

Amid Tears and Cheers Dr. Friedmann Treats
White Plague Victims

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THE SECRETARY'S STOVEPIPE HAT

Colonel Bryan has equipped himself with the crowning glory of an officeholder, a stovepipe hat.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
Don't you hear the news a-humming up and down the mighty land,
From the prairies of Nebraska to the far Floridian sand?
Don't you sense the modern wonder booming up like Thoric thunder?
Common People, stand from under—since you can not understand.
For it's William Jennings Bryan in a—halt—what's that?
Yes, it's William Jennings Bryan in a stovepipe hat!

I have seen a plague of places and observed a lot of things
In a thirty year meander 'mong the cabbages and kings;
I have witnessed cataclysms, been a party unto schisms,
Known a many mad surprises such as ardent living brings;
But I never yet imagined such a shock as that—
Namely, William Jennings Bryan in a stovepipe hat!
Is the mild and meek Caucasian now eternally played out?
Is there nothing more to marvel at and nothing left to doubt?
Have the stars begun to tumble in a universal jumble?
Has the sun begun to rumble, with the planets in a rout?
Well, I reckon things are crosswise, for it seems like that
Since the William Jennings Bryan wears a stovepipe hat!

If I ever get to heaven, which I own I hope to do,
I shall not lay out a beeline for the Cherubimic crew;
Nor for Socrates go looking soon as I have had my booking,
Nor for Shakespeare, nor for Shelley, nor for you, Dear Reader, you.
Nay, I'll mosey round the Throne Room in the seventh heaven flat
Till I greet the angel Bryan in a stovepipe hat!
Robertus Love in New York Sun.
St. Louis, March 23.

Mr. Bryan's Selected Speeches. Revised and arranged in a convenient two-volume edition. These books present Mr. Bryan's most notable addresses and orations, and cover the chief important phases and features of his career as an orator and advocate. A familiarly intimate and interesting biographical introduction by Mary Baird Bryan, his wife, opens Volume I. The two volumes, bound in cloth, sent to any address prepaid on receipt of price, \$2.00. The half leather edition, 2 vols., sent for \$3.00, prepaid. Address The Commoner, Lincoln, Neb.

HIS MESSAGE OF HOPE

I am happy to have had an opportunity to treat suffering Washingtonians. The cases brought before me were sufficiently advanced to need immediate and effective treatment. It is my fervent hope that all of those upon whom I operated will recover, and I might say that I am reasonably confident of splendid results.—Dr. Friedmann.

The following is from the Washington (D. C.) Post of Thursday, April 15:

"Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Nearly 1,900 years ago this admonition was pronounced by Christ, the Healer. Yesterday, Friedrich Franz Friedmann, the distinguished Berlin savant, who has dedicated his life to the eradication of the "great white plague"—the most devastating scourge ever visited upon the human race—gathered into a clinic at the George Washington University hospital, before an audience of world-famed men, several of these tots who hobbled on crutches, or were brought prostrate upon stretchers in the arms of grief-stricken parents. They came to be saved that they might enter the "kingdom of heaven" in the flesh and spirit of the healthy born.

The great amphitheater was a scene of pathos and tragedy. The cry of the doomed mingled with the ejaculation of the hopeful. Mothers and fathers wept and children gave up their bodies to science that it might be heralded to the world, perhaps in the very near future, that a new conqueror of disease has come to the salvation of mankind.

Aged women, their cheeks hollow and pallid, their bodies emaciated, pleaded with tears in their lusterless eyes for a drop of the new "elixir of life." Many knelt before the stern-faced German, while others plucked at his clothing and mumbled in guttural tones their belief in his cure.

They seemed to think that their lives would be spared if he injected but a tiny bit of the famous turtle serum into their diseased limbs. And when, man after man and woman after woman was turned away to a living death, their cries of anguish brought home even to the trained, emotionless physician the terrible curse of the malady that has baffled the ages. But the German scientist did not profess to lift the dying from the shadow of the grave; he could and would save only those whom it seemed possible to save. He selected his cases from the scores who applied, and several of those he treated already are near death, say those physicians who witnessed the demonstration.

As the skilled hands of the physician worked with rapidity their every movement was followed by the eyes of Secretary of State Bryan, Count J. H. von Bernstorff, the official representative of the German emperor, whose subject Dr. Friedmann is; Dr. Paul Ritter, the minister from Switzerland; heads of several of the medical branches of the federal government; and many of the most distinguished physicians of the national capital.

Not the least interested spectators of the German savant's demonstration were Senators Luke Lea, of Tennessee, and William Hughes, of New Jersey. Senator Lea was present merely, he said, from a general interest in the work. Senator Hughes, however, came with a more definite object in view. He had met Dr. Friedmann when the latter called earlier in the day at the White House to be presented to President Wilson. He asked if he might attend the clinic, and when assured of the pleasure which his presence would afford Dr. Friedmann, accepted.

The two senators accompanied Dr. Friedmann to his hotel for a brief conference, and, at its conclusion, Senator Hughes announced that it was his intention to endeavor to secure for the visitor a license which would permit him to practice in the District of Columbia. How he would proceed to achieve this end, Senator Hughes said he was not yet prepared to say, but added that if the proper procedure appeared to

be by the introduction of a resolution in the senate he would take that course.

"I have received so many appeals from persons who desire to be treated by Dr. Friedmann," he said, "that I determined to see if it would not be possible for him to receive the privilege to practice here in the district. This would have nothing to do with the investigation which is now being carried on by Surgeon General Rupert Blue and his assistants. I simply aim to give the hundreds of people who wish to take the treatment an opportunity to avail themselves of it."

Dr. Friedmann went to the hospital directly from the White House, where he had gone to be presented by Secretary of the Interior Lane to President Wilson. The president received the physician graciously, and, after having subscribed his name in the autograph book, in which Dr. Friedmann has secured the names of many of the most distinguished scientists and public men in this and other countries, wished the German visitor the best of success.

Dr. Friedmann was greatly pleased by his cordial treatment at the hands of the head of the nation, and was struck by President Wilson's democratic manner, evidenced, he said, by the fact that he preferred to subscribe his name amid those of a number of other persons of less distinguished position. The book was also signed by Secretary to the President Tumulty and Senator Hughes.

When, at 1:30 o'clock, Dr. Friedmann, accompanied by Charles DeV. Hundt, his secretary and confidential advisers, as well as his assistants at his clinics, entered the hospital he found a motley throng. The hallway at the dispensary was already crowded.

Here were assembled emaciated children, whose bright eyes contrasted uncannily with their pallid faces. Many of them bent their slight forms upon crutches and dragged after them their crooked legs with lifeless muscles. Sunken-cheeked women, whose bodies shook with their hacking cough, waited patiently to be called before the man who held out hope of health. Men whose flesh had shriveled, leaving mere skeletons of skin and bone, sat sad-eyed.

The announcement that Dr. Friedmann would remain in the city and administer his remedy had only been made yesterday morning, but the brief interval before the calling of the clinic had proved sufficient to rally the sufferers from distant points. Consequently, when he and Drs. William Cline Borden, dean of the George Washington medical school and Charles Stanley White, the distinguished surgeon, began the diagnoses which were to help Dr. Friedmann determine the selection of patients for the clinic, more than one hundred strength-sapped men, women and children were present to plead for preference.

Sentiment gave way to science. Dr. Friedmann had come to demonstrate his cure; his time would not permit him to treat all. A discovery, which if efficacious, is to be epoch-making, was to be demonstrated, and the discoverer was determined to select such cases as would be typical of the disease in its every form.

Throughout the morning, from the hour that the institution opened its doors, appeals in person, by letter, and telephone had come to the heads of the hospital for a chance to appear before Dr. Friedmann and receive treatment from his hands. Physicians throughout the city appeared with cases in every stage of the disease. Parents had brought their crippled offspring and made pathetic appeals that they be given treatment.

Dr. Friedmann, however, could not heed the pathetic stories which were told. His heart mastered his mind only to the extent that he called first for the children—sufferers principally from tuberculosis of the bone and joints. These little patients struggled gamely into the examination room—alone where their physical strength would permit, assisted by anxious parents where excruciating pain would not suffer shrunken limbs to support wasted bodies.

Next came the call for the adults. Men and women struggled to pour their complaints into the ear of the German. His aim was to make his demonstration general. He wished to embrace in his clinic every form of tuberculosis. He heard generally the reports of the various cases from the attending physicians.

When two hours had been consumed, during