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CHRISTIAN R HOLMES
MAN AND PHYSICIAN
by
MARTIN FISCHER
who, in evidence,
signs his name

[Signature]
THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, University of Cincinnati, takes pleasure in presenting to you this biography. It is sent because of your long expressed interest in the achievements of Christian R Holmes, whose life is the story of Cincinnati's renascence in medicine.

Alfred Friedlander
Dean

To University of Cincinnati Library
This five print by MAR who, signs
Men write their own biographies . . .
CHRISTIAN R HOLMES
MAN AND PHYSICIAN

by

MARTIN FISCHER

1937
CHRISTIAN R HOLMES
MAN AND PHYSICIAN
PREFACE

LIFE has been compared to chess. Its men have qualities; and move under rules. In the following pages I am the recorder of a game. I knew Christian R Holmes as a king amid smaller pieces and pawns. What is said is recitation of why he was not checkmated.

MARTIN FISCHER

University of Cincinnati, 1936
In the laboratory established by Harry M Levy
There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man; also it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

(Thomas Carlyle)
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CHRISTIAN R HOLMES WAS BORN
IN THE HOUSE ON THE RIGHT
O anyone not overeducated in politics, the zoölogical garden of Europe still evidences a stratification of people. The north coastal mainland, the peninsulas, the islands remain a land of towheads, with sagas, beards, a low ability to sweat, an almost pathological desire for "work" and a common language. From the jagged and ice clad edges of the Baltic—Helsinki, Reval, Riga, Libava, Königsberg, Danzig, Rostock—the people slip into the grays of Niedersachsen, Nederland, Flam and Bretagne; while from the eternal snows and nights of old Skandai they cover the earth southward to Jylland and its islands into Schleswig-Holstein. Traced westward, or northward, in pursuit of fish, they land in Scotia, northern Ireland, or beyond in Iceland and Greenland.

This is the fringe pushed northwesterly by two different breeds—one from the east, black haired and oriental, the makers of Po-Russia (Prussia) and another from the south, also black haired and probably oriental, the makers of France to its northern edges.

It is within the family of this people and out of its men that there has been played the nordic drama. In the main one brother has turned against another and the suffering which each has brought upon the other is the history of Europe these four centuries past—the story also of the spread of its "civilization."

In eighteen hundred, when the dictator of France turned dictator of Europe, the central nucleus of this territorial unit became a stake in the game. Trying to maintain her neutrality, Denmark offended both Russia and England, to discover herself, in eighteen hundred and fifteen, forsaken by the former and stripped by the latter of all territory to her north (Norway) and the half to her south (Schleswig-Holstein). In what was still herself there remained scarce a million souls. But what was worse, this small number was not of one political mind. It split over the question of democracy as against sovereignty and the rights of nationalism as against German (Prussian and Austrian) overlordship. The net result was that in eighteen
hundred and sixty-four practically all Denmark’s land south of the Konge became a dependency of Prussia.

Some twenty miles north of this new state line, on a river which flows into the waters of the Cattegat, lies Vejle. The country about continues the lowlands of Europe’s northern mainland and the men, to the exclusion of almost all else, are tillers of the soil, peculiarly intelligent, peculiarly independent and peculiarly equal in matters social and political.

In the village of Engom, close by Vejle, there is listed among the freeholders at this date one Holm Christiansen, miller, married to one Karen Mikkelsen, and for years the managerial head of a low eaved house, some barns, a brick granary and a windmill. On October eighteenth, 1857, there had been born to them a son, whose name, to us, was to be Christian R Holmes. Christian he had been baptized in the fervor of the Reformation; and such he had been wanted by his mother who thus early dreamed him another of God’s company of fools. His middle name was Rasmus—the Erasmus of the Netherlanders—though a posthumously issued diploma is required to interpret the “R” of the “CR” by which he was so commonly known. Holm (the Scandinavian equivalent of “home” or “shelter”) being a foreign contraption not within the ken of Irish clerks of immigration or of law, was constantly written “Holmes,” which appellation the young Dane accepted as the easiest way out when he became an American.

To the men of the Jylland peninsula politics was never a bedtime story. Free citizenship, land rights, taxes, were real. Encroachment upon one, surveillance of two and increase of three to the breaking point, the total surmounted by financial failure, put Holm to packing his belongings and, with his wife and boy beside him, setting sail—literally so—for the land of greater freedom and larger promise. They are reported as having landed in New York in eighteen hundred and seventy-two, the elders full of hope, and all of them clothed in the quality woolens of the Reformed Evangelical church (to us the Lutheran), a tremendous honesty and the necessary fifty dollars each to guarantee their not becoming dependents of the USA.

What happened to Holm, to his wife and their son in the first weeks after their landing is nebulous. Handicapped by

_Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship._

(HERMAN MELVILLE)
lack of knowledge of English, they stumbled about for a time through the smaller towns surrounding New York, unable to gain a foothold. In their travels they got across the line into Canada where the father and boy polished pianos for a season. Their combined income proved so miserable, however, that they returned to the United States. This event must be written down as homer number one for the American commonwealth. The family next came to rest in Syracuse. Since the elder Holm found no way of fitting his abilities as miller and farmer into the eastern scene, he entered the railroad shops of that early industrialized America.

The youthful Holmes gained a place in the designing rooms of E Laass, “civil engineer and solicitor of patents.” What made this possible was his skill as draughtsman, gathered out of his high school days in Denmark and Germany when the family hope had been to make him an “engineer.” Some beautiful specimens of his work are still extant. How Holmes developed these capacities and at what hours and cost to himself, can only be imagined. His schooling had not been, nor was it ever to become, of formal type but young Holmes was of the kind that did not need such. Life was his school, and the experience of the moment and any hour of the twenty-four were for him just so much capital to add to what God and a harsh north had bestowed—and his kind wasted nothing.

“Good” people, the trio joined a Methodist church, the young Christian becoming a Sunday school teacher. This place however he lost because insufficiently fundamentalist—he discussed the animal stories of Holy Writ too much in the terms of Darwin and too little in those of revelation.

Responsibility for existence descended increasingly upon him; and his talents turned into the breadwinning ones for the family.

To Laass’s office came an appeal one day out of the locomotive shops of Seymour, Indiana, for an expert draughtsman. Laass recommended his Danish find.

Wherefore, eighteen hundred and seventy-six carried the nineteen year old boy westward. Along with him went father and mother, both still bewildered in their efforts to adjust themselves to things American.
KAREN MIKKELSEN
THE MOTHER OF
CHRISTIAN R. HOLMES
WHEN not yet twenty, almost wholly self-taught, Holmes visited Cincinnati, rated “civil engineer” out of the offices of Seymour. The reason was a stubborn “catarrhal affection of the chest with marked and annoying complications in his ears and eyes.” Carrying over, no doubt, that European faith which makes the ill seek out the “professors” in their universities, it took him into the offices of Elkanah Williams. Holmes’s quest brought fulfillments stranger than healing. He had walked into the presence of the best product of Indiana and Methodist schooling (Williams came out of austere Asbury college). He was a pupil of Samuel D Gross, a man who knew first-hand the physiology of Helmholtz and his ophthalmoscope, a surgeon who had learned principles from von Graefe. Holmes had met the man who for twenty years past had been the assailant of Cincinnati’s medical smugness and who, for ten, had been professor in the Miami medical college and active on the floors of the Cincinnati hospital.

Recognizing at once the remarkable qualifications of his new patient, Williams took an interest in him beyond the ordinary. Holmes’s distress was chronic, he was obliged to make weekly trips to Cincinnati, and with Sunday his only day off, this shortly proved one not only for medical conference but for friendly visit. The older man seized upon the younger’s interest in mechanics and draughtsmanship, and, with his obligations as lecturer and clinic head, turned Holmes’s activities to making microscopic drawings and scientific diagrams and assisting him with his patients. The youth’s nature responded warmly to the “methodical and systematic” labors of the great chief and with the voraciousness characteristic of all genius, he developed further the hidden interest he had always had in medicine. He voiced his desire to become a physician. But against any quick realization of such goal stood his still existent language difficulty and the responsibility which he felt for his parents. Nevertheless, he changed the theatre of his activities to Cincinnati, where, if not so easily, he could at least continue their support. (Years later he used to drive his friends into the Price Hill district to point out where, at the foot of German [now English] street over a grocery, he and his mother lived so long.)

And in Cincinnati lay the better opportunities for that
education which was to obliterate his foreign accent.

At the time James Albert Green was reporter on Cincin­nati’s now defunct Gazette. In this capacity he used to meet up with Paul Gerboski of the Volksblatt, who, as adept in Ger­man as was the other in English, exchanged news notes with him— forerunners in this frail fashion of those news clearing houses, today known as “presses.” Into the rooming house where they lived together, Gerboski one day brought another, fluent in German but, in English, “amusing.” It was the “thin and spare,” the “dangling” Holmes. It started a friendship between Green and Holmes that continued through life. Green recalls how at these meetings, Holmes would speak of his native Denmark, where, in his day, he could milk a cow and churn butter; or of his trip over, made in a sailing vessel, and by working his way before the mast. Even in these youthful days, he is described as “never of narrow mind” and more American than the American born; as a man who never sought more friends, but always “better” friends, designating as such, those from whom he could learn.

Holmes used to declare his envy of Green’s fine speech and, since to Holmes his English had never been amusing, he set about to remedy it. Aided in his ambition by Williams and now by Williams’s assistant, the cultured Robert E Sattler, freshly returned from a visit to Germany, Holmes matricu­lated in the Chickering classical and scientific institute. This was, in eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, what had grown out of Chickering’s academy, a “select school for boys,” founded in eighteen hundred and fifty-five. Started in a fire­men’s hall, it now occupied a three-storeyed building on George street.

The institute laid claim to giving sound training in the classic and modern languages, the arts and the sciences. How well it accomplished its purposes was evidenced by the roster of distinguished Americans who year after year gathered in Cincinnati under the alumna! sobriquet of “Chicks.” The fac­ulty numbered a not inconsequential list of men and women of standing in their fields. Besides, the institute boasted as of the staff or among its graduates, “Charles S Royce, director of Butler’s health lift, Collegeville, Penn; John H Cook, Esq; Frank Daulte, BS and S, naturalist, Paris, France; Rev J C
Brodhuhrer, AM, late president Farmers' college; Mons E A Quetin, AM; J M Crawford, AM, MD, US consul to St Petersburg; J P Patterson, scientific lecturer; J N Caldwell, civil engineer; Henry W Crawford, piano dealer. "Its catholicity and informality must have impressed Holmes.

He became a member of this faculty (teaching mechanical drawing and geography in lieu of tuition) almost from the day of his entrance into the school. After two years' residence he received its diploma—it is dated June twelfth, 1879—for having completed successfully its "six years' course of study prescribed in the scientific department." Modern custodians of education are given to looking aghast at such "irregularity" but, in the seventies, educational content was still something independent of wrappings. And who shall say that the judgments rendered did not produce men and results vainly looked for under present day, more formalized rules? Holmes had entered the school to learn English, and how well he had mastered this task he was to discover from one of his teachers (W H Venable) writing him some years later: "Neither the matter nor the style of your article could well be improved; it is clear, forcible, persuasive, convincing in every syllable."

What had happened to Holmes in his academic career was to happen to him again in his professional. It had as a matter of fact happened to almost every major figure in the medicine of his day.
J F JONES' SUBMARINE TUNNELS AS DRAWN BY THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD HOLMES IN THE OFFICE OF E LAASS
HOLMES continued as one of Chickering’s teachers after his graduation. The statement is made that he taught drawing also, for a time, in the Ohio mechanics institute. Bodily sustenance, however, was drawn from less idealistic enterprises. He clerked in stores—some friends of the period like to recall that he sold hand-me-downs—and kept doctors’ offices in order. Chief in this list was his work with Williams. Labor here lay most obviously in the direction of Holmes’s ambition which made him avoid the temptations to earlier success. One such came to him in the following letter:

Lafayette, Bloomington and Muncie Ry.
Office Master Mechanic
Lafayette, Ind. Lafayette, Sept. 8th 1879

Chris Holmes Jr
D\Sir Our Engineer informed me that he had wired you at Vincennes offering a position as Draughtsman. Unless you are better fixed as you are would like you to accept the position as this Fall we will have the Eastern Connection completed which will give us 365 miles of East and West line from Bloomington Ill to Sandusky Ohio and at any time you wished could make it an inducement to come into our shops please say what you are doing and what pay you receive and what would induce you to come with us think we could make it very pleasant for you

Yours truly
C E Gary
M M

Holmes said, no—to continue the self-education for medicine which he was acquiring under Williams’s supervision. After all, a microscope worked as effectively in Williams’s office as in any medical school; and orbital tumors pulsed more freely in his examination room than in a specimen jar. And when Holmes cleaned up the instruments, he had not failed to see the precedent operation.

Under Williams’s tutelage, he now began to “read” medicine in orthodox fashion. “Credited” with two years of it, “C R Holmes, jr” appeared in the list of “matriculants” in the
Miami medical college in eighteen hundred and eighty-three. In eighteen hundred and eighty-six he was given his MD degree from this institution—again under circumstances which permitted any competent man to exercise in two or three educational disciplines at one and the same time. The years eighteen hundred and eighty-five and eighteen hundred and eighty-six list Holmes as “interne” and then “resident physician” in the Cincinnati hospital. His calendar of studies thus stands blurred; but not the record of his mental achievements.

A pen picture of what had now become “Doctor” Holmes, as drawn by an associate out of his first days in official medicine (Leonard Freeman, graduate of the rival medical college of Ohio), deserves quotation: “He was more mature and steady than the rest of us—not only in years but in character. Nurses and orderlies all had great confidence in him and, when ill, elected him to treat them. He inspired the confidence and won the respect of everyone he met, which faculty unquestionably had much to do with his subsequent success. He could make people do what he wanted them to do and leave them with the feeling that he had done them a favor. . . . Always cheerful, responsive, friendly, he regarded his work more seriously than some of us and valued his time too highly to spend it on cards or trifling amusements. He did everything on time. His personal standards were of the highest, but he never criticized the shortcomings of the rest of us, thus retaining our good-will and friendship. He relished a joke, but the serious side of his nature predominated. . . . Long experience with a flat pocketbook rendered him frugal. When he got hold of a cigar his conscience would permit him to smoke but half at a sitting. The remainder he would park in a section of gaspipe on his desk until another day. His conscience seemed pleased, but not we, because of the smell.”

His residency in medicine finished, and now twenty-nine, word came to Holmes from J D Brannon, secretary of the board of trustees of the Cincinnati hospital, that he had been appointed “to fill one of the curatorships.” What this may have meant is hard to determine but it probably referred to his place in the laboratory of the hospital.

From eighteen hundred and eighty-five on there appeared no moment, therefore, in Holmes’s life in which he was not in
some way or other bound to the institution into which he had crept so silently and unnoticed. The “control” of the hospital was to swing in the succeeding years through endless changes of staff, of boards, of trusteeships, of directorates—through a maze that only a legal mind can diagram; it was to oscillate between professional and lay management; and to find its directing brains at one moment on the floors of the hospital and in the next in the city hall. Even the address of Cincinnati’s institution was to change from downtown to uptown. One man only outrode its every storm, outlived its every holocaust, drove its triumphal chariot. In eighteen hundred and eighty-five none knew who this was. But medical Cincinnati had invited within its doors the man who was to “destroy the Temple, to rebuild it”—more gloriously.

A N M D, his internship behind him, Holmes set about to establish himself in private practice. His next fifteen years were to go into this and the building up of his professional reputation. His rise to the top within this time and his attainment of an international name in his specialty were well-nigh meteoric.

At the moment of Holmes’s emergence from school the medical interests which had brought Cincinnati its national and even international standing were as effectively dispersed and disorganized as they were ever going to be. Drake’s famous medical college of Ohio (organized in eighteen hundred and nineteen) had swallowed up the Cincinnati medical college but, still restless in its insides, had spawned forth the Miami school. It was from the latter that Holmes had come. In eighteen hundred and eighty-six, however, the town boasted several medical shops besides these two. “Courses” in medical practice, the outgrowth of individuals, of “clinics” and of private or public hospitals possessed of an itch to teach, were numerous. More formidable were several other “medical schools.” Three then existent were frankly fraudulent—issuing diplomas to any applicant possessed of the necessary cash. Of better moral fibre were the Eclectic medical institute (organized in eighteen hundred and forty-three) which had succeeded in exterminating two other eclectic putsches, and the Pulte (homeopathic) medical college (eighteen hundred and seventy-three to nine-

All is the gift of industry; whatever exalts, embellishes, and renders life delightful. (Addison)
teen hundred and ten). Still going strong (it was, in fact, at its crest) was the Cincinnati college of medicine and surgery (organized in eighteen hundred and forty-nine by one A H Baker who, to get students, ran the college “free” for a number of years). The fame of the place (it died in nineteen hundred and two) rested upon the fact that R Stockton Reed came into control of it via a mortgage he held against Baker on the school’s property. Reed enormously increased the tone of the institution; in fact many of the men famous later upon the rolls of the Ohio and the Miami colleges won their spurs teaching in Baker’s joint. Finally, it demands historic citation that Reed’s son was none other than Charles Alfred Lee Reed; and a graduate from this school, at eighteen, in eighteen hundred and seventy-four. Baker’s school was also the first of the Cincinnati medical colleges to admit women from which opening there then sprang the three independent women’s colleges that were to clutter up Cincinnati’s medical college directory. (Be it noted that Cincinnati has listed at one time or another more than twenty institutions issuing medical diplomas.) One of these women’s schools also proved the trial field for many of the men who later graced the Ohio or Miami faculties.

So much for the medical school atmosphere into which Holmes had entered. What was the weather in his profession and in the Cincinnati hospital (we find him designated “ophthalmologist and otologist” of its staff after eighteen hundred and eighty-eight) we shall see later. All three were at loose ends and it was to prove Holmes’s life labor to stitch them into form once more.

Holmes started into general medicine aware of that truth of a colleague that, in medicine as in mathematics, “the whole is ever larger than any of its parts.” But this experience lasted only a year before his health gave way. His spare build, the conditions that made for his recovery and Holmes’s own persistent interest in the disease, indicate that he had tuberculosis. For change of scene and of air he therefore joined again an old love—railroad construction—and as a surveyor for the Texas Pacific railroad, was active in that state for a year.

Upon returning to Cincinnati he resumed general practice. An almost immediate push toward specialization was, however, given him by Joseph Aub. The latter, just over forty, oculist
CHRISTIAN R. HOLMES AT NINETEEN
and aurist to the Cincinnati hospital since eighteen hundred and seventy-one, a pupil of Herman Knapp, well-known on his own account for his contributions to ophthalmic surgery and in established private practice, was seriously ill. He urged Holmes to become his associate. In eighteen hundred and eighty-eight Aub died, to leave his practice to the now thirty-one year old Holmes.

In spite of his stellar equipment for head surgery through his long association with Williams, Holmes never ceased being the total doctor. The patients who came to him for head noises cried to him to treat the rest of their bodies as well, and Holmes saw to it that it was done from their psychology down. In a way this was easy, for he had himself taken to heart what he counselled his students: “Lay your foundations deep, broad and strong, and you will find the erection of the superstructure easy. It is not by shrinking from difficulties but by courting them and overcoming them that a man rises to professional greatness.” In whatever direction better opinion seemed available, Holmes would, of course, summon a colleague, but he did not thereby resign his own feeling of responsibility for the patient. As late as nineteen hundred, although long rated a “specialist” and a “surgeon,” he had not grown blind to the diphtheria behind an abscessed ear or the scarlet fever disseminated from a tonsillitis. Fumigation of sick rooms with formaldehyde candles had just come in and Holmes is described not only as supervising such but as personally dumping mattresses out of the window—he would allow no third person to expose himself—to make a bonfire of them in the back yard.

In nineteen hundred and eleven, when burdened unto death by public responsibilities alone, he could still find time to write, out of his private hospital, to one of the children that he had operated upon some months before:

My dear boy:—

I was delighted to get your note and to hear that you are well. And all about your dog! My little boy’s bull terrier ran away some days ago and now we are going to get him a fox terrier like yours. It seems to be the very nicest kind of a dog for a boy to have. Don’t you think so? We must teach him some tricks, to sit up, to walk on his hind legs, etc. With love from me and the rest of your friends in the hospital. . . .
His unwavering courtesy, his whole-souled devotion to all the interests of his patients, his understanding of their human backgrounds, his disregard of their economic or social status made of him the physician sought by a geographically and monetarily widely divergent clientele and a model which students, assistants and associates copied. In an address to a graduating class in eighteen hundred and ninety-three he had thus described his ideal: "The physician, well-poised, calm, delicate; sedate but not gloomy; cheerful, but not clownish; kind but not obtrusive; unruffled by trifles, but careful of everything." It was a good characterization of himself.

Holmes became a professional factor in the medicine of his time from the day that he was made a part of the hospital staff. Active in the chemical laboratory of Miami medical college, he early turned medical teacher; and busy in the autopsy room of the hospital, he was shortly of that small number who in those early days of medicine or surgery talked principles. He collected anatomical and pathological specimens, though not as curios but as instruction sheets to determine what he must think.

His first ventures into print appeared in the (Cincinnati) Lancet-Clinic (then ably edited by J C Culbertson). He began in eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, when just thirty, with three case reports—Robert Koch used to define such as fly specks—but two of them already carried medical asides to lift them above the commonplace. In one of them he noted that the two victims of embolism of the central arteries of the retina (the report was illustrated with Holmes's own beautiful ophthalmoscopic drawings) had previously been the subjects of acute articular rheumatism; while in the other he emphasized the better results to be obtained through the use of caustic pastes in malignant tumors of the orbit than by cutting methods only.

His imprint upon the profession was such that in eighteen hundred and eighty-nine (at the age of thirty-two) he was elected president of the Cincinnati medical society. His inaugural address, a critique of the state of ophthalmology and otology, evinced clearly his independence of thought and the breadth of his reading and understanding.

Within this year he made nine further case reports but all
of them enlivened by discriminating and, at times, individual and sharp comment. By eighteen hundred and ninety he began to fare beyond Cincinnati to read his papers, quotation from one of which is fitting as indicative of his way of thought. In speaking of the relation of ophthalmology to general medicine, he said: "The eye is a window through which the physician may see the changes occurring in the hidden and distant parts of the body." And again: "The science of medicine, divided and subdivided as it is, can boast no specialty which alone will successfully minister to all the wants of a suffering man."

Following his first trip to Europe in eighteen hundred and ninety-one (thereafter it became his usual summer "vacation") he returned to America as the introducer of the radical type of operative procedure on the accessory sinuses. Visitor to all of Europe's chief medical centres, he brought back with him—chiefly out of Virchow's famed pathological institute in Berlin—quantities of microscopic and gross sections of the ear, the nose, the accessory sinuses—whole heads even. The friend of Hermann Schwartze (then active in Halle), he carried this man's operation upon the infected mastoid process into our country. Holmes is generally held to have been the first American operator in this field. His paper on the subject (printed in the *Archives of otology* in eighteen hundred and ninety-three, is at once critical, scholarly, historical and scientific. It concluded with a report of twelve cases out of his own experience in which he not only told excellently the stories of his patients, but pointed out the lessons which they taught.

A few years later (in the *Archives of ophthalmology* of eighteen hundred and ninety-six), he made a classic study of the sphenoidal cavity in its relation to the eye. After a painstaking anatomical study of fifty skulls—he mentions the number casually and only for statistical reasons—he emphasized the proximity of the cavity to the structures of the socket, the commonness of infection of this sinus, the reasons for the sufferings of the patient, the principles that should determine treatment. And again he concluded with a recitation of histories that brought better moral precept to the surgeon than glory. This article, too, like those that had preceded and were to succeed it, was illustrated with Holmes's own drawings in pen and ink or wash. They remain of uncommon interest not
merely because they were the work of his hand but because of
their style, for in them great sacrifice is made of realism to that
meticulousness of mechanical drawing with its accuracy of line
and measurement which he had carried over from his “engineering”
days.

Before the turn of the century he visited Gustav Killian in
Freiburg; to add to his equipment the indications for, and the
technic of the particularly difficult, and then new, operation
on the upper sinuses which bears Killian’s name.

These contributions to medicine brought Holmes a profes­
sional recognition that went far beyond his city’s walls—for
that matter, a greater one outside, than in. Adolf Önodi of
Budapest, authority on diseases of the eye, ear and throat and
the writer of several books thereon, invited Holmes’s collabo­
ratio in a monumental work covering the therapy of eye dis­
eases dependent upon pathological change in the nose and ear.
This was, perhaps, the special interest of Holmes but when the
invitation came his powers were being consumed in the solu­
tion of other medical problems. Early in nineteen hundred and
thirteen Önodi wrote to Holmes: “Ich wäre glücklich einmal
Sie und ihre Schöpfung in Cincinnati sehen zu können . . .
Das Lehrbuch erscheint . . . Sie konnten, leider, meine Auf­
forderung nicht annehmen, was nur jetzt begreiflich ist.”
Similar regret that Holmes did not write more upon his purely
surgical interests was expressed a year later by Walter L Pyle
of Philadelphia: “I have appreciated the preemption of your
time and so have not urged you to complete the projected work
of our system. Naturally, I have interest in seeing it finished,
and familiar with your especial equipment to write such a
book, I am desirous of there being a permanent record of the
results of your many years of practice.”

But any moments in which Holmes might make such record
were doomed never to appear.

While his contributions to purely medical and surgical
fields did not stop, their theme after nineteen hundred was
made up of an increasing fraction on hospital construction,
hospital management, the education of physicians and of
nurses. In nineteen hundred and sixteen he was still writing
surgical papers, lecturing, holding “clinics.” Nineteen hundred
and seventeen and the war, however, dissipated the last of his
energies in such direction save for endless and official "reports" made to Washington out of his "head" house in the base hospital of camp Sherman.

Early a member of the section for laryngology of the American medical association, he became its secretary in eighteen hundred and ninety-eight and its chairman the next year. The American academy of ophthalmology and oto-laryngology had elected him to membership in eighteen hundred and ninety-two and made him its president in nineteen hundred and one. All the national societies interested in diseases of the eye, the ear or the throat, followed suit; and he had been the president of most of them before attaining fifty.
THE DIPLOMA WHICH VOUCHEP FOR HOLMES'S CLASSICAL EDUCATION AT TWENTY-TWO
In the legacy of patients Holmes had bestowed upon him was the family of Charles Fleischmann. Fleischmann had come out of Hungary in the middle sixties. As an inventor, a good business man and an ardent advocate of America’s political ideals he could not long live in obscurity—wherefore, as declared Republican, he was nominated and elected state senator for the first of several terms in eighteen hundred and eighty. By eighteen hundred and ninety his services in active politics had gained for him the title of “colonel” through appointment to the staff of William McKinley, governor of Ohio.

In November of eighteen hundred and ninety-one Fleischmann developed a pneumonia. For days his temperature ran high. While thus ill, his physician, Joseph Ransohoff, summoned Holmes, who came daily, to see his own devotion to the patient equalled by that of Fleischmann’s daughter, the spirited Bettie. Their meetings were many. His seriousness, his ability, his whole-souled application to the day’s work made great imprint upon Bettie. At Christmas Ransohoff counseled a trip west. Before many days passed, Fleischmann and his family were on their way. Holmes, to continue his treatment, had been asked to accompany him as far as New Orleans. Along also was Bettie. The spring of eighteen hundred and ninety-two brought the news that Bettie was affianced to “Chris.” On October twenty-sixth, in the old Scottish Rite cathedral, they were married, with George Thayer of the Unitarian church, of which all the Fleischmanns were members, officiating.

Holmes’s marriage brought into his immediate circle several figures that were destined to have large influence upon his life. First to be mentioned was Bettie’s mother, the German Henriette Robertson, dignified, and an authority in her home. Next stood her two brothers, Julius (born eighteen hundred and seventy-two) and Max (born eighteen hundred and seventy-seven). At the time Julius, just twenty-one, had already been active in the business of his father some four years (the business of carbohydrate fermentation, from grain pur-
chase down to the distillation therefrom of all its alcohols, aldehydes and ethers), was the overseer of three stock farms (riding their horses to polo) and was in the next two years to become general manager of all the senior's holdings. More important, he was to become mayor of Cincinnati within the decade. With allowance for the five years of difference in their ages, Max was largely to duplicate this career. He touched the public imagination, however, in a different form, becoming a volunteer cavalryman of the Spanish-American war, then traveller and big game hunter, to write, finally, books thereon.

Holmes fitted quickly and easily into his new found family. The father was proud of Holmes's abilities, his thoughtful forcefulness, his professional status as a doctor. Just thirty-five, the public prints were already alluding to him as “one of Cincinnati's leading physicians”; and what the local profession thought was written in his appointment to the professorship of otology in the Miami school. “Mother” Fleischmann bore Holmes an affection which equalled that for her sons; and Holmes reciprocated. He was throughout life to hold for her the greatest respect. With her he would spend long hours, chatting, telling of his ambitions and of his plans; and she depended increasingly upon him. Thus did he keep her interests tied to a moving and changing world, to make her advancing years actually strengthen her civic contacts instead of weakening them, as is the rule of life. As Holmes's ventures enlarged, it broadened her own outlook, broadened for her, too, her city, increased the number of her neighbors, quickened the moment. (She outlived Holmes by four years, † 1924.)

The merely playful, “social” gatherings of these early nineties left Holmes unaffected. Bettie's senior by fifteen years, they frankly bored him. Where attendance was necessary—as to a ball—Holmes would accompany her, but he usually thrust the payment of further obligations upon her by slipping away early to his study, or to bed for the next day's work.

From every side did Bettie do her part. With due right to insistence upon herself, she quickly made her own wishes coördinate, when necessary subservient to Holmes's; and leaning with him instead of upon him, they made a convincing pair. From the first, there arose no city concentrate which
loved art or artists that did not harbor the two. As a letter to Holmes out of the period said: “In your home one meets the distinguished men from afar. You are establishing Cincinnati’s reputation abroad as the place where visitors are sure to meet their kind in our profession. And even the local fraternity comes into friendly contact impossible in purely medical meetings.” In such effort at making men of like mind know each other he organized, in eighteen hundred and ninety-six, the Society of interns of the Cincinnati hospital.

It was inescapable that professional “success” should in Holmes’s instance also be attributed to a union that was “rich.” The fact was that, in the early nineties, Fleischmann had been assumed to be such because of the large number of his private beneficences. (He used to carry in his purse a list of retainers that totalled more than two hundred names!) But Bettie brought little besides herself into the newly established Holmes family. What she had was a hundred dollars a month from her father and she was to continue on this for more than half a decade when he died. Holmes earned the capital interest of his life through the practice of his profession, but most of this even went back into a venture which must now be discussed. (Upon Holmes’s death his estate went to probate at one hundred thousand dollars, made over to his soul’s passion—the college of medicine of the university of Cincinnati.)

Shortly after their marriage Holmes moved his consulting rooms to eight and ten east Eighth street. It was his new medical “office” and private hospital. Two buildings had been made over into one, rooms for some fifty patients provided, operating rooms installed. It marked the moment in surgical history when the jump was being made from “antiseptic” to “aseptic” technique. Wherefore, in Holmes’s hospital separate rooms and separate operating quarters for his infected and his “clean” patients.

The idea was to have a modernized refuge in which the surgical patient might be better attended than at home. In Cincinnati it represented an effort at complete medical service to the ill that was half a century old. It had been brought down from the days when its first surgeons, especially in the “minor” specialties, had equipped proper shops for themselves in which to work more effectively. But by Holmes’s day the notion of a
BETTIE FLEISCHMANN AND CHRISTIAN R HOLMES
AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE
"privately" owned hospital was encountering objection from what claimed to be the larger and the "public" hospital. Some one should some day recount the history of the struggle between the two, for it engendered not only much difference of opinion but more of bitterness in professional feeling.

The private hospital had been the outgrowth of that historic ideal in medical practice which kept the physician personally responsible for everything that happened to his petitioner. A first weakening of the relation came when the "public" nature of certain diseases became established and "communities," recognizing their responsibility to the ill, built "pest" houses for them. The stricken thus began to be, and mountingly so with the years, the charges, not of any one man but of an institution. Emphasis upon the institutional right in the matter grew, as orders, churches, lodges, societies, came to build them. The largely "charitable" nature of the housing and of the medical or surgical service rendered further weakened this first and direct relation of patient to doctor. The result? Years have passed in discussing whether the patient of any hospital "belongs" to the hospital or to the man in attendance upon him. Where financial income (through endowment or annual panhandling) had been insufficient to keep these "public" or "charitable" hospitals out of the red (the doctors of their attendant staffs, of course, never got any of this) arrangements had been made for "private" patients. These, carrying their doctors with them from the outside, then allowed the hospitals to "point with pride" to the still personal nature of their service. Also, it allowed them to make profit which, in the name of charity, was easy.

Thus, could the private hospital, in fair truth, charge the public institution with not being public in fact, too largely lay run, too largely business and too expensive for the average patient.

The retort was that the private hospitals were inefficient.

Holmes’s hospital stood for twenty-five years in excellent refutation of such statement. Into it was welcomed every grade of patient that sought him out; and to receive that kind of care which the medical intelligence of the moment and modern equipment had to offer the sick man. And entering Holmes’s hospital, he was not a mere number but a human being. For
HOLMES'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL ON EIGHTH STREET (1893 TO 1920)
him Holmes felt himself wholly responsible and this whether
an ambulatory visitor or a resident to shiver with sinus throm­
bosis between two universes.

In material equipment Holmes's institution on Eighth
street was the best that money and thought could provide. His
professional earnings were never mean but both his family and
the public knew that Holmes could save none of his profits—
he was eternally reinvesting in the development of his hospital.
From this the public was in the future to gain much, for what
he learned in his pilot plant he was, in the years to come, to
build into Cincinnati's new general hospital and into its
"branch."

For more than five years after their marriage—until the
birth of her second baby—did Bettie act as the supervisor of
Holmes's hospital, looking after its material needs, managing
the cooks, making all its purchases. Out of this Bettie, too,
stored up a knowledge for larger designs; and Holmes was to
call upon her many times in the future when advice was needed
on ward arrangement, rest rooms, kitchens, eating halls. Hos­
pitals less perfectly planned than Cincinnati's new general can
easily check their histories to discover that no feminine advice
such as Bettie's was either available or used by architect or
builder, or, in service lines, by superintendent or maid.

Bettie's labors were destined to go hidden in the massive
frame that was the general hospital. One hack, however, did
remember, and arising (out of Texas) with more truth than
poetry in his soul wrote these lines (April eighth, 1913) to The
modest heroine:

And as the years go rolling by,
Filled with many kinds of glory
We will know that Bettie Holmes
Was the heroine of this story.
AMES ALBERT GREEN, friend out of the hard years of his novitiate, and of the first of his patients, once described the Holmes of the middle nineties as a man veritably "obsessed" by three ideas, to which as opportunity presented, he would invariably revert—a new hospital for Cincinnati, a better medical school, a more cultivated medical profession. They worried the young Holmes (then in his thirties) as he talked to his medical students, compared the surgical facilities of Cincinnati’s hospital with his own private institution, wrote those papers which brought him scientific standing.

What Cincinnati had in medicine was the eternal fruit of majority vote and democratic rule—mediocrity. What Holmes wished for it was something superior. Had Holmes been practical he would have noted his helplessness and settled down to a quiet existence. Instead he believed the immigration gospel, that in USA the individual did count and that if possessed of the better view, he could make it prevail. Evidence for his faith in Cincinnati lay about him. Via Reuben R Springer, Clara Baur, the descendants of Alphonso Taft, and, somewhat later, his own wife Bettie, he had seen this midwest town become the cradle of great music; and via these same names plus Charles W West, Mary M Emery and C J Livingood, the cradle of great art. E A Ferguson had made the city the owner of a railroad; and Charles McMicken, the holder of a university. The establishment of their “civic” nature and their right to public moneys had been defended—and won—by none other than Alphonso Taft himself.

But where was Holmes to begin? All his ideals were essentially public matters and Holmes was a private citizen.

Holmes settled upon the hospital. But to materialize his dream here he had to gain the support of a profession split six ways; he had to convince a board in control of the Cincinnati hospital of the soundness of his ideas; failing here he had to teach a citizenry its obligations to the sick and the virtues of spending money; successful in this he had then to kick a city

Zeal to promote the common good, whether it be by devising anything ourselves, or revising that which hath been labored by others, deserveth certainly much respect and esteem, but yet findeth but cold entertainment in the world. (The translators of the King James Bible, to the reader)
government, in the final analysis the agency responsible for the building and maintenance of an institution for the sick and at the time corn feeding at the public trough, back into the social refuse pile from which it had sprung. He proceeded as did Hercules to his labors and—in twenty years—with the same happy result.

There is small record of any enthusiastic reception of Holmes's plans as he started upon his course. He began to sow the seeds of his discontent where a flowering harvest seemed most probable and so strewed some handfuls upon the boulders and the fallow ground of his associates in the hospital. Not that he disclosed to them his total concept—it would have been too much—but enough to gain their attention. Save for the element of sentiment—a not to be ignored asset—there was nothing left in the old structure on Twelfth street which any physician or surgeon abreast his time could not heartily condemn. But they were powerless to do anything in positive way because even the matter of mere substitution of something better for what was, lay out of their hands. However willing to remodel or rebuild, to burn or reëquip, these functions were the part of the hospital's superintendent, of a "board" that had him in charge—or did not—itself the appointed of four separate arms in state, county and city government. In the mêlée stood Cincinnati's head, the mayor. But at the time even he was the product of a political "gang" outside. Holmes was face to face with the job of operating upon all of them.

As member of the medical staff, Holmes had always held its respect. And as professor, now, of the faculty in Miami medical college, it could not, in fair grace, oppose him. As a matter of fact the hospital was at this time most definitely the latter's property and playground. What Daniel Drake had made the exclusive heritage of his medical college of Ohio, this had lost by half when the schism in its faculty had bred the Miami school and the latter had established its legal right to enter the hospital on equal terms (eighteen hundred and sixty-seven). Manned since by a peculiarly powerful board of trustees and professors, it had even outstripped at times in spiritual force the more historic powers of the Ohio contingent.

In addition to presenting the problems of Cincinnati's hospital to these two groups, Holmes exhibited them to the general
profession through its various medical societies. In large part they remained cold, save as some of their members had interest in epidemic or acute fever. Such had seen their sick stored in shacks on the hospital grounds or left outside for want of room, and felt that more adequate space might help. But they had tried to find it through the city government and had returned empty handed. The trustees of the hospital, when medically trained, were sympathetic too, but they also asked: How are you going to get the money? Their lay group stood for reform, especially if the orderlies were to get five dollars more the month, but city hall had whispered to them that there was no chance.

Holmes turned to his friends without. Is not the care of the sick poor the responsibility of all Cincinnati’s citizens? To get answer he buttonholed the members of the clubs (the Queen city, the Optimist and then the Commercial) to which he was attached. They were social clubs, they were powerful clubs, composed of men or sons of men who had made Cincinnati what she was—famous in business, in literature, in education, in music, in the fine arts. They, too, thought that reform was in order. But how? They doubted the possibilities of a renaissance in medicine—had not everything died with Daniel Drake, were the doctors not of ten different minds, had not their doctor outlined the cravenness of all doctors from another school, another society, another part of town? And yet there was something convincing about this Holmes—he was so earnest. He struck them too, as an outside voice, as more just judge therefore, and they listened. They promised to do what they could; they would gamble with him, for not inordinately much was risked in the play.

By nineteen hundred Holmes had not gained any real recruits to march with him into battle but he had gained the assurance of many that they would not march against him. The citadel was situate, however, not in their hearts but in Cincinnati’s civic government. He proceeded against it.

CINCINNATI had always been Republican. At the turn of the century it enjoyed the distinction of being the “worst governed city in the United States.” It was the charge of a mayor chosen by the “people” and twenty-six (later
THE OLD CINCINNATI HOSPITAL ON TWELFTH STREET AT THE CANAL (1868)
thirty-two) aldermen elected out of its wards. Half of these, at times sixty percent, had been, or were, saloon keepers.

The new babies of Cincinnati were born into Republicanism as naturally as into original sin. The fact was not surprising when American stalwarts of English, Scotch or Orange descent were concerned; but in Cincinnati the number included, too, the Germans. As the descendants of Carl Schurz and similar refugees out of central Europe, these should, by instinct, training and fate, have been Democrats—as in St Louis or Chicago—but in Cincinnati even these were Republicans. Those who had come to the standard via the civil war, Lincoln, or yet earlier days—and Cincinnati can boast Americans who speak English with a German accent though they derive in pure line from the revolution—were mostly dead, however, in the late nineties.

Cincinnati's voting population was continuing Republican on other grounds. Business had prospered under this party, so why change it? And labor found employment, so why hazard unemployment? The boys of the city hall could be counted upon to look after both these interests, as they, in turn, could look with assurance upon the voters in the election booths. To become a part of the government it was only necessary to be nominated; but to attain nomination it was necessary to know and to stand in the graces of America's paradigm of "boss"—George B Cox (ex-saloon keeper, one-time councilman, unofficial city manager, famous, even though never listed in Who's Who).

Long before nineteen hundred his political handiness was well-known outside Cincinnati. Credited with the election of Joseph B Foraker (of Cincinnati) to the United States senatorship, he had been instrumental in having Marcus A Hanna (of Cleveland) appointed to the second seat from Ohio by the governor. It was said that Nicholas Longworth had been made congressman through him; and William Howard Taft, destined for the presidency, had been taunted as afraid of him. Under this politically respectable group of men stood a veritable horde, equally respectable, anxious for any smaller feed that in the municipality and its county environs might fall from the banquet table. County offices, school board jobs, etc., were not unwelcome. The latter, strange as it may seem, had been the
very training ground for political activity in regions “higher up.”

When Holmes first dreamed his dream for Cincinnati, Cox was spending his mornings over the “Mecca” saloon and his afternoons in the charming cool and music of “Wielert’s” beer garden (later corrupted into an undertaking establishment and “chapel”) in uptown Vine street (“over the Rhine,” meaning beyond the canal that once transected the town). The “graft” by which Cox allegedly built up some fortune for himself had already become the subject of essays. But in comparison with the brethren of other cities, he never got very much. The explanation was that he divided. Though socially a rough individual, he enjoyed the power of place more than its material rewards—which attitude cost him something. His plan for the division was extremely simple and, in its broad charity, without legal sin. A city must needs spend much money in public enterprise; the contracts for supplies and for labor must be signed by the city fathers; the fathers see to it that the things are bought from the right people and that the jobs are given exclusively to the right voters; and there you are.

Holmes’s idea of a better hospital constituted another public enterprise and it cannot, in consequence, have been out of line with what was Cox’s every-day concern, especially as Holmes’s voiced thoughts grew from a hundred thousand for repairs and additions, to several millions for a new establishment. But political antagonism, sponsored at least partially by Cox, did develop; and for a reason. The additions were to be built without cuts of any kind to anybody—and that was something new. When he heard of the plans, Cox is reported to have uttered: “If doctor Holmes wishes to build a monument to himself, why does he not choose Spring Grove?” (referring to Cincinnati’s polite graveyard).

Holmes’s assault upon the city government became official when he was appointed trustee of the hospital in nineteen hundred. And what he intended to do in the job was going to have much to do with the city’s mayor. Consequently the election of Julius Fleischmann to the post in nineteen hundred and one became an item.

To be elected required nomination; and in this business the stand of Cox was not to be despised. The Republican organiza-
tion owed something to Charles Fleischmann, powerful lord of business in Cincinnati, factor in city, Hamilton county and state politics. Cox was the universal paymaster of such debts. He needed, moreover, to appease the feelings in his home city of a growing and not thoroughly satisfied political minority. The American cry had become one for "good" men in city government, meaning men not subject to call by grafters' fees. Who better than a rich man's son? And would not the nomination of Julius Fleischmann to the mayoralty pay the father, compliment the son (he, too, had at twenty-three been appointed to the military staff of Ohio's governor, William McKinley) and satisfy the public all in one?

Nomination being equivalent to election, we discover Julius Fleischmann assuming the robes of his office for the first of two terms (he was reelected) in January of nineteen hundred and one.

In democratic government but few ever get clear over what paths the individual arrived at his destination if rated successful in accomplishing anything for the betterment of his city or state. It is forgotten that power in office comes exclusively from but two sources: directly through election, or indirectly through appointment by someone elected.

The continuity in Holmes's name upon the records of Cincinnati's hospital from eighteen hundred and eighty-five on, is likely to make the casual observer believe that his opportunities and activities in its behalf were exercised throughout from pretty much the same platform. Actually his place changed many times, equally so his designation and with this his influence. The story is peculiarly involved, but because it furnishes a classic example of governmental stupidity, recitation of the facts in the case is repeated. It may charm some student of political government.

Out of the thirty-five years that Holmes was destined to be associated with Cincinnati's hospital, he was definitely its "head" but five (from nineteen hundred and ten to nineteen hundred and fifteen). His first fifteen were spent in its medical services where, of course, he was without all administrative power.
(From March fourth, 1885, Holmes was for two years an interne or house physician in the Cincinnati hospital and between December seventh, 1887, and June sixth, 1888, "curator." Under the latter appointment he was allowed access to the dead, to "specimens" from the ill—but he was still under a "chief." From this date to November sixth, 1899, he was oculist and aurist on the staff. Now a physician among physicians, he was accountable for what happened to those of the sick who, by the laws of chance and time, were assigned to him. When December ninth, 1899, made him a consulting oculist and aurist, he was honored—but at the same time robbed of even this moral obligation.)

Politically, the Cincinnati hospital was city property, owned and maintained, therefore, by its council and mayor. These voted the hospital its moneys but such could be spent only via the hospital's board of seven trustees—the men alone endowed with this power in the law. Whence came these trustees? Their organization was at least forty years old. But being in charge of a city institution were they appointed by city authority? Not at all! The governor of the state appointed one; the judges of the court of common pleas appointed two and the judges of the superior court, two. The sixth member was the "eldest in commission in the board of city infirmary directors"; and the seventh, the mayor of Cincinnati. Thus had county and even state politics for decades past been given effective right to mix into Cincinnati's medical affairs.

Holmes was made one of these seven trustees on April twenty-third, 1900. It rendered him in this fractional (and "democratic") amount liable for all the interests of the hospital. The enlarged sphere of influence had come to him under appointment by the judges of Cincinnati's superior court. For Holmes it marked the moment at which he could for the first time present his brain child—the building of a new hospital for Cincinnati—before a politically designated authority that had anything whatsoever to do with the business.
HOLMES entered the board of trustees of Cincinnati's hospital in May of nineteen hundred to face Prescott Smith, James D Parker (a sixty-seven year old Kentuckian, a Democrat and a retired river steamer captain still active as a shipper), A B Isham (successively professor of physiology and of materia medica in Baker's medical school, significant because president of the academy of medicine and ready in carrying Holmes's messages to it), P S Conner (Dartmouth graduate, surgeon out of Ohio and Jefferson medical colleges, sometime professor of surgery in Baker's school, after eighteen hundred and sixty-eight professor in his medical alma mater and dead against Holmes's hospital schemes) and W C Johnson (Republican mule out of the county political stables). This board was shortly to have substituted for the incumbent mayor (Gustav Tafel) the name of Holmes's brother-in-law, Julius Fleischmann.

Upon assuming office Holmes was named, with Johnson, the "committee on repairs and improvements." Under the by-laws of the hospital, by now a half century old, this committee was the board's most important, being empowered to "have charge of the hospital building and superintend such necessary alterations and repairs as may be authorized." It was just the job that Holmes wanted though union with Johnson yoked him directly to an effective drag.

There were lots of things the matter with the old hospital. Besides its rotten insides, it was too small. Enlargements, at least, were called for; and additions in the form of isolation wards for various infectious diseases. As its new member, Holmes proposed to his board that it go to work. To this suggestion they were not opposed but when Holmes pointed out that these demands could be met only via the erection of a new hospital, their enthusiasm cooled. The city fathers would not give them money even for repairs, much less for anything new, he was told. Which made Holmes advise that the board go into the business of raising the needed funds. Let it issue bonds, Holmes proposed, and set about its task.
But any right to issue bonds lay not within the board’s jurisdiction.

To get a picture of the disorder into which Holmes had been pushed, it is well to take down some volumes of the *Annual report of the Cincinnati hospital to the mayor* for the period, and page through the years. Here was the *quid pro quo* paid by the board of trustees of the hospital to the central government. More than thirty volumes never tell anything of what went on within the board itself!

Instead, with a few early exceptions (and a late), each consisted of three parts—a well-written and boiler plated history of the hospital (omitted after nineteen hundred) with some splendid views thereof, a financial report by the superintendent and, under this, a medical report, always the product of P Alfred Marchand, variously labeled library clerk, custodian of library, or registrar. Some sixty pages in length, the reports without Marchand’s help could never have exceeded ten. (He was colored, had been appointed librarian to the hospital in eighteen hundred and eighty-five, carrying its several thousand titles in his head and writing the historic résumés, when not the entire papers, used by many of his lecturing or literary medical superiors down to nineteen hundred and ten.) Through Marchand’s statistical tables the mayor was informed yearly of how many of the hospital’s patients came out of “Austria, Arabia” or “Budapest”; or out of “Germany” or “Prussia”; or from “Ocean,” “Siberia” or “Unknown” (usually the high number). Again, the total number of erysipelas cases for the year might be scheduled as one; but unhappy in the matter of so mean a statistic, this would be divided according to place struck. Thus would be brought out the fact that the redness had affected the face one time, the shoulder one time, the scrotum one time.

Any general conclusions that might be drawn from these lengthy analyses were left entirely to the mayor.

Nor were the annual subreports of the apothecary unworthy of note. Circa nineteen hundred the yearly item for medicines averaged some eight thousand dollars with the tonic “wines, liquors and alcohol” calling for but two thousand. Here was progress, evidently, since eighteen hundred and sixty-seven days when the drug bills called for three thousand dollars
but carried a rider covering "ale and liquors" of more than two thousand.

For the rest, the reports were filled with imperishable cards of thanks, from the superintendent usually, but from others besides, to the staff, to all the internes and residents, to the nurses, head- and sub-, and, of course, to the board. When in nineteen hundred and three this board had expired, strain upon an annually recurring form burst it. "I desire especially to thank the committee in charge of the hospital for his ever readiness to aid me, and for his prompt consideration of every question."

Through his new appointment Holmes was to know officially what he had known unofficially for some fifteen years. The Cincinnati hospital was a fire trap with the rafters falling down, plain dirty from subcellar to mansard roof, vermin infested, screenless. Its medical and surgical equipments, stagnant from civil war days, had only limpingly accommodated themselves to the new notions of bacteriology and, unable to keep up, were corpses. Spiritually, too, it was falling down in its duties to the city's ill. Cincinnati's academy of medicine and her health department "threatened" it weekly; every month brought cries to it from somewhere for isolation wards for smallpox, erysipelas, and the infectious diseases of childhood; for a residence for the incurables, for country housing of the tuberculous; or more sterilizable vessels in the operating room.

Holmes allowed this public clamor to go on; adding to it by spending his first eight months in house cleaning—hanging the linen outside. This arm of Cincinnati's municipal affairs had never known such before. By the end of the year he had had accountants, not chosen for their political faith, go over the hospital's books to discover where $130,000 went annually. An expose of the corruption which had been discovered in the clerk's office of the local board of education simplified this task. "The fact was emphasized by the hospital trustees that they had the utmost confidence in their officials."

The auditors reported in the new year (nineteen hundred and one) that the hospital's expenses were "steadily creeping up." The general picture of distress was heightened for the public by a tale of "awful atrocities" committed by a nurse
and an orderly upon some helpless patients. At the same time a son arose to accuse a nurse of beating his father to death.

There was nothing in any of this that would allow the purchase of new pus basins for the hospital but a dread of the old institution was being created in the public mind which Holmes was soon to turn to excellent advantage.

In his years on the staff, Holmes had come to definite conclusions regarding the hospital. It was at once expensive and useless either to make or to keep the old structure habitable, wherefore a new hospital was demanded. But even the grounds of the old institution were too small and so a new site was required which, obviously, lay not in the congested flats of the city but on its hills beyond. For reasons of better medical care and of economy Holmes wished also to get all the health problems of the city into a common centre with pavilions for its separate interests—the severely tuberculous, the smallpoxed and convalescents back into the general hospital, the ambulatory and acutely insane, the clinic patients after their discharge. In a portion of this ideal (to the future detriment of Cincinnati) he was destined to fail. He had plans, too, regarding a new and different internal management for the hospital—but of this, separate discussion later.

Any corporation with common sense would have recognized at once the unity, the profitableness and the inevitableness of Holmes's whole concept—and finished the job in three years. Cincinnati was to take fifteen. Men who wish evidence that only individuals ever do things, that democratic government becomes at once headless and brainless through its checks and counterchecks, need but read the town’s history.

WITH the turn of the year, Julius Fleischmann, not yet thirty, and generally known as the “youngest man ever to become the mayor of a major American city,” took office. There are extant no official accounts of conference between the two men, no letters. But all are agreed that they were more nearly brothers in the flesh than in the law, and Holmes, taking advantage of the moments after coffee, could now whisper directly into the ear of the man who, governmentally, was the commander in chief.
With Julius Fleischmann, Holmes engaged himself to obtain the power to issue bonds for his hospital board. Working together from the date of his first inauguration, the two made endless trips to Ohio's capital (Columbus) presenting the desires of Cincinnati before the state legislature. Their purpose was to secure an enabling act which would allow Cincinnati's board of aldermen to submit a bond issue to the citizens, the proceeds from which (if voted) were to be used for the building of a hospital. The enabling act was passed. It provided at the same time the avenue through which this money might be spent by calling for the appointment of a "new hospital commission" by the hospital trustees, empowered to fix "the style, size, general appearance and location thereof." Thus it came about that a council submitted the question, a people voted the bonds, and a commission appointed of the board of trustees of the hospital became endowed with the sole right to say how the proceeds from the bonds could be spent after council had, through further action of its own, "authorized" the bonds for sale. But to get materialized what before long became the expressed desire of a people, was to prove an opéra bouffe which cost Holmes ten years of life.

The play began back stage when Cincinnati's hospital board of trustees designated two architects (Gustave W Drach, Harry Hake) with Holmes to constitute its "commission" for the hospital. The new commission got a room for itself in the city hall and went to work. It was not long before it came forth with a draught of plans which, submitted to council, received acceptance. Thus, for the moment, things progressed.

The first act to be seen by the town came in nineteen hundred and two. On March tenth, a local newspaper (the Times-Star of which C P Taft was owner) set forth the "needs" of Cincinnati for a new hospital. Under headlines declaring New hospital an absolute necessity and must be built! it began a series of articles sometimes signed, but always inspired, by Holmes which detailed the defects of the old institution. Along with this it early displayed photographs and descriptions of European hostelries for the ill to whet the city's appetite for something equally good. The building trades council had all its constituent labor unions bring forth "resolutions" asking
for a new city hospital; and the G A R posts proved faithful. Set at it by Holmes, the fire chief (J Archibald) issued a broadside in which, in advertisement form, he informed the citizens: “The Cincinnati hospital is a fire trap: I urge that this whole dilapidated structure be replaced by a modern one on up-to-date hospital lines.”

All these pressures from without upon the hospital’s board of trustees had been carefully nursed when not directly manufactured by Holmes. Really, he was bringing this pressure upon himself, for inside his board he still stood largely alone.

With less than a third of the trustees backing him, Holmes took his ideas and architectural plans (they had been drawn at his own expense) to the only persons who could aid him—to the people themselves. Unable to work through their government, he set to work upon it. It was a form of political strategy that the servitors of the political machines of the time never believed workable, had never learned, would never learn. Cleveland had practiced it in Buffalo, LaFollette in Wisconsin, Roosevelt in New York, but no matter. Johnson was shortly to try it in California. Their objectives had been different but the plot was the same, and as simple—and fatal. Instead of talking to the men in power, talk to the voters who put them there; instead of begging money from party chiefs, ask for it personally from the taxpayer in the street. Holmes did just this. As opportunity offered he preached his gospel to every stripe of humanity with a vote, from the famed Commercial and Optimist clubs, down to any labor union or taxpayers’ outfit that would listen; at every municipal, county or state election, and in between.

In the autumn elections Cincinnati’s public was invited to speak its will in the matter by voting yes or no on a $550,000 hospital bond issue. It said, yes. This was the people’s answer to what the politicos had said, and continued to say, could not be done—and did not want.

Following this victory, Cincinnati’s political waters seemed quieted and Holmes as “advisory” member of the newly created hospital commission worked at home.

But before the December which was to see the end of Fleischmann’s first term in office, “citizens” writing anonymously to the newspapers (particularly the Commercial-
Tribune) began to send in their Christmas gifts of sand and monkey wrenches. The board of trustees of the hospital, officially charged with the building of a new hospital, was begged to "go slow," to remain upon the old hospital site, to sink additional moneys in a structure rotten in its foundations. Moreover a new "code" for the city was going into effect, abolishing this hospital board. Its commission and architects had advertised for bids on various grading and retention wall projects on property under consideration as the new hospital site. They were advised to let them go into the new year—and did. Against the squawkers one voice wrote: the "intelligence, integrity and disinterestedness (of the board) have never been questioned. . . . The new crowd may be appointed for the express purpose of defeating the improvement." But none listened to this prophecy.
THE half century old board of trustees of the Cincinnati hospital under which and for which Holmes had now been working for almost three years, suffered death in nineteen hundred and three and Holmes was set adrift. Substituted for it was a newly created six-man board of public service. W C Johnson of the old hospital board was alone carried over. Robert Allison was made its president and Geo F Holmes (political ace) its clerk. Samuel Weil jr, M A McGuire (ex-sewer inspector) and W Magly (ward politician) were the other members. Isham, with his probity, was emasculated by being made an “officer” of the hospital, together with Louis Schwab (son and doctor of Cincinnati’s West End and so loved of her people that he was later to elect himself mayor, but at this time opponent of Holmes) and Byron Stanton (Quaker, gentleman of the old school out of Miami medical college, to become professor therein, once the city’s health officer). John Fehrenbatch, since eighteen hundred and ninety-six superintendent of the hospital and faithful unto death, was maintained in office.

But while the board of trustees of the hospital had thus died, its child had not—the new hospital commission. Johnson had twice worked for Holmes’s dismissal as “adviser” to this commission but had failed. Three men therefore carried over whatever were the legal rights of this commission under state issue. But as the remaining members of this commission, the two architects, were anxious to step out, Holmes was shortly to be left with the exclusive responsibility of saying where and how the new hospital should be built, Thus he had become by virtue of the law the very dictator to the newly instituted board of public service.

The commission set about finding an architect willing to devote his entire time to the question and Harvey E Hannaford (brother of Charles Edward Hannaford and with him the “Sons” part of Samuel Hannaford & Sons, architects) was chosen. The firm had in forty years left a mark upon the American scene in the limestone piles (either surfaced or
rough) it built for every advancing city of the Ohio valley, from Cleveland on the north to Chattanooga in the south and West Virginia on the east and Illinois on the west. By 1900, however, Harvey E Hannaford had forsworn turrets, drawbridges and like "features" for the Louis Sullivan dictum that "function determines form." Thus he became, as will be seen, the builder of hospital accommodations and scientific laboratories, beautiful but strictly utilitarian, and the prototype of every major hospital enterprise entered upon subsequently the world over. To the plans of Drach and Hake, Hannaford added more—bundles of them—embodying not only Holmes's spiritual desires but his material dress for them, gathered out of those half dozen trips to the medical centres of the western world, seeing, studying.

In February of nineteen hundred and three Holmes was given power to act in choosing a land site for the new hospital (some four had been proposed). There was "instruction," too, from where nobody knows, to obtain one in the suburbs, on Burnet avenue in Avondale, next Cincinnati's Altenheim and opposite the Jewish hospital, if "reasonable." Holmes proceeded.

What the board of public service believed it had sent him to get with the half million in their hands but expendable only through him, was a neat package of hospital structure on a tight building lot. What Holmes returned with were some twenty-odd acres of vacant land! He had thus prepared the sure foundation for his total plan but he had pushed his fist into a lion's mouth.

The next four years were to show whether the lion bit or was choked.

In December of nineteen hundred and five (a month before the end of Fleischmann's four-year career as mayor) the new hospital commission (by legal definition Holmes was all that was left of it!) had completed its drawings and specifications and was ready to advertise for bids upon a part of the whole (some $200,000 being left subject to the "commission's" call). Start on its service buildings plus a series of the most urgently needed wards was suggested. If possible, some of the contracts were to be let before the new year when a fresh—
and green—city administration (Julius Fleischmann had refused to run a third time) and a different board of public service would appear.

It was a sign to the foes of Cincinnati’s dreams for a new hospital to take down their old flintlocks; which they did. On the specious plea that not enough time was allowed for advertisement, the by now five year old “rush” to get something done was halted. There was objection again to the location of the hospital in the suburbs, to its expense, to the whole idea. The chief himself (Johnson of the board) joined with the obstructionists. Against thirty who stood with Holmes, four of the staff physicians of the old hospital (John Murphy Withrow, Geo A Fackler, P S Conner and W H Taylor) came to sing dirges. The mayor demanded of them: “Is it still an open question as to whether a new hospital is to be built on the hill? I took it for granted that inasmuch as ground had been purchased there, and a commission had been employed to prepare plans, that that question was settled. I ask you directly, is it, or is it not? If settled, further discussion is a waste of time; if not, I shall rally the forces in favor of the hilltop hospital.” The mayor tried to close his doors upon them, but yielded when they cried illegality, coercion, fear of a new administration.

In the autumn elections, Cincinnati’s outraged citizenry, unwilling longer to vote Republican, had declared its nausea by voting Democratic. Sick of corned beef, it got hash. In the new year, nineteen hundred and six, Edward John Dempsey became mayor, a forty-eight year old “independent” Democratic and Catholic lawyer out of Cincinnati’s Price Hill district, who in a bygone half decennium had been judge in the superior court. The men chosen for the board of public service and to rule for two years were W S Marx, John R Bender (ex-police clerk), Anthony Herschede, Geo E Markley (commission merchant) and Chas A Miller. With the exception of Bender, well-established as “ward heeler,” it was a list of unknowns; but they were to put on a show destined to make everyone remember the cast.

The new board had power—or thought it had—which it was soon to display.
Within a month after his inauguration, the mayor declared, “I am not in favor of building up a great big hospital for the benefit of a lot of doctors who are fighting among themselves for the control of it. . . . Well-kept streets and a nicely uniformed police force are business assets.”

This was preamble to the impresario’s first invitation to a hearing on the hospital project in his office.

The legal place of the mayor and the board in the entire affair was perfectly clear; but this made no difference. A newspaper (the *Times-Star*) editorial stated it thus: “Three years ago . . . public opinion demanded that a new city hospital be built. Council . . . authorized the issuance of bonds. The board of public service upon which devolves the duty of carrying out the work . . . decided upon a plan and site. Twenty-one acres of land have been bought. . . . Bonds to the extent of $550,000 have been issued; $318,000 has already been expended; contracts have been entered into and plans prepared and paid for. A Democratic administration replacing a Republican, after a campaign in which the hospital question played no part, has announced that the new hospital will not be built; that the work of three years is to be abandoned; that contracts entered into will be revoked and that the (new) board of public service will not carry out the plans of council. . . . Chaos reigns at the city hall; for the executive who takes it upon himself to declare what laws he will obey and what ones he will disobey is breeding anarchy.”

History and law were without effect, however, and instead of action, Holmes was invited to be among those present. On February thirteenth, a crowd filled the city’s council chamber to start again at the very bottom. It was still arguing when nightfall came and further hearing was “postponed.” Letters written to the mayor were invited. The board refused to act, its chief (Marx) declaring himself in “favor of allowing the people of Cincinnati to vote upon this proposition.” That they had already done so both officially (in voting the bonds) and unofficially (in countless resolutions from unions, business organizations, clubs) made no difference.

The leaders for the new hospital—the architect Harvey E Hannaford, the Cincinnati sinking fund trustee George W Harris, the public-spirited Charles P Taft, the rich and philan-
thropic J G Schmidlapp, the doctors N P Dandridge, Joseph Ransohoff and Holmes—repeated their oft told tale as though it had never been recited before. Likewise the opposition, Geo A Fackler, S P Kramer, W H Taylor, Louis Schwab and Francis Dowling, doctors all. But one moment relieved a wearisome day. Fackler (steely, embittered) had uttered: “To build a general hospital in the suburbs would be like building a brewery in Zion or a temperance hotel in Lexington,” (the heart of Kentucky’s Bourbon district and its famous product). Kramer was for killing central Cincinnati’s last breathing spot—Washington park, opposite Reuben R Springer’s gift to the city, Music hall—by planting a new hospital there. Taylor (he had just lost a patient in the old hospital from an infectious fever) was for new isolation wards—but in Price Hill (to repeat the extravagances incident to the maintenance of separate hospitals overcome a half century before when Drake’s three institutions had been fused into one). And Schwab looked toward the “western hills” (even farther distant from the town’s centre of population than Holmes’s Avondale site), exposing incidentally a deeper purpose, that, as member of the school board, he wished Holmes’s Avondale hospital grounds for a high school. Dowling got jitters over the probable size of the legally established architect’s fees. Among the nonmedical contestants, Fred Tuke (inventor of Cincinnati’s taxpayers’ association) carried off the cup. Long active as renting or real estate agent for Cincinnati’s worst rat holes, he knew what a few thousand could do to keep them “habitable”—and advised such expenditure upon the old institution.
HE curtain descended upon mayor Dempsey and his public service board indicating the passage of a year. It rose in December (1906) upon a record statable in two words: nothing done.

What was announced was another hearing.

In an impassioned address Holmes tried again to educate this board to mere recognition of Cincinnati’s need of a new hospital. Declaring that its failure to start building upon the plans of the hospital commission would be “appalling in its effects upon the sick and poor” he presented scale drawings (made by himself) to show the distribution of patients in the old hospital. In ten beds crowded into a hall and a closet slept seventeen, “an outrage obtaining in no other hospital in any supposedly civilized community. . . . Men, women and children are contained in the same open ward with not sufficient room between the beds for the nurses to perform their duties. . . . White and black boys or girls huddle in the same bed. . . . Children admitted with one disease while resident in the hospital, are infected and die with another. . . . Long term surgical patients develop scarlet fever; and preventable diseases are disseminated among the patients. . . . We have no right to expose little cripples to the menace of deafness, blindness, or what is more merciful, death. . . . These tragedies have recurred year after year. It is not the fault of the staff but of the construction and arrangement of the old hospital and it will not be remedied until a new hospital with a new contagious group is erected.”

N P Dandridge (son of a medical man of mark, religious liberal, pathologist, distinguished surgeon and once trustee of the old hospital) followed: “In the past measles epidemic (extending over six months) more patients died of this disease in the Cincinnati hospital than there were tuberculosis patients in the branch hospital.” Miller called him a liar. The facts were: patients with tuberculosis, 104; patients dead of measles, 111.

Marx, having got religion on the year’s sawdust trail, left
his chair to move that the board grant the action asked for by the delegation. Trembling Herschede seconded. Miller moved to amend and to send the motion back to the board as a whole. Bender and Markley voted with him—and back it went. The board would consider “resuming” building on January fourth, 1907. But along with this it would have another “hearing.”

On the way out, the mayor—also grown conscious, perhaps, that the blood of children might have been shed for him—informed Holmes that he “would put no obstacles in the way of the project.”

Holmes left the meeting declaring himself beaten in his attempts at education. He would now force the board to do its sworn duty. He would institute mandamus proceedings.

Elliott Hunt Pendleton (among the first and decentest of Cincinnati’s Democratic, Voters’ league and City club “reformers”) wrote Holmes: “I have written Bender a private letter on the subject . . . asking him to support Marx, Herschede and the mayor and city solicitor. Give Bender a little time for reflection and if he will not vote to proceed, go ahead with the mandamus.”

The city solicitor (Jesse Lowman) had in the interim given the service board an opinion upon its stand. The new hospital commission (the “advisory” commissioner Holmes and its newly engaged architect Hannaford were now all that were left of it!) was the creation of the state legislature and under instruction from it as to where to put and how to build the new hospital. Its plans had been approved by the proper city authorities, the money therefor had been voted and the incumbent service board had no authority in the matter except to hand over, on order, what funds it might have left, to the hospital commission to spend as it felt good.

Friday, January fourth, two p m was the moment set for “another” hearing. A member of the service board having said that he had been unconscious of any “public clamor” for the new hospital, Holmes, with C P Taft’s Times-Star and F W Elven’s Freie Presse arranged one for him. In display type and about a ward picture snapped in the old hospital, Cincinnati’s public was urged to “Go to the city hall and ask the B of P S to end this condition. . . . Do you want this shocking state of overcrowding of babes and children at the old city hospital
to continue? If you do not, you should attend the public meet-
ing at the city hall on Friday afternoon and help the business
and professional men of Cincinnati convince the unwilling
board of public service that there is 'a real public clamor' . . .
and that it should at once proceed with the building of the con-
tagious wards of the new city hospital. The site has been
selected, the funds are at the disposal of the board. It only
remains for the people to compel the men whom they elected
to public office to perform their plain duty."

The response was overwhelming. Hundreds packed the
council chamber to overflow into its anterooms and halls.
Miller, who for a year past had been urging a "referendum"
on the hospital situation got it in this meeting. The guild of
contractors and builders, the unions, every type of business
organization, the political reform groups, all were represented
and reported. They were unanimous in their opinion of the
old hospital; also in their opinion of the new.

The recently created City club (composed of men indepen-
dent of party in municipal affairs) sent on its "hospital com-
mittee." This had previously printed its discovery of direct
connection between the old hospital and the city's sewer sys-
tem; had flashed statements before the public's eye of babies'
ears chewed by rats; and their more friendly visits upon
patients when as "large as small cats." Under the latter charge
the superintendent's (John Fehrenbatch) composure gave
way. "The story is an outrage. I have spent as high as $300 at
a time getting rid of the rats in this institution and keep the
wardsmen busy setting traps and laying poison. It was by the
man for whom Christ died that he was crucified."

Marx rose to demand action of his board: "Time and again,
publicly and privately, I have urged upon you the necessity
for building the new hospital. I ask you to order the work to
proceed. For a year and four days since our induction into
office you have delayed upon one pretext or another—often
without any. . . We are without either moral or legal
ground upon which to justify further postponement." Bender
rose to say that he did not "propose to be pushed;" and Miller
to cry: "That was a great grand-stand play of Mr Marx."
Bender ruled the motion out of order because the board was not
in session; and Markley pointed out that the motion had not
been seconded. "Is there one member here brave enough to second it and declare himself?" asked Marx. Herschede having gone clammy (on Marx), there was not. And to the cries of "Outrage! Shame! Cowards!" the board went home.

But not to sleep; for the demonstration against its inactivity within the chamber carried outside. The town's scandal sheet began on "the Cummins ville Big Wind who revels in such expressions as: 'My, doesn't he look natural!' . . . His motive underlying his stand in the matter of the new hospital is very simple—strictly commercial. Charles Miller is an undertaker and the mortality list issued weekly from the ramshackle dump at Twelfth and Central avenues is a very satisfactory one."

Editorially the Times-Star informed the board of public service that "while expecting nothing from such men" the public had "the consolation of the courts. . . . From a partisan standpoint we are perfectly willing that the present administration shall continue to antagonize every policy of the Republican which preceded it—the people will marvel that they ever placed a Democrat in office. . . . The hospital problem . . . is broad enough to belong outside the contracted realm of partisanship. . . . The question the board of public service must answer is: Will it proceed with its sworn duty and build the new hospital?" The Post wrote: "The people will not stand this trifling much longer," and the Optimist club ordered its legal lights to the aid of Holmes in his mandamus proceedings.

Thieves falling out, Miller forgot his political ethics to blab some history of his antagonists: "I know the whole inside of this scheme . . . Mr Fleischmann refused to run for mayor the second time except on condition . . . that a new million dollar hospital be built. I know that Cox and Hynicka and Garry Herrmann (Cox's political sergeants) were all opposed but consented in order to get Mr Fleischmann to lead their ticket again. . . . The hospital advertisement (the call for bids) came to this board and we have pigeonholed it ever since."

Backed into a corner from which it could not escape, the service board snarled its last. On motion of Miller, Markley seconding, and Bender (the president) voting, yes, it sum-
In the spirit of continuity, it is argued that the whole course of three members of the Board of Public Service and against the protests of various members, who appear to have approached the question as a public one, they have, without the knowledge of the public, disfranchised the people that their own counsel have told them cannot be legally altered, and to construct a totally new building, not contemplated at all in the original design and place it in a situation on the site where it would subsequently interfere with the campus of the hospital. He felt the people refused to the future needs of the city.

Mr. Common Sense should teach them that their contemplated course is wrong and in the future would be a source of great expense to the city. Even if their present course was not already too late, then it was illegal. It is impossible to imagine that three men in the present case are grossly enough and therefore forced to the conclusion...
marily dismissed Holmes from his payless position as adviser to the hospital commission.

It was the addition of gasoline to a fire already well under way. Mandamus proceedings now had to go forward; and did. “On January ninth, 1907, in the court of common pleas, Hamilton county, for a writ of mandamus against the board of public service to compel it to proceed without further delay in carrying out a city ordinance for building a new hospital, C R Holmes, petitioner.”

The court sat only for the day. In chambers, it instructed the members of the board and their defense, the city solicitor, that they could expect no help. The board then let it be known that it had yesterday “informally agreed” to proceed, whereupon the court placed Holmes’s petition on file.

The board stated that bids would be called for at once for the infectious group of pavilions as appearing in Holmes’s plans. “The resolution suits me exactly; because of the board’s action I shall drop the mandamus suit,” said he. “All I wanted at this time was the contagious hospital. When that is built, we will ask for bonds for the general group.”

But covertly the board had not changed its tactics.

By fresh demands upon the architect for new drawings, by criticism of grading already accomplished, by failure to call for bids, the board was able to drag its do-nothing policy through four months more. Then a committee of architects, hired of the Taxpayers’ association (Fred Tuke in charge) was sent to inspect the old hospital and to report. After listening to its stupidities the board “resolved,” in May, to spend $75,000 upon the old structure downtown. Council promptly squelched this recommendation.

In the meantime, public forces arose to demand Holmes’s restitution to his place on the commission. The Meddler, under the caption: A board that’s a joke, pronounced Holmes’s dismissal to be “the product of Miller’s obese brain.” The structural trades alliance “denounced members Bender, Miller and Markley for their mean, petty and contemptible spirit,” their “personal pique and malice” and “demanded the immediate restoration of Dr Holmes to his position of honor and trust.”

The Optimist club memorialized the service board with: “The public good requires the continued service and counsel of Dr
Holmes, to which end we request the board to reinstate him."

Like dumb cattle it placed these communications on file.

Secretly and unofficially, however, Holmes had continued his labors as lone and surviving commissioner. After all, did it matter what his own place might be if the work went on?

When August came the contracts were finally let for the seven buildings to constitute the infectious group (five wards, an ambulance shed and a temporary power plant). And council announced that it had authorized vote upon a $2,000,000 bond issue with which to make the rest of Holmes's plans for the hospital a reality.

On September eighth, workmen moved upon the northwest corner of Holmes's Avondale building lot. There was no ceremony. But the sound of workmen at their jobs, the thud of pile drivers, tocsined clearly the start of the better day.
WILE in earlier years, Holmes and his hospital had never appeared in politics, Dempsey and his blundering band had succeeded in putting both there. Memory of the public service board (created originally to improve civic administration) had lasted into the autumn election and Republican victory registered on this day was in no small measure referable to a disgust engendered by what the incumbent political crowd had done to the city's hospital. The sixty-six year old Leopold Markbreit (for thirty-five years the owner of Cincinnati's German Volksblatt and for twelve a member of the waterworks commission) was elected mayor. He had been born an Austrian, had risen from sergeant to adjutant general in the civil war, been captured and housed for two years in Libby prison and had then become the law partner of Rutherford B Hayes and U S minister to Bolivia for several years. Always civic minded, he had early thrown the weight of his editorial powers to Holmes's side.

The city's new board of public service listed as president the altruistic and coldly Presbyterian Robert Laidlaw (fifty-nine, American immigrant at twenty-six out of Scotland, head of Laidlaw and Dunn, pump manufacturers). The remaining members were Louis J Dauner, John Dornette jr (fafe proof Republican), Harry L Manss (contractor) and Samuel Weil jr (out of the first two boards of public service and each time chief of the "officers" in charge of the hospital).

This board was the legatee of some council action of great import. Just before the turn of the year and the change in political complexion of the city hall, council had adopted two significant resolutions, the one commanding the public service board to proceed with the erection of all Holmes's hospital, and the other legalizing a call for a two million dollar bond issue. Passage of these measures had been ordered under the whip of none other than Michael Mullen. It was not the first nor was it to prove the last time that "Mike" of the Republican organization, the perpetual councilman from the Eighth ward, the neighbor of Mr and Mrs Charles P Taft, the purveyor of pic-
nics in June and turkeys in November to the proletarian—white and black—water front, was to evidence the right-mindedness of his political philosophy.

Hardly a month in power, the board sent this communication to Holmes: "From the clerk of the board of public service, city of Cincinnati, in regular session on February third, 1908: Resolved, that Dr C R Holmes be, and he is hereby, appointed in an advisory capacity to this board; to serve without compensation."

Two months later the architect of the hospital (Hannaford) laid before Laidlaw a statement of probable costs to complete the new hospital. It totaled two and one-half million dollars. In order to get this money by easy and willing stages, Laidlaw suggested to the finance committee of council that a half million dollar bond issue be asked for in the election set for May eleventh. He communicated his plans to Holmes, absent in New York and "busy on a book" (really a series of articles on hospital construction in which, chiefly outside his native city, he was now regarded the world authority). For breakfast, Laidlaw and every member of council received the following telegram in reply: "New hospital an absolute necessity. If the people want it, why not let them decide now on the $2,000,000 issue for its completion? Bonds to be issued only as needed during the next three or four years. I am positive it will carry. The entire organized labor vote is pledged to its support and the citizens in general will do likewise. Let it be decided now, once for all."

On March twenty-fourth, at a conference of the medical directors of the hospital, Laidlaw turned sponsor for a $2,500,000 bond issue to be submitted to the voters. The next day he wrote to Holmes that he had adopted his views, adding: "I trust that you will be here in ample time to take part in preparing the minds of the people for this election."

Holmes arrived.

Addressing the academy of medicine, he got a committee (of fourteen) appointed which addressed itself to the individual medical leader asking him to act as "its representative at your voting precinct, both to persuade your voters by argument and to see that they get to the polls." He sent four hun-
dred and fifty personal letters to clergymen asking each to talk to his flock. "Any question will be answered by me . . . if you will telephone Canal 1812 (his private office) from nine to one or three to six." Every evening he talked the hospital to some labor, fraternal, business or civic—white or black—organization. Thus he gained the support of the City club at which, in the week before, J C Oliver (destined in twelve years to be Holmes's successor as dean of the medical school and legal chief of the hospital) had declared himself unwilling to vote for any of the bonds except those for parks. The daily papers, both English and German, brought arguments in either language from Holmes's pen.

The hospital bond issue was of two parts: one calling for $135,000 for equipment of the infectious group (now nearing completion), another for $2,365,000 for the buildings of the general group. These two and one-half millions were so much of eight millions being asked of the citizens. Of these, street and sewer improvements demanded two million eight hundred thousand, parks a million, and grade crossing eliminations, a house of refuge, a viaduct and police stations, the rest.

What happened to the several items (groups interested in any one of them had pretty much agreed to trade votes for all the rest) was illuminating. The street and sewer improvement bonds carried. This was fairly well expected, for political headquarters had ordered such—it was the Republican manner, for herein lay work and fortune for the faithful. But the hospital bonds—in which there was no gravy and for which the "organization" had not stood—carried by even greater majority. The remainder of the issues (practically three-fifths) went down to defeat, including even the park needs sponsored by Cincinnati's park board of which ex-mayor Fleischmann was member and which, as gossip had it, had been one of Fleischmann's conditions for acceptance of the mayoralty nomination six years before.

Who had been responsible for the success of the hospital campaign was clear to everyone, and Holmes was made conscious of the truth as hundreds of congratulatory letters not only from the citizens of the home town but from those elsewhere and abroad poured in upon him.
HOLMES spent the summer "vacationing" in Europe. It taught him where some "minor improvements" might be made in his hospital. "These small changes will complete our plans. We shall now go ahead as rapidly as the great size of the undertaking will permit; and hope to finish it in three years. Dollar for dollar will be returned to our citizens on what they have spent; but what Cincinnati will gain in medical prestige far exceeds this."

The last phrase needs noting.

Holmes was lecturing at home and abroad on hospital construction but his published papers strayed more and more from their declared subject to a discussion of the place of hospitals in medical education. Conscious of this dual interest, mayor Markbreit had tried to intensify Holmes's powers in the hospital situation. "Because possessed in eminent degree of the 'municipal spirit'" it was learned, "if Dr Holmes wishes appointment on the new board of health, he can have it." Refusing, he had had added to his "advisory capacity" on the "commission" working under the board of public service, appointment (as president) to the staff of the medical "directors" of the hospital (of which Samuel Weil jr out of the service board was "director in charge"). His colleagues here were A B Isham and Louis Schwab. The three spent a year in endless "inspections" of Cincinnati's old general hospital, its newer "branch" for tuberculosis and the infectious pavilions nearing completion on the Avondale site.

In the middle of nineteen hundred and nine, Markbreit's health failed and John Galvin, son and lawyer of Cincinnati, president of council and vice mayor (destined for the grand exalted rulership of the elks) became mayor.

At the same time new rules for government came upon Cincinnati. The (now five year old) board of public service went out and a director of public safety, appointed by the mayor and made executive of the council's legislation, took the board's place. First incumbent was a cold graduate of Cincinnati's Republican academy—Scott Small. Schwab having stepped out of the group of medical directors (to groom himself, against the wishes of the Republican hierarchy, for the mayorality fight of the autumn), Byron Stanton stepped in. With Isham and Holmes, these were now to carry on the old
tradition. The superintendent of the hospital (Fehrenbatch) had meanwhile been heaved from the bottom of the hospital “officer” list to its top.

When January, 1910, came, Schwab assumed the office of mayor. Scott Small continued for a season in his office. Under him Holmes’s relation to the Cincinnati hospital muddle had been strengthened. Instead of having to convince as “adviser” the several men of a board, he needed now to bring conviction to but one man—the safety director. But democratic nonsense, always distrustful, could be depended upon not to let any such unified accountability persist. Wherefore Schwab appointed a “new hospital commission”—of five. Of these Schwab was himself the number one man.

January eighteenth, 1910, Holmes resigned his medical directorship. On the day following, Small wrote: “But for the fact that you are about to enter more actively than ever before upon the task of building the new general hospital for Cincinnati, I would not, as a matter of public policy, accept your resignation. That would be my stand in view of the great benefits you have conferred upon this community. But I am aware that you have accepted from His Honor, the Mayor (Schwab), a commission with others, to proceed with the duty of constructing the hospital and therefore . . . accept your resignation.”

The new hospital commission began its labors in a locked room of the city hall on January twenty-sixth. Following a drawing of straws, Harry L Laws found himself elected for four years (sugar producer, civic power, one in a family of four that held Cincinnati’s spiritual wealth most valuable); John Murphy Withrow for three years (fifty-six, Republican, successively school principal, school superintendent and graduate of Wesleyan university [Methodist], MD at thirty after two years in the medical college of Ohio, gynecologist, dean of medicine in Laura memorial medical college, favorite of the staff of Christ hospital [Methodist], prominently identified with St Paul’s church [Methodist], member of the board of education); James Albert Green for two years (defender of Ohio valley’s pioneers, patriotism and beauties); and Christian R Holmes, for one. The last named, however, was chosen
"permanent president pro tem," to preside at all meetings "not headed by the mayor or vice mayor."

Other items to leak from the closed doors informed the public that the mayor had sworn in the members; that the new city solicitor (Edward M Ballard) had informed them that they had no need to go to council for authority to enter into contracts (the years had already established this fact several times over) but that they had better, anyway; that Harvey E Hannaford had been "re-employed" as architect (he had never been dismissed, could not be, legally). Withrow asked nevertheless: "Is the contract with Mr Hannaford binding upon this commission?" The city solicitor answered: "No . . . but Mr Hannaford could then recover from the city for breach of contract." Withrow proposed throwing out all the superintendents and supervisors of construction. It had been the manner of the board of education in its building program, he said (Schwab ex-, Withrow still, member). Discussion of this question made the mayor close the doors a second time upon news reporters. A final bulletin announced that John Fehrenbatch (superintendent of the old hospital) had been appointed "consulting engineer" to the commission.
THROUGH the new cooks thus added to what had endured out of the now nine year old commission, Holmes’s broth was to suffer much stirring. Schwab, a man without guile, believed all other men such. Hence his appointment of Withrow, of whom he had been associate on the school board. Green added the voice of stanch Americanism. Laws, he must have chosen because representative of the best of Cincinnati’s families, because intelligent and of the socially elect. He could not drop Holmes because the only thread left unbroken between council and its hospital project.

Immediately after appointment, Withrow hied himself to Green’s home. “What do you know about hospitals?” he queried. “I know nothing,” came Green’s answer. “Well, I know all about them. Holmes is crazy and I don’t want you to follow his lead. He is wild over Berlin and its hospital construction which in no way corresponds with the genius of America. We can build a twelve- or sixteen-storeyed hospital on the old lot downtown. This will save a lot of money. It is foolish to consider going into the country for a hospital site. That will place it where inconvenient to everyone, patients, doctors and nurses. If you and I stand together we can block all these absurd ideas.”

This overt attack on Holmes must forever remain a surprise. Withrow was new in the hospital commission; Holmes had been “it” for ten years now. Withrow brought great reputation with him out of Cincinnati’s school board, where his reforms had swept away all opposition. Two men, both medically trained and unfitted therefore to take orders, suddenly faced each other. In olden days they had been friends. Though graduates of what were considered the “rival” medical colleges of Cincinnati, the two had been colleagues, in the nineties, on the faculty of the (now dead) Laura memorial medical college. At this time, also, Withrow had been the medical counsellor to Holmes’s family.

The open-minded Green was anxious to be shown; therefore a visit to Holmes, who said: “What you need is education.
When you have it, you will change your mind."

Several months before Schwab’s appointment of his five man hospital commission, Laidlaw and Holmes had met with councilman Michael Mullen, precedent to a meeting of the council’s finance committee, to discuss the hospital bond issues. Mullen had been responsible for the mandate ordering construction of the new hospital to proceed. At the same time he had draughted the bond issues needed (a) for the equipment of the rising infectious pavilions and (b) for the materialization of the rest of the hospital. Holmes had informed Mullen that none of the money for the major project would be necessary for a year, though the minor portion, calling for $135,000 to equip and furnish the infectious group ("to secure a more complete enjoyment of the same") was needed at once. The rest of the hospital might wait, because it could not possibly be constructed under two years or more. Yet not a month after his appointment (while Holmes and Laws were off inspecting hospitals) Withrow announced in meeting that he was opposed to spending the lesser sum. It was an item entirely without his hands, but that seemed not to matter. Defeated, Withrow declared that he "wished to go ahead with the work (of building the whole hospital) as an entirety." But here, too, he was balked. Whereupon Withrow threatened to resign. But he did not.

Instead, his story became a serial of obstruction for three years.

In March, when the dining room for the nurses in the infectious wards came up for discussion, Withrow would have it divided into booths for each disease. Said Holmes: "Modern hospitals with twelve years’ experience, view the matter in a different light. Contagion is not spread by spacial contact but through the hands and mucous discharges. I had isolating walls in the original plans but took them out, believing the views of competent authorities sound. I have no preference in this matter and if the rest of you gentlemen agree, I shall be in favor of separate dining rooms." To which Withrow responded: "I promise you that even after our return (from a proposed hospital inspection) I shall vote for separation."

At the end of the month, the commission issued the state-
ment that the “foundations of the new buildings will be laid this fall, the superstructures in the spring.” Withrow made the personal announcement that it would be winter before mere excavation could commence.

Awake to the need of some self-education, the new commission (together with the hospital superintendent, John Fehrenbatch) decided on a junket into the east. There it met Holmes who, to speak to the Canadian hospital association on how to build, had preceded them by a week. Holmes’s address was printed. It was a masterpiece in logic concerning principles underlying hospital construction to which anyone in doubt, regarding the site of a hospital in a community, the pavilion plan, cross-lighting and -ventilation, size, may well turn for objective answer.

Holmes’s demonstration of his “ward unit” brought conviction to the Canadians but not to the Cincinnatians. The mayor was still hopeful of a compromise, Withrow peevish, Green wavering but swinging definitely towards Holmes. Said Withrow: “Our trip has been productive of . . . the definite knowledge that hospital construction is far from settled.” But he had to admit that “the most advanced ward construction is in the new Bellevue”—after which Holmes had patterned his own. “We learned a great deal of how not to do it,” said Withrow.

On April ninth the Bankers’ club of Cincinnati did honor to the board of hospital commissioners with a dinner and invited each to talk. His Honor was filled with the wonders of a first trip away from home, including the pullmans and the hotels; Holmes tried to show how the Cincinnati plans were a composite of the best features of hospital construction from everywhere; Laws and Green stressed the education they had received; Withrow, the education he had not received; meanwhile Walter Esberger played music into the assemblage and accompaniments to the songs of W A Lemmon and A L Maish.

On April twenty-eighth the public was informed that “the typical ward plan, as originally prepared by C R Holmes, ‘father of the new hospital,’ ” had been adopted by the commission. The adoption had come after Withrow had introduced a resolution that “all plans be submitted to a committee consisting of members of the hospital staff, for inspection, with the
object in view of having them make suggestions.” It had in-
furiated Laws, who declared: “I am opposed to this resolution. It is not for this board to pass the matter of working out these plans to anybody else. If this board has not the proper information to do this work alone, then let us get out.” Withrow felt “it would be showing the staff a courtesy which would be but a slight reimbursement for their self-sacrifice in giving their services gratuitously.” Holmes informed the belligerents that the entire staff had already seen and criticised the plans and he amended the motion. The staff would be asked to view the plans after the commission had adopted them; and this carried.

MAY fourth saw approval of (Holmes’s) plans for Wards A and I.
May eleventh saw approval of (Holmes’s) plans for the pathological institute.
May fourteenth saw approval of (Holmes’s) plans for a female dormitory.
May eighteenth saw approval of (Holmes’s) plans for the nurses’ home.
May twenty-first saw approval of (Holmes’s) plans for a surgical building.
May twenty-fifth saw approval of (Holmes’s) plans for a kitchen.

Our local committee was unable to agree upon any one recommendation. We are embarrassed by all the personal considerations that can trouble a small town each of whose important citizens must indicate the soundness of his judgment in matters of which he knows nothing by being obstinate.

(Charles H Hull)
FLOOR PLAN OF HOLMES’S TYPICAL WARD BUILDING
ABOUT WHICH MUCH OF THE ROW CENTRED.
the waters. Would it not be well to refer the whole matter to another session, to a committee of Holmes and Withrow, to wait upon the architect? Green, by now adherent of Holmes, inquired how anyone might know whether building costs would or would not exceed the available moneys since no contractor had even been approached for a bid. He moved "that these and all other plans heretofore approved by this board are hereby confirmed and that we now proceed to advertise for bids." The motion carried. Yes: Green, Laws, Holmes; no: His Honor the Mayor, Withrow.

The fight within continued outside. The mayor returned to Cincinnati's theme song. "The old hospital with small expenditure would be adequate for the needs of Cincinnati for many years to come. This opinion is shared by J M Withrow." And yet he was "not opposed to the building of the new general hospital. Dr Withrow stated at our last meeting that the cost of the wards as decided upon, is monstrous. I hardly go to that length." Withrow declared: "I am just as strongly in favor of saving money on the new hospital as I am in favor of spending money on the schools." (He was a member of the school board.)

By mail Withrow had thus been operating upon Green: "I inclose manuscript of an article in process of publication, sending this to you in confidence. . . . It is the last word of our good friend, Dr Holmes, on the subject of the hospital unit. You will note that since writing this article he has enlarged our present hospital unit by twelve feet in length and two feet in width. I send you this only to show that the idea of bigness grows by leaps and bounds and I also beg to assure you that even for the same money the newly arranged ward (Withrow's) is better than the big one. The delusions of grandeur and the delusions of bigness are characteristic of some minds. The idea that a big thing is necessary to get along is carried into everything such minds concern. The manuscript . . . together with my comment on it, I beg of you to hold in the strictest confidence, as the author does not know that I have a proof of it."

Green promptly sent this letter to Holmes.

The meeting of the hospital commission on July twentieth proved another row. Green moved that, along with bids for Holmes's standard ward, an additional bid be asked on With-
row’s cheap edition thereof. With Holmes absent, Withrow saw opportunity to gain Green’s support and to leave Laws standing alone.

Withrow’s anxiety to see Green’s motion carried made Laws rise to cry at Withrow across the table: “It is you who constantly delay the progress of our work. You had the opportunity of all of us to speak your mind when the issues were up. Instead you purposely absented yourself for six weeks from our sessions. If we keep on changing these plans we will never get a hospital.” Withrow denied the charge of willful absence but promised that he would “continue to be opposed to the plans” which he considered “an unheard-of and entirely unnecessary waste of money.” At this Green, by withdrawing his motion, closed the meeting.

In the meantime the commission had quietly started upon a land purchase plan for “park” purposes which was to augment the area of the hospital grounds, now twenty-seven, to sixty-seven acres.

The extra two feet alluded to in Withrow’s letter, the four isolation rooms instead of two, anyone but Holmes would have gently forced down the throats of the gentlemen concerned. But Holmes never worked that way. Maintaining a childhood faith in the efficacy of reason he wrote, instead, endless letters of inquiry.

On October twelfth he opened the meeting of his board with this preface: “Realizing that there are people who, without being qualified, express their opinions in the most positive terms, I felt that in order to be sure that we had made no mistakes in our ward plans, it would be desirable to ask acknowledged hospital authorities for judgment.” Then he presented the product of his summer’s correspondence. Hospitals like the Montreal Royal Victoria, the Baltimore Johns Hopkins, the Boston city, the New York Bellevue, the New York Presbyterian, the New York teachers college, all sent the same answer: “Don’t have wards less than thirty feet wide; we have but two isolation rooms and would give anything for four; your plans are perfect.” Thus their verdict had been whole-heartedly in favor of four isolation rooms; and the chiefs of hospitals stood sixteen to two for wards thirty feet wide. Adoption of this
plan again went to "final" vote. Yes: Laws, Green, Holmes; no: His Honor the Mayor, Withrow.

When November fifteenth came, it proved another busy day for Holmes. News had spread that the new state tax law, effective in January, might interfere with the issuance for public sale of the bonds voted by the people for the hospital. It was for Holmes immediately to gird his loins. Telephoning the members of his hospital commission for assent, he proceeded to the city hall where council (thirty-two men) was sitting. Getting them to hold their meeting, he rushed to the city solicitor to prepare, on the moment, a proper order in council. Hurrying back to the council chamber, he asked, as chairman of his board, leave to report. Of the $2,500,000 that had been voted for the hospital, $135,000 had been designated for the infectious pavilions, $500,000 for start upon the building of the rest. Please to make $1,000,000 more immediately available. And the council voted it, Republicans and Democrats alike, without a dissenting voice.

Throughout these days Holmes found himself called upon for interminable lectures on hospital construction either in the major cities of the United States and Canada or to committees sent therefrom to Cincinnati. Whether spoken or printed, his views won acclaim from all sides. Even the popular magazines contained articles on "Cincinnati's conception of forty buildings on a hill." He was also asked to discuss the value of Cincinnati's new hospital before the men of an adjoining town, seeking annexation. On November eighteenth he became Louisville's guest of honor for the day, to be invited by its hospital board to become its advisory expert—and at a stipend. But within his own commission there was no such unqualified bow to his judgment. Its meetings were plentiful and each approved "finally" of Holmes's ideas—but always three to two. It was on such vote that the architect was ordered to prepare specifications and to advertise for bids.

Early in December the buildings of the infectious group were about ready for occupancy and the Optimist club (the club of Cincinnati which had so often and so long stood behind Holmes and his plans) with the council's committee on the hospital was invited to inspect them under the chaperonage of Holmes. All were enthusiastic and Otto J Renner said: "Coun-
LATERAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE WARD BUILDINGS WHEN COMPLETED ACCORDING TO HOLMES'S SPECIFICATIONS.
cil will do all in its power to aid you.” But two days later the “lack of harmony” existing in the hospital commission had “leaked” to council, which was said to be “inclined to support the cause of the mayor and Dr Withrow.” The consequence was that even though it had in the bygone month been for the hospital by authorizing the sale of a million dollars’ worth of its bonds, it was now against it, in passing a resolution (sponsored by Renner) that “all plans, estimated costs, equipment, average cost per bed, be submitted to it.”

Via its secretary, this resolution was read to the commissioners at their meeting of December thirteenth. Green said that council could not expect the commission to go to the expense of having a duplicate set of drawings made. “But the members of council are at liberty to go to the architect’s office and to inspect the plans there.” To which Laws added: “And the public too.” Holmes pointed out that council was without its legal rights. Laws finished the argument with: “I am perfectly willing to give council what we have, but I am not willing to give it what it asks.” Withrow and Schwab joined them to make an invitation to council unanimous—to have it “come up and see them sometime, anytime.”

It was to be a month before the mayor would more clearly demonstrate that his twinship with Withrow was weakening—but the weakening had begun. The cry for “economy” on Withrow’s part was losing force in the face of his record as member of the school board. There was Hughes high school, for instance, which had gone to bid upon an architect’s estimate of $450,000. It had been let at $756,000 and $200,000 more had been added before its completion.

On the day before Christmas, Renner of the hospital committee of council reverted to his demand that the commission’s plans be submitted to it. “Why will the new city hospital cost $5,000 per bed when the Good Samaritan (a private institution) will cost only $2,500?” he asked. The chairman of the council committee rose to the support of Renner but the two were voted down by the rest. “You have not been so careful on other contracts,” Renner was told.

The city solicitor informed the committee that it had no right to ask the commissioners of the hospital for an accounting and Mayor Schwab came to their defense: “If the work had
been in the hands of the present commission from its inception, the hospital would be complete today—and filled with patients.”

January of the new year brought to an end Holmes’s appointment as member (and chairman) of the board of the hospital commissioners—the drawing of straws had settled that. And there existed plenty of reasons why the powers of the mayor might be exercised to keep it ended. Schwab was the city’s head, he had differed squarely with Holmes, Holmes had been his juggernaut. It was spoken openly that Holmes would not be recommissioned. January twentieth brought him the following: “I take pleasure in appointing you... member of the board of hospital commissioners... for four years. Louis Schwab, mayor.”
A difference between practice and principle is stated in the paragraph on tiles.
N February of 1911 Withrow was still advocating his reduced portion wards—and in the conviction of his rightness, the mayor was still supporting him. Holmes and Laws and Green again voted to adopt their own.

Visitors came—endless numbers of them—to sit like “schoolboys and novices” at Holmes’s feet—to learn, to praise what he had built, and what was to be built. A sour note was sung by but one. It emanated from the nine out of Cook county (Chicago): “There is a lack of uniformity in the inside furnishings of the infectious pavilions.” Holmes explained the mess. Four administrations and nine years had mixed into them and, until a year ago, when elected chairman, he had had no power to act. “Now we understand,” spoke up one. “You haven’t lacked brains; you’ve had too much politics.”

The buildings of the infectious group became ready for patients and invitation was sent to the public to take its last look before perpetual debarment. Hundreds of cards were sent out through Holmes, to which advertisement (paid for by him) was added in the dailies and weeklies of Cincinnati. March twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth, Saturday and Sunday, were the days. “It is the earnest desire of the new hospital commission that the public will take this opportunity to see what the city has created for the benefit and care of those who may be afflicted with contagious disease.” Mindful of the source whence his voting support derived, Holmes changed “the public” in the organs of labor to “labor organizations and their families.”

The whole town came. Four thousand leaflets (also paid for by Holmes) reprinting the plans of the completed units of the hospital, proved inadequate for the visitors of the first day. Students from the university medical school acted as guides and although the members of the commission had promised to be on hand, reception was left to Holmes, Green, Laws. The second day—in spite of rain—repeated the invasion. So great was the crowd that another day had to be set apart—the Sunday following (April second). The closing hour to visi-
tors was five, but eight came before the fifteen thousand—more said twenty—had passed through the gates.

It was a human testimonial; but likewise came the written and the printed. One of the last named cited an old interview with Holmes: "I wanted to do something for my city; I chose this hospital work because I knew more about that than about other things." The article continued: "His modest words give no idea of the depth of his knowledge; or of his resourcefulness when confronted with perplexing situations. . . . His hospital board is an example of what a body of experts, oblivious of political considerations can do with a difficult problem."

With April third the infectious pavilions passed into the hands of the city's safety director and into management by the city's hospital staff. Fifty-eight scarlet fever patients were rushed into it within the week. In the next, its diphtheria and measles portions had to be preempted by more scarlet fever folk. An epidemic lay on the horizon. If Holmes's foresight needed vindication, here it was. For seven months all the wards of the completed buildings were taxed to capacity by this one disease alone!

The first of his "too big, too elaborate" plans had come to fulfillment—and had proved too small.

The hospital meeting which had passed the infectious pavilions to the city, had voted also to advertise for bids on the eighteen buildings which were to make up its general division. Wherefore contractors were invited on April first to see what they might be able to do with one hundred and eighty-six sheets of general plans, two hundred sheets of detailed drawings, five hundred and sixty pages of typewritten specifications.

One hundred and twenty-five contractors who had figured upon the plans came to report in the council chamber of the city hall at high noon on May tenth. The city's officials and all the commissioners but Green were there, with every seat in the council chamber filled and a hundred standing. In their midst, the bids were opened. Most important were six on the total of the eighteen buildings. They began with a high of $1,898,000 to scale down to $1,544,135—by the Westlake construction company of St. Louis—which got it. Its figure stood a full
$150,000 below any aggregate bid and $305,865 below architect Hannaford’s estimate of $1,850,000.

Three of the hospital commissioners had reason to be jubilant; and watchers saw in the unexpected news, promise of healing. The three to two wound in the board would now close up, they said.

But the meeting of the commissioners of May twenty-sixth brought no such evidence. Holmes, Laws and Green saw in the money saved, opportunity to improve the quality of the hospital’s construction. It would now be possible to use tile in place of terrazzo on the hospital floors. Withrow voted: no. A roof garden could now be added to the nurses’ home. Withrow voted: no. The connecting corridors could be better surfaced. Withrow voted: no.

True to their word, the Westlake contractors began at once. Within a month, the architect could report the excavation for eight buildings completed, the footings for six put in place, foundation for one finished.

But officially “ground” had not been “broken.” It occurred June fifth, when Withrow, as master of ceremonies, wielded a red, white, and blue beribboned pickax. Unable to be present were His Honor the Mayor, Christian R Holmes, Harry L Laws, James Albert Green, architect Harvey E Hannaford and “other officials.” A white-gloved policeman came to stave off the crowd. It grossed five. McKim and Jenson had come over from the construction lots; Griffith (John C, confidential man, to make his escape from Cincinnati under warrant for arrest charging embezzlement of $4,000—maybe more—two years hence) from the Westlake company. Jewett (engineer and nominee of Withrow) had come from the office of the board of hospital commissioners and Handman (purchasing agent) represented the (Withrow’s) board of education. “The site is one hundred feet from Burnet avenue, north of Goodman.”

The land is still flat (1936) and one day a statue to Holmes may stand upon it.

“CITIZENS” of Cincinnati invited the town to dinner for Friday, June sixteenth, to honor “Dr Christian R Holmes, in recognition of his services for more than ten years past in connection with the construction of Cincinnati’s new
Thirty-one were listed as of the committee which had the dinner in charge. One of them troubled to write to Holmes: "I am sending you one of the invitations that you may see who your friends and admirers are."

But before this came off, his hospital commission was to meet to struggle with a new problem. The Lick Run "branch" of Cincinnati's general hospital (for tuberculosis and smallpox) had made front page. At Christmas past, consequent upon small political pressure, it had suffered administrative amputation from the main structure in a meeting of council. It was to be free, henceforth, both financially and spiritually from the parent trunk. A new superintendent had been appointed (Charles Sumner Rockhill, until thirty-nine locomotive engineer on the C H & D, then doctor out of the medical college of Ohio). To mark this assumption of personal responsibility and the right to shift for itself, the branch had been rebaptized (its medical chief standing sponsor), the "Tubercular hospital."

In meeting after meeting of the commissioners for the new hospital, Holmes had proposed that the smallpox patients of the branch be brought into buildings next his infectious group on the main hospital grounds as also the advanced cases of tuberculosis. Schwab recognized the advantage of such centralization which he said "would reduce cost of operation . . . and from the students' point of view be ideal." The health officer (Landis) had given opinion that it would prove "a distinct advance in hospital management," and the safety director (Small) was for going before the board of health to ask that the distant "unsatisfactory, badly located pesthouse" be removed to the general hospital location. Withrow's reaction had been to suggest that all these plans be "referred to the hospital directors for opinion as to the advisability of locating either building there."

The June meeting again brought to the notice of the hospital commissioners that things at the "tubercular" hospital were bad. There had just been spent upon it in the form of a newly opened and "magnificent addition," $100,000. But yet things were bad. Reports from doctors who had investigated were laid before the commission. They urged that some of the commission's funds be turned into the old "branch." The Anti-
tuberculosis league, too, made petition but was more specific in what it wished of the commissioners. It only requested funds for a new administration building, a new home for nurses, a building for incipients; along with this, it wanted a really "resident" physician, an increased corps of nurses, quarters for pay patients. Please, too, to take the smallpox patients to the general hospital.

The commission of the hospital had itself designated members Withrow and Green to study the situation and to report; and on June ninth they did so.

What the protagonists of the branch now heard was a charge of "gross neglect" and "incompetency." Green said: "There is much there that is wrong; more that is stupid. The smallpox pavilion is impossible. It should be given to the torch and so ended. With several hills about, the most recent building of the tuberculosis division is set in a hole." The entire layout was dubbed "patchwork." The mayor was still of the mind that some of the funds voted for the new general hospital might be used for "improving" the suburban wing. Laws thundered: "To build a new hospital and not to repair the damage done by others is our job. I am unalterably opposed to taking one cent from our purpose to cover up the mistakes they made at the branch."

"Were not $300,000 spent on that institution in the last three years?" queried Holmes. Answered affirmatively, he asserted: "Then that much was misspent. Somebody without knowledge simply dumped those buildings there and termed them a 'tubercular' hospital. No study was made of needs or of problems." Besides the buildings, the management came in for a beating. "Yes, we are criticizing the personnel, from the superintendent down." Withrow suggested that matters might be adjusted by asking the city solicitor for an opinion as to whether funds for the new hospital could be used for branch repairs. "It makes no difference to me what the opinion of the city solicitor is," came from Laws. "I know what this commission was formed for, and it has nothing to do with the branch. There is no occasion for asking the city solicitor's opinion."

The criticism of the branch by the hospital commissioners became public. The daily newspapers devoted weeks to descrip-
tions of its horrors. Holmes’s charge that $300,000 had been misspent was copied again and again. Green’s strong condemnations—“patients sleeping with windows closed because no screens, flies all about for the same reason, men sunning themselves on soap boxes because no chairs, plumbing rusted because not used, cots so closely packed that the occupants can only cough in each other’s faces, white and black indiscriminately in the same room, the best of the buildings so far from the administration that attending doctors can not make the hill, 226 patients where there is room for but 180, all toilet and most other service rooms dark, evil smelling, swarming with vermin and plain filthy”—made newspaper copy for twenty days.

Service to the ill having been drawn into question, the superintendent of the branch made reply: “I object that the patients do not receive scientific treatment. Such criticism is criticism of Pipps institute, Philadelphia. (The reporter probably slipped this one.) 776 patients last year put on two tons in weight. 296 patients are maintained this year on the same amount of food used by 187 last year.”

Holmes had repeatedly pointed the way out of all these difficulties but none listened. Advanced tuberculosis and smallpox belonged within the confines of his general hospital; but they refused to enter. Another historian will some day say why they did not. Holmes’s board was ready to do on the home site what it could not do at the branch. But even within the board opinion was split. To bring merely the smallpox patients upon the general hospital grounds was going to prove a three year struggle; and then it was to come about under what some termed a ruse.

The commissioners this day listened to further “reports.” Every bed in the “overbuilt” infectious group was continuing full. But the group was in further trouble. There were but twenty-three cents left in its equipment fund, with several hundred dollars already spent to replace electric light bulbs and switches snitched by the visitors of past weeks. The board was asked, please, to make good the losses. Withrow questioned the commission’s right to do anything in the matter. Said he: “I would like to get this contagious hospital equipped before it is worn out.”
FOUR OF THE ORIGINAL SEVEN BUILDINGS THAT CONSTITUTED THE INFECTIOUS DISEASE GROUP OF CINCINNATI'S GENERAL HOSPITAL. THESE WERE THE FIRST TO BE BUILT IN THE CONSUMMATION OF THE TOTAL PLAN.
HONOR, SORROW, AND TROUBLE

THREE hundred men sat at meat on the night of Holmes's dinner. They were the doing doctors, the ministers, the lawyers, the businessmen of the home town, with friends and colleagues in the fight for bigger and better hospitals in cities beyond.

CAL Reed was the first of the speakers. "Something over eleven years ago I met doctor Holmes in New York. 'Let's go over there and see what they have that's worth while at Bellevue,' he said. We went. 'Cincinnati must have a new hospital.' I ventured that a couple of hundred thousand could be gotten together. 'Nonsense,' he replied, 'a million; two millions are needed.' Whereupon he proceeded upon an analysis which showed how long and deeply he had already pondered the subject. 'Of course there will be opposition,' Holmes continued. 'There will be a fight, which some member of the medical profession must carry on. It will call for sacrifice. I can make that sacrifice—it seems to be my duty and I am going to do it.' From that moment on I knew that the new Cincinnati hospital was a predetermined fact."

Mayor Schwab said: "I allow no man to outdo me in admiration for the man who has given ten years of his life to this labor. We may have differed but they were differences that go with all great things. A commission to build the new hospital should have been created years ago—a need overlooked by three mayors before me."

Several more men talked, when midst deafening cheers and with visible emotion Holmes rose. Sorry that "diversity of occupation" made it necessary for him to speak of the hospital only, he traced the history of its fight, to deplore the years that had been wasted in getting it built. "No prouder moment can come to a man than when, after striving to contribute to the betterment of his community, he is rewarded by such general approval as this on the part of his fellow-citizens. Words are inadequate. I can only say that I thank you, gentlemen." A veritable stampede followed and he sat down.
The day after saw him started for Europe. The subject of his business this time did not come out until the autumn.

In his absence the antituberculosis league of Cincinnati moved upon council in its efforts on behalf of the “branch.” There were $240,000 left unexpended of the new hospital bond issue. The spokesmen for the league called it a “surplus” and wanted it spent on the branch. Mayor Schwab and “civic organizations” were quoted as in favor of the idea. The superintendent (Rockhill) “censured” the new hospital commission for refusing so to use its money. Because the bond issue had been voted for “hospitals and pesthouse,” the city solicitor had changed his mind and believed that this fund might be thus spent. But on second thought he reverted to his older stand and ruled that not even $30,000 thereof might be allocated to the branch. A public hearing was set before council. Louis S Levi, president of the antituberculosis league spoke; also Otto P Geier and the new hospital’s old enemy Geo A Fackler. Their onslaught upon council was fruitless. The result (because of Michael Mullen’s directing brains!) was that it voted to place a bond issue for $350,000 before the electorate to make of the tuberculosis branch a real institution with the proviso that if favorably received the new hospital commission would spend it.

Holmes returned to Cincinnati late in October. He informed the newspaper men who met him: “I have been studying Europe’s method of treating consumptives.” He had come back with some clearly defined substitutes for the hodgepodge existent at the branch. “Improvement should be gone into slowly so that no more money is thrown away. We fall short in planning. The patients need to be separated—the incurables from the incipients, children from adults. As chairman of the new hospital commission I shall try to do these things. There should be separate institutions for curable and incurable cases, separately located, if possible, with the latter in the special buildings of a general hospital.”

November came with Cincinnati due for another of its biennial political sweepstakes. On the Republican horse, Louis Schwab up; on the Democratic, Henry Thomas Hunt.
ANOTHER STRAY PAGE FROM HOLMES'S NOTEBOOKS. INCOME TAX SLEUTHS WILL BE INTERESTED IN THE ACCOUNTANCY METHODS PURSUED

[Handwritten text]

- Cost of Paint 1.06
- Crane Co.
- Pipe Turning $9.20
- Crane Co.
- Total Cost of Crane Contract for $90,074.60
- Haywood Hall Contract $5,000
- Composition Flooring in Painting Group $15,000
- Extra for Tiling $17,300
- Extra for Tile $32,300

To June 1st, 1910, Cost of Painting Group $483,321.65
The city hospital and its branch—there was money spending on both—had become involved in political discussion. On October twenty-ninth, the *Enquirer* (Democratic) said: "This great improvement—the new hospital—is due directly to the labors and the zeal and indomitable will and perseverance of one man—Dr Christian R Holmes. It is not recorded that Dr Holmes had the cooperation of the Cox organization, of Dr Schwab or any other of its representatives." As history had shown, this was exact statement.

Its implication to the voters was perfectly clear—they might safely throw out the Republican organization without harm to their interest in the hospital or in Holmes. But it drew Holmes into a counterstatement, a thing which he detested but could not avoid—into an endorsement indirectly, of the Republicans. He said: "A daily paper saw fit to give me exclusive credit for the new hospital. That was unfair to others. The credit belongs to the citizens, to the commercial and civic organizations, to the Republican administration. . . . There was not a single newspaper, English or German, which did not support the hospital. After a board did all it could to stop it, the people got behind it and pushed. The Democrats tried to ruin the project but could not. Under Dempsey I was summarily bounced and the hospital project was brought to a halt. The hospital has had the unqualified support of every Republican administration, including Mr Herrmann, Mr Mullen and all the party members."

Holmes appended a penciled note to his manuscript: "Cox always against it."

In older days there would have been no doubt as to which party would prove winner. But Hunt was of that younger and fresher generation in public administration that was bringing a knowledge of reading and writing into local politics. An A B out of Yale in nineteen hundred, an LL B out of Cincinnati's law school three years later, he had proved himself, when but twenty-five, a power in a citizens' party, the purpose of which was to separate municipal interests from national. As state representative for two years he had arranged that ballot boxes could not so easily be stuffed, that floating residencies of thirty days in a flop house did not establish voting rights. At thirty, when prosecuting attorney for Hamilton county (Cincin-
nati’s county), he had put religion into jackals eating political carrion; and some of them in jail. The people of Cincinnati preferred him to the mild mannered Schwab (whom they could not believe free of Cox taint even though he was) and said so, 43,763 to 39,797.

This election which brought in the Democrats, carried approval also of a $350,000 bond issue for the branch. Holmes could in consequence balance the defeat of his party against this renewed sanction of his person—for the voters had voted the bonds in the conviction that Holmes would spend the money.

Half-saddened, half-glad, he was to receive another blow. On Sunday morning, November twelfth, Nathaniel Pendleton Dandridge (aged sixty-six) died. His seat with the board of medical directors of the hospital had been left vacant for the first time only the Friday before—and now he was gone. Never of the medically noisy, Dandridge had been for thirty-five years the greatest of its silences. Son of a doctor, bachelor in arts, he had travelled about the world some six years to return with a medical degree out of the college of physicians and surgeons in New York. After long apprenticeship in pathology, he had become surgeon in the Cincinnati hospital and professor in the Miami school. A charter member of the Cincinnati medical society in 1874 and a member of all the other local and state societies, he became the president, successively, of three national organizations for surgery. His scientific and practical knowledge had brought him wide recognition.

To Holmes he had been sheet anchor, for the two saw service to the ill, hospital administration and medical education, eye to eye. As one of the trustees or medical directors of the hospital, or as one of the faculty of Miami and, later, the university, Dandridge was Holmes’s twin pillar in all that concerned the better health of Cincinnati, better medical schooling therein, a wiser profession.

To Dandridge goes the credit for having engineered (nineteen hundred and ten) the financing of the first endowed professorship in the university’s medical department—he was head of the committee which established the Joseph Eichberg chair for physiology.
By action of council on November twenty-eighth, the construction of the new tuberculosis and smallpox hospitals was placed in the hands of Holmes's hospital commission. At the same time council reimbursed it with $54,000 to buy abutting vacant property for enlargement of the Avondale environs. (Holmes's original purchase of twenty acres had by this time grown to thirty and was, before he got through, to attain the value, sixty-seven.) But this material help toward what Holmes's board was doing, was to be offset by a spiritual handicap before the Republican administration left the city hall. Preceding adjournment this day, council passed a third motion which was to prove pine fagot to a fire.

Via councilman Henry J Cook (generally known as "doc") "tenure of office on the staff of the Cincinnati hospital would henceforth be limited to fifteen years." The ordinance had been sired by "eclectic" physicians who "believed that with a rearranged staff, several of their members might be chosen." Some "homeopathic" physicians had joined them, but wished it understood that they were operating independently, as did a group of "regular," "noncollege" men who had put in appearance.

The physicians to be thus retired included the upper ten of the best of the hospital staff, if not of all Cincinnati. Mayor Schwab, peculiarly clear-headed in medical matters of this type, received the ordinance with the words: "So then, retirement is the reward of efficient and faithful service!" And he vetoed it.

With council ready to override the mayor, a hearing was set for physicians and citizens before its hospital committee on December nineteenth. The council chamber was packed, and two days were needed that all the proponents and opponents might be heard. The speakers for and against the veto alternated.

These are some samples of the argument for the action of council and against the mayor: Said Rolla L Thomas (professor of medicine in the local Eclectic college and author of a thousand page volume on eclectic practice): "In sixty-six years the Eclectic college has never had a man on the hospital staff." Interruption by C L Bonifield to remark that appointments were made on the basis of competitive examinations
open to all qualified physicians, under number and not by name, failed to bring silence and Thomas continued: “This ordinance will mean the overthrowing of the ring that now exists in the city hospital, the establishing of medical freedom in Cincinnati and the overthrowing of favoritism and nepotism that now are behind appointments. . . . Its staff physicians are not inspired by love for the sick poor but by a desire for prestige and the emoluments that come through consultation.” Another charged: “Seven members of one family hold different positions in the city hospital.” W E Lewis (favorite teacher of anatomy for a few years in the Miami school and its secretary) said: “They find their hospital service a means of advertising themselves.” Asserting that selfishness was the reason for their wishing to stay, he held it to be “rot” that the ill would suffer if the chiefs were dismissed. “In fact,” he said, “if all the present staff were let out there would not be another case of colic due to it.”

When James Albert Green, speaking in protest, was asked by councilman Cook as to his right to appear, Holmes thus rose to his defense: “These men are not on trial. It is not fair to cross-examine them when you do not pursue the same course with speakers on the other side.”

Thereafter he carried off the honors of the two days’ meeting with remarks like the following: “While good hospital facilities count for much, the quality and reputation of the men who serve the hospital and teach in a medical school count for more. It is this fact that has caused smaller university centres to become the Meccas of medical students—not buildings, but men. I urge that you . . . do not limit tenure of office. . . . The principal idea is to elevate the standards of medicine. The day is coming when there will be but one school. We are now suffering from too many run for profit, which is a menace.” And answering the objection that all the staff were not from Cincinnati, he said: “Medicine knows no geographic boundaries; and creeds in medicine will soon be done away with.”

In conclusion he spoke out loud what for years had been in his heart. It had nothing to do with hospital structure. “Our hospital should be an integral part of the medical department

No splendid edifice can be reared by sinister and discordant architects. (Daniel Drake)
of the university; and the staff of the former should be the teachers in the latter.”

The hearing closed with the hospital committee of council in doubt. On the day before Christmas it made a final effort to save its face by adding amendments and, with these, again seeking out the mayor. “Boys, I’m glad to see you,” he said, “and a merry Christmas; but sign your own ordinance for I will not.” When ready to make its “report” to council, the hospital committee had crumpled up. For the ordinance and to override the mayor’s veto, one (Cook); against it, and to support the veto, four. When the report came up in general council, Michael Mullen rose to support the mayor. Necessary to override: twenty. The vote read—to sustain: twelve; to override: sixteen.

And another of the oft cited sloshes in Cincinnati’s unquiet medical bucket had come to equilibrium.
HUS did, in nineteen hundred and twelve, a Republican administration yield the arena to a Democratic one, whose spirit was from the first something different—in general terms something more "good," something more intense in this goodness. Politically it was to manifest itself by less financial dishonesty in government; and the efficacy of pull in the city—or county—halls was to decline. The bartender had given way to the Sunday school superintendent; and beer, to apple sauce. There were to come forth a set of laws more blue, judicial rulings more white, social revaluations more red. The judges were shortly to find all juvenile offenders innocent, all child employees exploited, all union members overworked, all prostitutes, virgins in disguise. Popular education was to be made more complete—not only more public but more extensive. Learning was no longer to remain the fruit of desire and of striving, but more and more something to be pushed upon everyone. Child labor was to wane and compulsory attendance upon classes to wax. Thus even the high schools were to become less places which students sought, and more the places to which they were sent—schoolrooms rearranged to fit more completely the crescendo of mental incompetents forbidden by law to go to work. Even the kindergartens were to see a year added to their "curricula," presaging the millennium when all children would be taken from home and mother, at two.

Hunt had scarce become mayor before all the enterprises of Cincinnati which had any kind of "social" content, either within or without the city hall, began to run together. The unifying paste was known as "social service," and the new pudding, as the department of charities and correction. Officially head, stood the new safety director, Denis F Cash, fifty, a likable Irishman out of St Xavier and the Cincinnati law school, generally conceded to have been of the ablest during Hunt's years in public office. (He had been the team mate of Hunt in the prosecuting attorney's office and the legal front that had brought Cox to book. Some treasurers of Hamilton county having been indicted for personal collection of interest...
on public funds, they turned state’s evidence and accused Cox of receiving half the loot. Denying such, Cox had been charged with perjury. He won a Scotch verdict but retired broken in spirit.)

Directly in charge of this department of charities and correction was a superintendent (Otto P. Geier, thirty-four year old physician out of the Ohio school and Democratic black sheep of a stanchly true, Republican brotherhood; only moderately successful as practitioner, he had in the precedent years gone in for “public” health being of the first in any city to secure for its inhabitants a “certified” milk supply).

Even the safety director was ensnared of the new program before the fourth day after inauguration had passed. “A new refuge home for boys and girls who have become charges of the city is more urgently needed than a new city hospital,” he said. This suggestion for the new home was thoroughly sound—the old one was housing in common rooms with the orphaned and merely poor, the mentally defective and the delinquent—only why the comparison?

On the day following, the board of medical directors of the Cincinnati hospital was abolished, and all power of appointment to its medical staff put into the hands of the (non-medical) safety director.

On January fifth upon meeting with the hospital commissioners (Withrow and Green absent) Hunt asked why $50,000 had been requested of council for the new buildings of the tuberculosis project. Even though Holmes and his commission had had the work in charge but two months, its preliminary drawings were complete. “To get the work started,” answered Holmes. “$10,000 will be enough,” said the mayor; and $10,000 it became.

Another jolt to the hospital commissioners was given January twenty-sixth. Green’s term of office was at an end and it was the mayor’s job to appoint a successor. Green was anxious to succeed himself; and Holmes and Laws to have him. These three had now stood together against Schwab and Withrow for two years; and with what was rising on the new hospital grounds not yet a fact and the added burden of the new branch, concern for the commission’s character for the next two years was not out of order. What Withrow might
do was in his record; what the mayor might do was a matter of opinion; it depended upon the third man as to how the commission as a whole would fare.

The items listed against the reappointment of Green were his Republicanism, his activity in behalf of Schwab for mayor, his damnation in the year gone by (with Laws and Holmes) of the Lick Run hospital situation. Mayor Hunt made use of none of these. But he was inflamed of the new social service itch; Otto P Geier, long mouthpiece of the antituberculosis league, was pushing him; a new tuberculosis hospital was about to be built; there was at hand a man of long and generous history in attention to the tuberculous and recommended of the league—and Louis S Levi was nominated. He was to turn out, shortly, another supporter of what Holmes and Laws had fought for, but at the moment this was not clear. In fact things looked so much like defeat for them that, except as such action would have seemed cowardice, both men would have resigned.

With the exception of these false starts, the first year of the Hunt administration was to pass without any larger interference with Holmes's commission and its work, now carrying the double responsibility of seeing the plans for the "general" hospital brought to conclusion and those for the tuberculosis branch put into action.

By February twelfth, Cash at least, had found his feet. The miasma of agitation, that the building of the hospital was costing too much, still enveloped the city's administrative halls. The safety director scattered it with the blunt statement that the commission's plans for the new city hospital were complete, that the buildings were half up, that alteration was impossible.

It was the moment for the superintendent of the old hospital to make public his annual report. It repeated a fact now many years old—that first prize was again due him and Cincinnati for maintenance of a hospital at the lowest rate per capita, per day, in USA. True, the decimal which in the past ten years had only climbed from $1.0032 to $1.0200 had shot in the past twelvemonth to $1.1200 but that was explained through inside stuff—the care of the tuberculous at the branch had been taken from him, and they cost less.
Publication of these schedules furnished the basis, however, of a renewed calculation of sustaining costs in Holmes's new hospital. Instead of a grand total of $300,000 annually as in the old, $400,000 had been fixed for the new. Then $500,000. In February of 1912 it had been posted at $750,000. In spite of Holmes's frequently reiterated and authoritative remarks to the contrary, Cash believed the high figure and was shaken—urging that the Carnegie and Rockefeller foundations take over the support of such caravansaries.

The moneys available for construction of the new hospital being about spent, Holmes appeared before the ways and means committee of council on February sixteenth to ask it to put on sale what was left of the bond issue voted by the people—the $250,000 sought a year earlier for their purposes by the friends of the “branch.” He spoke feelingly of the sixty-two acres that by now made up the new city hospital grounds, describing the parts that were being set aside for more buildings, the long ravine that was to be converted into a convalescent park. “Another part,” he said, “should be used for a new medical college site.” One of the committee again charged that the hospital was being “overbuilt.” Holmes answered: “We are arranging for eight hundred and ten beds. One year after completion, you who are now crying 'too big' will find every bed filled.” His eloquence was applauded and he left the council chamber assured that the remaining thousands had been voted him.

In the weeks that followed, Holmes and his commission were left to their labors. Fires broke out at least weekly in the old hospital—in one week there were four—to keep the public informed of Holmes’s now twelve year old charge that that junk pile was a fire trap. Commissions of state fire inspectors came to condemn the place. “Citizens” of the waterfront and the market districts—even a newspaper—urged that something be done about the old structure. They figured that $5000 might make it “safe.” Separate study by Cash had proved that $100,000 would not do, wherefore he assigned four firemen for patrol duty to the hulk and advised the protestants to rest until the new hospital might be ready.

While thus engaged, Holmes found time to be host to a convention of nose and throat surgeons (the American laryn-
ological, rhinological and otological society) which came to fill the city; and to read them a paper, even, on tumors of the hypophysis. He was able also to invite, then to meet and to run about town with several “experts” on tuberculosis. Afraid of no one, anxious to learn from anybody, he had bidden them to visit Cincinnati and to review and revise his plans for the branch. Holmes took them there along with the members of his commission, the mayor and the safety director, a committee from council, another from the antituberculosis league, the whole staff of the tuberculosis hospital and numerous “colleagues.”

On seeing the branch, the guests suggested that its whole front be reversed, that the approach thereto be made from another side, that something be done to acquire a triangle of land necessary for the latter. The gathering turned silent—and white. But Holmes found voice to say (“with confidence”) that the matter would be so arranged. Two days later he reported that instead of the needed five, he had secured fifty acres for the Lick Run site—some of it at low cost but most for nothing—from the Longworth estate (the family of Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House).

In what Holmes proposed to build upon the grounds, the specialists could find no flaw and they said so in lengthy and official reports.

The six months of the spring and summer of nineteen hundred and twelve were filled by bestirrings in medical Cincinnati that lay apart from (even though related to) Holmes’s first duties as builder of the new hospital and its new branch. Plans for the latter had been entrusted to Tietig and Lee, they had been approved by his commission, and contracts for their construction were to be given out in the autumn.

Holmes used much time engineering with his friends of the faculty the purchase of a medical journal (the Lancet-Clinic)—to get it out of the hands of a crowd felt inimical to Cincinnati’s entire medical program—and to redistribute its stock among men less interested in financial return than in the town’s medical future. More time went to meet the continuing assault of “irregulars” and “outsiders” upon the medical staff of the hospital for their own placement there. Six eclectics and a
group of "noncollege" men were standing by to be "nominated." Holmes referred the matter to Cash, now in direct charge of all such positions. "Will you appoint eclectics?" Cash was asked. "I shall appoint the best men available," he answered. "What do you think of their last year's fight?" "It is a dead issue," he responded.

April was a sample month for Holmes. Contracts totalling several hundreds of thousands for equipment of the service buildings of the new hospital were assigned. At the same time council dispensed to his commission $37,000 for the purchase of "nine acres north of the Burnet avenue grounds." (This was to raise the area of his hospital boundaries to almost seventy acres.) $25,000 were added for a smallpox pavilion (the pesthouse of the law). Holmes wanted this removed from the branch to the general hospital grounds, but with the diplomatic finesse that was always his (he could not be sure of a majority in his board of commissioners, either) he referred the item back to the hospital committee of council for advice as to where to place it. It declared in favor of the general hospital grounds.

To these administrative details he added the toils of public lectures on hospital construction, hospital management and medical education in Cincinnati. The superintendent of the branch memorialized the commission with a demand for the construction of a jail on the grounds of the branch—ten men got drunk on liquor purchased in the neighborhood and had smashed up things. Before assenting, Holmes would buy the property on which the saloon was located and close it.

Milwaukee, San Francisco, Springfield (Massachusetts), the Isthmus of Panama sent to him for plans and advice regarding the building of their new hospitals. (Between this date and nineteen hundred and twenty some sixteen "newest and best" hospitals were built in the United States, Canada, in Europe and even far-off China, derived directly from his plans.) When not busy responding to such extramural demands he was giving more lectures on tuberculosis and the care of the generally sick to the home town. During the summer Holmes made two lengthy visits into the east to obtain further data for construction and management of the tuberculosis pavilions and the service buildings of his new general hospital.
While he was thus absent the spirit of social service, recently localized in the city hall, penetrated the general hospital. Anxious to dish up something more nourishing to the deserving poor, it was equally anxious to dish up something more bitter to the undeserving. The beggars and panhandlers had already felt the municipality’s wrath and been taken off the street. On August second, reform lightning struck the free clinic of Cincinnati’s hospital. City hall closed it and the “twelve thousand cases” treated the year before were set adrift. At the same time the admittance requirements to the hospital underwent refinement.

This summer, too, the Commercial-Tribune scooped the story that “uncle” John Fehrenbatch, superintendent of the city’s hospital, would lose his head. The story behind the dismissal, the newspaper said, was a political one. “He is a Republican, so his record does not matter.” The truth was that Fehrenbatch was of the old custodial swarm, that something different was needed when the new hospital was to open its doors. Though absent and without official power to appoint—that now belonged to the safety director—Holmes was not unsympathetic with Fehrenbatch’s going. Discussion of a successor in the days that were to follow was always in a group of three men—the mayor, the safety director, Holmes.

The kind of man sought was thus outlined by Hunt: “He may be a physician; but primarily he must be a capable administrator with ideas of social service designed to promote the welfare of patients outside of medical lines.” On October twenty-seventh, on advice from Cincinnati’s bureau of municipal research (affiliate of Otto P Geier’s department of charities and correction), Harry Travis Summersgill (forty, stop-gap third baseman of Brooklyn, star twirler at Brown, medical graduate out of Virginia, with administrative experience in the government hospitals of the Canal Zone, the municipal hospital of New Haven and the postgraduate hospital of New York), was asked to assume duty from January first of the new year.

Holmes returned to Cincinnati October second in order to take a hand in the strike that for two months had paralyzed construction work on his new hospital. He talked to the union chiefs. Cold weather was coming; the needy sick were suffer-
ing in the poor quarters downtown; the strikers were cutting into the lives and the happiness of their own brothers. His appeal sent all the crews back to work on October fifth.

In November of nineteen hundred and twelve the building moneys for the new hospital were exhausted. In fact an indefinite amount of red ink was being called for on contracts still necessary to complete it. Holmes was not sure of the amount that his commission would be short, did not care very much, and so was not disturbed. The money would not be needed for a year, he said, and then some way out would be found. He relied upon the people of his city, upon the newspapers, upon those civic bodies that had stood by him in the past years, all of whom knew what he had done with the cash already entrusted to him.

Within the commission Laws had always stood with him; and ten months had proved that Levi did also. The social service aspects of the new hospital, and more, the social service aspects of the branch, had won mayor Hunt to his side.

Even Withrow, in the period, had either voted approval or been outvoted. This shortage, however aroused him. Quick at figures, he was sure about what the others doubted. To meet this exigency $150,000 would be called for, he said. It remains a matter of speculation as to what might have been his reaction had he known that half a million would prove a closer estimate. But the hundred and fifty thousand claim was enough to permit him to write his last testament. “Both former mayor Schwab and I declined to sign the specifications for the new buildings because we both clearly saw then that they were being planned on too elaborate a scale. We were outvoted... I have always contended that the new hospital provides a greater capacity than is necessary. The elimination of the roof garden idea alone would have saved $150,000.”

The I-told-you-so of Withrow found warm support in one of Cincinnati’s newspapers (the Commercial-Tribune). “The commission will find itself pretty much up a tree,” it said. Expanding in its hostility toward the hospital in general and the Hunt administration in particular, other matters were dragged in. The new hospital would never be filled, it declared, because of the “red tape questionings that are a part of the
admittance procedure now so exhaustive that many of the city’s sick prefer to take their chances of getting well at home rather than submit to the hardships imposed by the Democratic scientists as a part of their formula of admission.”

While the latter brief had nothing to do with hospital construction costs, it did make a good story.

For three months past, to eliminate the petty graft incident to the admission of nonresidents into Cincinnati’s hospital, to push back into the hands of private practitioners patients admitted who were “able to pay,” the department of charities and correction had put a revised inquisition upon the applicants. This newspaper had thus reported the effect: “Under the new system recently started as another experiment of the Hunt administration at the city hospital, there were but five patients admitted out of seventy-five applicants. Before one can now be admitted to this institution, he must first give his biography and answer some seventy questions. Then, if life remains in his sick body, he may be admitted for treatment. Yesterday only five ran the gantlet.” Going further, the daily sniffed at the possibilities of “Cincinnati physicians conducting research” in the new institution and emphasized the falling off in medical student registration (for which, in part, the larger hospital had been designed). “But seventy medical students are enrolled in the Ohio-Miami medical college (the medical department of the university) whereas in former years there were several hundred.”

Such criticism did little, however, to stay the growing wave of praise outside his native city for all Holmes’s work. Not a week passed without a letter from some hospital authority bearing commendation; and on December first the New York Times ran a whole page headed: The finest hospital in the world in Cincinnati.

What called forth such superlatives was the product of Holmes’s eternal vigilance. From ideas to fixtures, all passed before him. At the moment, some valves, lately installed, had gone wrong. Holmes had their metals analyzed and declared them worthless. After a bitter fight his kind was put in their place. Pawing through boxes and boxes of glass for the windows, he found every other sheet of half thickness. The glass
contractors would proceed to remove the panes already inserted and replace them with materials up to specification. The companies at fault were Cincinnati firms—the only miscreants in the whole history of the hospital’s construction. The lessons they learned were costly ones. In other days and on older city contracts such behavior would have been condoned; but even petty graft was not allowed where Holmes was responsible.

When on tour, fresh plans and reports of progress met him at every stop. Back in town he would hardly have stepped off a train and bathed, before arriving upon the hospital grounds. In residence, he slept but few hours at night while the hospital was building. The morning’s work in his private hospital under control, he would intersperse his patients with his visitors summoned for conference. A rear and private cubicle in his Eighth street hospital that few men knew existed was his discussion room. Stopping on the hospital grounds in the late afternoon to look about, he would hurry to his house on Washington avenue for dinner, to see more architects, more colleagues. For him to telephone someone to join such a conference after midnight was nothing. At two in the morning he was likely to steal out alone to test the setting of cement, to throw bricks about to discover if they were up to strength demands, to snap switches off and on, to run elevators up to the roof trees to make sure that the safety appliances worked. At four he might return for sleep. Seven would find him astride his horse, followed by his great-dane; and eight would see him reappear upon the hospital grounds lest the workmen forget that their head was with them.

The lowliest laborer knew him—knew, too, his quiet, his kindly but determined overlordship. The master workmen he could call by name.

His influence was felt continuously from the days when ground was first broken (nineteen hundred and seven) and clay and snow made it difficult to reach the building operations, to those when his duties in Camp Sherman (nineteen hundred and seventeen) took him out of the city. Wandering through the tunnels of the then finished institution or through any of its upper floors, the observant could sense in the vitalized activities of every attendant the approach of his train or automobile from Chillicothe, hours before its arrival.
Discovery of an error in the bookkeeping department of the city auditor's office brought to light the fact that $100,000 which the hospital commissioners believed still standing to their credit was gone. This amount needed now to be added to the other red figures in the hospital's account book. It, too, did not disturb Holmes and so Christmas drew near and the end of Hunt's first year in office.

What Hunt's set-up had accomplished appeared in the city's annual report for the year ending nineteen hundred and twelve. The tuberculosis hospital (now correctly so designated even if without legal sanction) and the Cincinnati hospital did not this year issue separate accountings, theirs being lost in the rear half of a volume which included the municipal lodging house, the children's house of refuge, the city infirmary and the city workhouse. It was what the department of charities and correction had tied together in social unity. A horribly printed affair (because ripped out of a larger volume?), it began with page 261 to end with an index of no pagination. The cover (a poisonous violet) informed the reader of the department's wide interests, introducing the various items by a fine pep talk. "In strong contrast with the old idea of contenting itself with the policing of the city is the control exercised today by a municipality over the economic and social conditions of its citizens. . . . Just as the community has made the health of its citizens its business, so the social conditions of its citizens, the temperance of the father, the purity of the mother, the dependency and delinquency of their children, along with their education have become the municipality's business. . . . Cities have been somnolent to the menace of the social evil, of venereal diseases, with their attendant train of lifelong ills: blindness, insanity, epilepsy. Municipal officers have taken little account of the causes of alcoholism, degeneracy, delinquency, pauperism, bad housing and industrial diseases."

The superintendent was further able to say: "Mayor Henry T Hunt appreciated the above facts."

In the list of things accomplished appeared the department's early declaration of "determination to establish a segregated district, along with the prohibition of the sale of liquor
in houses of prostitution. . . . Discontinuance of soliciting on the streets was enforced . . . the handbook evil has been suppressed; general forms of gambling have been stopped; not a bucket shop is running; prostitutes have left the city." At the city infirmary (last hope of the aged) "whiskey, formerly given to inmates as an incentive to work has been withdrawn."

Together with these printed words came pictures, not merely "views," however, but instruction sheets in morals. Several were posters which showed how the city's social service had put the social villains to flight. The theme of one covered all. In it "social service" saved "citizenship" by lending a hand (the department) to the poor (working) man coming up out of a sewer of "despair and despondency" upon some solid rock steps bearing the legends, "hearing," "emergency relief" and "thorough investigation."
Hospital interest in Cincinnati kept its eye cocked for January tenth of 1913. It was the day on which the new messiah in hospital management was to assume control. There was a touching account of the old superintendent, “GAR commander, eminent citizen, splendid soldier, eminent engineer” who was “fond of statistics, who worked far into the night by tackling some abstruse problem in algebra” going “the way of every other Republican” but welcoming (with photographs) the new superintendent on the steps of the old joint downtown. Commanded of newspaper men to say something, Fehrenbatch pointed to the fine mechanical devices found in the hospital of which he had been the inventor. For his part Summersgill said: “We may wipe out the present forms of disease. I think it is only a question of time before tuberculosis will succumb to the appearance of some virus that will overpower it.”

Cash declared that Summersgill would make good. He based his view on some estimated costs for maintenance of the new hospital which Summersgill had worked down (on paper) from $500,000 to $400,000.

The same day brought news of an “investigation” of the infectious pavilions of the new hospital by a newspaper (the Post). For the second time since its completion two years ago this “too big proposition” of Holmes had proved inadequate. There were one hundred and twenty-four patients resident in the total structure, while space had been arranged for but one hundred and twelve—in the sixteen bed scarlet fever ward lay twenty-five patients, in the twenty-eight bed measles ward lay forty-three. The overflow was resting on cots.

Holmes, meanwhile, was being snowed under with more requests for suggestions, plans, articles on hospital construction. This time Berlin, London, Vancouver (B C) were calling. Buffalo, having already purchased large acreage for a hospital, sent a commission to Holmes to learn how to build “like Cincinnati.” In commenting upon its local problems the Buffalo Express said: “Cincinnati is building an institution of the
newest kind. . . . It is the first hospital where roof wards and roof gardens have been worked out to perfection.” Emphasizing the fact that enough space was provided to give every patient the outdoors and that all buildings were connected by open corridors and well-lighted and -ventilated tunnels, it went on to say: “This hospital is the pathological school of the medical department of the university of Cincinnati. In close proximity will be the medical school, while the academic division of the university is only fifteen minutes’ walk from it.”

Detroit, which had written to Holmes a year before, ran whole pages on the Cincinnati situation in its daily papers. “Detroit should build as did Cincinnati.” A provisional layout (Stratton and Baldwin, architects) showed a design hardly distinguishable from Holmes’s. “The similarity of the two pictures shows that Detroit’s three men came to something like the same conclusion that the Cincinnati men came to.” Wiser (by the history of Cincinnati’s early steps?), this paper continued: “To build the first unit only would mean the starting of a botch job . . . Look at the picture again to see how Cincinnati is building.” In May, Detroit was able to announce that it had adopted all Holmes’s plans even to the placing of the different buildings.

Some praise came to Holmes at home. Nonpolitical dailies and weeklies gave him space. The Meddler printed a large picture beneath the caption: A Man Who Does Things. The papers suggested that he be nominated for the mayoralty in the coming election. “I am too busy already,” he said. The Freie Presse recited the events of his thirteen-year-old fight against men who had “worked like moles to bring about the fall of the giant project. . . . Holmes has created in his exemplary institution a monument in the thankful hearts of his fellow citizens that will outlast any of bronze or stone.”

But he was not on these counts to be given rest. The negro physicians combined to ask for place on the staff of the hospital. Bids for the smallpox isolation ward which the hospital committee of council and Holmes had found best to place upon the general hospital grounds were due. Council had voted the commissioners $25,000 for the job—and the low bid called for $55,000. Holmes would find the additional funds.

And now came the time also to look for the moneys neces-
sary to complete the general buildings of the new hospital and to ask for the supplementary amount wanted for equipment. Holmes had promised the city the finished institution as a holiday gift for the coming Christmas. "Odds and ends will call for $100,000," said he. "The equipment will cost $300,000. We had best ask the people for half a million."

HOLMES invited the mayor, the safety director and the members of council to make official inspection of the now nearly completed buildings of the new hospital in early May. They were duly impressed. On their jaunt through the institution—it required two hours—Holmes got humorous in one of the few instances of his life. "It's hard to get good nurses. The better the home that you provide, the better the girls. We are going to have a fine x-ray department, the best-ever of surgical pavilions, a first-class boiler room and a grand refrigeration plant. But what are we going to do about the nurses' sweethearts? That's why I built these cute little alcoves into the main hall of their home."

The general arrangements of the nurses' home were the product mainly of Bettie's thought and labor. She had done much the same sort of thing in the other service divisions of the hospital but in the instance of the nurses' quarters she had also paid for the equipment. Thus she made of barracks a place for living by providing all the furniture and furnishings, even the dishes for the kitchen and the books for the library.

In more serious mood Holmes suggested to the mayor that when the work of his commission was completed and its personnel discharged, another commission be appointed to look after the hospital. He was in favor of a return to the old board of trustees system. This proposal was the forerunner of his idea which was to be realized some years later when control of the hospital was to be entrusted (under a new city charter) to the board of directors of the city's university.

The occasion for this discussion had been offered by the "eternal" unquietness of Cincinnati's medical waters. The board of trustees of the old hospital having been abolished some ten years ago and the hospital's board of medical directors when the department of charities and correction came in (with placement of its head office not in the hospital but in the city
THE NURSES' HOME OF THE HOSPITAL, SO LARGELY DESIGNED AND EQUIPPED OF BETTIE FLEISCHMANN HOLMES
hall), the safety director (Cash) appointed of the mayor, was really in charge. It brought the eclectic practitioners of the town to life once more, to ask for “full recognition” on the staff of the hospital via an ordinance which they would have introduced into council.

Friction was also increasing between Cash and the new superintendent. Summersgill maintained that the hiring and firing of workers in the hospital was his affair. On this account he had given the bounce to some men held inefficient. Cash took the stand that such prerogative was his, especially since one of the dismissed was actively Democratic. He pointed to his legal rights in the matter; the former to his spiritual. “Summersgill has had the run of his professional career with the Hunt administration” wrote the Commercial-Tribune. “Every Tom, Dick and Harry in the Democratic administration has tried to make it uncomfortable for the doctor because he tries to conduct an institution along professional lines.” The mayor and safety director were charged with putting “the hospital at the mercy of Noctor and all the ward heelers who insisted upon having ward representation in the appointments throughout that institution.”

In March, a woman urgently in need of hospitalization had been denied admittance because a resident of Cincinnati for but eight months. Returning to her home she had delivered herself—with the baby dead.

“Humiliated by peanut politics and offended” there came rumors that Summersgill would resign but for Holmes. The safety director’s office countered with the statement that if he did not resign voluntarily, he would be asked to.

It was a fight of personalities ’twixt men in high place who forgot—as they seem always to do in democratic government—that not the place but only the nature of the man in the place counts.

The superintendent of the branch (Rockhill) now appeared before Holmes’s board to insist anew upon the building of a strong ward in his tuberculosis division. Not content to make his wants known here, he took them also to the city hall. Before Decoration day he had repeatedly “scored” the board to Cash for its delay in getting up any of the new portions of the branch. “Now,” declared Rockhill, “the hospital commis-
sion is preparing to delay for another six months . . . as its various members are going on vacation."

Owing to a change in the state tax law, the city authorities had been unable to sell the $340,000 left of the bonds voted by the people for the branch. Wherefore Cash properly said to Rockhill: "If this had been possible we would not now face this difficulty. All the plans for your institution have been ready for a long time." But Rockhill would not rest. Thus he came to hear the following from Holmes on May thirty-first:

"The commission has in no way delayed your work. $350,000 for the project was voted November seventh, 1911. On December twenty-ninth the commissioners petitioned to sell $50,000 worth of bonds but we were advised that the petition be made to authorize the sale of but $10,000. This was done, the money being placed in the fund of the branch March first, 1912. The building of a hospital is not like the building of a warehouse. The architects completed their plans two months ago at which time you began to complain of your inability to control your patients, demanding a lockup. That an old building might be used for the purpose, you would not consider, wherefore the architects were instructed to prepare plans for a detention building. It is promised that these will be ready next week. The engineer's plans for the general layout were not ready until May second. And condemnation proceedings for land on which the new buildings are to stand is still pending. Authorization of the sale of $340,000 worth of bonds was passed by council April first, 1913. They were offered for sale and declined. The thing at fault is the new tax provision that has been put by the state upon municipal issues."

To overcome this, an increase in interest rate on the bonds from four to four and a half percent was suggested by Holmes. "Thus it rests entirely with council as to when the money will be ready for use."

By the middle of June Holmes was started to Europe on another of his "vacations." He was to return full of praise for some of the new hospital structures he had seen, but what he had actually gone to inspect was medical schools. Before leaving he took the occasion of Frederick Forchheimer's death to point out the opportunity presented thereby, for his friends,
to do something in the way of a proper monument to him—a building in the freshly conceived medical college, or a chair therein.

In the city hall, safety director Cash was growing increasingly tired of Summersgill. "That place needs as its head a man with some heart," he said. And mayor Hunt, while sad about the $120,000 more that the hospital was going to cost to operate when opened over the old institution downtown, was nevertheless urging council to vote favorably on submission of a $100,000 bond issue to the people for the July thirtieth city election. This was for the "odds and ends" needed to make the practically completed structure safe against the winter freeze and ready for equipment.

Councilman John Weld Peck (thirty-seven-year old lawyer out of Cincinnati's law school, a Democrat from Cincinnati's Episcopalian level, graduate out of Harvard, US district judge later, to resign after four years because unable to endure degradation of the federal bench to judgment of mere police cases [bootleg cases]) rose to protest "the extravagance of the hospital commissioners." It was a part of his program of objection to waste of public moneys. In the absence of Holmes, Laws came to their defense. "In building the new hospital not a detail is being overlooked; and I defy anyone to say that there has been extravagance. The commission has saved the city at least one-half million by its close attention to bids, specifications and the work of the contractors." To Peck's charge that it would cost $700,000 yearly to run the new hospital, he answered: "Dr Holmes's estimate is liberal and calls for $351,000 and this includes $25,000 as a contingency fund. Mr Peck could have discovered all these facts by calling upon the mayor. As to the $100,000 bond issue which was before council last night, that was occasioned by the fact that a mistake to this amount was made in the auditor's office several years ago. We thought that we had that amount and didn't." Becoming more abstract, Laws said: "The present administration has kept things in a state of unrest. Mr Cash has never lost opportunity to rap the hospital or to hamper the commission in its work. There has been trouble of some kind or other right along. Its effect upon the hospital has not been soothing."
Withrow (of the board) gave notice in interview that he was "inclined to side with Mr Peck." Again repeating that both he and (mayor) Schwab had refused to sign the plans and specifications, he continued: "The hospital is being overbuilt in many directions."

Cash in a letter to Laws (June twenty-sixth, 1913) defended himself thus: "I have criticized the dilatory tactics of the hospital commission with reference to the tubercular sanitarium. Its plans were ready a year ago and yet no move has been made toward the erection of the new buildings." (The bonds for this project had not yet been sold and were not to find a buyer for another nine months.) "The necessities of that institution are very much more pressing than the erection and completion of the hospital on Burnet avenue... I refused to concur in your recommendation to send to Boston for an engineer to operate the plant at the new city hospital. I disagreed with you then and have had no occasion to change... I am not so provincial as to think that the people of Cincinnati can learn nothing from the outside, but hereafter I'm from Missouri; I've got to be shown."

Reference to this engineer had to do with a continuing misunderstanding as to right of appointive power between Cash and the board. On July ninth Cash indicated who was boss by choosing two local men. Three days later another engineer (Ostendorf), said to have been insubordinate to Summersgill, went directly to Cash to complain. Cash summoned Summersgill to the city hall for a conference on this case with the following overture: "We will learn whether we at the city hall have any voice in the hospital."

At this conference Cash hinted thus broadly to Summersgill to get out: "You seem to think that we are a gang of politicians. You tell everybody at the hospital to keep away from the city hall as though in danger of contamination. As politics seem to be obnoxious to you, why do you remain in a position subject to the regulation of politics? Why did you accept the position at the hands of these politicians in the first place?"

Open letters to the hospital commissioners became the order of the day. Peck wrote to Laws repeating his charge that the new hospital was costing $5000 per bed. "It is high time that somebody called a halt upon this unjustifiable and reckless..."
extravagance with public funds." Referring to the contagious group as having been "built in Judge Dempsey's administration" (it was the very [Democratic] administration which had done most to block the progress of the hospital) he went on to deny all political bias. Educated, apparently of Withrow, he continued: "Your board has never been unanimous but has acted by a bare majority on the vital subjects. It is now of course too late." Evidencing thus early his judicial spirit, he ended: "My purpose in voicing my protest . . . was to call attention to a similar proposition, the construction of a courthouse, in which there are dining rooms and sleeping rooms for jurors, rooms for messenger boys, and a suite of twenty-eight rooms for the prosecuting attorney." (James Albert Green, dropped from the hospital board, had been appointed building commissioner of the new court-house.)

On July seventeenth Summersgill dismissed P Alfred Marchand (colored) from the lay staff of the hospital (he who had been so largely responsible in its several annual reports, for all the medical statistics). Newspapers said that the ground was insubordination. Marchand had started into the hospital as a messenger thirty-five years before, had been made its librarian five years later, had in the library taught himself the languages in which its foreign books and journals were printed. Even the newspaper reporters (besides the staff) knew that Marchand "could lay his hand on any volume at a moment's notice." But he could not fathom the intricacies of filing and card index systems. Without understanding the full import of his words, and mixing up his court knowledge with his medical, one of these reporters wrote: "His services were of particular and great value to the staff; and the authorities in thousands of cases were looked up by Marchand for any member of the staff who desired to read an exhaustive article on some particular disease at a medical society meeting."

Remembering these labors, and feeling, no doubt, that the guilty best stick together, the staff of the hospital promised to protest.

On the day following Summersgill explained: "I did not dismiss Marchand for insubordination but because he did not get his work out. We have been trying to get an index of the library." This order was like a command to a chicken that had
incubated a flock of ducks to go swimming after them. Summersgill continued: "In February I gave him six weeks in which to complete the work. April first he had not completed it. I extended his time. Thursday I asked him again if the work was done. He said it was not. Then I told him that I would have to get someone who could."

The medical staff of the hospital did protest; Marchand would be reinstated, it said. Summersgill said that he would not; but he was. A month later—Summersgill was then on his way—Cash was suddenly faced with the disposal of a librarian who had moved all his belongings down from Chicago to Cincinnati on appointment of Summersgill at seventy-five dollars a month.

On the night before election mayor Hunt urged the voters of his city to consider favorably the $100,000 bond issue which (alone) had been put forward by council for the needs of the hospital. It required for passage a two-thirds majority of the votes cast. 31,699 voted yes; 18,313 voted no. Wherefore it went down to defeat.
August first mayor Hunt published his regret that Summersgill had decided to resign. The latter had made public his decision via his assistant superintendent in a letter to the mayor, giving as his reason the insufficient appropriations that had been made for the hospital in the new year. The mayor answered the letter by saying: "We could not allow more. The impression of all concerned is that the new hospital cannot be run with the appropriation allowed. Well, it will have to run on that whether it can or not. . . . We can't spend all our money on hospitals." More privately Summersgill said that the free hand promised had been denied him; and Cash stated that Summersgill was "too arbitrary."

Rockhill (of the branch) was tipped off as Summersgill's successor. Actually Arthur Charles Bachmeyer (twenty-seven-year-old graduate out of the first class of the university of Cincinnati's new medical school, interne for a year in the old hospital and destined in the next to become its superintendent and [in ten] dean of the college of medicine, mason and Methodist) who had been nominated assistant superintendent of Summersgill in February, was instructed by Cash to take charge of the hospital and to fill temporarily Summersgill's position. Whereafter Cash announced that no permanent appointment would be made until fall when "C R Holmes and the other commissioners return to the city."

The head of the department of charities and correction (Otto P Geier) took the occasion of a lay meeting in the middle of this month to report the following: "By weeding out the nonresidents and those who have parents or children able to provide them with paid hospital service, we cut down the number of patients in the city hospital until now it is not nearly full. . . . I make this statement reluctantly because of my friendship for Dr Holmes; but by clearing out nonresidents and the undeserving the new general hospital was not and is not a necessity."

Holmes returned to Cincinnati three days later. "I went to study medical colleges over there," he said. Apprised of Geier's
speech he retorted: "It is a beautiful dream; it is a beautiful theory. But that is all." He was not surprised that the bond issue had failed. "When the bond issue comes up again in November, it will pass; and then we will have money enough to complete everything."

He visited mayor Hunt on the next day to discuss this subject. Holmes had in mind also, he told him, the placing of a medical college on the hospital grounds, to be built by private subscription and to be the rival of any plant in the world. With such, Holmes ventured, Cincinnati might win back her reputation as a leader in medical education.

The mayor expressed himself as in favor of making the assistant, and now acting, superintendent of the hospital (Bachmeyer), the superintendent in fact, and at once. His youth and short experience were held to counsel against this.

In the middle of September the mayor made an unannounced visit to the branch, to find everything there, spick and span. Rockhill seized upon the occasion to inform him that "eighty percent of the tuberculosis cases in Cincinnati are due to alcoholism" and that "the new buildings at the branch are not being built." The mayor assured Rockhill that he was trying to sell the bonds. Forgetful of the aims and designs of the mayor's department of charities and correction to get Cincinnati's hospital cleaned of patients, Rockhill stressed "the benefits of this (his) institution to self-respecting citizens who need the treatment which the branch provides." Said he: "There is no more need to feel that one forfeits self-respect in coming to this hospital than in attending a public school."

Not a party, apparently, to any of the ideas under discussion, Holmes was nevertheless at work upon them. On the one hand he was figuring up the probable costs of completing and thus putting into use his new hospital. On the other, he was reviewing the specifications for the branch. September twenty-fourth he had, with his board, completed this task and said that their designs might now be submitted to the contractors for bid.

Before the week was over the builders of the Detroit general hospital ran down to Cincinnati to inspect Holmes's project. Extreme in their praise, they made front page. Holmes used the moment to invite the city fathers to come and have a
look; and, to come along also, any club of civic mind. He wished to build up a better public knowledge of his institution, because of that newly-to-be-submitted bond issue. It was going to ask for $500,000 instead of the defeated $100,000. "The public did not understand the purpose and needs of the last proposed issue," said Holmes. "We must do our best to get them acquainted with the facts before the question comes up again."

To get these matters under way he spent much time with the city solicitor (Alfred Bettman, forty, Harvard lawyer, graft prosecutor with Hunt, city planner, court reformer). The latter informed him that "the city auditor is now running advertisements offering the bonds of the branch for sale." The two drew up a resolution for passage by council "declaring it necessary to issue (further) bonds in the sum of $500,000 for the purpose of extending, enlarging, improving, equipping and furnishing the new general hospital."

This business attended to, Holmes took train for St. Louis. His interests as chairman of the building committee of the new medical school pressed this upon him and so he went to live some days in conference with Robert Somers Brookings (sixty-three, merchant prince of St. Louis, chairman of the board of trustees of Washington university and its patron saint). Brookings had personally sunk several millions in Washington's new medical buildings and Holmes went to inquire into his motives therefor.

On September twenty-seventh Charles William Dabney (president of the university of Cincinnati) sent Holmes a letter of congratulation upon his work before council where he had succeeded in having his half million dollar bond proposal submitted to popular vote. It was a long one. The letter concluded with this paragraph: "All the arrangements are made to carry out the matter we spoke of last."

This item calls for separate comment.

A second election day in 1913 fell for Cincinnati on November fourth. It was the last time that Holmes was to make appeal to his people for aid in his plan to make the town a better and sounder medical spot. His first call had been made twelve years before, but his method of procedure was again no different from that pursued in any of the several in between. There was a month in which to get ready.
Holmes started early in October with a visit to the German-American alliance. Leaving all other issues of the campaign to the individual conscience of the individual voter, its session ended with an endorsement of Holmes's hospital call. Three nights later he appeared before the academy of medicine which had not been left unaffected by Otto P Geier's remarks. Said Holmes: "He probably meant well when he injected himself into the destinies of the hospital, but he magnified his work and that of the department of charities and correction at the expense of the poor. Every unfortunate who sought refuge in the hospital was put through the third degree." Holmes stressed the point that the increased cost of maintenance of the new hospital would be greatly offset by decrease in amount of yearly repairs. "It has been so constructed," said Holmes. For two hours he held the interest of Cincinnati's medical men, telling them of the benefits of the new hospital not only to the sick poor but to every medical student and to every doctor whether on or off its staff. Thereafter the academy voted endorsement unanimously. The medico-civics association did likewise. The Chronicle (labor weekly) early took up the fight. "The new hospital is labor's product and we may not fail it now." On October twenty-ninth the central labor council (representing all the unions of Cincinnati) voted endorsement of the bond issue. Cincinnati's several newspapers followed. The Enquirer set its cartoonist (Claude Shafer) upon the job of propaganda. "I have always been for the project," he wrote Holmes, "and was more than pleased to get instruction from Mr Wiley (William Foust Wiley, managing editor at twenty-seven and the most ardent of the Cincinnati publicists for a better town) to give a boost to the new hospital."

Two weeks before election day Holmes invited five hundred doctors to inspect his institution. They came. The Commercial and Optimist clubs were asked to visit and to lunch in one of the wards. Then on the two workless Sundays he bade the town come. Twenty thousand passed through each day, their interest stirred and their questions answered by uniformed nurses.

The (German) Volksblatt said: "Anstatt sich auf lange Erklärungen durch Wort und Schrift einzulassen, sagte die Hospitalbehörde sie sich, dass der Augenschein doch schliesslich
Urging the German vote to speak favorably for Holmes’s final demand it continued: “Das Wort von Dr Holmes ist so gut wie Tatsache.” Falling in with the approval given his hospital ideas by various independent committees of investigation, the editorial concluded: “So denken auch alle die Bürger deren Horizont etwas über den Kirchthurm im Dorfe hinausgeht.”

Exhorted by Holmes, the acting superintendent of the antituberculosis league sent individual letters to all lodge members (odd fellows, eagles, masons, elks, pythians and moose). And just before election day the chief was able to press circulars (privately printed by Holmes) into the hands of every policeman, to indicate to him where his duty lay. “Do not make this vote the necessary two-thirds majority” was the slogan, “as nearly as possible make it unanimous.”

Election night gave the city’s answer to Holmes’s half million dollar call: “Shall the new Cincinnati hospital be completed and equipped?” And the answer read: 52,995 yes; 14,332 no.
O get over such a bond issue would have proved task enough to fill the days of any man, yet the very month devoted to it had put another weight upon Holmes. The urge had been going on six months.

For a quarter of a century now, Holmes had been the pivotal point of an enormous private practice. Of this labor, the general public, of course, knew nothing. It had seen him chiefly as the constructor of a hospital for Cincinnati for thirteen years. Any aid which he had received had been largely offset by tactics employed to hamper him—an algebraic value best represented by the years required to get where he was. What the citizens were never really to become conscious of, was an ever increasing spiritual burden laid upon him backstage. Though directly none of his affair, he had been asked again and again what he would do about those extra maintenance costs for the new hospital, the sick who wished to be admitted to its services and could pay, the rights of any or all of the medical schools to enter in, those appointments to its medical or lay staff, the control of the whole business out of the city hall, or from elsewhere.

Holmes had long been tied to these less material of the city’s medical interests by other strings. Since eighteen hundred and eighty-five he had served almost continuously on the medical staff of the hospital; from eighteen hundred and ninety to nineteen hundred and four he had been professor of otology in the Miami medical college; and from eighteen hundred and ninety-two to nineteen hundred and three, professor of ophthalmology in the woman’s (Laura memorial) medical college. Since nineteen hundred and four he had functioned as professor of otology in the medical college of Ohio. Under these titles he had tended the ill in that old house for which he was building a better; or had argued the relation of these schools to each other or to the new hospital.

In nineteen hundred and eight he had said: “It is self-evident that if we develop along the lines just laid down, there should be a union of the forces of our two medical colleges both
for their own interest and for that of medical education.” And to justify his construction of laboratory quarters in the new general hospital, he had added: “Think of how much would be saved to us in the lives of those we love, not to mention material wealth, if to-morrow there should come to us from some research laboratory the knowledge necessary to stamp out typhoid fever, cancer, tuberculosis. Is there any community so poor that it could not afford to pay for such knowledge? Institutes of this kind are necessities to a modern city.” The last particular had permitted the insertion into his plans of a half-million dollar “pathological institute”; the first had proved an amalgamating force in the fusion of nineteen hundred and nine of Cincinnati’s two major schools as the Ohio-Miami medical college.

Immediately after their union, Paul Gerhardt Woolley (thirty-five, son of John Granville Woolley the perpetual candidate of prohibition for the presidency, director of the U S serum laboratory in Manila and then in Siam) was made dean. He brought to the place approved training, Johns Hopkins ideals, university standards—but like so many teachers tossed into administration, little of practical sense. On assuming command Woolley had headed a medical student registration of one hundred and ninety-one; by the spring of nineteen hundred and thirteen this had dwindled to eighty. And the end was not yet. (In nineteen hundred and fourteen it fell to sixty-four.) But even as he failed to hold a student body for Cincinnati, he failed similarly to catch the imagination and affection of his faculty. It did not like him; and he showed plainly that he did not like it. The professor best loved of the students smiled through beady eyes and said, “Woolley can’t last.” The matter became one for open discussion and in May (nineteen hundred and thirteen) the possible successors to his place were being listed. One name always came first—Holmes.

On June first Woolley sent this letter of resignation to the president of the university (Dabney): “The time has come when someone more prominent socially and with wider financial influence than I have, should become leader of the medical school.”

Dabney discussed the situation with Holmes expressing his personal desires in the matter. Holmes refused. The reason
assigned was the responsibility still existent in finishing the hospital; and he was tired. More hidden and more powerful was a private objection to the job—several of the newly united faculty had for years openly opposed him in his new hospital schemes and when as faculty member he had talked of the future of medical education in Cincinnati as centralized about the hospital, the overhead beacon lights in the old medical college meeting rooms on the hill had put his audience to sleep. The fact was that few saw with him that the tail was shortly to swing the dog.

Holmes had had a total picture clearly in mind for years. In nineteen hundred and ten he had written: “Cincinnati, once the medical centre of the west, means to reestablish that supremacy, lost through the indifference, neglect and shortsighted policy of the past thirty years. Plans for the new municipal hospital and the new medical department of the university of Cincinnati are being pushed forward . . . The work of the junior and senior classes will be cared for in the amphitheatres, wards and pathological laboratories of the new hospital.”

The younger men of the faculty were strongest for Holmes. One of them wrote (July twelfth, 1913): “I learned . . . that you had given a final no to accepting the medical deanship. I can see . . . why you should, but the crying need of Cincinnati’s medical situation fairly demands this additional labor from you.”

Holmes remained adamant. On the second of October, Dabney brought the matter before the total of his medical faculty and secured from it the following statement: “We . . . members . . . earnestly urge C R Holmes to consider favorably . . . the deanship. We pledge him our support.”

Thirty-three of the professors signed.

Dabney was able to write Holmes a two-page letter. Beginning with “our frequent conferences on this subject,” he continued: “I know that you feel that in . . . the new hospital you have already had enough to do for the cause . . . but this relation forms one of the very reasons why you should take the deanship. . . . I last night told the medical faculty that I would nominate you . . . no one else can fill the place . . . It is not surprising that the faculty unanimously adopted
a resolution... pledging you its cooperation. The faculty
resolved to sign it personally... and I transmit it to you...
. . . I shall ask you to name the man of your choice for assis-
tant dean. . . . There is no disharmony in the faculty... di-
difference of opinion lies in the policy of advancing standards
as rapidly as we have done... With you at the head, Ohio-
Miami can be made a great medical institution.”

On October sixth (1913) Holmes answered this letter as
follows: “The expression of confidence, and the promise of
support from you and the faculty constitute an honor I cannot
lightly put aside, however much I may feel disinclined to ac-
cept, first, because of the heavy responsibility I am now carry-
ing in connection with the completion of the new hospital and,
second, because I deeply and sincerely feel my many shortcom-
ings... Because of the one great desire of my life, to help
as much as lies in my power to give to Cincinnati the medical
prestige that she should and can possess, if her citizens, but
especially her medical profession, will present a united and
determined front, I accept.”

PROMOTION to the deanship put Holmes in charge of
what was henceforth to be known as the college of medi-
cine of the university of Cincinnati. At the moment it was still
called the Ohio-Miami school, and guarded this title rather
jealously. The Ohio half of the name represented historically
what had remained from, or developed out of, the medical col-
lege of Ohio which Daniel Drake had brought into being in
eighteen hundred and nineteen. It had been functioning as a
poliomyelitic member of Cincinnati’s university (chartered
eighteen hundred and seventy) since eighteen hundred and
ninety-six when first “affiliated” with that institution. The
directors of the university had then found a new home for the
college in the vacated halls of the old McMicken institution at
the head of Elm street, but except for this interest the associa-
tion was meaningless. The medical faculty was still “indepen-
dent” (insistence upon the point continued in gradually weak-
ening form to nineteen hundred and twenty) and university
authority felt little impulse to impress its standards upon the
school’s management. Its intellectual glory was largely dead.
Otto Juettner (MD out of the Ohio school, librettist and com-
poser of many of Cincinnati's university songs) in a medical history of the town (Daniel Drake and his followers) dared to express this opinion in print, for which audacity he was barred from medical society membership. The facts were that George C Blackman had died, Roberts Bartholow and Theophilus Parvin had left, and the accepted leader of the school, P S Conner (Bartholow's successor, but now in his sixties) was about to resign.

Hard hitting Howard Ayers had been president of the university of Cincinnati since eighteen hundred and ninety-nine when called from Missouri at thirty-eight to cut out the dead wood in Cincinnati's forest. He had brought with him a young and distinguished group: John Miller Burnam (paleography), Merrick Whitcomb (history), Louis Trenchard More (physics), Michael F Guyer (biology), Joseph Edward Harry (Greek), Harris Hancock (mathematics), Frederick Charles Hicks (economics). Too successful in the task at which he had been set, he was dismissed. In nineteen hundred and four, just before his administrative demise, he read these words to the medical affiliate of his university: "The high aims of the university cannot be attained nor the opportunities for growth in this community seized upon and utilized under such a system of separation. . . . About thirty years ago there were in attendance in the medical colleges in the city of Cincinnati between seven hundred and eight hundred students, most of them enrolled in the three larger colleges. In nineteen hundred and one only eighty new, nonresident students were received in all the medical schools of this city; in nineteen hundred and two but forty-four new, outside students entered the two largest schools, which number was repeated in nineteen hundred and three. . . . At the present time the nonresident attendance upon the medical schools in this city is almost entirely from southern Ohio. . . . Once the youth of a large territory looked to Cincinnati for a medical education. This is no longer the case."

In these early nineteen hundreds, hope that Drake's embers might be made to blaze again lay in but few minds—those of B K Rachford, Frederick Forchheimer, Joseph L Ransohoff. With them stood C A L Reed, long a professor in the expired Cincinnati college of medicine and surgery, now for two years
past an accession to the Ohio faculty. Ex-president of the American medical association, he had been a member of the university's board of directors for twelve years. As such he could do much to kill down the "democratic" yearnings and the separatist antics of various members of the medical faculty—and did. He was of the committee which brought to the university as the successor of Ayers, Charles William Dabney, forty-nine and for seventeen years past the president of the university of Tennessee. Nineteen hundred and four saw, too, Holmes filched out of the Miami faculty and made a part of Ohio's.

In nineteen hundred and six, influences more civic or university in origin than medical, agitated anew for a union of the Miami medical college with the Ohio. The idea met with little response. The Ohio faculty let it be known that it considered the Miami school "gangrenous"; to which the Miami school responded that the Ohio was a "corpse." With the professors of medicine, surgery and obstetrics in the one college frankly at the throats of the corresponding men of the other, progress was not swift. Joseph Ransohoff took Sanford Brown to lunch and begged him not to vote for the coalition (Brown has served his university as director for almost forty years!). Nevertheless, by nineteen hundred and nine the Ohio group had prevailed upon the faculty of the Miami school (through N P Dandridge, John C Oliver, E W Mitchell and Joseph Eichberg, chiefly) to join hands with them, wherefrom was born the Ohio-Miami medical college.

The combined faculties met for the first time in the halls of the university on May tenth, 1909. Dabney declared the purpose of the meeting to be "a more complete organization of the faculty." What he meant was a reorganization; and a committee (headed by C A L Reed on nomination of Joseph L Ransohoff—the two hated each other) was set at the task. It was not an easy one. There were a plethora of professors, a dearth of qualified teachers, inadequate and antiquated housing, no money.

Dabney was expected to bring order into this medical attic. Any directing leadership within the combined faculty that could gain a majority vote did not exist.
Dabney had already done well in the academic division of the university by adding fresh names to Ayers’s competent list. Thus he had brought in as psychologist, Burtis Burr Breese (assistant under William James, professor in Tennessee, made professor at thirty-six in Cincinnati); as philosopher, Guy Allan Tawney (thirty-eight, doctor out of the school of Wilhelm Wundt, inquiring Christian, Platonist); to be dean of women, Emilie Watts Mc Vea (greatest of the socializing influences in the university, ardently human citizen, evangelist of better education for the women and the south); to head comparative literature and English and to be dean of the liberal arts college, Frank Wadleigh Chandler (thirty-seven, at home in the belles-lettres of many languages, authoritative exponent of the purposes and aims of university education, for more than a decade the reining hand which made the wayward horses of his faculty, gee-ho); as chemist, Lauder William Jones (thirty-eight, starred as of the thousand in American men of science); to head geology and geography, Nevin M Fenneman (forty-two, and also of the starred thousand). Herman Schneider, he had made dean of the college of engineering in the university (thirty-four and author of the famous co-operative scheme of technical education).

University authority had had a picture drawn of a medical college building for the newly created medical faculty—only there were no funds for such, nor any in prospect.

But what the faculty needed more than space, was new blood. The medical conglomerates that had brought fame to Cincinnati in bygone years had nearly all of them been wanderers into the town; the present group was almost solely the product of Cincinnati forcing. Dabney set about it to obtain more outsiders and in one year (nineteen hundred and nine) brought in Paul Gerhardt Woolley for pathology, William Buchanan Wherry for bacteriology (thirty-four, tropical disease expert, early student of variation in microorganisms under environmental change, discoverer of the endemic nature of the west coast’s plague infestation [plague in its ground squirrels] and shortly to discover human examples of tularemia in the midwest states) and Martin Henry Fischer for physiology (thirty-one, father of the colloid-chemical theory of water absorption by living matter). To govern anatomy, Henry Mc-
Elderry Knower was shortly to be summoned (forty-two, also of the starred group in *American men of science* and authority on the gross anatomy of the heart and the microscopic anatomy of the lymphatics).

Impersonal judgment upon the status of the revamped combine, its problems and its future was given by Abraham Flexner in the Carnegie foundation report of nineteen hundred and ten. Listing three medical schools as still operative in Cincinnati—the Ohio-Miami medical college of the university, the Eclectic medical institute (chartered eighteen hundred and forty-five) and Pulte medical college (homeopathic)—their student registrations were stated as one hundred and ninety-seven (eighty percent from Ohio), eighty-six, and sixteen respectively. All three admitted upon a four year high school education.

Of the Ohio-Miami school the report said: "An organic department of the university ... a teaching staff of one hundred and twenty-six, of whom fifty are professors. There are nine professors of medicine and nine of surgery (not including gynecology). There are three whole time teachers ... a modern outfit adequate to routine teaching has been installed in pathology, bacteriology and physiology. ... Anatomy is ... unorganized ... Clinical facilities ... in a state of transition because the city has just begun the erection of a new hospital, whose exact relation to the university remains to be determined. There is an apparent disposition to make the relation close enough to be educationally effective. In that event, the university must on its side reorganize its clinical departments. The various schools may have disappeared, but their professorial titles remain. There must be a single professor of medicine, a single professor of surgery, etc., if the hospital facilities in prospect are to be deserved ... the school dispensary awaits proper organization."

With the medical teaching of the preclinical years thus given a passing grade, the faculty of the Ohio-Miami school set about it to revise the clinical years. Death (with little heed to where he struck) somewhat reduced its too long professorial list; and push into the emeritus group (with like disregard of personalities) did more.
Under Woolley’s guidance the scholarship requirements within the school were increased, and the conditions for entrance raised (to two years of college work). These changes gained the endorsement of medical educators everywhere but their effect upon Cincinnati’s student body was little short of disastrous. The number of applicants fell at once, while their quality showed no great improvement, for men able to make the heightened entrance requisites often betook themselves to schools with greater reputation for teaching or research. Nor was any fading in the medical school’s too intensely local color apparent.

Woolley’s purpose in putting the increased scholarship demands into effect had, of course, been of the highest. Its intent was the annihilation of the prospective but incompetent doctor. Unhappily, however, this failed of accomplishment via the methods employed either then or since. In Ohio (and other states) the law still permitted entrance upon medicine to the high school graduate and a third of the then existent American medical colleges had not yet seen fit to ask for more. (As a matter of fact the approved high school graduate of the time was scholastically not far behind the present day junior college man.) What happened to Cincinnati, therefore, was a mere translocation of its medical prospects into institutions of lower rating, and their exposure to educational possibilities elsewhere, not as good. To which came a second evil. Living as these institutions did so largely upon student fees, their financial security was assured for years to come and the day of their dissolution indefinitely delayed.

In the new year of nineteen hundred and eleven Woolley turned sponsor for a “coöperative” plan in medical education which largely nullified his efforts at better scholarship in other directions. The president of the university (Dabney) who in the past had given wing to Herman Schneider’s coöperative scheme in engineering education (the student doubled with another, spent half his time in orthodox engineering didacticism, the other half as paid employee in a going industrial concern) had thought the plan workable for medicine. Ohio-Miami’s medical students had therefore had some quarter of their conventional medical school demands amputated (some six half days!) and the time thus gained allotted to the follow-
ing of fruit, meat and garbage inspectors (all nonmedically trained) in lieu of professors. Six months sufficed to prove the absurdity of the venture but the last of this "health department work" did not make an exit for several years.

WHEN Holmes assumed the deanship in nineteen hundred and thirteen, the Flexner report still stood as the printed challenge to his genius. He had been made the head of a "better" medical school than existed in nineteen hundred and nine (Ohio-Miami was now rated A +) — but one without influence in the American scene because without students. Also, he was informed by some of his colleagues, by many of the practitioners of the town, and various "educators," that the clinical half of his faculty lacked distinction. Holmes countered by reading the roster. There were soft spots in it but, also, many not so soft.

J C Mackenzie, Stephen Cooper Ayres and E W Walker while "emeritus" were still active as "teachers"; Alexander Greer Drury was the recognized authority in middle western medical history. (Besides Otto Juettner who openly acknowledged his obligation, many other biographers owed all the facts of their essays to the quiet labors of this man.) Philip Zenner was still writing books and Byron Stanton was medicine's proud ambassador to the public. Frederick Forchheimer had just died. Through him the presidency of U S's snooty association of American physicians had been brought into Cincinnati. His Prophylaxis and treatment of internal diseases (nineteen hundred and eight) had made every American practitioner discover where the Ohio valley lay, while his four volume Therapeutis of internal diseases (extended to six by Frank Billings and Ernest E Irons) proved so popular that by nineteen hundred and twenty over thirty thousand sets of this, his "monument," had been sold. Standing in his stead was Edwin W Mitchell, "practical" doctor and idol of the students because never forgetting to teach them that cure of the patient is the real end of medicine. Within the faculty Mitchell kept his name forever on the "resigned" list; his place should be given to a "younger and better" man, he said. Mitchell goes down as the most selfless in its history of the unselfish group that made up the faculty. Other men in the internist group
were John Ernest Greiwe, exponent of the latest in European heart physiology; Henry Wald Bettmann, scholarly knower of books and silent sufferer under the jazz tempo; Oliver P Holt, diagnostician to his finger tips, cold prognosticator of the worst, in love (alone) with music and travel. Psychiatry could boast Frank Warren Langdon, institutional chief and sectional chairman once in the American medical association; David I Wolfstein, bold critic of the latest in medicine, fatalist; Robert Ingram, with a lance in his tongue and consuming fire in his voice.

Albert Henry Freiberg, though but forty-five had brought national recognition to his division of orthopedic surgery and Benjamin Knox Rachford (fifty-six), to his, of pediatrics. His skill had forced him into the specialty of children’s diseases when his desire had been for internal medicine, reached by the school of physiology. His text book of pediatrics had borne the name of Cincinnati into every doctor’s house. Buried, or attributed to an Englishman of like name because published in England, lay his greatest contribution to scientific medicine—the discovery that the pancreatic juice, in the hours of digestion, can split all the fats of a meal. In the same department Allyn Cilley Poole had succeeded in keeping alive a vintage Pierce Arrow for the longest period known to man, while gathering etchings and paintings into a collection to bring acclaim from the whole world. In this department functioned also Alfred Friedlander (forty-three), of the first to recognize, diagnose and treat the enlarged thymus in infants.

At the head of surgery stood Joseph Ransohoff, one who in a trade becoming increasingly mechanicalized, had books, knew books and talked principles. Similarly read, but also forgotten in the applause that fell to the better stitch, was Carl Hiller. The grenadiers could still boast as standing, E Gustav Zinke, last of the obstetricians; and Augustus Ravogli, last of the dermatologists (Italian emigré, pupil of Hebra, at home in any modern language but most at home in Latin or Greek).

Among those hidden and downstairs, save for the esoteric, were the following:

Simon Pendleton Kramer, a doctor at twenty, now forty-five, currently listed as the only Cincinnatian in America’s group of “scientific” doctors. (He had brought into being and
was first president of the Cincinnati society for medical research, had proved the one-sided nature of circulation in the circle of Willis, demonstrated the patulousness of the central canal of the cord, inveighed against the use of antiseptics in sera intended for intraspinal injection, stressed the importance of the nature of the filter upon the nature of the filtrate.) Unhappy unless at outs with his fellows he got his wish. Also, Edmund Michael Baehr (now thirty-five), neurophysiologist and pathologist, the successor of William Muehlberg (pupil of Kronacher) after a pulmonary disaster. Baehr had discovered Sherrington, was a disciple of Joseph Collins, and the first to bring into Cincinnati the fruits of Freud. Without audience in chemistry stood Harry Shipley Fry (thirty-five, young father of the electronic concept of valence). For lack of two hundred dollars increase in salary, Fred Wilbert Upson (thirty-one, initial American student of the colloid chemistry of the vegetable proteins) had been permitted to become head of Nebraska's chemistry and Richard Chace Tolman (thirty-three), a professor in California's institute and a starred man in American men of science. Oscar Berghausen (pupil of Emil Fischer) knew too much of amino acids to be understood on Vine street and Edward B Reemelin, too much of the barrenness of mere analysis to take its commitment to paper seriously. Under cover in pathology worked Charles Goosmann, keenest of optical physicists but unheard of beyond Cincinnati because most interested in gold fish. Edward F Malone had established his name as neurohistologist; and Robert Chambers jr, was carrying forward G L Kite's (dead at 32) microdissections of living cells. H Kennon Dunham was Cincinnati's host to America's medical circuit riders, while the promising experimentalist, William H Strietmann, was being driven west by illness to make great reputation as internist there.

Here was the crew, and here the ship that Holmes had been called to steer.

 Holmes was not to become dean until nineteen hundred and fourteen and his official installation had been set for January sixteenth. Yet a part of this very October had been spent catching the spirit of the best in medical education by visit to other cities. The rest had gone into the campaign for the hospital bond issue.
November fourth brought Holmes the news that by unanimous vote of the board of directors, Frank Bradley Cross (forty-two, only child ever born in the national soldiers' home of Dayton, graduate in medicine out of the Miami school in eighteen hundred and ninety-five, student under Fuchs and Politzer in Vienna, clinical assistant for two years in London's royal ophthalmic and—under Treacher Collins—Charing Cross hospitals) had been appointed assistant dean and secretary of the medical faculty. While officially he, too, was not to take office until the new year, unofficially he went to work at once. In the three years since the two schools had united, the central stove had grown colder and colder. The once friendly relations between student and preceptor (even when chosen out of the faculty) had weakened and the dean's sanctum had too largely gone out of existence. Holmes and Cross worked to bring back these features. For the six years of their association they collaborated so that every medical student knew again where lay the hub of his educational discipline—where he might be interviewed as a unit and not as the elect or reject merely of one of medicine's two dozen subdivisions, where he could go for counsel, for financial help even. It was a time when medical aspirants were still desired and sought by the medical schools, which made Cross draw upon his old newspaper and medical journal connections to publicize the new medical department and to make the laity aware again of its virtues.

Holmes's treatment of his predecessor in office, because characteristic, deserves comment. A weaker man would have felt himself insulted. Instead he remained appreciative of Woolley's stronger traits and employed them. Thus he continued him as an adviser to his office, had him write many of the school's educational reports, allowed him to frame the educational resolutions which, adopted subsequently by faculty action, concerned teaching in the medical school; and to the national conferences on medical education which Holmes as dean was destined to attend, he always took Woolley as second man. Never before had changes in name or title meant anything to Holmes and they did not in this instance. The efficacy of mere rightness of mind had been responsible for whatever Holmes had accomplished in the past, and he went to his death in this belief.
THE November election of nineteen hundred and thirteen showed Holmes what was to be the civic background of his next two years’ activities. The intellectually superior Henry T Hunt under whom the forces for better government had united, lost out. Abstract in his political ideals, cold in his brush with a voting public, he had gone down to defeat—to yield the mayoralty to Frederick Siegfried Spiegel (fifty-six, gymnasiast out of Germany, thirty-second degree mason, legal product of Cincinnati’s law school, political graduate of the Cincinnati board of education, several kinds of minor judge, member of the law firm of Spiegel and Spiegel). By the narrow margin of 45,489 to 42,229 the regular Republicans marched back into the city hall.

Holmes sent a friendly message to the mayor elect, receiving in reply: “I will certainly endeavor to prove to my friends that it is the good of our city that I have at heart in the performance of my duties. I will be very glad to talk matters over with you as soon as I have finished answering the hundreds of letters of congratulations which I have received and which I hope to have finished during this week.”

The appointment of John R Holmes (lawyer of high breeding and a chief among men) as safety director in the new administration having been made public, Christian R Holmes wrote him a letter. John R Holmes replied thus: “More pleased and gratified to get your cordial note than any other expression of approval that has come to me. You have given so much to the public service that you speak with authority. The example that you have set was persuasive on me when I had to consider accepting this appointment.”

Bids for the construction of the new buildings of the branch having exceeded the funds available in the bond issue therefor ($350,000), Holmes visited this institution with his commissioners and other officials, to lop off something. The something became the (Rockhill) jail which Holmes placed where he had wanted it from the first, in one of the existent buildings—the remodelled fireproof laundry.

With which nineteen hundred and thirteen came to its end.
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN

may fairly be said to have marked the climax of Holmes's career. To him, perhaps, the year proved the happiest of his life. His hospital, upon which every administrant in the world had cast envious eye, was nearing completion; he was the chief of a medical school which he was seeing revamped within and which he was soon to see refurnished without; and his ambition that medicine might one day again regard Cincinnati was being fulfilled. Shortly the world was to visit his enterprise and to pronounce its Well done! The future was to demand fresh labors of him but the convulsion which had brought forth the new mountain was over, and Holmes was standing upon the cooling embers to watch the herbage grow once more.

The political change whereby the American rooster had yielded to the American eagle left Holmes and the personnel of his hospital commission (Harry L Laws and L S Levi) untouched. Though unsure of what Spiegel might do, the commission could be sure of its new titular head, the director of safety, John R Holmes.

Christian R Holmes's installation as dean was set for the middle of January, specifically the evening of the sixteenth. William Henry Welch (sixty-three, most famous of America's pathologists and the number one man in U S medical education) came from Baltimore to give the principal address, and background for the two days' celebration was furnished by a conference of professors and deans of medical schools and of literary colleges devoted to premedical training.

The induction took place in the auditorium of the university with the mayor, its directors, the members of its faculties and some fifty academic visitors present, all robed in university dress, and a hall full of interested visitors. After some music, the president of the university, as master of ceremonies, said to his audience: "We have invited you to celebrate with us the completion of our hospital and the inauguration of our dean . . . We also seek the benefit of your wisdom and your experience in shaping our medical teaching." Then turning to
Holmes he continued: "Our university and your hospital have been so placed as to conform to a plan—fullest cooperation between service to the afflicted and the advancement of medicine . . . With the exception of two or three laboratories, some lecture halls and rooms for administration, you have in the hospital itself already built a great medical college . . . We need this one more building to give to Cincinnati as good a medical teaching plant as is to be found in the land . . ."

Addressing his public, he said: "Our desire is to do honor to the man who more than all others has been responsible, Christian R Holmes . . . In all his plans Dr Holmes has kept in mind the needs of scientific medicine and medical teaching along with the primary questions of the comfort and welfare of the patient."

Holmes accepted the deanship "... with the realization that it carries responsibilities that cannot be discharged successfully by any one man. I ask for the earnest and unselfish support of all our medical men and those citizens who have the interests of Cincinnati at heart and wish to help in restoring her past prestige in medicine . . . A little more than twenty-five years ago there gathered within her medical schools more than a thousand students annually! . . ."

Sketching briefly the history of Drake's (Ohio) school and the Miami college he paid tribute to Johns Hopkins for its contribution to America's more recent progress in medical education. "Out of her staff we see two figures tower, . . . William Henry Welch and William Osler. The first is with us to-night; and both will, I trust, be with us in October when through the munificence of some of our citizens we shall lay the cornerstone for our new medical college building."

Pointing out the needs to such end, he made this appeal: "Has the medical profession a claim upon the generosity of this community? I answer that it has . . . The profession gives freely and cheerfully to the poor. . . . I have compiled some statistics on the charity work done by this city's eight hundred physicians and estimating their services at the minimum, it amounts to more than a million dollars annually." Alluding to Brookings's generous gift of a medical school to St Louis, Holmes said: "We in Cincinnati are less ambitious—but we need $500,000. With this we can erect the medical college
building that we have planned which, in conjunction with our hospital, will then care amply for all our needs.”

Welch awakened self-consciousness in many a Cincinnatian by remarking: “Cincinnati should be very proud of dean Holmes. The medical world in this and foreign countries is . . . .” Speaking to his theme of the advancement of medical education, he continued: “The clinical side of our medical colleges has not developed with their laboratory side. . . . Your medical college should take advantage of this great field as offered by your municipal hospital. Patients are better treated in a hospital used for medical teaching than in one used purely for humanitarian purposes. . . . It is up to Cincinnati to seize its great opportunity. She has it within her province to have the first great clinic centre of the world.”

At the banquet next night, arranged in compliment to Welch, five hundred sat at table. The newspapers declared it “a function unsurpassed in quality.”

The always-at-ease toastmaster of the occasion was C A L Reed, who used the music, noise and confusion of the dinner to call for the report of the conference on medical education which had been in session during the daylight hours. As Reed had sensed, it was a flop; and thus well smothered. While summoned to draught an improved course of college study for students expecting to enter medicine, it had brought forth a questionnaire. As circular letter, this was to be sent to all the colleges of the country. The committee might “at its discretion, call another conference.” This second moment of discretion never came.

In feeling, the committee had been for making Johns Hopkins’s medical school the universal pattern. Anything different could hardly have been expected, for with one exception—and he not clinical—all the members of the committee were non-medical men. Welch had effectively set them right. “The average American college is halfway between the so-called German gymnasium and her university,” said he. “At Johns Hopkins we require a degree in arts or science and demand that the college shall instruct its students also in physics, chemistry, biology and French and German before they can enter the medical college. . . . This system is undoubtedly too high. The national standard . . . when adopted will be two years . . . It
is not the rigid requirement for entrance that is important; it is the idea of principle and the mental discipline brought, that are valuable."

Of such mind was Holmes, and his administration of the affairs of the college of medicine in Cincinnati was to be dominated by this common sense. He at once set about to increase her enrollment, to liberalize her standards, to restore the national and international character of her student body. To this end he enlisted the help of every interested arts college, more especially those without a medical department, worked to bring Cincinnati's advantages to the notice of promising candidates, laid less emphasis upon what a student had been and more upon what he was.

"Advance" in American medical education was, however, not to come to rest with Holmes's (and Welch's) standards. The galvanization against which they fought has been replaced by the thermite weld. Ranking medical colleges to-day demand that the now dawdling four years of high school be followed by three of specified college content, then four of a medical discipline fixed as to hours and subject matter. Then comes a compulsory, "rotating" internship of at least (!) one year before license or the MD degree is issuable. Permission to substitute work in the scientific branches of medicine for the clinical is no longer allowed and the boy who would become "surgeon" is urged to devote at least three years more of adolescence to his purpose. Natural ability, ambition, independence of thought and hard work can no longer be made to count in a lock-step which makes it impossible for the gifted even to assume personal responsibility for the ill or to stand for a scientific point of view much before thirty.

Frank Billings asked before his death: "Where are the followers of those resourceful men in medicine that characterized our day?" And the response is: Where indeed!

AFTER-DINNER speeches began with a telegram from the Boston meeting of Cincinnati's Commercial club representing, in the toastmaster's words, "the enterprise and culture of this city." The club desired "to salute the dean . . . to assure him of its continued confidence and to pledge him its co-operation in the great work undertaken." The new mayor
(Spiegel) hoped that Welch's great clinical school would come to realization in Holmes's new hospital. At this mention of Holmes's name, the great audience rose to its feet. First silent, it fell into applause and then called for a speech. Extemporaneously and with great feeling, Holmes responded: "No one man could have accomplished the result. It was the hearty cooperation of all the people that gave Cincinnati the hospital . . . The newspapers made united effort . . . probably the only instance in the country where a great civic enterprise had no political opposition. . . . Both parties recommended their men to work for it."

Arthur Dean Bevan (surgeon out of Chicago and first in rank of the American medical association's council on education) congratulated Cincinnati "on what is an epoch—the marriage of a great hospital to a great medical school." Robert S Brookings, slated originally as the principal speaker of the evening, telegraphed his message. Declaring the Cincinnati situation "the first municipal demonstration of its kind" he added: "Aladdin's lamp could not have accomplished more than your hospital commission." Giving support to Holmes's ideas in the matter he concluded: "You should build your medical laboratories adjoining your city hospital and place the hospital administration in the hands of your university through its medical department." James Albert Green rose to say: "Our duty is but half done unless we take occasion by the hand and make the bounds of medical knowledge wider yet. A great medical school united with, and a part of a great hospital will accomplish this." Then voicing a more personal note he ended: "It is not enough in these modern times to love your fellow man. You must serve him. If you were to ask me who has most conspicuously and usefully served his fellows in this generation and in this city, I should say it was C R Holmes."

The days that followed showered Holmes with letters from men present at his installation. Arthur Dean Bevan wrote: "What you have accomplished means much for American medicine and will be extensively copied." The quiet and historically wise S C Ayres added: "You have become the man of the hour to lead this medical college and hospital to great things;" and David C Morton followed with: "I was deeply interested in your remarks. Louisville faces a similar problem."
The superintendent of Johns Hopkins hospital (Winford H Smith) sent word: “Dr Welch came back full of enthusiasm and he has not stopped talking about Cincinnati.”

The bright and happy Sabbath through which Holmes had passed had a muggy Monday follow it.

A G Kreidler who in nineteen hundred and seven had succeeded to the editorship of Cincinnati’s Lancet-Clinic resigned this post when the stock of the paper was bought by Holmes and his associates to silence it. Kreidler announced the start of a new medical journal. It was to carry on what had brought into disrepute the older journal and thus to continue the voice of Cincinnati’s medical under dog. This animal had long consisted of queer parts. Kreidler himself was a quietly spoken, courteous practitioner, not unknowing of books and with fine ability to write. His following was a rougher element drawn largely from the “general” men of Cincinnati’s profession, from no declared school of practice, in good part out of the West End. The last named region housed a set of doctors who, though financially poor, were by no means medically incompetent. Less than half of them held any kind of staff appointment to any of Cincinnati’s hospitals and only occasionally had one of them made the general.

Scattered like raisins through the dough was a group of medical reds difficult to ignore. Ex-mayor Schwab, for example, had come out of this crowd; and “Popsie” C C Agin (competent house physician with beard, plug tobacco and oaths) had kept the West End medical society in perfect order for years. A university lecturer returning from one of its meetings (held over a saloon) declared that he had listened there to the most lively and critical discussion of van’t Hoff’s laws that he had ever heard. With these men stood other figures, though better described as bulldogs than under dogs. They were surgeons chiefly, whose handling of a socially middle class was more effective at least, when not superior, to that of many university men. One had put the Rockefeller institute of medical research in the hole; another did most of the operating on patients from a distance; a third had sent some twenty students through medical college; a scientific adjunct of the group was the last of the nineteenth century philosophic biologists.
Assuming spokesmanship for the dissenters, Kreidler said: "The medical ring to which I refer has a double nelson strangle hold on the city hospital, the academy of medicine, the *Lancet-Clinic*. Unless you are in this ring you have no chance at anything medical in Cincinnati for it is the most perfect trust the world has ever known . . . The high ones in the school will be found in the academy, managing the *Lancet-Clinic* and on the staff of the city’s hospital . . . Back of me are seven hundred doctors—allopaths, eclectics, homeopaths—and I voice the opinion of the West End medical society and the McDowell (another of Cincinnati’s independent medical organizations) . . . We mean to get representation on the hospital staff under the present city administration."

Background for this threat was by no means lacking. Cincinnati’s general hospital was the property of its citizens and, at the time, under the immediate control of the mayor and his safety director. In this form it was subject to political push; and the group for which Kreidler was speaking was far from bereft of power.

Holmes wished as few of this number in the works of his hospital as its city control would allow. He was, in other words, faced with the eternal puzzle of how to get a politically owned institution (representative of the average, therefore, but from which the public always demands a product more than average) out of political sway. Holmes knew a way and was to succeed in accomplishing his purpose, but not immediately. His problem was made an item of public discussion when the question of “civic” authority as related to Cincinnati’s various ventures came up before the (nonpartisan) City club in February. “How and by whom shall the new city hospital and its branch be governed?” “By the safety director,” (appointed of the mayor) was Otto P Geier’s reply; “by a board of seven,” was Holmes’s.

It had to be of proper “political” appointment to be legal, wherefore Holmes suggested that it might rightly consist of the mayor, the safety director, the city’s health officer (also appointed of the municipality) and the dean of the city’s college of medicine (himself appointed of the city university’s board of directors, in turn the decreed of the mayor); member
number five was to be the direct appointee of the mayor (from a list of three submitted by the university) and these five were to select two more.

Holmes declared his sympathy for Geier’s “one man power,” if you could know your man. But fourteen years in the practical job had made him fearful—politics had too often changed this one man on him and not always for the better. After all, had this factor not been the spectre of “politics” in his politically owned hospital? It was safest, therefore, Holmes argued, to rest power in something more continuing than any two year political set-up—in an organization which through long term appointment could outlive the hops and skips of electoral change. Holmes cited history to confirm his point of view—there was the story of the old board of trustees of the hospital, his construction board for the new hospital and the new branch; also, the activities of the old city waterworks board, of the trustees of Cincinnati’s municipally owned railroad and of the existent board of directors of the university. Hence his plan. He was never to get a board of just the composition he had outlined. Actually he got a better one. But that was not to be until an entire change—two, in fact—had been brought about in the city’s charter under which the control of the hospital was put, via the medical school, into the hands of the board of directors of the university.

Kreidler’s democratic uprising suffered an almost immediate setback through dissension within. F A Couch, the president of the McDowell society, said: “We are not in politics.” And C C Agin, president of the West End society, stated: “We feel no antagonism to the medical department of the university or the city hospital; Dr Kreidler’s views are his own.” Subscription failing to come in for Kreidler’s paper, it folded up. Thus the weakness born of subdivision brought peace again.

JANUARY twenty-third Rockhill resigned from the superintendency of the branch. Gossips said that it was due to reduction in his salary and that he had interest in opening a private institution. Himself, he said a week later: “I want it made clear that my resignation was not voluntary; it came upon request from city officials.” But he did not enlarge upon the point.
The mayor (Spiegel), though not yet a month in office, was already unhappy.

Uppermost in Holmes’s thoughts the past several months had been the headship of the new general hospital, so soon to be placed in commission—“that masterpiece of which you are the father, mother and foster parent,” as John A Hornsby, editor of The modern hospital wrote him out of Chicago. In pursuit of a proper chief, Holmes had spent weeks consulting men about the country. There had been visits to other cities, letters yards long, telegrams. Of a dozen men considered and unable to come, choice settled upon Charles P Sanborn (medical graduate of New York university, subsuperintendent in several hospitals, at the time a part of the political jetsam of Chicago’s famed Cook county hospital).

In January the civil service examiners had found Sanborn the high man for the superintendency of the general hospital; and with the safety director and Holmes urged his official appointment. On the twenty-seventh the mayor told a visiting delegation, “I will not make that appointment to-day.” Dirty tales out of Chicago had followed Sanborn. “Suspended” and about to be “fired” on “charges of neglect” brought by a superior, he had been permitted to “resign” and to come to Cincinnati with the endorsement of the president and membership of the Cook county civil service commission. February fourth C R and John R Holmes again urged his appointment but again the mayor refused. “I am still investigating,” he said. But on February sixth he yielded. It was an error for which all the principals were shortly to be very, very sorry.

On the same day the mayor made the hospital’s ad interim superintendent (Bachmeyer) the new head of the branch and taking occasion to voice his general disgust about affairs medical in Cincinnati, he said: “Members of the hospital staff think that they are discharging their duty when they register, take a casual look around and depart. I don’t want such men on the staff.”

Three of the board of directors of the university having served their terms, the mayor appointed their successors. Remaining over from the older board and elected its chairman was Rufus B Smith (sixty, Yale graduate, twice judge of Cincinnati’s superior court, once the friend then the political an-
tagonist of William Howard Taft over the Philippine question). Fearless, a keen appreciator of human values, a knowing lawyer who forever saw the greater strength of the spirit over the letter of the law, he was to render his university great service. His personality and educational views dominated its board throughout his incumbency. At the moment his primary interest lay in the new hospital and the university’s medical school, and sympathetic with Holmes’s plans for their common management, he became the most effective agent for their coalition.

Nullah-nullah in hand, he engaged in an attack on those elements, part medical and part political, which were hampering this ideal. First to show his head was one of his own professors, open in his assault upon the hospital and medical school even though a staff member of both. (It was S P Kramer, who, in one fashion or another had embarrased every institution of which he was a part in spite of the fact that in nineteen hundred [aged 32] he had written: “Some day . . . there will be in Cincinnati a great medical school, a part of our university, of a character that shall put us where we were thirty years ago—in the van.”) Unable to get rid of him by other means, Smith had the university trustees amend their by-laws, thus empowering themselves to remove (through failure of reappointment) any official or professor of the institution at the end of any school year. Academically their decision may not have been of the best—it had, in years gone by, brought shame upon many an American institution of higher learning since security in office is the feature of academic appointment—but their stand had a bracing effect upon Cincinnati’s university, for it amounted to sharp notice that the university trustees would henceforth command their institution.
OME six months went into official and unofficial discussion of who should run Cincinnati's new hospital. Its control had become increasingly a matter of the city hall; what Smith and Holmes stressed was that for almost a century this control had been out of a board of trustees appointed in part only by city government.

Daniel Drake had obtained the Ohio charter establishing his medical school in eighteen hundred and nineteen; and that for the establishment of his commercial hospital and lunatic asylum in eighteen hundred and twenty-one. Though the houses for both institutions had changed several times, the rules for their government had not. As late as eighteen hundred and sixty-one, when the name of this forefather of Cincinnati's general hospital was changed to the commercial hospital, it was still the law that "the trustees of the hospital shall have the exclusive management of said hospital; they shall make rules and regulations for the conduct and government of the same; they shall appoint such officers and servants . . . including all medical attendance resident therein, as they may deem necessary; and may remove them at their pleasure . . . Said hospital shall be repaired, rebuilt, furnished, supplied and supported (by them) . . . It shall be the duty of the faculty of the medical college of Ohio to visit and attend the patients in said hospital . . . in consideration of which said faculty shall have the privilege of introducing pupils of said college into said hospital . . ."  

Dissolution of this hospital board in nineteen hundred and three and the substitution therefor of a city hall "public service board" and, later, a director of safety, put the institution in the hands of political pooh-bahs more directly anointed. But the intent of the law had thereby in nowise been altered.

Out of a state constitutional convention in nineteen hundred and twelve, Herbert S Bigelow had been able to restore to the cities of Ohio a larger fraction of local self-government. (Herbert Seely Bigelow, *1870 in Indiana, Congregationalist minister out of Cincinnati's famous but expiring Lane theo-
logical seminary [underground railroad station of the black exodus of the sixties, home of the Beechers] and pastor of Cincinnati's Vine street church at twenty-six, selling its downtown property to secure the capital for the rent money of a hall rechristened the People's church and town meeting society; active for two decades in legislative reform he served as state representative from nineteen hundred and twelve to nineteen hundred and fourteen; liberal in creed, politics and economics, he was abducted, tarred, feathered and omitted from further citation in America's *Who's who* [1917]; in nineteen hundred and thirty-five, on a preferential ballot and running independently, he was elected councilman by the second largest number of votes given any of the thirty-two candidates and twice the sum needed for election.) This greater freedom was to be made possible via a new "charter" permitted of adoption by any city. In nineteen hundred and fourteen, Cincinnati's set of "charter commissioners" were at work on the job and subcommittees were formulating the rules under which all Cincinnati's medical interests (including both the "general" and its "branch") were to operate. "Hearings" on the question were the affair of any week.

Holmes's seven-man plan quickly became the kernel of their discussion. "The opinion has been universal," said he, "that the hospital should be administered in some such manner. There is only one object sought, and that is to make it so that the hospital will be administered for the best interests of all our citizens and safe from interference by such as might seek to interfere."

On February seventeenth the charter commissioners had a flock of the city's "doctors" before them to give instruction. John A Swanson (osteopathic physician) would be content if, in the law, two of his band were assigned to the hospital staff. B Merrill Ricketts wanted the place kept "democratic" and attendance upon the ill limited to "social service"; there was to be no teaching, and all university men were to be kept off its board. John K Scudder (secretary of Cincinnati's Eclectic medical college) spoke for two deans in the personnel of the board. John Uri Lloyd (not an MD but for almost fifty years the brains of the eclectic school) asked that provision be made for its students on the hospital's floors. A G Kreidler declared
his opposition to university “domination” and would be content if all the boys (whether competent or not) were given even chance at the city’s sick. The university, he said, recognized but one school of practice.

Replied Dabney: “The university is a democratic institution and as such cannot dominate anything. The new hospital should be a teaching institution and properly belongs under the direction of the medical department of the university which recognizes no sect or school of practice.” A former member of the university’s board of directors (Robert W Stewart), one of her professors (Paul G Woolley) and one of the city’s social-light practitioners (A B Thrasher) stood with the president. Holmes ended the evening’s discussion by saying: “It is proper that the university have control of the new hospital, as only so can the city get the best results from its institution. The poorly prepared doctor of our United States is the product of the loose methods prevailing in our colleges operated for gain.” And, as always, unafraid of competition and eternally for what seemed to him the right, he concluded: “I want the opportunity to receive instruction at the new hospital open to any student of any college recognized by the Ohio state board.”

On February twenty-fourth acceptance of the joint report of two subcommittees of the charter commissioners placed control of the hospital in the very hands originally suggested by Holmes. An equivalent of the hospital’s old board of trustees was reestablished; and this was made responsible for the appointment of the superintendent and the entire medical staff of the hospital—the latter, however, nominated by the board of directors of the university. The hospital was to be open to all legalized students of medicine and its functions were defined under three itemized heads: “(a) to care for the sick . . .; (b) to assist in constructive preventive work; (c) to provide for medical instruction and research.”

As this report was being voted into law, Otto P Geier appeared before the academy of medicine to protest against the new hospital being used as a teaching institution. He wished to see it “operated in conjunction with other public institutions of the city so as to stop the necessity for a hospital, by correcting conditions that breed disease.”
MORE visitors with professional, engineering or social service interests poured into the city to keep Holmes busy. Some fifty master plumbers spent three hours in inspection of the hospital, speechless in admiration for their kind of labor in the new buildings. Said Werner Hencke: "For two days I have been studying the local structure and St Louis will certainly follow out the ideas that have been gathered here . . . Those who planned and built this institution should be everlastingly thanked by the citizens of the Queen city." Harry T Marshall, pathologist out of the university of Virginia, published an article extolling the "wonderful unanimity" that lay behind Cincinnati's medical program. The physician to the Maharajah of Baroda wrote Holmes from India: "Why should I flatter a man living five thousand miles away? The notable feature as it strikes me is this: that a man with imagination and foresight, with definite purpose, can do anything he wishes to do. He can create a suitable environment, he can discover sincere cooperation and can find liberal sums of money."

Concurrence with Holmes was not, however, universal. The hospital commissioners asked that the $43,000 voted by council for the erection of a smallpox building on the new hospital grounds be made available. The mayor refused to sign. The North Cincinnati businessmen's club (representing the building and loan, greengrocer and hardware interests of the suburb) and the Taxpayers' association (Tuke, secretary) protested its placement there. Even though this problem had been discussed and settled several times before, here it was again. Health officials and the academy of medicine endorsed the general hospital idea; and Holmes addressed a mass meeting of Twelfth ward citizens. "Science has proved that no harm can come to a neighborhood through such location; but I do not blame you citizens for objecting; because the general public does not know this."

I let him enjoy his opinion, which I take to be generally the best way in such cases. (Benjamin Franklin)

On March twenty-eighth the hospital commissioners issued the following: "The commissioners have laid this situation before twenty of the leading health officers in various cities of the country. They sense no danger. But in view of the popular antagonism we shall again consider the branch hospital site."
On April first, before a crowd of five hundred that had made the long trek, ground was broken for the new buildings of the branch. The men who for twenty years had watched America’s first experiment at segregation and sanatorium treatment of the tuberculous take form in Cincinnati’s “branch” hospital, were present in victorious conclave. Louis S Levi, now of the hospital board, was master of ceremonies. Louis S Levi, now of the hospital board, was master of ceremonies. Louis S Levi, now of the hospital board, was master of ceremonies, seeing on this day the consummation of what he had so long and with such generosity of personal purse fought for. Laws was there. Holmes recited the story of the tuberculous—what care of the consumptive meant in Europe and how he had worked to bring what was best over there, over here. The new head of Cincinnati’s antituberculosis league, judge Benton S Oppenheimer, talked of the league’s aims; and with a prayer from the joyously Christian canon Charles G Reade (Episcopalian), the mayor (Spiegel) turned the first spade. Calls to Holmes that he do likewise made him, too, use a shovel. (It is dedicatory etiquette to give sponsors a choice of pick or shovel. The unaccustomed choose the pick.)

In his new office as dean, Holmes was at work upon the business of an increased enrollment. “Men are twenty-seven when they finish their internships and start into practice. They are too old.” Not adverse to the better educational standards of the premedical requirement, he saw great waste in the overlapping of high school and college courses. In May his university announced the institution of summer classes in physics, chemistry, biology and German, of which the earnest student might take advantage to make faster progress in college training. At the same time, to meet the howl that the bright but impecunious student could no longer enter the ranks of medicine, Holmes advertised the availability of scholarships for “needy” students. Julius Fleischmann furnished the money for six such; and from other sources (in good part his own pocket) Holmes found the money for seven more.

The story of these medical scholarships might as well be concluded here. They continued to within two years of Holmes’s death. Then they were closed out. The reason? Very simple. Their specification that they go only to students registering economic distress precluded their issuance to the best students since the latter, even when needy, are disinclined to
appeal to charity. Those who got the waivers of tuition rarely stood above the average in their classes, were given to stretching their legs upon the forward seats, grew fat in their senior years. It was, however, a noble experiment which brought to finish much crying from the bleachers.

At the other end of the educational spectrum of medicine, Holmes's heart was cheered by the interne situation. The general hospital had openings for sixteen such men and for three years past it had encountered difficulty in finding this number of qualified applicants. On May seventh, seventy-three asked for entrance. But better than their number were their addresses. They came from Harvard, Rush, Tulane and from all manner of medical spots in between. Holmes's medical school and hospital were again becoming something more than local. The situation extended to the nurses. Trained nurses were appearing from outside training schools, anxious to enter the precincts of the soon-to-be-ready hospital. Subject to a civil service examination not required for entrance into other hospitals, Holmes petitioned the city's civil service board: "The organization of our new hospital requires more qualified graduate nurses . . . Civil service examination being necessary I respectfully ask that the commission aid by permitting such examination in the cities of their residence."

Time was to prove the effectiveness of Holmes's educational principles. More students came in—and from more and more distant points. Within the four-year discipline of medicine (characterized up to now by increase after increase in hours merely of "required" work until no moment was left the student in which to think for himself) a quarter of the time was returned to him who wished, in "elective" fields, to develop his stronger faculties. Those who so desired might substitute intensive work in the fundamentals for the maintained adolescence of an internship—and an internship was there for all who wished it.

Upon such liberal foundations Holmes's school was to skyrocket. At its height he was to die. For the judgment of one man there was to come that of a bench, then of a jury, then the majority vote of a populace. The two year college demand was to be replaced by three; "electives" were again to be designated "compulsory"; high school drill would once more take the
place of university atmosphere; even the internship was to be made a legal requirement. "Men are too old," Holmes had said, "when they graduate." He did not live to see them grow arteriosclerotic.
UNE in Cincinnati in nineteen hundred and fourteen proved a hot month—hot also in the old hospital downtown. Sanborn, now in command, was finding difficulty in managing its various departments. Nor was he gaining friends. The chiefs of the medical and surgical staffs were lax; and their assistants, doing as the spirit moved them. The newspapers printed stories of neglect, by patients. Internes, unable to summon their superiors, performed major surgical jobs themselves. Some of these were emergency industrial cases and three of the internes had been paid seventy dollars by the industrial board. Sanborn ordered the money returned. Some nurses hazed a student and a half dozen ringleaders were suspended. Coincidentally two nurses quit. Summoned to testify on conditions in the hospital, the chief of the nurses’ training school fled to Canada on vacation; and telegraphed a resignation. “There is nothing to be said in the matter,” said Sanborn.

The hospital’s front office, too, was unquiet. The superintendent accused its chief clerk, Walker Muscroft, of incompetency. Generally referred to as the man “who started the trouble,” Muscroft countered with charges against Sanborn. The office force combined to say that if anyone were dismissed, all would step out.

Declaring himself uninterested in any of the individuals concerned but only in the good of the institution, Scott Small (safety director in the Schwab administration) headed a committee of investigation.

These were some of the items brought to its notice.

The staff and the patients complained of the quality of food offered them. “I cannot get competent cooks at $22 a month,” Sanborn said. This was to explain his dismissal of a colored chef and his wife. Testimony brought to light later indicated that the assistant superintendent had reported to Sanborn: “Our colored cook mashes potatoes in the mop bucket.”
Asked to state the source of his information, List "had forgotten." For this he was declared "insubordinate."

In July a juvenile delinquent under charge of the court, complained of being in restraint, of having to do menial work; and ran away. Sanborn dismissed the matron in charge.

In the following month he became the principal in an investigation of "an official of the hospital who had been out with one of the nurses." S P Kramer, who had originally opposed Sanborn's coming to Cincinnati, rose as voluntary witness in his defense. Sanborn was cleared.

Next day Sanborn complained of a "woman from Canada" (Laura R Logan, appointed to be superintendent of nurses but not officially in office until September) because she had told his men, sent to clean up the (new) infectious pavilions (in which she was herself ill), where to start.

In the middle of August Sanborn's charges against Muscroft "disappeared."

August twenty-fourth the Post wrote: "Sanborn is entitled to something better than a rough-house with the lights out," and on the next day the Commercial-Tribune commented: "Stirred to exasperation through continuous heckling by politicians, Sanborn is fighting back." Said he: "If they want me out, they will have to throw me out. They have nothing on me." Sanborn demanded a public hearing and Kramer came to his aid, as "taxpayer," engaging two attorneys to defend Sanborn.

At this juncture Holmes approached Sanborn and asked him "to resign for the good of all concerned." "Will you resign?" Sanborn was asked; and his answer had softened to: "I cannot say what I will do." The mayor had in the meantime received the report of his investigating committee. "It is a report for my own guidance only," he said. The interns and the nurses announced to the newspapers that Sanborn had "lost control of them" and that there existed in the hospital "a state of disorder unprecedented in the history of the institution."

The mayor could not be reached August twenty-seventh, but his office reported that Sanborn was "slated to go"; also that "it had the goods on him."

On the same day the Enquirer prophesied: "Sanborn will hand in his resignation to-day," and Kramer's attorneys threat-
ened mandamus proceedings to make Scott Small’s report to the mayor public. It was rumored to have said: “Dr Sanborn has engendered strife, caused disorganization and lowered the efficiency of the hospital. There exists in it a lack of discipline bordering on revolt.”

On August twenty-eighth the mayor and Holmes had a short conversation with Sanborn in the city hall. Given his choice between resignation and the open investigation which he had pleaded for and which he was promised would result in his dismissal, Sanborn chose the former. Kramer pronounced it the “result of petty tyranny.” Sanborn, he said, was the “victim of one-man domination of hospital affairs.” Who this “one man” was, was of course obvious.

The friends of Holmes announced that “they were not sur­prised. Dr Kramer would have been against Dr Holmes if he had been for the retention of Sanborn.” Holmes explained: “Fine buildings and equipment without proper men to run them are like costly machines in the hands of incompetent operators.”

Kramer’s attorneys, in spite of properly instituted man­damus proceedings, got nothing out of Spiegel’s office. All that leaked was a bit of testimony given months before to Small’s committee. List had been asked: “What’s wrong with the hospital?” To which he had answered: “An element of dissatisfaction that extends from the front entrance on Twelfth street to the exit on Ann street.”

SINCE Muscroft was deemed a “political” employee, since Sanborn was officially such through his appointment out of the city hall, since the mayor (Spiegel) was a frank Repub­lican, Holmes was face to face with a difficult problem. Where to discover competent lieutenants approved of politicians with appointive power, who would then be left unmolested at their jobs, was not easy. In his present difficulties Holmes had one of his trusted friends telegraph the black magician behind the city administration. The successor of “boss” Cox was Rud K Hynicka (treasurer of the Columbia amusement company of New York) and then in New York. Hynicka had telegraphed back: ‘I regard Dr Holmes’s judgment as better, perhaps, than anybody else’s in any reorganization of hospital force and
would be pleased to help him in any way I can. I believe, however, that the doctor could, with profit, confer with friends who might hear stories that never reach his ears. The appointment of the present superintendent was probably a mistake from the start; at least that was the impression on the street. The hospital is the last place in which politics should have any consideration and yet much good might be accomplished if it were possible to make appointments from among home people and give friends the preference when they are fully qualified. If there is anything I can do, let me know.”

Holmes had also written Hynicka directly. An excerpt from his answer (August twenty-sixth, 1914) is not without interest to students of political theory: “I appreciate the difficulties confronting you ... and the handicap under which you have been working ... Your selection for superintendent (Bachmeyer) is a good one ... and List will make good in Bachmeyer’s place ... You may rest assured that politics will never be injected into the affairs of your institution so far as I am concerned ...”

Regarding Muscroft, whom the Commercial-Tribune had attacked even as it had defended Sanborn, Hynicka wrote: “If this young man has misconducted himself or has done anything to impair his usefulness, he will have to stand the consequences. It looks to me as though one E H Anthony, as reporter on the Commercial-Tribune, is trying to get even with Dr Muscroft (the boy’s father) because of the doctor’s support of George Tibbles at the last primary election. Be this as it may, Muscroft must stand on his own record ... I expect to be home within a week when I shall be at your service, if you want me.”

WITH Sanborn absent on “vacation,” the assistant superintendent (List) in charge of the old hospital, and Bachmeyer of the branch still under consideration only, as a new head, medical administration in Cincinnati was somewhat awry. A nurse struck an alcoholic in the old hospital and had to be dismissed by the safety director. At the branch a resident physician and a pupil nurse discussed a rendezvous over the telephone and went the way of sinners. At the same moment the popular health expert, William C Gorgas, arrived in town to
declare Holmes's new hospital far in advance of anything he knew. Said he: "I want a hospital like this in the Panama canal zone."

Sanborn brought his Cincinnati career to a close by writing its civil service commission that the head of the training school ("the woman out of Canada") was without US citizenship and had spent money on a trip to New York of no benefit to Cincinnati, something "subversive of the efficiency contemplated by civil service." Quickly cleared of the second charge —she had been sent on her mission under orders from the hospital board—it took more argument to cover the first. Remembering, perhaps, the time when any US county or state court—especially the criminal courts—could make a citizen out of a foreigner, she had believed that taking an oath of allegiance to the United States under a red cross assignment had done this for her. The civil service board could not find her belief constitutional, but it did allow her to continue in her place by stating that an earlier board had appointed her and a court had ruled that no succeeding board could undo the decisions of a precedent. The meeting became the arena for a first display of jitters growing out of the European war. The head of the nurses had put probationers in pink, pupil nurses in pale blue, to distinguish them from graduates in white. "Is it not true that you have been clothing your nurses in the colors of England?" she was asked.

On the last day of August, forty-eight hours after the curtain had set upon Sanborn, Holmes appeared before the budget committee of his city’s council to argue the need of $100,000 more as annual spending money for the new hospital when placed in commission. For nineteen hundred and twelve and nineteen hundred and thirteen (Hunt’s economical years) council had allocated to the hospital $216,440 and $207,544 respectively. For nineteen hundred and fourteen (Spiegel’s first year) the allocation was $194,113. Sanborn had suggested a $22,000 cut in salaries. "Pay no attention to this," counselled Holmes. The hospital had "earned" revenues by drilling those able to pay. Henceforth, "patients seeking admission to the new hospital should not be thus sweated," he said. "If their families have a little money, let this be used at home to tide over the period in which their wage earners are incapacitated, for
such most are." Thus pleading for his hundred thousand extra, he got it.

On September twenty-second, Withrow, appointed by Schwab for four years and for another four by Hunt, resigned from the hospital board. Though he had served but eighteen months under the latter nomination, "pressure of business" had driven him out. It had come as a "surprise" to mayor Spiegel, who had not yet considered his successor. On October thirty-first he appointed William S P Oskamp (jeweler, ignition expert) to the vacancy but illness was to permit him to serve only a few weeks.

Need for the new hospital was growing apace. The old hospital reported that an unknown tunnel had fallen in, that several ceilings (with injury to inmates and equipment) had fallen down, that numerous windows had fallen out. "We need to get into the new quarters in Avondale before winter," said the assistant superintendent, "for the steam pipes down here are going to burst." A month later they did burst.

And as the time for movement into the new buildings was approaching, discussion arose also regarding transfer to the new general hospital grounds of all the activities of the medical department of the university. With quarters for clinical teaching already provided for, it was Holmes's wish to place there also the preclinical subjects. In the years gone by, pathology and bacteriology (half of the second year's discipline in medicine) had found place in the old hospital's pathological laboratory. For these the new pathological institute was now available. Anatomy was housed in the old McMicken college building; and physiology, on the university grounds. "At present our work is done in three places—the old hospital, the medical school building with its infirmary and the university," said one of the professors. "They are a unit and should be together once more in one place." The assistant dean (Frank B Cross) announced: "Anything that will help us collect our scattered forces is in direct line with the school's policy, the training of better qualified and more efficient members of the medical profession." Commenting further, he said: "The present registration of our college is eighty. This is a forty percent increase over
Smooth travel up his road was not, however, to be allowed Holmes. On October sixth Kramer reappeared with a delegation of doctors from Cincinnati’s academy of medicine in a renewed appeal to the mayor and the safety director (John R Holmes) for the appointment of a purely medical board to have charge of the hospital. C R Holmes, with a group chiefly out of the medical department of the university, opposed this idea and rose again to defend his (mixed) seven-man board. The mayor turned upon Kramer’s insistent crowd: “I refuse to accept dictation from you. How would you like it if the lawyers proposed that only they should elect the judges and run the courts? I cannot regard you gentlemen from the academy any differently than I would the shoemakers’ union.”

Eleventh hour objection by the “general” profession of Cincinnati to Holmes’s plans for the administration of the new hospital found voice in B Merrill Ricketts (once married to a sister of Laws of the commission). Speaking into the street he said: “Dr Holmes must be eliminated . . . Let any Cincinnati physician get confidential with you . . . Dr Holmes has . . . imposed on the people of Cincinnati a hospital that is twice the size it should be. This hospital should not be in the hands of one man but in the care of several. Dr Holmes has reached the point where his further usefulness has departed.” Apprised of Ricketts’s remarks, Holmes said: “I see no occasion for replying.”

The Times-Star on October eighth took up the cudgels for him: “We are not familiar with the controversy. But this much we know—when a physician likens Dr Holmes to ‘boss’ Tweed he is stooping to medical billingsgate. A man who has done as much for Cincinnati as Dr Holmes, is entitled to the respect, at least, of those who oppose him. Cincinnati cannot repudiate Dr Holmes without repudiating the best in her municipal life.”

Smart C A L Reed ended the month by closing down on Kramer’s agitation. He had the staff of the hospital (of which both men were members) tender Holmes a vote of confidence. Familiar with the tactics of France’s chamber of deputies, Reed knew just how to do such things. With Kramer seconding
its adoption, the staff resolved: "... We approve of the new Cincinnati general hospital ... representing most advanced thought and most efficient method in caring for the necessitous sick ... and the teaching of medicine ... an institution destined to bring renown as a centre of medical education. ... We recognize in the completed structure an evidence of the faithful and efficient discharge of trust by the distinguished board of commissioners ... especially in Dr Holmes, one entitled to the confidence and gratitude of our entire citizenship because by faithful, efficient and self-sacrificing devotion for ... thirteen years he has been the one man chiefly instrumental in bringing ... the institution to splendid conclusion."
THOUGH possessed of every reason for bitterness against the men who had attacked his hospital and the service and educational schemes that lay behind it, Holmes never allowed such feeling to show. Eternally alert to whatever of good there might be in any criticism, he preferred to seize upon it and thus to turn forces arrayed against him into a current flowing over his own mill. Ricketts had in this fashion given support to one of Holmes's pet projects. In crying for the opening of the general hospital to men not of its staff, Ricketts had in reality risen in defense of a principle long maintained by Holmes, that every legalized practitioner of medicine or surgery ought to be in position to take his patients into some hospital. It required the establishment of pay beds, and if permitted, Holmes would be glad to provide such in the general hospital. But this had at all times been strenuously opposed by Cincinnati's other hospitals.

The fundamentals back of the right to admit pay patients to the general hospital were as old as the hospital itself. In the by-laws of Drake's commercial hospital (predecessor of the general) there stood this statement: "Patients who are able to pay for their support will be charged . . . for board, medicines and treatment." Faced with increasing maintenance costs, one city administration after another had in more recent years proposed the acceptance of paying patients, by way of producing revenue for the hospital. As a matter of fact, the principle was operative in the new infectious pavilions to which all Cincinnatians if afflicted of certain maladies had to go irrespective of economic status.

In June of this year Charles H. Castle, editor of the *Lancet-Clinic*, and inspired of Holmes, had written: "The best solution of the question, in view of the present and prevailing scarcity of beds and rooms in private hospitals, would be the erection of a large municipal hospital with accommodations at various prices where any reputable practitioner could take his cases, and where there would be no staff that had the first call on vacant rooms." But Holmes had carefully suppressed his per-
sonal wishes in this regard. Why? Because the town's quasi public institutions for the ill were earning dividends out of their private patients with which to expand their material equipment or from which to pay the withering overhead of charity. To avoid objection by them to his general hospital project, Holmes had therefore consistently refrained from entering into competition.

But he did wish to make the skills of his general hospital staff available to all comers. Some of this staff had been brought to Cincinnati from out of town and were supported through private endowment made to the hospital and the medical school on the ground that thereby specially qualified men were put at the disposition of Cincinnati's ill. But how could Cincinnati's public avail itself of their services when private beds did not exist in the general hospital and many of its staff either would not or could not go beyond its walls? "We must build a pavilion for paying patients on these grounds," said Holmes, "but out of private, not public funds." Holmes was to die, and a decade was to pass, before this desire of his was to find its marker, but to-day the Christian R Holmes hospital (derived of Bettie, his wife, and in major portion paid for and maintained by her) stands as a shelter to which any of Cincinnati's stricken may retreat under the wing of any doctor of their choosing (of the general hospital staff or not), qualified under Ohio's law to practice medicine or surgery.

In the meantime Holmes the doctor, Holmes the safety director and Spiegel the mayor had had many conferences together. The general hospital and the branch would be united once more and one superintendent with two assistant superintendents would be placed in charge. Backstage Hynicka was aiding them. October seventh Spiegel had voiced his wish for a single head of both institutions. October twenty-ninth he let it be known that Arthur C Bachmeyer was to be chief, Walter List the assistant chief under him, and Harry Freudenberger the assistant chief at the tuberculosis and smallpox branch. All were local boys and young, to start at once upon careers that brought each distinction.

Holmes invited "official" Cincinnati—its administrative chiefs, its thirty-two men of council and some hundred more
THE CHRISTIAN R HOMLES HOSPITAL FOR PRIVATE PATIENTS. BETTIE FLEISCHMANN HOLMES'S GIFT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI IN 1921. ERECTED BY HER TO HOUSE ONE OF HOLMES'S IDEAS, SHE HAS YEARLY SINCE MET ITS HUGE DEFICIT
who, through press, counsel or self-sacrifice, had helped build—to lunch in the new hospital and to look around before its gates were opened for public inspection. He seized upon the occasion to speak his praise of the men who with him had contributed most to the project. Exhibiting great feeling, Holmes picked for special comment Harry L Laws. “Since the beginning he has been a tower of strength; and the same applies to Louis S Levi since his advent upon our board.” The mayor said that despite the passage of fourteen years and despite all opposition and criticism, “Dr Holmes’s interest in the undertaking never flagged from the time, years ago, when the ideal hospital was still a phantom, to the present day when he sees the accomplishment of his great enterprise.” Thus was Holmes allowed to hear (October thirty-first, 1914) some comments upon his work and his person less raucous than those to which his ears had been treated earlier.

The day following (Sunday) was the first allowed for public inspection. The hospital commissioners, its superintendent and assistant superintendent acted as reception committee, and senior medical students and nurses as guides. The visitors went through everything from the laundry at the rear to the telephone exchange at the front. Twenty-five thousand passed the hospital’s gates.

But onslaught upon both the construction of the hospital and its contemplated management did not cease. The charter revision of the city’s government, by which the hospital would have been placed under Holmes’s seven-man board of control, had not passed in the July election. This left it the charge of the city’s safety director and its mayor; Holmes, as chief of the board of hospital commissioners, was working under them. The three had tied together once more all Cincinnati’s hospital interests and had placed Bachmeyer with his associates in charge. They wished council to legalize this action and to make secure the whole arrangement through ordinance.

Council set November seventh as a day for public hearing on the question. Some ten men of the profession came to argue it—each with a plan very much his own and unrelated to anybody else’s except that each objected to Holmes’s plan. Also, stout criticism of what Holmes had built—about which, of course, it was now too late to do anything. But charge and
countercharge nevertheless! An “expert’s” criticism of the structure of the hospital was laid before council in typewritten form by B Merrill Ricketts. Holmes met it with a typewritten statement of his own. Placing it before council Holmes said: “Aside from his shortcomings as an expert he exhibits such an astounding disregard of the truth when dealing with mere figures and facts that his report becomes a farce. The pity is that he and his sponsors should be taken seriously enough to absorb the time of this council.”

Kramer was also of the number to urge again the appointment of a board, but one exclusively medical, to have charge of the hospital. The mayor and the safety director approached Holmes directly. “What is it that you want?” they asked; and he told them; whereupon the appointment of a purely medical board was declared impossible since state law vested power of management solely in Cincinnati’s safety director.

On November seventeenth Cincinnati’s council of thirty-two passed Holmes’s hospital reorganization statute with but one dissenting vote. This was from Henry J Cook (Doc Cook) for years defender of the faith in Cincinnati’s bottoms. He explained that he could not approve of any plan which made the hospital a “one-man” institution. In this stand he was backed by the village minds of the Northside businessmen’s association who in this very month had in their wisdom come to identical conclusion.

With December, the first of the administrative and service quarters of the new hospital found occupation. The five infectious pavilions had already been working to capacity for more than three years. But now the nurses from downtown with their supervising chiefs moved into their new home. Out of it they were to hold their first graduation a month hence. The pathological laboratory brought its museum, its files and its teaching force to the hilltop. The faithful Marchand supervised the transport of his library from the garret under the mansard roof on Twelfth street to the spacious alcoves of the new administration building—taking along, too, those tons of medically useless hospital records out of which he had so often ground the year’s hospital “statistics.” The board room in the architect’s shack and the stove about which the commissioners had so often gathered were abandoned and the commission’s
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL IN 1921. THE MEDICAL COLLEGE BUILDING APPEARS AT THE TOP. THE STAR SHAPED PILE IS THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. UPON THE LIGHT AREA ABOVE IT NOW STANDS (BETTIE'S) CHRISTIAN R HOLMES HOSPITAL WHILE TO IT'S RIGHT, THE (WILLIAM COOPER PROCTER) PEDIATRIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE.
papers relocated in the steam heated quarters of the new hospital. After which moving ceased, because winter came early this year with snowdrifts that would not melt. The days spent in waiting for a thaw were assigned to the public. Each Sunday brought thousands.

SATURDAY, January eighteenth, was made a special day for Cincinnati's commercial club. This call to the captains of the town's interests was more, however, than just another bid for some organization to have convention; it was an invitation from the children—Holmes and Laws—to the parents. The club had so solidly stood behind the missionary labors of the two that a meeting with them was again in order. Laws invited the club to lunch, to spend the afternoon in inspection, to stay to dinner. In its honor, the commissioners, for the first time, switched on the electric lights as evening fell, to cast into bolder relief the shadowy immenseness of ten city blocks of new hospital.

The club congratulated itself upon a membership which included Holmes and Laws—and well it might. Again was Holmes pronounced the "father" of the new hospital; Laws, its "untiring watchdog." The president (A Clifford Shinkle) said: "What you behold is the product of the untiring effort of these two men, through whose constant attention contractors' figures were kept down and building standards kept up."

Laws expressed the obligation of the hospital commissioners to the club whose "support had proved of greatest help, comfort and encouragement." Said he: "Dr. Holmes conceived this magnificent idea and is responsible for its final realization. We two early discovered qualities in each other that were complementary. This has enabled us to do good teamwork; and the power of each of us has been taxed to capacity. We have entered into more than five hundred and sixty contracts. May I tell you what has constantly actuated us? It was the desire to build the best possible hospital for the least possible money; we would see to it that we got value received for every dollar spent. And this was our motto: no politics, no promises, no strings."

Laws ended his address by saying: "The hospital as now constructed carries no provision for pay patients. We have a site provided for them and preliminary sketches have been
drawn... We hope that one of our citizens will shortly donate funds sufficient to erect such a building."

Holmes, spending little time on what was now a reality and thinking, as in all such instances, of the next and the unaccomplished, utilized the occasion to stress the need of a central building for the university’s medical school. "About half a million will be required," he said.

Holmes’s term as commissioner had expired in the month. On January twenty-sixth he received the following communication from the mayor (Spiegel): "I take more than ordinary pleasure in informing you of your appointment... to succeed yourself. I have so often stated publicly my high regard for your services that I do not think it necessary to repeat in this letter how I, as well as the people of Cincinnati, realize the unselfishness with which you have worked for our city... . . . Your reappointment is but a slight mark of recognition."
The Cincinnati New General Hospital.
For Description See Inside.

FACE OF THE GUIDE OF WHICH 10,000 COPIES WERE ISSUED TO THE VISITORS ON THE LAST OF THE PUBLIC INSPECTION DAYS, FEBRUARY 21 and 22, 1915.
HE end of a fifteen-year labor for his town and his neighbor came at two in the afternoon of Saturday, February twentieth, 1915. Three hundred—all the amphitheatre could hold—had been bidden to the ceremony of dedication of the hospital to the service arm of the city and its needy ill and injured. His Honor the Mayor, his staff of administrative officers, the men of council, those laymen who by word of mouth, in press or by work of hand had given of their strength to the gigantic project sat upon the benches. Said Holmes: “The most nearly perfect hospital has been built and is waiting for the sick and lame of our city.” Transfer of the completed job was signalized when Holmes, for his board of commissioners, handed the mayor two golden keys—one for the door of the front entrance of the hospital, the other a master to its every lock in ward, room, cupboard or closet of twenty-five buildings set upon twenty-seven acres of ground.

Said one of the newspapers (the Post): “A great municipal vision needs practical prophets—prophets who like Dr Holmes will stick to the job twenty-four hours a day till it is finished. This new hospital is the latest proof that prophecy is not in vain.” And another (the Times-Star): “This formal opening is a significant event in the city’s history.”

That evening Cincinnati’s chamber of commerce invited those who would, to sit at meat in honor of the commissioners now resting from their labors—ex officio the mayor, Frederick Spiegel; the president of the hospital board, Christian R Holmes; its first wheel horse, Harry L Laws; the brother wheel horse, Louis S Levi; the latest addition to the team, Charles Boldt. The chamber had sent its engraved invitations to men beyond the city walls, forgetting its own. Enthusiastic Cincinnati crashed the gate. The chamber’s committee in charge signalled: “This is a five dollar affair! Please tell the management just who is coming that we may not be obligated for more than the correct number of plates.” Five hundred were set out—to prove not enough.
To the praise of the commission's work by the men of the town was added the voice of Henry S Pritchett (president of the Carnegie foundation for the advancement of teaching) invited to give opinion on what Cincinnati was doing. "I regard the opening of this city hospital one of the most interesting things in American education," he said. But he did not refer to the better medical service now assured Cincinnati's ill but to the relation which the hospital was bearing to Cincinnati's medical school, the town's university and the general problem of medical education in the United States. "The work of Dr Holmes is one of the best pieces of civic labor ever done by a citizen of an American city. He had first to educate the public. He had the wisdom, also, to connect this modern hospital with the university medical school. The whole constitutes one of the finest exhibits of our civilization . . . a monument to Cincinnati's citizenship by one of its most honored citizens."

But even while being thus laurel-wreathed, Holmes's mind was again on the morrow. Such had always been his way. Engaged to repair the old hospital, he had planned the building of a new; when in no way connected with the branch but sensing that one day he might be, he had set forth six months before, to discover just how such a branch should be built; and when just one of forty professors he had wandered into far parts to discover what proper action would be if ever he accepted the proffered deanship.

And so to-night his mind was on that medical college building—already built on paper out of two years' study of the question—needed for a centre of administration, and with space and equipment for those three or four departments of the medical discipline for which he had not provided in his general hospital. But to materialize this dream was more difficult even than the materialization of the hospital. After all, to bring an electorate to voting "bonds" for the erection of a hospital required its awakening merely to the profit of a business transaction; but to "sell" someone a medical school was something different. Holmes never tried it on the public. But in the inner circle of his friends he had several times broached this subject; and to-night he was again among friends. What he needed, he said, was that half million.
It was a rather staggering demand. On mere financial grounds, war was on in Europe and investors were cagey; emotionally, there was nothing charitable or artistically entertaining about a student body going into medicine.

But on this night a remarkable man again rose to his feet. Harry M Levy would subscribe fifty thousand dollars by way of "starting the ball rolling for Dr Holmes's new medical building." It was the third time that Levy, by his initiative and at a crucial moment, had thus "started the ball rolling" for some new and different thing in Cincinnati's medical school program. Six years before he had been the heaviest subscriber to the first endowed chair in the medical school; and this he had followed three years later with fifty thousand dollars as financial foundation for medical research. His to-night's gift to a third enterprise was again to prove the Archimedes' lever.

On Sunday morning, to speed Pritchett on his way, Holmes breakfasted him with Rufus B Smith (president of the university's board of directors), Lawrence Maxwell (the town's traction lawyer), Joseph Ransohoff (the most scholarly of Ohio valley's surgeons), Charles P Taft (editor, half brother of US president Howard P Taft, financial angel to every one of Cincinnati's civic movements), Louis T More (chief of the graduate school of Cincinnati's university), B K Rachford (physician to Cincinnati's men of wealth), Harry M Levy (chronic protestant that he did not deserve the riches that time and his father had pressed upon him).

The men did not talk business; but it was an open secret that what they wished of Pritchett was a declaration of his sympathy for the Cincinnati medical situation—and, some cash to further its development. Pritchett had been shown the condensate of Cincinnati's best medical schools reborn as the medical department of the city's university and a union between this and a great city hospital (maintained by public funds). Here were a thousand ill under the care, exclusively, of the best minds in medicine and surgery that could be gotten together as a faculty. Here was a union, too, of the service and educatory problems involved in medical schooling; and under a single board of control. It was the most envied situation in medical education in the United States—and it needed help.

Holmes hurried from this breakfast to the hospital.
It was the first of the last two days allowed the public “for final inspection of the now completed work—with everything in its place except the patients.” Fifty thousand ground plans were distributed. In spite of them, regiments of visitors got lost in its labyrinthine corridors and tunnels, even though eighty medical students and a hundred and twenty nurses did what they could. “Never again for us,” said the thirty-five traffic policemen who guided the surging crowds. Forty-two thousand, four hundred was the official count for Sunday and thirty-four thousand for Monday.

On Tuesday an army of scrub women and house cleaners moved in. They worked all day; and through the night; and another day. On Thursday morning, February twenty-fifth, a crowd of crippled children from the orthopedic wards of the old hospital stumbled out of a new ambulance under the canopy of the warm receiving ward, to be counted the first of the patients in the new kingdom. As the month finished, five hundred and sixty patients had been brought from their downtown cots into this number of the eight hundred and fifty beds prepared for them on the hill. A thousand more had applied directly at the gates of the new hospital.

Holmes’s second venture in “too large, too elaborate” hospital construction had been put to the test—and again it had proved itself inadequate.

Holmes declared to administrators of the university and to some influential friends upon whom he was relying for the furtherance of his medical school plans that he believed that the Carnegie foundation would help Cincinnati. Pritchett had said to him: “You need a half million—or a million; and I believe you need a million.” Holmes took this as more than mere statement of fact. Not satisfied to talk to Pritchett only, Holmes had asked Charles M Schwab to intercede with Andrew Carnegie. On April twentieth, 1915, Schwab wrote Holmes: “I hope you will not think that we have overlooked the Cincinnati hospital matter, but the fact is that Mr Carnegie is much too ill to be seen on any subject whatever.”

From these spiritual heights of medical education Holmes brought his energies to bear upon the more mundane. The proper care of those who died in the general hospital had always been a problem; in the last years it had flowered into a racket.
Here, men who had nothing in life seemed to grow rich in death, so that concern for them warmed the heart (and the purse) of almost every undertaker. Not only the dead but those about to die fired his imagination. Before moving to the hill from downtown, someone familiar with what was going on inside had established communication with someone on the outside. Hot tips on how the ill were tending went broadcast. It excited the envy of those undertakers not subscribing—so much so that the superintendent had to step in, investigate, and promise dismissal. This background and the fact that undertakers were removing bodies from the general hospital before time had been allowed for permitted or legally necessary autopsy, made Holmes take a hand. He called a meeting of the undertakers of Cincinnati and with Woolley, the pathologist, addressed them. Ought they not to start after the dead from scratch—say twenty-four hours after the body had grown cold? Also, would there be need for wire tapping and for racing if all were given the equal chance of lots drawn from a hat—with the winners not allowed to repeat? Then he showed them the pretty morgue, all equipped for embalming, that he had provided; and the chapel, where the mourners not committed to more stringent sectarianism might sorrow.

Like every crowd to which Holmes spoke this one, too, caught the point of his remarks. After March first it became city ordinance, “agreed to by the undertakers’ association of Cincinnati and the Cincinnati general hospital,” that its dead would lie in peace—at least for one day.

When May, 1915, was about to close, Holmes received the following letter from Mary M Emery: “My gratitude to your learned profession... and my desire to further its powers... lead me to make the following offer... A well-designed and -equipped building near a good hospital being an essential for the proper performance of a medical school... I promise for myself and my executors... $250,000.”

The promise was provisional upon the subscription of a like amount by others; and before July first. Other stipulations (dictated, no doubt, by B K Rachford and Holmes) made it necessary (1) to build the contemplated structure adjacent to the general hospital on ground secured and held, encumbrance-
free, by the university directors, (2) to connect such building by tunnel with the hospital and (3) to place the control of it forever in the medical department of the university. These items had as purpose a further strengthening of the established union between Cincinnati’s general hospital and the medical department of the university.

Some of the back drops to this great gift bear description. Mary M Emery was an ardent lover of everything Cincinnati, as she had proved by two decades of lavish bestowal upon all that concerned the education, the music, the fine arts within the city walls. But in pure medicine her interests could not be declared as more than slight. By training and medical attachment she was a “homeopathist”; this new medical department of the university (and its Ohio or Miami predecessor) had always been “regular.” If, like other laymen, she based opinion regarding the men of these schools of practice upon Who’s who, she could find in its pages that two-thirds of the Cincinnati physicians therein listed classified themselves as the subjects of Hahnemann. The four physicians who had successively attended her family and herself were all rated homeopathists; and whenever her personal ills required advice beyond theirs, she sought out another homeopathist in Philadelphia. Rachford (whose wife with her sister had grown up in Mrs Emery’s garden and called her “Aunt Mary”) and Holmes were regulars. The latter persuaded her some years later to consent to a visit from four of his faculty. She took their advice for a month—then returned for better comfort to Philadelphia. How then did Rachford turn her interests toward Holmes’s medical school? It was not through any awakening within her of excitement in medical education, in medical practice, or in research. She cared little about any of these things; but she did care for children. Even before she had lost most tragically her only two sons upon the threshold of life, she had become the foster-mother of Cincinnati’s waifs through her concern for a proper milk supply for them. “Why do so many die?” she used to ask. And Rachford, who was chief of the milk fund, would answer, “Because we do not understand the pathology of their illnesses.” “How can we?” was her query. And answered that such could come only as pathology was better understood, Rachford had returned from her (May first, 1913) to his
medical faculty with $125,000 of endowment for such a chair. This time he had argued that better education would make better doctors; and better doctors were necessary to save more babies.

If Mrs Emery cared for opinion on the significance of her gift she got it, without solicitation, from Pritchett under date of May twenty-eighth: "The conditions which you have imposed seem to me wise . . . Medical teaching for years has been upon a commercial plane in the United States. To lift it from this to a higher one is one of the most notable steps that can be taken in the development of our country; and I wish to express my own appreciation, as one interested in medical training, for the gift which you have made."

Holmes saw in Mrs Emery’s promise "what we have been working to achieve for two years. I am confident that we shall raise the equivalent sum. We expect that some aid will come to us from the Carnegie foundation.”

But that aid did not come. A year passed, two years, five years; and Holmes died.

In the days afterwards, “in recognition of his great service to medical education” the Carnegie corporation tendered the university of Cincinnati $250,000 for a chair in clinical surgery “in honor of Christian R Holmes, and to bear his name.” But this song fell upon ears that could no longer hear.

THERE lay but thirty days ahead in which to bring Levy’s $50,000 contribution up to the quarter million mark set by Mrs Emery. In this incredibly short period Holmes collected all but twenty thousand of it. Bettie’s mother (Mrs Charles Fleischmann) had subscribed $50,000; William Cooper Procter (chief of Procter & Gamble, soap makers, ten years later devisor of $3,000,000 to a hospital and research institute for children’s diseases erected on Holmes’s hospital grounds) a like amount; and Charles P Taft with his wife, Annie Sinton Taft, a third fifty thousand. Alice Levy Kuhn (niece of Harry M Levy) had subscribed $10,000 and a “friend” (later discovered to be Mary Hanna) the same sum. James P Orr and a second “friend” (it was Emilie Heine) each gave $5,000. Yet, twenty-four hours before the dead line of July first, Holmes was $20,000 short. He turned to Bettie. “I’ll give half of what
you need," she said. Ringing the doorbell of Mr Taft's house a second time he heard good news. “My daughter, Annie Louise Taft, is signing your subscription list for $15,000.”

Thus was Holmes enabled to telegraph to Mrs Emery, resident in her country home in Newport, on July first: “At twelve o’clock to-day your gift of $250,000 stood covered by $255,000 from those who are interested with you in the new medical school.”

Holmes’s success excited every editorial pen. On July second the Enquirer said: “Whatever criticism may have been directed at the genius that conceived and executed one great work and is now engaged upon another, is fully answered by the generous response of Cincinnatians to his request for additional financial support. The entire world loves the spirit that goes ahead and accomplishes.” Over the same cup of coffee the Commercial-Tribune (which had more than once voiced doubt of Holmes) told its readers: “When Cincinnati’s medical centre comes about, it will stand as the crowning achievement of a constructive idealist who has fought his way through much opposition and who has overcome every obstacle in order to make real a dream of high service to his city and mankind.”

That evening the Times-Star commented: “The medical college which Cincinnati is working for, will be a municipal asset of the first magnitude. There is still much work ahead for Dr Holmes—but those who know the enthusiasm and ability of the man chiefly responsible for the new hospital . . . have no doubt of his final success.”

Lay Cincinnati looked toward Holmes for statement as to what he would be doing next. It did not take long. In the off periods of his now two-year-old deanship he had already dragged the architect of the general hospital (Harvey Hannaford) and the four professors of anatomy, physiology, physiological chemistry and pharmacology about the country with him; and first drawings for the administrative offices and the missing laboratories were complete. He had also settled upon the place where his medical college building should rest. The spot belonged at the moment to the board of hospital commissioners. Holmes had the board of directors of the university state that it needed the ground; his hospital board on the other hand, that it no longer needed it—and the transfer of twelve
acres from one arm of the city’s government to another was effected.

Graders moved upon this lot within a week after Holmes had been assured of his last thousands. As he watched a hill flattening and a valley filling up he said: “Our secretary is advertising for bids; in a month we shall be excavating for the foundations.”

While thus rearranging the medical school’s outsides he was also rearranging her insides. “The work of the first two years in medicine is in the hands of professional teachers; we need to get the last two years’ work into similar hands.” Wherefore he had, in April, apprised his faculty of the need for a full-time occupant of the chair of medicine. “We will make it a monument to our departed Forchheimer and a memorial to his distinguished service as teacher and physician.” $150,000 for endowment was required and Holmes went forth to gather this amount. But for the man who during twenty-five years had “had the greatest private practice of any American physician” such capital could not be found. As the gossips said: “The Jews will not contribute because of Forchheimer’s Christian leanings; and not the Christians, because of his Jewish.” Which made Holmes turn to a different scheme. They would not object, said he, to the yearly subscription of the interest thereon for some three years. Which was true. Some fifty citizens, friends and patients of Forchheimer came forward with the promise of $30,000. With this in hand Holmes set forth to discover his man.

July fifth, Roger Sylvester Morris (thirty-eight, born in Ann Arbor, bachelor of arts and doctor of medicine out of the town at twenty-five; successively associate in medicine in Johns Hopkins and associate professor in Washington university medical schools with two years of study in Berlin and Munich; most recently chief in internal medicine in the sanatorium of Clifton Springs; an Episcopalian and the author of a textbook on clinical laboratory methods) telegraphed his acceptance of the new professorship. On the same day he wrote to Holmes: “I appreciate fully the great honor as well as the responsibility in succeeding a man like Dr Forchheimer. I shall do my utmost to merit the confidence you have placed in me
and to further the interests of the university and hospital.” William Sydney Thayer (fifty-one, writer on malaria and heart disease, medical chief, off and on, in Johns Hopkins) declared him “one of the ablest and most satisfactory men in internal medicine, combining good practical training with the spirit and temperament of a student . . . of unusual mental poise.”

Morris assumed charge of his division after the new year. At the same time Holmes began an excitation of the progeny of Daniel Drake. Writing to what was left of his family, Holmes received letters, instruments and engravings that concerned the founder of Cincinnati’s university medical school and hospital; also, the promise to pay for a bronze to be erected to Drake’s glory in the hospital corridors.

These items under way, Holmes went off for a three months’ vacation in California—the first to be without purpose at the other end in twenty years.

While away he received three letters that stirred his heart. Charles J Livingood (public benefactor in his own name and long the financial counsellor of Mrs Emery) wrote: “It is my turn to thank you for all that you have accomplished for Cincinnati. Please extend my appreciation to your wife and to Mrs Fleischmann for their generous gifts to our city . . . . Their coöperation was splendid. This great work of yours is fundamental, for many of us fear that what we are doing will soon pass . . . yours will last for generations.”

Henry Baldwin Ward (fifty, starred zoologist in America’s Men of science, once a high school teacher, once a dean of medicine, then professor in the university of Illinois, not to cry out when as only legatee of Francis H Baldwin, the latter’s million and a quarter estate went to Cincinnati’s university) wrote to Holmes: “In the woods fishing and picking up a bit and have just read of your success with the new medical drive . . . . You are working for more than an institution; it is the cause of scientific medical study and teaching in our country.”

Pritchett sent Holmes this advice: “I should say a petition to the Carnegie corporation of New York on behalf of the medical school should be but signed by yourself alone as dean of the school. It is the cause itself which will weigh with the trustees.”
HOLMES returned to Cincinnati in September of 1915 to hear happy news. His assistant dean, Cross, reported that ninety-one students were enrolled for the year and that several more were expected. The roster for nineteen hundred and fourteen had shown twenty-two more than nineteen hundred and thirteen, and nineteen hundred and fifteen was showing thirty more. The freshman class alone listed thirty-three and ten of these had been admitted from universities other than the local. The scope of the medical school was growing wider once more. Annual tuition in the institution was $150, but to meet the cry that the sons of the rich only, could now afford themselves the joys of medical education, Holmes had arranged for more scholarships (six were established by the heads of the various departments in the school, four by men who would not let their names appear). In addition, ten orderly jobs in the general hospital (demanding three hours of work daily) had been allocated to the medical student body at maintenance and ten dollars the month. As for the graduates, the number of internes in the general hospital had been increased, and the similar posts in Cincinnati’s other hospitals had been placed at the medical school’s disposition. Its every qualified graduate could therefore be promised an internship.

Visiting his new hospital he saw students at work in the wards; the departments of pathology and bacteriology in full swing in the pathological institute. But into the lower floor of this building he had slipped the department of physiological chemistry, thus bringing this child of medicine (which, oddly enough, had found placement under pure chemistry in the university’s halls) back to its mother. At the same time the temporary power plant for the infectious group of buildings (now unnecessary) had been revamped; and into it Holmes had brought physiology. Thus only anatomy was still absent from the medical city, the outpatient department of the school and its administrative offices. Except for these, all medical service and all medical teaching were again unified.

Holmes went to regard the spot where two of these three strays would shortly find shelter. The foundations for the new medical college building were in place and steel frames and bricks were rising upon it. Some of his professors had planned for sixteen-man laboratories and lecture rooms; a few for
twenty-five. "We are revising those plans," said Holmes, "and building for fifty to the class." One professor with more faith in Holmes than he had in himself insisted upon space for one hundred. "We will never get over fifty," Holmes had mourned. They bet a hat on their forecasts. The class that entered the new building counted fifty-six and rose in the next years to ninety-six. Since which time only amputation has held it size down.
MUNICIPAL election continued the Republicans in charge for nineteen hundred and sixteen. Changes occurred in outer arrangements only, George Puchta (ardent Cincinnatian, a purveyor of factory supplies and several kinds of director, to refuse renomination two years hence) having been chosen mayor. His admirer, Puchta stood solidly behind Holmes’s so numerous projects from the first.

In January the new head of medicine and the first of the clinical chiefs to be appointed on a full-time basis took office. Morris was installed as the Frederick Forchheimer professor of medicine. The exercises in the halls of the university on the twenty-eighth were first notice that appointment to hospital service hereafter would be more university affair than political. The president of the University (Dabney) said: “We are inaugurating a successor who will in this community perpetuate the spirit of Forchheimer,” for so long a time more interested in the theory of disease than in its emoluments. Holmes added: “The generous response from friends and admirers of Dr. Forchheimer was so prompt that in a few days $30,000 were subscribed. . . . Dr Dabney and I were empowered of the medical faculty to secure the best man that could be found for the place. He is here—Roger Sylvester Morris.”

Holmes continued to receive letters of congratulation, of thanks, of request for further advice. India and China wrote. More locally, would Dr Holmes please come to this town or that, lecture, and aid a drive for a hospital like Cincinnati’s? And, as time permitted, Holmes acceded. The speakers’ committee of Middletown (Ohio, population 20,000) reported to him: “Instead of $75,000 we raised $85,000. Your coming to address our workers is responsible. . . .”

Before his beloved Commercial club, Holmes listened one night to the secretary of the Rockefeller foundation expounding its purposes. It moved him to write its postal address upon his dinner card—to visit it later.

When spring came he announced to the faculty that the medical school needed a dental division; that he had been in
communication with the dentists of the town who were for initiating a drive; that $100,000 should be raised to build a dental infirmary and a dental laboratory next the medical college; that instruction in the fundamentals of dentistry should be given in the medical school, and by the medical faculty. Albert H Freiberg had charged: "There are not three reliable dentists in town." The colleagues failed to respond. Later Holmes brought about an affiliation with Cincinnati's major dental school but even this point of contact with practice was lost when, some three years later, the school expired. Nor was this cry for a dental department to be heard again until after Holmes's death. Then solemn conclave decided that $1,000,000 would be necessary to establish such a school. A citizen came forward and offered two millions. All the dental schools of Cincinnati had by this time folded up, but the chiefs of the medical school concluded that no start could be made with less than three millions. Thus the town may not yet boast a dental division in her university.

The Ohio hospital association chose the moment to meet in Cincinnati and to have a look at Holmes's hospital. They came to hear him talk of its construction. He spoke instead of what hospitals stood for as going concerns, as links in the chain of medical education. "The future and the highest development of medical education in this country are wrapped up in the control of our hospitals," he said. And widening his subject, he stated: "The private-enterprise medical college is destined to disappear. . . . All education is expensive; scientific education more so; scientific medical education the most expensive of all—but none other pays such large dividends in human happiness."

At the general commencement of the university in June Holmes announced that Charles Boldt (manufacturer of glass and now Holmes's associate on the hospital board) had pledged him $10,000 with $1000 more annually (he gave in all over $30,000) to make possible the removal of the outpatient clinic of the medical school on McMicken avenue to the general hospital; and its proper equipment. Thus was Holmes bringing to the grounds of his new medical college the thirty thousand patients of its old ambulatory clinic and by placing this within the halls of the general hospital, restoring its now long dead
and so necessary outpatient department. This made for further 
unification, and in one location, of all the city’s medical enter-
prises for which he had labored.

Rufus B Smith, president now for the fifth time of the 
university’s board of directors, detailed what other financial 
rains had fallen upon the medical school. “We are indebted 
herefor to one man. . . . On behalf of the university . . . 
our sense of obligation and gratitude to Dr Christian R 
Holmes.” Continuing he said: “The only embarrassment of 
the university is the embarrassment that follows too great 
success. . . . But the people of Cincinnati have put their 
hands to this plow—and I have the abiding faith that they will 
not turn back.” The mayor (Puchta), after referring to the 
directing force in higher education that Holmes and Smith 
had been under the city’s aegis, added: “There are but few of 
us who realize how much this city is doing for its people in 
thus providing them with greater comfort, convenience and 
opportunity. No one of its endeavors is greater than that in 
education . . . which brings dignity to our occupations, 
which ennobles the men who have ennobled their employ-
ments.”

The smoke from the fields of the European war was driving 
America’s citizens into partisan groups. Alphonso Smith’s 
(university of Virginia) commencement remarks temporarily 
steadied things. “In the effort that nations are making to un-
derstand each other, literature has already played a conspicuous 
part. . . . I do not underrate the unifying influence of com-
merce, or of kindred blood and common speech, but literary 
credentials make a wider appeal. . . . There is less danger 
of strife through rivalry because they appeal to a higher class 
of motives and to a broader range of ideals.” And having paid 
compliment to the local university’s efforts at making its 
education function, he concluded: “Insist upon your American 
birthright—not the idealism that dreams but the idealism that 
does.”

The students and friends of the medical school repaired to 
the general hospital in the afternoon to witness the unveiling 
of Clement J Barnhorn’s bronze tablet of Daniel Drake (1785–
1852). It was the gift of Drake’s granddaughter (Elizabeth 
Drake Morrill Edwards) and, occupying a place in the en-
The example set by Morris in his medical activity about the hospital threw into sharper relief the defects of its older system of management to which Holmes was so heartily opposed. Too few of the staff felt any continuing sense of responsibility for the ill; too few of them any obligation to
instruct the on-coming generation of practitioners. The hospital was operating under some thirty-six chiefs with an equal number of juniors under each. Many of them considered themselves more the appointees of the city hall (which in fact they were) than the elected of the medical faculty. To these heads was attached an indefinite number of assistants, house doctors, internes, helpers. Worse even was the fact that the chiefs of service “rotated,” meaning that they went dizzy by being changed every four months. The sick man was rarely the charge of any one doctor—he might be of two, more commonly three, or maybe, six. Unhappily, patients and their illnesses cannot thus accommodate themselves to changes in stewardship or calendar. In earlier years the attending staff had been accountable to a higher authority—to a board of trustees before 1900, appointed of state and city government; but now it was responsible only to the city’s safety director or itself. When at this date circumstance therefore made a patient the medical responsibility of the city, he could take what was offered him in the general hospital, or leave it—there was no redress.

Realizing that the situation needed repair, Holmes compared the staff list of the hospital with that of his medical faculty. The two coincided pretty much. Henceforth he decided, that they would coincide. And since the medical school had been made accountable for the appointments in the hospital, he would, automatically, make the chiefs of the divisions in his school, the chiefs of the corresponding services in the hospital. The difficulty was that certain men had been appointed to the hospital staff directly, that on the other hand, the union of the several medical colleges of Cincinnati into the medical department of the university had brought with it a superabundance of professors. Few departments had less than two, most had four and one six. In the group, several—unhappily the best—saw the need of Holmes’s reforms and made things easier for him by resignation. E W Mitchell (most human of practitioners, a doctor of the old—and better—school), E Gustav Zinke (veritable portrait of the true obstetrician), Charles Alfred Lee Reed (eloquent voice of America’s medical profession) all resigned. To more chiefs, carrying hospital titles as mere chest protectors, Holmes sug-
gested resignation; as also to some minor stars possessed of little interest either in the sick or in the students. But these efforts at the larger good did not increase Holmes’s popularity.

At a dinner given to Zinke upon the occasion of his retirement (after forty years in practice and twenty in obstetrical education), Holmes said: “It is to men like Dr Zinke that our medical department owes a large share of whatever prestige it may have. From Daniel Drake down, our school has been blessed by such men. Ours is a sacred heritage. . . . We must assume this responsibility and carry their work onward and upward. . . . The professional man’s life at best is short. . . .” And thinking again of the morrow, he concluded: “Within a year, when we have our forces properly adjusted, we shall give postgraduate and summer courses. Thus we are to put in place the capstone of an enduring medical structure of the completion of which so many of us, inside and outside the profession, have dreamed.” But the organization of such graduate and postgraduate medical study, too, was another of Holmes’s ideals which was, because of his death, to come to naught.

Of a rare night in early June a butcher got himself stabbed in a labor brawl. Seeking refuge in the general hospital, a senior medical officer had been s o s’ d for; but unable or unwilling to respond, he had left the care of the injured to an assistant. It was a piece of recognized procedure in the old hospital. Failure to discover some nicks in the hatchet man’s bowel had led to death. Harking back to the common law of medical practice, Holmes preferred charges against the chief; demanding his resignation. The demand was countered by a technicality. “Dr Holmes is not an officer of the hospital and therefore cannot file charges.” Holmes replied that as a citizen he had every right. Next move on the surgeon’s part was a suit for personal damage to professional standing. The statutory law of Cincinnati was on his side, the surgeon said. As employer of the hospital staff the newly appointed safety director (Walter J Friedlander) stepped in. The staff would make an investigation of one of its number and report back to him. By the middle of July they had come to no mind. Nor, by the middle of August. Nor at any time later.
While this cockerel fight was on, Holmes had opportunity to voice his opinion on some further matters of medical training.

The school for nurses in the general hospital needed to be placed under the board of directors of the university (all the rest of the institution now was there). It was accomplished in June. Upon the occasion the superintendent of nurses said: "By doing this we will raise the standards of the nursing profession and train workers for the public health service." The newspapers declared that hereby "vocational training for women would be greatly increased." Both reported that henceforth the requirements for graduation would be lifted to five years and that there would be "degrees awarded by the university."

While in favor of control of the training school by the university, Holmes had misgivings regarding any plan which contemplated any further "overeducation" of the nurse so that her practical interest in, and practical work for, the sick (especially the nonrich) might be obliterated. Said he: "To meet the general need for nurses, special attention must be paid to the training of the sick bed attendant whose skill is sufficient to care for the ordinary subject and who can afford to give her services in private cases for some twelve dollars a week."

For many years, however, the hospital was to produce more women with knowledge of Bacon than of baking; more bachelors in science were to come forth, but fewer servers of the ill; and not at twelve but at thirty-five dollars the week (if not on infectious, insane or alcoholic assignments when it was forty-two dollars) and on union hours.

The humanizing element which Holmes was endeavoring to reintroduce into the student body had led him to the foundation of a "premedical" club in the academic division of Cincinnati's university. On November eleventh in 1916 the club's rooms (equipped in major part by Holmes) were opened with ceremonies. Frank Cross had arranged a reception and a dinner, to which two hundred and twenty-six came. Holmes's remarks at the time need repetition in extenso because he too rarely gave voice to the emotions and the purposes that actuated his publicly visible decisions. Said he: "As a medical college our first business is to make doctors—to make good doctors... A
good doctor is a man trained to observation, to critical judgment, to correct conclusion from observation and experiment—whether the experiment be a thing he sets up in a laboratory or receives ready-made in the form of a sick man in the clinic. The good doctor is a man of character... he is skilled in the technique of right behavior, and he makes mistakes in ethics no more than in counting blood corpuscles.

“Our commonest error in curriculum making is the unfortunate belief that we must turn out our graduates as fully trained doctors... This leads us to overcrowd it, to kill its elasticity and its virility. Our aim should be to turn out a man who will continue to work and to learn as long as he lives, a man who will believe that his student life is just beginning when he gets a diploma.

“I congratulate you whose privilege it is to study medicine in Cincinnati. With hospital facilities second to none, a new medical college, a new outpatient clinic in the hospital, a virtually new tuberculosis branch, with all manner of laboratories available for teaching and for research, and with this teaching headed by a splendid corps of instructors of whom ten are full time professors, you are surrounded by conditions that are favorable, indeed... But the very fact that so many of our men in medicine have risen to high place without any of these advantages should carry home a lesson to you. It means that success does not depend upon material backgrounds but upon effort. A library does not make the scholar...”

“The good physician knows not the word drudgery. I speak from experience. In more than twenty-five years of practice I have never felt—no matter how long the hours or how strenuous—that I have not had a splendid time of it. For the physician of right enthusiasm there is no eight hour day; his work period is determined only by the calls of the sick and his powers of endurance.”

HOLMES lost two important men from his faculty this summer—Julius Eichberg through death and E B Reemelin by resignation. Long a friend committed wholly to Holmes’s medical ideals, Eichberg’s going marked an even greater loss to medical education. First a doctor of pharmacy and a pharmacist, he had become an MD out of the Miami
school; from which he had grown into the professor of materia medica, pharmacology and therapeutics in the university. Under these heads he had kept alive in the student mind the resources resident in pharmacopeial drugs, their methods of employment, their virtues in treatment. And, in his headship over the laboratory of materia medica he had seen the possibilities of expansion into a school of pharmacy in the university.

When Reemelin left in 1916 he was getting two thousand the annum as chief of physiological chemistry. He was told by university authority that he would never receive increase. This necessitated his migration to an insurance company which offered a more appealing income. He had been the first and heartiest appreciator of Edmund Michael Baehr (the physiologist who had made the principles of his science visible again in the neurologically stricken) and the two had been brought into the new faculty of the medical department of the university (in 1909) under promise that neither would ever be supplanted.

Herbert Horace Bunzell (immigrant American out of Prague at sixteen, now thirty-four, but already an international authority on the oxidizing ferments) was called to take Reemelin’s place. Though hot out of US’s department of agriculture and still hotter out of Plattsburg’s training camp for civilian soldiers this record was to prove of no consequence a little while hence when Cincinnati’s martial spirit had made further progress. Created head of the newly established division of biochemistry he had asked for separate keys to his department; had asked also for benzene with which to make his biological extractions. The first was held to prove that he concealed political papers; the second, that he made explosives. Wherefore he was to suffer dismissal in 1918. (Holmes was then absent in Chillicothe, and with his deanship farmed out to a committee was powerless in the matter.)

The close of 1916 saw the externals of Holmes’s new medical college building nearing completion. The business of its personnel was, however, still a problem.

Gifts came pouring in—the widow of Percy Shields equipped a clinical laboratory in the branch and Anna L Schram a dental division; E L McLain, Richard P Ernst, Lena Dandridge, etc., brought equipment and books for the hospital
and new medical school—but capital which would earn interest with which to pay salaries was short. Holmes kept hoping that the Carnegie foundation would do something. Arguing that this would not be unless the hospital staff were revamped Holmes hammered the point.

December twentieth council passed an ordinance which made the heads of the departments in the medical school, automatically, the directors of the corresponding services in the hospital. It was legal seal upon a plan that had been in the making for two years. Two members of an unofficial committee gathered together to formulate policy had proved particularly helpful to Holmes, the undercover operatives Alfred Friedlander (for the hospital’s “clinical” interests) and William B Wherry (for its “scientific”). Neither at this time headed a department, saw better, in consequence, the landscape than its details and stood solidly for what was the greatest general good. Since the medical school was in the charge of the board of directors of Cincinnati’s university, this now became the body legally responsible for all the concerns of the hospital. The new ordinance thus freed the hospital forever from all “political” control and made it and the medical school one. Thus was laid down in the law a scheme of government for both, which Holmes had worked twenty years to achieve and Cincinnati came into possession of an administrative ideal in medical education that roused the envy of all America. Not only the insiders but the public appreciated the value of Holmes’s accomplishment. “It is self-evident that a teaching institution is better qualified to select the attending staff of our hospital than any nonprofessional chief executive,” said a newspaper. So convinced were the men of council (Michael Mullen, chief whip!) that they did not even ask Holmes to appear before them to argue his case—passing the ordinance at first reading under a suspension of the rules.

This statute cut the hospital’s services from thirty-six to eighteen; and eliminated the rotating feature. Said Holmes: “The general staff will not be reduced at once; there will, however, be reassignments.”

In the meantime the surgeon’s suit for damages against Holmes fizzled out. And when the heads of the newly created
eighteen services were announced, the former's name was missing.

Such "new rules" for the hospital worked quickly to make it once more "a more human institution." The third degree methods and the "efficiency" introduced by Hunt's administration disappeared; and the amputated ambulatory clinic was restored. Henceforth the needy sick with city residence were admitted without further ado. But, also, nonresidents in need of emergency medical or surgical care and everyone who was the victim of acute infectious disease. Even nonresidents, the charges of other towns or those who wished on private grounds to enter the general hospital, could find accommodation. The minimum charge for such had been fifteen dollars a week. This was declared the maximum and the minimum set at three dollars, while the city's policemen and firemen were offered the hospital's services free, and in private rooms whenever possible.
HILE actual war for USA was still some four months off on the eve of 1917, the backwash of Europe’s three year struggle had more and more unsettled the foundations of American life. Greater numbers had stood with head uncovered not only for The Star Spangled Banner but for God Save the King and the Marseillaise. Collegians had ceased singing praise to alma mater where music was by Martin Luther. Every German name, even though as old as the Constitution, was held suspect. In Cincinnati, Seinsheimers were becoming Sintons; Hochstetters, Hiltons; Goettings, Curtises and Freudenbergers, Gaths. Angebrannts awakened Auburns, Schultzes, Stratfords; and Sternbergers, Stevensons. Ancient Erkenbrecher avenue (named after the founder of Cincinnati’s zoo) was re-baptized Albany. “Preparedness” had been under discussion for a year and had invaded the domain of medicine. Within the month some US army colonels had lectured the town on the subject.

What were the medical schools, the medical students, the medical administrators going to do about it? Soldiers were killers; and the perennial goal of the doctor had been to be of the nonkillers.

Holmes went to Washington to hear the secretary of war (Newton Baker) address the medical executives. A council of national defense was telling the government. Plans were being promulgated by it and the US war department “to introduce courses adapted to medical, sanitary and surgical training for army and navy” into the medical schools “to prepare men for admission to a medical corps and to make them available for use in case of emergency.”

As January waned, Washington slipped a medical captain into Holmes’s school to start, among the upper classmen, a “campaign in behalf of efficiency and preparedness.” Holmes took the captain to a meeting of the Commercial club, entertained that evening by a fine illustrated lecture on the Canadian rockies. Asked to speak, the captain again opened on “the importance of efficiency especially at this critical time.”
The local scene was disturbed in another direction. The now completed quarters of the branch could not be put to use because of lack of equipment. $40,000 were needed. The Shields and Schram gifts had helped but were not enough. Holmes turned to council, more specifically to Michael Mullen. This much pilloried public servant wrote Holmes a letter (January eighteenth, 1917) not without lesson to students of political effectiveness:

"Council has before it a bond ordinance in the sum of $40,000 for the purpose of equipping the tuberculosis hospital. Council is very anxious to pass this ordinance, and as chairman of the committee on ways and means (which has the said ordinance in its committee) I will state that I am going to recommend the ordinance for passage on Tuesday next.

"The conditions are of such a nature, however, that it is doubtful whether the auditors will be allowed to sell the bonds, for the Park board has made application to the auditor to sell $250,000 worth of bonds. The supreme court’s decision gives the Park board priority . . . But I am of the opinion that if you should take the matter up with Mr A L Ault, president of the board, he will prove willing to allow the auditor to sell your $40,000 . . . We will take the chance and pass the bond ordinance next Tuesday. Trusting that you will get busy with the Park commissioners and straighten this out, I remain . . .”

Early in February Cincinnati’s military base hospital was born. The heads of all the clinical departments in the general hospital and medical school signed up; and the chiefs of the nursing school. They were not to march for a while, but the debate of what each was going to do began at once to interfere with any work of the present.

As March came, the medical school and the university were to sit down to their last suppers. On the seventh a committee of twenty (led, of course, by Holmes) tendered a dinner to Charles Boldt as hospital commissioner and creator of the now completed outpatient service of the general hospital (boon to Cincinnati’s ambulatory ill and virgin field for medical student study). It was enlivened by speeches from the city’s safety director (Walter J Friedlander), the former member of the
hospital board (James Albert Green), the city’s health officer (John H Landis) and Holmes.

Three days later the alumni and friends of the university gathered to do honor to those, living and dead, who had created its seven schools. Five hundred were present, with the university’s president (Dabney), the board’s president (Rufus B Smith) and the heads of its law (Benedict) and medical (Holmes) divisions addressing them.

Sitting quietly off side, as always, was Daniel Laurence, appointed clerk of the board in 1903 but now the secretary of the university and the most continuing thread in its magic carpet. Its enthusiastic alumnus (BS class of 1894, medical student for a year, successively clerk of the Hamilton county court, mayor of Reading at twenty-five and then chief deputy in the US marshal’s office) he had seen the university’s student body climb from a few hundred to four thousand and its annual budget from $170,000 to $1,700,000—with both curves still ascending. (Laurence, now vice-president in charge of business administration, has continuously served the university thirty-three years; its last year’s budget: $2,175,000.)

One hundred and fifty men and women received citation.

Dabney said: “A single idea seems to have inspired our people—the idea of cooperation between citizen and city—a recognition of the duty of everyone to do his part in building and supporting an institution which shall strengthen and sweeten life. Our object to-night is not merely to commemorate those who have contributed to our great institution—those who have passed into the beyond do not need our thanks and those who remain with us do not want them—we have a greater one. It is to rededicate ourselves to the task of unselfish service to our university and our city.”

Smith reported the university’s assets as amounting to some $4,122,000. Of this the city had contributed $1,302,000; private donors, the rest. “The amount raised by taxation for its support this year will be a quarter million; it is a large amount, and yet for its lower public schools, the city raises more than ten times as much.” Proceeding, Smith said: “Our alumni should recognize that the privileges and opportunities given them by the city in association with the noble donors whom we honor to-night impose a correlative duty—to repay in after
life, by service and otherwise, the debt they owe. If each alumnus will recognize and discharge this debt the result must be . . . a nobler citizenship, a higher culture, a more efficient business, a happier and more contented people . . . It is because I recognize that in a democracy every man must contribute something to the common good, that I am serving on the board of directors of the university, endeavoring to take up and carry forward as best I may for a short time the disinterested and noble work of those who have preceded me.”

It was the university’s first opportunity to declare publicly its gratitude to Francis H Baldwin. The features of his gift lay in more than its size, even though (estimated at $700,000 it was to prove itself worth more than a million and a quarter) it was the largest single gift that had ever come to the university since the establishment of its liberal arts division by Charles McMicken in 1858 (incorporated in 1870) with a bequest of $600,000. Baldwin had turned over his great estate to the board of the university free of all encumbrance and with the blanket note that it might be employed in any fashion and for any purpose deemed best by the board. Such stringless beneficence was unprecedented in university management.

Holmes was introduced as the “father of the hospital and the best medical college in the country.” Detailing private gifts (the medical department of the university had at no time in its history been the recipient of any public funds) of more than a million in the eight years since Ohio and Miami medical colleges had for the second time in their histories joined hands, he said: “A generation ago medicine was the most neglected and, apparently, the most uninviting object of either private or public philanthropy.” Reverting to his quest for a new and first-class medical school for Cincinnati, he continued: “For a time the outlook was not encouraging—but we never lacked faith.” Then launching into the product of the great machine his seventeen years of labor had built, he concluded: “The three purposes of any truly great hospital are care of the sick, assistance in education and contribution to medical knowledge. These must ever be considered in organizing the various divisions of a hospital . . . A medical school should be a throbbing center of activity and inspiration . . . Great minds will have great ideas, and great ideas are not compatible with indo-
lence. But desirable as research is, our first endeavor should be to prepare students to be sound practitioners.”

SPRING found Holmes hard at it to make the spirit of council ordinance a fact; and the list of his hospital staff, therefore, identical with that of his faculty. Not all the pieces of dough falling over the edge of his freshly trimmed pie would let go. April third Holmes wrote the university’s president: “In order that membership in the faculty be limited to those who do bona fide work in the college, hospital or dispensary, I ask the board to pass the following resolution: Whereas a reorganization of the hospital staff has been made and certain persons, members of the medical faculty who gave clinical instruction, will, under said reorganization no longer do so or lecture in the college, therefore be it resolved that all such members of the medical faculty shall cease to be such at the close of this session.”

The resolution carried; but not without breeding resentment on the part of some of the men involved.

April sixth the United States declared war against the Central powers.

Holmes now had even more work to do, for he had to labor to hold intact what he had builded. It was no easy job. For many of his hospital and medical school staff the care of civilians had long since lost romance, khaki had in their imaginations seemed the better broadcloth and orders to move had sounded more sonorous than orders to sit still. Holmes stressed the point that the war might last a while; that if it did, there would be cry for a continuing stream of doctors. He suggested that his chiefs go slow, that duty to country might, perhaps, be best discharged by keeping at the daily grind. Most of his faculty thought otherwise.

Thus mentally freighted he went home to discover that two of his three sons had enlisted (the third, Jay, being but fourteen, could not) and were off to camp Benjamin Harrison for intensive training as officers.

The command to fare forth and, by swift blow, to save civilization, had been even more loudly sounded in the rest of the university than in Holmes’s division. The consequence was a confusion there, greater than in the medical school. To check
200 the flight to exit the president (early a protagonist for our entrance into the European struggle) had to write Holmes on May sixteenth: “As men have already left us . . . I request you to notify every member of the medical faculty that he should apply for formal leave. This should be done before giving up his duties here. The letter should state the government service upon which he enters . . . and the amount of compensation . . . It will be necessary for all professors, instructors and assistants who wish their positions held for them to get this leave.”

At the same moment medical “majors” began to appear—the half of them graduates of Holmes’s school and sent into the army because not fit for anything better—to order the captains and lieutenants that had been made of his professors and their associates to duty in camps or abroad. His hospital unit was decapitated (Ransohoff, though Cincinnati born and more British than the red robe of his fellowship in the royal college of surgeons, was considered “German”). Holmes’s professor of obstetrics was put in his place. In khaki, the latter put in the spring months belaboring the medical student body in four-minute man fashion. Many of the best of Cincinnati’s university students accompanied this unit overseas, registered as medical attachés because willing to die but not to fight. Holmes’s professor of pathology, after intensive drill in a camp of medicos, spent the rest of his service as garbage inspector in a Massachusetts camp. Various internists were shortly made into insurance examiners or company doctors receiving therapeutic instruction from officers with more stripes. Holmes did all possible to keep the enthusiasts at their more important work at home and succeeded, after presenting his case in Washington, in getting a goodly number of his faculty reassigned, for teaching, to Cincinnati. But the men would not hear. Before the year was out Holmes was, in consequence, to have but three professors of rank left of his teaching faculty—all beyond draft age and two of them with heart disease—and these without all aid from professional instructors but with undergraduate students only as assistants.

To add to Holmes’s emotional burdens, building costs had skyrocketed and his medical college building was finding
itself short of funds for proper equipment. June twenty-ninth he turned to her whom he had previously designated medical Cincinnati’s “fairy godmother,” Mary M Emery. He wrote her in Newport:

“It grieves me to disturb you at this time, and only dire necessity brings me to do so. Everyone who can help in this work either has left or is leaving and will not return until after the new medical college should be opened.

“From the inclosed note you will see that we have sixty-nine summer students, whereas two years ago, we had but twenty-four. Two years ago we had only three freshmen registered at this date, while this year we have forty. At the opening of the college next September there will be over sixty. Unless the new medical school is finished and equipped, we must remain in the old place downtown, which cannot accommodate the students, nor has it the equipment. From this you will see the unfortunate situation in which we are placed.

“Doctors, students, hospitals and medical schools are now of vital importance to our army and navy. Only yesterday we were commanded from Washington to give all details of our ability to care for sick or wounded soldiers. Washington also urges an increased attendance of students by releasing from military duty not alone all medical students, but those who are in the universities preparing to enter medicine.

“The Liberty loan, the Red cross and other charitable activities would make me cease trying to carry the college through at this time, but it has become a national duty, and even a temporary halt at this time would injure the reputation we have established. To carry our program to a successful termination will, I feel sure, mean help from the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations in the autumn.

“I am inclosing a memorandum showing what our building has cost, outside of what is usually considered equipment. . . . That our building committee decided upon the larger building was, I feel, good judgment, and the rapid growth of the school will in a short time justify our action.

“Your generosity to medicine in Cincinnati makes me feel ashamed to ask you for more money and yet I feel, as you and Mr Livingood must feel, that the project having assumed these splendid proportions, it must not fail at the eleventh hour of
becoming a well-balanced, finished centre of learning, through which your charity and love for humanity shall bear rich fruit. I therefore make bold to ask you to consider favorably a gift of $25,000 additional to what you were good enough to promise, and I, in return, will promise to raise $25,000 more by heading the list myself, and shall make a desperate effort to raise $50,000.

"Trusting that our prayers may be granted, I remain with gratitude and sincerest best wishes . . ."

Mary M Emery telegraphed an answer—sending Holmes not $25,000 but $50,000!

July seventh Holmes replied: "On behalf of the city and the medical profession I beg to extend to you my sincerest gratitude for your munificent gift. Have started to duplicate it . . ."

By coincidence or because planned, Holmes on this day had the members of the Optimist club on a tour of inspection of the nearly completed medical college. It was under roof, with its halls largely finished except for furnishings. Harvey Hannaford had again been the architect and the Westlake company (both the builders of the general hospital) its constructors. This company had insisted upon the school contract, having bid for it at no profit. Their figure for the shell had been a quarter million—more than a hundred thousand dollars below any other bid. Even at half a million, for which sum Holmes had thought that he might get his medical building, he had thus purchased at one-third, the similar laboratories of first-rate medical schools in other cities—and in war time.

Believing that further cry to one of the national foundations might help, Holmes wrote to Simon Flexner (brother of Abraham and in no wise connected with the spending group of Rockefeller's foundation) to receive on July twenty-third the following answer: "I am greatly indebted to you for sending me such a kind note and interesting set of newspaper clippings. You have my sincere congratulations on the completion of a stupendous piece of medical reconstructive work, and my best wishes for the distinguished success of the new undertaking. I look upon your single-handed achievement as hardly less than incredible."
Anna Hunt Heady (widow of Dr James Heady) died in the month. Her will left her estate to the medical department of the university. But a life interest in it held by one sister and suit to set it aside by another forbade Holmes any immediate use of its $140,000.

Volunteer enlistment and the first workings of America's selective draft now began to involve Holmes's medical students. It proved no easy task to keep them at their books when pointed to as slackers. The war in Europe had already lasted three years and how much longer might it go? Calculations indicated that sixty-one thousand doctors had been killed, that whole army divisions were without proper medical aid, that civilian districts were entirely devoid of such, that no more doctors were being produced. The last item especially distressed Holmes. The springs for their birth, at least, should be kept alive, he said. But how to make army management see the point, suspicious of every adult in citizen's clothes, was another matter.

July twenty-sixth Holmes sent this letter to each of his medical students: "As many of you are thinking of enlisting and as many of you have been drafted, I feel it my duty to give you the following information. At a meeting of college presidents called by the Council of national defense and addressed by the secretary of war, it was resolved: That in view of the supreme importance of applied science in the present war, students pursuing technical courses such as medicine . . . are rendering, or are to render, through continuance of their training, a service more valuable and efficient than if they were to enroll in military or naval service at once. The surgeon-general has urged us to maintain our medical colleges in full action."

Quoting further from rulings of the medical section of the council and the United States commissioner of education, Holmes concluded: "I am acting, therefore, in accordance with the recommendation of the highest government authorities when I advise you to claim exemption . . . Please let me know what action you take and which district board your case goes before."

The school situation for Holmes was desperate. Of his eighty-seven seniors, juniors and sophomores, seventy-two had
been drafted and twenty-three of these called to the colors. August twenty-second the secretary of war (Baker) still believed that medical students could not be exempted, but, by the end of the month (by presidential order) certified medical students were to be allowed to finish their studies. The Times-Star said: “Dr Holmes has won his fight to keep the drafted medical students in college.” The superintendent of the hospital (Bachmeyer) said: “We are all pleased at the President’s ruling. It is what Dr Holmes and all of us have been urgently pleading for.”

But these items were by no means the fullness of Holmes’s August. For six months past, because of his knowledge of the nature of equilibrium, aviator problems had been put upon him by Washington. Now he was commissioned a major in the medical reserve corps of the army and made the head of an aviation unit in Cincinnati. Along with this, appeals for his aid in the construction of hospital buildings in the various army cantonments of the United States had been coming in. The surgeon-general’s office felt “deeply as you do about the importance of ridge ventilation” and effort would be made “to have it installed in every one” of the buildings “in consonance with your views.” A newspaper wrote: “The war department is fully cognizant of the necessity of Dr Holmes’s supervision of the new medical college and the tuberculosis sanitarium (both still building) and believes that his first duty lies with these institutions.” But more blood was to be demanded of him. The surgeon-general (Gorgas) commanded his presence. He was to continue with the medical school and the hospital in Cincinnati—but out of camp Sherman in Chillicothe (Ohio) to which he was assigned. For almost two years he was to keep the ruts deep between this camp and his medical school, his general hospital, its branch, his aviation section, his private hospital, his medical faculty, his dean’s office and the unnumbered boards and committees of which he was a part in Cincinnati (ninety miles distant).
AUGUST seventeenth Holmes had his family about him for the last time in Cincinnati. Bettie and he and the stripling Jay welcomed to the grounds of 3598 Washington avenue second lieutenant Carl F Holmes (twenty-three) and first lieutenant Christian R Holmes III (twenty-one) freshly commissioned out of the officers' reserve training camp, fort Benjamin Harrison. They might play together for a week, when Carl would be off as instructor to draftees and Christian to a New Jersey sailing port for overseas.

Holmes himself, with Bettie, went to Chillicothe where the latter quickly established a home which was to prove the recreational centre for the American and foreign officer. More officially she was of the Red cross, of the soldier's play hall, good angel to the man in distress. Holmes went at the construction of the base hospital with special interest in a building for affections of the eye, ear, nose and throat (popularly known as camp Sherman's "head" house). It was to come through the war as the envy of every base hospital chieftain; but Holmes achieved it not without difficulty. The commanding general (Glenn) had whole-heartedly stood behind him on which account, rumor had it, the general "got into trouble" in Washington. Its construction finished, Holmes became its operating chief as the business of getting sick men well was under way. Believing—it had been principle with him throughout life—that reasonable men sought only ends and were untroubled by form, he severed much precious red tape. It seems to have irked officials weighted with more braid. After the war some of them spoke of Holmes's "defiance" of men higher up. In any case, he was to be mustered out as he had been mustered in, with major's buttons only on his shoulders. (After his death his family was to receive notice that he had been commissioned lieutenant-colonel.)

At home, the dismantling of his medical ship was proceeding apace. His effective assistant, Frank B Cross, was ordered to camp Zachary Taylor (Louisville); simultaneously, A C Bachmeyer, reliable superintendent of the general hospital, was
ordered to Carlisle. In November Holmes released his trusted adviser, Alfred Friedlander, to be medical chief at camp Sherman. All were to be absent from Cincinnati for a long season.

The academic division of the university had showed a lowering of enrollments in the fall opening; the technical, an increase. The president said that because of the war and the higher cost of living “the normal increase of two hundred would be absent.” Six hundred and fifty men would take military training at the university (out of thirty-four hundred registered, including the women). The medical department continued the upward curve that Holmes had started in 1912. Instead of last year’s thirty-five, the new freshman class already counted forty-seven and the enrollment for the four years stood at one hundred and forty.

December arrived before official notice came that freshmen, too, in medicine (the majority under enlistment age) were exempt from immediate military duty but registrable in the medical reserve corps. Cincinnati’s men subscribed, to be billeted with other “soldiers” in barracks erected by the university in its general grounds. Now khaki clad, their first hours each day were devoted to hiking and military formation. Wearied and stinking of sweat, they then yawned through a shortened and “forced” period of medical training which they could not have mastered without difficulty even in peace.

While not officially dedicated, Holmes’s new medical college building was ready; and the students moved in. Their coming put it to immediate test. Here too, when the press of war had come and costs had risen to counsel retrenchment and a smaller building, Holmes had stood out for the larger original plans; and when his faculty had said that twenty-five seats would forever do for the membership of any year’s class, he had insisted upon fifty. The freshmen to march into the new school building numbered fifty-six. Thus for a third time his “too large, too elaborate” plans had come to completion—and proved inadequate. In the next year seventy-two were to register as freshmen; nine special students were to appear, and a general increase of twenty-five per cent in all the other classes. It required that walls be knocked out and all the neat lecture rooms be torn up.
A district medical society was invited to hold its meeting in the great auditorium. Describing it, The Ohio State Medical Journal wrote editorially: “The new college building is a revelation . . . As a physical plant it is unsurpassed. . . . Immediately adjacent to the magnificent general hospital . . . it assures the student unrivaled clinical facilities. The building houses all didactic work and three great laboratories. Luncheon is served in a restaurant which is a part of the college (conceived, bought, and paid for by Bettie) . . . We suggest a trip to Cincinnati to inspect this college building and the amazing hospital plant it adjoins.”

Holmes spent January recruiting for women as nurses for the soldiers, instead of men. “No matter how willing a man may be, it is preposterous to assume that the ordinary soldier is fit to do anything in the sick wards but common work.” His voice did much to change male nursing to female nursing, not only in the army but in the navy. “But few men can be educated to be good nurses; but all women are such, naturally. Never were they in such demand as to-day, as the result of this cruel war . . . Our attention at this time is centered on our fighting forces, but we must not forget our civil sick. If you contemplate being a nurse, come now! Every pupil nurse helps to release a graduate. There is to-day a double call for volunteers.”

Holmes’s own absence in Chillicothe persuaded him to lay some of the burdens of his overworked deanship upon other shoulders. In February he appealed to the board of the university that his own powers of appointment be curtailed. The men of his faculty, who were of the opinion that there was too much “one-man” business about his office anyway, were not sorry. But thus the unity of form and function embodied in Holmes began to suffer division as more and more “committees” were generated, to prove a curse to the effective medical education and the effective medical care which he had been at such pains to establish. Things became “more democratic” again—also more commonplace and unsteady. Some years afterwards, when the Carnegie foundation was to trouble to explain why it had not done more for Cincinnati’s medical situation, the
town was to hear that its medical school was a “faculty-run institution, meaning that the college will die of dry rot.”

Holmes made public the appointment of an “executive committee” to have charge of his medical school and hospital. “Official duties at camp Sherman compel me to be absent from Cincinnati five to six days each week and as questions of administration often arise which require prompt attention, I have appointed the following: B K Rachford, chairman, J C Oliver, Roger S Morris.” They were given charge, respectively, of the outpatient department, the medical school, clinical instruction.

The administrative snarls that sprang from this division in authority added themselves to those that had remained over out of past years—the outgrowth originally of the amalgamation of Cincinnati’s medical schools and the discontinuance of clinical association between the university’s new medical department and Cincinnati’s hospitals outside the general. Lost in them, because now without a clinic, was C L Bonifield, one of its five (!) professors of gynecology and the school’s most popular teacher. Unable to see any light in a forest of legal darkness, Bonifield fell upon the president of the university and its dean of medicine saying: “The president has a second time broken a pledge upon which I acted . . . the dean has shown lack of courtesy to the head of one of his departments.”

Obviously ill (four doctors had walked out of his sick room in the Good Samaritan hospital five years earlier where, diabetic, arteriosclerotic and edematous because of cardiac decompensation they had not expected him to live much longer) Bonifield told the newspapers: “It is a bad thing for the medical profession to have a boss . . . Last year an ordinance was passed directing that the staff of the hospital be selected from the teachers in the college. The head of every department except that of gynecology was given a suitable position.” Then stating that he expected to be relieved of his place by the board of the university at its next meeting, he flared: “After I am dismissed I shall tell the public of conditions that exist.”

February fourteenth (it was the first meeting of the medical faculty in its new rooms in the medical college building) Holmes reverted to this attack: “No one in authority ever contemplated Dr Bonifield’s dismissal . . . But the thing that
overshadows everything else is his threat to 'expose something.' ... If kept on the faculty he will not tell, but continue a party to its crime! But if put out, he will 'squeal.' As dean it becomes my duty to inform Dr Bonifield that his charges embrace our whole faculty. They are guilty, but guilty of what? Being honorable men ... I must ask, nay demand, that Dr Bonifield promptly make good his threat and expose everything. If he knows anything that we do not know, he can be no more anxious to see it corrected than the men who, without self-interest, have brought about the creation of the new hospital and medical school, who have rescued Cincinnati when medically moribund, who have inspired the public to give its money, who have caused students to come in rapidly increasing number not only from here but from afar ... The new charter has placed responsibility and power for the hospital and medical school in the board of the university. I am sure that there is room for improvement but such improvement will be made as fast as opportunity offers. Dr Bonifield ... should publicly retract and apologize.”

Decent citizen and decent parliamentarian that Bonifield had always been, he did just this. In a lengthy letter to the press (the Enquirer, March sixth, 1918) he brought the incident to a close by writing: ‘My statement has been understood by some readers as a threat ... I was incensed ... I did not intend to convey the slightest reflection on the faculty or upon the treatment of hospital patients by the staff ... their interests can never be properly subserved by public discussion ... I desire to express my regrets ... I ask (the directors of the university) to believe that in the future, as in the past, I will prove my fidelity to the institution by serving its every interest to the best of my ability ...’

And the fourteen years to his death were to prove it.

Official opening of the new college building was set for February twenty-fifth. To warm his heart, Holmes received, on the day before, a letter from his old associate out of the hectic days of the new hospital’s beginnings, Robert Laidlaw (now sixty-nine): “... The new college and hospital are a great monument to you, my dear friend. The Good Lord raised you up for this great work which would never have been accomplished without your leadership ... I wish that I were
OFFICIALLY THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI, IN REALITY THE LABORATORIES ONLY, FOR PHYSIOLOGY, BIOCHEMISTRY, PHARMACOLOGY, AND ANATOMY.
in a position to help you financially. I always feel happy when
I think that I was president of the board of public service when
this great blessing to Cincinnati's citizens was inaugurated and
that I was associated with you in starting it . . .”

H S Pritchett of Carnegie's foundation came again to Cin­
cinnati to lend prestige. A century had passed, almost to the
hour, since Daniel Drake had appeared in person before the
Ohio legislature to appeal for a law permitting the establish­
ment of the medical college of Ohio. And within the next two
years was to fall the centenary of the day on which he had
opened this school with twenty-four students in a room above
the drug store of his father.

Eloquent Joseph Ransohoff paid eulogy to the men of by­
gone generations who had brought fame to the university
medical school. Defending the old lecture system which he felt
now too much neglected, he said: “Their was the didactic way,
oldest and most tried, and not without merit. The present ten­
dency is to discard it altogether. It is a mistake. Let us remem­
ber that when autumn winds blow it is always the leaves on the
newest branches that are the first to fall.”

On behalf of the building commissioners (the new medical
college had been placed, designed, erected, paid for, by the
board of hospital commissioners and delivered ready-made and
free of all debt to university authority) Holmes passed the keys
of the medical college building to Rufus B Smith, president of
the university board. “It is with great pleasure that I give you
these keys,” said Holmes, “and relinquish responsibility. The
labor of the medical school's construction has been one of love
—at times rather strenuous.”

At the dinner which followed, Holmes announced a gift of
$25,000 to the medical college equipment fund—three-fifths
of it from himself and his family. The president of the univer­
sity paid this tribute to Holmes. “It has been through the untir­
ing efforts of major Holmes that we open the new building.
To him alone credit is due.” Pritchett expressed himself thus:
“Major Holmes has done that which no other man has been able
to do although it has been undertaken by noted men through­
out the world. In this medical school and hospital we have the
answer to socialism . . . Major Holmes has the foresight
which America needs at the present time. He can think, and
Pritchett’s statement that the “Carnegie foundation is much interested in the integration of hospital and medical college work here” prompted a newspaper (the Times-Star, February twenty-eighth) to say: “Whether this interest is to be manifested in terms of material assistance was not disclosed, however.”
ALREADY bereft of most of the ranking men of his faculty, the head of medicine was now telegraphed for. "The medical department of the university will release major R S Morris at once," wired Holmes.

Stripped of his official family, Holmes was stripped, too, of his personal. Carl was en route to England; young Christian already in an active sector in France, with no news from him. March fourth Holmes wrote: "How keenly we follow every report from the front. It makes a difference if one of your own is in the fray. When weeks roll by and we have no letter, we become anxious . . . A letter from uncle Max . . . the last word, not to write him for six weeks. What that means we do not know. . . . The new medical college is finished. Mother may have written you, as she was present.

"My work at the hospital (camp Sherman) has been very heavy—a great many mastoid and sinus operations. . . . I may be called to Washington in connection with the building of a new hospital. I am not anxious to go as it has been very hard work to get everything in running order (here). . . . Besides, it is expensive running two homes and then going to a third. But whatever is best for the cause . . . we shall do without murmur. I am always thinking that no matter what we do, we can not come up to you and your men . . . Mother has been in bed for three days . . . it is now ten pm and I am going to treat her . . . a fond goodnight . . ."

April fourth the newspapers announced that Christian had been cited for bravery (he had at great risk crawled through an entanglement and captured alive a German at a listening post) had gotten a French war cross and ten days’ furlough.

Holmes was still beating upon the doors of the Carnegie foundation. May second he received answer: "The date for the May meeting of the Carnegie corporation has not yet been fixed."

He wrote again to Christian (May fifteenth): " . . . The weather is very beautiful and I wonder if it is the same in France. Your last letter wasn’t very clear . . . No doubt
Without betrayal of the mental burden under which he was working, Holmes took part in the public exercises of the university’s June commencement. This year there was no regular orator. Holmes reported for his division of the university: “The medical college building is finished, equipped and in active operation—the product entirely of a group of progressive private citizens and presented through the university to the city. As it stands it cost $650,000 and we have $50,000 besides as endowment. With its completion the municipal medical unit now constitutes a perfected and coördinated group. It belongs to the people. They should know that it costs our better medical colleges, beyond his tuition, a thousand dollars a year per student to educate him; but it is worth their money when the reduction in mortality and in morbidity is weighed in the balance against it.” Then detailing the devastation of war he ended: “It is the purpose of the doctor to counter this—to assuage pain and to save life.”

As June waned Holmes received a cablegram from Christian. Holmes answered (July third, 1918): “I need not tell you how happy we were to receive word that you are well, at least up to the date of its sending (June nineteenth). We were hoping that you might be sent to this country to train recruits, but, of course, have nothing to base this on except our desire . . . No doubt mother has told you about our receiving two long letters from Carl, one from the steamer before landing, the other from London . . . The departure of the eighty-third division . . . left derelicts to be patched up . . . Seven hundred hernias, for instance, that we have been operating on during the past two months at the rate of twenty-five a day . . . I have personally performed several hundred tonsillectomies. Ever since you got away from me without having your tonsils removed it is a cold day when any diseased tonsil gets past me. I only wish that yours were out . . . Ten thousand men with staff officers here from Louisville . . . There are over twenty-five thousand men in the depot brigade . . . The base hospital has been enlarged to two thousand beds . . . and may have to be enlarged to three thousand or thirty-five hun-
dred . . . Hospital unit number twenty-five from Cincinnati came through and at this time is awaiting passage. . . ."

Citing by name the chief nurses of his private hospital and Cincinnati's general, Holmes continued: "My whole crew will soon be at camp Sherman . . . I am in charge of the fire equipment . . . fire drill yesterday afternoon. The new general thought it real and came to see what was going on . . . He wants to know in the future when these stunts are to be pulled off . . . here's hoping that we may soon hear from you and that nothing may happen to you."

There were more weeks without word from Christian. (The files indicate that besides a rare cablegram, he wrote three notes in all.) One of these was dated June seventh and read: "Well, how are my dear ones . . . ? Usually we are just getting ready to spend a very pleasant summer together but this year it looks as though we were going to fight the whole blooming time . . . Our company went into the line recently, one hundred and ninety men and five officers, and when we came out I was the only officer left and there were only forty-two men. I feel a bit tired but my health is fine and the only thing I really want or need is to see my dear ones once again . . . I have been awarded the D S C . . . The war is really not bad in summer as the nights are short and the days are long and full of sunshine. . . ."

ORD from Carl was more frequent but succeeding dispatches only brought the news that he was moving forward. Under date of June thirtieth he wrote: "Had a nice ride this morning—put on my new underwear and a flannel shirt . . . As I go up to-morrow, thought I'd try them out. Hope you are well. I'm doing fine myself."

July sixth there followed: " . . . a glorious time at the front. Was with the British . . . and learned a lot . . . The cannon all going at once. . . . Only a few shells burst really near us and it is remarkable how quickly you can get down . . . No word from Chris. . . ." July twentieth: "I'm sure I'd afford you lots of amusement, mother, if you could hear me (talk French). Have not heard from Chris. . . ." July twenty-eighth: "Another month almost gone . . . about two a.m. a boche plane dropped six bombs in this neighborhood, the closest
three hundred yards away. We heard the shrapnel whining in the forest. . . . Forgot to say that it rained all day . . . ."

August eleventh Holmes wrote to Christian: "We have been longing to hear from you. Feel sure that you could not have waited this long without writing. . . . Carl has been trying to get in touch with you. . . . I realize that you have been in the hottest of the fight and have little time for writing. . . . Nevertheless we are beginning to fear that you may be in the hospital. . . . However, we do not allow ourselves to think of the bad side of this picture and keep saying to ourselves that the mail must have been lost. . . . In camp Sherman it was one hundred and ten in the shade last week. This afternoon it is one hundred and one in my room. You would be amused to see me sitting in my b v d’s dictating, the electric fan going, the perspiration rolling off me . . . nearly fifty thousand men in camp . . . a great many colored troops, quite a number of colored officers, but the last left yesterday which seemed to please the other officers very much . . . it is difficult to understand how one can obviate having some of them become officers when so large a number of the race are in the ranks. The pleasing (?) news that we start a school for colored nurses here arrived from Washington. I am afraid that that will cause trouble. . . . We will have to do the best we can . . . a great many men in the hospital, fifteen hundred to-day. Some of these men like the hospital and we have to drive them out . . . can’t say that I blame them. . . . I am still motoring up and down to Cincinnati, looking after the medical college and the hospital. . . . The other day in our garden, I happened to glance at the weather vane over the stable and it brought sad thoughts to me; at the same time, I could not help smiling because the old horse is certainly full of holes which you put there as a boy when you first got your .22 rifle. . . . Your friend . . . sent a cablegram to his mother. . . . We only wish that we had one from you. . . . We are making preparations of the most stupendous character, as if the war were going to last indefinitely. No doubt that is the proper thing to do in order to bring it to a speedy termination. Your horse and Carl’s are still eating grass and doing nothing. . . . The horse that general Williams bought for general Pershing the day you and Carl went to Danville is
BETTIE'S "THREE SOLDIERS." SECOND LIEUTENANT CARL F. HOLMES, FIRST LIEUTENANT CHRISTIAN R. HOLMES JR. AND MAJOR CHRISTIAN R. HOLMES BEFORE THE WASHINGTON AVENUE HOUSE IN CINCINNATI, 1917
still in Kentucky. . . . As it cannot be sent to general Pershing, it was offered for sale . . . best offer, two hundred dollars. The bottom has dropped out of the horse market here. . . .

Hoping that we shall soon hear from you. . . ."

When Holmes did hear, it was via a cablegram, ambiguous in its statement that he was well. A letter from Christian dated June nineteenth arrived later to say: "You will no doubt be puzzled about my cablegram but this is how it happened. A very good friend in this company kept a letter of mine which I had written to you and which he was to send to you in case I were bumped off. I always gave him this letter when I went out on patrol, as modern patrol work has one or two risks attached to it, particularly raids. Well, on June first I was on one of these little parties and so gave Gus the letter to you. While I was doing my stunt Fritz put on a severe attack in which Gus was so badly gassed that he died. They took him out before I could get back. With Gus went my letter and I am afraid that they will mail it from the hospital. So if you get it, do not worry, as it is only a mistake. . . . Wonderful to receive your letters and gifts when in the trenches—or darn near them. P S Had a letter from Carl from England it was dated June first."

Carl, himself, wrote August twenty-first: " . . . If I remember correctly, the last letter contained one little bombing incident. Since that time . . . have moved twice . . . wonder if you ever got the cable about Chris being well? I sent it as I wanted it to arrive ahead of a letter I had written before hearing that Chris was still alive. . . . I got a real letter from him the other day and he's sure had a time of it. I sincerely pray that the guiding hand that has led him through safely this far will continue to do so. . . . When he wrote, he was out of the thick of it, at least for the time being. . . . Bought three yards (about one foot wide) of fillet lace and a cover for a little table to-day. Mother dear, I am sending same to you with loads of love.”

Christian had spent five months almost continuously in the front lines, earning the opinion of his fellows that he was “the nerriest little pup on the western front.” For a sixth he lay in hospital. Then, recovered from burns and gunfire inju-
ries and with wound stripes to the elbow, he was ordered home (September, 1918).

Carl, now knowing his brother alive, resumed more fraternal relation. September first he wrote: "... Tell Chris I'm off him. The least he could have done is drop me a line and say that he was homeward bound. I heard it indirectly. Also, I suppose he never got the perfectly good candy and cigarettes I sent him. ... At any rate I'm glad he's out of the show for a while. He can most certainly rest on his laurels. ... P S This isn't much of a letter, but at any rate you'll know that I'm still around. ...

After this letter came the following (September seventh): "Received your #17 to-day, mother ... bad getting eggs and green stuff, but we generally come through. ... It took all morning to get fifteen dozen. I had ten dozen in the box when we moved and by alternately layering blanket and eggs they came over the humps, etc., in fine shape. One of the men mistook the box for clothes, dropped it. ... We had an omelet for supper. ... U S commissaries don't keep up in cigarettes the way the British do. ... If the Germans keep getting it in the neck it ought to shorten the war. Maybe only a year more! ... P S Sent you two handkerchiefs the other day, mother. Will you please send me a couple of razor blades and a couple of bottles of liver pills?"

AGAIN, on September fourteenth Carl wrote: "Your two boxes of candy came and they sure hit the spot. ... The general and everyone else wish to thank you. ... We are in a wrecked town. ... We found a little wooden building ... and Milburn and I spread out our rolls on the floors. ... Some mail from the States today but as neither Milburn nor I received any, we hope to get ours soon. You see his wife writes every day, so whenever mail comes he ought to get some. ..."

On September twenty-first Carl was able to write: "Thanks for your cable. I'm glad to hear that Chris arrived safely. ... This has been a good day as I got your pictures this morning, mother dear. ... You look a bit tired which I suppose is due to the forbidden worrying. However, with Chris back, I sincerely hope that you will come back to your
Some day I'm going to draw the money from the Farmer's loan and trust company and put it with some other bank. They are a rotten bank and give no satisfactory service. It took me one and a half months to get a check book from them. The letters going each way took twelve days together at the most. Too bad you can't get anything, for the horses; however, if you'll be able to ride them, father, I think it will be much better than giving them away. . . . It sure is nice to get letters. . . . We are having quite a busy time and I think I'll do nothing wrong in telling you that we are occupying and resting on land that the Germans have not left a very long time ago. Of course this doesn't give you much information except the fact itself, as the Germans are having a time of it along the entire line. I'm getting very used to the guns at night and they don't bother me. Every night we have a couple of gas alarms. . . . So far we haven't been gassed or shelled but expect either any time."

Some last notes before this expectation fell true were dated October second. "... It's certainly good news about Bulgaria and I hope that before this reaches you Turkey will be off the list. With the Allies going so well it puts the heart into our men. They do indeed have a hard time of it. Chris can tell you all about their hardships and privations. . . . Somebody is getting away with my tobacco. . . . Every morning my fellow officers and I take a cold sponge and it seems to help (against fleas). Since the general has been doing this he's most got rid of his. Upon our outpost line the Germans had a sort of rest camp. . . . They left some coats made of white goat's fur and if I can get one put through the fumigating machine, it will be nice to wear in this very cold weather. You'd be surprised to see all the stuff you find in German dumps. Our signals got more hydrometers out of a German dump than they had been able to get from the British, French and American governments combined. P S 'Dumps' are not what we usually understand by the word but are outdoor storage places—like 'munition dumps' for instance." October eleventh: "The war news is good and maybe Henry Ford's slogan 'out of the trenches by Christmas' will come true this year. . . . We have been doing the one and two night stand stuff lately. . . . The place where we are now is most interesting. . . . You
have seen shacks built on the side of a very steep hill one tier above the other. Well, that’s the kind of place we’re in. The Germans built it and made an excellent job of it... electrically lighted... a bath house and a delousing plant. There are fifteen tubs for officers; and fifty men can get under showers at one time. ... The present drawback is that the dugouts face the wrong way but there are passages... into the hillsides, so if the first shell doesn’t get you, your chances are pretty good. ... Received a box of candy and four packages of tobacco. Quite a day... hard, as we keep moving up after the Germans. ..."

In this process Carl was wounded with shrapnel and burned with mustard gas. The combination put him in hospital and brought his letter writing to a close. When again about, the armistice had come.
HOLMES turned from the wearying routine of mobilization to the equally wearying routine of demobilization. He began by increasing the number of his visits to Cincinnati to look after his beloved medical school and hospital. Their forms had endured but their spirits had only marked time. Nor were these spirits to show any greater signs of forward movement for another six months. The personnel of both institutions was to return to the home town but gradually; and then in no mind that was not jaded, distracted, or insane.

With Julius Eichberg dead and David Tucker, his associate, still in the army, a new head to pharmacology had to be found. Dennis Emerson Jackson (forty, Indiana-born and educated, M D out of Chicago’s Rush, expert pharmacologist) was appointed. Biochemistry, too, was headless. For this place Albert Prescott Mathews (forty-seven, starred for physiological chemistry in *American men of science*, bachelor out of Massachusetts's famed institute of technology and Ph D from Columbia in 1898, pupil of Kossel and famous for his contributions to protoplasmic reaction and molecular physics) was enticed out of Chicago. He brought along Shiro Tashiro (thirty-four, the only Japanese of professorial rank in U S; discoverer of the fact that nerve fibres breathe when active, heavy contributor to our knowledge of the chemical foundations of living matter).

Urged to interest in the matter by the professor of bacteriology and hygiene (William B Wherry), Holmes assumed direction of the forces intent upon the establishment of a separate department for the latter in the medical school. Professors of “public health” had long propagated its gospel and “preventive” medicine had caught the public’s imagination. The idea needed organization. An extramural evangelist for the cause appeared in Otto P Geier, now for several years past the industrial physician to his family’s milling machine factory (the Cincinnati milling machine company, Fred A Geier, president). Representatives from a hundred of Cin-
Cincinnati's manufacturing plants were called together in Fred A Geier's mill and thus addressed: "Our company has received large returns from its investment in industrial hygiene. You cannot have happy, contented employees if the men are not healthy, nor can you have good production if the men are half sick. You get into closer contact with the men through your medical department. You get an attitude on the part of the employees toward the company that you cannot measure in dollars." Brought to Cincinnati in part for this occasion, C D Selby said: "I pray you to transfer your energies from winning the war over there to winning the fight over here. Make it possible for major Holmes to put that course in the medical college."

Holmes added: "Unless you back institutions of the type of the university medical school you are not going to get first-class doctors. Let us go to its directors with a five year guarantee and if we have not enough money to pay the professors at the end of the fourth year the department will cease. But I feel sure that there will be money to continue it because of the good that it will do."

The invited guests pledged a subscription of fifteen thousand dollars a year for five years to the new enterprise.

May brought the news that Carey Pratt McCord (bachelor of arts out of Howard college and M D out of Michigan in 1912; physiologist to Parke Davis & company for five years, and major out of the U S A medical corps) had accepted its direction. Housed in the new medical college building, it went quickly to work. Its initially bright fire was not to last long, however.

To his success in these directions Holmes could add the happiness arising from the safety of his two soldier sons. Both were still in uniform but peace had come. First to be demobilized was Christian, in February of 1919 and as a captain. Carl, meanwhile, was suffering the pangs of disillusionment in Paris: "... I'm sick of being a soldier and want to get out just as soon as they'll let me." Describing his life, in March, he wrote: "Three times a week I attend a lecture course at the Institut Pasteur... on yeasts, vinegar and malting. The rest of my time I spend in laboratory work at the Institut National Agronomique. ... Congratulate you, father, on your success in
getting the chair for public hygiene started in times like these.”

By April his letters read: “The political situation is very bad... Clemenceau is fast losing his power and popularity... yesterday mass meetings everywhere to protest against the general rottenness of things... Red flags... and everyone in sympathy wore a red poppy, and almost everybody was wearing one... The peace conference is daily receiving its just baptism of fire from the press... not only my opinion but a steadily growing one among the Americans that the love they had for France is a thing of the past....”

And later in the same month: “... you wonder how the people have all been fooled into fighting... At the laboratory... got on famously. Did new experiments, major determinations and got everything all right... Also found in a yeast a chain of forty cells and one of twenty-five. I had found it before but did not show it to the professor who said it was possible but not probable. This time I showed it to him... I don’t see where they get all these knocks at the YMCA... It got in wrong because its case wasn’t understood and I never saw any attempt at clearing it up....”

Growing more vehement, even thus early, over the political mess, he penned: “They are all rotten in their greed and lust for more territory (if it’s rich). It will be a long time before you will get Americans to come over here again to sacrifice their lives for these hypocrites... President Wilson’s stock is dropping... Another thing of interest is the return of the army to the U S as soon as peace is signed. Wonder why!... Maybe you think that I am getting peculiar ideas, but I’m not. I believe that the men who gave their lives should not have given them in vain.”

Then, also as captain, Carl returned to mufti. (The two became directing heads in the Fleischmann interests of New York for a season when Christian moved to Honolulu and Carl to England. Jay to-day manages the family finances [and well] out of New York; and all have become the silent partners in Bettie’s ventures which would carry out Holmes’s unfinished plans.)

HOLMES was now almost continuously at his dean’s desk. Recruiting for his next term’s class in medicine, he in-
vited the premedical students from the local university and from afar to dinner in the medical college refectory. They were shown the new medical plant. Said Holmes: "What you have seen in this building is only a fraction of the medical college. Other laboratories are in the pathological institute. Add to these the whole hospital of eight hundred and fifty beds and the outpatient department with thirty thousand visitors yearly and the branch for tuberculosis with room for five hundred. Together they constitute our one great teaching institution that has cost, in round figures, six million dollars." Bachmeyer, freshly returned from army service, added: "Formerly, when people asked us whence we came, we dropped our heads. We no longer do so."

In July Otto P Geier charged: "The university of Cincinnati as a municipal institution is turning out too few leaders in civic affairs." The president (Dabney) retorted: "Dr Geier must have spoken without any investigation whatsoever. I shall prepare a list of graduates and of men connected with the university who are taking a prominent part in civic affairs here in Cincinnati." By August, McCord (heading a committee) announced that instruction would be given shortly, "to train executives in hospital management." It was not a subject to stir the layman. While largely responsible for the creation of McCord's department, Otto P Geier had cooled toward it. In October the department "received discussion" before a collection of engineering societies. Speaking on "industrial medicine as it applies to general shop efficiency," Geier said: "... the scientific study of the human side of industry ... industrial medicine, is not philanthropy; it is good business and does not end with 'a pill for every ill.'" A month later McCord showed the manufacturers of Cincinnati's chamber of commerce "a series of charts to illustrate the relation of industrial medical service to industry." It was necessary to "keep employees physically efficient in order to increase production." For the employees themselves McCord invented a slogan: Take care. (In fifteen years this was, in lengthened form, to become the watchword of the government's works projects ["Whatever your job; work with care," "Work to prevent accidents," etc.] but at the time it made no impression.) Thus, slowly,
McCord’s social program, in which Cincinnati saw only an adult boy scout movement, mildewed.

The rest of spring went into a welcome back to the slowly returning heads of the different departments. Each brought word of the high esteem in which “Cincinnati” was held. Holmes was very proud. The centenary of the medical school’s birth lay in the autumn and it would be good date on which to celebrate. To prepare for it he would revise the medical college announcement. Instead of further description of facilities, he would emphasize the character of the men who composed his faculty. To this end the new catalogue carried their academic biographies. Holmes would publish, too, an index of what the men of his school had done in the past decade.

This “bibliographical record” of 1910 to 1919 listed ninety of his medical faculty as “authors.” They had produced sixteen books, not counting new editions or translations into foreign languages; and some eleven hundred articles. They were contributions to medical and surgical literature chiefly, but scattered through them was a goodly fraction of stronger literary flavor, or devoted to general science or education.
On medical college night in June 1919 Holmes stood for the last time with his faculty, his novitiates in medicine and those personal and professional friends who in spirit or by deed had builded the monument "'round about" him. Weary and pale, he sat quietly apart. Friendship between masters and pupils had flowered under Holmes's gardening and to-night's new crop of medicos felt again that they were not being pushed coldly into a still colder world. The president of the university addressed them. Their jovial Bonifield told them of the shallows and the depths beyond; and how he would be with them there. It was Holmes's turn next. In introducing him the master of ceremonies said that the crowd would stand and applaud (as in Peter Pan) if it still believed in fairies. It was signal for a pandemonium that lasted minutes. Erect at the front of the stage, Holmes in vain asked for quiet. He spoke a few words that no one heard. Wiping a tear from his eyes he sat down to a new roll of cheers.

To the men who gathered about him, Holmes explained: "I have never recovered from the influenza and the overwork of camp Sherman. I need rest."

The day following found him started for Canada. There Christian was, and Bettie and Jay, with Carl soon to join them. For some weeks the reunited household breathed the unburdened air of Nipissing. But Holmes's fatigue would not yield, wherefore the journey to New York—and eternity. A chronic appendicitis which proved to be a carcinoma slowly finished him. Mercifully uninformed of the truth, and himself not guessing it, he worked to the limit his rapidly failing energies out of a sick bed. Thus he lay for six months.

The momentum which he had infused into the medical school carried on; but the absence of his figure in the medical grounds unsettled more and more what was left of unity in his faculty and hospital staff. "Committees" appeared in ever increasing number, to debate, to resolve, to depart. Wheels spun more but less and less product issued forth.
The news carried to Holmes's bedside was not cheering. The division of industrial medicine was not taking hold. Two years of the war had rattled apart the division of internal medicine. Morris had only just returned to tighten up its bolts when in the midst of his labors he fell out a six-storeyed window in Baltimore.

Restless Woolley, too, was back; but, uninterested any longer in his department of pathology, he threatened to resign. November nineteenth his threat was accepted and he moved to Detroit. To the newspapers he said: "The situation in regard to my leaving has evidently been misinterpreted. I have not the slightest hostility toward members of the medical college or the university's board of directors."

Thus three of the major divisions of Holmes's medical school (there were but twenty in all with half of these in the "minor" specialties) went largely out of commission.

But there was better news, also. Materially, at least, the school was still on the up. More money poured in. There were gifts, too, for research, for books, for fellowships; among the latter, one to honor Jesse S Wyler who, refused for army service because of tuberculosis, had succumbed while caring for three wards, nurseless and filled with influenza patients.

The board of directors of the university wrote Holmes. After several paragraphs of praise, "resolutions" transmitted to him stated (October fifteenth, 1919): "The board is glad to report that the medical college, owing largely to his labors and advice, is in a flourishing condition having two hundred and seventeen students with more seeking to enter, and assure him of its purpose to carry out to the utmost of its ability all of the noble plans inaugurated by him for its development."

When the student list was completed for the year it read: two hundred and forty-six. But better than this increase in number (over the four dozen of seven years ago) was their widening in interest and character. The "bloody local" nature of the student body had disappeared. Instead of sons out of Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia only, men had registered from all the states of the union and the Philippines, Colombia, Puerto Rico, France, Germany and England. And besides Caucasians, Japanese, Chinese and East Indians sat on the benches.
October sixteenth brought news that Holmes was better; October eighteenth, that he had celebrated his birthday in the hospital with sixty-two candles on the cake. On the twenty-eighth the news turned black. "Dr. Holmes is still very ill." Thereafter, silence.

Only in these days did Holmes come to realize that he would never return alive to the city of his adoption. Late in December he wrote the stanchest of his supporters, Mary M. Emery:

My very dear friend:

Until a few days ago, I felt that I would conquer this illness, but now I fear that my strength is too depleted and realize the futility of further combat.

I shall not return to complete the work for humanity in Cincinnati to which you have contributed so generously and so graciously. Without your support, cooperation and understanding, nothing could have been accomplished. I would not have you believe that your splendid philanthropies have not been appreciated and yet I am aware that there may have been reasons for you to doubt the gratitude of the people of Cincinnati. I, who had the opportunity to know the real heart of our people and the feelings of our medical faculty, can assure you of their deep and abiding thankfulness.

Knowing that my end is approaching, may I not appeal to you, good friend, to continue this great work to which we have jointly given so much of money, time, thought and effort? It is far from complete, but so much has been accomplished that the project must not be permitted to fail. . . . No greater sorrow comes to me than the thought of parting with such as you who has been so much to me through all the years.

I want to tell you how dearly I treasured your Christmas greeting—I intended to write to you personally and only increasing weakness has prevented me from so doing."

On New Year's eve—at eleven to be specific—wracked with pain and facing the closing door, he asked his physician to summon his wife and brother-in-law (Julius Fleischmann). He wished to dictate three letters to be delivered after his death. They were the following:

To the people of Cincinnati: I shall not return to you. The realization has come that I have run my race and that the burdens and responsibilities I have borne must be assumed by others. The mantle that I have worn, perhaps unworthily, must fall upon other shoulders. A great work is left unfinished
to devolve upon you. It has been my thought that here in the valley of the Ohio, on the towering hills of our beloved city, there should arise the world’s greatest institution of healing. Great works are not carried to completion in the twinkling of an eye. They evolve slowly and often painfully. The college of medicine of the university of Cincinnati is no exception. It has been splendidly started, but the task of making Cincinnati rank with the foremost cities of the world in the alleviation of disease has only begun; to the completion of this great task must your efforts be dedicated. I have brought to the attention of the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations the scope of Cincinnati’s great undertaking and I may now disclose to you that both have exhibited a lively interest in it. Conferences with Mr Abraham Flexner and Doctor Henry Pritchett lead me to believe that if the people of Cincinnati continue in their purpose, substantial assistance may be expected from the organizations they represent. A permanent endowment of majestic proportions is needed to insure perpetuation and growth of such a medical centre as Cincinnati has set about to establish. It is my earnest prayer that you, by word, by deed, by gift, will so conclusively prove your sincerity that there will be no hesitancy on the part of these foundations to help your good work.

To the board of directors of the university of Cincinnati:
I am going on the long journey. I had hoped to be able to express to you in person my gratitude for the support you have given me throughout the years in my endeavor to place the college of medicine of our university upon the high plane that it should occupy. That labor is far from completed. Its continuance now falls upon other shoulders, at once capable and worthy of trust. Will you not accord to them that same spirit of coöperation and help that you have given me?

To the faculty of the college of medicine: I had planned to retire from active practice in order to devote all my time to the completion and reorganization of our medical school and to its establishment upon a firm foundation. I know now that this will be denied me. Nothing has given me greater sorrow than the knowledge of this severance of relation with you whose sympathy, coöperation and support have meant so much to me.
You, I am sure, will carry on the great work to which we have together given so much thought and devotion. Only dissension can keep us from the realization of our dreams to make Cincinnati the great medical centre of this country; and such, I am equally certain, will not occur, for the association of years has shown me that we are united in thought and ideal. Victory can be achieved by standing shoulder to shoulder; wherefore I am convinced that you will permit no schism to interfere with the accomplishment of the great task set before us. God speed you, my colleagues, and bless you! You have meant much in my life, and now that the evening is overtaking me, may I not ask you again to go forward, whole-heartedly, devotedly, energetically, in the cause for which we have so long striven together?

On January ninth, 1920, Holmes died.
They buried him out of the school’s great auditorium, from beneath the proscenium arch under which unwittingly, he had said his farewell. This time, however, the monochrome plush curtains were drawn, relieved only by two immense oak leaf wreaths. But all his students were again present, and his faculty, those of his house, citizens in hundreds, and that saddened crew of patients, colleagues and coworkers who silently and warmly had always loved him. They crowded all space, to overflow into the halls; and to stand beneath opened windows. There was no eulogy; there was music; the same Unitarian minister, by whom he had been married thirty years before, read some paragraphs from the printed page—part Christian, more Greek, all of the Universal.

The phoenix of Cincinnati’s medical ashes had folded his wings.
CHRISTIAN R HOLMES
MAN AND PHYSICIAN
by
MARTIN FISCHER

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