

which time the physicians aiding him had endeavored to eliminate the great majority who sought treatment, announcement was made that the clinic would begin. Meanwhile the amphitheater in the lecture hall adjoining the hospital had been taxed to its capacity by members of the medical profession, students of the university, nurses in the training school, and the notables who had been invited to witness the demonstration.

The German ambassador and the Swiss minister, Surgeon General Stokes, of the U. S. N., and former Surgeon General Sternberg, U. S. A., had already entered the auditorium.

Preceded by Dr. Borden and Commissioner Cuno H. Rudolph, who had welcomed him on the part of the city, Dr. Friedmann and his corps of assistants entered the clinic room, where he was greeted by a burst of cheers.

Before these had subsided, and while the demonstrator was busily engaged in sterilizing the hypodermic needles with which he was to work, Secretary of State Bryan and Assistant Secretary of State Osborne slipped into the room through a side door.

Another demonstration greeted them, which caused the German physician to turn and gaze in wonder. He had met the secretary of state, however, and smiled his recognition. Ambassador von Bernstorff quickly rose to greet Mr. Bryan, and the latter turned to shake the hand of Dr. Friedmann. The physician, however, was in the midst of swabbing his hands, and could not return the extended greeting, but the secretary of state took him by the arm and assured him of his best wishes for his success.

In introducing the German physician, Dr. Borden said:

"I take pleasure in introducing Dr. Friedrich Friedmann. It is not necessary for me to say anything concerning Dr. Friedmann and his work. He is known to you all. He has selected a number of cases of the various forms of tuberculosis, which Dr. Charles White and I have helped him diagnose. I can say that they are all tubercular."

With Dr. Friedmann as assistants were Mr. Hundt, Dr. William L. Van Sant, resident physician of the hospital; Dr. Oscar B. Hunter, Dr. Sloat, and Dr. Bolton, and Misses Isabel Price, Naomi Jones, and Eschner, nurses. The physicians wore their white aprons, which enveloped them from head to foot. The tables were spread with swabbing cloths, bottles, and absorbent cotton. Few instruments were displayed. The vaccine is given through the needle.

Dr. Friedmann, unable to speak English with any degree of fluency, gave his orders by motions of his hands to the nurses, or depended upon the translations of Mr. Hundt. The assistants at first, however, appeared to be slightly disconcerted. Without waiting, the demonstrator seized the lid of the sterilizer and removed it and began to select his needles. Small brown vials sat near by containing the serum which he asserts will eradicate tuberculosis.

But a few minutes were required to make the preliminary preparations, and Arthur Clements, thirty years old, was called as the first patient. The young man did not show in marked degree the ravages of the disease. The history of his case was that presence of tuberculosis, which is of the pulmonary form, had first been discovered in May, 1912 followed by a pronounced loss of weight.

Removing his coat, Mr. Clements stood before Dr. Friedmann. The physician laid back his clothing so as to expose the right thigh, and quickly inserted his needle. The patient did not flinch. The surface into which the injection was to be made had been swabbed with iodine to make it antiseptic, and he turned away in unconcerned manner. His attack is confined to one lung.

Already the nurses had prepared Mrs. George Cohen, of Alexandria, Va., a hollow-cheeked woman, for the injection. The history of her case showed that she was in the third stage of pulmonary tuberculosis with both of her lungs badly affected. She was laid upon the operating table and an injection made into her right thigh.

There had been little to affect the spectators in these two cases, other than their physical appearances. As Mrs. Cohen stepped down from the table, however, the audience turned its eyes toward the door from which the patients were being led. Mr. Hundt, a tall, muscular man, had gathered into his arms a little figure strapped to a stretcher. Agnes Dowd, 4½ years old, was this little patient.

Resting quietly upon her uncomfortable bed, the golden-haired child, with her locks caught

up by a blue ribbon, gazed out upon the curious throng. When she had been placed upon the table, however, she lost her composure. As Dr. Friedmann, with his needle in hand, stepped to her side, she raised her frightened eyes and began to cry.

Pushing the sleeve from her wasted arm, as he smiled down into her tear-stained face, the physician endeavored to quiet the baby. The nurses added their efforts, but in vain. Through the quiet room was wafted the piteous wail, "Where is my papa; I want daddy." The majority of the men gathered in the congested auditorium were members of the medical profession, accustomed to witnessing scenes of suffering, but the faces which gazed down upon the frail form stretched before them were strained, and many eyes were dimmed by unshed tears.

Into the vein of the right arm the needle was thrust. Quickly the other arm was prepared for inoculation, and then the child was turned upon her hip and the third injection was given. She was suffering from tuberculosis of the hip, and her limbs were practically useless. For the bone and joint disability Dr. Friedmann gives both venous and muscular injections, but in pulmonary affections he usually confines his inoculations to muscular tissues.

Charles H. Stansbury, formerly of Ohio, but now a temporary resident of Washington, was the next patient to place himself in the hands of Dr. Friedmann. Tuberculosis had attacked his foot, causing him to undergo operations which had resulted in the amputation of the left leg halfway to the knee. His present disability is tuberculosis of the breast bone. The injection was made in his right hip.

Next in line stood seven-year-old Edith Strawser, whose only whimper was "it hurts" as the needle was driven into her thigh.

The hero of the day was Phillip Chase, a boy of five, who hobbled unassisted to the operating table upon his crutches. As one of the nurses stroked back the boy's dark hair, Dr. Friedmann quickly made three injections, one in the veins of each arm, and a third into the thigh. Throughout the operation the child wore a smile upon his pale face, and as he was again set upon his feet and started toward his father who stood at the door with out-stretched arms to receive him, the whole audience applauded.

The other patients were Mrs. Elizabeth Fawcett, Helena Taylor, Isadore Frutberg, David Krant, Le Roy E. Keeley, and Frederick Stoffreger.

When the last of the patients had left the room, the audience showed its appreciation of the work which they had witnessed by a burst of applause which Dr. Friedmann acknowledged with a happy smile. He quickly gathered together his paraphernalia and made ready to return to his hotel.

His plans were to leave at midnight for Providence by way of New York, and he had yet to pay his respects to the German ambassador at the embassy. He also, at the invitation of Secretary of State Bryan, called upon the latter early in the evening.

Dr. Friedmann pronounced his clinic in this city as one of the most successful which he has ever conducted. He declared that he was extremely pleased with it because of the varied cases which were presented for treatment. Every known form of tuberculosis, he said, had been submitted to him, and he expressed confidence that they would soon show signs of improvement.

The visitor was equally well pleased with the reception which had been accorded him by the public men of the city. President Wilson, he said, had manifested an interest in his work, and Secretary of State Bryan, was referred to by the physician, as a man of "extremely impressive personality."

Dr. Friedmann said that while Senator Hughes had apprized him of his intention to endeavor to secure the license for him to practice in this city, he was not sure that he could so arrange his plans as to avail himself of the opportunity, were the permission granted. He announced, however, that he expects to return within five or six weeks to look after the patients treated yesterday, and to give them a second inoculation if their condition at that time will permit.

Meanwhile, he said, that he thought some plan would be evolved whereby physicians throughout the country may administer the treatment, thus making it unnecessary for him to personally care for all cases.

Absence of any representative of the public health and marine hospital service, by the heads of which the official investigation of the Fried-

mann cure is being made, was the subject of comment by many of those present at the clinic. It is understood that Dr. Blue and his assistants were of the opinion that their presence at the clinic might be considered a recognition of the remedy, and they did not care to compromise their position until the investigation has been completed and reported upon.

COMMENT ON CLINIC

"It is a very great subject, this of the cure for the great white plague, and it would be very hard to judge the worth of a cure merely from witnessing its application. Its value must be determined by the results it brings in the patients who are inoculated. Until that time I think that all judgments of the preparation should be withheld."—Secretary of State Bryan.

"He handles himself well, and impresses one most favorably."—Commissioner Rudolph.

"It has been most certainly a good thing that the physicians of the district have had this opportunity to observe Dr. Friedmann at his work and study his methods."—Health Officer Woodward.

"I was very much impressed with Dr. Friedmann. I consider him one of the greatest of diagnosticians."—Dr. William Cline Borden.

"Dr. Friedmann handles himself in an excellent manner and made a good impression. Dr. Friedmann is earnest and convincing in his efforts, and should be given every encouragement, and not condemned without at least a fair trial."—Dr. Charles Stanley White.

ONE MAN'S FAILURE

The Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Republican preaches a powerful temperance sermon and it ought to be read in every home in America. The Republican says: Thomas Seabrooke died in Chicago the other day in miserable surroundings. A dozen years or so ago he was easily the foremost comedian on the stage. He was a born comedian. There was no horseplay effect in his acting. At that time he was able to make \$75,000 a year, for he could draw audiences that would warrant a manager in paying him such a salary. The announcement that Seabrooke was in the cast always filled a theater in those days.

But Seabrooke made one mistake. He thought he could get away with John Barleycorn and put him under the table. He knew that other men had failed, and failed miserably, in the unequal contest, but he thought that he was to be the one exception, the man who could win the victory. But he didn't win. They never do win who start out on such a trial of strength. The end is always the same, dishonor, humiliation, shame and suffering of every kind. Seabrooke died in delirium tremens. He had one supreme agony of mind, when all the devils and snakes of hell tormented him, and then he was dead, dead at a time when he ought to be in the beginnings of a mellow maturity, the kind of maturity in which Joe Jefferson was at his best and during which he gave his friends and admirers their greatest pleasure out of art.

But Joe Jefferson didn't drink the stuff, while Thomas Q. Seabrooke drank it and was fool enough to believe that he could get away with it.

CIVILIZATION

If civilization can be defined as the harmonious development of the human race, physically, mentally and morally, then each individual, whether his influence is perceptible or not, raises the level of the civilization of his age just in proportion as he contributes to the world's work a body, a mind and a heart capable of maximum effort. No one lives unto himself or dies unto himself. The tie that binds each human being to every other human being is one that can not be severed. We can not without blame, invite a physical weakness that can be avoided or continue one which can be remedied. The burdens to be borne are great enough to tax the resources of all when service is rendered under the most favorable conditions; no one has a right to offer less than the best within his power.

GOOD WORK

Robert F. Taylor, Idaho: Enclosed you will find \$5.00 for which please extend my subscription one year and also send The Commoner one year to the other four names enclosed herewith. This club is the result of one-half hour's work; I wish I had the time to raise a club of one thousand subscribers to The Commoner.