

Register 9<sup>th</sup> Sep 1896

PROFESSOR WATSON—THE  
HUMOURIST.

Dear Watty—You are a Sphinx, or, what is equally the same in the world of humour, a Scotchman. Did you really hope the South Australian public would take it all in? Why did you not hint to the polite interviewer who waited upon you that he had better add a footnote—The above is a joke? You cruel man. Everybody has believed you. You know how dry Scotch humour is, but yours is both dry and caustic. Probably only Dr. Smith and Dr. Napier see through it. Why, some of my own friends, Scotchmen, too, accepted your banter as gospel. Do you imagine that Dr. Napier will feel flattered by being placed on the same platform "as an artist" with Trilby? If so, how does it fit in? Who is Svengali if Dr. Napier is Trilby? Is it compliment or sarcasm that is paid to this gentleman who "revolves in" an orbit of his own?" Whose mesmeric influence is it that keeps the surgical Trilby up to the mark and gives him the tip in all his operative—  
—I mean his operative performances? Ah, Watty, you are a sly dog. We know you are clever; but, hang it, do you mean to say that you can teach Dr. Napier and Dr. Smith anything? And yet you poke fun at Dr. Smith about his delightfully comprehensive medical philosophy. After all, is not an inflamed boil a case of angio-neurotic-œdema? If Dr. Smith did say so, has not a greater than he, even Count Mattei, said so before him? And why should your own "angio-neurotic depression of mind" not owe itself to the boiling of your blood at what you see, coupled with the wabblings of your chief nerve centre? You are frank enough to inform the public through an interviewer that your final acceptance of the position of honorary consulting surgeon is dictated "in the interests of humanity." Is this Svengali and Trilby again? Or are you dreaming? Where does the humanity come in? The public and your friends are dying to know why your presence in the Hospital as honorary consulting surgeon is so necessary to "humanity." As an old boy, I know "your boys" look up to you and admire you; but outsiders don't know, first, that you are a Scotchman, and second, an inordinate joker. Please, therefore, don't speak in parables, but tell us all about it.

Yours,

AN OLD BOY.

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## SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO MR. J. A. HARTLEY.

The many friends of Mr. J. A. Hartley, B.A., B.Sc., the Inspector-General of Schools, will deeply regret to learn that he met with a very serious accident on Monday evening, about 4.45. From the information available it appears that Mr. Hartley was riding a bicycle around the south-eastern corner of Hindmarsh-square when he by some means collided with a horse and was thrown to the ground, his head coming into violent contact with the roadway. The unfortunate gentleman was picked up in an unconscious condition and taken in a cab to the Adelaide Hospital. Dr. Moule, who was on duty as House Surgeon when Mr. Hartley was brought in, was the first to attend to him, and the Medical Superintendent, Dr. Russell, and Dr. Leith Napier were also soon at hand. Afterwards Drs. Hayward and Lendon, the medical attendants and personal friends of the Inspector-General, took charge of the case. On being informed as to who the gentlemen were, Dr. Napier immediately spoke to Dr. Hayward, remarking that, as the saving of life was the first consideration, the question of medical etiquette must be waived—a suggestion to which Dr. Hayward readily agreed. Later in the evening a consultation was held, at which Professor Watson assisted, and it was decided that there were no symptoms to point to the necessity for an operation. Mr. Hartley was suffering from concussion of the brain when he was received into the institution, and an examination revealed that the base of the skull was fractured on the left side. The patient was in a critical condition during the night, and just before going to press this morning we learnt that there was no change, and he was unconscious.

Mr. Hartley took to bicycling a few weeks ago, and was full of enthusiasm as to the benefits to be derived from the exercise. As recently as at midday on Monday he strongly recommended "wheeling" to a friend.

A message was sent to Mrs. Hartley, at her residence, Balliol-street, College Park, immediately the news of the accident had reached the City Watchhouse, and without delay she proceeded to the Hospital, where, accompanied by Mrs. J. T. Sunter, she stayed all the night, the authorities kindly arranging for the necessary accommodation.

The rider of the horse, a lad named Thomas Daffey, sixteen years of age, who is employed by Mr. R. Wakeham, butcher, states that he was trotting around the square from Rundle-street and had got to the south-eastern corner when he met Mr. Hartley coming from Pirie-street and going in a northerly direction. As the cyclist approached the horse shied at something on the road, and Mr. Hartley seemed undecided which way to go. The result was that before he could get clear he was struck by the animal and unsaddled. The boy immediately dismounted, and willing bystanders rendered all possible help.

Miss Nellie Chapman, who is about thirteen years of age, told one of our reporters on Monday evening that she saw the accident as she was standing at the door of her mother's shop, and noticed Mr. Hartley, whom she knew, riding round the corner. She says that just as the bicycle got near the horse the animal "bucked up," and as Mr. Hartley passed it kicked out its hind feet, and as Mr. Hartley "bobbed" he received a blow on the head, and fell to the ground.