

Demon of Hay Fever Drives His Victims to the High Places



HAVE you noticed your hay fever yet? This is about the time, around the middle of August, when the afflicted legions of the land who pay tribute to the ragweed and the ripening golden rod begin to pack their traps—those of them who can—for the places where there is no hay fever in the atmosphere. It used to be fashionable to seek succor from the swollen nose and the weeping eyes in the wilderness along the edge of some lake or other. Nowadays, though, the wise person who shivers when the wind agitates the pollen of the hay fever plants heads away for some pleasant summer resort sacred to the particular needs of these involuntary patients.

And be it said, years ago there came to the front men who saw the possibilities of this new industry. They proceeded to construct and advertise glorified retreats for the Hay Fever brigade, with all the pleasant enticements likely to hold visitors for a reasonable length of time. Thus, counting the cost, and sympathizing one with the other, the sufferers came eventually to appreciate what a dignified complaint they are the victims of. For, be it known, the study of the cause and relief of hay fever has been elevated to the rank almost of a specialty among those physicians who have become interested.

It would require quite an expenditure of language to adequately and properly describe this irritating, aggravating, fussy, flabbergasting and most disagreeable illness—for it is nothing less, when you are a real hay fever fan. Suffice to say, it arises from an acute condition of irritation in the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and eyes; and it has the power to make the most sedate person weep copiously, and to wall inwardly; also to temporarily resign membership in the Sunday school class and seek satisfying expletives to relieve the sad soul.

"Ambrosia" Gone to Seed.

When one thinks of ambrosia the word conjures up sweet and succulent thoughts and brings to the mind's eye entrancing visions of "ye gods" partaking of the food that made them immortal. Ask any Omaha hay fever fan about ambrosia, when he is off guard, and he will reply, beyond doubt, that it was the food of the immortal gods; also the unguent with which they salved their hurts and made their bodies impervious to all bad influences. But ask the same person about "ambrosia artemisiaefolia," and while he sputters about ragweed he is liable to throw a brick; for these two words constitute the scientific designation of the innocent little plant known to all urchins as ragweed. It is now known to be capable of creating a ragged condition of health at short notice, in the proper kind of nose; but whether the nervous and excited condition of the sufferer is caused by the ragweed, or the weed takes advantage of a condition already susceptible to its inflammatory influence, is a moot question. The proper solution makes little difference to anybody toting about a nice jag of hay fever.

David Thinks He Gets It All.

"Jack" David, who will get up in the middle of the night, on his night off, to check the baggage of a hay fever sufferer anywhere in the world, says of hay fever: "I have studied this gentle plague at close quarters for many years, and have endeavored to sift out and catch the germ by many methods. Invariably, the alert germ gets me first, even before I can see it, and then the quest is hopeless. For years and years I have been saving my circus money to some day buy me a nice spot on which to plant my tepee and defy the truculent, meretricious demon that peddles hay fever. I have heard of some other people who claim to get hay fever, but it has always seemed to me that I get it all and a trifle more. I have tried blinders, goggles, sleeves, interior decoration of the nose, and prayer, but my one best bet is a visit to the ice cave of Jack Frost. One touch of his magic icicle and I laugh with a loud glee. Sad to relate, a busy baggageman cannot spend all his time in the icebox, and when I leave the cooler my face again takes on the appearance of a soft soap vat. My day to weep and mourn is next Sunday; that is, you can lay ten to one the affliction will be with me when I get up that morning. I am now studying anew, as I do every year, the book of Job, just to strengthen my moral fiber against the time of deep grief."

Mr. David is the baggage master at the Union station, and from close observation he is willing to admit that he sees a good many other people who have "some of the same" in season. Personally, he goes to Colorado for relief, and says as soon as he strikes the high altitudes he becomes almost human again. "Then when I come home, right quick I'm in the sob squad again, without any make believe, and I feel a good deal of hesitation about being as devilish as

a real baggage man ought to be. Most any old trunk can get the best of me when the ragweed blooms again, gentle Annie."

C. C. Rosewater Dodges and Wins.

C. C. Rosewater has made a diligent study of the explanatory maps that go with every special treatment for hay fever. He has likewise devoted some slight attention to the nicest places to go when the retreat from Nebraska is sounded by the pollen bugler, on or about August 15. Speaking of buglers will always put Mr. Rosewater in mind of a yarn concerning swollen nasal organs and the peculiar tunes that can be played thereon, and he will very carefully go into details about the "little dinguses" in the human nose that are so susceptible to the blandishments of gay Miss Goldenrod and Roughneck Ragweed. This he does from a purely philanthropic spirit, being a man of large experience in the hay fever army. Like most others of similar experience, he has reached the conclusion that discretion is all of valor, and not merely a part, when the time for attack approaches. Last year he found a safe and quite comfortable retreat in the neighborhood of St. Andrew's, New Brunswick. This is some distance off the beaten path, but many people who know a nice place when they see it go to St. Andrew's, even if they have no hay fever. Having cast off the incubus that afflicts and emervates, one can find a golf game, a billiard game, the etceteras of a fine club, and all the comforts of home. This year the head of the Omaha boosting bureau will do his yearly penance at various pleasant spots on the Pacific coast where hay fever is warranted not to intrude and where a man can keep from being lonesome or ennuied.

Kings Suffer Like Ordinary Mortals.

Major General Everett Buckingham, commander of the Union stockyards, will not confess defeat in any other campaign except one where the women front his line; and he owns up without any four flushing that Miss Goldenrod's pollen mixture gets his goat. Also he asks to inquire: "The goldenrod is the official flower of Nebraska,



isn't it? Why? No one has ever given me a satisfactory explanation. Why not have picked some more docile, velvety and flossy flower? A cat may look at a king, I know, without harm; but what chance has a king against this floating stuff shed by the goldenrod and the ragweed? None at all. Retainers the most faithful are powerless to protect even Ak-Sar-Ben. "Hay fever, forsooth! Methinks I handle as much hay as any man in the kingdom, and the worst I ever get is a sticker in my finger, but ever and anon as the fateful day comes round in August I find my armor has been pierced—or, rather, my casque has been invaded surreptitiously—by something one cannot ward against or attack. Even though I cultivate a moustache of approved shape and fullness, yet do I find all my precautions in vain. As a monarch of kindly disposition and well affected toward my loyal subjects, willing am I to suffer for the common good; but what boots it anyone that I should suffer the stings and leaks consequent on this outrageous

idiosyncrasy of the wayside weed? Remedy, palliative, cure? Gadsooks and sounds, man, there be none, hereabout at least. To him who will invent such boon will I doff my crown and with him will I fraternize most genially. There is but one good word to be said for this hay fever that doth so afflict us, and that is it doth furnish good excuse for laying aside the cares of the state and hieing afield to give change of air a chance to rejuvenate our aching proboscis and our all top watery eyes." King Ak-Sar-Ben Buckingham already has his, being ever in the lead, and his ice bill has been increased by the need to secure some extra for facial application. He may talk lightly, but he feels heavily the unwelcome visit of the poisonous pollen.

Greene Has the Philosophic Spirit. Some there be who accept hay fever without much fuss, as one of the things not to be avoided, and merchants with large stocks of handkerchiefs never feel any great degree of grief when the epidemic is raging. "Charley" Greene, the lawyer, is one of the men who have cultivated a hay fever temper to that degree he does not let it fret his soul; in fact, regards it with a spirit of delightful philosophy in the intervals when he can be alone with his woe and his linen weapon of defense. It is understood Mr. Greene has given serious study to the peculiar regularity with which this fussy form of fever attacks those it marks for its own. Recently, when the news was flashed through the world that every man and woman, and every child, possesses an aura, or surrounding zone of personal atmosphere of varying colors that can be seen under proper conditions, it occurred to his mind that the technical term for goldenrod is virga-aurea. Then, mayhap, said Mr. Greene, there is a relationship between the aura, the plant, and the aura of certain persons of temperamental differentiation in aura coloring. Why not? And here opens another field for lively speculation.

Keen Intellectuals Are No Protection. Ward Burgess is a veteran hay fever recruit, al-

though it is hard to explain just how a veteran can be a recruit, except that the enlistment is a yearly stunt. Mr. Burgess was recruited by the far-spreading pollen of an early year, and has faithfully bowed in obeisance to Miss Goldenrod's penitential decree each year since. At this point it will be in good form to bring out the fact that people of intellectual characteristics seem to be easier victims to the pestiferous pollen than those who might be thought to have a closer relationship to Roughneck Ragweed.

And, too, women are not exempt. Among the many women of Omaha who view the coming of August 15 with misgiving are Mesdames Harry Deuel, W. H. Clarke, E. J. McVann, James Martin, J. E. Summers, George Thummel, George Barker, Miss Hortense Clarke. Like some of the men in the fever lists, some of the women brave it through here in Omaha, while others get on the vacation train for the high, frosty zones before the time for succumbing arrives. Mrs. Thummel and Mrs. Martin have already gone to the lakes, in the "Soo" region; Mrs. Summers beats the enemy at Isle Royale; Mrs. Clarke is in the high, safe air at Weller, Colo.; Mrs. George Barker has found an immune spot in the north; Mrs. McVann has planned her faith to the Hot Springs atmosphere.

Alfred Thomas, secretary of the Creighton Realty company, is a victim who stands his ground and quietly accepts what fate the dog days bring, or the ripening weeds scatter about.

Alfred G. Ellick knows of old how the play of pollen sets him on the lugubrious train, and he has already steamed away to the cooler mountains. Mrs. Ellick accompanied him.

Clement Chase, Jr., has made a safe get-away to the Michigan cool spots.

Judson Squires picked Clearwater Lake, Minn., as his tenting ground and is established there in good time.

A Good Many Brazen It Out at Home.

"What's the use of running?" asks a spokesman for the stay at homes. "We were here first, and we'd like to see any old ragweed drive us away, Omaha air is clear and cool, and as the anti-weed campaign develops hereabout the seriousness of attack abates. When we can get a bigger appropriation for destroying weeds, or an increased public spirit on the part of all property owners, we can be rid of hay fever. And yet—and yet, that's going pretty far; for I know people in the hay fever class who swear they never get within a mile of a weed, and still they fall into the dismal condition. I have sometimes wondered if it is a habit, and auto-suggestion works on the mind to that extent the mucous membrane becomes softly susceptible. Hadn't thought of that before. Guess I'll talk it over with Dr. Sherraden."

Dr. W. H. Sherraden is president of the Field club and at the same time is one of the gamest hay fever fans in this neck of the woods. He is clever, too, but no amount of cleverness or research seems to enable the victims to protect themselves. Louis Reichenberg has grey matter enough for success in most any line, but when hay fever day comes he wits like the rest and takes to the line of least resistance.

Sufferers Organize Up North.

In Minnesota and Wisconsin regular associations have been formed of hay fever sufferers. They hold meetings and discuss palliatives and jolly each other until momentary forgetfulness ensues; and they point with pride, like those who have "had an operation," to the fact that not everybody can get in the hay fever class.

Chequamegon bay, at the head of Lake Superior, is the one best refuge of the sufferers within reach of that sheet of water, and Isle Royale, also in Lake Superior, draws even some of the Omaha victims. Of course, there is good fishing, and much other sport, to be found in that section, and this fact may have something to do with making the northern bay and island popular. When away from home, with normal nose and eyes, when they can tell a rose from a Ilmburger cheese, hay fever folks are as fond of good company, a good time, and good living, as others.

Missionaries Take Their Brides with Them

IT'S JUST like a graduating class at West Point—the young soldiers take their wives with them when they go to their far-away posts.

Rev. Dr. Stanley White, one of the secretaries for foreign missions in the big Presbyterian building, was referring with nappy pride to the list of 101 young new missionaries who are sailing away within the coming month for distant lands, says the New York World. Of the 101 young people—not one is 30 yet—thirty-six have decided to go as eighteen couples.

"They go for life," said Dr. White, simply, as if it meant nothing for these young people, filled with the fire of religion, to forsake pleasant homes and loving kindred to spread peace and good will in the wilds of Africa and Asia and India—to a score of benighted lands in every continent save Europe. They go for barely living wages; they have been warned beforehand that the pay is proportioned to the exact cost of living where they go—from \$550 in Africa, the smallest, to \$1,500 in the Philippines, the largest.

"There is little chance," said Dr. White, "for a missionary to lay by money or to pay back debts, and for this reason the board requires all applicants to be practically unencumbered financially, perhaps, but not in some other ways. Where these young people are going there are no other white men or white women. For those who go for life, then, this was the last chance—the now or never! No wonder there was a deal of billing and cooing at the last great conference in New York of the newly-made workers in the vineyard, just before the various steamships sailed for twenty different parts of the world.

You could tell them at a glance, these newlyweds already and those about to be wed. They sat together at the daily meetings, they knelt side by side

and they sang "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken, Zion, City of Our God!" from the same hymn book. And when the stay-at-homes gave them a farewell banquet at

Divine Service

There wasn't a sound of an organ note,
But up in the elms was a yellier bird
That raised its head an' it swelled its throat
In as sweet a chime as I ever heard:
The woods woke up an' the chipmunk chirred
Forever an' all like they limned the hymns
For them that come for the gospel word
An' tuk their pees on the lowest limbs.

The blackbird first with his long-tall coat
An' fancy vest with its store-made fit—
The oriole with his yellier throat.
The lark an' 'thush an' the gray tom-tit—
An' then the crow—he's a hippercrit.
An' holds that stealin' 's the best o' jokes!
An' then the sparrow crip' in an' sit
Together, for all like the humble folks!

The meetin' started, o' course, with song—
"The timber call," as the Baptist says—
A sort of melody, loud an' strong.
That filled the world with the Father's praise;
An' then, as in keepin' with holy days,
The choir stopped an' there come a hush.
An' God spoke out through the silent ways
From His palpit hid in the hawthorne brush.

An' O the sermon I heard that day!
A sermon straight from the shoulder, square,
That teacher the gospel of Love, I say.
"Well Presbyteriums can't compare—
Nor Baptists nuther!—and I declare
It made me penitent, yes, sir—ee,
An' God spoke out through the silent ways
T' think that of all of the faithful there
The only sinner of all was me!"

—John D. Wallis, in Buffalo Evening News.

the Hotel Plaza they dined side by side and their names in the guest list were twined together—an Italic "and" coupled each pair, those just married and those about to be. And with kindly forethought none of the new couples will be separated. In all cases bride and bridegroom will journey to the same land, whether it be to Central Africa or far away into hidden Huma; to India, China, Persia or South America.

There is a thirty-seventh one, too, in this soon-to-be-scattered 101. Let her be named first—Miss Ruby Clare Cook. Just graduated from Park college, Mo., she goes alone to the Philippines, there to marry the Rev. James P. Ekridge, a missionary already at his station.

This fourteenth annual conference held by the board of foreign missions of the Presbyterian church for its newly appointed missionaries was a tremendous success. The 101 made up the biggest class ever sent away at one time. They go to join the 1,030 already in the field. Averaging the expenses and pay of each one at \$2,500, this means a quarter of a million dollars a year more added to the outlay of the board, now spending nearly \$2,000,000 a year in heathen lands. But this means nothing to the Presbyterians, who have the largest missionary force sent from the United States and spend the most money. Just now they are planning to raise \$5,000,000 in one great work to Christianize, educate, doctor and help those poor creatures, thousands of miles away, who haven't been as lucky as we.

Coy Caution.

"How could you distrust your daughter's suitor when in this letter he proposes to lead her to the altar?"
"Well, in its very nature, isn't that a mis-leading proposition?"—Baltimore American.