

**WAYSIDE EXPERIENCES: A
COLLECTION OF
PLAIN TALES AS
HEARD ALONG THE ROAD**

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Wayside Experiences: A Collection of Plain Tales as Heard Along the Road by C. Elton
Blanchard

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C. ELTON BLANCHARD

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Wayside Experiences

A Collection of Plain Tales
as Heard Along the Road

BY

C. ELTON BLANCHARD, M. D.

Author of, "The Letters of Dr. Betterman," "Medical Dollars and Sense," "The Nut Cracker and Other Human Ape Fables," etc. etc.

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illuminized Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;
But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays."
—Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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By C. E. BLANCHARD

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H. D. R.

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PREFACE.

It is an age of plain speaking. When any good purpose is to be served it is well to call a spade by its right name. The ancient and pseudo-respectable prudery is giving place to an earnest and intelligent desire to know more of the physical meaning of life. While teachers and preachers have been busy with the fine points of morals and ethics, the terrible scourge of venereal disease has been stealing into our homes, like a thief in the night, destroying innocent victims by thousands.

Fiction writers have assumed or been allowed all manner of freedom in our current literature, even of the better class, so called, in dealing with suggestive situations, and illicit sex complications are boldly described, but any fair and truthful exposition of real dangers, even though presented in proper, though plain language, has been tabooed. The cry of the child, until recently, has not been heard—the cry that demanded the right to be well born, of clean and healthy parents; the call of the unborn to be given a fair chance, to have used in its behalf the best that science and progress could offer, all this has been until recently ignored.

Now, a new era is dawning. We will teach all these things, these eugenic things, in our schools, in our fiction and in other literature read by the common people, and eventually a general knowledge along these lines will crystallize a strong public opinion into Law

and that designed to protect the innocent and exclude all menace to health and happiness from home life.

These stories may be premature. They may be timely or untimely; they may be good or bad fiction as judged by the usual standards of literary criticism. They have at least one merit none can deny to them: sincerity and reality, for they are bits of real life gathered from the writer's diversified experiences. Let them serve you if they may, to some good end.

C. ELTON BLANCHARD.

Youngstown, Ohio, March, 1913.

THE PROLOGUE.

I had a vision of life as a great Highway, and along this the human race was traveling—a multitude of hustling, jostling creatures, each earnestly intent upon his own progress, showing but little, if any, concern about the condition of others.

I was in the throng, but why I knew not, nor had I knowledge of how I got there. Of those passing near I asked, "Whither are we bound?" but none gave heed to offer a satisfactory answer. I only knew that we were traveling on and on.

Of others I sought what seemed for the moment a more reasonable inquiry, and I asked, "From whence came we?" and yet even to this fair question I had no answer—except the silence of ages.

And often and anon there came those who separated themselves from the pressing throng and fell by the Wayside. Each of these weary travelers carried a burden, some of one sort, some another, and this burden they called Experience.

They could not lay it down—they could not give it up. Though in telling of it, often they shed bitter tears, still they seemed to prize it with a weird kind of tenderness. Sometimes it seemed to me the more of sorrow this burden bore, the more the care-worn traveler cherished it.