

## A CITY'S DISGRACE.

Sample of the Civilization of the Nineteenth Century.

### BRUTALITY OF PUBLIC SERVANTS.

The "Examiner's" Annie Laurie in the Receiving Hospital.

### AN EMETIC GIVEN FOR HYSTERIC.

*After Being Hauled Into a Prison Van and Jolted Over the Cobble She Is Forced to Drink Hot Mustard Water on General Principles—The Acting Police Surgeon Laughs When He Hears About It, and Suggests a Throashing to Make Her Take the Dose—He Bruises Her Shoulder Because She Resists His Hurting Her Head, and Wants to Strap Her Down.*

At 3 o'clock Friday afternoon a young woman alighted from a Market-street car at the corner of Kearny. The street was crowded with vehicles, and the clanging of the gripmen's bells, the oaths of the drivers and the swarm of pedestrians combined to make the scene one of confusion. A policeman stood at the crossing before a saloon. His duty is to escort women and children across the street and see that no accident befalls them from the rushing cars and wagons.

#### A DISCRIMINATING OFFICER.

He started toward the woman who stopped off the car, but she was plainly, even shabbily dressed, and though she was haggard and reeled as though from great weakness, he stopped and returned to his corner, leaving her standing unsteadily among the wagons. The rain was falling in torrents and she had no umbrella and only a torn gossamer to protect her from it. She stood there as if hesitating which way to turn, and looked questioningly up and down. The policeman could not fail to see that something was wrong with her, but he stood where he was until a better dressed young woman wanted to pass, and while he carefully helped the aristocrat clear to the south side of the street the humbler appearing one had to pick her own uncertain way to the sidewalk.

"Where is she sick?" he asked, blandly looking at the crowd.

He was told where she was, and in quite a short time had a covered wagon and another policeman at the door. The wagon is one that is used to convey prisoners to the County Jail. The policemen broke through the crowd and pushed their way to where the woman lay.

"Come along," they said, and each grabbed an arm. They made no pretense of carrying her, but dragged her like a sack of grain, too heavy to lift, to where the wagon stood.

They swung her feet first into the wagon jammed her into a corner, and one policeman went into the wagon with her to hold her upright, regardless of the fact that a fainting woman may die if she is not laid down.

Then they started the horses up into a hard trot and, jolting like a four-horse truck, the improvised ambulance was hauled to the Receiving Hospital.

#### WHO SHE WAS.

The woman who fainted on the street and was roughly dragged into the vehicle and jolted away over the rough cobbles, was the EXAMINER'S ANNIE LAURIE. She had been sent to write up how a woman unfortunate enough to be taken sick or injured on the public streets of San Francisco in the year of civilization, 1890, is treated by those who are paid to care for the unfortunate and suffering.

Had ANNIE LAURIE been run over by a street-car and been cut and mangled the treatment she received would have been just the same. It took twenty minutes for her to reach the hospital, more than time enough for a person to bleed to death from a wound that would not be at all serious if attended to at once.

Had one of her bones been broken the hauling that she suffered at the hands of the policemen would have most likely so complicated the injury that it could never be repaired.

There was no ambulance with appliances to support the injured one and deaden the jolting over the cobbles; nothing but an old police wagon, and she was taken there by a policeman whose conduct should be enough to cause his instant discharge from the force.

#### A HOSPITAL OR AN INQUISITION?

At the hospital, instead of being tenderly cared for, she was shaken and threatened. They did not know whether she had fainted or what was the cause of her sickness. She might have had typhoid fever or any other disease that would cause a shock to result fatally. They did not try to ascertain this. They simply decided that she

collapsed entirely and became perfectly limp and helpless.

Another man came from the store and together they carried me with the utmost gentleness into a hallway. They sprinkled water in my face, slapped my hands and tried all the conventional means to revive me, but I refused to come to.

In less time than it takes to tell it the doorway was closed in by a curious crowd who shut out and called out suggestions to the kind-hearted strangers. By this time I felt as ill and miserable and forlorn as though my sickness was not a sham at all.

#### QUESTIONS, NOT HELP.

"What is your name?" asked one of them.

I did not even open my eyes.

"Where do you live?"

My head dropped limply to one side, and I opened my eyes and stared stupidly.

"I don't believe she understands English," said some one in the crowd. "She looks like a German."

"No, I think she's a French girl," said some one else.

"She speaks English," said the man who first reached my side. "She muttered that her head hurt when she fell. I think she's out of her mind; see how wild her eyes are."

This remark about my eyes forced me in spite of all I could do to smile. The good Samaritans started back in surprise, and I had to go into a fit of hysterics to carry it off. No one suspected me, and they resumed their efforts to assist me.

"Tell us where you live," said one soothingly; "don't be afraid, little woman, we will get a carriage and take you right home."

I almost fainted in reality at the word "carriage." If they persisted in their kindness my whole scheme was ruined.

Oh, why don't the police come!

My thoughts found an echo in the crowd and a blessed voice called out: "Why don't you get a policeman and have her taken to the hospital?"

Somebody acted on this idea evidently, for a very few moments later a gruff voice inquired:

#### OFFICIAL BRUTALITY BEGINS.

"What's the matter with you?"

Then a muscular hand clutched me by the arm roughly and jerked me to a sitting posture. Another jerk brought me to my feet and he soon had pulled me out to the pavement. Another policeman got me by the other arm and together they dragged me across the sidewalk to where a black covered wagon stood. Either man was strong enough to lift me with one arm but they preferred to drag me. They pushed me feet first into the wagon and huddled me up in the corner, and one policeman sat opposite to push me back whenever I manifested an intention to fall forward. They slammed the door on us and the driver started up the horses. The jolt of starting almost threw even the heavy policeman off his seat. Had it not been for his supporting hand I would have bumped against the other side. Every time a wheel struck a displaced cobble this jolt was repeated. I could very easily realize then

washing her hands of the whole business, and I agreed with her.

#### AN EMETIC ON PRINCIPLE.

But they have a way of treating obstinate patients at San Francisco's Receiving Hospital that has broken more than one such resolution as I made.

The young doctor in a matter-of-fact way grabbed my nose so that I had to open my mouth to breathe, the matron held my hands and the doctor with his other hand held the bowl of mustard water to my mouth.

I fought them all as hard as I could. I kicked and struggled and frantically tried to upset the bowl with my head.

"Well! I've been wishing for something to do, and now I've got it," exclaimed the matron, wiping her perspiring cheek on her shoulder.

They got my head against the chair and forced some of the nasty mixture down my throat.

While I was gasping and struggling and coughing, and tears were running down my cheeks, a tall, saturnine man came in—a dark, dyspeptic-looking fellow with thin lips and seamed cheeks.

"What's the matter with her; is she poisoned?" asked this man.

"We don't know, doctor. We're just giving her an emetic on general principles," was the answer.

"But we can't get her to take it," said the matron.

#### A BRUTE'S SUGGESTION.

"Give her a good throashing and she'll take it," said the new arrival, laughing at my struggles.

I managed to jar the bowl and some of the yellow mixture fell on my dress. The matron quite kindly started to wipe it off.

"Let her dress alone," said the dark doctor; "don't bother with her."

"She says her head hurts," said the matron.

"She does, does she?"

The doctor took two strides and was beside me. He gripped my neck with both hands, digging his thumbs into the hollows below my ears.

I screamed with pain and rage and managed to push him aside.

This seemed to infuriate him. He grabbed me by the shoulder with so fierce a grip that my shoulder is lame yet. It took the skin right off. He throw me backward on to the bed with spiteful vehemence and snarled:

"Let her lie there, and if she makes any fuss strap her down."

The younger doctor and the matron had been comparatively gentle, and this demonstration by their superior seemed to startle them as much as it did me. The man's cruelty seemed so wanton and unprovoked that I really feared he would strike as I lay there. But my suffering from the horrid dose they had given me seemed to satisfy him, for he grinned at my retching and then went out.

#### LUCKY THAT IT WAS NOT REAL SICKNESS.

During all this struggling they had continued to ask me questions about myself, none of which I answered. But the doctor had so frightened me that I determined to get away, so when they next asked me my

## "NINE! TEN! "

How the Defeated Man  
End of "a Fight!"

### PHYSICIANS AND PUG

*George La Blanche Tells  
How He Wore His Heart  
Describes How Jack  
Blow Feels—Jimmy  
Some Information—  
Anderson and Hedgh  
No Explanation.*

One! Two! Three!

A surprising silence  
gathering, broken only by

Of the two men who  
had been so skillfully a  
about each other in the  
upright. There had been  
great blows had been  
reached the point at which  
and one of the men lies  
resined floor, while the  
in hand, count off the  
which he must rise or lie  
Three! Four!

The prostrate man  
referee extends his arm  
man to beckon him back  
foul. Small need of the  
puglist is as if cut from  
set and every lineament  
torso he feels in the  
same are tucking away  
over the ropes, their  
them for the moment  
Five! Six!

The time-keepers  
conscious enough to  
seconds find their voice



A CLEAN KICK

desperately. He falls  
again, and an incoherent  
the crowd—a yell that  
triumph, nor disappointment  
grief. The upright pug  
nearer, to be able to

thing was wrong with her, but he stood where he was until a better dressed young woman wanted to pass, and while he carefully helped the aristocrat clear to the south side of the street the humbler appearing one had to pick her own uncertain way to the sidewalk.

As she started up Kearny street she seemed to grow worse. She put her hand to her head as though suffering the greatest pain, and occasionally stopped as though unable to proceed. Once she started to enter a store, as though to gain a moment's rest, but apparently changed her mind and pursued her uncertain way up the street.

"Are you ill?" asked a gentleman, stopping as she passed him.

"I only feel a little faint; it will be over in a moment," she answered.

He suggested that she had better go home, and left her.

She went up Kearny street, as far as Post, stopped on the corner, hesitated again, and walked back more unsteadily than she came.

She put her hand to her head again and almost closed her eyes as if from intense pain. She staggered once or twice, but managed to reach the middle of the block. There her strength seemed to give out, and she tottered up against a pile of boxes.

#### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A young man saw her pale face and closed eyes, and ran from a store near by.

"What is the matter, are you ill?" he asked.

"I am so sick—oh, my head!" and she fell forward. Had it not been for the young man she would have fallen to the sidewalk. As it was, she swooned into his arms. Another man ran to her assistance and the two very gently and tenderly carried her to a doorway and laid her on the steps.

As soon as their supporting arms left her she fell back limp. They raised her again and tried to revive her. By this time the street was blocked by a crowd of hundreds. One man, who announced himself as a physician, broke through the crowd.

"She has only fainted," said he; "she will soon come to. She may faint again, but just keep her here a few minutes and I'll be back."

He dashed away and the two kindly men who had taken the sufferer into a doorway redoubled their efforts to revive her. They apparently succeeded to some extent, and tried to get from her her address. They offered to procure her a carriage, and tried to find in the crowd some woman to help her.

Some one in the crowd suggested that a policeman be sent for to get a wagon. The crowd had blocked the street for as much as ten minutes, and all this time the woman was lying in the doorway. Less than half a block away a police officer, with all due care, was keeping his uniform unsoiled and helping well-dressed ladies over the crossing. He paid no attention to the crowd until a man told him that a woman had fainted in the doorway.

"I can't help it, I can't leave my beat," he answered. "Get the officer across the way."

He beckoned to the other policeman, who leisurely strolled toward the crowd.

cared for, she was shaken and threatened. They did not know whether she had fainted or what was the cause of her sickness. She might have had typhoid fever or any other disease that would cause a shock to result fatally. They did not try to ascertain this. They simply decided that she had not been drinking, and then the well-meaning but inexperienced assistant physician gave her an emetic "on general principles," and his superior laughed when he heard about it and forced her to take the nauseating draught. They explored her purse, found only a dime and an advertisement of "help wanted," and though they knew where their supposed patient wanted to go and should have gone, they would not send a messenger to the friends she wanted, and it was only the kindness of the matron that enabled her to reach home that night.

Instead of ANNIE LAURIE, it might have been anybody's mother or sister who fell in the street, and the treatment she received would be the treatment they would receive at the hands of the city's servants.

In the following article ANNIE LAURIE tells her own story of her adventures:

### ANNIE LAURIE'S STORY.

#### What Happens to People Who Are Taken Sick in San Francisco.

At noon on Friday I was ordered to investigate the city's facilities for persons who became ill or were injured on the streets. I was told that I was to fall where the police could not fail to pick me up, and observe and describe what happened to me.

It was easy enough to fall in the street, thanks to the slippery cobbles, but to fall where a policeman would pick me up was a far more difficult matter than I had thought at first.

The only preparations I made for my exploit were to put on the oldest, shabbiest dress I possessed, put a drop of belladonna in each eye to dilate the pupils, practiced gasping and cultivated a vacant stare to deceive any physician, and took a Market-street car and my trials had begun.

I got off at Kearny street, and at once began to counterfeit illness.

#### AN OBSERVING POLICEMAN.

A policeman was standing on the corner, and I thought I would try my acting on him in order to assure myself that others would not see through it. But the policeman ignored all my gasps and sighs and glassy stare, and I had to walk to the curb alone.

On my way up Kearny street I continued to act as if on the point of fainting. Once a man asked me if I was ill and told me to go home. This reassured me as to the effectiveness of my make-up. I had already chosen a convenient pile of boxes to faint against, but when I saw the crowd of men in the cigar shop near where the boxes stood my heart failed me and I walked on. But I found it no easier to faint further on. The streets and sidewalks were so muddy that I could not bring myself to fall to them.

At the corner I stopped long enough to let my heart regain its normal pace, took a long breath, and, with my lips between my teeth, walked slowly back. It seemed easier as I approached the selected spot, and I resumed my acting.

As I neared the boxes I gave a sudden start, put my hand to the back of my head, turned my eyes upward and started to fall. I caught sight of a man rushing toward me from the cigar store and timed my fall so that he was there to save me from the mud. As soon as I felt his arms supporting me I

forward. They slammed the door on us and the driver started up the horses. The jolt of starting almost threw even the heavy policeman off his seat. Had it not been for his supporting hand I would have bumped against the other side. Every time a wheel struck a displaced cobble this jolt was repeated. I could very easily realize then what agony a wounded person would undergo in being brought in that awful prison van to the hospital. It seemed impossible that a person with a fractured limb could live through the terrible pain that that tumbling, rumbling, jerking, jolting old rattle-trap would cause him.

As I write this my muscles and bones ache at the memory of that trip.

As for the blue-coated guardian of the peace who was conveying me, his conduct, though I was supposed to be insensible, was such that any helpless woman was much better off alone than under his protection.

At last the van gave a final jolt and came to a stop at the door of the Receiving Hospital.

The policeman and the steward hauled me into the hospital much as I had been brought from the doorway to the van.

They sat me up in a chair in the center of a circle of men until a young man, whom they addressed as doctor, strolled in.

"I got her on Kearny street," said he, "and she won't tell her name, and I don't know what ails her."

"Is she drunk?" asked the chorus.

"Has she taken poison or anything?" asked the young doctor.

#### AN INTELLIGENT DIAGNOSIS.

One by one every person present stopped near me and sniffed my breath. The police man was the last of all.

"No; I can't smell any whisky," said he. "I wish to heaven I could say as much for you," thought I.

It having been decided that I was not drunk the only explanation that suggested itself was that I had taken poison. My belladonna treated eyes lent color to the idea of poison. They never stopped to look whether I had taken a drug hypodermically, but started at once to brew an emetic.

All this time I was propped up in a chair, though I have always had an idea that a sick person should be put to bed as soon as possible.

Meanwhile doctors, matron, nurses and all the rest pulled at me, shook me and questioned me, as if they would jerk an answer from me.

"What's your name?"

"Who are you?"

"Where do you live?"

"Say, did you take opium?"

"Say, what did you take poison for?"

These and similar questions they dinned into my ears as if the Receiving Hospital was a place of inquisition instead of a hospital for the treatment of the sick and injured.

All this time the emetic was brewing. While my unwilling nostrils trembled over the odor of hot mustard water a knock came at the door.

#### AFRAID OF THE PRESS.

"Don't let him in," exclaimed the matron in alarm. "It's one of those horrid newspaper reporters. If he comes in here and gets a line he will write two columns about abuses in the hospital."

So they kept the reporter out. Their fear of publicity with me right under their hands struck me as being so absurd that I had to have another fit of hysterics to avoid betraying myself.

Then they put me into an inside room, sat me in the chair and a man came in with a steaming hot bowl of mustard water.

"You'll never make her drink that in the world," said the matron, with an air of

him, for he grinned at my retching and then went out.

LUCKY THAT IT WAS NOT REAL SICKNESS. During all this struggling they had continued to ask me questions about myself, none of which I answered. But the doctor had so frightened me that I determined to get away, so when they next asked me my name I muttered "Annie Myers."

Then they explored my purse and found only a dime and three or four newspaper clippings of female help wanted.

When they asked me who my friends were I muttered the name of a lady who had agreed to send for me as soon as I notified her.

"Well, you have no money to pay for a messenger," said the matron, "and you know that we have no messengers that we could send."

They talked this over for some time, until the young doctor, whose good nature had come back when the other physician left, said that he would pay for the messenger.

But the matron, not to be outdone in kindness, said that she would go herself.

She left and I was then alone with the young doctor.

It was dark by this time and the young doctor came to the bedside and said:

"Will you be good while I go to supper?"

I promised him that I would behave and he left me alone.

Pretty soon my friends came and I was taken away.

ANNIE LAURIE.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

#### Those Who Tried to Take Care of "Annie Laurie," and Those Who Did Not.

On the register of the hospital the information is written that on January 17th Annie Myers was found on Kearny street suffering from hysteria, and was conveyed to the Receiving Hospital by Officer Flannery, and was subsequently discharged at 8:10 P. M. of the same day.

An EXAMINER reporter yesterday elicited the information that Medical Student Holmes, who is attached to the City and County Hospital and was only temporarily in charge of the Receiving Hospital, is the person who attended "Annie Myers" when she first entered the place and that it was Assistant Police Surgeon Harrison who attended her later.

The matron was Mrs. Karr.

#### Married in a Twinkling.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

Justice Blackwell is a hustler when the occasion warrants it. He had just adjourned court yesterday for the purpose of heating a man out of a cigar at poker dice when a couple entered who wished to get married. Their names were S. R. Patten and Millie Connors, and they stood anxiously awaiting the performance of the ceremony. The man who wanted to shake for the cigars was in a hurry, and started to leave.

"Hold on a minute," called out the Justice to the departing citizen. Then turning to the candidates he fired the following questions at them: "Do you take this woman to be your wife?"

"I do," said Sam. "Do you take this man to be your husband?" "I reckon," said Willie. "Then I pronounce you man and wife."

The ceremony occupied just two seconds by the watch, and the Justice overtook his friend, beat him out of the amokes and was back into his office to collect his fee before the couple had sufficiently recovered to realize that they were married.

Last summer the Queen of Italy attained the loftiest point ever reached by a European sovereign by the amount of the Draft, born, 10,765 feet.

desperately. He fell again, and an incoherent crowd—a yell, the triumph, nor disappointed grief. The upright pinner, to be able to sit it is needed the instant gains his feet.

Seven! Eight! The crowd is silent! On's still call to the at has risen enough to bleeding face, and m get upon his feet. Th again to his hands and keepers go on with the

Nine! He is still trying almost up. Even his His eyes close in spite to regain his vitality; floor. His adversary but has no need to st the man sinks back—

TEN! A yell ten times low before drowns the first the timekeepers and pi suspense, and one mar ship—and his chance: sands, and another has the level of equality to ty from which he is thrown by a champion

The losers clamor their man and help Around the winner with their congratulat plains by what swing-flooring his antagonist one cries from weakness and thinks how he if clinched or guarded. He knows that he is that he could not with



#### THE NE

1. Pneumogastric Nerve of a feeling of soreness He does not know w probably he does not But there is a scien out. An EXAMINER several pugilists in r consequent on being couple of physicians' sensations result and the man out.

Said George La Bl by and now the conq

"I was knocked ou that was in 1880, Jack Dempsey. W and the fast pace had was conscious that knocked from my lect smarted. My heart's hammer from my or not any idea of lettin for a chance to lan sey's neck when I threw out my left guarded. Dempsey's my ribs and a pain body. He hit me but had hit me there bett good deal and had blowed out. To be