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# BIRTHRIGHT IN ANDALUSIA

## *A Short Story*

BY THEODORE PRATT

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THIS SPANISH priest was a man. His full name was El Señor Don Vicario Miguel Torres y Calafell, but on the ship going over Kenton got to know him as the Vicario. That means priest in Spanish. Kenton didn't have any religion, but that didn't make any difference to the Vicario. They hit it off from the minute Kenton found him in the bar swigging a drink and reading his breviary, which was propped against a bottle of Seltzer water. "What'll you have?" the Vicario asked. Kenton told him. "O. K.," he said, and informed the barman.

Then they got talking.

His mission was about as crazy as any Kenton had ever heard of. Certainly it was dangerous. Only it didn't seem so to him. He never considered that. You don't think much of anything else when your birthright has been taken away from you and you're trying to get it back.

During the five years the Vicario had been attached to a Spanish church in the United States the Second Republic of Spain had come into being. The Church had been separated from the state with violent, almost indecent, alacrity. That meant priests were no longer paid by the government. Most of all it meant that their power had been shattered. They stepped down politically, were forced below socially, and even lost a good deal of ground religiously by antichurch propaganda. In the days of the monarchy what the priest of a small town said was the last and greatest word. He ranked above the mayor, above the police, above everybody.

All that was changed now. The Vicario knew it. He came from a small town himself and had once been the power there. He was going back to be the power again. He wouldn't stand for the new regime. His dark eyes gleamed in his red face when he thought of it. His stocky, well-fed body inside his black cloth shook with

resolve and indignation as he thumped his empty glass on the bar and said: "God damn them!" He meant the republicans, and what he said wasn't a curse but a solemn calling upon God to punish sin. He could make a lot of English swearwords and slang sound like prayers, and one of his greatest regrets was that Spanish didn't have much slang in it.

After a while he calmed down and found out that Kenton was a writer and had been to Spain before and was going back to find a place to live for a time and work.

"You have written about Spain?" he asked.

"A couple of books."

"Gracias," he said. "You have written well of her?"

"For the most part."

"Muy gracias. It is good in Andalusia, and you will find all you want in Cignes there. Come with me."

Kenton was tall, with fair hair and a nature that was ready for anything, and he took the train out of Alicante with the Vicario at seven in the morning. The third-class carriage was one long, open compartment with wooden seats running its width. There wasn't any corridor, and if you had to go to the lavatory you waited until you got to the next station. At Murcia they changed to the Twentieth Century, the Royal Scot, of Andalusia, a train that takes eleven hours to speed two hundred and ten miles across the province. It had, however, a corridor, and in it the other passengers stood to look at Kenton, a curious object because he was a foreigner. For hours they stood and stared. They went away, got their friends, and came back to stare with them. They didn't smile or joke or say anything but kept dead pans. Later Kenton went out to reverse the process and stare at them. They didn't get the joke.

The Vicario didn't pay any attention. He sat

in a corner huddled in his cape, with its edge carried up to cover his mouth. Kenton had never seen him like that before. On the ship he had been the life of the party. He could smell out any celebration being pulled off and he usually walked into the middle of it to tell the most uproarious stories with the gusto of one who enjoys life to the full. Now, back in his native land, he was glum and intent.

The Twentieth Century of Andalusia shuffled for half the morning through fragrant orange and lemon groves. When it came to three houses in a group it was so surprised that it stopped for fifteen minutes. When it came to anything approximating a village it collapsed for half an hour before racing on again. It left the lemons and oranges behind and entered an arid semidesert that looked a good deal like the Bad Lands of North Dakota. The trip became more boring than ever. Once the engineer himself was so bored that he stopped the train between stations to talk for a few minutes with a goatherd standing near the tracks.

Then the train achieved a record by stopping at a station where there was only one house, a sort of barn. The Vicario gathered his things together, announcing, "Cignes."

"My God!" Kenton said.

"Hombre!" the Vicario cautioned, "the town is over the hills."

A scared youth named Hilario, but no one else, was waiting for them. There wasn't room on the seat of Hilario's donkey cart for three, so Kenton sat in back on a sheepskin. Ahead, as they bumped along, he could hear the boy telling the Vicario what things were like now in Cignes. He expressed the opinion that the Vicario shouldn't have come back. "I'll show them!" the priest cried violently. "I'll put them in their places!"

The dry, brown little town came into view over the donkey's ears. The undersized stream that kept it alive sparkled weakly in the burning sun. The oversized church loomed largely, abnormally above the tile roofs. Compared with the small houses it was an exaggeration, a symbol of what the Vicario once stood for.

Kenton began to be aroused for the Vicario when the streets proved deserted and no one came to greet them. The few people they saw ducked into doorways at the sight or sound of the cart over the road.



Drawings by Lewis C. Daniel

The Vicario turned to Hilario. "Where are the people?" he asked. "The faithful."

"They are afraid," Hilario said.

The Vicario swore prayers in English.

## II

THE INN turned out to be one of those medieval affairs that you can still see in remote parts of Spain. A long entranceway opened into a washed, cobblestone courtyard. Archways looped around this in ancient procession. A carved, wooden railing ran around the balcony of the second floor which led into rooms.

At the inner end of the entranceway there stood a girl.

She was about eighteen but she had the full, blooming figure of one who has matured quickly. Her eyes were as black as her hair, and the sharp color of her mouth in her pointed face was not artificial. She wasn't any tourist-poster Spanish beauty clad in a phony shawl and mantilla. She had on a light-green dress, and on her small feet were rust-colored *alpargatas*, the rope-soled canvas shoes of provincial Spain.

She stood there, quiescent, inanimate as marble, staring at the Vicario. At the sight of her he stopped almost as if he had been shot. From his mouth came the beginning of a hoarse cry. He cut it short to look, with the fixed eyes of a dead man, at her. Slowly the veins in his neck, next to his white, stiff collar, began

to stand out. The blood in his body could almost be heard pulsating. The expression of his eyes changed to a glare, though the rest of his face remained normal, almost soft. The cry he had begun to utter was the only speech Kenton ever heard him address to the girl. She said nothing as he brushed past her. She did not seem to notice Kenton as he followed.

In the courtyard there were wooden tables and chairs, and standing near them was a heavy-set man with a skin the texture of tobacco. He was unshaved and though his shirt had no collar he was absurdly dignified in a soiled frock coat. He, too, gave no word of greeting to the Vicario. He did not offer to shake hands. He was a man who seemed to have no emotions in him, which in a Latin means that he has deeper and stronger feelings than those who show them easily. He stared dully, waiting.

"Close your doors, Vicente," the Vicario said. "I want the place to myself."

In the old days this was no unusual procedure. Nor was it highhanded nor insulting. From such an important dignitary as the Vicario, it was an ordinary request to be obeyed as respectfully as it was made. But since the Vicario had made it last five years had passed, and the place of a Catholic monarchy had been taken by a freethinking republic.

Vicente gave a visible start. That made him feel, made him react. "Señor," he said, "things like that are no longer supported in Spain."

"Things in Spain," the Vicario quietly differed, "are the same as they have always been."

"Now you are the priest without the state. I am the mayor for the state."

"You? You are the mayor?"

Vicente drew himself up in his frock coat. "Yes, Señor."

"All the more reason you will close your doors, Vicente!"

"No, Señor."

Instantly the Vicario moved forward. One step he took toward the man and would have taken another had not a sound from behind arrested him. He whirled to see that the doors were being closed by the girl. She knew better what to expect, what would be best to do for him than did Vicente.

Vicente made no protest. He hated it but

he took it.

"Now," the Vicario said, "the extranjero and I will dine well. See that the wine is good."

They dined very well indeed. The wine was excellent. They were served by the girl. She placed the dishes before them soberly, sometimes with downcast eyes but always with the slow grace of the Andalusian. The Vicario didn't look at her, but at the end of the meal he jerked his head in her direction as she disappeared toward the kitchen. Reaching forward, he placed his hand on Kenton's arm and asked: "Like that?"

"She's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"Well, you can't have it."

"How do you know I want it?"

"Your eyes. Your voice. Your muscles."

"Well, what about it?"

"You can have anything else here you want but not that."

Kenton thought there was something special in the way he was warned off. He didn't say anything because he knew the Vicario would tell him.

"It's a sob story," the priest said.

Kenton waited again.

"Her name is Juana," the Vicario went on. "That was her mother's name. Her mother was the woman I loved as a boy. The sun of Andalusia is hot and stirs the blood. I was punished for my sin when I had nothing to offer her and we could not marry. God forgive us both, for she had to choose Vicente."

Kenton sat up in his chair and stared at the Vicario. "Then Juana is — ?"

"Her mother told her before she died. That is why she is so strange with me. Vicente has never known for sure, but he suspects. In remorse I entered the Church. When the girl began to grow up I couldn't stand it here. I went to America. But now I have returned. I can't set that right, but there are other things." The intent expression of fierce resolve came to his face again.

### III

KENTON STAYED at the inn, establishing himself in a room on the second floor. The Vicario moved into the house connected with the oversized church, with Hilario and his aunt to wait upon him. He lost no opportunity

to impress upon Vicente and the rest of the town that the Republic had changed nothing. He preached against the new regime and gave courage to his wandering flock. He dashed about the countryside on a donkey to argue, to threaten, to inveigle. Many came back to profess themselves openly. Under new leadership they formed a minority party that could, in a crisis, make itself felt.

Vicente and his cohorts waited silently, like tormented bulls watching for an opportunity to charge. Some of his followers, however, were voluble in their indignation and protests. Feeling in the town ran high, creeping slowly but inevitably toward a point of explosion. Added to the smoldering fires was the violence being done all over Spain in those hectic days. Churches were stripped of their riches and desecrated. Monasteries and nunneries were attacked and destroyed. Nuns who had been cloistered for years were forced from their retreats and returned, frightened, to their families. When a man entered a room in which they sat, they turned their faces miserably to the wall. The Vicario pointed them out as innocent victims of a sinful age. He shouted to the housetops there would be one place in Spain where God would be remembered as in the past and that place would be Cignes.

Kenton often wondered what Juana thought about what was happening. He wondered what she thought about a lot of things, about himself in particular. He rarely spoke to her, for she would not speak to him except about the cold matters of what he needed in his room and what he would have for meals. But their eyes met, at first occasionally, then more often. By that method they held unacknowledged but deep and passionate conversations. Kenton saw that she was starved for human warmth, for friendship, for understanding, for love. He realized that he was in love in the way he had always dreamed about.

He found out what Juana thought of several things one night when he heard a faint scratching at his door. When he opened it he was sharply aroused to see her standing there. She was clad in the long, bright dress of an older Spanish day. In her hair were flowers, and around her shoulders was a soft shawl. She stared at him for an instant from a face drained of blood and then swiftly passed into the room,

indicating that he should close the door.

They faced each other, and he was eager, and she was terror-stricken. "He's mad," she said. "Mad!"

He knew at once that she spoke of the Vicario, that she was afraid for the man who was her father. "What has he done?" he asked.

"He has ordered the people to pay to the church the same as they give to the government."

"What will happen?"

"They will kill him. I am sure of it. Vicente —" she trembled, and her slim hands fluttered out like white birds pleading.

He caught them, stilling her flesh. It was the first time he had touched her and it made him want to lay down his life for her. "No," he said, "he is stronger than they. They dare not harm him."

"You think that?"

"I am certain of it." He was very doubtful of it.

But she believed him with her eyes, and was reassured. Releasing her hands she stepped back. They stared at each other once more.

"You're lovely," Kenton breathed.

She glanced down at her costume. "I have been to a fiesta," she said. Then she looked up again, resting her eyes on him, trusting him, waiting for what he should do next.

In that instant Kenton knew that she was his to take from this place, his to keep as long as existence lasted for both of them. He took a step toward her, and still she waited, without moving, his then for the reaching out. But he did not reach out. He stopped before the shadow of the Vicario and the echo of the priest's words. "You can't have that." He knew he wouldn't have it as long as the priest lived and fought in danger.

Now the Vicario intruded between them. They both knew this, and Kenton acknowledged it. "I will do what I can," he said, "because you want it."

"Gracias a Dios."

She turned, her wide skirt swished out, and she was gone.

#### IV

**K**ENTON WORRIED about what he could do. He realized how futile it would be to reason with the Vicario. But he could figure out



nothing else. The Vicario went ahead militantly, slashing about him on all sides. He collected his taxes from some, threatened with excommunication those who did not pay. Daily the hot talk at the *posada* grew. Nights under the purple lamps of the courtyard it became more violent. He listened to men declaiming. "The Church is the enemy of man! Down with the priest!"

It was toward the end of the consumption of an entire bottle of strong wine on one of these nights that Kenton saw a way. The alcohol stimulated his brain into the belief that, if the popular opinion against the Vicario could be turned toward someone else, it might save him. There was a method for that, dangerous but certain to be effective.

Kenton looked around. Juana had gone to bed. He listened to the talk and the boasting for a moment more. Tonight the monarchial



contingent sounded louder than before, with more wavering toward it. Slowly, methodically, Kenton rose to his feet. He began to make a speech. At first no one heard or listened to him. After a minute or two, however, everybody paid very close attention. He had heard, Kenton announced, all this talk about the Monarchy vs. the Republic. He had heard so much of it that he was sick of it. It bored him. All they did was talk. Why didn't they do something? Were they afraid? He proposed that they settle it, once and for all, right now. The way to settle it was to take a vote. All in favor of the Republic would raise their hands.

Hands went up. Kenton counted. All in favor of the Monarchy would make the same indication. Hands went up. Kenton counted again.

"The Monarchy," he announced, "wins by three votes!"

During the next few seconds there was an acute silence. The men had been so astonished by the unprecedented gesture on the part of a foreigner that they had voted instinctively. But at the result they broke loose. Jabbering and shouting, democrats and monarchists alike began to abuse Kenton for taking such a liberty with their affairs. A soggy lemon caught Kenton square in the face. He didn't object. A bottle whizzed past one ear. Various objects began coming with speed in his direction.

Suddenly they stopped coming. A hand was laid on his shoulder. Two *guardias civil*, the green-and-yellow-clad national guards of Spain, had appeared. Kenton was informed that he was under arrest for fomenting sedition and causing a disturbance. He would come with them. He looked at the two *guardias* and at their rifles. He knew that they could shoot at the slightest resistance to them and ask questions afterward. He looked at the angry faces about him. He saw that of Vicente, stolid, expressionless, a mask. He went.

In the morning Kenton, pacing the stone floor of a damp prison cell, felt happy. It was a peculiar way for him to feel, for it is very easy to get into jail in Spain and very difficult to get out. Officials have a way of forgetting you for months on end. They bring up your case when they get, at their leisure, around to it and not before. Even then it takes a section of a lifetime to settle it. He could expect that and more for what he had done. But he didn't regret it. For it would center the local situation on him and take attention away from the Vicario.

His satisfaction was disturbed by the entrance, into the corridor, of the two guards who had arrested him. It was disrupted at the sight of the man who accompanied them, the Vicario.

Before the Vicario could say anything, Kenton pled in English: "Go away. I don't want you."

"I've come to get you out of this."

"I don't want to get out of it. I want to stay here. It's a fine place. I can work here. I can't work at the *posada* with Juana around. Leave me alone."

"You forget," the Vicario said, "that it is I who put you here or take you out."

"You?"

"And I was not consulted. Therefore, you must be set free."

"Keep out of it, Vicario! Keep out of it!"

"Once again understand," the Vicario said in his own language to the two *guardias*, "you are to release the extranjero."

One guard shook his head stubbornly. The other nervously fingered the key to Kenton's cell. "That is impossible, Señor Vicario."

"It shall be done at once!"

"These things are now matters for the state alone, Señor Vicario."

The Vicario's eyes burned in his beet-red face. "Francisco," he told the first guard, "I taught you in school. Jaime," he reminded the second *guardia*, "I rapped your knuckles when you didn't know the prayers. I am now going to take that key away from you. You can shoot me if you dare. But, if you so much as touch me, your soul will go deep into hell!"

The Vicario reached out. The key came away in his hand. He thrust it into the lock, ground the bolt free, swung open the barred door.

The *guardias civil* shivered inside their glittering uniforms. Their fingers moved toward their carbines. Then they stopped. Silently they swallowed their pride and their dignity, than which there is none greater in the world.

"Come out," the Vicario told Kenton.

Kenton came out. It would do no good to stay now, and he could not spoil the Vicario's victory.

Back at the *posada* he saw Juana. He looked at her regretfully and he made a helpless gesture to indicate his failure.

"Thank you," she breathed. "But it was foolish. They might have hurt you."

He said: "I would do it again."

V

THE VICARIO came to the inn late that afternoon after the hours of siesta, when the air was no longer like steam but merely hot. He sat with Kenton at one of the tables in the courtyard and drank jerez but he didn't flaunt his power. He simply accepted it as his right. This was the way things had been once. This was the way he ordained them again.

At first there were not many other people in the courtyard of the *posada*. On the side of Kenton and the Vicario a few monarchists sat at the tables. On the other side there were perhaps half a dozen individuals of the opposite persuasion. Vicente sidled about in his frock

coat, obsequiously serving drinks. Juana appeared, went away, appeared again. Kenton followed her every movement. The Vicario seemed to be unaware of her existence. Except for the girl's watching, everything appeared as usual.

Then more men came, singly and in pairs, to join those who sat on the opposite side. They did not glare or scowl at the enemy across the way. It could hardly be noticed that they glanced at them, and they paid them no further attention. But their growing presence generated an air of expectancy about the place, a sense of something about to happen.

The Vicario took no notice. He sipped his drink and smoked his cigar. To all outward appearances his peace of mind was as undisturbed as his campaign for the old order. Kenton fidgeted in his chair. He wanted what was to happen to start happening. He hated this waiting and didn't see how the Vicario could stand it so imperturbably. He must know that the incident at the jail had precipitated a crisis, that this was it. But, if he did, he seemed to be content that it should come about in this way.

Finally it happened. But it wasn't what Kenton expected. He had pictured fists and the use of his own. But Vicente got dressed up in a collar and tie to go with his mayoral frock coat. With two of his cohorts, Vicente advanced across the courtyard and stopped, dramatically, about ten feet away. Everyone left off talking to listen and watch. Vicente, in a tone of elaborate officiousness, said: "Señor Don Vicario Miguel Torres y Calafell."

The Vicario did not rise as he would have done in recognition that he was being addressed by a superior or an equal. Merely turning in his chair, he acknowledged: "Señor Don Alcalde Vicente Llobera."

Vicente proceeded to make a speech. It was a sort of political speech and a good deal for the benefit of his supporters. It was very flowery and it was only when the skeleton of it was taken out and put together without the trimmings that what he said became clear. He pointed out that the state had one function and the Church another. The jurisdiction of neither met with that of the other. The Vicario was breaking the law by trying to make it so. That must cease. It must cease immediately.

When Vicente had finished and stood waiting for a reply, the Vicario calmly announced: "The Church will proceed as she has always proceeded."

The tobacco of Vicente's face remained impassive, but the hate he possessed on a double score for the Vicario broke in his voice as he said: "Then I cannot, Señor, be responsible for the consequences."

"Those who make consequences," replied the Vicario, "will be responsible for them."

Vicente stood for a moment more as though he would speak again, not wishing to end upon the other's last word. Then he bowed. The Vicario bowed. Vicente returned to the body of his followers and spoke briefly before taking up his duties of serving drinks.

Kenton waited again.

One by one the men at the other side of the courtyard rose and left. This was not unusual, for the quick dusk of Andalusia, when it is time for the evening meal, had already begun. Nor was it unusual when Juana left through the entranceway of the inn, for she often went in search of food at this time.

Several men on their side of the courtyard departed. "Adios," they said to the Vicario and Kenton. "Adios," they replied, but no one said very much else. Vicente, minus collar and tie, innkeeper again, filled their glasses and disappeared into the kitchen.

Peace descended upon the *posada*, an uneasy peace in which Kenton could not thoroughly believe. He wanted to think that the Vicario, sitting there so determined and so adamant, had won out again, in a greater and more decisive way. But he could not entirely accept this. He did not speak his thoughts to the priest. The Vicario did not mention his. They sat and savored the wine.

## VI

IT WAS ALMOST completely dark when into the courtyard of the *posada* there streaked an excited figure. It was that of Hilario, the boy who had met them on the day of their arrival. He ran to them and flung himself at the Vicario's feet. "The church!" he sobbed. "They are setting fire to the church!"

For a long moment the Vicario didn't move. He sat there and in a low voice he said something which is a way of expressing things that he had learned in America. "O. K.," he murmured. "O. K." Then he ceased to hesitate. He didn't question whether or not Kenton and the men who had remained at tables nearby were with him. He shot to his feet, pulled his robes to his knees, and called, "Come on!"

They ran through streets alive with the cries of people. In the midst of them they heard Juana. She stopped them and when she spoke hurriedly to Kenton she was in reality address-





ing the Vicario. "The guardias," she panted. "They won't come. They won't stop them."

With this information they rushed on, and Kenton, glancing back, saw that the girl was following.

There isn't much to burn about a stone church, but there is enough. The doors will burn; the tapestries, the paintings, and the confessionals will flame; the roof will blaze; and the altar will make an inferno if chairs are piled on either side and soaked with gasoline. The walls will even collapse if a thorough job is done in this way.

They were throwing gasoline on great bundles of dry twigs piled against the high side doors when Kenton got there with the Vicario. They drove in and began pulling the bundles away.

From somewhere else came the crackle of flames. Those preparing for fire did not intend that they should be stopped. Kenton received a blow on the side of his head that sent him stumbling. He caught his balance to knock a lighted torch from a hand that was about to apply it. From another he grabbed a can and flung it far to one side. Then he grappled with two assailants.

The Vicario and others fought until there was a general melee with no one to put a stop to it. When the great pile of twigs finally leapt into hot life they had to move back. Farther and farther from the growing heat the struggling figures moved.

They fought on until the voice of a girl among them screamed: "The church! Look! The church!"

Kenton loosened his hold on the throat of a man, who sloughed convulsively at him with arms and legs, and looked. The others left off their struggles and gazed.

The church was lighted inside as if for a great function. From the roof smoke was pouring, and through it in several places fire licked. The doors, already twisted in their agony, were masses of flame. Now they were swinging back, as if miraculously, to reveal the high altar for which the fire was reaching ravenously. A steady roar could be heard, and the structure seemed a live and enormous protesting thing.

Kenton sought the Vicario, found him standing a few feet away. His robes were torn, blood

was upon his face, and he was breathing hard. When he took in fully the sight before him, the priest's shoulders gave way, and his chin sank to his chest. For a long time he stayed that way. Kenton sensed his defeat, that this was the end. The birthright of his cloth was vanishing before his very eyes, and the new order in the end had proved the stronger.

Kenton watched as, to the fierce melody of the burning church, the Vicario straightened. A calm came to his face in which there was reflected his former resolve. His expression seemed to say that one way remained to shame his enemies, to sear in turn upon them what they had done. He stared at the bright edifice before him, and it lighted his face with a golden glow. Then, his shoulders square, his head high, he began to walk toward it, toward the open, burning doors.

Ten paces he took before Kenton fully realized what he meant to do. Then Kenton started after him, to bring him back from the madness. But a small, strong hand on his arm stopped him. He turned to see Juana's stricken face and hear, from her throat strangled with emotion: "Can you not see that with this he is dead already?"

Fascinated with horror he stood with her and watched while the Vicario continued his march. The rest of the crowd seemed too awed to stop him or cry out. Through the doors he went. His cape caught fire, but without pausing he dropped it and went on.

Straight to the altar, now burning on both sides, he went. On the steps he genuflected. He rose to walk without shrinking to the platform before the altar. There he began a curious series of movements. He was saying mass.

People in the crowd knelt on the ground and crossed themselves. Others prayed on their feet. Some cursed as a martyr was created before them.

Side by side Kenton and Juana stood, holding each other close, unable to keep their eyes from the sight of it. Inside the church the host was being elevated as if in adoration of the flames. Below the roof already sagging for its fall, the Vicario turned and toward them made the signs of his blessing. There was a moment, and then there was a resounding crash. Sparks flew upward, and after they had died away the light from the flaming church began to dwindle.



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# IS VIVISECTION INHUMANE?

*A Debate*

RAGNA B. ESKIL AND IRENE CASTLE MCLAUGHLIN

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## **"No"—MISS ESKIL**

**T**O THE STUDENT of medical history, the present agitation in Chicago over whether dogs left unclaimed in the municipal pound may be used by the medical schools and hospitals for research purposes seems much like the agitation that went on for several hundred years as to whether the medical colleges might use human cadavers for dissection in their student laboratories.

Our limited knowledge of the human body has come slowly; it is still coming slowly. The past did little experimenting; most primitive peoples regarded the dead body as taboo. Hippocrates, the genius, made the first recorded dissections. Galen, six centuries later, felt he could get his knowledge from animals, and for more than a thousand years the doctors looked at the inside of a sheep or a dog to learn what the inside of a man looked like. No wonder their pictures were wrong, and barbers were the surgeons. Then came the Renaissance, and the inquiring Vesalius, who demonstrated that the human anatomy is different, and Van Leeuwenhoek, who invented the compound microscope.

A new world opened for the anatomists. Condemned murderers no longer needed burial space—their bodies quickly reached the dissecting tables. But crime did not keep pace with the increasing number of those seeking to explain human ills. A bootlegging industry grew up. "Body snatchers" its practitioners were called, and, for a price and no questions asked, they visited fresh graves at night. There was tremendous scandal. In Edinburgh the doctors in Surgeons' Square were enthusiastically stoned.

A campaign of education became necessary. "Who will make a voluntary offering of his

body for the sake of suffering humanity?" was the slogan. Jeremy Bentham willed his, and ninety-nine gentlemen in Dublin did likewise. Eventually in 1832 the Anatomy Bill was passed by Parliament.

This country, too, had its difficulties. A medical school was deemed a nuisance. There were not enough deceased paupers to go around, and exhuming became a business. Boston had to import from New York. The cost was \$25 per body, and the students would chip in to pay it.

Then in 1846 was developed ether, the greatest advance, next to the discovery of germs, that medical science has had. Now the doctor could explore the living body; he did not need to wait for the finality of death. He could for the first time watch disease in the making; he could hope that he could arrest it or at least alleviate it; he might even learn how to prevent it.

But who could be his subjects? Not humans, obviously. Not at first, anyway, for the experimenter, groping for the truth, was certain to make mistakes. Then who? The lower animal forms that we slaughtered for food or pelt or that we robbed of freedom to serve us or to keep us company or to look at in a zoo. Then, when the result seemed justified, the experimenter could try the experiment on himself or some other volunteer or on some sufferer doomed otherwise to die.

The life expectancy of man increased from about thirty years in 1845 to sixty years in 1935, and the doctors give animal experimentation the credit. They cite smallpox vaccination, diphtheria antitoxin, typhoid vaccination, ethylene, the control of scarlet fever, the liver treatment for pernicious anemia, our knowledge of vitamins and nutrition, and the knowledge of how the various body organs do their work and how they are affected in disease.