

*Sunday, May 22, 1921.*—We have the flag on the Embassy at half-mast in memory of Chief Justice White, dead at Washington; are to keep it at half-mast for thirty days. I knew and liked and admired Justice White; he was a gentleman of an older and better order than ours; he was a democrat, but had none of the cant of democracy, which is perhaps the distinguishing feature of America today, that pretense of simplicity and humility, that affectation of being on a level with the common man, whatever that may be, that inverted snobbishness which is a competitive effort to see who can get down the lowest, who can be the most vulgar, that disgusting demagoguery which today rules the land.

This morning, while walking in the Parc Léopold, Nell and I saw a sight the pathos of which has haunted us all the day long. A man, whom I have often seen there about the medical college buildings, was leading, on strings, three little dogs, taking them to be used for the purposes of vivisection. The poor, little, innocent, helpless unconscious things were trotting alongside him so nimbly, so trustingly even, all unknowing the fate, the suffering, awaiting them there. One of them, a lively little black and tan terrier, looking about brightly, his tongue lolling, with that happy grin a dog has on a fine morning, particularly impressed us. I had seen this man several times leading dogs thither, but never quite understood where he was going, or what a cowardly and cruel errand he was

on, until this morning when we saw him headed for the college. And here, for the delectation of those pimply young asses in the conspicuous velvet berets who study medicine there, these unhappy, unoffending, friendly little dogs are cut up alive, and made to endure tortures that cannot be imagined. And, in all probability to no really good end, for I know of no disease that doctors cure, or of any that they prevent, or of any suffering that they temper or alleviate as a result of this cruelty. Perhaps I am not wholly right in assuming that there is no such progress, but I am not, I am sure, far from wrong in this opinion. Jules Bordet lives in the park and, by the way, the stables behind his home are the scenes of another prolonged agony, that is, the inoculation of horses to produce serum. The poor beasts that enter there are in perfect health—they must be that—are inoculated, suffer the pains of the disease thus given them, and then are slowly bled to death, growing weaker and weaker until they succumb at last. I have seen them haul their poor carcasses away, and one day not long ago asked the old guard at the park what it meant, and he told me. I spoke of the cruelty of it.

“Do not think about it,” he replied.

No danger that anybody will think about it. No one, in fact, gives a damn.

They say that Jules Bordet has discovered the cures of certain things, and it may conceivably be admitted that, in certain very rare, extreme emergencies, he might be entrusted with the scientific torture of animals. But certainly no good comes of letting all those young asses who study medicine by day, and have beer-drinking contests by night (the only sport in Belgian colleges) stand about and, to gratify their own morbid, perverted curiosity, torture a poor little dog to death—or no, that would be too kind, to torture a poor little dog and keep him alive as long as possible, so that they might witness his agony. For it is only that, a morbid, perverted, curiosity, that, and a kind of scientific low comedy.

At any rate, I shall not forget the poor little terrier, trotting bravely along, and turning back and smiling in a friendly way, at us, or for all I know, at Kin Kung or Tai Tai. No, knowledge gained at the expense of torture, deliberately applied, is not worth having, and I, for one, am sure that vivisection does no good to humanity, and that it is resorted to only in a spirit morbid, perverted, and cruel, that hides behind the mask of pseudo-science.