

"White Plague" Victims Seek Health in the Polar Seas

Exploring the arctic silences this summer will be two remarkable expeditions—remarkable because either or both of them may result in the discovery or solution of a mystery which has steadily baffled generations of scientists on both sides of the globe. One of the expeditions will add another chapter to the romantic search for the pole. It will be in charge of Commander Peary, who is girding himself for another dash for the pole.



An inland station.

The Peary expedition will set forth on the newly launched vessel Roosevelt next month, or a month later than the other expedition, which has for its goal the discovery of a sure cure for the dread white plague—in-berculosis—in the Land of the Midnight Sun. This expedition is in charge of Dr. Frederick Sohon of Washington, who was in the arctic regions twice with Commander Peary.

Thirty victims of tuberculosis went aboard the steamer Havana at Halifax on June 15, preparatory to a voyage quite without a parallel in medical records. When it is remembered that the modern plague of civilization has spread with such alarming rapidity within the past few years as to have dwarfed war as a life-taking force, and that its prevalence to-day is greater in the United States than insanity, not to mention other diseases, the importance of this expedition can hardly be overestimated.

Not many years ago consumption was regarded as non-infectious. Now it is known to be otherwise. The once accepted theory as to its heredity has been exploded. As a matter of fact, remarked Dr. Sohon in discussing the expedition and his hopes of it, tuberculosis comes like a thief in the night or as a lightning flash from a sunny sky. It is no respecter of persons, age or caste. Rich and poor, strong and weak are alike victims of its stealthy approach.

Demonstrations recently made have established beyond a doubt that the fresh-air-and-sunshine cure is almost infallible. But under ordinary conditions it is a slow and tedious operation, requiring more time than the average person has to spare in this strenuous age. Dr. Sohon believes that three months spent in the germ-proof regions of the North will root the disease sufficiently for the victim to throw it off completely.

July, August and September above the arctic circle, will be three months of never-ceasing sunshine—every hour in the twenty-four. Think of the curative properties stored in a continuous sun bath of fourteen weeks! For it is into such a polar day that the Havana will sail with her crew and thirty candidates for the polar cure.

Following is an account of the expedition and also an expert diagnosis of the disease in its many forms and phases, as well as the practicality of the Greenland fjords to its treatment and cure, written by Dr. Sohon.

"The plan, which has been a dream of mine for many years, and which through the aid of a number of generous men will now be put into operation, is the sequel to my own experience in the polar regions. I accompanied Commander Peary in 1897, and was at the time slightly affected by tuberculosis myself. I improved so rapidly, despite the hardships of the journey, and was so vastly benefited that I was struck with wonder at what the arctic regions could do for persons so affected. That, to repeat, was during the 1897 expedition.

"Five years afterward, on accompanying the Peary relief expedition, I made an exhaustive study of the subject of the curative properties of the Far North for consumption. In order to bring the reader to a better realization of this vast and vital scourge, it may be said that tubercle bacilli do not necessarily lead to hopeless extremes, but it is the resulting mixed infection with pyogenic organisms which occasions danger. The indications are to have an environment free from all sources of dangerous extra infection and to secure such other conditions as to encourage a restoration of vitality and vigor by which the disease is stifled, so to say.

"These conditions can be met in perfection in some of the Greenland fjords. The suggestion of their adaptability to this purpose has nothing strange or experimental for its foundation. It proposes something easily obtainable and better than we have at present—the highest development of all that has proved beneficial in the rational treatment of tuberculosis.

"Our present procedure, if thoroughly carried out, ought to cure a proportion of cases far beyond what are usually accepted as fair results. One person in four contracts tuberculosis, and one death in seven is from this cause alone—which would imply only 44 per cent of recoveries. "A summer spent in Omenak fjord or Argfield gulf, where we purpose anchoring and hiding a while, would serve to establish a cure, or insure its accomplishment afterward, in nearly all cases not hopelessly advanced. Three consumptives to my knowledge have gone to these places and in each case the cure was immediate and effectual. Two of them were for three months in the Peary expedition, and the third, a well advanced case, was for nine months aboard a whaler. Some Eskimos brought to this country soon contracted virulent tuberculosis, four of them quickly succumbing, one being still uncurable here, while the only one who returned to his native snows recovered. One hundred per cent of recoveries in four cases is of course not conclusive evidence, still it includes all known cases. So we are warranted in drawing the most promising conclusions.

"While it is difficult to believe that a cure may be worked in a few months, it is also hard to comprehend the unfamiliar conditions of so strange a climate and country as exist up there. In the Arctic circle there is a natural forcing of everything that invites a natural cure. Two days of sunshine are rolled into one, with an increase of the rays that influence metabolism, as the polar atmosphere is shorn of ingredients which with us interfere with the transmission of vibrations beyond the violet. For instance, the indefinite depressing conditions which precede a thunderstorm are not felt where our lightning is replaced by the aurora borealis. There can be no more beautiful place than where there is no putrefaction of animal matter or decay of vegetable substances, as illustrated by pieces of rope and pine wood which lay exposed to all weathering influences for thirteen years at Cape Sabine among skins and refuse, and not yet begun to decay.

"We expect to be back in Halifax early in October or possibly by Sept. 30. On this initial voyage no advanced cases are taken, several persons being indeed simply victims of nervous exhaustion. They will be quartered aside from the other patients in such a way as to eliminate any contact that might prove hazardous prior to our reaching the Arctic circle.

This polar expedition as a cure for consumption is in line with the preaching and practice of several new sanitariums, which foster a return to the natural life as a cure for the great modern plague. In many of these all patients, except those in advanced stages of the disease, are required to be in the open air at all daylight hours in all sorts of weather, and the majority sleep out of doors. Following the diet regulations at these institutions those on board the tuberculosis vessel Havana will be urged to intermediary diets, consisting of milk, cream and eggs, as far as possible, or during the northward voyage. Any one knowing the nature of tuberculosis is aware that pure milk is one of the essential factors to a cure or arrest of the disease. On the Havana large reservoirs have been constructed for the storing of milk, with icing facilities to keep it absolutely fresh.

Ample provision also has been made for gathering eggs, such as are edible and as may be found in quantities along the shores of Greenland. Second only to milk, raw eggs swallowed after every meal constitute an invaluable item of diet for the consumptive.

Considering the brief time required in the arctic regions to arrest and root out the disease—three or four months being an average period for such accomplishment—the expense, it is believed, will be no greater than that required of a sanitarium inmate. Since the feasibility of the expedition has been endorsed by Lieut. Commander Peary and Surgeon Nash of the United States navy, who accompanied the Greely relief expedition, besides several other arctic explorers, who have habituated the arctic regions in summer, it has scientific endorsements which promise well for the success of the novel journey into the polar sunshine.—New York Times.

When Patrick received an order he followed it implicitly as far as he could—sometimes even farther than his Celtic brain realized.

"He wants a pane of windy glass tin inches by fourteen," said Patrick one day, as he entered a shop where his employer, a master carpenter, traded.

In the shop was a young clerk, who never missed a chance for a little joke at the Irishman's expense. "If we haven't any ten-by-fourteens," he said, "I may have to give you a fourteen-by-ten."

Patrick rubbed his head thoughtfully. Then he stood pondering for a moment, and at last remarked: "He's in a great roosh for it, and there's no other place near to get it. Give me wan o' thim fourteen-by-tins, and if he turns it sideways and our side down, there's not a sowl would know the difference."—Youths Companion.

Gov. Long Claims His Own Feet. While returning home from his office one day, feeling very tired, ex-Gov. Long boarded an electric car. After he had been seated about five minutes a young man boarded the car, and as there were no vacant seats he had to hang on to the straps. The young man was rather uncertain on his feet, and happened to step on the governor's toes four or five times. The governor got tired of pulling his feet out of the way, and remarked: "Young man, I know my feet were made to walk on, but that privilege belongs to me."—Boston Herald.

An English paper prints a number of stories of Beau Brummel, some of which, perhaps, are not generally known. At the Pavilion, at Brighton, he ordered the footman to empty his snuffbox into the fire because a bishop had taken a pinch unasked. A man whom he had met at dinner offered him a lift in his carriage to Lady Jersey's ball. "Thank you, exceedingly," said the Beau, "but how are you to go? You would not like to get up behind, and I cannot be seen in the same carriage with you." He made no secret of his humble birth, and when asked about his parents declared that "the poor old creatures both cut their throats years ago, eat-

ing peas with a knife." Once, at least, Brummel met his match. He was playing hazard at Brooke's, when a well-known alderman, a brewer, was one of the party. "Come, Mashtub," said Brummel, who was the caster, "what's your set?" "Twenty-five guineas," was the reply. "Well, then, have at the mayor's pony," said Brummel, who proceeded to cast, and by a run of luck won the stake twelve times in succession. Pocketing the money, he thanked the brewer, and promised that in future he would drink no one's porter but his. "I wish, sir," replied the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."

With little here to do or see Of things that in the great world be, Daisyl again I talk to thee. For thou art worth, Thou unassuming comeliness Of nature, with that homely face, And yet with something of a grace, Which love makes for thee!

On the dappled turf at ease I sit, and play with smiles, Loose types of things through air I de- gree. Thoughts of thy raising: And many a fond and idle name I give to thee for praise or blame, As is the humor of the game, While I am gazing. A sun demure of lowly port, And many a fond and idle name I give to thee for praise or blame, As is the humor of the game, While I am gazing.

CUSTOM OF DEEP DRINKING

Students at German Universities Attain Marvellous Proficiency in Draining Deep Draughts

A clever writer in the London Chronicle says: "A Rhodes scholar has been telling The Chicago Daily News that in Oxford a man has only to drink a quart of small beer without a breath and at once he becomes a hero. This is a picturesque way of referring to the ancient and honorable custom of 'sconcing' at dinner in hall. For certain offenses against etiquette, such as punning, swearing or talking 'shop,' an undergraduate may be 'sconced' or fined by the head of his table, the scone being a quart of beer or similar fluid. In the normal course of things the sconced one simply takes a sip at the tankard and then circulates it round the table for all who choose to follow suit. But, at some colleges at least, if he can drink the quart off without taking breath he 'sconces' everybody at the table in a like penalty.

"If the Rhodes scholar who has been describing to Chicago the Oxford system of 'sconcing' had gone on to a German university he would have found that the man who can drink a quart of beer without taking breath is not a hero, but only an ordinary student. At the German kneipe, or club meeting for the drinking of beer and the singing of students' songs, there is a special challenge to a bier-konig (beer-king) contest. The huge pots are filled, the duellists face each other and at the word of command they drink. The first who can invert an empty pot and sputter 'bier konig' wins.

Drinking without going to the trouble of swallowing is thus described by the same writer: "This form of friendly duel has evolved a method of drinking that may be seen in Egypt, where a native seems to pour water down his throat without that sort of lock system that our less educated canals demand. A German student will bring pot and mouth to the intimate angle and down goes the beer without a tremor of the throat. This, of course, gives no pleasure, but to the wondering onlooker; it is merely an acrobatic feat."

Some of the feats in remembering names and faces of persons only seen once performed by bank clerks and persons in similar positions are astonishing, but it is a fact that very few of them owe this faculty to any of the artificial systems of mnemonics so widely advertised. Either the gift is a natural one or is acquired at the expense of much hard work.

The cashier of a downtown bank who is noted for his memory for names and faces got talking the other day about his faculty and confessed that it had been acquired with much labor.

"When I was a young fellow," he said, "I was secretary to the president of a New Jersey bank, and I made up my mind that a good memory for names and faces would be a valuable asset, and set to work to supply what nature had not given me. I invested \$50 in an elaborate system of mnemonics, and the first opportunity I had to use it was when my employer

"Speaking of conscripts," said the sailor, as he laid down a book on Russia, "did I ever tell you about my Uncle Joe?"

"Well, Uncle Joe, in the time of the Civil War, had a friend named Hiram Haines. Hiram was conscripted, but when he came to take the medical examination, he didn't pass. The doctors said he was no good for a soldier. They said he wasn't strong enough to fight.

"Hiram told Uncle Joe about this, and Uncle Joe said, after thinking a little while:

"Look a-here, Hiram, I'm conscripted, too, and my examination is set for next Thursday. What's the matter with you taking it in my name? I'd pass sure, if I took it myself, for I'm as strong as an ox. But if you took it for me, fakin', you know, why I'd get off."

War or no war, the aristocratic Russian pursues his pleasures with an abandonment that speaks of unlimited resources or unlimited recklessness. The pleasures of the table are protracted to an inordinate degree. A lunch, in which the courses are plentifully watered with champagne, will spread itself through the afternoon. You may barely escape at 5 o'clock, though you began to eat at 1. The host never sits down, plying his guests with a succession of good things, liquid and solid. Even the afternoon tea in middle-class circles is a very formidable undertaking. It includes dishes of various sorts, in which meat will certainly figure, and

Russian tea, served in a glass with lemon, is but the pale comparison to sparkling champagne. The appearance of the streets tells of wealth, too. No finer equipages exist anywhere than those which, horsed with coal-black steeds, dash at full speed, in lofty disregard for the mere foot-passenger, down the central strip of wood pavement in the principal "prospects," as the wider streets are denominated. Holding the reins in his two hands, with arms outstretched, the driver, mediaeval in dress, has the summary methods of a Roman charioteer. Indeed, there is something of imperial Rome in this second capital of the czar.—Correspondence from the Pall Mall Gazette.

STORIES OF BEAU BRUMMEL

One Occasion Where a Famous Wit Had Decidedly the Worst of Exchange of Repartee

An English paper prints a number of stories of Beau Brummel, some of which, perhaps, are not generally known. At the Pavilion, at Brighton, he ordered the footman to empty his snuffbox into the fire because a bishop had taken a pinch unasked. A man whom he had met at dinner offered him a lift in his carriage to Lady Jersey's ball. "Thank you, exceedingly," said the Beau, "but how are you to go? You would not like to get up behind, and I cannot be seen in the same carriage with you." He made no secret of his humble birth, and when asked about his parents declared that "the poor old creatures both cut their throats years ago, eat-

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

A Soldier's Singing.

Give me three breaths of pleasure After three deaths of pain, And make me not measure The ways that are in vain. The first breath shall be laughter, The second shall be wine; And there shall follow after A kiss that shall be mine. Roses with dew-fall laden, One garden grows for me; I call them kisses, maiden, And gather them from thee. Give me three kisses only— Then let the storm break o'er The vessel becalmed and lonely Upon the lonely shore. Give me three breaths of pleasure After three deaths of pain, And I will no more treasure The hopes that are in vain. —Gouverneur Morris. "Aladdin O'Brien."

The Memorial to Mother Bickerdyke. The land is dotted with monuments, in memory of heroes of the Civil war, but the memorial to "Mother Bickerdyke" is the first for a woman of the war.

The design, like the woman it is intended to commemorate, is strong and simple. A wounded soldier on the battlefield has been tenderly lifted into a half-sitting posture by the army nurse, while she holds a cooling drink to his parched lips. The figure of the soldier is admirably done, and there is fine feeling in the figure of Mother Bickerdyke—the plain, tender woman whose mission it was to relieve suffering soldiers wherever she found them. Her hair is done up simply. Her dress is that of the army nurse, but the feeling of genuine tenderness in the face and figure of the woman positively amazes her. It is truly that of a mother bending over her wounded boy and ministering to his immediate wants.

The life-size group rests on a granite pedestal without ornament, and only the words "Mary A. Bickerdyke—Mother," inscribed on the sides. The simple lines of this pedestal and its shape lend much emphasis to the group on top.

Mother Bickerdyke's biography, strange enough, is missing from the encyclopedias, while those of many women less famous are given. Mary A. Bickerdyke was born near Mt. Vernon, Knox county, Ohio, July 19, 1817. Her mother died when she was only 17 months old. One of her grandfathers fought in the Revolutionary war. She married young.

After some years of married life her husband died and left her with several little children. When the war broke out she was one of the most active of the women in Galesburg, Ill., to work for the soldiers at the front, and when at one time a trainload of supplies for the army were sent from Galesburg to Cairo, she accompanied them as a delegate. After the battle of Belmont she was assigned as a nurse to the field hospital, where she was indefatigable in her exertions to relieve the wounded soldiers. Her first sight of real battle, however, was at Fort Donelson.

The inadequacy of the hospital facilities and the hospital supplies shocked her and she made several trips north to arouse more interest in these matters. She inaugurated the celebrated "cow and hen" mission, through which she was enabled to send 100 cows and 1,000 hens to the hospitals of the West.

In the winter of 1863-64 she went home, but returned and took part in the establishment of the Adams Block Hospital at Memphis, Tenn. This accommodated about 6,000 wounded men. From this she became matron of the Gayoso hospital, where more than 700 men had been brought in after Sherman's battle of Arkansas Post.

She next took charge in Memphis of the smallpox hospital, which she cleaned and renovated with her own hands while nine men lay dead of the disease in the building. She followed the Western armies through Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Chattanooga, and tended friend and foe alike.

She next accompanied Sherman with his 100,000 men in their march to the sea. She helped care for the 13,000 men who were wounded at Resaca, Kingston, New Hope, Carville, Altoona, Dallas and Kenesaw Mountain. When Sherman cut his base she went north, and raised great stores of sanitary supplies for the soldiers.

When Sherman entered Savannah she sailed south to take care of the liberated Union prisoners of Wilmington. She pursued her mission at Beaufort, Aversboro and Bentonville, and at the request of Gen. Logan and the Fifteenth Army Corps she marched into Alexander with the army.

Then when the last battle was fought and all the soldiers marched in review at Washington, she was one of the most noted figures in the great parade.

After the Rebellion she went back to her home and lived with her son, Prof. Bickerdyke, at Russell, Kan. But she never lost her interest in the old soldiers, and she devoted much of the time in her late years to attending to their wants in various "homes" and in aiding them to secure pensions.

The Soldier Spirit. "Speaking of soldier dignity," said the Major, "reminds me of some very trying experiences in the old army in the first year of the war. The day before Buell's army was to march through Nashville about half of the men in my company got silly drunk. Up to that time my company was a thing to be proud of, and I had looked forward to the march through Nashville with pleasurable anticipations, and the colonel had told me that he expected my company to head the regiment and brigade.

"When I found so many of the men were drunk I was furious and I went to the colonel with a tale of woe. I was intent on tying up every delinquent, but the colonel, who indulged himself, took another view. The next morning he insisted that I should put every man in line, and I was ashamed of them, they seemed so nervous and smart after their spree. The colonel smiled as my poor fellows scrambled into position at platoon front like

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Glorious Thirteenth Illinois. May 9, 1861, the Thirteenth Illinois regiment was mustered in. Its subsequent history was a glorious one and the veterans of the organization who still live have wonderful memories over which they love to linger. At Missionary Ridge on November 28, 1863, the Thirteenth bore the brunt of the fighting of the famous Fifteenth corps. The terrible struggle at Lookout Mountain, the conflict at Chattanooga, the fight for Lookout Rock, on which the Thirteenth first planted the colors, and the hand-to-hand struggle on Chickamauga Creek all form part of the records of this regiment.

During the fighting at Chickamauga the standard-bearer of the regiment was killed and five minutes later the man who took his place was also killed. But the flag was saved and now, with the blood of both these men upon it, it hangs in a glass case in the state house at Springfield.

In the progress of the fight at Ringgold Lieutenant Joselyn, with his company, made a dash into the very center of the Eighteenth Alabama regiment and took its battle flag. It was at this place that the regiment lost Lieut. Col. Partridge, Major Bushnell and Capt. Blanchard within ten minutes, and several times it was in danger of being cut to pieces. Once during the day it held a position single-handed against seven southern regiments, and when the fighting was over Sherman and Hooker both personally commended the magnificent bravery of the Thirteenth, Sherman in his dispatches going so far as to say "This regiment executed every order in glorious style, charging time after time in the face of grape and canister that it seemed foolhardiness to struggle against, and displaying in every part of its organization the most splendid intrepidity imaginable."

War and Peace. During the civil war, as near as can be told, 44,238 Union soldiers were killed in battle, and 49,205 died of wounds. Confederate losses are imperfectly recorded, but were certainly not greater than the Union. Doubling the foregoing figures and dividing by four gives a yearly loss from war of 46,722 lives.

Deaths in the Union army from disease and unknown causes were 210,400. Doubling and dividing by four as above, this gives a yearly loss of 105,200 lives. Yet this was only 3 in 1,000 of the population in 1860, whereas the death rate from all causes, while much lower than forty years ago, was still over 18 in 1,000 in 1900. Hence we cannot assume that the soldiers who died of disease would not have died had there been no war.

Of course all this does not prove that war is not a great evil. But it does prove that those who argue against war ignore the fact that it is little, if any more, destructive of human life than the daily work of peace.

Explosions on Old Battlefields. The forests in the mountains known as Loudon Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry, took fire recently and burned with great intensity. After some time a series of explosions were heard which startled the inhabitants, and the concussion was so great that it broke windows in some houses in Harper's Ferry, across the Shenandoah. The explosions were caused by the bursting of shells which had been thrown on the heights at the time when Gen. Mills surrendered to Stonewall Jackson in 1862. These had failed to explode when they were fired, and had remained there for more than forty years.

March Pension Certificates. The total number of pension certificates issued by the pension bureau during the month of March, 1905, was 12,867, an average of 613 certificates for each working day of the month. The number of unsettled claims on file in the bureau show a steady reduction; on July 1, 1904, they numbered 285,523; on March 1, 1905, they were 223,765. New York applications to the number of 23,148 were filed during the month of March, 1905.

Vermont Soldier's Diary. E. H. Wood of Rutland, Vt., has received a letter from A. H. Stafford of Jamestown, N. Y., announcing that the latter has in his possession a diary belonging to Quartermaster George E. Jones of the Seventh Vermont volunteers. The diary is for the year 1864 and was found in Florida after the war.

Repair My Heart with Gladness and a Share of Thy Meek Nature.—Wordsworth

A little cyclops, with one eye Starting to threaten and defy, That thought comes next—and instantly The freak is over. The shape will vanish—and behold A silver shield with boss of gold. That spreads itself, some fairy bold In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar— And then thou art a pretty star; Not quite so fair as many are In heaven above thee! Put bright with me in sun and air, Do thou, as thou art wont, repair My heart with gladness, and a share Of thy meek nature! —William Wordsworth.

TO THE UNASSUMING DAISY

With little here to do or see Of things that in the great world be, Daisyl again I talk to thee. For thou art worth, Thou unassuming comeliness Of nature, with that homely face, And yet with something of a grace, Which love makes for thee!

On the dappled turf at ease I sit, and play with smiles, Loose types of things through air I de- gree. Thoughts of thy raising: And many a fond and idle name I give to thee for praise or blame, As is the humor of the game, While I am gazing.

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TOLD OF THE VETERANS

Japanese Students. A British journal says that Japanese students and schoolboys twenty years ago had no appreciation of athletics. They took too serious a view of their duties to waste on games the time that might be devoted to studies, and they had to be driven by their early English professors and teachers into the playgrounds as though to a disagreeable task. Now they take a keen interest in rowing, lawn tennis and baseball, though cricket, with its long periods of enforced inactivity, does not appeal to them. They have acquired so much proficiency in the American national game that a team of players from the Waseda university of Tokio recently left Japan, taking the long voyage across the Pacific for the purpose of trying conclusions with the champion teams of the American universities. We may yet see an eight from Tokio competing at Henley.

Elliott Peabody Reassured. Elliott H. Peabody is one of the best known men at the Worcester county court house, says a writer in the Boston Herald, being an examiner

of titles, justice of the peace and the originator of the consolidated index. Mr. Peabody and my brother-in-law, with others, were interested in a business transaction. On March 13 they expected to make a certain deal. Mr. Peabody was unable to be present, so the next morning he telephoned to a Mr. H. for particulars. A lady answered the phone, and said that Mr. H. was not at home. Mr. Peabody, supposing the lady to be Mrs. H. said: "Well, perhaps you can tell me what I want to know. I only wanted to inquire how things went last night."

The lady, in a cheerful, reassuring tone, said: "Oh, beautifully! Mrs. H. is doing nicely, and the baby weighs 6½ pounds. I'm the nurse."

English Scientist Dies in the Congo. News has been received in England of the death of Dr. J. E. Dutton, in the Congo, while engaged in the investigation of trypanosomiasis.

Czar Aids Boston Congregation. The Czar of Russia has given the Greek Orthodox Christians of Boston \$1,000 toward erecting a place of worship.

Ambassador Would Move. Ambassador Hengelmueller of Austria-Hungary is endeavoring to have himself transferred from Washington to some European post, as he cannot stand the rigorous winters.