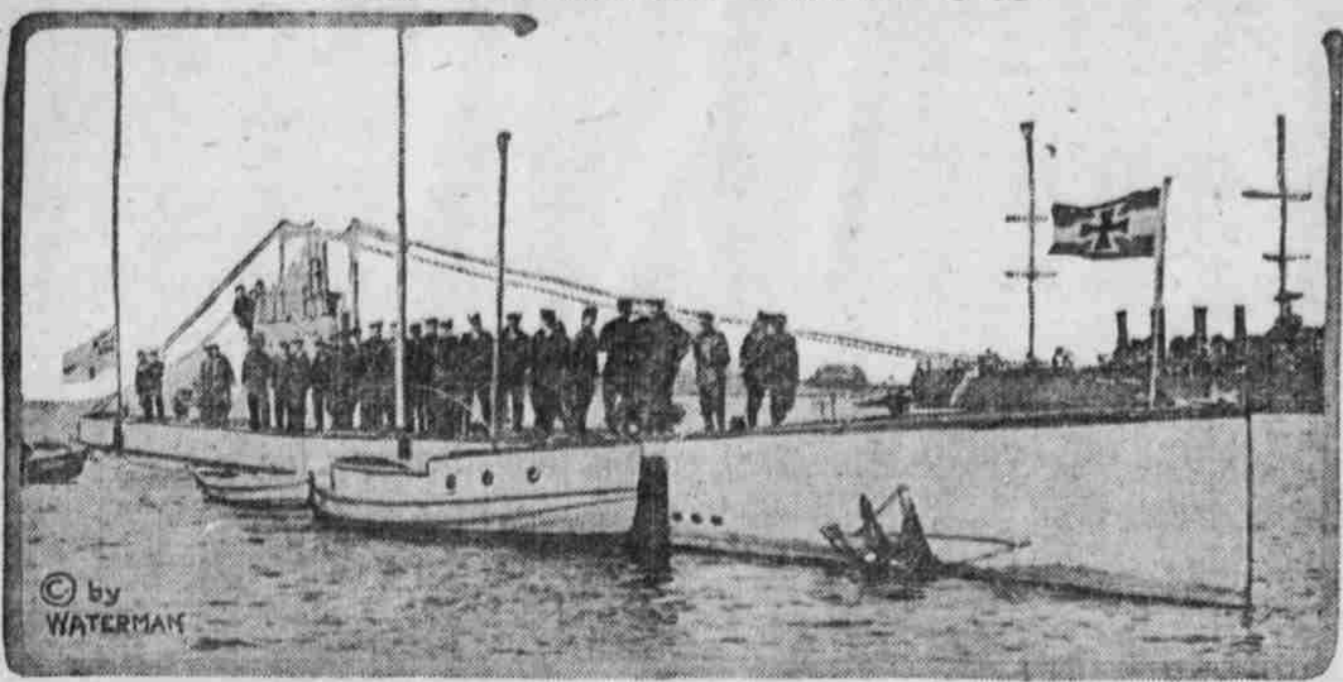


GERMAN SUBMARINE WARSHIP U-53



This photograph of the German submarine U-53 was taken at Newport, where the vessel stopped for three hours before starting on the raid in which it destroyed at least six steamers off Nantucket.

CANCER RELIEF IN SELENIUM, DOCTOR SAYS

Drug Treatment Is Used On 200 Patients in Five-Year Test.

MARKED SUCCESS IS SHOWN

Physicians Believe Cure May Result from Experiments by New Method—Local Treatments, However, Necessary as Makeshifts, Have Been Based on Makeshifts.

New York.—Marked success in the treatment of cancer by selenium has been announced in medical publications by Dr. Charles H. Walker, of 327 West Eighty-sixth street, this city. Selenium is a powerful chemical which, taken internally, in capsules, has relieved suffering in many cases and in others has effected an apparent cure. Dr. Walker, however, does not say he has found a cure, but he firmly believes the treatment is worthy of a thorough trial.

"I have treated in the last five years more than two hundred cases," Dr. Walker said to a New York Tribune reporter. "In many of them diagnosis had shown beyond all question the patient was a cancer victim, and in a few was there much ground for doubt. I can safely say in no case was there a total failure in favorable results from the use of selenium. Believes Cure Was Made.

"Some of the patients were near death when I first saw them, and it was possible to do nothing but relieve a little of their pain. In other cases, said by specialists to be beyond help, I believe there has been a permanent cure. If selenium will only relieve pain it is worth using, and if it will cure, the treatment should be thoroughly investigated."

Sulfo-selene, a combination of sulphur and selenium, the compound Dr. Walker uses, was worked out in co-operation with Dr. Frederick Klein, a biological chemist, of this city.

In 1911 Dr. Walker came to the conclusion, upheld by eminent authorities on cancer, the disease was not due to a germ, but to a certain peculiar condition in the body, which might be corrected by treatment with chemicals. Experiments with selenium were begun and have been continued the last five years.

First Clue to Treatment.

In a report published in "The Medical Record" in 1912 eminent surgeons stated the remedy for cancer might well be a chemical substance.

"It has long been the opinion of thoughtful students of the subject," says the report, "that local treatments for cancer, however necessary as makeshifts, have been based on a misconception. It is quite possible, for example, that X-rays or the fulguration treatment may benefit a superficial cancer at its point of origin, but the danger of such growths lies largely in their spread to distant and inaccessible vital organs, where local treatment is impossible.

"We believe it, therefore, axiomatic that a scientific remedy for cancer shall be one soluble in the blood, transmissible by the blood and lymph currents to all parts of the body, and possessed of a selective affinity for the cells of the tumor to be destroyed.

"Such a remedy may quite conceivably be a chemical substance existing in the outside world, and by happy accident discovered to have the desired properties."

Dr. Francis Carter Wood, director of the Crocker Cancer Research Fund, speaking on the laboratory study of the causes of the disease at a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine last May, said it had been established, almost beyond question, that cancer was not a germ disease, nor in any way allied to germ diseases.

Dieting a Necessary Aid.

"Dr. Klein and myself have probably not found the final chemical form in which the use of selenium will be

most effective," said Dr. Walker, "but we hope to. Its use must, of course, be accompanied by the strict dieting inevitable in all treatments of cancer."

It is declared by medical authorities one of the greatest difficulties in the way of determining the actual value of proposed cancer treatments, even where several hundred cases are under observation, is the question of diagnosis. This can seldom be made with absolute certainty unless the cancerous growth can be seen. In many cases this is brought about only by operations.

In many of Dr. Walker's most successful cases no question of doubtful diagnosis can be raised. One patient was an Italian laborer, twenty-one years old, operated on at the Massachusetts General hospital, in Boston. He was discharged from the hospital after a microscopic examination had resulted in a diagnosis of cancer of the stomach. The hospital chart showed the operation had "relieved" him.

The patient came under Dr. Walker's care eighteen months later with all the signs of recurrent cancer. He was treated with selenium and a rigid diet enforced. This was continued for a year, with intervals of cessation from all medication, and was stopped last January. Two weeks ago the man was working as a day laborer, had suffered no pain from the cancer in more than a year, had a good appetite, good color, and had gained 80 pounds since he began the treatment.

Treatment was as successful in the case of a man fifty-nine years old. He was told after diagnosis at Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, that he was suffering from cancer of the tongue. Radium was applied in April and June, 1915, but the patient told Dr. Walker that he continued to grow worse. In July, 1915, treatment with selenium was begun and continued for several months, at the end of which he returned to his home in Canada with the ulcerations healed. Last July he wrote Dr. Walker that there had been no sign of recurrence, and he was attending to business regularly.

A woman, forty years old, was operated on for cancer at St. Luke's hospital in 1912. A microscopic examination confirmed the diagnosis. The trouble returned in 1913 and the selenium treatment was administered for a year. Last August the patient said she felt better than she had for many years and was suffering no pain whatsoever. She was still gaining weight, though the treatment had been discontinued almost two years before.

One of the most remarkable cases is that of the manager of a Stock Exchange house, who in July, 1914, when he was sixty-three, consulted two specialists and was told, following an X-ray examination, that he had cancer and could not live only a short time. He then weighed about 120 pounds. Treatment with selenium was begun and continued for a year, at the end of which he weighed 187 pounds and was attending to business. He has since continued well.

PEN PICTURE OF VILLA, THE TIGER

Newspaper Correspondent Describes the Bandit as He Really Is.

HIS EYES BORE LIKE KNIFE

Heavy-Limbed, Thick-Chested With Abnormally Long Arms—Mouth Reveals Savage Cruelty and Cunning of the Man.

By Edmond E. Behr. Field Headquarters, Punitive Expedition, Mexico.—Although hundreds of photographs of him have been printed in American newspapers, hardly one shows Francisco Villa as he really is in the flesh.

CARLSTROM BREAKS RECORD



Victor Carlstrom is holder of the continuous flight record. He covered the distance between Chicago and New York in actual flying time of 8 hours and 37 minutes, not including time out for two stops, one of which was made at Erie, Pa., on account of engine trouble, and the other at Hammondsport, N. Y. The daring aviator had expected to fly between the two cities without stopping. Although he failed, he established a new American non-stop record of 452 miles in 4 hours and 17 1/2 minutes. The distance between Chicago and New York as Carlstrom covered it is about 975 miles. During the entire trip he averaged about 110 miles an hour.

notorious bandit's eyes—those yellowish, brown eyes before which hundreds of Mexicans have quailed. His eye-balls protrude from their sockets more than the average man's. The whites are bloodshot. When he is angry, the blood rushes to his eyes until they appear almost red. When he is in a crowd, Villa's gaze shifts like lightning to every part of the compass, possibly on guard against some would-be assassin; but when he is alone with a man, Villa's eyes bore through him like a knife.

Arms Out of Proportion. Villa is five feet, ten inches in height. He is heavy-limbed and thick-chested. His arms are unusually long. They are out of proportion to the rest of his body and reach nearly to his knees. His hands, oddly enough, are as soft as a woman's. When he shakes hands, his grasp is flabby. He weighs about 180 pounds.

His head and neck recall pictures of Roman gladiators. His neck is thick as a man's thigh and very short. His head is large, a little too large for the rest of his body. It is crowned by black, curly hair, which he rarely brushes. A bald spot is beginning to appear at the top. The forehead is the one redeeming feature of his countenance; it is high and well-formed.

His skin is light brown but mottled with dark patches, evidently the result of many years spent in the open. His ears are large and ugly. His nose is wide-nostrilled but small. His cheeks are fat.

The mouth reveals all the savage cruelty and cunning of the man. The short upper-lip does not conceal a set of scraggly, dark-stained teeth. The shortness of this lip, which rarely touches the lower makes it appear as though Villa were always grinning. The thickness of both lips gives him a bestial, sensual expression that is heightened by the slow, almost ponderous, manner in which he moves about. A long, stern chin and a lower jaw that protrudes disclose the inherent cruelty in him.

Talks Like a Child.

A strange contrast to the rest of his physical make-up is Villa's voice. It is high-pitched and weak, except when he shouts orders. Most of the time, though, it is a peculiar blend of a whine and a drawl. To hear it and not see the speaker, one would think a ten-year-old child was speaking. His strength is a by-word among his fellows. He has been known to pick up and set on its feet a small mule that had slipped and fallen while dragging a caisson through miry roads.

Native refugees arriving at this camp from the South say he is heavier now than he ever was before. He wears a beard several inches long and limps from the wound he received at Guerrero last March. Most of the time he uses a crutch, which is strapped to the side of his saddle when he mounts a horse.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

High Cost of Flags Now Hits the United States

WASHINGTON.—Now comes the high cost of flag-raising. The rapacious maw of Mars, in consuming every conceivable resource, has not passed by even the standards for which men die at his altar.

Local flag dealers report that the wool-bunting flag, which is the best and formerly was the most used material, now has almost fallen into disuse on account of the increasing cost of the goods. The cotton-bunting flag has nearly supplanted its worthier competitor. At that the cost of cotton and dyes has so increased that it costs almost as much to produce a cotton flag as it did in antebellum times to manufacture a woolen one. The cost of a woolen flag has increased about 70 per cent and the end is not yet. Asked whether the tremendous increase in export of cotton, coupled with the existing shortage, would stop the manufacture of flags, Arthur Copeland, president of the M. G. Copeland company, declared the people of the country would always insist on having flags, and cited historical instances of the use of rags as standards when nothing else was available as evidence of the lengths to which patriots will go. Mr. Copeland added that while the present situation is serious, it did not seem to threaten a suspension of flag production.

"The cost of dyes is a factor which makes for expensive flags," said Mr. Copeland.

First-Aid Girl Pupils Were Too Much for Jimmie

THE first-aid class, now being held under the joint auspices of the American National Red Cross and the Navy league in Washington, doesn't even know his name. So we'll call him "Jimmie."

Jimmie is a messenger boy and a near-hero. He has freckles, has been known to call successfully to the elusive Phoebe Five in a secluded area-way, and a pal of his has vouchsafed the information that "he's a bold wid his mits." Be that as it may he has one sterling accomplishment. He knows when to quit.

The first-aid class wanted a patient upon whom to practice lately acquired skill in the art of scientific bandaging. The doctor in charge, being a man of ingenuity, called a well-known telephone number and summoned Jimmie. Jimmie, it seems, was prime favorite with the "doc" and his class.

Jimmie whistled on his way as he answered the call. Maybe he didn't know what was ahead. Maybe he's more than a near-hero. Anyway, he whistled the popular melody which assured those in his immediate vicinity that "This is the life."

The doctor ushered him into the classroom, cap in hand. He was given a chair and remembers vaguely sitting down. Forty pairs of casual eyes of gray and brown and blue—"golly, fellers, an' only the doc and me!"—were raised and swept him appraisingly. He only remembers the rest vaguely.

As through a mist he became suddenly conscious that it was awfully hot. His feet insisted upon spreading all over the place and his hands kept growing larger and larger. Why did they all keep looking at him? Was there anything the matter?

And then he heard the concluding sentence of the doctor's lecture. He says it was something like this:

"An' now, ladies, he sez, 'we shall practice bandagin' a wounded head, a badly wounded head. This young gentleman has agreed to act as the patient,' he sez. Dat's me, fellers. Den he tolns to me. 'We shall need lots of bandages,' he sez. 'Will you step out in de hall an' ask the nurse for a handful?'"

Jimmie stepped, nay, more, he stepped with alacrity. Oh, yes, he stepped, nor did he cease the process till he had reached his bicycle. Nor even then.

That was the end of the incident. They may have obtained a substitute up at the first-aid class. But this is the story of Jimmie.

How the District's Doughnut Cabinet Originated

WHEN Louis Brownlow and Oliver Newman were newspaper men they would occasionally go to the grillroom of a big downtown hotel for luncheon, and there they would cast longing glances at the round table, where such plenipotentiaries as Gen. George H. Harries would be gourmandizing in fine style. The thing which attracted the attention and appetite of Messrs. Brownlow and Newman in those days was the large supply of doughnuts on the big table. They were twisted doughnuts, not the old-fashioned doughnuts shaped like a life preserver, which gives the small-minded jester the opportunity to say a word or two about wishing he had a job making the holes. Louis and Ollie ate many a doughnut mentally. Each of them says today that they had never at that early date eaten one in reality in that hotel because they feared the price would be something like 40 cents apiece, and they didn't care to squander that much on a single-tube doughnut, without the antiseptic appliances. But they would glance over at the table where sat the gourmandizing bank directors and railway magnates, and it seemed to be bending in the middle with doughnuts. They wondered when they, too, could sit down and order all the necessities of life, and add a plate of doughnuts just for good measure.



In fact, doughnuts in a hotel grew to be the mark of extreme luxury for these two young men. Then one day they found they were commissioners of the District of Columbia, and the center of a group of administrative officials who wanted to get together every day at luncheon to talk things over.

So they went to the big hotel and arranged for a round table daily. The first day they all sat down the head waiter placed on the table about one bushel of those George H. Harries doughnuts.

"We didn't order these," said Louis—I mean Commissioner Brownlow—weakly.

"I know," returned the waiter with a smile. "They are like bread and butter. We make no charge for them."

And then Louis looked at Ollie and Ollie looked at Louis, and together they tried to figure out how many doughnuts the hotel owed them for past luncheons.

And that is why that big round table at a certain hotel near the District building is reserved for what they call "the doughnut cabinet."

Stolen Articles Sent Back to Washington Hotels

WASHINGTON hotel managers are much amazed over the fact that the American public seems to be getting conscience-stricken and slowly but steadily returning, without explanation, numerous articles missed immediately after their departure from the better class of the hotels. It is said that this is true of all the hotels throughout the country, and the cause of it all has not yet been discovered.

One Washington manager says: "If everything that has been taken from this hotel was to be returned I would have to turn the lobby and a large part of the hotel to storage rooms. Our loss each year of the last 20 years has been approximately \$10,000 in table silver, linen and room articles such as curling irons, electric fans, and boudoir necessities." This same hotel manager declares that within two weeks he has received more than 60 separate packages, from the United States and Canada, containing articles supposed to have been taken away from the hotel by guests. These packages contain nearly 200 pieces of hotel property, but not a single package carried a line of explanation or a clue that would disclose the identity of the sender.



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The steel mast of an Atlantic coast oil barge is used as a smokestack from the galley.

War has seriously affected the peanut trade of Madras, India.

Meat Eaters' Backache

Meat lovers are apt to have backaches and rheumatic attacks. Unless you do heavy work and get lots of fresh air, don't eat too much meat. It's rich in nitrogen and helps to form uric acid—a solid poison that irritates the nerves, damages the kidneys and often causes dropsy, gravel and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to throw off uric acid. Thousands recommend them.

A Nebraska Case

N. M. Bachtel, Clay Center, Neb., says: "My back pained so badly that I couldn't move around. I didn't rest well and mornings was more tired than when I went to bed. My kidneys were too frequent in action. The doctor's medicine didn't help me and finally I took Doan's Kidney Pills. Since using five boxes I have never had a symptom of kidney complaint."

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