

CASE REPORTS

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Some four years ago, a German, about 42 years old, too much given to the use of John Barleycorn's wares, especially as his occupation was a bartender, came to my office asking relief from the following symptoms: Six months before he had come under the hands of our scientific brethren of the dominant school, for a condition, diagnosed as cirrhosis of the liver, accompanied by ascites. The latter had necessitated his being tapped every week or ten days, the tapplings producing from eight to fourteen quarts of liquid at each time. These tapplings numbered 47. You can imagine that I did not have a very rosy view of his chance, saying, "At your age, with your history and cirrhosis of the liver, I do not think you can be cured." His reply was, "But you cured Arthur." "But Arthur did not have cirrhosis of the liver, and had not been tapped 47 times." He replied, "I want you to try anyway." Finding the kidneys to be in fair condition, I went after the symptoms. Here was a blank wall, he had none. Finally after many sessions, he admitted that when he was newly tapped, and the abdomen collapsed, there was soreness and sometimes pain in the upper left hypochondrium. With this slight indication and but little to be learned from palpation of the liver, which was so far withdrawn under the right ribs, as to be almost out of reach, I went to it with very little prospect of success. What to do! I only knew that *China ars.* had some considerable effect on the spleen and jumped to the conclusion that this was not an hepatic condition per se, but probably due to splenic involvement. Hence, I gave *China ars.* varying in potency from the 6th to 200th. Gradually the times of tapping grew farther and farther apart, and the fluid began to diminish in quantity. As he was on relief and the tapping was done by the surgical board, we said nothing about his Homœopathic treatment.

Finally, after seven more tapplings, making 54 in all, he was well, and has continued so up to the present time. Did he have cirrhosis? Or was it an inflammation of the spleen? I only know that his modern, up-to-date, scientific, old-school physicians said he was to die when he had been tapped enough times.

Case No. 2. This is a story, my friend Dr. Walter Mathews of Grand Rapids, Michigan, relates to me. About four years after the close of the late war, there came to the hospital in Grand Rapids, where Dr. M. and his friend took their patients, a new head nurse. This woman had occupied a similar position at Camp Custer in Battle Creek, Michigan. This camp was one of the largest receiving depots in the United States during the war. When she first appeared in the Grand Rapids Hospital, her nose was in the air over the treatment given their patients by Dr. Mathews and his friend, the Homœopaths. Some six weeks later, she stopped Dr. Mathews in the hall, and said to him, "Doctor, if I am attacked by the grippe, I want you to attend me." The doctor, overcome by surprise, falteringly asked her why. And this was her reply, "You know, doctor, that I was in charge of the nurses at Camp Custer. I saw the flower of our nation, strong, able-bodied men, rejoicing in their health and strength. During the attack of Influenza that raged there, I saw those same men carried out in their coffins, hundreds—even thousands of them. When I came here to Grand Rapids and saw patients of yours and Dr. S. come here, suffering from Influenza, I thought, they will never go out alive, and when, four or five days later, I saw these men walking out convalescent, it was such a change from what I had been accustomed to at Custer, that I want no other treatment, if I am attacked."

Here is testimony, practical, experienced and capable. It fully corresponds also with the testimony of such physicians as the late Susan Fenton of Oakland, Ward of San Francisco

and statistics of the Homœopathic Hospital of Michigan University. And I think we may add that of all careful Homœopathic prescribers.

Case No. 3. In 1881, when newly graduated, I was practising in a Michigan town, and was called to this case. A young man, three years married, had been caring for his insane wife. The wife had brought to the union considerable money inherited from her father. Unfortunate investments and general poor management on the part of her husband, resulted in dissipating this cash, to a great extent. Grief at their loss caused mental alienation to the wife. She was confined in a Michigan asylum and remained there about three years. At this time her husband was informed that her insanity had become modified to such a degree that she could be safely cared for at home, without danger to himself or the community. She was returned to the family home, where her husband watched over her by night and day, preventing her from escaping, which was her constant desire. In spite of this care, one night in the dead of winter, she carefully unpinned her nightgown from his, a precaution, which he had adopted to prevent her escape, and disappeared. Officers, neighbours, her distracted husband searched in vain for her for two days and a night. By chance she was found cowering under the porch of her house, clad only in her night garments, and of course suffering terribly from exposure. I cite these facts in order that you may understand how far she was from being cured of her insanity. When I saw her first, her symptoms were as follows: She sat in the corner of the room, with bended head and every other sign of dejection. To my inquiries, she only replied that she was hopelessly damned, that she had committed the unpardonable sin, that God's wrath was upon her, and that there was less than no hope of salvation. These statements were persisted in ad infinitum and wearily. Day after day I listened to the same tale of woe, until it was drilled into my mind. With my mind filled

with the teachings of my materia medica teachers, I could not fail to see the indications for *Veratrum album*. Hence, she received *Veratrum album* continuously for three months. We were rewarded by an entire restoration of mental health to my patient. A year or more later, I moved to California and heard nothing from her for 15 years. One night our telegraph operator informed me, there was a telegram from Michigan, asking me what I had given Mrs. F. at the time of her mental illness. I furnished the name of the remedy and have never heard from her since.

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