They go through nine months' servitude with the most marvelous array of symptoms which show the imagination over the physical part of us. You are certain? Well, then, my most earnest advice to you, both as doctor and friend, is that you do not tamper with yourself. Stay in this city, where you are unknown, announce yourself to no one, wait until a little before the time and I'll get you into some lying-in hospital. The child, when born, will be taken care of so you need never see it if you wish not to. You will come out of it, restored in health, and ready to face life again and retrieve what you have lost. You do not seem to know you are proposing to me to commit murder, pure and simple, that is all there is of it. No physician with any conscience would do it. If you find any one here who agrees to do it for you you may know it is only for money. In blood [illegible] and such a man will not do to trust with your future health. You are young and vigorous, take my word for it you are the very one it will go hardest with. No end of trouble may set in [illegible] [illegible], prolapsus, I could mention half a dozen like ills, the price of this. Don't do it, I [illegible] you. I sincerely believe you are now morally without guilt, but that would add guilt to misfortune and life in the future would be doubly hard. You would never get rid of the memory of it. Morning and night 'you murdered your child' would ring in your ears and year after year would only increase your misery."

By this time I was as deeply in the brine as at Dr. Hobart's.

"Do not be hopeless. You have only been weak and thoughtless. If you feel shame live it down. The way I tell you is the only way to do that. Live through your trial and come out a woman, a good, pure woman. Don't do anything rash. Please don't."

I had risen to go and the doctor had followed me to the door, where as he said the last words he placed his hand lightly on my shoulder—the shoulder of a woman with a scarlet letter, as he thought. It was the kindest touch of all.

If these physicians are only examples of what the North side can afford in that line brotherly love must have concluded to come west, like the rest of the brawn of the nation, and settle in Chicago, where there is a great demand for her.

But alas, how few there are among the doctors of Chicago who are entitled to be called Hobarts and Gwynnes! How few! And yet that they are here even in a small number is reason for thankfulness.

I like to talk of these men—to think of them. The editor of THE TIMES told me in so many words: "To say all that you can say in praise of those physicians who in spite of all the pressure you can bring upon them are immovable. Give them the severest tests. Appeal to their pockets; to their hearts. Do not fail to offer any temptation within decent limits you can offer. If they refuse at last to listen to the proposition you may extol them, for they will be worthy of it."

And I have taken advantage of this privilege here, for God knows I tried to make those men do wrong. I tried it hard. I did my best to serve THE TIMES, to carry out my instructions, but they never stumbled once.

Will they or their friends claim that I took an unfair advantage of them? How can they? Could I possibly have pleaded as hard as a woman who was really in trouble? I could not. I have learned in this newspaper work to dissemble—to seem one thing and be another—and I think I have learned it well. But I can not *feel* what I am not. It requires an Amelie Rives to do that and I am no phenomenal genius.

Her Social Standing Was Nothing to Dr Knox.

When I rang the bell at 70 Monroe street, leading to the apartments of Dr. J. Suydam Knox, the young lady unlocking the door asked my name.

"I wish to see Dr. Knox personally and immediately, if possible," I replied.

"I want to give him your name."

"Please excuse my giving it."

"Oh, you don't have to, I'm sure," she replied, in a tone intended, I suppose, for the doctor's benefit, since it was calculated to throw the ordinary caller into either chills or fever.

"It was sensible of you not to give your name," said the doctor, whose conversation on the subject of my visit consisted largely of pauses.

"No, I can do nothing for you."

A pause.

"You must remember a doctor has no interest in his patient except professionally. It is a matter of great moment to you, but is nothing to me personally. It is because of social standing you want me to do this, but you forget your social standing to me."

A long pause.

"It is useless to come to me on this subject. I do not associate with any physicians willing to do what you want." And the doctor had the consideration to show me out (who was so utterly nothing to him) another way than through the reception-room.

No tears came to my eyes during that interview. I had a feeling that had I been in the situation I assumed I should have retorted at some time during the talk: "Don't prate of virtue to me; I'm as good as the rest of the world, only less lucky."

Dr. Richards Would Arrange It All Right if She'd Come Tomorrow.

At Central Music hall Dr. Richards, one of a partnership, was found.

"Come right in and we'll talk it over," he said. "You are from the south? Ah, yes. Are you quite sure of the matter? Quite sure? How long?"

"About two months."

"Well, really, I wish it were shorter—a month or six weeks. We would not undertake it over the limit you speak of. In a hotel on the South side? Yes! Well, the best arrangement for you to make, I think, is to rent a furnished flat. You could be so perfectly private. Your brother could room in the same flat and it would seem like home. You had better come to the North side. We are there. Let me see. Two months and possibly nearly a half. Oh, I won't disguise the fact from you that there is a risk at that period. Couldn't you consent to manage differently? Really it seems to me better for you to go back home and stay as long as you dare—no one will suspect anything for quite awhile—then come up here and stay during the rest of the time. It will really be less dangerous for you, I am certain. You can not? For the sake of sparing shame to an innocent person? Well, there is a side to look at there, too. But two and a half months—almost a third of the time—that seems formidable. You are not positive that it is so long? Well, we can make an examination and see. No? Not today! Why, it might settle the whole matter, and we could not promise to undertake a case like this without knowing exactly your condition. You will tomorrow? Very well. Come up about half-past 3 and we can at least have another talk about it. Perhaps you will know by that time something of a flat you can secure. You will find advertisements in the papers every morning."

A question or two concerning symptoms was then asked and probably misanswered through ignorance, for the doctor exclaimed: "Most remarkable! Why I don't believe I ever heard of such a case. If it were not for one or two things I should doubt it entirely and think you very imaginative. But you seem so sad. You must cheer up; throw it off and say, 'I'm going right through this,' and it will be a great deal better for you. I wish you had come a month or six weeks ago. At that time there is no danger, comparatively. Yes, I'll have to know the exact situation before I can promise. Tomorrow then at 3:30." This was the first case in which the physician connived at the operation, when I could not tell whether it was more for money or from pity for a supposed unfortunate.

Dr. Gore Wouldn't Do It, but Named a Place Where It Could Be Done.

"No, my friend, no; I can see nothing I can do for you," said Dr. Gore, at [illegible] Prairie avenue. "It's a bad business for us physicians to be in. Some have no scruples, but I have. Nobody can foretell consequences, either. Something might happen that would call the attention of outside parties, the law would then get hold of it, all concerned would be dragged into publicity, and a great scandal would be aired enough to ruin anyone's practice. That is the [illegible] outside of [illegible] scruples. There is an institution here for confinement. You might try and see if you could get that kind of thing done there. They say it is going on there, but I do not know, nor would I say so. It's on Calumet avenue, near Thirtieth street."

This was the institution to which I had previously been given a letter of introduction by Dr. Hale.

Now here was another instance of a man who had moral scruples against doing a thing, but would not hesitate to name a person or a place where it could be done.

Dr. Boyd Had Done It Lots of Times and Would Do It Again.

When I beheld the square jaw, thin lips, hooked nose, and scheming features of Dr. H. W. Boyd, 3025 Indiana avenue, I knew I should come upon something very definite and decided, whatever it might be.

"Two months? That is late," he said. "Do you know there is a very decided risk in such a thing?"

"It is not too late," I said.

"Oh, you can't tell me anything about when it is too late. I've tried it enough to know something on that point myself. The chances are not all for you at that stage. The risk is for me as well as for you. You might be awful sick; you might die, and then it might all come out. You say you are from Memphis? Are you alone here? With your brother? Well, if you tell the truth, and you seem a lady of cultivation——"

Here he retreated into an adjoining closet for meditation, but ostensibly to perform a manual ablution, then reappeared and seated himself, evidently having made up his mind on the question.

"I will take you under my charge with one provision: In a case like this there is considerable risk in addition to my duties as a physician, consequently the payment must be proportionately larger than usual. I will talk to your brother about that. Send him up this evening or tomorrow. You had better tell him to come this evening, as I am not well and shall not go out; if he can not come this evening I may not go out tomorrow if it rains and I still feel unwell."

Oh, brother, what fibs are committed in thy name!

Dr. J. E. Gilman Another Man of Integrity and Virtue.

"That is not the way to save yourself from disgrace," said Dr. J. E. Gilman, whose office is in Central Music hall. "I could not do such a thing except to save your life. Many girls in the same condition come to me, but I have but one word for them all. Go back to your mother and tell her about it; she is your best friend. Your mother will forgive more than any other human and knows as no other person, probably, the temptations you were under. This thing will go on I suppose as long as human nature exists, but it is better for every girl to go through with it as nature provides than to try to tamper with the laws of the almighty. A physician has no right to commit a murder, and your consent would make you equally guilty. Tell your mother, stay at home as long as you can, then come to the city for a visit. Here your identity will be lost, your innocence retained, and your health regained. You would probably never be as strong should you go through such an experience as to commit violence on your person. Terrible hemorrhages often follow, always endangering life. Follow my advice and you may be a happy woman yet. I know of such who have gone through the fire just as you are doing. I gave them the same counsel I am giving you."

Had I not had conscientious scruples over consuming more of the doctor's time I should have sat longer for the sake of hearing the patient, fatherly tone of his voice; it carried me back to my childhood, reminding me of the peculiarly soft tone my grandfather's voice took at family worship.

Dr. Chamberlain Agreed to Attend to the Matter.

At 3031 Indiana avenue, and only two doors from the last-mentioned place, lives Dr. George M. Chamberlain, a smooth gentleman, and who, thanks to the favor of certain aristocratic ladies in Dr. Locke's church, is one of the staff of St. Luke's hospital.

"Who sent you to me?" was his first chestnut, intended to appear cautious, but decidedly ill-considered. The very asking of such a question before either refusing or consenting to perform a questionable service is suspicious. Should he refuse after the answer the supposition would naturally be that his refusal lay in a mistrust of the informant sending me.

I replied in the stereotyped way. It was through a list of physicians secured by my brother, and that the latter could satisfy him on that point better than I.

"Is he in the city?"

"Yes, he will come up to see you about it."

"Very well, that is the most important thing in the way he happened to come to me. If that is settled to my satisfaction, it will be all right. I have no doubt of being able to bring you through. Still no one can tell. Women are the funniest creatures in the world. Now, in a case like this, it depends as much almost upon you as upon the doctor. You need courage and presence of mind. In spite of all I might do for you you might ruin your health for life by giving away to fright. That's the reason I say women folks are funny. You can't tell what they'll do when the critical point comes. A woman may think she has no end of pluck, till the very time. Then I've seen them weaken down and lose every bit of sense and control they had. Others who were more timid beforehand, I've seen rally at the very sticking point when the time came. I was called in consultation only a short time ago over a woman in care of a good physician under the circumstances you are in. The doctor was out. The case took a bad turn, she became alarmed, and sent for him in haste. He could not be found at the moment and her [illegible]

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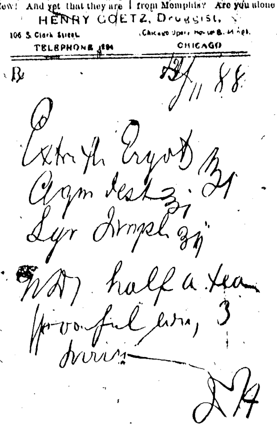

HENRY GOETZ, Druggist,
106 S. Clark Street. (Chicago Opera House Block.)
TELEPHONE 1894 CHICAGO

℞ 12/11 88

Ext fl. Ergot ʒi
Aqu. dest. ʒi
Syr. Simpl. ʒii
M.S. half a teaspoonful every 3 hours
D.H.

FAC SIMILE OF THE PRESCRIPTION.

DR. HALE'S PILLS.