

Nebraska's Part in the Work of Preventing Spread of Tuberculosis

NEARLY a thousand years ago all Christendom was stirring with the mighty impulse of a common purpose. From Tarentum to Toulouse, from London to Vienna, leaders of men rallied their vassals. The dominant personality of civilization as it then was, were uniting for the first time in history for a single end.

Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond of Flaunders and his namesake of Tolous, Robert of Normandy, son of the Conqueror and surnamed as Diabla, Richard the German prince of Tarentum and last in the field and first in battle, the valiant Tancred—these men were doing cost of mail, hauberk and greaves, whetting sword and sharpening battle-axe, for they were embarking on the first crusade. Everywhere the white cross was pinned on shoulder and faces were turned toward Jerusalem, held by the Payntin to the great scandal of true Christian men.

A cross of different color is the emblem of the great crusade of the Twentieth century in which the present day civilization is united with the ancient past, the purpose, a more coherent organization, and with a nobler purpose than in the year of grace, 1096.

For the international war against the spread of tuberculosis has enlisted the leading minds of modern times. Foremost in the farflung line are the physicians and scientists, the great Koch, Comby of Paris, Sherman of Edinburgh, Hovard in his New York laboratory and Guthrie among the smoke and fog of London. In the universities of Prague, Leipzig, Bologna, Bonn and Berlin on the continent, in the hospitals of England and the sanatoria of America, the best minds science knows are at work.

They are by no means alone, however. Also pinning on the red cross, metaphorically at least, are all the host of men who labor for the common good of humanity. Statisticians, economists, educators and economists, scientists and publicists, editors, legislators and philanthropists of every kind from poor farm overseers to the heads of great organized charities. Of all these agencies which make for good and these are as many as the powers of darkness, not one can be named which is not actively represented and all have enlisted "for the war."



INTERIOR VIEW SHOWING GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE EXHIBIT OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY AND PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS.

There is no fresh air. "In dark, damp or poorly ventilated rooms the germs remain for months a source of danger. Sunlight and fresh air kill the germs in the consumptive's spit."

These and other adjuvants are blazoned forth on the walls. Pithy and to the point are these advices and it may be observed that the makers of these posters have not sacrificed effective brevity to desire to be explicit and better, yet have not feared to use plain words. "Tuberculosis" and

"hallows" are possibly more fashionable than "consumption" and "spit," but the latter carry greater weight and hence were used.

Nor has the national association been afraid that makers of useful window tents,

putting forth for those who need or may need such paraphernalia.

The Nebraska Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, which has co-operated with the national organization the last week, has issued a pamphlet which in condensed form gives the vital facts about the great disease. Beginning with the plague itself, medically considered and defined, the next topic treated is the prevalence in Nebraska and after that contagion. Under the topic, "Means of Prevention," the pamphlet says:

"Darkness, impure air, distipation and poor food are the friends of the tubercle bacillus. Cleanliness, light, fresh air, good hygiene and good food are its enemies. Consumption is a house disease. The most of us are at times exposed to infection, but both conditions must be present, namely: The tubercle bacillus and the proper soil for its growth. Improper living, bad personal habits or previous disease make us favorable subjects for consumption.

"Live out of doors as much as possible. Keep your windows open day and night. Keep yourself in a condition to resist the disease. Avoid exposure to the disease if possible; if not possible, make your surroundings and yourself as unfavorable as possible to the growth and life of the tubercle bacillus as you can. Remember the same measures that cure consumption are the most effective in its prevention.

"Consumption can be cured in almost any climate. It is a question of what is done rather than where it is done. In the treatment of the disease, doctors are indicated and useful, but never curative. The basis of all cures is fresh air, rest, proper food, with careful medical supervision. People who can command these things in their homes can be treated and cured in their homes. Do not exercise; get sixteen meals of fresh air every minute in the twenty-four hours and three to five meals of good food. On account of the lingering nature of his disease the consumptive is the ideal victim of the quack, the charlatan, the dispenser of patent medicines and the originator of 'cures.' Do not believe the man who tells you that his medicine will cure consumption. The temporary benefit that consumptives claim from the use of patent medicines is bare deception and is due entirely to the alcohol or opium the medicines contain.

"Change of climate in consumption is often like the end of a rainbow with its pot of gold. It is ever a little beyond. Too often the deluded seeker after health, who depends on climate alone, awakens to find that the time for proper treatment is past. The expense of a journey is often a serious drain on the consumptive's resources and the fatigue of such a journey is bad. He should not work and he can rarely find occupation if he desires to work. Too often he lacks home comforts. In brief, no consumptive should contemplate a change of

climate with the idea of treatment unless he is able to spend from \$15 to \$25 per week for his maintenance. The increased benefit of air of any climate does not overcome the disadvantages of improper living in that climate. He prepared to live as well or better than you can at home or do not leave home."

The Nebraska association was organized December, 1907, and is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions. Its aim is to study the problem of tuberculosis in Nebraska, to undertake an educational campaign against the disease and to secure legislative action toward its control and treatment. Its present officers are:

President—Dr. A. S. Von Manfeldt, Ashland.

Treasurer—Dr. Charles O. Giese, Holdrege.

Secretary—Mrs. K. R. J. Edholm, Omaha.

Executive Committee—Dr. S. R. Towne, chairman, Omaha; Dr. E. J. C. Sward, Oakland, Neb.; Dr. W. P. Milroy, Omaha; Mrs. Draper Smith, Omaha; Dr. Henry B. Ward, Lincoln; Dr. Charles O. Giese, Holdrege, Neb.; Mrs. K. R. J. Edholm, Omaha.

Just as the local exhibit and series of addresses began there came to a close the great session of the International Congress on Tuberculosis, which met in Washington for four weeks and which brought to America many of the most distinguished scientists and philanthropic workers in the world. The stimulus of that meeting was felt in Omaha through the week and, coupled with the unqualified success of the local efforts, has stirred up the members of the association to renewed activity, has enlisted new recruits and has gained the attention and interest of the whole city and most of the state. In the world-wide battle which is now on Nebraska bids fair to do its share.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Love is never preserved in family jars. People with small minds are apt to use some big words.

It is impossible to make a doctor believe that health is wealth.

Many a woman acquires her reputation for beauty at a drug store.

What's the matter with putting up an umbrella for a rainy day?

There is nothing more uncertain than a woman—except another woman.

There would be a greater demand for common sense if it were fashionable.

The most pleasure a woman gets out of owning a carriage is going to call in it on those who don't.

Some girls are afraid to go downtown by themselves for fear a man may not try to flirt with them.

Probably there is nothing so inane as the struggle between two women to see which shall pay the carefree—Chicago News.

Short Stories Gleaned From the Story Teller's Collection

The Boy Financier.

HE late Bishop Potter, at one of the delightful reunions at the Episcopal academy, in Philadelphia—Bishop Potter was educated at this venerable and aristocratic school—condemned modern finance.

"I condemn at least," he is reported to have said, "that sort of modern finance that consists in getting something for nothing. I once knew a boy who would have made a splendid financier.

"This boy, strolling idly through the streets—he never had anything to do—met another.

"'I wish,' he said, 'that I had a nickel; then I'd buy a good 5-cent cigar, and go into the woods and have a smoke.'

"'I have you,' the first cried eagerly. 'Then let's form a corporation.'

"'All right. How is it done?'

"'It'll be the president. You'll be the stockholder. The nickel will be the capital and we'll invest it in tobacco.'

"The thing was agreed to and the president, taking the stockholder's 5 cents, bought a cigar forthwith. Then he led the way to the woods. There he sat down on a log, lit up and began to smoke skillfully.

"The stockholder waited for his turn to come. He waited very patiently. But the cigar diminished. One-third of it, two-thirds of it disappeared and still the president showed no signs of satiety.

"'Where's my nickel?' the stockholder at last, 'Don't I get a whack here?'

"'The president, knocking off the ashes, shook his head.

"'I don't see it,' he said.

"'But what,' shouted the angry stockholder, 'do I get for my capital?'

"'Well,' said the president, 'you can spit.'—New York Times.

Dividing the Loaf.

In memory of a strange wish which developed into a tragic coincidence, Adolph Raab, a prosperous retired wood carver of 19 Laidger street, Brooklyn, was buried on Friday in Greenwood, with one half loaf of rye bread in his coffin. The other half of the loaf had been buried with Raab's wife, who died four years ago.

The Raabs, who were lovers in childhood, were married many years ago in Ludenbach, Germany. Coming to America in 1898, they settled in Bay Ridge, where Raab accumulated a competence as a skillful

wood carver. The couple built for themselves a comfortable home in Seventy-fourth street.

On September 27, 1904, Mrs. Raab got out a rye loaf for breakfast. As she was about to cut it her husband thought of an old legend of his far-away native land.

"'Make a wish, Catherine,' he said.

"'What shall it be?' was her smiling inquiry.

"'Wish, as you separate the loaf,' said Raab, 'that we shall never be separated, even in death.'

Scarcely had the wife cut the rye loaf in two when she sank to the floor in a faint, dying before a physician reached the house. Raab put one-half of the loaf in her coffin and put the other half in a tin box, which he set before him at every meal thereafter.

"'When I am dead,' he told his housekeeper, 'I want you to be sure to bury this half of the loaf with me.' She observed his wish.—New York World.

Reveridge Was Easy.

Senator Reveridge is telling the following story against Britain, enabling him to train bound for Cologne when he made the acquaintance of a stranger who proved to be a delightful companion.

This stranger pitied the American for

living in a country where really good Rhine wine was unobtainable and insisted on their drinking a bottle of Rudesheimer together.

When they arrived at Cologne, accordingly, they dined together and finished a bottle that deserved all the stranger's praise.

Next morning the senator was surprised to find \$10 charged on his bill for the wine. He explained that the stranger had been his host.

The waiter informed him that the stranger had particularly warned the book-keeper to charge the bill against the celebrated American friend, as otherwise the latter would be extremely angry. Meanwhile the stranger departed by an early train—Chicago Inter. Ocean.

One of Sherman's Stories.

Sherman is an excellent story-teller. It is said he can beat DeWep and Adial Stevenson. Our candidate for vice president is credited with the following: "There was an awfully irreligious fellow in Ulica who had been given up as a hopeless case by his family and friends. He cursed and swore like a pirate, and was always kicking up a row about nothing. One day the Rev. Dr. G. happened to hear one of his

outbursts and said to him: 'My friend, just drop a few of those hard words. Did you ever stop to think whether you'll go when you die?' 'Go!' shouted the fellow. 'Go! Why, to heaven or hell; it doesn't make much difference. I have a wife in each place.'—New York Press.

A Large Salary.

Mr. X— a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, was much addicted to the habit of lecturing his office staff and the office boy came in for an unusual share of admonition whenever occasion demanded and sometimes when it did not. That his words were appreciated was made quite evident to Mr. X— one day last spring when a conversation, overheard on the elevator, between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor was repeated to him.

"'Whatcher wages?' asked the other boy.

"'I get \$10,000 a year,' said Tommy.

"'Aw g'wah!' ejaculated the other boy deprecatingly. 'Quicker kiddie.'

"'Honest, I do,' said Tommy. 'It's a week in cash and the rest in legal advice.'—Harper's Weekly.

Sign of the Cross.

"In the days before even the Tile club existed," said a member of the Players recently, "when I was a cub reporter myself, I used to wonder if a sign of the cross in my pocket, to dine at a quaint little restaurant not far from Washington Square.

"The place was a quiet one and had as its peculiar attraction a waitress named Sadie, a bland and smiling Swedish girl.

"I had noticed for several evenings a young fellow dining, like myself, with a reserved air on the right-hand side of the menu. My curiosity was excited about him and one evening I called the affable Sadie to my table.

"'Sadie, who is that fellow over there?' I asked.

"'His name bun Smith,' said she, 'Hopkinson Smith.'

"'Ah, yes,' said I; 'what is his business, do you know?'

"'Vell, ay dunno just,' she replied. 'Ay always t'ought he ban writer feller like you vas—he neffer has mooch money.'—Harper's Weekly.

Fresh Field for Capital

(Continued from Page One.)

Tobacco, cotton, grain, wine, fruits and rich woods from the timber forests are produced only in a primitive fashion, in hardly a tenth of the quantity the country will yield. This New Turkey is in short a virgin field for the engineer, the merchant and the investor.

Nor have Americans been slow to recognize the opportunities now open to them. Already not only has a railway franchise been applied for, but an American company is competing with a Swiss concern for a telephone concession for Constantinople, and an electric light and general improvement company, with American capital, is, I may say, being formed. American archaeologists, too, are already arriving.

Under the old regime, as I have indicated, our people have been unable to do much in this country. Concessions for us were almost impossible, while trade, except to some extent—that in tobacco—went and came in British bottom via Great Britain. Austria, Germany and Great Britain supplied most of the manufactured goods sold in the bazaars, but Britain was out of it, as was America, in obtaining concessions from the sultan, while Germany and France secured the government's orders for arms and ammunition.

Constantinople has been a hotbed of corruption. Concessions cost money, blood and political influence. The money went to the sultan's favorites. The unfortunate native Christians paid the cost in blood. The influence necessary was ships of war sent in defiance of the ships of other nations which would long ago have regulated Turkey.

But the young Turks have come to power and things have changed. There will be, we are told, no more contracts given to high bidders and no more valuable railway concessions granted with kilomeric guarantees.

The roads already constructed are generally assured by the Turkish government of annual revenues, according to the number of kilometers they cover, and an indication of the outrageous amounts of some of these subventions is to be seen and some perceived traveling through the country by the stagnant routes which the lines take between their termini, sometimes almost doubling back in order to make the number of kilometers covered the utmost possible. In future, the young Turks say—though many who know the Turks doubt that bribery will be necessary, and kilomeric guarantees will be given only in the case of railways chiefly strategically built through country which will not otherwise warrant roads.

There are some scandals about the way

in which the Germans obtained first place in this market. I hardly like to call them more than scandals. Charges against them of selling the lives of Armenians and Bulgarians are made by the most enlightened of the young Turks.

For opposing England on several occasions when reforms would have saved the lives of countless of the Christian subjects of the sultan, the Germans received vast orders for arms and concessions such as no other nation has ever been able to obtain. The visit of the German emperor to Constantinople, where he was the guest of Abdul Hamid after the slaughter of 8,000 Armenians in cold blood in the streets, supported the sultan morally, gave him strength in the eyes of his own people and against Great Britain, enabling him to continue the slaughter, which went on in spite of ten weeks ago. And by this support of the Turk, Emperor William secured for Germany the famous Bagdad railway concession with all that concession means.

It is a tremendous thing, this concession, securing the exclusive administrative control for Germany of a considerable stretch of land on either side of the road. It carries a kilomeric guarantee which, it is said, would pay a profit to the Germans if they did not run a train. It yields the right of controlling water ways of irrigating lands and utilizing valuable forests.

The German embassy here, while perpetually proclaiming that Germany had no territorial ambitions in the country, has yet seen to it that German concessions everywhere were of such a character that should any breakup occur, the territorial rights of the holders would be inconstant. Germany has got in hers as it has in other countries, have got into China; the line of the Bagdad railway, for example, marks out almost a sphere of influence.

But for the reason of Germany's influence with the old government, it is out of favor with the new. The young Turks have to love for the German here, while they were the friends of the sultan and the palace clique; they were first among the bribers of Iszet Pasha and the Mehammed brothers, and they sought to corrupt, so the charges goes, every Turk who had any influence anywhere. This secret fact, it is said, must have been enormous.

In sumnerating the territories saved to the empire by the change of government the young Turks always include Asia Minor or a part of it. Had the old government continued, they say, Macedonia would have gone to Bulgaria, Albania to Austria and a part perhaps to Italy, Armenia to the Russians and Asia Minor to the Germans. Naturally, future application for franchises by the Germans will be scrutinized in the closest manner and

all favors will go in preference to investors of other nationalities.

Austria, too, is charged with having bribed Abdul Hamid's regime with relaxed pressure for reforms in Macedonia and even the French seem to have been unable to withstand the temptation to secure contracts for arms in the manner of their Teuton enemy, until it came to be that England pressed seriously for good government in the country and a cessation of massacres. The old regime considered England its arch enemy because the British government of late years was always first and most earnest in furthering the cause of the oppressed Christian peasants.

The new regime and the people have recognized England in an unmistakable way as England's friend. Indeed, has always been the most sincere friend of the Turk and that it desired better government in Turkey only that Turkey might not be partitioned among other states. Because of this general feeling of friendliness toward their first favors, no doubt, to English applicants, but Americans will hold second place.

I learn that the Navy department, or Ministry of Marine, as it is called, has decided to adopt for the new navy course here the British system in vogue at Annapolis, which the British government has recently come to adopt. This, of course, does not mean very much, for unless the Turks secure foreign instructors they cannot put the system into force, having no capable seamen nor technical experts among themselves; but it shows a desire on the part of the new government for the best that any part of the world is able to supply.

Robert College, the American institution on the Bosphorus, has had to turn away, I learn, nearly 200 applicants for the new term which begins this week. Since the inauguration of the new government not only native Christians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Greeks and others have applied for admission, but also a number of Muslims. Hitherto the college has had few of the last, because the government did not favor Turks whose sons applied to English enlightenment. The American girls' school, too, has had to refuse applications, many of them from Turkish girls.

The American missionaries, hampered in every way under the old regime, are now moving freely through the country. Colporteurs of the Bible society formerly hindered and annoyed at every turn, their Bibles often confiscated, may now show their testaments even to faithful Muslims.

Certainly a miracle has been worked in Turkey, but those who know the Turk are seriously pessimistic, saying that the state of things cannot survive. "The young Turks are better than the country," they say. —FREDERICK MOORE.

The Tare Kemat Whistled.

W. W. Miller, a well known lawyer of this city, tells an anecdote of Kermit Roosevelt, the president's son.

"I was acting as steward," says Mr. Miller, "in some gymkhana races at Oyster Bay a few weeks ago, and one of the events was a race in which the contestants had to ride a given distance to a certain spot where an equal number of young women stood with pencil, paper and envelope. Each rider had to dismount here and whistle a tune, the woman writing its name down on the paper. She then had to seal it up in the envelope and hand it to the rider, who remounted and finished the race, delivering the envelope to the judges' stand. The first one in with a correct answer won the event.

"As steward I was deputized before the race to write down the name of the tune each entrant would whistle.

"What are you going to whistle?' I asked young Kermit.

"'I'm going to whistle 'Everybody Works but Father,' said the president's son."—Washington Star.

Tricks of Medicine Men.

A young Indian who is ambitious to become a doctor, and finally a prophet, learns from his father or other member of his tribe the name and medicinal properties of some herb. He can also, by presenting a sufficient number of ponies to a medicine man, prevail upon the doctor to impart the secret of the herb to him. Frequently Indians allege that the secret is revealed to them in a dream, or by a bird or an animal. After procuring the novice is prepared to begin the practice of medicine. Success, in their opinion, is only possible with the aid of the Great Spirit, and in order to invoke the help of the supernatural they resort to various sacrifices.

Pulling Up Stage Romances.

One of the most extraordinary romances that ever cropped up outside of the pages of the most improbable novels has developed in the matrimonial conditions of Nat Goodwin and his former wife, Maxine Elliott.

It is alleged on good authority by persons close to the leading actor in the affair that, while Goodwin is about to marry his former leading woman, Edna Goodrich, Goodwin's former leading woman, Maxine Elliott, is to wed Harry MacMillan, who is Edna Goodrich's former sweetheart.

It is but little more than a week since Goodwin obtained a divorce from Maxine Elliott in a Nevada court. After securing his divorce he went to Rawlids. From that point on he steadily worked toward reviving Reno, and a prominent resident of Rawlids asserts that Goodwin secured his steamship berth from New York to London by wire just before leaving.

A local friend of Goodwin's asserts that his trip to London is undoubtedly for the purpose of marrying Edna Goodrich, who has been there for some time past visiting the Savoy, Claridge's, and other prominent places, unattended except by an elderly woman who acts as chaperon.

That Goodwin has some powerful motive for his trip to London is evidenced by the fact that a strike of ore on property of the Nat C. Goodwin company at Howard, eighteen miles from Rawlids, and running nearly \$1,000 a ton, failed to induce him to return.

The other story comes from Goldfield, where Harry MacMillan is a prominent leader on the Goldfield Consolidated. It appears that MacMillan has a penchant for actresses. For on a recent trip east, during which it was agreed between him and Edna Goodrich to disagree, he met Maxine Elliott.

He is a whirlwind wooer and reports have gone forth that one reason why Miss Elliott failed to contest the divorce suit brought by Goodwin was that the Goldfield mine operator had succeeded in making a profound impression on Maxine Elliott.

MacMillan is a young man still in the twenties and is several years the junior—Chicago Inter Ocean.