

DECATUR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Part I

Exerpts from Adele Murphy's Two Miles North

- (1) The site for a hospital pp 46-51
- (2) Ground breaking (Nov. 27, 1912) pp 54-62
- (3) First hospital superintendent employed p 81
- (4) Opening day (January 1, 1916)
- (5) Millikin wing money (May 2, 1917) p 118
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- (7) Dr. Barnes dies - a period ends p 168

Register of Old Buildings
Macon County Historical Coordinating Council

Address: Decatur Memorial Hospital
2300 North Edward

Date of original construction:

Main building - opened January 1, 1916 (\$246,849.30)
Millikin wing - opened in 1918
Tuberculosis sanatorium - opened in July, 1923
W. C. Johns Home for Nurses (138,529)
City Contagion Hospital
West Wing
Latham Wing - opened in 1945

Name of original owner: Decatur and Macon County Hospital

History:

Part I

See excerpts from Adele Murphy's Two Miles North.

- (1) The site for a hospital pp 46-51.
- (2) Ground breaking (Nov. 27, 1912) pp 54-62.
- (3) First hospital superintendent employed (1915) p 81.
- (4) Opening day at the hospital - Jan. 1, 1916.
- (5) Money for Millikin wing secured May 2, 1917.
- (6) Nurses' home opened May 20, 1920.
- (7) Dr. Barnes dies - a period ends.

Part II

See print-outs of local newspaper articles for local reporting of some of the above:

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|---|---------------|------------------|
| (1) Ground breaking | Nov. 16, 1911 | <u>Rev.</u> |
| (2) Hospital's mother (Decatur Diary) | Nov. 15, 1964 | <u>Sunday</u> |
| | | <u>H.&R.</u> |
| (3) Cornerstone laying | Nov. 29, 1912 | <u>Herald</u> |
| (4) First death in hospital | Jan. 10, 1916 | <u>Herald</u> |
| (5) Nurses' home plans | Dec. 30, 1917 | |
| (6) Dr. Barnes (Decatur Diary) | Nov. 22, 1964 | <u>Sun.</u> |
| | | <u>H.&R.</u> |
| (7) Hospital dinner (Dr. Billings, speaker) | Apr. 24, 1929 | |
| (8) 25th anniversary dinner (Governor Green speaker) | Nov. 11, 1941 | |
| (9) Open house - new Latham wing | July 31, 1944 | |
| (10) 50th anniversary news | Dec. 26, 1965 | <u>Sun.</u> |
| (11) D. and M. C. expansion plans | Nov. 15, 1964 | <u>H.&R.</u> |
| (12) Millikin estate's help to hospital (Decatur Diary) | Mar. 24, 1965 | <u>H.&R.</u> |

Name of present owner: Decatur Memorial Hospital.

—and everybody tightening purse strings, Mrs. Haganman sought out Dr. Barnes in his office for the second time. He had just been made president of the board of directors. Sitting in front of his roll-top desk and puffing on a Little Rose cigar, he looked even fiercer than he had that first call. Once again, however, a flower on his desk gave her courage.

"At your next meeting," she began, "will you please tell the board they should keep that real estate on West Main?"

"Keep it!" he growled. "We're stuck with it. No one's buying real estate these days. What makes you think that spot's any good for a hospital, anyway?"

"It's better than nothing," she said a little uncertainly.

"It's noisier than hell. And not a tenth big enough—"

"Dr. Barnes, I have a hunch—"

"You have a *what?*?" he asked irritably.

She looked back at him calmly and waited a moment.

"Your tobacco smoke is blowing my way," she said.

He turned his head, but impudently took another puff and aimed three smoke rings toward the window; slowly these drifted back toward her.

"You change seats with me," she ordered. She stood up. He stood up. "Good thing all women aren't like you," he grumbled. They changed seats.

This increased her courage. Secure in his chair, behind his desk, she smiled straight into the rose and swiveled toward him. "You're cross because you're worried," she said. "Now please listen to me. We both want the hospital terribly. I admit we may have made a mistake about that West Main property. But I have a hunch," she repeated, "—that we'll get more money out of it than we put into it."

46

Starr Murphy, Adele, two
miles north

(later,
back
place)

"The hell we will!"

She went right on. "—And when we do, it will be thousands of dollars extra." She swiveled a little more, smiling to herself. "Easier than quilting and trolley parties," she added.

He shook his head. "You call that old brick yard out there 'real estate'! What good is it *now*? Where's our *boopial*? I want to get the damn thing built."

"Please tell your board," she continued—"it works both ways. If it's hard to sell the West Main plat right now, it's easier to buy some other real estate in another part of town—cheaper, I mean."

"Buy it with what?" he wanted to know.

She looked aside. "You men will find a way."

"Humph."

"And then when prices go up again," she continued, "we'll have two pieces of real estate—one for the hospital site and one for selling at a profit. The profit will start the buildings. —Don't you see?"

"No," he said abruptly. Then an expression came over his face that was like a small boy's making a confession. "I'm no good at arithmetic; you might as well know."

Immediately she came to his defense. "A good surgeon can't be good at everything. You play golf—you run the country club—you raise flowers—you collect butterflies—"

He snapped his fingers. "Tell you what—my butterfly collection is worth something! As soon as it's worth as much as I've put into it, I'll sell it and keep \$100,000 for myself and give the hospital the rest."

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"But Dr. Barnes—would that leave *anything* for the hospital?"

"About \$200,000."

"\$200,000! You don't mean that. Your arithmetic is no good. Who would pay \$300,000 for butterflies?"

"I have."

"—You're *that* rich?" She checked herself. "How many buildings would \$200,000 pay for?"

"One."

"Oh—dear—"

"You put those butterflies down in your little brown book," he said.

Her head was spinning. "Dr. Barnes—I know another site. ~~I've been looking at it. It's for sale. Let's buy it.~~"

"You're crazy!"

She took a long breath. "It will cost \$26,000," she added quickly. "A perfect site. Air . . . sun . . . quiet . . . *fairly quiet!*"

He stopped smoking and his eyebrows twitched.

"Where?"

"Two miles north," she answered, trying to keep emotion out of her voice. "West of Church Street."

"Two miles north!—Trees?" he asked warily.

"Hardly any; not where the buildings will go."

"What kind of a place is that?" he hedged—"No trees—" She said, trying to mend it, "There's a back woodland—full of trees."

"Part of the forty acres?"

"Yes." She held her breath.

"Flowers?"

He was stalling for time! She said, "Why I suppose—"
"You looked, didn't you?"

She remembered some violets. "Yes—flowers." There was a moment of silence, unless you could count the flumping of her heart.

He lighted another cigar. "You're crazy as hell, Mrs. Hagaman, but—you show it to me, 'eh?"

"When?"

"Oh—" He hesitated.

"Soon!" she said. "The price might go up!"

"I'll think it over," he answered with unwonted caution.

"I'll talk to a real estate man." He stood up. "Now you've got to leave me in peace. Patients waiting out there."

Slowly she stood up and held out her hand. "God bless you."

It embarrassed him. He said, "God help you if you buy more real estate!"

*finding a site for the
hospital*

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beyond the trolley

THE West Main Street site discussed by Dr. Barnes and Mrs. Hagaman, had been purchased by the board July 29, 1903 from the Decatur Brick and Tile Company—a tract about 150 by 400 feet. The price, \$3,800, was considered outrageously high—the location too far out of town and too noisy—yet only Dr. Barnes seemed to think it might be too small. Later, when Mr. John A. Montgomery was drafting plans for a “more beautiful Decatur”, he visualized possibilities in the old brick yard, and eventually the hospital property was merged into Park Place and sold as high-class residence lots for \$18,600.

Meanwhile the board was investigating the forty acres of ground two miles north of town, suggested by Mrs. Hagaman, but by the time it voted to buy this tract, the price had gone up \$4,000. The decision did not come easily. Detailed minutes of this board meeting are not on record, but it is known that Dr. Barnes knocked down arguments like nine-pins.

To the argument that the site was larger than needed, he retorted, “Some day there’ll be a whole medical center here

—several hospitals. You want ‘em to breathe, don’t you? And what’s the harm in having a flower or two?”

To the argument that two miles north was beyond the trolley—an entirely impractical distance—he laughed derisively. “Why, it won’t be long before we’re all rolling places; private wheels, too—bicycles, autos—don’t you know this is the twentieth century?”

To the argument that \$30,000 was an impossible sum to raise for real estate, he said, “Just what Macon County needs—more money running around. Banks love to lend money when they’re not scared—don’t you savvy that? They’ve got a lot hidden away with the lid on. Let’s make all these fine banks in Macon County happy.”

Yet the arguments kept coming, growing louder and more insistent. Times were hard, whether you admitted it or not. Money was scarce. It would be folly to mortgage the hospital before plans were drawn up.

Someone asked, “What’s the sense in that ten acres east of Union Street? —Who wants a hospital with a street running through it?” Dr. Barnes looked witheringly at the objector, reminding him that the terms of sale were: forty acres or nothing.

“And we’ll need them all,” he insisted, dragging deep on his cigar. “If some of ‘em hop Union Street, let ‘em hop!”

A cash payment of \$6,000 was finally made, with arrangements for the balance to draw interest at 5%, and with hopes that the whole transaction could eventually be financed by cutting up the ten acres east of Union Street and selling them as separate lots.

Mrs. Hagaman had always liked the name Bethesda but the board had changed the name to Macon County Hospital Association in 1907, and once again on January 15, 1908—this time to the Decatur and Macon County Hospital Association.

By now all physicians in good standing were members, and the hospital plans were conducted in a more business-like manner. The office at 114 Merchant Street was a busy place. Subscription blanks were printed and committees were appointed to go after more money and draw up building plans.

The brick yard turned Park Place site;

One day, some time later, Mr. John A. Montgomery and Mrs. Hagaman chanced to meet at the Main Street entrance to Park Place.

Mr. Montgomery said musingly, "This is the only monument I'll need—these gate posts—"

Mrs. Hagaman shook her head. "The gate posts mean nothing."

"To me, they do." Stalwart and very much in earnest, he looked at her with directness. Then they both turned toward what was to become a tree-lined avenue of wide lawns and lovely houses where nothing beautiful had existed before. "I'll never live here," he explained, "but other people will—and they'll be happier because the gate invited them in; it's a symbol."

Mrs. Hagaman finally saw his point and nodded. "But that's not all of it," she reminded him. "The hospital had to

sell before your dream could come true, and the Park Place development had to buy before the hospital could go ahead." Suddenly she smiled and a look of fun touched her eyes. On impulse she held out her hand and smiled back cordially. Then she said, "Let's congratulate each other; we'll have to admit that no one will care after we are gone. Park Place—Hospital—everyone will take them for granted, forget our names—"

Mr. Montgomery nodded.

"But I don't care," she said. "Do you?"

He was silent for a moment. Then he said, "The worse thing would be to have built nothing."

"Yes. If we hadn't created something during our lifetime, we'd have missed a lot of fun." Then she laughed. "Let them forget our names; we're alive now and we're enjoying it."

She went on home, leaving him there. After all, Park Place was past business to her; the hospital had a new berth.

Breaking ground for
the hospital -

Nov. 16, 1911

8

getting ready

MUCH to Mrs. Hagaman's distress, Dr. Barnes had now switched from smoking Little Rose cigars to the foolish habit of rolling tobacco in little white papers, known as cigarettes. The unsophisticated called them coffin-nails, predicting they would lead to early death. It worried Mrs. Hagaman excessively, but one winter night she told herself severely, "I can no more control Dr. Barnes' decisions to do as he pleases than he can control mine. . ." She was adjusting the taper in a gas lighter, and as she held it poised over the jet on the newel post and absently watched it take fire in a fan-shaped blue-and-white flame, she admitted, *Dr. Barnes and I both like our notions; if we get the hospital built, we'd better, both of us, concentrate on that.*

Existing records are contradictory in a few respects before 1911, regarding constitution, by-laws, and membership, but the fact has been established that there were only five members on the original board of directors: Dr. William Barnes,

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Laying the cornerstone
Thanksgiving Day, 1912

Nov. 27, 1912

Dr. Everett J. Brown, Mrs. Sue M. Hagaman, T. T. Springer, and John Mattes. It was they who chose architects and generally made detailed plans for the new building, but by the time Mrs. Hagaman broke ground on November 16, 1911, the number of directors had been increased to fifteen, including representation from Niantic, Argenta, and Maroa—and Mrs. Hagaman herself had been dropped. New men from Decatur were listed as Dr. Cass Chenoweth, C. M. Hurst, Robert Mueller, C. C. LeForgee, E. P. Irving, Theron A. Powers, W. L. Shellabarger, Smith E. Walker, W. M. Wood, and James A. Corbett. A year later the cornerstone was laid.

Mrs. Hagaman didn't sleep much during the night of November 27, 1912, but neither did she feel special excitement. Lying awake, she reviewed announcements she had read in the newspapers. The parade committee for tomorrow's ceremonies had their final meeting the previous evening in the office of L. A. Mills, with James M. Cowan, Marshal of the Day, giving last minute instructions. It was promised that everything would move smoothly and on schedule. She had no doubt of it, with Ted Hitchcock in charge of general arrangements and Dr. Barnes appointed as presiding officer.

Governor Charles S. Dencen would leave Springfield on the 6:30 interurban Thanksgiving morning, tomorrow (or was it morning already?)—and would alight in front of Dr. Barnes' house where he would have breakfast with several members of the hospital association.

In a way it was like a dream—all these goings-on; she felt strangely apart, almost like a disinterested bystander. She

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supposed it was because the hospital still had no heartbeat, was not yet ready to serve. Priscilla Jacobs had been storming for days saying that she, Sue Hageman, should be the one to lay the cornerstone—silly Priscilla!

Everyone was predicting a mammoth parade to the hospital site—the largest number of persons ever gathered for a Decatur parade—thirty-five fraternal and labor organizations, all city and county officials, school children from all over Macon County, the faculty and students of James Millikin University, and many others. . . All of them had helped finance the hospital in one way or another—all of them were interested.

Sixty automobiles had been promised for the parade—the greatest gathering of autos ever to be seen in the county; it only proved again how efficient the committees were. There were rumors that members of the hospital aid societies would not have to march on foot, and thinking of that, the first tremor of excitement touched Mrs. Hageman's spine. She couldn't quite believe that she, Sue Hageman, might have her first auto ride out to the hospital grounds. . . The pavements had been a problem. The line of march would turn off Water on Eldorado to Main—and off Main on Division, before reaching Edward, thus avoiding most unpaved blocks; it couldn't be helped that Edward was unpaved on out to the hospital. The marchers would be in sight of their goal by that time and not mind. . .

Lying tense and straight in her bed, Mrs. Hageman had been staring at a beam of light coming from the street lamp. Now she closed her eyes, imagining how the hospital columns would look, rising at the end of Edward Street,

flanked by solid masonry and brick, dignified, welcoming, ready to serve. . . It wouldn't be long now. Drowsily she hoped that tomorrow (today?) would be fine and clear. So many people, working so hard and giving so much money—surely the good Lord would not let it rain or sleet or snow on them!

It was almost dawn when she awakened. . . . Thanksgiving Day, 1912.

She thanked God for his goodness, and started to dress, shivering with cold and the beginning of excitement, but all the while keeping an eye out for the weather, glancing at the sky as it brightened. At last she was almost ready, her hair neat, her shirtwaist immaculate, her long petticoats and skirt hanging as they should. And as she sat on the slipper chair, buttoning her shoes, she thought: *This is only getting ready.* We still have to get set—we still have to go. . . Yet so far, it was good. She hung the buttonhook in its place beside her bureau and smiled at her reflection. "You're an old woman," she told herself, "but there's still a lot of work for you to do."

It was a mile to the transfer house and she walked all the way, enjoying the chill air, knowing now it would be a fair day, thinking of the Governor eating breakfast in Dr. Barnes' house, estimating the time, worrying a little about the school children who would have to march so far on short legs.

Long before nine o'clock, when the parade was scheduled

to start, downtown streets rang with the hoof-beats of horses while hurrying aides and division marshals guided restive mounts in and out among the forming columns of people.

... So many people!

As she stood shielded against wind on the north side of the St. Nicholas hotel, she pushed her hands deep into her muff. The sun was red in a cloudless sky, and in a perceptive moment she knew that no future Thanksgiving day in her lifetime would be finer than this.

As pre-arranged, other women of the original hospital aid society soon joined her, exclaiming and chattering and congratulating each other on the weather. While they waited for instructions from their division marshal, Mrs. King edged closer to Mrs. Hagaman. "They'll bring the Governor in C. C. LeForgee's machine; let's watch for it." So they moved farther out into West Main, peering down the street toward Dr. Barnes' house.

"What do you suppose they ate for breakfast?" asked Mrs. King, snuggling deeper into her coat collar.

"I was wondering that myself," admitted Mrs. Hagaman. "Did you eat any breakfast?"

"Well of course! —Oatmeal, eggs, buckwheat cakes— Oh!" she interrupted herself, bouncing ahead. "Here they come!"

But just at that interesting moment the women's group received its signal to form, and they had to move on before waiting to see the Governor of Illinois drive up to the transfer house and climb to the bandstand on top. From there it was planned that he and his appointed hosts would watch first divisions of the parade before taking their own

places toward the end. Priscilla Jacobs gave many backward glances, but Mrs. Hagaman reminded her that everything must move on schedule, and soon it was their turn to climb into machines waiting for them. They were—actually and truly—going to be driven out to the hospital in an auto! (Even better than riding a wheel!))

As the first crash of music leaped from the Goodman band, Mrs. Hagaman felt it all the way down to her toes. Then as the sound lifted and beat against her senses, she began to know the truth of today. . . Only by caring a great deal could all these dear people make the hospital dream come true. Comrade Martin, on a big horse, was riding as well as in his cavalry days. He moved up near the group of civil war veterans waiting across the street. Then she caught glimpses of the Mueller Factory band, the MPL drum corps, and bands from Maroa and Cerro Gordo. Degree teams were standing by, resplendent in plumes and stripes.

... All of them would be marching, helping the hospital get built. She nudged Mrs. Troutman sitting beside her. "Are you awake? —Am I?" Mrs. Troutman twinkled back and swallowed. Mrs. King leaned over from the front seat and asked Mrs. Hagaman—"How does the Queen Bee feel?"

When they reached the hospital site it seemed that all of Macon County was assembled. From vantage points on every pile of bricks people peered out at the scene, waiting

for the ceremonies to start. On the floor of what was to be the administration building, chairs had been placed for honored guests, and Mrs. Hagaman, affectionately known as "mother of the hospital" was one of them.

The program began with singing of America in unison, led by the band, everyone standing. Then there was a hush as they raised the flag; all men had removed their hats.

. . . All except Dr. Barnes. Mrs. Hagaman, as well as others, noted it. She wanted to give him some signal but he was sitting in front of her, apparently oblivious to his surroundings, staring at something beyond the platform. She tried to understand and failed. Then a man standing just outside the roped-off space said in an audible voice, "He wouldn't take off his hat to the Lord Almighty." Dr. Barnes evidently heard, and he removed his hat, but the gesture appeared automatic rather than reverent—and to the amazement of everyone, he strode off the platform and jumped down off its edge. Uneasily and fearfully she watched him.

He went directly over to a spot where a boy was lying curled up, apparently asleep, tired from the march. Then she recognized the boy as Floyd Hunt, his face flushed, his body cramped. Gently Dr. Barnes lifted him in his arms, asked him questions, handed him over to two other doctors standing near. And worriedly but unselfconsciously he returned to his seat on the platform and picked up the hat he had dropped.

"Appendicitis," she heard him explain to O. B. Gorin. "And St. Mary's miles away!"

The rest of the program continued without interruption.

The speeches were short, and good.

Governor Deneen said, in part, "Popular support of such an institution as this which pays no dividends, enhances no property values, promises no financial returns, springs from the highest and best motives. It refines the communal character and purifies the individual character . . . this hospital is to become a center of education in health and correct living."

Mr. Le Forgee ended his speech by saying, "We are moving forward. Let every man enlist for this contest and with God's help may we meet upon Thanksgiving Day 1913 to celebrate the victory and dedicate this hospital."

Mrs. Hagaman, sitting beside him, said, "That was fine, sir. I want to shake your hand."

Dr. Penhallegon's address began with these words: "I congratulate you and myself that this is our institution, that when we are in bad health it is here to foster us and when we are in good health we are here to foster it."

Dr. Barnes himself spoke tersely, without sentiment, reminding the audience it would have to loosen its purses strings still further in order that the hospital might be properly equipped for its important work—that \$100,000 more would be needed eventually. Then he explained that the ceremony of laying the cornerstone would be in charge of the Grand Lodge of Masons, and he introduced Grand Master Delmar D. Darrah of Bloomington, requesting that he lay the stone.

The big block hung suspended by its crane, ready to be lowered into place, and on the face of it Mrs. Hagaman read this inscription: DECATUR AND MACON COUNTY

*The cornerstone laying
concluded*

HOSPITAL ERECTED THROUGH THE GENEROSITY AND SELF-SACRIFICING EFFORTS OF PUBLIC SPIRITED MEN AND WOMEN.

The big moment waited.

Grand Chaplain J. W. Van Cleve intoned a prayer, and at a word from the Grand Master, A. T. Summers advanced with a metal box containing, among other things a history of the hospital written by Mrs. Hagaman, a Lincoln penny and a 1912 penny, and a picture of the doctors' and bankers' ball teams.

With the box deposited, the stone was slowly lowered while the band softly played a hymn. Then the mortar was applied and the stone sank into its place—was tested with square, plumb, and level—and on it were poured the corn of plenty, the wine of gladness, and the oil of peace.

Promptly at 11:30, exactly as Edward Bering Hitchcock had planned it, the program was over and the crowd dispersed, hurrying home for Thanksgiving dinner.

9

incredible goals

THE fanfare was over and Mrs. Hagaman watched from the sidelines for a month or two, feeling vaguely uneasy; she thought that all might not be well with the hospital financially. She said to Mrs. King, "Dr. Barnes is worried about *something*, and so is Mr. Smith Walker."

"Have they said anything?"

"No—"

"Then you're just imagining it." Mrs. King smiled reassuringly.

But when the annual meeting of the hospital association was held in January 1913, the official report didn't sound good. Mr. Walker, treasurer, reported total assets of \$62,580, including all unpaid pledges. Dr. Barnes, acting as chairman, gave estimates of immediate costs as \$266,000.

—Did that mean what it seemed to mean, Mrs. Hagaman wondered: that over \$200,000 more cash was needed? —Had they been too ambitious? —Had they tackled the impossible?

The next night, sitting alone at her desk, she made a resolution. In the white light from a Welsbach burner, she

*The garden of wild flowers
behind the hospital - to be.*

"They're common," she mentioned giggling.

"They're weeds," said Elizabeth.

"They're pretty," said Gillette, trying to please. As a little flag of wind whipped her skirts, she turned sidewise. Here was outdoors—here was her father—here were her friends—it was somehow moving, like music. Clouds with lavender shadows hung in the sky. . . . The hospital was nowhere in sight.

. . . What had they been talking about? She looked back at her father.

He was motioning them toward a patch of yellow, and they strode over with him. Solemnly they looked down at a clump of dandelions—one clump. Solemnly he told them, "This will be the rarest specimen in the garden; all progeny will be destroyed at birth. But this grand-daddy—we'll save him."

They all laughed, their hearts lighter, and he made a pact with the girls that was the beginning of a project lasting a long time.

"Eleanor—you're to find specimens of verbena, catnip, and pennyroyal; Elizabeth—bring us larkspurs, violets, bergamots. Gillette—wild roses, blue bells, and lady's slippers."

"But Uncle Will—" protested Eleanor.

"No excuses. That's just a starter. Each family of wild flowers has relatives and in-laws; we've got to have them all for the hospital garden."

"Dr. Barnes—how are we to know some of those when we find them?" It was Elizabeth speaking, reasonable, matter-of-fact.

"Book back home," he answered. "Big book; several books; lots of pictures. Let's get home to lunch."

As it turned out, lady-slippers were the toughest assignment. Earl drove the girls over five counties, hunting for months, before a specimen of lady-slippers was finally found near the Antioch church. Tired, triumphant, and sharing the honor, all three girls proudly presented it to Dr. Barnes—a handsome plant a foot tall, the flower showing a white lip marked by a purple stripe which they knew was there to guide insects into the nectar.

Dr. Barnes granted, looking from one girl to the other.

"Just like detective work—eh?"

"What do you mean—detective work?" his daughter asked, a little disappointed.

"Butterflies—flowers—man hunts—all the same," he explained. "First you get clues, like a name and markings and habits and places it's likely to be found—then chase it and cop it."

As they gazed into the heart of the flower, she began to understand. Medical diagnosis was like that—and surgery—and raising a country club—and playing golf—and building a hospital: —where's the microscope? —where's the membership? —where's the ball? —where's the money? . . . You hunt for one or the other tirelessly, using your wits, never faltering, and never, never quitting until you follow through.

As if he could read her thoughts, he added, "But don't

*Dr. Barnes — and his future
son-in-law.*

be too proud of yourself. This is only a *white* lady's slipper. You'll also have to find a gold slipper, a silver slipper, and the pink moccasin flower."

Then she knew it was true; she knew she'd have to go all the way. But by this time she didn't mind; she was fascinated. And she was discovering something else—her father was scared to death someone would think he was soft-hearted. He was proud of her, really—and that called for big, tough, cover-up language.

It was the following month that an auto accident away from home set off a chain of events that almost cost the hospital its life. Dr. Barnes and two other men were on their way to Peoria for the Central Illinois golf tournament in Mr. Chan Powers' open machine, when it happened. The auto turned upside down, severely injuring the doctor. His head hit a rock, his legs were badly cut, and it was feared he had internal injuries. But after staying in bed for two or three days, and despite infection, he declared he was all right.

The trouble was—he wasn't all right. And Nature, as if obliged to exert discipline, struck him down with acute appendicitis. In anger and pain, he ordered his wife to get him to Chicago immediately and see that Dr. Lewis McArthur performed the operation.

Then, for the third time, Dr. Barnes found himself enmeshed in circumstances he couldn't handle. Dr. McArthur was traveling in Europe, and another surgeon had to be

called. . . This was a fine kettle of fish! He was obliged to go down under ether fumes like any other helpless soul—and he informed his family that this was the end . . . of him and the Decatur and Macon County Hospital.

When consciousness returned and he found he had survived, humility left him at once. He ordered himself taken to Mackinac Island as an uninvited guest at the Ewing cottage there; he considered it a good place to recuperate—and what were friends for?

But Nature was still reckoning with an unruly character and was obliged to take further drastic action. To keep him in bed, after his arrival at the island, complications set in from the auto injuries, not yet healed, and now stirred up in the process of surgery.

A few days later young Dr. Selim McArthur, bachelor and surgeon, arrived at Mackinac Island anticipating his usual vacation there, but his mother's greeting at the ferry-boat was brief. She said, "Before we do anything, Selim, you must go to the Ewing cottage; Dr. Barnes is there, desperately ill; they haven't been able to get a doctor for him."

He shook his head. "Nothing doing. I've only been practicing for a month, and besides I haven't any Michigan license; let them find another doctor."

But in the end he was marched up to the Ewing cottage, briefly introduced to Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Ewing, and ushered into the patient's room. There lay a long, lanky

man in obvious pain, furiously taking it out on a cigarette that smoked like a railway engine. When they faced each other, the patient grunted at what he saw, then groaned helplessly.

Selim, conscious of his power, looked over the situation and at once became a doctor again. This was serious. . . He knew himself in command and that brought out his dedicated skill. He approached the patient calmly, examined the swollen, discolored legs, counted pulse, and reached a diagnostic conclusion. Feeling that he could afford to be generous and kind, he sat down at the bedside, explaining in elementary terms what was wrong and what needed to be done; he forbore to use frightening words like thrombophlebitis or edema. But the patient was acting peculiarly; he laughed and cursed in the same breath, seeming to enjoy himself thoroughly—or perhaps going into delirium.

As Dr. McArthur prepared to leave, he turned uncertainly.

"Is your wife here?"

The patient grunted. "She'd better be; sent her to the store a long time ago for more Pall Malls." Then a quizzical gleam came to his eyes. Very deliberately he said, "So you're the great Dr. Selim McArthur—well—well—well—"

When the puzzled, uncomfortable young man finally went home to lunch, he was frowning. "Who is that Barnes bird?" he demanded of his mother. "—a reverend or a veterinarian or a Kentucky colonel?"

She was mixing the salad dressing; now the oil bottle

halted in mid-air. "Why, Selim! He's just about the most famous surgeon in Illinois, not counting your father, of course." Slowly she laid aside the salad things, and stared at him. "You gave him proper respect, didn't you? Lewis and Dr. Barnes are friends; didn't you know that? I understand he's in charge of building a hospital at Decatur, Illinois."

It was Selim's turn to groan. He recalled the scene—his words—his manner—the patient's amusement and fury. Then he said to his mother, with heartfelt vehemence, "I hope to heaven I never have to lay eyes on him again as long as I live!"

He should have known better, for a flat statement like that often tempts Fate. It had no sooner been said than Dr. Selim McArthur was destined to become his patient's son-in-law.

or other furnishings.

There was a hush. It was admitted that patients couldn't lie on the floor.

Mr. LeForgee pulled notebook and pencil from his pocket, and began to write. Most of those present were watching him, but there were no further questions. After a few minutes he read it to them—offering it as a resolution:

"WHEREAS, the Decatur and Macon County Hospital Association is without funds with which to complete the building now in course of construction . . . the building committee is hereby authorized and directed to cease all work and labor upon the hospital and to make no other or additional contracts for either work or material on the same until sufficient funds are subscribed and raised to finish and complete the building."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

the need for funds.

II

getting set

Mrs. Haganam knew little of what was going on, and she had kept her promise to herself not to interfere. But she stood one day in front of the boarded-up hospital building in 1915, and experienced the greatest weariness she had ever known. All those years of work . . . all those self-sacrifices . . . were they for nothing? It was early in March, the sky overcast and brooding, but the temperature mild. Here, spread out before her, were the beautiful forty acres, soon to come into bloom, but with only a tombstone of a building—barren and forsaken. She was seventy-four years old and faced the truth that no matter how much she wanted the hospital finished and put into service, she, Sue Haganam, was too old and too poor to help further. Dr. Barnes was younger and he still cared, but the brutal fact was that something stronger than both of them had throttled their hopes. Sadly she turned away, starting back toward the street-car tracks. Her daughter would worry about her if she didn't hurry home. Then she caught sight of a robin hopping in the grass, and her deep religious convictions

stirred. Renewal—that was a law of nature. Everything alive was doomed to die, but also to live again, and her hope for the hospital which had several times stirred with new life, only to falter later, and then live again . . . surely it could be stirred to new life once more.

. . . Somehow.

As she thought this, she remembered Dr. Barnes' butterflies.

. . . Would he be willing to sell them now?

. . . Would anyone want to buy them?

She trudged on, and her next thought was brisk and businesslike: —When the hospital opens, I must get Congressman McKinley to extend the streetcar tracks all the way to the hospital.

Summer came. The newspapers reported little. People generally seemed apathetic about the hospital. A war had started in Europe. The fifteen hospital board members, individually and collectively, were unhappy and unquiet. It was as if they felt impelled to explode into action, yet were paralyzed by the weight of their trust. Even Dr. Barnes sometimes had the far-away look of a tired man, and said very little out loud. If he ever thought of that blithe entry made one day in Mrs. Hageman's little brown book, he gave her no indication of hope that butterflies might save the day.

In March J. A. Corbett had resigned as a board member and now a woman was elected to fill his unexpired term—

Mrs. William Gushard.
Later, Mrs. Gushard said to Mr. Shellabarger, "We dare not make a false move."

And Mr. Shellabarger replied: "We dare not do nothing."
As it developed, the board took three important steps during the summer of 1915:

First, extra funds were solicited from outside Macon County by making this proposition: Anyone subscribing to the hospital fund would have the privilege of sending patients unable to pay their own expenses to the hospital under terms that would give the patient free services equivalent to one-half of the amount subscribed.

Next, a special committee was appointed, with Charles R. Murphy as chairman, to raise \$40,000 for furnishing and equipping the hospital, once it was built.

Then a strange and unexpected proposition came before the board. Mr. J. J. Wiley of Sullivan offered \$10,000 to the hospital, provided—(1) that his invalid wife, then in St. Mary's, would be moved to one of the best rooms in the new hospital when it was completed, (2) that this room was to be selected by him and that his wife would be furnished room, board, and nursing service to properly care for her as long as she lived, (3) that if she lived only for a limited number of months, the same provisions would be made for Mr. Wiley himself, and (4) if Mr. Wiley needed hospitalization himself during his wife's lifetime, he would be furnished the necessary room, board and nursing care for \$10 per week.

The Board of Directors agreed to this proposition.

No one at that time could guess that No. 203 would be the Wiley room for twenty-four years.

Just as the stock market rises or falls on the slightest of signs, those connected with the hospital's destiny now found their spirits lifting, their bank more lenient, their friends more open-handed. The few who most cared redoubled their efforts, and through the torrid July weather of 1915 they caught at every straw of hope and ran down every clue leading to new money. Finally, on July 27th, the board of directors voted to resume work on the building. And the "furnishings" committee was hard at work.

One day L. A. Mills and C. R. Murphy climbed onto adjacent stools at Greider's lunch counter, intending to talk committee business.

Without being asked, the waitress put apple pie and coffee before Mr. Murphy. Mr. Mills looked at this fare and grimaced. "You'll be *using* the hospital soon. Ham and eggs, please." Then he stared ahead of him, through a pile of doughnuts arranged on the back counter. "You know—" he said from his legal mind, "our wives wouldn't stand for a house without furnishings. The *women* of this town ought to understand and back us up." Mr. Murphy nodded. He pulled index cards from his pocket and both men began talking in earnest, jotting down names. "John Byrne will help over at the Chamber of Commerce, and we can count on Thord Ewing. . ." The conference lasted past several more cups of coffee. They'd figured out the cash on hand,

*The hospital employs its first
superintendent - Miss Helen Cleland
of Boston*

consulted the estimates, done some mental digging for more gold, and come up with a little head-shaking.

When they emerged from the restaurant, Dr. Barnes, heading for his office across the street, came alongside. He asked, "Got any beds for our hospital yet?"

Mr. Mills answered laconically. "The first four."

"Good! We'll open her up, then."

"No," cautioned Mr. Murphy. "Better wait for some curtains and the x-ray machine."

"Pshaw," gestured Dr. Barnes. "I'll see to it that the first four patients have snake-bite."

It was thus—disregarding caution and denying defeat—that the hospital finally took off its wraps, opened its windows to the sun again, and groomed itself for business. Architects were advised to arrange for walks, drives, landscaping. And just to clinch things, Dr. Barnes decided that a hospital superintendent, installed before the end of summer, would guarantee a continuation of the forward course. He accordingly wrote to the most gifted nurse he remembered at Massachusetts General Hospital, giving her the general idea. Then, early in August—with formalities handled and consultations completed, the board sanctioned employment of Miss R. Helen Cleland of Boston as the hospital's first superintendent, and ordered her to report for duty as soon as possible at a salary of \$2,000 per year.

Miss Cleland, with reddish hair, having buried her personal problems in New England, came to the corn belt with

*The hospital opens its doors to patients -
Jan. 1, 1916*

and white caps—their skirts four inches from the ground to enable them to walk rapidly.

Graduate nurses from the community, recruited to "live in", occupied small rooms on the same floor.

... Soon they would be ready for the first patients.

... Would patients come?

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going: first year

CHRISTMAS was over; hospital open house for the public was over; now it was New Year's Day 1916—with two important events on Dr. Barnes' calendar: the Decatur and Macon County Hospital would open its doors to patients for the first time, and the wedding of his daughter Gillette to Dr. Selim McArthur of Chicago would be solemnized at six o'clock that evening in their home.

When Gillette awakened, the house was already bumping with little sounds, subdued for her sake. She turned over on her side, seeing the familiar curve of windows that looked up and down Main Street and College Street. . . . This was the last day this would be home. . . .

Selim, she knew, was waiting it out alone in his room at the St. Nicholas hotel, counting the hours until the afternoon train would bring a chartered car full of his family and friends—most of them bigwigs from the Chicago medical world.

... Her father would meet the train—if he didn't forget. . . . He would give her away in marriage tonight—if he didn't forget.

She recalled the time Selim had first come down to De-

catur; he wanted to see Chick Evans play champion golf at the country club tournament; he seemed shy that day—almost as if trying to hide from her father. She smiled, thinking how impossible that would have been; didn't he know her father had arranged the whole affair? While she and Selim were talking together briefly her father came up with a very special gleam in his eye, and said, "Well—well—! How's the great Dr. Selim McArthur?" And Selim had turned geranium-red.

. . . Later, when he came down as a family guest, she overheard her mother asking her father one evening, "Will, —do you see what is going on right under your nose?" . . . and her father answered promptly, "Sure—and he can have her in a minute if he wants her!" That response had puzzled her. . . Did he mean that he heartily approved of Selim? —Or did he mean he would be relieved of the responsibility of his daughter?

. . . She didn't know—she hadn't any idea of how she rated with her father; she only knew that to her, he was a god.

In mid-afternoon Selim telephoned, saying it was an hour past train time and what had his future father-in-law done with the Chicago guests? —Had he brought them to the house by mistake?

Gillette made a good guess: "Maybe he's showing them over the hospital. . ."

After that, the afternoon alternately dragged and raced

for her. Doors thumped open and shut; florists were all over the house; the telephone kept ringing; the caterers were working feverishly; the clock said "only four"—and three minutes later it said, "five! It's five o'clock! —where's the bride's father?"

. . . He's at the hospital; where else?

But the wedding was on time.

When Gillette heard the first full, throbbing notes of Lohengrin's wedding march, she felt very calm, very happy; she held her head high and proud. Music . . . music enhanced everything. . . Miss Bunn at the piano, Ruth Lavery playing the violin obligato. But then, as she started down the broad stairway, the most curious irrelevant thought came to her about that crazy father of hers who had been worrying them all to the point of desperation during the past half-hour. In a fleeting, perceptive moment she thought—"Why, we've been jealous of the *hospital* all these years! . . . As far back as I can remember: all of us. . . Mother. . . June. . . I. . ."

Yet there her father stood, tall and dear and bushy-eyed at the foot of the stair, waiting for her—a flower in his buttonhole.

He escorted her to the bower at the end of the hall. . .

Other faces came clear only after she and Selim took

their places in the receiving line; then they laughed back at all the laughing people, and her spirits took wing; she and Selim were free in a world of their own, despite the fuss-fuss and loving kindness.

Dr. Frank Billings kissed her. "Happiness, my dear—lots of happiness. . . ."

Aunt Jessie was still crying a little. "You look beautiful. . . ."

Aunt Annie, loving her, said, "I *knew* you'd look like this!"

Miss Cleland, in a silk dress, puzzled her briefly, but then Gillette said, "Take care of my father, will you?" Both of them turned a little to glance his way, seeing that he was exactly himself, as usual. —That familiar earnest look, thought Gillette—he's thinking about the hospital.

And then, after awhile, it was time for the wedding supper, and the Millikin male quartet was singing The Old Oaken Bucket which had been written by Selim's great grandfather; miniature oaken buckets served as nut cups on all the tables.

Gillette was moving toward the bridal table, when just for a tiny crystal instant—as Selim turned to answer someone's question—she felt herself alone in a sea of generations, seeing the older guests with smiles turned on at half-pres-sure, the middle-aged ones vivacious and charming, her own generation making high, wide and handsome fun.

" . . . Little Sandpiper," she heard in her left ear—and there was her father close beside her, looking peculiar. —Had she heard it right? —Little Sandpiper? It was Mrs. Gillette's pet name for her; she hadn't known he'd ever heard

it; he'd never before called her by any nickname at all. . . .
With sudden abandon she lifted one hand and touched his cheek—a gesture so delicate and improbable that she hardly felt the roughened skin. Then, as she turned, the whole fabulous evening was suddenly gay. She gathered up her train and smiled brilliantly, putting her arm into Selim's and pressing it close.

In the cold January light of next morning, Dr. Barnes in a business suit strode into the hospital and found Miss Cleland in uniform. He spoke bluntly. "Any patients yet?"
Miss Cleland shook her head.

"This is January 2," he said unnecessarily, puffing on his cigarette. "Maybe we should advertise."

She tried to divert him. "Will you kindly approve my rules for nurses?"

"Probably not," he answered. "Let me see."
She handed him a slip of paper:

"No short hair—no curled hair—
"No wrist watch, rings, jewelry or rouge
"House locked at 10 p.m. except Saturday 10:30

"No bathtubs used after 9:45
"No piano or victrola played before 5 p.m. nor on Sun-day."

He looked up, scowling. "What are you trying to do?"
he asked, "get rid of 'em before they learn anything?"
She stepped away from his cigarette smoke, her mouth resolute, saying nothing.

Money — for the Millikin wing —
1917

He turned on her and inquired, "Why tell me? Go tell the fire department!"

There was a roar of laughter which gave her opportunity to slam the door (a little slam) as she left. She was indignant. When she met Cora on the stairway she said, "Dr. Barnes is an inhuman beast! He just goes right on lecturing while Rome burns!" Then she told her. Then they both laughed. Soon the whole hospital was laughing. Only Layah, still at the switchboard, knew that Dr. Barnes had gone to the fire.

On May 2, 1917, the board of directors received word that trustees of the estate of James Millikin were giving \$100,000 to construct a new wing on the hospital "since the present buildings are not adequate to care for the sick of this city." The statement was signed by O. B. Gorin, J. M. Brownback, S. E. Walker, S. E. McClelland, and W. H. Penhallegon.

Two days later a building committee was appointed and within a week architects Brooks and Bramhall were selected to draw up plans and specifications for the Millikin wing—these plans to be completed within sixty days. Interest was so keen, however, and Dr. Barnes so insistent on speed, that the architects were ready in half that time. By mid-June the plans were approved and architects were instructed to ask for construction bids.

Dr. Everett Brown, enthusiastic over these new developments, was talking the matter over with his brother-in-law who reminded him that a building was no good without

furnishings. Dr. Brown made a note of it—told Will Barnes about it the next day—and the day after that eighty-five new beds were on the agenda for the Millikin wing, not yet existent.

Early the following summer, ground was broken for the new building and President Barnes appointed the following committee of women to get bids and buy furnishings for the new wing: Mesdames Charles Powers, T. T. Roberts, and William Gushard.

"Now," said Dr. Barnes—"the nurses' home—" He said it to Miss Cleland, and she said, "Yes."

"We already have the Johns' bequest—"

Afterward, Mrs. Hagaman said to Miss Cleland, "And there's Dr. Barnes' butterfly collection. . ."

Quietly and happily Miss Cleland said, "This will be a fine medical center someday—just as Dr. Barnes dreamed it."

expect to pass through this world but once; any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

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transitions

By the middle of March 1919, the new Millikin wing was practically completed, with a few nurses living in the south rooms and a few patients installed in the first beds. Rates were established at \$1.50 per day in the ward rooms and \$3.00 per day for the corner private rooms.

Mrs. Haganan made a farewell visit to the hospital before going to Chapin, Illinois where she was to visit a daughter, Mrs. A. B. Callaway. She and Miss Cleland stood in the new east-west corridor of Millikin, admiring the battleship-linoleum floors and other details of the modern structure and congratulating each other that if another epidemic ever came, the hospital could care for it.

"Forty-three more beds will be ready next month; it won't be long before we can offer the community hospitalization for a hundred and fifty." Miss Cleland said it proudly but she turned to the woman known as "mother of the hospital" and admitted that running a hospital was easier than building one.

"Not easier," countered Mrs. Haganan, "just different; it takes different kinds of caring."

*The nurses' home reopened:
5/20/1920*

At Decatur and Macon County Hospital, the nurses' home was formally opened May 20, 1920, and christened the William C. Johns Home for Nurses—a spacious building where nurses in training could at last feel themselves in a changed environment—away from patients' areas—while they played and slept and attended classes. It was still another dream come true, made possible by the generous bequest of William C. Johns; one proof of its value came soon afterward when it was the scene of an evening wedding.

Clarabelle Stoy from the first class of nurses was married there to a doctor's son, Stanley Grimes. Romantic excitement ran high; many of the nurses had new party dresses for the occasion; floral decorations came from the hospital gardens; Harry Haines, the tennis player, was best man. In the midst of the festivities someone remembered that Stanley's sister, Frances, was the New York sculptress who had created the bronze bas relief of Dr. Barnes, which they knew so well.

There was only one hitch, at the last moment: no rice could be found on the hospital campus, and butter-beans had to be substituted; happily the bride and groom didn't seem to know the difference.

Transitions were also marked in hospital personnel. Miss Riggs had left the office. Miss Ellis had left her post as superintendent of nurses to go to Wesley Memorial Hospital in Chicago.

One day in June Mrs. Iva Shannon, petite, with big brown

eyes, lately from Kentucky, heard something that interested her. She was visiting in Maroa when Dr. McLean mentioned that the switchboard operator at Decatur and Macon County Hospital would be away for a two week's vacation and the hospital needed a replacement.

"For two weeks. . .?" she asked, smiling tentatively. "Could I—do you think—?"

"Yes. Why don't you apply for the job, anyway? It would be a new experience; you might like it."

It was a two-weeks that stretched into thirty-six years, and it is interesting to note that her first month's salary in 1920 was less than her monthly retirement check, beginning in 1956. Iva, later known affectionately as "Shannon" to everybody, began watching the historical scene as it unfolded before her eyes, day by day, person by person, change by change. Alert and deeply caring about all of it—guarding the hospital's good reputation but never jealous of those who ruled above her, she became one of Decatur and Macon County Hospital's greatest assets. She had learned early in life to take herself for granted and to go on from there. And so, in her work for the hospital, she left herself behind, so to speak—attending to the troubles, joys, and problems of others—hundreds, thousands of others—patients, doctors, nurses, and fellow-workers—meanwhile and invariably doing her work to the very best of her ability. She knew how to chuckle over ridiculous situations, how to relieve anxieties, how to ease broken hearts, how to rail against injustices, how to come up smiling, no matter what.

the space of one summer month, Decatur celebrated the completion of its man-made lake, the tuberculosis sanatorium opened for service, and Miss Cleland resigned.

For a long time, Shannon stared at that piece of paper dated July 11, 1923 and addressed to the board of directors:

"I wish to tender my resignation as superintendent of the Decatur and Macon County Hospital to take effect August first, nineteen hundred and twenty-three.
"I have enjoyed my seven years with you and wish to take this opportunity to thank you all for your many kindnesses to me.

Very sincerely yours,
R. Helen Cleland, R.N."

Her first thought was: *She's part of this hospital; it'll never be the same under another superintendent.*

Her second thought was: *Can't Dr. Barnes change her mind?*

It never entered her head that she herself would be responsible for detaining Miss Cleland awhile longer. She only knew that her vacation would coincide with the last of Miss Cleland's tenure—so that "goodbye" must come very soon.

Remembering Mr. Ewing's cross-country automobile tour, Shannon felt happy and adventuresome starting out in Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Judy's touring car for a vacation in Kentucky. Erna Pritchett was another passenger. There were

no paved roads but their little party arrived safely and thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

It was coming back that the accident happened in the rain, at night. They encountered a washout near Seymour, Indiana, where the car went into a ditch and turned over. Shannon was the only one hurt, but she was hurt seriously, her hip fractured. When the ambulance driver came, she asked if he were taking her to Illinois.

"No," he answered, "to a hospital in Seymour."

"You can't!" she wailed. "I've just got away from one hospital on my vacation; you can't take me to another." Then she lost consciousness.

As it happened, she returned to her own hospital in a baggage car. "Now we got you," the intern said, lifting her in on a stretcher and gently setting the stretcher down on a cot. She had a horrible cast on; sharp spasms of pain shot through her body when she moved a muscle. Mrs. Judy and Erna Pritchett stayed by her side. The train, after starting to move, seemed possessed of the devil, a bad switchman, and it jerked unmercifully all the way to Indianapolis. The agony she felt was so great that her companions, anticipating other jerks, lifted the cot and swung it free, to avoid the shocks.

But it was different from Indianapolis, on. Easy chairs were brought into the baggage car for her companions, and the ride was smooth as velvet, even though the train had to pick up milk cans at every stop. The fireman, the brakeman, and the engineer all came back to see her from time to time, inquiring how it was going. Shannon, with tears in her eyes, said, "I'll be grateful to you all for the rest of my

"No, it can't wait. It's got to be built while I'm here."

Shannon didn't know what to say then. She ventured an opinion off the top of her head, just to divert him. "Maybe this boom won't last; maybe patients will stop coming if they find they can't afford it; maybe some of them will stay at home."

Later she was to recall this off-hand statement when she read the board meeting minutes for November 19, 1929. Dr. Castlelaw was superintendent at that time and he reported to the board that he had arranged "and it had been approved by the executive committee, that the rooms open to patients be reduced from 150 to 100 and thereby effect a saving on account of the lack of demand for a greater number of rooms and, further, for a dismissal of employees in various departments which would save in operating expense some \$1,100 per month."

Thus, suddenly, out of a clear sky, the need for money to construct new buildings became a money-panic concerned only with holding body and soul together. But this fact was hard to accept all at once. Shannon reminded herself that business charts never go up forever, nor down forever; they always see-saw interestingly and if you can look ahead only a little, you can usually know that good times will get worse and bad times will get better.

The Association of Commerce, putting up a brave front, sponsored a public banquet for the hospital, with Mr. LeForgee as toastmaster and Dr. Frank Billings as principal speaker. About six hundred attended the banquet and were told by Dr. Billings that Decatur and Macon County Hospital was the only Illinois hospital outside Chicago ac-

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credited by A.M.A. for medical education, teaching interns, residence technicians, and nurses.

After the dinner a few close friends of Dr. Barnes gathered at his house to chat with Dr. Billings and Dr. Caldwell, also from Chicago and executive secretary of the American Hospital Association. Late in the evening Dr. Billings asked Dr. Barnes, "How's your health?"

"Heart's pretty bad; probably won't hold out much longer."

"Why, look at me, Will! I'm six years older than you; cheer up." Then the two doctors clasped hands, and Dr. Billings made a gentle, impulsive movement, bending over his friend and pressing his lips on Dr. Barnes' forehead. It was a tribute of love that touched the little group witnessing it.

When Shannon heard of it, she said, "I hope he's wrong about his heart. . . ." But she couldn't think of any other time he'd ever been wrong, and it troubled her like a shadow.

Another shadow hovered over Dr. Barnes. Not only was he worried about the financial condition of the hospital, but he was constantly worried about his sister, Mrs. George Stanton, who had come into the hospital the year before with hemiplegia—and who was still there, unable to communicate with anyone. "Mary" he called her. And when Shannon protested his going out for garden walks on cold days, he said simply, "Mary watches for me from her window."

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Dr. Barnes' death

It was a fortnight later that he died in his home, at the age of sixty-nine.

Shannon heard the news before anyone else in the hospital—and before she told anyone else she limped down to the woodland, seeking Herman. The waterfall in the garden continued its soft chatter, as if nothing had happened. . .

She was crying a little, and Herman guessed. "The boss?" She nodded. Herman looked down at the good earth, saying nothing. His feet were wet from the dew, she noticed; bits of grass clung to his shoes.

All around them were flowers. . . Shannon looked up, saw the day's loveliness, heard the birdsong, and wondered how to help Herman—how to help everyone around here. . . "I must hurry back," she said, turning to go.

He looked at her then, and asked, "Think he sees us here?"

"Oh, yes," Shannon answered without hesitation. "He'll always see whatever's going on around this hospital—"

"How do you know?"

"I know," she said with conviction. Then she went limping back to the main building.

It was the end of a mighty reign, and the newspapers were full of it, reporting comment from many parts of the world . . . testimonials from physicians and surgeons, lawyers, politicians, etymologists, and common men, who had known Dr. Barnes personally or who had heard of his

collection of lepidoptera.

Mr. LeForgee, his friend from boyhood, spoke of him as "a man of tremendous force, superb ability, integrity, and a genius with uncanny skill in surgery—a scientist who felt his butterflies were not a fad but a distinct contribution to the world—a great reader of all kinds of books but with a weakness for western stories, sometimes asking about a new one: 'how many killed on the first page this time?'"

Dr. Clyde Iearnan, associated with him for fourteen years, said, "The community has lost a great and beloved man—his kindnesses, his charities, his great desire to help his fellow men—his intense interest in civic affairs and the hospital—a master surgeon with excellent judgment, skillful hands, keen in diagnosis, with quick perception, gentleness, and true sympathy. He performed many operations without fee, provided crippled children with braces . . . he had a faculty of knowing everything that went on in the hospital. . ."

Rev. Jeremiah Murphy of St. Patrick's Catholic Church said, "He was a good old scout"—a forthright tribute that Dr. Barnes would have appreciated. "I had known him almost ever since I came to Decatur 32 years ago. I remember a letter I had from him after the newspaper published a story about my 74th birthday. It began, 'Holy Smoke! Are you 74 years old and getting around as fast as you do?'"

An item from Dr. Mc Dunnough representing the Entomological Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ontario, Canada, said "For the last 20 years his collection of lepidoptera has ranked as the most complete collection of

North American butterflies and moths in existence . . . hundreds of species new to science have been discovered and described . . . he and his curators have visited constantly in museums of America and Europe, and material in collections have been published in 5 volumes, copiously illustrated."

A local editorial said, "During the world war, he was active in the service of his country and chairman of the medical advisory board of District No. 14, as well as chairman and inspector of the American Protective League. At the time of his death the Decatur and Macon County Hospital gardeners were busy carrying out his last orders for changes in the sunken gardens northwest of the nurses' home, changes in the rock garden, and the setting out of shrubs on the hospital lawn. Everything was a mass of colorful bloom Thursday. Gardens extending along the entire length of the hospital grounds on the north side are laid out in beds that have the aspect of natural flower displays and the most skillful landscaping."

Another editorial was entitled "Great Heart":

"Tributes to Dr. Will Barnes are coming from all kinds of people. Everybody knew that here was a man that long since had ceased to care about himself. No ambition for wealth or fame moved him. He was utterly selfless. The body that he had so recklessly driven housed a spirit aflame. His great and only passion was human welfare.

"People thought they knew Dr. Barnes. Did they? Men like him are rare. Sometimes he banteringly suggested that his friends probably thought him a damned fool. 'You

fellows can't understand my fussing around with butterflies,' he used to say. Nor did they. To nine-tenths of the men that waved to him on the street, or met him in his club, the scientist was simply incomprehensible. He had companions in his play, and in his hospital enterprises he had followers and helpers, but in his laboratory he worked alone and that solitude was eloquent. He paid the penalty that great men have to pay, the penalty of loneliness.

"As a young man he came back to his native town with a surgical technique developed by the greatest hospitals of this country and Europe. He would have made a name for himself in any large city. Decatur and Central Illinois profited by his skill.

"His later work, his money, his talent, his prestige all went for the cause that was nearest his heart. The hospital was his life. In its behalf he spurred himself and his friends. His hopes for it were boundless. The greatest help to the greatest number at the smallest price was his ideal.

"He had faults; he did not try to conceal them. He had weaknesses; they were perfectly apparent. But his virtues so far outweighed his defects that the defects can be forgotten. His strivings were not for himself. Like a thoroughbred he ran until he dropped. The end found him still working and planning for the well-being of people he might never see or know.

"Dr. Barnes loved his fellow men."

As Shannon read column after column about his work

\$25,000 From Butterfly Collection to Hospital

**Half of Money Received
From Gov. By Barnes Es-
tate Turned Over**

RECALL OTHER GIFTS

A gift of \$25,000 from the sum received from the United States government for Dr. Will Barnes' famous collection of butterflies, has been made to the Decatur & Macon County hospital, it was announced by the board of directors of the hospital, Saturday.

Presentation of this gift was made to carry out a wish often expressed by Dr. Barnes that of the money received for the collection of butterflies, half should go to the hospital and half to his children.

For permanent improvement the amount received for the collection was disappointing, for it was hoped that at least \$100,000 would be obtained for the hospital.

The gift is to be used in accordance with Dr. Barnes' wishes for permanent improvement of the hospital. This gift makes approximately \$50,000 in cash that the Barnes family has given to the hospital. It is well known that aside from his gifts, that it was largely his efforts that brought the hospital to its present state.

Other Substantial Gifts

This adds to other substantial gifts given to the hospital in the past, consisting of approximately \$200,000.

and of \$25,000 from Mrs. Florence B. Irving, along with the following: Mr. and Mrs. Allen F. Moore, Monticello, \$20,000. Martha Buck estate, \$30,000. J. H. Vadakin estate, Bethany, \$15,000.

Anna Conklin estate, \$10,000. Frank P. Howard estate, \$5,000. Other substantial donors to the hospital have been Mrs. Anna E. Shellabarger, now deceased, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Gorin, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Power, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Roberts and the Mueller and Staley manufacturing companies, and many others whose donations are represented in the buildings and equipment of the hospital.

Total Over \$300,000

These have been made along with substantial gifts from other unnamed donors bringing the total amount to more than \$200,000. The gifts of those unnamed givers are in amounts of \$7,500 and less.

The hospital also has received gifts of more than \$100,000 under the wills of Francis G. Winslow, John Benson and Perry Dennison of Augusta, which are subject to life estates. These gifts raise the grand total to approximately \$300,000 and do not include such gifts as made to the hospital by the Millikin Estate for building the Millikin wing and William C. Johns' gift for building the Nurses' Home, and many other gifts for permanent improvement.

Need Still Exists

The income from that portion of the gifts mentioned are to be used for the payment of the services given the poor and is not sufficient to meet the charges that are made against the hospital for the poor.

down in order to be able to care for the daily calls of the worthy poor of the community. The free services rendered by the hospital for the year just ending amounted to \$13,133.36, which is pure charity work. The hospital also is subjected to a large annual loss on account of service rendered patients which is uncollectable, in addition to the other. This has been usually large in this last year due to the business depression.

Older and endowed hospitals are fortunate in having funds given them which take care of such expenses. Ira A. Copley, former congressman of the Aurora district and newspaper publisher, only recently gave to that community a million dollars for a hospital and another million for endowment for its support.

Dr. Barnes always believed that two million was a proper endowment for the Decatur & Macon County Hospital.

Feel Business Slump

"Like all other hospitals, the Decatur and Macon County hospital has had a reduction of pay patients in the last year throughout the country," Howard A. Hodge, superintendent of the hospital, says. "A recent survey by the American Hospital Association and the American Medical Association revealed that the occupancy of hospitals throughout the country was only 65 per cent., while it is generally agreed that for a hospital to be anywhere near self-supporting, the occupancy must average near 80 per cent."

"The Decatur & Macon County Hospital is beginning to recover in a very gratifying manner from the depression of the last year, the occupancy during the last 40 days having increased 25 per cent."

"In going over the hospital with a view of coming to Decatur, I was very agreeably impressed with the fact that the facilities and equipment for rendering every need of the medical profession was very complete and far above the aver-