



THREE PAGES FROM A UNIQUE CALENDAR PRINTED ON CLOTH ISSUED BY THE BEMIS OMAHA BAG COMPANY—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

Dog's Bones Saves The Life of a Man

If E. F. Brandstedt of San Francisco is able again to walk on two sound legs it will be because a little black and tan dog has given up one leg to him.

Skin grafting is not uncommon, but bone grafting from one living being to another is very rare. It has been done successfully before, but not in this city, relates the San Francisco Examiner, and though the present experiment cannot yet be pronounced a success there is every prospect that it will be.

Brandstedt occupies a cot in Ward M of the City and County hospital. He is a laborer and a big, healthy looking German-American citizen. He was hurt on September 3 last by a fall, both bones of his right leg being broken between the ankle and knee. The small bone or fibula knitted, but the larger bone or tibia did not heal, but became infected. The wound was very serious, too, as the large bone had been much crushed. Splinters were continually taken from the wound until the ends of the sound bone were nearly five inches apart, and it was all but impossible to bring them together.

The situation became so serious that the question was whether the foot and lower part of the leg should be amputated or possibly the leg very much shortened. It was at this juncture that Dr. A. W. Morton, whose patient Brandstedt is, decided upon a novel operation. He proposed to graft the bone of a living dog on to the bone of the man and to hold the joined bones rigidly together until they united. Dr. Morton said:

"I undertook the operation only after careful planning, and I think it will be suc-

cessful. The little victim of surgical science was in very healthy condition, and we have no idea of sacrificing his life; in fact I expect to see him running about the hospital in a short time, even though he has sacrificed one leg to the needs of the highest of animals—a man.

"A hindleg of the dog was used. After the dog had been given an anesthetic and Brandstedt had been similarly prepared for the operation the dog's foot was cut off and the flesh was removed so as to bare the bones. One of the bones was placed in the hollow of the tibia and the other close beside it. By means of silver wire the bones of man and beast were bound together and then the usual method of disinfection and closing the wound were adopted. The man's leg and the little dog are enclosed in plaster casts so as to hold both absolutely rigid. Now the dog will maintain life in its own leg and the man will do the same. In ten days to two weeks' time the bones should be well knitted, then the little dog will have to part with his leg entirely. The free end of the bone, which will then be part of Brandstedt's leg, will be given to the lower end of his broken tibia and I believe will knit readily. Nature will in her own wonderful way supply the necessary bone substance and soon my patient ought to be able to stand on as good a right leg as he ever had.

"The little dog will be properly cared for and may live, if not to forget its strange experience, at any rate to enjoy some pleasant romps around the hospital."

Brandstedt, when seen last evening, was cheerful and hopeful and his little fellow-sufferer, though whimpering at times, was making the best of its enforced stillness.

The dog is fed on milk given with a spoon and whenever it becomes too restless a little dose of morphine is administered. Only the dog's tail and head are visible; all the rest of its body is one with the big bundle enclosing the man's leg. Both the little dog and Brandstedt slept uninterruptedly from 1 p. m. to 8 p. m. on Thursday, and this in spite of the fact that owing to the accident at the glass works near the football grounds there was a great deal of bustle and unavoidable excitement at the hospital. Of the sixteen patients taken there several are now in the same ward as Brandstedt and the little dog.

He Saved His Leg

The Army and Navy Journal tells this story about the late Dr. Lewis A. Sayre of New York City: "When a young medical student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York one of the operating physicians was about to cut off an Irishman's leg, but before beginning the operation gave a long talk to the students on amputation. The Irishman lay on the operating table in full possession of his faculties, and as he listened to the discourse he grew whiter and whiter. Finally he jumped from the operating table, crying: 'Get me me breeches, be gob; I'll die with me leg on!' And with that he was out of the room. Dr. Sayre found him several days later with his knee badly swollen. The young doctor promptly cut open the knee, but saved the leg. One day he had no lint to bind the wound, so he used the tow stuffing sticking out of an old horsehair sofa. When he called again he found the wound so much improved that he reasoned that tow, dipped in Peruvian balsam, would not only disinfect a wound, but would keep it free from pus. This was the foundation for one of the most satisfactory successes he ever had in surgery. It was the means of introducing into the army the use of tarred hemp, or oakum, as a dressing for wounds."

Humors of Advertising

It is in their intimate tone, their confidential attitude, that the English advertisements differ most widely from our own. The brief announcements, so familiar to us, of "well-furnished rooms," "pleasant apartments at the seaside," "board for two single gentlemen in a private family," have a cold, almost repellant, aspect, when compared to the genial hospitality with which strangers are invited to enter "the fair, free homes of England." Miss Sophia Deale of Devonshire, for example, offers to receive a few "sketching boarders, or other students, requiring peace and quiet. View of pines and harbor from windows." One sees the "sketching boarders"—every Englishwoman sketches as a matter of course—washing in the skyline on their little pads, and grateful occasionally for the shelter of Miss Deale's windows in a land of perpetual showers. Still more personal is the following seductive advertisement, which appeared once only in a well-known magazine:

"Home for lady in charming old detached cottage, near River Thames. Convenient to station. Seventeen miles from London. Would suit literary lady requiring quiet, yet cheerful home. For companionship and tuition to young wife of neglected education, would arrange easy terms."

There is the material for a novel in these suggestive lines. The lonely, ignorant, young wife in her "detached" cottage; the

husband, older, of course, with just enough of learning to feel his sense of superiority; the stranger introduced to play complacently the part of guide, philosopher and friend. What complications might not arise from such a situation; though in point of comfort and luxury it falls far short of a companion advertisement in the same paper:

"A gentleman residing alone in his distinctly superior country house (one hour from London) desires a permanent guest of congenial and refined taste (lady or gentleman), who would have the run of his delightful, secluded gardens and of the entire premises equally with himself and who would appreciate the retirement of a quiet home. Write fully, stating age, habits and profession."

Lack of Appreciation

A woman had a cook who gave her every satisfaction, and she was under the impression that the cook was equally satisfied with her place, relates Youth's Companion. But one morning, so the story goes, the cook gave her the usual month's notice. "What do you want to leave for, Jane?" asked the mistress. "I am very much pleased with you, and I thought you were quite comfortable here." "Yes, mum, I'm comfortable enough in a way, but—" "But what?" queried the mistress. "Well, mum," she blurted out, "the fact is the master doesn't seem to 'preciate my cookery, and I can't stop in a place where my efforts to please are wasted; so I'd rather go, mum." "But what makes you think your master doesn't appreciate your cookery? Has he ever complained to you?" asked the woman. "No, mum; but my late master was al-

ways being laid up through overeating—he said he couldn't help doing so, because my cookery was so delicious—but master here hasn't been laid up once all the three months I've been with you, and that's just what bothers me so, mum."

An Educational Calendar

The 1900 calendar issued by the Bemis Omaha Bag company was considered to be the most unique, handsome and attractive calendar of the year. The work was entirely their own, from the weaving of the cotton to the last nail which fastened the sticks that held the twelve attractive sheets together.

Their calendar for the new century will eclipse in every respect their issue of 1900. The accompanying cut gives some idea of what this is to be. There are twelve cotton sheets, each one worked up in handsome design and background, and each sheet bearing a certain number of flags—the entire calendar carrying the authentic flags of the world. Like their 1900 calendar, the one for the new century is entirely the work of the Bemis Omaha Bag company, the goods having been spun in their cotton mill, treated in their bleachery especially for the purpose intended; the designing and engraving was originated in their Omaha factory and the calendar will be put together and completed in mailing shape by their own employees. There is, of course, a limited issue and there will be but one each for their trade. The calendars cannot be bought at any price, so that those who are customers of the Bemis Omaha Bag company may consider themselves truly fortunate.

Chris'mus Gif'

Frank L. Stanton in Leslie's Monthly.
I.
Chris'mus gif', ol' moster! heah we is in line;
All dese pickaninnes, f'm heah ter dar, is mine!
Ain't no better tu'n-out in all de lan' dan dis;
Chris'mus gif', ol' moster—Chris'mus gif', ol' miss!

II.
Chris'mus gif', ol' moster, fer ever li'l lamb;
En' don't fergit dey mammy; en' de ol' man want his dram!
He ain't drinked none since Chris'mus a year ago from dis;
Chris'mus gif', ol' moster—Chris'mus gif', ol' miss!

III.
You 'member w'en de war wuz, en' you gone away ter fight;
En' let' de ol' plantation? Dar wuz mo'nin' day en' night;
When you kiss de li'l' chillun, en' march wid sword en' gun,
You tol' me ter talke keer er dem, en' dat des what I done!

IV.
En' w'en come you wuz wounded, en' come home f'm de fight,
De ol' man li'l' you in his arms, en' nussed you day en' night;
En' still stay by you w'en dey say my people's time wuz free,
En' dey follered Mister Sherman on the big road ter de sea.

V.
Chris'mus gif', ol' moster! De fiddle gwine ter play
De ol'-time Georgy breakdown, en' "Chillum Cl'ar de Way!"
En' you gwine ter see some dancl'n' w'en I flings my foots—lak' dis!
Chris'mus gif', ol' moster—Chris'mus gif', ol' miss!

Poor Shakespeare

Indianapolis Press: "Shakespeare," said the young man with the yellow diamond on a pink shirtfront and the traces of grease-paint behind his ears, "is a dead one. He ought to be rewrote."
"Indeed?" said the listener.
"Yes, indeed. Look at the guy that says the world is his oyster."
"What's the matter with that?"
"What's the matter with that? W'y, to make good these days he ought to say the world was his lobster."

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SANTA CLAUS AND THE CHILDREN.